



9-8-1865

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 19, No. 10): September 8, 1865

Maxham & Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 19, No. 10): September 8, 1865" (1865). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 106.

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[From Harper's Weekly.]
THE HEART'S MELODIES.

Listen, listen, full is ever
This wide world with music true;
Naught can still it, mar it, never—
Naught that hate or wrong may do.

Deep affection's faith may falter,
And the loved ne'er love again;
Prayer beside a ruined altar,
To false gods be breathed in vain.

Gentle, humble, all who tremble
While fierce passions round them jar,
Shall hear whisp'ers that resemble
Angel voices from afar.

None so weary, none so lonely,
But some heart responsive gives
Beat for beat, and love need only
Touch the chord, and music lives!

Though the world with darkness blendeth,
Though the wood be hushed and drear,
Though the lone flower trembling bendeth,
As the cold wind moaneth near,

Morn shall come—again from blindness
All to life and glory stir;
So, like light one touch of kindness
Wakes the music of the heart!

ADDRESS

Before the Alumni of Waterville College,

August 5th, 1895.

BY REV. WILLIAM LAMSON, D. D.

Brothers of the Alumni! Past graduates of Waterville! In the name of your Alma Mater, and for her, as one of her elder sons—for the worthy matron, born before woman's rights were discussed and female orators were common, now speaks but through her sons—in her behalf I bid you welcome. As is her wont, she has sent abroad her annual invitation to all the surviving members of her yet growing family to come and see her. And she has done this year with an emphasis never before employed. She anticipated the pleasure of making an announcement that should make all her sons glad.

"As the subscription," such was the language, "as the subscription of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the funds of the college, is now so nearly made up as to warrant the hope that its entire completion may be announced at the coming Commencement, we feel that the occasion must be one of no ordinary interest to all friends of the institution. And in order that there may be a full and fitting expression to our joy and thankfulness, in view of this auspicious result, it is earnestly desired that there may be as large an attendance as possible of the Alumni of the college. We would, therefore, cordially invite you to be present and participate in the rejoicings of the occasion."

Such are the earnest and hopeful words by which we have been summoned. Here it is a great occasion, a great hour to the dear old mother; and with her heart swelling with gratitude, and her face wreathed with smiles she bids you thrice welcome. A burden which has been long borne, heavy, depressing, under which she has nobly struggled, and nobly achieved, has been lifted off. All thanks to the donors! Especial thanks from her, and from all her sons, to him without whose princely donation the attempt must have failed. May he carry with him into all the future, the consciousness of having done a noble deed, and find in that and in the growing prosperity and efficiency of the college, a sufficient reward.

Obedient to this call, thus enforced, we, brothers for a day, have left the dusty thoroughfares of life, have turned aside from the weary routine of professional or other toil, and have come back once more to these scenes of our early aspirations and struggles, to look into each other's face, and trace there after the changes of years remembered lineaments, to give and to grasp each other's hand, and to feel that beneath the changed countenance there throbs the same heart, and together to look into the face of our common mother, and unite in her grateful exultation. I shall do little more than utter her welcome. I have had no time—only a few hours snatched from a refreshing leisure at the sea-shore—and no disposition to choose and discuss any literary theme. In anticipation of this hour I have felt more like giving myself up to the free play of my feelings—of just letting my heart prompt my words—than of setting my intellect at work to pre-arrange a set address. This hour is consecrated to a family gathering—a reunion of children from their different and widely separated homes—at the dear old maternal home. Set address, learned speech, were I equal and disposed to it, would be out of place here. I was assured it was neither expected nor desired. One of the most charming pictures in those unique but singularly interesting volumes, the autobiography of Dr. Lyman Beecher, is the chapter which describes the family reunion—the coming together of children and grand children, at the far western home of the father. There, as here to-day, were children who had never before met; and there, for forty-eight hours they gathered around the father, and mingled with each other, talked of the past, enjoyed the present, anticipated the future, compared experiences, beliefs, hopes, a noble, merry, rollicking group, embracing as much cultivated intellect as was ever embraced in the children of one father on this continent, and many wise things were said, and many were the flashes of wit, but there was no oration. It would not have been tolerated. That was the very beau-ideal of a reunion, and such, as far as might be, ought this to have been.

As there are other places, brothers, where to us memory is so busy as here—where her pictures are so vivid and life-like, where fields, and trees, and river, and even clouds and sky are so associated with the past, where recollections so spring up from every foot of the soil, and dart forth from every building? Memories, sad and joyous, how they throng about us here! They look out from the windows of yonder buildings, they leap in the shadows of their walls, they play on the ripples of the water, they are borne to us in the murmur of the Ticonic, they come in through every sense. We come back to old scenes—to old companions—but more, we come back to meet our former selves. It was a beautiful fancy of John Foster that we actually left a part of ourselves—of our being—in every locality in which we dwell—and that returning to it we returned to that former being. We would not think lightly of the intellectual repasts of which we have sometimes partaken—but it is the charm of these annual visits to be thus carried back among the experiences of the past, to recall thoughts, feelings, purposes, companions from among the dead and from among the living, to feel for a few hours the freshness and buoyancy of youth, to forget that we have grown or are growing old. And for all this there is nothing which has such power as the scenery of one's college days. Much has changed since some of us for the first time walked these streets, but enough remains, the horizon which bounds the prospect, the grand old river, the general aspect of nature, and the Commencement customs almost unchanged, to recall the past. It would make a large and not uninteresting volume, were each alumnus present, to write out his recollections and experiences connected with his college life.

VOL. XIX.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, SEPT. 8, 1895.

NO. 10.

The name Waterville, Waterville College, is associated with the earliest memories of my childhood. In the village of my birth was a small church, ministered to by a pastor whom all revered and loved with rare confidence and devotion. Whether it be an illusion I cannot tell, but certain it is that I have never since known a union between pastor and people to be compared with that. Children hushed their noisy sports as he passed them in the streets, and old men bowed respectfully. The thought had not entered their minds, even as a possibility, that he could leave them. But the day came when it was circulated from family to family, that this pastor, the beloved Chaplain, was wanted to take charge of the then newly located school, literary and theological, at Waterville, Maine. A few days of suspense, of alternating hope and fear followed, and then came the decision which sent gloom into every home, and created a sadness in which even childhood shared. The parting was tender and painful. But it was relieved by promises on the part of the pastor of continued interest and annual visits, promises which were faithfully kept. As though it were but last year, I recall those days when the good man came back, and hurried from house to house through the streets of the village, uttering words of wisdom and piety, and listening with the sympathy of joy or sorrow to the tale of domestic changes that had taken place. And if the visit could embrace the Sabbath, and the older people could look again on that venerated form in the pulpit, and listen again to the tones of that familiar voice, it was a privilege to be remembered and talked of for weeks.

It is thus my associations with the name of Waterville College, in some far off, imagined locality, had their origin and were kept alive. At length, having galloped through a most imperfect course of preparatory studies, in company with another lad, we were discussing the college we should present ourselves for admission. But a visit from the old pastor, the then President of Waterville, and a few words from him to those on whom the decision rested, ended the discussion. Our destination was fixed. And thirty-four years ago last autumn, one chilly evening, we rode into this village of Waterville, on the stage-coach from Augusta, and were landed at Williams' tavern. It was the end of a voyage and a travel almost equal to a voyage to Europe and a tour of the Continent in these days of improved facilities.

We embarked at Salem in the good schooner Osprey, a returning wood-coaster, and after more than forty-eight hours of hard winds, beat our way into the Kennebec, and reached our port. Thence on the next day by steamer we came to Augusta; and thus by sail, and steam, and stage we accomplished in six days what is now done in scarcely more than many hours. But whoever saw us evening, thirty-four years ago, as we walked from Williams' tavern to the college grounds, looked upon two forlorn, homesick, heart-sick boys as ever walked the street of this or any other village. But a welcome by the President, and a cheerful evening in his family, dissipated somewhat our gloom, and prepared us for the ordeal of an examination on the next day. And thus we were fairly launched on our college course, at the very place, images of which had floated before our fancies from earliest childhood, and joined to a freshman class numbering twenty-six, the largest that had then ever entered—but a class destined to be sadly diminished ere it was graduated. How, as I am now speaking, there came before me pictures of the village, of the college grounds, of the buildings, of classmates and fellow-students, of the different members of the Faculty in that year eighteen hundred and thirty-one. There were two college buildings, the north and the south, the north division of the North College, unoccupied because yet unfinished. In the lower story of the South College was the Chapel, and in the basement of the North College was the Commons Hall. North of the North College was the newly erected workshop, with its long rows of benches, each furnished with its set of polished tools, where by laboring two hours each day, students were to defray all their expenses—a place which I entered with hope, and very soon left with the conviction, that has ever since remained with me, that I was not made for a mechanic. But the four years of our class was a period of progress to the college in material structures, at least. Barren as were the grounds, and limited as were the accommodations when we entered, we left nearly the same buildings and accommodations as are now here. The north division of the North College had been finished into rooms and dormitories, the Commons house, as it was designed to be, had been built, and the College Chapel and Library, and the grounds had been greatly improved—much of the labor having been done by the students.

Of the students of that period, some of the most promising, have passed away, leaving an honorable record, and disappointing high expectations. And some still live to fill prominent places in the professions, or in literature or in government.

Of the Faculty of instruction, some of the members still live, and of these we may not here speak. But the venerable President and one of the professors have finished their course. Of that first President, how distinct the image that rises before me—his tall, spare, stooping form—his small, black, keen eyes—his gut—the tones of his voice so peculiar that once heard they could never be forgotten—all these come back with strange vividness and reality—and besides these comes the impression, that has deepened with the passing years—that he was a man of rare worth, intellectually and morally. And how entirely the college owes its existence to his self-denying labors, to his long journeys, and his persevering solicitations, cannot now be known. The close of a college term brought him not to a vacation of rest—but to a term of new and exhausting toil. Under discouragements and defeats, he bore up with the patience of a Christian, and the courage of a hero. Never perhaps did a man give himself more entirely to his life object than did he to this college. He was identified with it. He bore it with him everywhere and at all times. As an instructor he was always regarded by the best students as unsurpassed—and there are those of them now living, standing in the foremost ranks of their professions, who have been brought in contact with the best and most cultivated minds

in the land, who assure us that they have met with no mind, in any walk of life, that they would place above that of their venerated President. Unfortunately for our class, I have always regarded it, his connection with the college terminated at the end of our Junior year, and before we came under his personal instruction. As a college officer he was thought to be sometimes severe. He had faith in discipline. He believed in authority—and thought the outward tokens of respect and obedience of sufficient importance to be insisted on. He did not believe that the President of a college and a freshman were standing exactly on a level. He was not to be saluted in the free and easy style in which one student addresses his fellow. The respectful manner and the lifted hat were demanded—and till the unfortunate scenes in which his official connection with the college terminated, were cheerfully awarded. On the whole, the faculty of that day was composed of men of talent and of genuine scholarship. The professors—both in the languages and in mathematics—were filled by men who had few superiors in their departments—men whose reputations have since been evidenced by exertions in other fields than the recitation room. Alumni of that period, you will witness that we were proud of our teachers, and looked up to them with the respect and confidence which talents and scholarship never fail to inspire in the breasts of true students.

But too long already have you been detained by these personal reminiscences. You are not here merely to listen to personal memories—and yet, if they have had the effect to carry the older members of the Alumni back to their college days, and place them amid the scenes and companions of a long past, they have not been wholly useless.

But returning, some of us it may be for the first time, to these scenes, the question is a natural one, one which can hardly fail to be asked—What did the college for us? What is the relation of a college course to the after life?

It is not a necessity, either to success, or to influence, or even to education. All these have been attained in a high degree by men who have never seen a college. To educate—what is it? Educate, to educate, draw out the physical, intellectual, and moral capabilities of a man—to develop his true manhood. And that this can be done with little or no aid from the schools we have the testimony of facts. That noble life, whose tragic end has bathed a nation in tears, and not one nation alone, but all the nations—which has called forth expressions and demonstrations of grief more heartfelt and universal than were ever before known—that life which will hereafter be our most cherished legacy—where was it trained? What college gave Abraham Lincoln his diploma? at what schools did he study? His primary school was in the rude home of his father—himself unable to read—in Hardin Co., Kentucky. His intermediate education was in the heart of the unbroken forests of Indiana, where, at the age of eleven, the tall trees fell before the sturdy blows of his axe. His high school, and preparatory course, and college life were passed on a Mississippi flat boat, in Macon Co., Ill. Making rails to fence his father's ten acre lot—in the Black-hawk war, serving as a captain of a volunteer company, in threading Sangamon Co., with compass and chain as a surveyor, and he graduated into the Legislature of his State, at the age of twenty-five—a position to which he was twice re-elected. By some it is said he attended school at intervals amounting to six months, by others that they amounted to a year. It is unimportant which. But was not his life a success? Was not he educated? Were not the faculties which God and nature had given him, drawn forth, and disciplined for highest uses? Will the passages written by any American scholar live longer or be more universally read, than those which came from his lips and pen? On the now historic field of Gettysburg, the classic Everett pronounced one of his finished orations. It was an occasion fitted to arouse him—in which his heart was in full sympathy—and he brought into use all his fine gifts and culture. But beside him stood plain Abraham Lincoln, and pronounced a speech which will be read for its condensed thought, its noble sentiments, and its felicitous expression too, longer and more widely than will the classic oration. An acute critic has pronounced it one of the three great speeches on record—there is no fourth with which to compare it. But the crowning paragon of his life—the one consummate flower which it bore—the one proof which may go down to posterity of the high culture of intellect and heart which he had attained, is his second inaugural. Never did such a paper come from the head of any nation. Its sentences have been quoted from the pulpit and the platform—here and abroad—printed on colors and flags—blazed out from transparencies—framed in golden letters for parlor pictures—and they will be repeated while there are hearts to appreciate the highest moral sentiment, or tastes to relish beauty of expression. Uneducated he has been called! Uncouth, wanting in all the culture of the statesman, he was declared to be! Uneducated! Who then is educated? There are many doubtless who can read Latin and Greek better than he could—who can write better poetry—and make speeches in which flowers of rhetoric are more frequent and more brilliant. But does the man live who is better educated—whose mind and heart are more thoroughly trained for all noble uses—who can deal with minor questions of individual, or the great questions of national interest with more consummate wisdom than did he? Educated! Where is the graduate of any college, in this or in any land who would not exchange his scholarship, hard-earned and finished as it may be, for the mental and moral training of our martyred President?

The college then is not an absolute necessity. Minds and hearts may be developed outside of its walls. There are other teachers besides its professors, and other text books besides those which it prescribes, by whose discipline men have been trained for high and beneficent activities. What then is the relation of the college—whence its utility? It gives the favorable start. Like the fertilizing powder of the horticulturist it hastens the early growth. Like the steam tug which takes the ship out from the winding river and the narrow harbor into the broad ocean, where the breezes of

heaven may fill its spreading canvas, and bear it on its way, so does the college training tug the youth out of the harbor on to life's broad ocean. But his education has only begun—when he graduates. The term closes with what is fitly called a Commencement. Four years, brothers, we passed here. Several times four years we have since passed in the higher Seminary, into which we have graduated. Grateful as we should be and are for the discipline here received—yet the discipline of life has been more protracted, more severe, and to some of us far more effective.

If now I may without exhausting your patience, hold you yet longer, permit me to speak of life as a school, and of some of the conditions of success in it. Such it is—by design—and in fact. This earth, what is it, but a vast school-room, constructed and furnished, and hung up in space, and rocked through its wide orbit, for the accommodation of some millions of pupils during their educational period—a college with its various departments—its libraries—its text books—its teachers—its terms—and its graduations. Large classes have entered, passed through, and left this old college. The catalogue is above—not here. Noble have been some—ignoble many of the alumni. And yet new and increasing classes are entering—and coming to constantly improving facilities of culture. This earth—the old college for the race—is a very different place in which to be educated from what it was many centuries, or even one century ago. The alumni of our best colleges, coming back to their Alma Mater, after half a century, mark the changes which have taken place not in buildings and grounds merely, but in the libraries, the apparatus, the course of study, the breadth and thoroughness of the culture, and sometimes sigh over the contrast between the facilities now furnished and those which they enjoyed. But could Solomon, the scholar of his time, after the lapse of thirty centuries, come back to this earth, and move amidst its scenes long enough to compare it now with what it was in his day as a place of education, how measureless would be the contrast! More, he would say, more can now be learned in one year, than could be in the longest life then! Fields of knowledge into which I just stepped are now traversed—and new, and broader, and more inviting fields are everywhere opened.

We claim it, not as one out of many uses for which this globe was created and which it subserves, that which we have intimated—the discipline and culture of souls. It is its one use. And its organism and all its furnishings, its position and surroundings, the treasures hidden away in it, the time and order of their discovery, the capabilities of its soil and climate, the changes taking place on and beneath its surface—all, rightly viewed, point to this one use. Animal life must be sustained, and numerous and rich are the provisions for it. But that life is only subservient to the higher life—the life of the soul. Now we have risen to anything like a true conception of the dignity of mind, till we have thus looked on the earth—may, on the whole material universe, measureless as it is, as designed, and constructed, and upheld in the interest of souls. It has been feared that the widening fields and the new wonders of creation opened by advancing science, would militate against the Christian scheme, by making the earth too small, and man the creature on it too insignificant, for the amazing transactions embraced in the redemptive work. Chalmers thought the objection serious enough to be met in a series of discourses of surpassing eloquence. But it derived all its force from the assumption, admitted by Chalmers, that our earth is really one of the least important in the great family of worlds, and one out of many that like it were peopled with an intelligent creation. But this dream, this poetic fancy, that pictured other globes as diversified by mountains and plains, oceans and rivers, covered with cities and villages in which was the hum of a busy population, has been dissipated by the light of a better science. And this earth, though less thousands of times in magnitude than many of the globes which traverse the fields of space, is believed to be the most perfect, and important of them all—and to be the only one which is the abode of living intelligences. We come to the crowning work of creation of which we have any knowledge, when we come to a human soul, whether that soul looks out from the eyes of an African slave, or from the eyes of a king. The body is the tent of the soul, the earth the field on which these tents are pitched, and sun and moon, and the farthest globes which the telescope reveals, are created and revolve to make this earth a fit dwelling place and school-room for these countless minds. Mind is the noblest work of creation. And all nature, the floating atom, and rolling spheres, are put into relation to that and do homage to it. They were made for its uses. They are so many provisions, poured with a lavish bounty from creative power, to aid in the work of discipline and culture.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

GEN GRANT'S WAR HORSE. The General is peculiarly proud of his stud, but is particularly so of his war charger. To the few friends to whom he unbends he takes great delight in exhibiting his horses. A friend of mine was with Grant, one day, and the conversation turned upon horses. "Perhaps," said the General, "you would like to see the horse I have ridden during all of the campaigns that I have commanded." The General ordered his horse to be brought out. To the surprise of the gentleman the animal seemed no more than a lady's palfrey. Small, slender, with agile limbs, black as a coal, an eye like a hawk, intelligent, but mild, with the unmistakable "lick" on each side of the mane, not unlike the "cowlick" on a boy's head, looking for all the world like a family pet for women and children. The visitor uttered his astonishment by saying: "Beautiful, but no endurance." "Endurance!" said Gen. Grant, "this animal exceeds any horse flesh I ever saw for endurance. I have taken this horse out at daylight and kept in the saddle till dark, and he came in as fresh when I returned as when I saddled him in the morning. Gold could not buy him. He was imported from a rare breed by Jeff Davis himself. He was taken from Jeff Davis' plantation." This conversation was held just before Davis was caught. "I suppose," said the visitor, "you would exchange this horse for Jeff Davis?" "You have said it," said the

General, "I would exchange it for the rebel chief, but for nothing else under Heaven." Such is the renowned war horse of the Lieutenant-General.

"ABNORMAL CONDITION."—That "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," was curiously proved in the case of Job Lurvey, Esq., and his precocious son Jonah, a boy of ten years.

Young Jonah had a very grave face, and was a good listener, soft-reading and sly. Having heard his father converse often upon the strange phases of insanity, and declared that all persons were sometimes in an "abnormal condition" of mind, which rendered them irresponsible for any fault then committed, the boy resolved to take the benefit of his father's belief, and see how it would work.

"Come here, Jonah," said Mr. Lurvey, sternly, one day; "I understand you've been robbing a man's orchard!"

"Yes, father, I did. I was just going to tell you. When I saw the apples, my brain whirled very queer. I knew it was wrong, and I didn't want the apples at all. But I know I was in an abnormal condition, for in a few minutes I found myself up a tree."

"Gracious Heavens! Hear my boy talk!" thought the father, proudly, and forgave him at once. "That boy's got a remarkable mind. A young philosopher. Understands what 'abnormal' means. A mind so forward to use such language, brain whirling at this early age, must be peculiar—overcharged with thought, without doubt, and subject to strange influences that wouldn't affect common boys. His motives must be pure. It would be cruel to punish him for what he did in an unnatural state of mind; and how simply and yet how eagerly he explained what affected him! I must be careful and not be too harsh to my young sonny. He will be a great man yet. 'Abnormal'—h-h-h!"

The next day, Jonah having succeeded so well, he indulged in a fight, and was complained of.

"Jonah, you rogue, you've been fighting."

"Yes, father, I won't deny it; but I had another will. I was awful abnormal this time."

"I know you must have been, my son. Go, now, and be as normal as you can."

He was next complained of by his school-master. He had played truant for a week.

"Yes, father! but I went close up to the schoolhouse every day; and then it seemed, somehow, I couldn't go in. Something kept telling me to go away, and I—I guess—I hindered myself a little—but I didn't know what I was doing. I was abnormal, worst kind."

The father thought it very strange; and new complaints now came in almost daily. Jonah had put a cat's eyes out; been swearing, lying, saucy, breaking windows; and, finally, he was so abnormal as to cut off a horse's tail, and then shoot a hog.

This opened the father's eyes, and he gave Jonah a severe beating.

"You young rascal! sin is your natural condition. Hereafter, when you do right, which is seldom, I'll believe you abnormal, and won't punish you for that; but when you do evil, I'll consider you in your right state—that you show excellent good sense; and I'll beat you like a sack till you become crazy again. Remember!"

The boy has been "crazy" ever since, and gives no further trouble to his father.

POOR COOKING AND CONSTANT WASTE.—The New York Tribune has an article upon "How a poor man may live and take a newspaper," from which we extract the following:

At least one-quarter of the food of the poor in this country is wasted by bad cooking; yet nothing is systematically done to make the daughters of the poor to-day better cooks than their mothers. The food spoiled or thrown away by a hundred poor families here would support half that number in comfort in France. How to make a quarter of beef or a carcass of mutton supply the most palatable nourishment to a family, is just what every American girl should learn, yet what not one in a hundred ever thinks of, and those who do are mainly of the wealthier class. The poor (like the rich) eat far more animal food than is good for them; and this is the most expensive of all food. We drink a sufficiency of hot beverages, especially coffee, to corrode the gizzards of a million ostriches, and then wonder that we are so often unwell. We ought to grow and consume bushels of various fruits around every dwelling out of the great cities; yet we have not even a grape vine by one house in twenty of the broad region wherein grapes luxuriantly grow. In short, we have not yet begun the study of systematic household economy; and now we can no longer postpone it without serious discomfort to millions. Let us delay no further.

The poor men of this country, we estimate, spend an average of \$20 each per annum in pernicious Luxuries—Alcoholic Liquors, Tobacco, etc. Supposing them Five Millions in number here are One Hundred Millions of Dollars squandered for what does them no good whatever, but a great deal of harm while the time they lose by drinking and dissipation is at least of equal value. This is far more than all the burden cast upon them by our great war.

NEGRO SUFFRAGE.—Of the twenty-one free States eight permit negro suffrage to a greater or less extent. These are the New England States, New York and Ohio. Of the remainder, two, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, are strongly "Democratic," and the rest framed their constitutions at a time when slavery ruled Congress and the nation. Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Oregon, Kansas and Illinois (seven), admit as voters those not yet citizens; and beside the New England States, four, to wit: Michigan, Wisconsin, California and Minnesota, provide for voting by Indians. One (Massachusetts) excludes the ignorant, and one (Oregon) excludes Chinamen.

A NEW VIEW OF THE CATERPILLAR QUESTION.—It is well known that the term caterpillar, which is such a scourge to our orchards, is very fond of the wild cherry. A progressive farmer friend of ours, who has a constant battle with the old fogy notions of his less wide awake neighbors, had some wild cherry trees badly infested with caterpillars, and proceeded to cut them down. Some of his neighbors, on seeing what he was up to, came to

him and implored him to save the trees, as otherwise the caterpillars, being deprived of these, would destroy the neighboring orchards. Our friend kept on with his work, informing the anxious ones that when they set apart a particular field for weeds, with a view to keep them from the farm, he would keep a grove of wild cherry trees especially for the insects.

[American Agriculturist.]

CHOLERA MEDICINE.—The New York Sun publishes the following invaluable remedy for cholera morbus, dysentery, &c.:

Mix in a small bottle equal parts of the tincture of opium (laudanum); tincture of rhubarb; tincture of camphor; essence of peppermint—treble strength. Add two drachms of spirits of aromatic ammonia. Then shake all the ingredients together, cork the bottle, and have it ready for instant use. It will keep for years.

Dose—in drops; 30 drops or a teaspoonful mixed with a little sugar and water; to be taken every fifteen minutes, thirty minutes or an hour, according to the severity of the attack and the age of the sufferer.

The Sun says: "This compound is pronounced by medical men one of the most judicious ever prepared for popular use, but at the same time it must be borne in mind that it is a medicine which should be used discreetly, although none can be harmed by it if they follow the above directions. A few doses generally relieve the patient. Children require only half the quantity used for grown people."

PERSONAL NEATNESS.—Some may say that it is quite out of the question for farmers' wives and daughters who have so many duties to perform, to always look tidy. Some do say so, and I have often heard them; but such declarations do not, in my opinion, militate against the general principle. A wife or daughter can be personally neat, no matter what duty she may be employed at. Those who allow themselves to appear negligently dressed on plea that they have something to do—cooking, washing, scrubbing, white-washing, etc.—are pretty sure to be habitually untidy. A torn, faded soiled, bad fitting gown, with a sun-bonnet in keeping, worn the house or out of it, slipshod shoes, etc., no appearance of a white collar, hair squashed upon the head, and plenty straying about the neck—do not give the husband, if he possesses any idea of cleanliness himself a very elevated idea of his wife's attractions; not will the daughters, who may be equally delinquent, impress the young men of the neighborhood very favorably.

I am a wife and a housekeeper, and have been a dailly worker for twenty-five years in my household, but I never have seen the day when I could not take time to attend to my personal appearance. System and a desire to be always cleanly, will not only afford the necessary time, but will make the labor one of the highest pleasure. My husband never had or never shall have occasion to twit me or the girls in relation to a matter which every woman's pride and self-respect ought to provide against.

Will not then my sister housekeepers give this question of domestic propriety and respectability their serious consideration? They should remember that it not only concerns themselves, but especially their daughters, and in no small degree their sons also. The Bible tells us that 'cleanliness is next to godliness,' and I believe in the Bible—[Martha, in Germantown Telegraph.]

THE DEAD-HEAD SYSTEM. The Boston Post has some admirable remarks on this subject. Says that paper:

A favor is a favor and business is business. We know there are a great many who are truly happy to show courtesies to a journalist, and would esteem it the loss of a coveted privilege to have their kind and generous advances denied. So, too, there are sneaks and unworthy persons who designedly attach themselves to newspapers, sappers and miners in their way, and do all they can by systematic sponging and swindling to bring those presses into disrepute. The relationship would better be dissolved altogether. What each side has, let it expect to pay for; then all are satisfied, and there is no twitting or grumbling. The newspaper business being as legitimate as any other, it should stand or fall only as it conforms itself to approved business rules. And if immunity is not asked for such individuals as make half their living by pleading some sort of connection with the public press, there can certainly be no claim for those on the other side who think newspapers are established for their personal convenience and profit.

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.—There is an apathy among our farmers in general, with regard to agricultural exhibitions, that is almost criminal. About two-thirds, probably, of all our cultivators of the soil take less interest in a state or county fair than they exhibit in the prosperity of some vagabond six-penny show or an itinerant circus company. This is all wrong, as every man who cultivates an acre of land, breeds fifty dollars worth of any kind of stock for sale, or manufactures implements of husbandry of any sort, may have his area of education enlarged by attending these industrial agricultural annual gatherings, and keeping his eyes and ears open for information. Two days' attentive attendance upon any one of our State or county agricultural fairs is of more worth to the practical farmer or mechanic than six months' schooling at the best agricultural college in the country, as at present conducted. Besides, it is the imperative duty of every farmer to produce every year some commodity that he is not ashamed to place on public exhibition for the benefit of the community. Our fairs are almost always judiciously held at a season of the year when agriculturists are most at liberty from hurrying farm-work and our delvers in the soil everywhere will find it infinitely to their advantage to attend one or two of these public schools the present season.

SOUTHERN ENTERPRISE.—A lady once taking a ride in a slave State, when it was a slave State, saw a negro with cooking apparatus at the side of the road, opposite a small break in the fence. She stopped and asked: "Why what are you doing there?" "I'm tending the gap, mum," was the answer. The overseer of the estate had not energy enough to stick up a board or rail, or a slat; so he sent Dinah "to tend the gap" and keep the cattle out! Straws tell, etc.

G. W. Holding, Esq., of London, England, a native of Lamoille County, Vt., has agreed to give one thousand dollars a year for the purpose of paying the tuition of children who have lost a father in the defence of the country in the late war. The schools at Johnson, Morrisville and Stowe are those designed for the attendance of such scholars.

The Hollowed Gazette gives as the reason why ladies wear such extraordinary things as crinolines, that all heavenly bodies move in concentric circles.

Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DAN'L R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... SEPT. 8, 1865.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office. S. B. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 School Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS, relating either to the business or editorial department of this paper, should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING," or "WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE."

UNION NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR.

SAMUEL CONY.

Kennebec County.

FOR SENATORS—CROSBY HINDS, Benton.
GEO. W. PERKINS, Hallowell.
ALEX. B. REED, Wayne.
FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER—ASHBURY YOUNG, Pittston.
FOR COUNTY TREASURER—DANIEL PIKE, Augusta.
FOR CLERK OF COURTS—WM. M. STRATTON.

Somerset County.

FOR SENATORS—ASA W. MOORE, Hallowell.
HENRY BOYNTON.
FOR SHERIFF—JOSEPH F. NYE.
FOR CLERK OF COURTS—HIRAM KNOWLTON.
FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER—S. C. HANSON.
FOR COUNTY TREASURER—JAMES E. DASCOMB.

NEXT MONDAY is Election Day, and we expect that all of our readers are prepared to do their duty at the ballot box. The war is over in the field, but it was a war of ideas, remember, and the contest was transferred to another arena to be finished with different weapons. There is not always a great difference in the honesty or capacity of the two sets of candidates; the choice is to be determined by the principles of the two parties, and these may be as different as light and darkness. Vote for one and you do what you can to perpetuate a wrong; vote for the other, and you contribute your mite to the promotion of the cause of truth and righteousness. Therefore, go to the ballot box, one and all, and vote honorably and conscientiously, with a full realization of your duty to God and humanity. And you cannot safely absent yourself from the polls, under the plea that all parties are more or less corrupt, and that politics are distasteful to you; for you have no more right to shirk this than any other known duty.

THE CHILD ORATOR.—Master Walter De Laski, a Maine boy, who, although only thirteen years of age, is yet said to be a graceful and energetic declaimer, will soon visit our village and recite his father's poem on "Mount Katahdin." This lad possesses a wonderful memory, and his elocutionary powers are remarkable. Mr. Tenney, of the Brunswick Telegraph has heard him, and says he speaks with a distinctness of enunciation, a gravity of manner, and an appropriateness of gesture, perfectly wonderful. Dr. De Laski has made long visits to Katahdin, in geological explorations, and upon one occasion spent two nights upon its summit. He has two views of the mountain, containing each sixty-three square feet, and an examination of these two views gives one a clearer idea of its wonderful geological structure and surroundings, than he can obtain in any other way, except from personal observation. The Dr. proposes to briefly explain his views, offering such remarks as will make the matter clear to his hearers. His son will then recite the poem. Notice of the time hereafter.

The Post Office Department finds so many hopelessly dead letters among those advertised that hereafter but one cent per letter can be paid to newspaper proprietors for advertising them. This makes it the meanest advertising we get, but Uncle Sam has had a hard time lately, in fact has got somewhat behind hand in his affairs, and as he uses the printer pretty well, we want to be ugly about it; but if the same economy should be enforced in other departments we reckon that the old gentleman's expenses would be reduced amazingly.

Mr. J. C. Higgins, of West Waterville, is now delivering to subscribers "Raymond's Life of Lincoln," a large and handsome volume, elegantly illustrated, which, in addition to a history of the private life and public services of our late lamented chief magistrate, contains speeches, addresses, messages, letters, proclamations, &c., during his official term, with the tragic closing scenes, his burial &c., and numerous anecdotes and reminiscences by Frank B. Carpenter. The work is full and reliable, and meeting a public want must find a ready sale.

"WATERVILLE CLASSICAL INSTITUTE"—under the charge of Mr. J. H. Hanson, in whose hands it had an excellent reputation some years ago, commenced its Fall term on Monday with an attendance of 150 pupils.

HON. JOSEPH EATON.

In the recent death of this gentleman, the town of Winslow, and this part of the state of Maine, have lost an uncommonly able and enterprising man, and a highly respected and useful citizen. Few persons in the towns on the Kennebec have been longer and more advantageously known in connection with the business of the region; and probably no one in this section has established a higher reputation for prudent sagacity, persevering energy, and consequent success in his undertakings. If the fruits of these characteristics had been shown merely in the large estate which he accumulated and left to his family, the press would perhaps have nothing to say of him beyond the usual announcement of his decease. But Mr. Eaton was placed in situations, and performed labors, which have also been of much advantage to the community, and it is fit that these should receive some notice. Never ambitious of office, he was thrice chosen to represent the town of Winslow in the state legislature, and four times was elected a member of the state senate. In these capacities he was faithful and useful, and won respect for the soundness of his judgment, and his practical knowledge of the interests of the state, and of matters inviting legislation.

For many years he was the President and efficient manager of the Somerset and Kennebec Railroad Corporation, and contributed, it is believed, more than any other man, to bring the road built by that corporation into its present serviceable and satisfactory condition. Since the death of the Hon. Timothy Boutelle, in 1855, he has been the President of the Ticonic Bank, the oldest of the Waterville banks. He also gave much valuable time and counsel to the enterprise for constructing the great International Railway, designed to establish between Europe and North America a closer connection.

Mr. Eaton was remarkable for the sharp and careful observation which he directed to all business affairs. This trait, combined with the rare strength of his judgment, and the confidence placed in him, made him the adviser to whom very many of his neighbors and fellow-citizens had recourse in their difficulties. No man in Winslow was so much consulted; and even on legal questions the highest respect was yielded to his opinions.

We hear him described also as a magnanimous and forgiving man, extending favors and employment, whenever he could do so, to persons whose language and feelings were unfriendly to him. Those who best knew him testify that he was signally free from the temper of revenge.

We have only to add, that he bore his long sickness with patience and resignation, retained to the last the use of his mental powers, and, with the full knowledge that his end was nigh, passed out of the earthly life with undisturbed tranquillity and confident hope in the goodness of the all-wise Disposer. COMMUNICATED.

THE CONCERT.—by Mr. and Mrs. Fitz, of which we spoke last week, has been set for Wednesday evening of next week, as will be seen by reference to advertisement. They will be assisted by some of our best singers, and a rare entertainment is confidently promised. Several of our best musical amateurs, who have heard Mr. and Mrs. F. are loud in their praise, and a correspondent of the Clarion who attended their concert at Skowhegan, says:—

"The programme of the evening ranged from the style of the Italian opera to the simple English ballad style, affording a rare opportunity for the display of the vocal powers of Mrs. F. Her performance indicated an unusual degree of musical culture and training, with much artistic skill and taste in the management of one of the purest and most powerful voices now before the public. If artistic skill and taste, culture, tact, and sweet singing, can command the public ear, we venture to predict for Mrs. F. a generous share of the public favor. She was admirably sustained by Mr. F. and the assistants in their various parts; and we shall remember the occasion as one of the rare, chaste and classical treats which have fallen to our lot."

MISS LUCY S. CARROLL.—our Miss Carroll—sang at the Congress Square Church, in Portland last Sabbath, and the Press of that city, in noticing the services, says:—

"The singing was very fine. Miss Carroll, from some town down east, took part in the choir, and we confess to being much pleased with her musical powers. Her voice is exceedingly rich, mellow and sympathetic. We hope she will remain in the city, and become the member of some choir. The more we have of such musical voices, the better. We shall welcome all such vocalists. Portland can now boast of a number of excellent singers, but we wish for more. Let them come, and they will find a good reception."

"Some town down east!" Marry, come up! That's a pretty way to designate the literary emporium of the Kennebec! We gratefully acknowledge the compliment for our sweet singer, though, hoping you will not succeed in luring her from her old home just yet.

The power of a popular city to absorb all the good things about it, however, is great; and as we have lost Miss Bates, so we expect eventually to lose Miss Carroll. Let us hope that others will rise up to make good their loss.

The graduating ceremonies of Dr. Dio Lewis's Training School for teachers and Musical Gymnasts will occur at Tremont Temple, Boston, Friday evening Sept. 15th. It will be a great affair of the kind, and the kind is one of the best.

CAUCUS, for the nomination of a Union candidate for Town representative, at Town Hall to-morrow afternoon at 4 o'clock.

WATERVILLE COLLEGE.—The Fall term commenced on Wednesday with a Freshman class numbering 23.

OUR TABLE.

THE STARS AND STRIPES IN REBELDOM.

A Series of Papers written by Federal Prisoners (privately) in Richmond, Tuscaloosa, New Orleans, and Salisbury, N. C. With an Appendix. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burleigh.

Wherever the Yankee goes he must have his newspaper; and even in prison, it seems, to while away the time and relieve the tedium of confinement, a weekly paper was prepared and read. This little volume is a reprint of those papers, and it will have an interest not only for the prisoners and their immediate friends, but for all true patriots everywhere.

Mr. A. M. Dunbar of our village, is sole agent for this work, and our readers are referred to his advertisement in another column.

LADIES' REPOSITORY.—"Lake Henderson,

in the Adirondacks," is the title of one charming picture in the September number of this literary and religious magazine for the family, and the other is entitled "Mother." The reading matter is as good as usual, and that is good enough.

Published by Poe & Hitchcock, Cincinnati, at \$3.00 per annum.

TRAINED STEERS.—Very wisely, we think, the trustees of our Agricultural Society have determined to give a little more prominence to the exhibition of trained steers at the next Show. To this end they have increased the number of premiums and thrown open the lists to all, old and young. Time will also be set apart for the trial, nothing else being allowed to divert the attention of the spectators. Now, boys, don't be afraid of the old teamsters; unless they do better than usual, you can easily walk off with the first premiums and teach them some valuable lessons in the noble accomplishment of cattle driving.

A WORD TO COMMITTEE MEN.—The following hints to committee men at cattle shows, which we find in the American Agriculturist, we commend to a careful reading:—

No unworthy article should receive any prize.

No prize should ever be given to "encourage" a worthy exhibitor, who has taken pains to bring an inferior article, and will be disappointed if he does not get a prize.

No prize should ever be given to "propitiate" an influential patron, who will be offended if his articles are not noticed.

No prize should ever be withheld from an exhibitor, because he is taking too many prizes. No matter if one man sweeps every prize offered by the society (unless there is some rule to the contrary). In every respect the good faith of the society should be considered sacred, and in the keeping of every committee man.

LIFE INSURANCE.—Hon. Joseph Eaton, of Winslow, had an insurance upon his life of \$5000, in the New York Life Insurance Company, of which W. F. Morrill, Esq. of Augusta, is the General Agent.

This Company not only promptly pays all its losses, but during the last three years, has paid the enormous sum of six hundred and thirty thousand dollars in dividends to its policy holders, after a critical examination, nearly four years since, of the different companies. Mr. Eaton, concluded to insure in the New York Life, and the result of his wisdom and foresight will now be realized by his family.

PORTLAND BUSINESS COLLEGE.—We invite attention to the advertisement of Bryant, Stratton & Gray's Portland Business College, in another column. Its location and well known reputation will give it favor with those who wish for a complete commercial education. Hon. J. H. Drummond lectures on Commercial Law before the pupils of this institution.

THE NEW CHURCH.—Preparations are going rapidly forward for building the Unitarian Church in our village, for which a charming site has been selected. The old Hume house, which stood upon the lot, has been purchased by Henry Traft, Esq., and is on its way to the Cyrus Williams lot, on Front street, next south of the homestead of the late Hon. Abijah Smith, where it will be fitted up for a dwelling.

THE VERMONT ELECTION, on Tuesday, went all one way, as usual, the Union majority being somewhat increased, however. The State and county officers are all Union, and only a very few democratic representatives are chosen.

REV. MR. PEPPER had a large congregation to listen to his farewell sermon last Sabbath, there being no other service in the afternoon. His discourse was mainly devoted to a review of his labors here, and it was apparent that the parting was equally painful to pastor and people. At the close of the sermon Mr. P. had the pleasure of extending the hand of fellowship to three new members of the church, one of whom he had that day baptized.

Rev. J. C. Fernald, of Vermont, will preach at the Baptist Church next Sabbath.

THE MISSES FISHER have gone up—the street, we mean—and will hereafter be found, with their choice stock of millinery goods, in Marston's Block. The store lately occupied by the late Mr. C. P. Mason has been cleansed, renovated, and newly painted for them; and the graces will preside over premises long used for ministering to the coarser wants of mankind.

ROBBERY.—Several hundred dollars' worth of clothing and other goods was stolen from the peddling wagon of Mr. B. F. Hale, in the stable of Hogan's Hotel at Kendall's Mills, last Tuesday night. Two suspicious looking characters, who had been lurking about the village for several days, disappeared the same night, and it is strongly suspected that they took the goods with them.

Arrangements are in progress for an excursion to Winthrop, from this section, that shall embrace everybody with their wives and children.

YOUNG KETCHUM.—The forger, will probably be let off with little or no punishment, rich friends having come to his relief and removed the evidences of his guilt.

ACCIDENTS.—The following paragraph, taken from the N. Y. Times, we commend to friend Boothby, the Waterville agent of the Travellers' Insurance Co., to be used as a text from which to enforce the duty of insuring against accidents of all kinds; and it must not be forgotten that during the five months spoken of thousands of minor accidents have occurred in the country, which ought also to come into the calculation:—

Three thousand one hundred and eighty-one persons lost their lives, and nine hundred and thirty-five other persons suffered bodily injuries by accidents, upon American railroads or steamboats, or by explosions of powder magazines or the fall of buildings, in America, during the period between the close of the war for the Union and the 31st ultimo—just five months. These figures, supposing the whole year to present a similar record, would give a total of seven thousand six hundred and thirty-two deaths, and two thousand two hundred and forty-four persons wounded within the space of twelve months. If we could arrive with any certainty at the number, not of the accidents of the above classes, accounts of which have appeared in print, but of all that have occurred during these five months, the aggregate would be still more startling.

The annual fair of the New England Agricultural Society is held this week at Concord, N. H. There is a large attendance reported and everything is passing off pleasantly. Among the horses entered for trials of speed are the General McLellan of Bangor, and Ticonic of this place ("Rockland Boy," owned by Ira R. Doolittle). S. L. Goodale, of Saco, is the Maine Vice President of the Society, and the following are the Maine Trustees:—Samuel F. Perley, Naples; John F. Anderson, South Windham; Calvin Chamberlain, Foxcroft; T. S. Lang, North Vassalboro'; Wm. D. Dana, North Perry.

THE TRIAL OF WIRTZ—the Andersonville prison keeper, is still progressing at Washington, and the case looks worse and worse for the culprit.

In the trot on Wednesday between Ethan Allen of Boston, Fearnought of the same city, and Ticonic, the first prize was taken by Fearnought and the second, of \$100, by Ticonic.

SALT.—A large lot for sale by Houghton Brothers, of Bath. See their advertisement.

MANY glandered horses, it is said, have been sold from the army to go to various parts of the country. People should be on their guard.

"YOUNG, LOVE & CO.," a Skowhegan firm, advertise a nice (?) article of tobacco. Young love and company ought to be in better business than dealing in the filthy weed.

A BIG THING FOR EASTERN MAINE. On Thursday of next week (Sept. 14th) Capt. Ross proposes to treat the people of Penobscot valley to a monster Clam Bake at Fort Point, where all the accessories of such an entertainment will be provided on a magnificent scale, and where accommodation to dine five or six thousand will be made. Among the good things offered for discussion will be 150 bushels of clams in shell, with 6000 ears of sweet corn, 1500 lbs. of fresh fish stuffed; with lobster's eggs, vegetables, &c., ad libitum; and a grand clowder made of 40 gallons of shelled clams and 500 pounds of fish, flanked by 600 loaves of bread, with butter to match. Among the distinguished persons invited are Gov. Cony, Hons. Hannibal Hamlin, James G. Blaine, R. D. Rice, Jas. W. Bradbury, Adj. Gen. Hodgson, Hon. Ephraim Flint, Jr., Secretary of Hon. G. H. Hichborn, Treasurer of State, Hon. E. L. Hamlin, Judge Appleton, Judge Cutting, Ex-Gov. Crosby, Judge Dickinson of Belfast, Attorney General Peters, and last, perhaps not least, the Editors and Publishers Convention of Maine, who are expected to do unequalled execution upon the entertainment.

AFFAIRS IN HAYTI.—Advices from Port au Prince to 19th of August state that the insurrection which was intended to aid the rebels at Cape Haytien had been promptly suppressed by the government. President Geffard had sent a commission to examine the condition of the army besieging Cape Haytien, and the members have returned a favorable report. They also advise that to spare a useless effusion of blood, the rebel stronghold should not be attacked, but strictly invested and blockaded so that the rebel garrison may receive no aid from outside. Seven steamers and three sailing vessels are at the command of government to make the blockade effectual. President Geffard was about to visit the northern part of the island.

The American Bank Hallowell is under a cloud, and its bills are thrown out by the Suffolk. Several months ago the charter of the Bank, under the laws of the State, surrendered and the stockholders organized under the new National Banking system. At that time the old Bank had about \$75,000 of its bills in circulation—and among its assets were notes which it held against its late President, Capt. Henry Cooper, to the amount of \$40,000. Initiating in a small way the example of his New York prototype, Ketchum, a week or two since Cooper disappeared from Hallowell, and it is ascertained that he is now on his way to Europe, having transferred funds thither, sufficient to make himself comfortable, and leaving very little behind to reimburse the Bank for the financial accommodation it had so obligingly extended him. We learn that the Bank has attached some real estate and other property to the absconding official to the value of some \$10,000 or \$15,000, but its available assets being insufficient to meet its liabilities, it no longer redeems its bills, and its affairs will be summarily wound up by the intervention of the Bank Commissioners. By the laws of the State the property of the stockholders is held to liquidate the liabilities of the Bank, and it is hoped that ultimately no loss will accrue to the bill-holders. In the mean time the public is cautioned against receiving bills of the American Bank.—(Maine Farmer.)

Ruel W. Crawford of Pittsfield, has been held to bail in the sum of \$500 for appearance at the U. S. District Court to be held in this city, this week, on charge of hindering and impeding an enrolling officer. John H. Varnum and Enoch A. Rogers of the same town, for the same offence, gave bail in the sum of \$200 each for their appearance at the same court.

[Bath Times.]

POLITICAL PROSPECTS.—How shall we vote in the autumn elections? Every man will ask himself this question, and he will answer it by determining to which party, in so important a national crisis as this, political power ought to be intrusted. For although no issue is as yet distinctly made, a very grave issue soon will be, that of re-organization—and he must look to the antecedents and composition of parties to infer what their probable action will be.

The Union party comprises the great body of enlightened American citizens who have always faithfully striven for greater justice, for universal liberty regulated by law, and for freedom of speech and the press every where in the country. They have unfalteringly asserted the rights of the whole people against privilege and aristocracy in every form, and have claimed fair play for all men, rich or poor, foreigner or native, whatever their complexion and condition, and to that end have been constantly zealous for popular education and every method of enlightenment. They hold that the constitution is not a compact between sovereign governments, but is a fundamental national law established by the people of the United States; and that the Union is not a confederacy but a nation. They believe that this National Government is supreme, that the States are properly subordinated to it, and that State rights are purely local and secondary. Therefore they have been steadily faithful in the great and successful struggle. They have never tampered with rebellion. They have never justified treason nor excused traitors; and in the death-grapple with rebellion they have wisely used every power of the Government, conscious that all extraordinary powers were exercised by magistrates under the immediate supervision of the people, and whose act merely recorded the popular will, as the election of 1864 triumphantly proved.

This is the faith, and these are the men who compose the great Union party. Have they forfeited the confidence of the country?

On the other hand, the Democratic party is composed of those who have always excused the most appalling crime against human nature, and the most fatal treason to the American principle of equal rights, under the pretense of State rights; who persistently connived at the extension and perpetuity of that injustice which has soaked the land in blood and necessitated the debt. They have been the assailants of free speech and a free press, and have justified the murder and maltreatment of citizens who claimed to exercise those rights in the Southern States. Their influence has been adverse to general education and wise progress and reform; and their predominance has been and is always most marked among the most debased part of the population, and in the least intelligent portions of the country. Even now their Conventions, vaguely as in Maine, distinctly and openly as in Ohio, reaffirm the principles of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of '98' which are and always have been pleaded by the rebels as their justification, as they were by South Carolina for nullification in 1833, and which will always afford an ambush for treason until they are utterly and expressively overthrown; or as in Pennsylvania, their Conventions deliberately declare that the practical recognition of the truths of the Declaration of Independence is a high crime against the Constitution of the United States. They are those from whose ranks came the chiefs of the rebellion; who denounced the people of the loyal States as really responsible for the war; who incessantly thwarted the Government in its efforts to subdue it; who incited riots and directed mobs; for whose success at the polls the rebel chiefs and editors openly prayed in the midst of the war; who solicited through a foreign Minister foreign interference in our contest; who a year ago, in their National Convention, declared the soldiers conquered and the war a failure, and who sneered at PRESIDENT LINCOLN as helplessly weak, or denounced him as a murderer, tyrant, and harlequin.

These are they who compose the Democratic party. They are now busily engaged in praising the soldiers, whom last year they slandered, and in celebrating the re-establishment of the Union. They are even engaged in the pleasing process of eating the Chicago platform. But what has this party, in whose Ohio Convention VALLANDIGHAM was a chief orator, in whose Pennsylvania Convention Judge BLACKMAN was an applauded teacher, who said, as BUCHANAN'S Attorney-General, that the war would legalize secession and dissolve the Union—what has this party done to be intrusted with power by the American people who condemned it so overwhelmingly last November? We speak of a party, not of individuals. We do not forget with what absolute sacrifice, with what blood and money, many Democrats stood by the country. But neither do we forget that as a party the Democrats voted against emancipation, and that in the States which they controlled the amendment was defeated. We do not forget that if the Democratic party had retained power in 1860 they would have compromised the honor of the country without permanently avoiding the war; and we remember, nor will the American people soon forget, that in 1864 they solemnly proposed acquiescence in national disgrace and ruin.

These are the two parties who now solicit our votes. Let every man who loves a Union unshaken by "the resolutions of '98," who loves his country and believes that equal rights for all men before the law are essential to her permanent peace and prosperity, ask himself which of these parties ought to have his vote.

[Harper's Weekly.]

WATERVILLE COLLEGE.—The two following votes were passed by the Board of Trustees of Waterville College at their last Annual meeting.

Voted, That the thanks of this Board be expressed to each and every subscriber and contributor to this much needed endowment of our beloved College, assuring to its friends and patrons a position and capacity for usefulness more fully commensurate to the demands of our young and growing State, and the cause of religion and education in the country.

Voted, That in order to more fully assure the full endowment of the college of \$150,000; to meet contingencies and secure the payment of the second installment of Gardner Colby's subscription, the President is authorized and requested to solicit subscriptions until the same shall reach one hundred and sixty thousand dollars.

DEATH OF A PROMINENT MEMBER OF THE FENIAN BROTHERHOOD. The remains of Henry O. Clarence McCarthy, Deputy Head Centre of the Fenian Brotherhood, who died in Minnesota a few days since, lay in state in Mozart Hall St. Louis, Friday and was visited by large crowds of people. The funeral took place on Sunday, and invitations were extended to all the circles in the country to send delegates.

A CURIOUS STORY. For the dog M. Tousel has an affection bordering upon animal worship. To the dog he thinks man owes the first rudiments of civilization. And by this token; without the dog man could never have kept sheep, which was clearly the first step in civilization. Upon this topic he says quaintly enough, "I know of no more crushing condemnation of our actual phase than the tiny minority of animals we have been able to civilize. The impotence of the civilized man to rally round him all the beasts of the field is, in fact, the most geometrical demonstration of the subversive character of civilization!" And he adds as his reason, "because the immense majority of the animal species have been created to love man and serve him, and the secret ambition of almost all is to ally themselves to their legitimate sovereign, although hitherto the dog is perhaps the only one who has had the courage to act upon his own opinion."

But this is not all. "The East is the cradle of all civilization, because the East is the cradle of the dog. Take away the dog from the East, and what have you left? another America; the Roman, the Greek, the Egyptian, the Chinese, are nothing better than the Aztecs and Peruvians! The dog alone constitutes the whole superiority of the East over the West. For what, indeed, it may be asked, is the result of the whole intellectual effort of the Mexican? To track game. Now a young bandy-legged terrier knows as much about it in six months as the most intelligent savage at the end of a lifetime. The natives of the East, who had the dog, were thus dispensed from the physical drudgery which absorbed the time and energy of the red skins. They had surplus time to create new industrial pursuits. Hence the origin of the arts and handicrafts. Hence the difference between the old and new worlds."

If this is not ingenious, what is? Nay, M. Tousel ascribes cannibalism to the want of the dog. Man ate man for want of a dog to get him game. "Anthropophagy is endemic," says the author, "in countries disinherited of the dog."

SOUTHERN CRUELTY AND CONTINUED DISLOYALTY.—A despatch from Raleigh (N. C.) says: Judge Carter, who has returned from an extensive trip through the Southern States, states that cruelty to freedmen and homicides among them by the whites are increasing to a fearful extent, especially in places where the troops are being withdrawn. The Judge has a copy of the Southern Sun, which says if the Yankees are alarmed at the killing of a few hundred negroes a day in States where they have the protection of Yankee troops to a certain extent, what will be their alarm after the departure of the military forces and re-admission into the Union of the States as sovereign powers, who will then have a complete organization of militia in each county, which will give the South a standing army which can bid defiance to the world.

Provisional Governor Parsons of Alabama has issued a circular to the judges and magistrates of the State, urging them to conform to the exigencies of the times and receive negro testimony in their courts, as the less of two evils. The Governor reminds them that it will be much better to have the laws administered by the citizens of the State than by strangers.

THE ANTIETAM CEMETERY. The trustees appointed to select a site on the battlefield of Antietam for a cemetery for the brave loyal men who were killed in the terrible contest which took place there, have purchased a lot near Sharpsburg, and in sight of Burnside's Bridge, and of the places occupied as the headquarters of McClellan and of Lee. They have already indicated 2620 of the 7000 or 8000 who fell; 1704 by name and regiment and State, and 916 by State alone.

Fort Poplar at the mouth of the Kennebec was commenced in 1851, and appropriations to the amount of \$375,000 have already been made for it. It will mount 66 guns, three tier in casement and one in barbette. It is "circular, having a front of 700 feet, with two demi-bastions. The walls for the second tier are nearly completed, as we learn from the Lewiston Journal.

The New Bedford Mercury begins a leader thus:—"Mr. Montgomery Blair of Maryland is well described in the expressive phrase of the sailors, 'in everybody's mess and nobody's watch.' He was a member of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet. Hereafter it will be a matter of wonder as it was in the case of the fly in amber, how the d— he got there?"

Horace Greeley says he is not specially desirous that the right of voting be at once conferred upon all the negroes. He will be content with any plan that will gradually but surely lead to universal suffrage throughout the country.

A Confederate soldier who had fought fairly and squarely throughout the late war, when he was startled with the intelligence of the surrender of the three armies of Lee, Johnston and Taylor, woke up to the "realizing sense" of the stupendousness of the failure. His surprise broke forth in the remark: "It didn't even flicker, but went right out."

Mr. A. D. Small, of the class just graduated at Waterville, has been engaged for the department of Natural Sciences and Mathematics in the Connecticut Literary Institution, Suffield, Connecticut.

The General Convention of Universalists in the United States, will hold its next session in Middletown, Conn., on the 19th inst., and continue three days.

The Whigs say an infant, supposed to be not over a day old was found on Tuesday in the front yard of Mr. J. E. Brainard in East Winthrop. The little waif was taken into the house and tenderly cared for by Mr. B.

The five leading editors of New York are of Celtic origin. Raymond is of Welsh descent; Greeley is of Irish stock; Bennett is a Scotch Celt; Bryant of the Post; and Charles Moran, of the Commercial Advertiser, are also of Irish origin.

The Boston Post's special dispatch says the trial of Jeff Davis is sure to come off in October at Norfolk, before Chief Justice Chase.

It is not well to pray "lead us not into temptation," and then leave temptation in the way of others.

Origin of the tender passion, according to an Italian proverb: "Man is fire, woman is tow, Lucifer comes and begins to blow."

The Ken Agricultural Society holds its annual Fair at Readfield corner, on the 27th and 28th inst.

How does a dirty Irishman wash his face and hands? He laves them alone.

