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The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)

Waterville Materials

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8-11-1853

## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 07, No. 04): August 11, 1853

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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## Miscellany,

(Translated from the French, for the Olive Branch.)

### THE POET AND THE PEASANT.

A young man was wandering on the outskirts of the forest which separates Sainte-Marie-aux-Mines from Ribauville, and notwithstanding that night was approaching, and that there was a fog, was becoming at every instant more dense, he was strolling slowly along, regardless of the weather or the hour.

His costume of green cloth, his gauntlets at his belt, would have marked him for a hunter, had not the volume which peeped from his game-bag betrayed the student, with whom the pursuit of game is but a pretext for solitude. At this moment, the meditative carelessness of his step belied his apparent occupation, and proved that Arnold de Munster thought less of observing the traces of wild animals, than of following in their windings, all the fantasies of his thoughts.

For a few minutes past, these had rested on the remembrance of his family and friends left at Paris. He recalled the elegant study, decorated by his care with curious engravings, valuable paintings, and statuettes; the German melodies sung by his sister, the melancholy verses repeated by himself by the veiled light of the evening lamps, and those long conversations to which each brought the confidence of his most intimate sensations, and in which all the mysteries of the sentiments were by turns submitted to discussion, examined and expressed in burning or delicious words. Why had he quitted this select society, and these choice pleasures, to shut himself up in the country at Alsace? Was the necessity of business a sufficient excuse for this species of exile? Was it not better to have risked the loss of money, than to endure the prosaic existence of the province? What, amid the vulgar natures which surrounded him, was to become of the refined and delicate nature of the young man?

Addressing himself these and many other questions, Arnold de Munster continued his walk without noticing the path he was pursuing. He was at last aroused from his meditation by the transformation of the fog, into a fine rain, which began to penetrate his hunting coat. He would then have quickened his pace, but on looking around him he perceived that he had lost himself in the windings of the forest, and sought in vain to ascertain the direction he should take. A first attempt only served to bewilder him still more. The daylight had disappeared, the rain was falling faster, and he continued to wander at random in unknown paths.

The mother shook her head. "Always the cough," said she in a low tone.

"That is nothing, father," replied the child, with his shrill voice. "Louis dragged me too fast in my wheel-chair, but I am well, very well. I feel as strong as a man."

The peasant set him down carefully, rested him on the little crutches, which had fallen, and looked at him with an air of complacency. "Do you not think he grows, wife?" said he, in the tone of a man who wished to be encouraged. "Walk a little, Jean, walk boy!" He walks quicker and stronger; he will do very well, wife, only have a little patience."

The farmer's wife did not reply, but her eyes rested on her infirm child with despair so profound, that Arnold started. Fortunately Mozer did not perceive it.

"Come," resumed he, opening the basket he had taken from the cart; "here is something for every body. Forward, reach out your hands."

The peasant exhibited three little white loaves; three cries of joy were uttered simultaneously, and six hands advanced to seize them; but all stopped as at a word of command.

"And Jean?" asked the childish voices.

"There is nothing for him to-night," replied Mozer gaily; "Jean shall have his share another time."

He therefore regulated his pace by that of the teamster, and attempted to enter into conversation with him; but Mozer was no great talker, and appeared to be entirely a stranger to the habitual sensations of the young man. When the latter pointed to the magnificent horizon, which lay extended before their eyes as they emerged from the forest, purple with the last rays of the setting sun, the farmer contented himself with a grinspeach.

"I will be had weather-to-morrow!" muttered he, drawing over his shoulders the frock which served him as a cloak.

"The whole valley should be visible from this spot," resumed Arnold, seeking to pierce the darkness in which the foot of the hill was already enveloped.

"Yes, yes," said Mozer, shaking his head; "this tiresome hill is high enough for that. It is an invention not very profitable."

"What invention?" asked Arnold, at this point.

"You would prefer the plain every where; then? And you know now that you have a right to what a question!" exclaimed the farmer, laughing; "you might as well ask me if I would like to break my horses' backs."

"Come right," said Arnold, with scrofulous irony; "I forgot the horses. It is clear that God should have thought of them when he created the world."

"It is very certain," replied Mozer, tranquilly; "that the engineers forgot them when they built the road. The horse is the best friend of the laborer, sir, not to forget the oxen, who have also their value."

"So you see in the objects around you, only the profit which can be drawn from them?" asked Arnold, seriously. "The forest, the mountain, the clouds, all these have no language for your mind. You have never passed before the setting sun, or at sight of the woods illuminated by the stars, as at this moment?"

"I'm certain," said the latter, with a smile and a sigh, "that there are times when it would seem as if the infirmities of Jean were profitable to the rest; they dispute among themselves, but no one has anything to refuse to Jean."

"Yes, yes," replied the wife, gently; "the poor creature is at the same time our cross and our happiness. I lose all my children, but when I hear the songs of Jean's crutches, I always experience an emotion of joy; it is a token that the dear child has not yet been taken from me by the good God. I suppose all Jean's happiness to the house, like a swallow's nest hanging to the window, if I had not him to take care of, I should think I had nothing to do."

Arnold heard these simple expressions of tenderness with an interest mingled with admiration. The farmer's wife called a servant to aid in preparing the table, and at the invitation of Mozer, the young man approached a fire of brands which had just been kindled.

"How long-agoled neither surprise nor disappointment, and began to while an air, intermixed from time to time by some brief ejaculations, agitated his heart."

He hurried thus at the house, heard the sound of bells announced them, as young boy

# The Western Mail.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1853.

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which enclosed a withered leaf. Mozer perceived it.

"You are looking at my relic," said he, laughing. "It is a leaf of the weeping willow that grows on the tomb of the Emperor. I had it from a merchant of Strasburg, who had served in the wars. I would not sell it for a hundred crowns."

"Do you attach any particular ideas to it?" asked the hunter.

"Ideas, no," replied the peasant; "but I also once belonged to the fourteenth huzzars—a valiant regiment, sir, which was strangely broken up at Montmirail! only eight men of our squadron were left; so when the little corporal passed before the rank, he saluted us—yes, sir, saluted us—with his hat!" Tonnerre! it was enough to make us all willing to die for him. Ah! he was the father of the soldiers!"

The peasant began to fill his pipe, still looking at the black frame and withered leaf. There was evidently for him, in this souvenir, a wonderful destiny, a whole romance of youth, of emotions, of regrets. He recalled the final struggles of the empire, at which he had been present, the reviews of the emperor, when his presence had inspired still a hope of victory; the transient success of the famous French campaign, immediately expiated by the disaster of Waterloo; the departure of the vanquished, and his long agony on the rock of St. Helena. All these images successively crossed the imagination of the farmer, and his broad pale; his thumb rested with more energy on the pipe long since filled, and he whistled between his teeth a march of his ancient regiment.

Arnold respected the mute pre-occupation of the old soldier, and waited till he should resume the conversation. The arrival of the dog from drowsing? replied Mozer, Pardieu! I have extricated dogs and men from more than one embarrassment since I came into the world. Wife, give me a glass of cognac; there is nothing better to prevent a cold."

Dorothea brought the bottle to the farmer, who drank to the health of his guest; then each retired.

The next day, the fine weather had returned; the sky was bright and cloudless, and the birds were singing, shaking their wings on the trees still wet with rain-drops.

When he descended from the loft, where a bed had been prepared for him, Arnold found Farrant near the door, warming himself in the rising sun, while little Jean, seated on his crutches, was making for him a necklace of eglantine seeds. A little farther on, in the anteroom, the farmer was pouring out drink for a beggar, while Dorothea was filling his wallet.

"Come! to the soup!" exclaimed he, hastily. "I have taken nothing since morning; but I could eat an ox this evening."

At the same time, to prove his assertion, he began to empty the immense porridge of soup placed before him.

For a few moments no sound was heard but that of the spoons, followed by that of the knives, which cut the quarter of ham served by the farmer's wife. The walk and fresh air had given to Arnold himself an appetite which made him forget all his Parisian delicacies.

"Silence, Pere Henry," interrupted Mozer; "drink, and leave the judgment of the acts to the good God. You have served also we are old comrades."

The old man contented himself with shaking his head, and striking his glass against that of the former; but it was evident he was more affected by the cordiality than by the alms.

When he had resumed his wallet and taken his leave, Mozer looked after him till he had turned the corner. Then taking a long breath, he said, turning towards his guest—

"Another poor old man begging! When I see these men with shaking heads asking their bread from door to door, it turns my blood. I should like to set a table for them all. That such a sight may not distress us, we must remember that there is a country above, where those who have not had their portion here will have double rations and double pay."

"Preserve this hope," said Arnold; "it is the only one which can support and console. I will not forget the few hours spent with you, and I hope they will not be the last."

"As you please," said the old soldier. "If the bed above there is not too hard, and if you can digest our bacon, return without ceremony and we shall always glad to see you."

He shook the hand which the young man had extended, pointed out the path he was to follow, and left the threshold only when he had seen him disappear at the corner of the road.

Arnold walked for some time with downcast tread; but on reaching the summit of the hill, he turned to cast a last look behind him, and perceiving the chimney of the farm-house, above which a light smoke was rising, he felt a tear of tenderness in his eye.

"May God protect those who repose under that roof, and him who guards it," murmured he; "for there, where in my pride I saw only creatures incapable of comprehending delicacy of soul, I have found models for myself. I had judged by appearances, and thought poetry absent; but it was concealed in the heart; a careless observer, I had repudiated with my foot what I mistake for nobility, without divining that, beneath the rough crust, diamonds were concealed."

"It is not I," replied Mozer, lighting his pipe, "but he rendered a service to the father of Dorothea. One day, when he was returning from Pontroy, with the price of his cattle, four men attempted to kill him for his money, and but for Farrant would have succeeded; so when he died, two years since, the good man called me to his bed-side, and asked me to take as good care of the dog as of one of his children. That was his wish; I promised it, and it would be a shame not to keep a promise to the dead."

"Farrant! he is a good fellow, but he is not a bad man."

"You value this dog very highly, then?" asked Arnold, surprised at such a manifestation of interest.

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WATERVILLE, AUG. 11, 1853.

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V. PALMER, American Paper Agent, Agent for the Eastern Mail, and Agent for Subscriptions; at the same rates as required by us. His office is at Scoville's Building, Court St., Boston; Tribune Building, New York; N. W. Cor. Third and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia; S. W. Cor. North and Fay-ette Streets, Baltimore.

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## Special Notice to Delinquents.

Subscribers who are much in arrear will receive public notice to quit, unless they pay up immediately. We are determined to shorten our term of credit and drop all who do not pay promptly. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

## Commencement.

An unusual number of visitors, alumni and others, were attracted by the inviting bill of fare offered for Commencement. All the various exercises transpired as previously appointed—an address by President Anderson, and a poem by Mr. Pierpont, before the literary societies on Tuesday evening; graduating exercises Wednesday forenoon, followed by an address before the Alumni, by Hon. James Brooks, in the afternoon, and an address in the evening before the Boardman Miss. Society, by Rev. J. G. Oncken, of Germany.

"The Relation of the Scholar's Pursuits to Practical Life," was the subject of President Anderson's address; of which it might be ample praise to say that it met the highest expectations of his friends. It was one of those strong productions which come only from great and cultivated minds, and which in their influence tell permanently and profitably upon Society. Mr. Pierpont's poem, "The Scholar's Hope," has been read before lyceums and other associations, till the New England public are familiar with its merits. It is an embodiment of philosophy, point and pleasantness; and the rare propriety of its reading gave it marked attention.

The order of exercises by the graduating class was as follows:

Oraio Latina—George Bullen, New Haven. Oration—"Sources of National Prosperity"—Robert Folger Stratton, Winslow. Oration—"Spirit of Ancient and Modern Education," Harris Merrill Plaisted, Jefferson, New Hampshire.

Oration—"Literary Character," Stephen Rolfe Thurston, Saugus. Oration—"Martial enthusiasm," William Pitt Bartlett, New London. Oration—"The Judiciary," Geo. Bradley, Charlton.

Oration—"Qualifications of a successful Flatterer," Frank Plummer, Bedford, N. H.

Oration—"The Nobility of Art," Hobart Wood Richardson, Sebastopol. Poem—"The New Earth," Henry Miller Pierce, Friendville, Pennsylvania.

Oration—"Characteristics of the Age," Charles Henry Davis, Worcester, Massachusetts.

Oration—"The Philosophy of Prejudice," John Francis Baldwin, New Sharon.

Oration—"Ecclesiastical Councils of the Middle Ages," John Atkinson Lowell, Buckfield.

Oration—"Expulsion of the Moors from Spain," Joshua Woodman Weston, Skowhegan.

Oration—"Modern Infidelity," Alfred Owen, Chil-

ton.

The occasion was one of rare social pleasure.

Among the incidental of Commencement were the promenade Concert, by the Band, on the Common, and an impromptu social dance at Appleton Hall. Both were well attended, and contributed their full share to the interest of the festival. Bond's Cornet Band wins un- derly applause, wherever it discourses its music, and must be permitted to bear the palm in New England. The Concert had been ad- vertised for the Town Hall, to be sustained by sale of tickets as usual; but through the con- tributions of some of the more liberal of our citizens, it was thrown open to the enjoyment of all, and the large number present proved that the favor was well appreciated. We hope that it will be a precedent for the future.

The degree of A. M., in course, Chas. Fair- man, John A. Blanchard, Moses Burbank, and N. T. Talbot; that of A. B. upon the gradu- ating class; and upon Rev. J. B. Beebe right of Weld of the class of '44.

The address of Mr. Brook, which followed, was a plain, off-hand matter; to which he pro- posed to have devoted little time and less care.

It was well stored with practical common sense ideas and suggestions, with but little rhetorical flourish or decoration; and commanded itself to the marked approbation of the audience. He was one of the early

graduates of the College; and in his introductory remarks made some very happy allusions to past times and scenes. His subject was, "The Training necessary for Public Men."

Mr. Oncken is a man of striking peculiarity, and widely known in connection with religious missions. Physically, mentally, morally, and religiously he is an iron man, and the address was fashioned for the author—emphatically orthodox, with little moderation, and calculating faith of the apostolic stamp, and works fashioned thereto. It was a strong argument for missions, and a bright addition to the missionary spirit.

At the meeting of the Board of Trustees, Dr. Patterson, now Prof. of Theology at Newton, was elected to the Presidency of the College, rendered vacant by the resignation of Rev. Dr. Sheldon. Dr. Patterson is now in Europe.

Rev. S. B. Allen, Yarmouth, was elected a member of the Board of Trustees in place of Rev. C. C. Davis, resigned; Rev. D. M. Sheldon of Bath, in place of Rev. E. H. Gray.

Prof. W. A. Archibald, in place of Hon. Nathan Weston, resigned.

We are informed that there is a prospect of a large Freshman Class; and the prosperity

of the College, with the newly organized Faculty, gives strong promise for the future.

On the whole, the commencement of '53 has been one of the most interesting and attractive in the history of the College, if the concurrent testimony of citizens and visitors may be permitted to decide.

## Sophomore Festival.

This festival, though of modern institution, promises hereafter to be one of the 'times' in the literary calendar of Waterville. It marks the eventful 'hieghia' from Freshman to Sophomore, and occurs at the close of the examination of the former class. Until the present year, so far as the memory of Waterville extends, it has been an occasion for displaying all kinds of light but the 'light of science.' In the hands of the present Sophomore Class it has been regenerated and disentangled; and henceforth it promises to be a literary and social entertainment to which all Freshmen will look forward with pleasant anticipations.

The exercises of the evening commenced in the Hall of the Literary Fraternity, with an oration by C. A. Miller, of Skowhegan, followed by a poem by D. W. C. Duran, of Thornton, N. H. The Class then formed in procession, led by the Waterville Band, and marched with torches through the principal streets; returning about half past ten o'clock to the Elmwood Hotel, where supper was in waiting.

Here, after ample proof that they were still

fresh in their appetites, and men at least in the capacity of their stomachs, they served a capacious dish of toast, from which we have snatched the following slices:

Sophomores of Waterville College.—Like the Israelites of old, they have been led by a pillar of fire by night, through the wilderness of Freshman pilgrimage, and have, at last, entered the Promised Land—the Elysian fields of Sophomore bliss.

In-coming Freshman Class.—May we ever be mindful that due to your efforts, and may they be blessed with that indomitable spirit but unceasing hope, which alone can bear them through the fiery ordeal and land them safe on this side of Jordan.

Our Class.—It has emerged from Freshman obscurity, and now shines forth in all the splendor of Sophomore dignity, and is destined to be the ornament of our existence; and appears above the horizon of our life, resplendent in its brightness. May we, its members, united by the strong cords of harmony and peace, always uphold that dignity; and may we preserve its emblem unspotted by the stains of discord and strife; may our name be ever honored by the clouds of adversity, but may it radiate the literary world, and at last go down in glory.

The Winter of our Lives.—May they never fall into worse hands than those of our professors; but should they ever slight us, may Providence never desert them even at their bidding.

Daniel Webster—America's own son, guardian and protector. The personification of Statesmanship and Oratory. His grave contains but the casket in which was set the "Koboiro" of America—the master mind of earth.

The Sophomores of the Graduating Class of 1853.—They are everlastingly lovely in virtue, beautiful in morals, precious in freedom, sacred in law, and praiseworthy, in philanthropy.

Friendship.—May it be the guardian of our class, and like the flaming sword of cherubim, may it ward off every advance of discord and bitterness.

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It was well stored with practical common sense ideas and suggestions, with but

little rhetorical flourish or decoration; and com- manded itself to the marked approbation of the audience. He was one of the early

graduates of the College; and in his introductory remarks made some very happy allusions to past times and scenes. His subject was, "The Training necessary for Public Men."

Mr. Oncken is a man of striking peculiarity,

and widely known in connection with religious missions. Physically, mentally, morally, and religiously he is an iron man, and the address was fashioned for the author—emphatically orthodox, with little moderation, and calculating faith of the apostolic stamp, and works fashioned thereto. It was a strong argument for missions, and a bright addition to the missionary spirit.

At the meeting of the Board of Trustees, Dr. Patterson, now Prof. of Theology at Newton, was elected to the Presidency of the College, rendered vacant by the resignation of Rev. Dr. Sheldon. Dr. Patterson is now in Europe.

Rev. S. B. Allen, Yarmouth, was elected a member of the Board of Trustees in place of Rev. C. C. Davis, resigned; Rev. D. M. Sheldon of Bath, in place of Rev. E. H. Gray.

Prof. W. A. Archibald, in place of Hon. Nathan Weston, resigned.

We are informed that there is a prospect of a

large Freshman Class; and the prosperity

of the College, with the newly organized Faculty, gives strong promise for the future.

On the whole, the commencement of '53 has been one of the most interesting and attractive in the history of the College, if the concurrent testimony of citizens and visitors may be permitted to decide.

Sophomore Festival.

This festival, though of modern institution, promises hereafter to be one of the 'times' in the literary calendar of Waterville. It marks the eventful 'hieghia' from Freshman to Sophomore, and occurs at the close of the examination of the former class. Until the present year, so far as the memory of Waterville extends, it has been an occasion for displaying all kinds of light but the 'light of science.'

In the hands of the present Sophomore Class it has been regenerated and disentangled;

and henceforth it promises to be a literary and social entertainment to which all Freshmen will look forward with pleasant anticipations.

The exercises of the evening commenced in the Hall of the Literary Fraternity, with an oration by C. A. Miller, of Skowhegan, followed by a poem by D. W. C. Duran, of Thornton, N. H.

The Class then formed in procession, led by the Waterville Band, and marched with torches through the principal streets;

returning about half past ten o'clock to the Elmwood Hotel, where supper was in waiting.

Here, after ample proof that they were still

fresh in their appetites, and men at least in the capacity of their stomachs, they served a capacious dish of toast, from which we have snatched the following slices:

Sophomores of Waterville College.—Like the Israelites of old, they have been led by a pillar of fire by night, through the wilderness of Freshman pilgrimage, and have, at last, entered the Promised Land—the Elysian fields of Sophomore bliss.

In-coming Freshman Class.—May we ever be mindful that due to your efforts, and may they be blessed with that indomitable spirit but unceasing hope, which alone can bear them through the fiery ordeal and land them safe on this side of Jordan.

Our Class.—It has emerged from Freshman obscurity, and now shines forth in all the splendor of Sophomore dignity, and is destined to be the ornament of our existence;

and appears above the horizon of our life, resplendent in its brightness. May we, its members, united by the strong cords of harmony and peace, always uphold that dignity; and may we preserve its emblem unspotted by the stains of discord and strife;

may our name be ever honored by the clouds of adversity, but may it radiate the literary world, and at last go down in glory.

The Winter of our Lives.—May they never fall into worse hands than those of our professors; but should they ever slight us, may Providence never desert them even at their bidding.

Daniel Webster—America's own son, guardian and protector. The personification of Statesmanship and Oratory.

His grave contains but the casket in which was set the "Koboiro" of America—the master mind of earth.

The Sophomores of the Graduating Class of 1853.—They are everlastingly lovely in virtue, beautiful in morals, precious in freedom, sacred in law, and praiseworthy, in philanthropy.

Friendship.—May it be the guardian of our class, and like the flaming sword of cherubim, may it ward off every advance of discord and bitterness.

The order of exercises by the graduating class was as follows:

Oraio Latina—George Bullen, New Haven.

Oration—"Sources of National Prosperity"—Robert Folger Stratton, Winslow.

Oration—"Spirit of Ancient and Modern Education," Harris Merrill Plaisted, Jefferson, New Hampshire.

Oration—"Literary Character," Stephen Rolfe Thurston, Saugus.

Oration—"Martial enthusiasm," William Pitt Bartlett, New London.

Oration—"The Judiciary," Geo. Bradley, Charlton.

Oration—"Qualifications of a successful Flatterer," Frank Plummer, Bedford, N. H.

Oration—"The Nobility of Art," Hobart Wood Richardson, Sebastopol.

Poem—"The New Earth," Henry Miller Pierce, Friendville, Pennsylvania.

Oration—"Modern Infidelity," Alfred Owen, Chil-

ton.

The occasion was one of rare social pleasure.

Among the incidental of Commencement were the promenade Concert, by the Band, on the Common, and an impromptu social dance at Appleton Hall. Both were well attended, and contributed their full share to the interest of the festival. Bond's Cornet Band wins un- derly applause, wherever it discourses its music, and must be permitted to bear the palm in New England. The Concert had been ad- vertised for the Town Hall, to be sustained by sale of tickets as usual; but through the con- tributions of some of the more liberal of our citizens, it was thrown open to the enjoyment of all, and the large number present proved that the favor was well appreciated. We hope that it will be a precedent for the future.

The degree of A. M., in course, Chas. Fair- man, John A. Blanchard, Moses Burbank, and N. T. Talbot; that of A.

# The Eastern Mail, . . . Waterville, August 11, 1853.

**THE EASTERN MAIL,**  
An INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER,  
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY  
**MAXHAM & WING,**  
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS,  
At No. 3 1-2 Boutelle Block, Main Street.  
E.P.H. MAXHAM. DANL. R. WING.

TERMS.

If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50  
If paid within six months, 1.75  
If paid within the year, 2.00

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.

No paper discontinued until all arrangements are paid except at the option of the publishers.

## FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

If a woman wishes to be a general favorite with her female acquaintances, she must make them aware of out-door sports; if she wishes they are on gew-gaws and decorations, the more profound will be the respect for her who totally disregards them. Let any one look amongst his or her friends, and see if he who is most beloved, is not one of less pretension to fancy than those around her.

A genius in Iowa has invented an engine that he supposes will supersede steam. The motive power is a galvanic battery with flats and sharps. Whoever invents a system of society that will also do away with flats and sharps, will be entitled to the medal.

The commencement at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, will take place Sept. 7th. The President of the U. S. is a graduate of the College, is expected to be present.

A New Oil Cloth Factory has been established in Bloomfield. The building is 110 feet long, 40 feet wide, and three stories high.

RUMORED CONVERSATION OF SENATOR DOUGLAS TO ROMANIAN.—The Freeman's Journal announces the conversion of a distinguished Senator of the United States to the Roman Catholic church at Rome on the 2d of July, and adds that this singular conversion received the hearty endorsement of the Pope. Senator Douglas is the only American Senator in Rome; it is supposed that he is referred to. The Paris correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce makes mention of the same circumstance.

Bills of the Merchants Bank, Bangor, are now received at the Suffolk.

THE GOVERNOR.—The Governor and Council of New Hampshire have taken time by the forelock, and appointed Thursday, the 23d of November, as a day of Thanksgiving and praise.

The Hancock Bank has just gone into operation at Ellsworth. Geo. W. Brown, President; A. F. Drinkwater, Cashier.

The Cincinnati Times contains the card of "Caroline Brown, M. D., Physician and Surgeon," to which it calls attention. The Times thinks it probable that a new era has opened in medical annals, and henceforth particularly in cities, female practitioners will be found whose qualifications have passed a competent Board of Examiners.

Lewis Basie writes that in his exploration west he has come across the Huerano Butte, a curious pillar of rock in the shape of a man, with arms and legs, standing on a flat base. It is 100 feet high, solid rock, three hundred feet high, sugar loaf form, visible twelve miles.

The heavy tides of death of his daughter, the wife of Geo. F. Mellen, of Sartaria, Mississippi, formerly of Saco.

THE HONORARY TITLE of D. D. was recently conferred upon Rev. Geo. Webber, of Gardner, Me., by the University at Middletown, Conn.

FLOUR TRADE.—According to the calculation of the Advertiser, the Portland people can get their flour from the West 23 cents a barrel cheaper by the way of Montreal than by New York. That paper says flour can be put down in Portland, at about the same rate as in New York city, and it anticipates a complete revolution in the flour trade in Portland.

REMEDIES FOR THE CANKER WORM.—For a common sized tree, say that spreads its limbs 20 feet in diameter, spread on the ground under the tree one peck of Liverpool coarse or fine salt immediately, as the worm is now passing down the tree and going into the ground preparatory to a fresh crop for the next season. The salt applied now will kill the worm and I believe is a sure remedy; and at all events it will do no hurt, but it is a great benefit to the tree exclusive of killing the canker worm.

AN ECCENTRIC INDIVIDUAL in the town of Essex has during the present season built a small vessel. After having finished her, he had a communication from what purported to be the spirit of his deceased father, who informed him that he would not live six months after his vessel was launched. He immediately procured the assistance of several of his neighbors, loaded her on wheels, and with several yoke of oxen she was drawn into the river at low water, and placed upon blocks, where she remained until high water, when she was afloat. She is named the "Lyvancha," and hails from "The Kingdom of God." She is believed to be the only vessel ever built there that was not launched.

[Gloucester Telegraph.]

ANECDOTE OF MR. WEBSTER.—A fisherman's son sends the following to the Boston Transcript:

"In the summer of 1823, when a mere lad, I was at 'Swift's' in Sandwich. My then schoolmaster was there also, and from him, I had the tale. John Trout was the well-known sub-ject of the fisherman, who attended amateur anglers on their excursions. John was not remarkable for his veracity, but quite otherwise, when his success with the hook and line was the subject of his story. One day he was 'out' with Mr. Webster. Both were standing in the brook, patient waiters for a bite, when Mr. Webster told John how he caught a large, very large trout, on a former occasion."

"Your honor," said John, "that was very well for a gentleman." But once, when I was standing by yonder bush, I took a fish weighing 10 lbs. I forgot how much, but of course many ounces more than the great lawyer's big fish."

"Ab! John," exclaimed Mr. Webster, "you are an amphibious animal—ye lie in the water, and ye lie out of it!"

HOW MUCH DID HE LEAVE?—This question is asked concerning the property of every man that dies, and it was answered very richly by Cloots, who was executor upon the estate of the late Mr. Snodgrass, of this city. His neighbor, Mr. Nairnold, was an exceedingly inquisitive man, and it was his pride that he knew so much, almost, of the affairs of people of his neighborhood, as they did themselves. But Mr. Snodgrass had never been communicative, and all that he could glean of his circumstances was from the guesses and speculations of outsiders. The day after his neighbor had been put into the earth, Nairnold visited Cloots, and with an unexpected face began to question him. Says he:

"Mr. Cloots, if it is not improper—I would wish not to ask the question if it is—the least improper, nor expect you to answer it—will you tell me how much my friend Snodgrass left?"

"Certainly," said Cloots, "I don't say the least improperly in your asking, and am perfectly willing to answer it." He left every cent he was worth in the world, and didn't take a copper with him. *Adieu!*

Nairnold left as small as a pump tick, and went out to Boston Post.

A HISTORICAL MISTAKE AT HEAD QUARTERS.—President Pierce, in his recent speech at Baltimore, uses the following language:

"To be thus surrounded by a population not less distinguished for its civility than for its intelligence and tried patriotism, is peculiarly gratifying; and among the pleasant memories suggested by the occasion, who can fail to be reminded of the banner of undivided, unbroken religious enthusiasm, which first fled given to the breeze?"

Now, however inclined we may be to "see fair play" to our Catholic fellow citizens, as to all others, it is not part of the necessity laid upon us to grant them any more than this.

The best authorities and the closest investigations into our Colonial history give to Rhode Island, Roger Williams, and the Baptists the honor of first giving the flag of religious toleration to the breast; and that, when to do so was regarded as a wilder and more destructive than any which distorts the conserving sensibilities of the present day.

Syracuse Chronicle.

REGIMENT OF AN EXPAT.

This morning at the North End, Deputy Chief Eaton and Police officer Holmes took into custody a man named Job Merrill, who escaped from the Thomaston, Me., State Prison last Spring by means of a false key which he forged for his cell. Merrill is somewhat famous for his escape. Some years ago he was taken into custody for robbing a store in Newport, Maine. While in custody of a sheriff, he managed to gain possession of a team and rode to the brow of a neighboring hill, when he untacked the horse, jumped upon his back and waiting until his pursuers were in sight, waived his hand to them, leaped his horse over a fence, and was soon out of sight. Besides his present sentence for horse stealing there are other charges on file against him.

[Boston Traveller.]

The deaths in New Orleans, Aug. 6 were 238, including 194 cases of yellow fever.

Col. Bliss, Gen. Taylor's son-in-law, died at Pascagoula, Aug. 5, of yellow fever.

TENNESSEE ELECTION.—In 24 counties the Democrats claim a gain of 1000 votes, while the Whigs admit the loss of only 200. The result of Governor is doubtful. The Whigs have gained one Congressman so far.

THE CASE OF DR. KING.—A private letter received by the Baltic says that the claim of Dr. King at Athens has been settled by the payment of 12,000 drachmas for his land taken for the public use. His religious friends are not recognised as entitled to redress.

TERRIBLE RIOT.—A terrible riot occurred Aug. 7th in New York, on board a steamboat in the North River, among a party of men and women returning from an excursion.

Several persons were badly beaten, cut and stabbed, and one man thrown overboard.

BROKE JAIL.—A telegraph from St. John to this city, under date of the 5th inst., says that Andrew Brown, who was in jail there for passing counterfeit on the Cassoo Bank, broke jail the night previous with two other prisoners. He had been indicted by the Grand Jury.

BROWN.—The heavy tides of death of his daughter, the wife of Geo. F. Mellen, of Sartaria, Mississippi, formerly of Saco.

The heavy tides of death of his daughter, the wife of Geo. F. Mellen, of Sartaria, Mississippi, formerly of Saco.

AMERICAN HYPERBOLE.—Upon a certain occasion, a curi-gentleman, who is a physician by profession, was called upon to testify before a jury with regard to a severe whipping given by a woman to a servant child. The counsel for the prosecution asked him—"Doctor, what, in your opinion, must be the necessary result of such blows as those you have heard the witness swear were given to this child by the respondent?" Just as the doctor had begun to make his reply, the defence objected to the question as leading, and the doctor was told to give no answer. The counsel for the prosecution bent on getting the doctor's opinion in some manner or other framed the question in a different manner, and put it to the doctor half a dozen times, but always with the same result. Tired at last of being badgered in this way, the doctor turned short round to the jury, and said—"Gentlemen of the jury, if a jackass had the skin of an alligator for an overcoat, and a piece of boiled plate underneath, and that jackass were to be flogged one half as bad as that woman whipped that child, all creation couldn't save the jackass from dying?"

MARKETS.

WATERVILLE RETAIL PRICES.

COOKED MEATS.

MARKETS.

# The Eastern Mail, Waterville, August 11, 1853.

Poetry.  
A HOME PICTURE.

The heart is aye—The fire is bright—  
The kettle sings for tea;  
The cloth is spread, the lamp is light,  
And white eakes smoke in napkin white,  
And now I wait for thee.

Come home, love—come! His deep, fond eye  
Looks round him wistfully;  
And when the whispering winds go by,  
As if thy welcome step was nigh,  
He crows exultingly.

In vain—he finds the welcome vain,  
And turns his glance on mine;  
So earnestly that yet again  
His form unto my heart I strain,  
That glace is so like thine.

Thy task is done; we miss thee here,  
Where'er thy footsteps roamed;  
No heart will spend such kindly chears,  
No beating heart, no list'ning ear,  
Like those who wait thee home.

And, now along the drip-walk fast  
That well-known step doth come;  
The bell is drawn, the gate is passed,  
The task is done, the task is past,  
A thousand welcomes home!

PRESSY, FARNHAM & Co.,  
INVENTORS AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF  
NEVER SPRINKLERS FOR CARRIAGES

(Patent applied for.)

OUR SPRINKLERS weigh but half as much as the common Springs. The bearings on the shafts are better; the pipes are made of all sizes and lengths of carriage, and the larger sizes are much cheaper.

There are two or three hundred sets in use in this state, which we confidently warrant to be the best in the world.

Our Sprinklers are ordered at us will receive prompt attention on the most accommodating terms. For sale by hard

ware dealers generally.

PRESSY, FARNHAM & Co.,  
WATERVILLE, ME.

Feb. 15, 1853.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

G. WILLIAMS,

At No. 1 Merchant's Row, one door below the Williams House, is offering for sale on the most reasonable terms a choice selection of

West India Goods and Groceries, adapted to family use. Among other articles of the very best quality, we have, in great variety, those in want will do well to call and examine for themselves.

G. WILLIAMS,  
Main St.—Merchant's Row,  
Waterville, 204.

JOSIAH H. DRUMMOND,  
COUNSELLOR AT LAW, & NOTARY PUBLIC

Waterville.

Office with Boudoirs & Notes.

Residence on Silver Street at the "Dr. Chase House."

COPARTNERSHIP.

This undersigned respectfully inform the public that they have formed a copartnership, to transact business in

HARDWARE, STOVES &c.,

which the firm of Wm. Blaine & Son have pursued the work in trade of F. Collier, Main St., one door north of the Post Office, where they are prepared to give the most satisfactory bargains in all articles in their line, embracing

Hardware, Stoves, Cutlery, Saddlery, Iron, Steel, Nails, Paints and Oils, Window Glass,

Tools of all kinds,

Mills, Circular, Cross-cut and other Saws.

SHEET IRON and TIN WARE on hand or made to order, and every variety of

FARMING TOOLS.

embroidery, Shawls, Vests, Waistcoats, Snuff Boxes, Gimbals, Chains, Guards, etc.

Repairing doors to order, etc.

J. L. BLUNT.

WATERVILLE, MAY 16, 1853.

NEW BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

The subscriber would respectfully inform the citizens of Waterville and vicinity that he has just opened a new BOOT AND SHOE STORE in the building lately occupied by O. C. TUZIER as a Clothing Store, one door north of F. M. Crocker's Jewelry store, where he will have shoes and boots of a good quality of gent's Boots and Shoes. Also a good variety of Ladies' Shoes and Children's Boots, which he will sell cheap for cash.

Those who are in need of these articles will do well to call before purchasing elsewhere.

Custom work of all kinds done to order and with quick despatch. Repairing done of all kinds.

ASA S. DAVIS.

HERRMANN J. MEYER,

184 WHITMAN, New York,

PUBLISHED THIS DAY:

UNITED STATES—ILLUSTRATED.

East No. 1. Containing accurate views and descriptive articles of the President's House in Washington, Ning Po Falls, Barbado's Lake near Saratoga, and the Bay of Bengal.

West No. 1. Lake Huron (Sources of the Mississippi) and St. Louis (two plates) and San Francisco.

Price: 50 Cents per Number.

Each subscriber to East and West receives a magni-

cant Plate: "the Battle of Bunker Hill," after Trumbull, as a Premium.

MEYER'S UNIVERSAL Vol. II.

Number 1. Containing the Views and Descriptions of Oregon Bridge, Sacramento; Scenery of the River Sea Juan, Nicaragua; Larchen, near Vienna; and Valley of Gocas, near Constantinople.

Price: 25 Cents a Number.

Each subscriber to Vol. 2 receives an historical Pic- ture of the Maid of Saragossa, as a Premium with the last number.

Great Bargains in Millinery Goods.

MRS. HASTY,

WATCH MAKERS, AND DEALERS IN

Watches, Chronometers, Jewelry, and

FANCY GOODS.

64 EXCHANGE STREET, PORTLAND, ME.

## Portland Advertisements.

### ALBION WITHAM,

192 Fore Street, PORTLAND.

Has just received a complete assortment of

West India Goods, Groceries and Fruits,

among which may be found the following, viz:

50 Boxes H. B. Sugar,

200 Boxes Oolong Tea,

100 Boxes Green Tea,

100 Boxes Souchong Tea,

25 lbs. Granulated Sug'r,

50 do. Crushed do.

25 do. Powdered do.

50 do. Coffe Cr. do.

50 do. Meats Pork,

50 do. Eggs

50 do. Java Coffe,

100 boxes Tobacco com'n,

small boxes,

100 Boxes Leaf,

Tin Fine Cut do.

100 Boxes Gold Chop Fine Crackers.

200 Spanish Cigars,

50,000 Cheroots,

100,000 Cigars,

100 Boxes Broom,

50 Boxes Soap,

Spanish Olives,

Castile Soap, Fancy Soap Eng. Mustard, Spice of all kinds, &c.

Grd. Rice, Turnips,

Barley, Macaroni,

Wash. Boards,

old & new,

comprising the BEST and LARGEST assortment ever offered in this city.

Persons from the country are respectively invited to call and examine before purchasing.

July, 1853.

### JOS. L. KELLEY & CO.

Manufacturers and Dealers in

VARNISHES, AND LIGHT JAPAN,

108 Middle St., PORTLAND, ME.

Our Varnishes are of a superior quality, consisting of all grades and prices, and are warranted to give perfect satisfaction. We respectfully solicit orders from Waterville and its vicinity for these articles.

JOS. L. KELLEY & CO., Druggists,

137 109 Middle St., PORTLAND, ME.

A. E. STEVENS & CO., Importers and Dealers in

IRON & STEEL,

Commercial st., Head of Wigdig's Wharf, Portland.

All the various kinds, such as are used by machinists, Carriage makers, and Blacksmiths, for sale at the lowest rates.

C. C. MITCHELL & SON, Wholesale Dealers in

WEST INDIA GOODS AND GROCERIES,

Oil, Cigars, &c.

No. 178 Fore street, PORTLAND.

ORDWAY & DAVIS, Successors of E. E. UPHAM & CO., Wholesale Dealers in

CORN FLOUR, PROVISIONS, & GROCERIES,

One & 1/2 Atlantic Railroad Wharf, PORTLAND.

JOHN PURINTON, Commission MERCHANT, and Dealer in

GROCERIES, Produce, Hydraulic Cement, &c.,

No. 176 Fore Street, PORTLAND.

WOODMAN, TRUE & CO., Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods and Woolens,

and MANUFACTURERS of CLOTHING.

No. 3 New Block, Free, Facing Middle Street,

PORTLAND, ME.

STEELE & HAYES, CROCKERY AND GLASS WARE,

No. 119 Middle St., PORTLAND.

I. H. LOW, and J. L. BLUNT,

DRUGGISTS, 109 Middle St., PORTLAND.

W. C. TUZIER, a Clothing Store, one door north of the Post Office, where they are prepared to give the most satisfactory bargains in all articles in their line, embracing

Hardware, Stoves, Cutlery, Saddlery, Iron, Steel, Nails,

Paints and Oils, Window Glass,

Tools of all kinds,

Mills, Circular, Cross-cut and other Saws.

SHEET IRON and TIN WARE on hand or made to order, and every variety of

FARMING TOOLS.

embroidery, Shawls, Vests, Waistcoats, Snuff Boxes, Gimbals, Chains, Guards, etc.

Repairing doors to order, etc.

J. L. BLUNT.

WATERVILLE, MAY 16, 1853.

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Repairing doors to order, etc.

J. L. BLUNT.

WATERVILLE, June 20, 1853.

MOODY & FELLOWS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

BOOKS, STATIONERY, PAPER HANGINGS,

AND FANCY GOODS.

MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE,

WATERVILLE.

Agents for Bigelow & Co's Express.

Dr. A. W. HOBBS,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,