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Maxham & Wing

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## THE BEAUTIFUL LADY.

By MARTHA PERRY LOWE.

There is a gentle lady, very fair;  
Her looks are saintly and her voice is rare;  
She walks through all the town,  
Nor fears to soil her gown.

They say this lovely lady's not afraid  
Of any being that the Lord has made;  
She sees her father's look  
Within the meaneast nook.

And so she walks serene through every lane,  
Where hunger struggles fierce with sin and pain,  
And angry curses leap  
In passion wild and deep.

She does not even tremble at the sight;  
She stands and gazes like a lily white,  
Till, awed to peace, they see  
Her spotless purity.

She stays beside the couch when all have fled,  
And lays upon her breast the dying head,  
And sings away all fear  
With voice serene and clear.

She takes the little children in her arms,  
And gives them bread to eat, and mildly calms  
Their throbbing hearts that beat  
And wipe their bleeding feet.

Dear children, tell me, will you go with her—  
This lovely lady, each her messenger—  
And bid the orphan come,  
And have with her her home?

Her name, I think, is Charity below;  
But when her bright immortal wings do grow,  
The angels there above  
In heaven will call her Love.

(From Harper's Magazine for August.)

## MR. GREGORY.

It was getting late, and Agnes Howe was very tired; her work was finished at last, and now there was nothing for her to do but sit down and survey the result, and ask herself over and over again, "What next?"

For there was no one else to ask; she was all alone in the world. Her mother dead a year ago; her father gone within the fortnight to rejoin his wife; brotherless and sisterless, well might she feel herself alone indeed.

There was not even the outer circle of friends and acquaintances common to almost every family. Her father's meagre salary as assistant in the school in the next street had allowed of no more home-like home than the third story of a dingy boarding-house in the heart of the great city; he had never been a man to make friends, and was absorbed in his work. Her mother had found but little companionship in the house suited to her refined and retiring taste; and so the three lived together, apart. Agnes had said her childish lessons at her mother's knee, and afterward pursued her graver studies by her father's side; so that she knew nothing of school and the friendships formed there.

She had borne now for a week all alone, save for the conventional condolences of the few people in the house whom she knew at all, the dreadful burden of grief and anxiety which there was none in all the world to share with her; and the days had passed as in a horrible dream. That it was worse than this, a horrible reality, she had first actually felt this morning, when the undertaker's bill, the monthly board bill, and sundry miscellaneous charges for sick-room expenses had been sent up to her with her breakfast. The frightfully slender balance remaining after these demands were settled roused her to a realizing sense of her utter destitution, and the consciousness that something must be done.

Yes, be done at once! and she must do it; but what? and how? Only one step was plain before her, and that was that she must remove at once from the old rooms which had been her home so long to a smaller and humbler domicile; and it was the first ray of light which had shone across her gloom when the landlady, sympathetic after her way, had informed her that she need not leave the house where she had lived so many years to find that. If she didn't mind going up another flight of stairs, there was a snug little room in the fourth story, and so lucky not to be engaged just now. To be sure, the roof sloped a little, and the window was only a dormer; but the higher up the better the air, and you could see clear across the river to Hoboken. As for the money, she needn't fret about that just yet, for there was her father and mother's furniture, and she was quite willing to trust her on the strength of that, and would take the use of it for interest meanwhile.

It did not occur to Agnes to think that the good woman was making a very safe bargain for herself; she was only conscious of relief from her nearest pressing dread—the having to begin a new, strange life in a new, strange place; and she addressed herself at once to the task of removing her possessions to the little attic nook which was henceforward to be her home; and then there was nothing for her but to sit down in the gathering gloom and look around with a bitter sense of change and loss, and think, drearily, "What next?"

Although it was late in the spring, there was no gentle evening breeze, no tender light of moon or star; night had come on suddenly and darkly; the wind moaned uneasily in the tre-tops, and the rain fell with a melancholy sound upon the roof just over her head. Agnes shivered with nervous apprehension as she sat alone in the chilly darkness; and the sudden harsh jangling of the great dining-room bell broke in upon the silence as a positive relief. She had not been to the table since her father's death; it had seemed impossible to her to meet the half-curious half-pitying stare of indifferent people; and she had either taken her meals in her own room, or gone down when the dining-room was empty.

She sprang up now, however, at the sound of the bell, with a sudden impulse of relief; she must get out of this strange, lonely room, must see and speak to some one, or she should go wild; and she went hurriedly to the mirror on the little toilet-table, and gathered up mechanically the heavy masses of hair that had fallen about her shoulders, wondering, half unconsciously, if the dead, pale face it framed could be hers; and then went hastily down stairs, hoping to enter the room before the rest of the household had assembled. There were only a few persons there, and after the landlady's good-natured welcome was over, and one or two remarks meant to be sympathetic, had been addressed to her by the people nearest her, Agnes found all special notice of herself soon cease, in the constant bustle of entrance, and the medley of gossipy chit-chat which always accompanied the evening meal.

The sound of social voices was a relief to her own dreary thoughts. On her right sat two stout middle-aged ladies, one of whom was detailing to the other her day's worries with three children sick with the measles, and rigidly defending the old practice against her neighbor's laudation of homopathy; near the foot of the table was an elderly female of a strong-minded turn, who was giving a private lecture on her views as to the settlement of national affairs to a small meek man who flinched uneasily under the infliction, said "Yes'm" to every thing, and looked as if he would like very much to be allowed to drink his tea in peace. Just opposite were two young ladies whom Agnes had always supposed to be in the dress-making line, from the wonderful ingenuity displayed in the

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incessant alterations and retrimming of their own garments. Their conversation was carried on in a very audible tone; and Agnes presently found her attention arrested by the words "school," "resignation," and looked up with a sudden interest.

"You know she's been teaching in No. 19, and, of course, she wouldn't give up her place if she wasn't getting ready to be married. I should like to see her wedding-dresses, splendid fits they'll be, you may be sure! She never had a particle of style."

And so on, and so on; but Agnes heard no more; the one grain of wheat she had picked out of this chaff was that somebody had laid down her work that perhaps she might be permitted to take it up. "No. 19!" She knew what and where that was; the great red brick school-house a few squares distant, at which she had so often paused in passing, to listen with the curiosity of a child who has always been taught at home to the mingled hum of voices sounding through the open windows.

She would not suffer a single day to elapse before she made an effort at least; and full of the glow of a hopeful purpose she slipped away from the table up to her lonely little room to arrange her plan, and think what she should do and say in the morning. Her limited experience of independent action, however, did not suggest any thing very satisfactory; and deciding at last that it would be best to trust to the inspiration of the moment she went to bed and slept the first restful sleep in many, many nights.

But the glow had well-nigh faded out when Agnes awoke in the dull gray morning and looked at her venturesome scheme in the cold uncomplimentary daylight. It seemed now but a hopeless effort for a dreary task; and the girl's young courage nearly failed her as she stood by the window after breakfast and looked down into the street below watching the ceaseless tide of hurrying people and listening to the deafening roar and thought of joining that jostling throng, each one of which was intent upon his own appointed business while she was going forth on what was, perhaps, a most presumptuous venture, strengthened now by no hope, however delusive, but prompted alone by the energy of despair.

It was with a nervous haste, as though afraid if she lingered even that stimulus would fail her, that she suddenly turned from the window, put on her bonnet and mantle, and hurried down stairs, and out into the street. The March morning was gray with chilly showers; there was no gleam of sunshine without to kindle one within, and Agnes went on her way with a sad restlessness which no pulse of hope came to quicken.

At last she reached the corner upon which the school-house stood, and in a moment more despite the trembling of heart and of fingers, the great iron gate was swung open, the massive door slid back, and she was within the walls which were soon to hear her fate pronounced. A broad staircase ascended from the square entrance hall in which she found herself, and when she had reached the landing at the top a door barred further advance. She gave herself not a moment for thought, or her fast-ebbing courage would have failed her utterly; the door was opened almost immediately in response to her timid knock, and now, indeed, there was no receding.

"Do you want to see the Principal, ma'am?" asked the lad who had opened the door, seeing her hesitate to enter. And Agnes was glad she had only to bow her head in assent.

"Mr. Gregory," said the boy, making way for her to step up on a large platform elevated above the rest of the room, where a gentleman sat writing at a handsome library desk; and "the Principal," looking up at the call, nodded briefly, indicated a seat, and went on with his writing.

The room was broad and high, with spacious windows, and furnished with low desks, which were occupied, on the one side, by fifty or sixty boys—quiet and intelligent-looking lads between the ages of twelve and fifteen—and on the other by as many girls, perhaps a little older. Agnes thought this side of the room looked like a flower-garden, with the rows of fresh-colored cheeks and bright eyes, the waving curls and gay ribbons. As pretty and as silent too as flowers. Each young face was bent with bright, attentive look toward the black-board on the wall, where their teacher—a tall, dignified woman in black—was explaining a problem in Algebra in such clear, quiet tones that Agnes was sure very difficult must vanish. So they seemed to do; for the watchful, listening look gradually quieted into one of satisfied comprehension on each countenance; each head bent over its desk, and for a few moments there was a soft click of rapid pencils; then, in what seemed to the home-bred Agnes an incredibly short time, one head after another rose noiselessly to her feet, till the whole class stood in long rows with the finished problem in their hands. The answer was announced by all in a quiet, concerted tone that sounded like a single voice. At an almost imperceptible signal from the teacher they resumed their seats and prepared for another example. The boys on the other side were as busily engaged as the girls; and it was some encouragement to Agnes to observe that their teacher was a mere girl, scarcely older than herself; a slender little creature whom any one of her pupils might easily have lifted and borne across the floor, yet whose slightest signal commanded instant obedience. Beyond this room, separated from it by partitions of glass, were others, and yet others, stretching back in a long vista, all filled with the same rows on rows of attentive pupils, and all presenting the same scene of order and industry.

Agnes waited and looked and listened until she had almost forgotten herself and her errand, and she started with nervous self-recollection as the Principal, suddenly turning his chair half toward her, his eyes still upon the paper to which he was rapidly affixing his signature, uttered a brief interrogative: "Well, ma'am?"

The harsh voice and abrupt manner were better for the timid girl than a more bland and suave address would have been. They absolutely frightened her into self-control, and with a tone whose quiet surprised herself she replied as briefly:

"I have heard there is a vacancy in your school, Sir, and have come to ask if I may apply for it."

The sheet was duly folded, enveloped, sealed, and superscribed; then the chair was pushed

entirely around, and the Principal looked at his visitor, which he had not done before. Agnes, too, lifted her eyes, eager with suspense, to his, and thus for the space of a minute the two surveyed each other. She saw a square and rugged face, suiting well the square-built, ungraceful form to which it belonged; steel-blue eyes, which showed black under the harsh projecting brows; masses of leonine locks; and a mouth which just now looked satirical, and probably was never particularly gentle or sweet. He saw a finely-cut but dead-pale face, too young by far for the anxious look it wore; brown hair, drawn away in masses from the low, sad brow; gray, heavy-lidded eyes, troubled yet expectant; and a mouth whose wistful tremulousness needed no words in which to present its silent plea.

She, looking at him, felt her courage rather grow strong than falter, spite of his penetrating eye and saturnine mouth; and he, returning the look, felt, strangely enough for him, a sudden reluctance to utter the curt dismissal which had at first risen to his lips.

"Have you seen the committee? Have you been sent here by any one?" he asked, with some appearance of interest.

"No, Sir; I came directly to you."

"Where have you taught before? and how long?"

"I have never taught at all, Sir."

"Just left school! That's bad—no experience. I suppose you have had a thorough public school course, however: from which school have you a diploma?"

"I have never been to school, Sir. My father taught me at home."

A black look, and a lifting of the heavy eyebrows. "And you do not know any of the trustees? You have no influence?"

"No, none at all," and now Agnes began to realize the extent, the folly of her presumption. Her heart sank, and her eyes filled, but one last effort must be made. With quivering lips and broken voice she said, as a child might have said it, "I don't know anything about all the forms to be gone through, but I would try to do with her? He couldn't insult her by offering her five dollars, and requesting her to take her departure; and as to referring her to the committee he knew that they would never employ her against the protest he should feel compelled to make for the good of the school."

He looked up at her again, intending to tell her so as kindly as possible, and send her about her business, but a change had come over her even in that instant, which arrested his purpose. The eager, almost desperate look, the pleading attitude were gone; and the expression of quiet and resolute endurance, the posture of simple dignity, the whole aspect of high though still courage, showed that the young soul had collected all its powers to meet and bear its fate. Mr. Gregory marked with keen, sagacious eye the self-control, the patience, the fortitude revealed in the whole demeanor; that there was gentleness as well as force, enthusiasm as well as calmness, and that sympathetic quality without which no one should ever dare assume the charge of children, he could read clearly enough in the sensitive, mobile, yet steadfast face before him, lifted now to his, with a quiet waiting look, out of which all the hope had gone; and he asked himself, with a sudden impulse, if such characteristics were not worth more than a dozen years' experience of mere paltry routine, why were not the very elements out of which success is created? "I would be willing to risk it, but my opinion, I suspect, will be of precious small value in the matter," he thought, with a grim smile; and then, turning to Agnes, said in a dry, business-like tone:

"It is almost unprecedented to think of entrusting a class to a person who has had no experience in teaching, and nothing of the drill of a public school. Still I think, Miss—"

"Howe," said Agnes, listening, ere she was suspended.

"Miss Howe, that you would probably succeed quite as well as half of those who are appointed unhesitatingly. If you choose to undertake the charge of the vacant class down stairs for the rest of the day, and your management of it justifies my opinion, I am willing to do all I can for you, which is merely to recommend you to the committee. The power of appointment lies entirely with them."

There was not much to encourage hope in this cold, plain statement, and Agnes was appalled at the idea of making so suddenly, and all unprepared, the trial which might lead to such an issue. But there was no time now for fear or faltering; the Principal was waiting for her decision, and she lifted her face with a look which said far more than her words,

"I will try."

"Very well; then we will go down at once. The vacancy is in the Primary Department, I suppose you know; a hundred little girls, I believe. You will find your hands pretty full, you must not be discouraged. Come."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A TOUGH STORY.—We overheard the following day or two since, which was considered by the listeners to be "tough" especially when it is known that the hero could not be tempted "to lie." One gentleman was telling of a hen's nest that he constructed with a "trapdoor" in the bottom, which the weight of an egg would open. This being placed on a barrel, "the biddie," after laying one looked for it and finding nothing, laid another, and so continued to do for several hours.

"Oh, that is nothing," says our friend from down east; "my father made a nest of that kind and placed it, with the hen upon it, over a hog-head, and she laid it full of eggs. The next day he set a dead hen upon the nest and hatched every egg in two weeks."

"And every egg hatched two chickens," said a bystander, thinking to add a good sequel to his story.

"No they didn't," said Jonathan; "you needn't try to make me lie, for you can't."

ACCIDENT INSURANCE.—The "Breakneck Accident Insurance Company" wrote to the "Fat Contributor," not long since, to work up a column or so of inducements for people to take out policies. This is the way he did it:

Everybody should get insured against accidents. No matter if you belong to one of the "best of families"—accidents will happen in them.

Get a policy. The old proverb says "Honesty is the best policy," but that was all before the Accident Insurance Company started. Now the best policy is a policy in the "Breakneck."

The other day a man in Chicago fell out of a fourth story window. He had no insurance, and consequently was killed. Another man on the same day fell out with his wife. He was insured in the "Breakneck," and is ready to fall out again.

A woman driving a spirited horse in St. Louis was run away with. Being insured against accidents, she wasn't alarmed a bit, stopped the horse, and came back safe. Her policy running out she neglected to renew it. Shortly after she was run away with again. Her husband's partner ran away with her this time, and she hasn't come back yet. Don't fail to renew your policy, particularly if it is in the "Breakneck."

At Dubuque, Iowa, a man was kicked by a horse. The horse wasn't insured and he got kicked back.

Near Paris, Ky., a man while engaged in running a circular saw had his arms taken off. They consisted of a cavalry sabre and a double barreled shot gun. The man who carried them off had an accident insurance—and he hasn't been caught yet.

In Philadelphia a man fell from the scaffold and broke his neck. If he had been insured in the "Breakneck," his sentence might have commuted to "imprisonment for life." Why will men neglect these things?

Our agent at Penn Yan, New York writes: "One of our neighbors, whom I had solicited to take a policy, laughed at me for thinking he could not take care of himself. The very next day he fell from his house and wasn't hurt a bit."

In Utica, New York, a man accidentally got married. Being insured in the "Breakneck," he will receive \$15 a week until he recovers.

A man was sentenced to solitary confinement for life in the Michigan State Prison.—Policy in the "Breakneck," \$15 a week as long as he is confined to his room.

A gray headed old man was insured in the "Breakneck." The very next day he bought a bottle of hair dye—and dyed. His family received a handsome sum, on the blackboard.

Two cattle drovers started with a drove of cattle to New York. One had a policy, and the other had none. There was a collision, and the one who had a policy wasn't hurt a bit—and the other wasn't either. Insure in the "Breakneck."

Near Portland, Maine, a poor man fell from a loft and broke his neck. He received his insurance \$3,000, from the "Breakneck," with which he was enabled to set himself up in business, and is now doing well.

Our agent at Cleveland, Ohio, writes: "A lumber horse ran away with a bob tailed wagon and tipped the street over on to a small woman and six elderly children. The horse began to cry and the wagon bed freely at the nose, but otherwise the street is doing well. No insurance."

A boiler exploded at Memphis, blowing the engineer into the air quite out of sight. He will receive \$15 a day until he comes down again.

A hog drover in Mount Sterling, Ky., was very much hurt by a fall—fall in pork. No insurance.

A man ran away from Litchfield, Ill., to avoid paying his debts. He left a family (not being able to take them with him.) No insurance.

A man accidentally fell from a steamer at New Orleans into the river. As he was sinking the third time he suddenly recollected that his policy in the "Breakneck" had expired. He then swam ashore, sought out the agent and renewed his policy, and immediately returned to the river and sank the third time, in a serene and tranquil manner. Insure before you are in surely.

A fellow took a drink of whiskey, at a saloon in Cincinnati. Suddenly recollecting that he immediately took an emetic, and then he took out a policy in the "Breakneck." He now takes his drinks with impunity—if impunity drinks.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE "WATERFALL."—Things have changed. The cannon-ball appendage, hitherto worn by the ladies and termed a "waterfall," has seen its best days. It is now on rapid decline, after figuring in different positions from away down the back down up to the top of the cranium, resembling a very large wart. It has shaped itself into a hundred different attitudes, from eighty degrees downward to sixty degrees upward. But it is going and joy go with it. It was never very attractive and its demise will be hailed with delight by every admirer of the beautiful.

The ladies have stuck to it until they could no longer find a sticking place for it on their heads, and in the wilderness of their despair they have abandoned it for the more beautiful roll. The new style resembles that of some ten years ago, and the hair dealers are shaking in their boots over its advent. Ordinary store hair will not answer for the style, and the ladies blessed with a good supply of the natural, are in exultation over the fact that they now can be distinguished from the wearers of the false.

In a school recently a teacher took occasion to relate an anecdote of the little girl who tried to "overcome evil with good," by giving a new Testament to a boy who had ill-treated her. The story was appreciated, for a few minutes afterwards one boy struck another, and being asked the reason said he was "trying to get a Testament." This was a practical bearing altogether unexpected.

At a trial in a divorce case a witness recently in England made the following reply: Mr. Sergeant Tindal—He treated her very kindly, did he not? Atkinson—Oh, yes, very; he kissed her several times. Mr. Sergeant Tindal—And how did she treat him? Atkinson—Well, she retaliated.

"SOPHIE MAY."—All of our young readers—ay, and many of the older ones, no doubt—will be pleased to read the following bit of personal gossip concerning a lady whose name is a household word all over the land. It is taken from the New York Evening Gazette:—

The North American Review says of the lady who bears the above pen-name, that her books are "at the head of juvenile literature." These books, known as the Little Prudy Books, comprise six volumes, and are published by Lee & Shepard of Boston.

The lady is Miss Rebecca S. Clarke, formerly a school-teacher, and at present about twenty-five years old. She is a daughter of Maine, we believe, and resides at Norridgewock in that State. She first taught school in Maine, and afterwards in Indiana; but the occupation was too severe for her, and her health gave way, so that she was forced to abandon it. What the little folks of Indiana lost those of the whole country gained in this change. Miss Clarke began to write books for them, and has now devoted herself to literature for several years. Besides the juvenile magazines, "Grace Greenwood's" Little Pilgrim, "Oliver Optic's" Our Boys and Girls, Merry's Museum, and others, she has written much for the Boston Congressionalist. She is not a voluminous writer, because her health is not good.

Miss Clarke spends the most of her time at the home of her father, who is aged and feeble, and she is the most devoted of daughters, affectionate, thoughtful, and self-sacrificing.

Her first book, Little Prudy, was a decided success. The "heroine" was a little girl, four years old, who said and did the funniest of funny things, and who was delighted with such clearness and naturalness that she won the reader's heart inevitably. The same little girl appears again in Captain Horace, Sister Sissie, Dotty Dimple, and other stories.

All Miss Clarke's characters are drawn from life, and loving mother's laugh and cry by turns over them and their pranks. Though her stories are often irresistibly funny, there are many exquisite touches of pathos in them which the reader cannot well avoid being benefitted by.

"Successful agriculture," says the New York Times, "calls for something more than mere application of sinew. It is not to plant and to hoe. Intellectual must mingle with physical toil; a good head, as well as a strong arm, is required. In the development of the best mode of agricultural cultivation, observation, study, and experiment are as necessary, as in the progress of natural philosophy. It is not only a science, but other sciences contribute, and are indispensable to its success. The study of soils, the best mode of enriching them, the proper alteration of crops, the adaptation of ground to wheat or corn, oats or hemp, root crops and vines, or clover and the grasses, the application of chemical principles to the treatment of the ground, the exhausting powers of certain productions, the best system of irrigation, the true time of sowing, or harvesting, of felling of timber, the introduction of labor-saving machines, or of new grains, plants, or fruits, how provisions may be preserved, how cattle fattened, and a hundred other kindred topics connected with agriculture, are subjects it may readily be seen, requiring something more than a superficial examination; calling, rather, for the highest efforts of scientific industry. Agriculture in its true sense, is an encyclopaedia in itself—requiring great knowledge, fine powers of observation, high mental cultivation, assiduous thought and study, and opening its arms to ingenuity and invention."

A wealthy man of Boston, who owns a country residence in the suburbs of that city, recently became dissatisfied with it, determined to have another, and instructed an auctioneer famous for his descriptive powers to advertise it in the papers at private sale, but to conceal the location, telling purchasers to apply at his office. In a few days the gentleman happened upon the advertisement, was pleased with the account of the place, showed it to his wife, and the two concluded it was just what they wanted and that they would secure it at once. So he went to the office of the auctioneer and told him that the place he had advertised was such an one as he desired, and he would purchase it. The auctioneer burst into a laugh, and told him that was a description of his own house, where he was then living. He read the advertisement again, pondered over the "grassy slopes," "beautiful vistas," "smooth lawn," etc., and broke out: "Is it possible! Well, auctioneer, make out my bill for advertising and expenses, for, by George! I wouldn't sell the place for three times what it cost me!"—[Bangor Courier.]

SENSIBLE TALK ABOUT FOOD.—The *Rural New Yorker* has the following:

A word, just now, about diet for hot weather. We have the climate of Greenland a few days in winter. The Greenlanders eat whale blubber and tallow—full of carbon, to unite with oxygen and keep the fire up—the animal heat.

In summer we have, for weeks, well nigh tropical heats. The Hindoo eats rice and cool fruits, such as the Great Designer has placed in that climate as fittest food there. We have, too, a wide range of varied productions. Is there no lesson in all this? Certainly; to vary our food with the seasons. In winter use more meats, corn meal, &c., heat producing food. In summer less meat, little or no coffee, plenty of vegetables and fruits, and keep the system open and cool.

The Englishman goes to Calcutta, and with John Bull tenacity of custom eats, as at home, his beef and stimulating sauce, drinks his heavy ale, and gets yellow with bilious fever. It is like shutting the doors amid tropic heat and keeping up a hot fire.

The farmer gets heated in the field, hurries home to his meals, and stuffs himself with fat pork, sops his waxy potatoes in burnt gravy, washes down the meat in the black coffee, or strong tea, and rushes out again, fancying he has had "heartly food" to "stand by" through the day. He don't keep up a hot fire in the sitting room stove in July, but he does keep up the fire inside: he keeps himself clogged, feverish, bilious. In October, or before, comes on fever, or, if in the new West, he is burning and shaking with the horrid fever and ague.

Years ago, in a Western region not very healthy, I met a farmer and carpenter, an

emigrant from the east. Asking about his family he said:

"We've had little sickness, our neighbors great deal. I think we are as much disposed toward bilious troubles as most people, more than many; but in summer we eat little fat meat, less of any kind than in winter, no coffee, and will have vegetables and fruit in wholesome variety. We are not fussy, but use rational care. We stop to get cool before we eat, and take care not to work to the point of exhaustion. Then we've done more than most of our neighbors, helping to care for them in sickness." Wise man that. That's the "ounce of preventive" for you. Take the dose, (it's not bad to take) and wash your bodies as well as your faces, often enough to be sweet and pure, and I "guess" it won't hurt you.

"TWENTY YEARS IN BEDDINGTON."—That portion of Maine traversed by the "Air Line" from Bangor to Calais is no doubt a little dreary. Morrill, of the Gardiner Journal, who lately passed over that route, gives one of the towns the following first rate notice:—

About six o'clock we arrived at the "Beddington House," kept by a Mr. Shoppe, or, as his wife is better known to travellers, "Mrs. Shoppe." By some conceit or other we continually got her name Mrs. Sloppy, and our frequent mistake soon was caught by our whole party, and henceforth, "Mrs. Sloppy" was the only cognomen known to our party for the generous hostess of the Beddington House. She told us she had been "twenty years in Beddington." Twenty years in Beddington! Just think of it. Fifty years in Tophet we should consider a pleasure trip beside it. 23 YEARS IN BEDDINGTON! It made our blood cool to think of it—It almost spoiled our appetite for breakfast, and Mrs. Sloppy's herb tea. 20 YEARS IN BEDDINGTON! and still alive! What a power of endurance the human system sometimes exhibits. In our boyhood, we used to delight to read of the heroic sacrifices of the martyrs, their travels and sufferings in unknown and untravelled regions: of the Jesuits among the Indians, Negroes, or savages of Asia; but these all had something to suffer for, or to stimulate them. But what had she? Poor old Prometheus chained to a rock with a vulture breakfasting eternally on his bowels, we have sometimes considered in rather a tight place, but think of "20 years in Beddington" chained to a stage line, with millions of mosquitoes, instead of vultures, and you will consider old Prometheus a happy man. We could not think of anything else, but "twenty years in Beddington." We pitied the woman, but she didn't seem to realize the horrors of her situation, but, surrounded by an interesting little family, rather seemed indeed, to be enjoying life. In wonder, we enquired where she came from and she replied Addison. Verily Addison must be a queer place, for Mrs. Shoppe once emigrated from thence to Beddington, and last year a colony to Jaffa. We do not blame the Joppa colony by any means, for if Addison is worse than Beddington, Joppa must indeed be the promised land to them. But, for fear our readers will think we intend to keep them "twenty years in Beddington," we will move on.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S PRESENTMENT.—Mr. Pierrepont, in the course of his closing argument for the government in the Surratt trial, made the following interesting statement:

All governments are of God, and for some wise purpose the Great Ruler of all, by presentiments, portents, and by dreams, sends some shadowy warning of a coming dawn when a great disaster is to befall a nation. So was it in the days of Saul—when Caesar was killed—when Brutus died at Philippi—so was it when Harold fell at the battle of Hastings—so was it when the Czar was assassinated—so was it before the bloody death of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States. In the life of Caesar, by Do Quincy, in the life of Pompey by Plutarch, is given the portents that came to warn Pompey. Here it is we find how Caesar was warned. We find it true in all cases, and never in the whole history of the world has there been a single instance when the assassins of a government have not been brought to punishment. The assassin of a ruler never has escaped, though he has taken "the wings of the morning and fled to the uttermost parts of the earth." On the morning of April 14, Mr. Lincoln called his Cabinet together. He had reasons to be joyful, but he was anxious to hear from Sherman. Grant was here, and he said "Sherman was all right," but Mr. Lincoln feared, and related a dream which he had the night before—a dream which he had had previous to Chancellorsville and Stone River, and whenever a disaster had happened. The members of the Cabinet who heard that relation will never forget it. A few hours afterward Sherman was heard from—but the dream was fulfilled. A disaster had befallen the Government, and Mr. Lincoln's spirit returned to God who gave it. The dream was fulfilled.

Mr. Pierrepont did not relate the dream, but we find the following account of it in the Washington Chronicle:

This dream he had the night before his assassination, and the next day he mentioned the fact to General Grant, among others, saying that he feared some great evil, and expressing a strong desire to hear from Sherman, who was then in North Carolina, and whose army was the only one not in telegraphic communication with Washington. Judge Pierrepont did not relate the dream itself; but Mr. Lincoln related it before his death, and like everything in any way connected with that sad tragedy, it cannot fail to have a most pathetic interest. He seemed to be at sea in a vessel, that was swept along by an irresistible current toward a maelstrom, from which it seemed no power could save her. Faster and faster the whirling waters swept the fated ship toward the vortex, until, looking down into the black abyss, amid the deafening roar of the waves, and with the sensation of sinking down, down an unfathomable depth, the terrified dreamer awoke. The same terrible dream Mr. Lincoln had four times; first before the first battle of Bull Run, again before the second disastrous defeat at the same place, again before the battle of Murfreesboro, and finally, as above mentioned, on the night before his own assassination. Mr. Lincoln had at last come to recognize the dream as a portent of some grave disaster, and one can hardly consider his so regarding it a mere superstition. Whether we attribute it to some supernatural agency or not, it is certainly one of the most interesting psychological mysteries.

The commission to treat with the Indians has determined to send runners to the tribes in the vicinity of the military posts to notify the northern chiefs of a council to be held at the "full moon" in September, at Fort Laramie, and the southern tribes of one to be held at Fort Larned in October. Instructions were also given by General Sherman to confine military operations to the defence of routes of travel and settlements, pending negotiations.



# Waterville Mail.

WATERVILLE . . . AUG. 16, 1867.



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## COMMENCEMENT.

The first Commencement of Colby University—so long known and so easily forgotten as Waterville College—has recorded the first page of its history in a tone that leaves no reason to doubt that "a rose by any other name will smell as sweet." The "watch meeting" of friends, that played out the old College and prayed in the new, was one of the most numerous and earnest that ever looked to heaven for its blessing upon this institution. No jar of discord and no wavering hopes marred the brightening prospects to which all looked forward.

## BOARDMAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

As usual, the exercises of Commencement began on Sunday evening with a sermon before the Boardman Missionary Society, by Rev. N. M. Williams, of Danvers, Mass., which drew a full house. Presenting Theodore Parker and Adoniram Judson, as representative men, the speaker contrasted their doctrines concerning the nature of sin and the character of Christ, and also the spirit and temper of the two men, as displayed in the prosecution of their labors, with indications, nowise doubtful, as to which should be taken as a model by the young men before him. It was a sharp and pungent discourse; and whatever might be thought of the ability of the speaker fully to comprehend and measure the great freethinker—to whom he frankly accorded much that was worthy of imitation—yet few could reasonably complain that his deductions were unfair or illogical; for the admirers of both of these men would be equally ready to admit a wide and radical difference in their teachings. That from his standpoint he should heartily condemn the one and as heartily commend the other, was a matter of course.

## JUNIOR PRIZE DECLARATION.

Next in order came the prize declaration of the Junior Class on Monday evening, with the following programme:—

- 1.—Antagonism of the Papacy to Civilization. William Oliver Ayer, Jr., Bangor.
- 2.—Mutual Dependence of Man and Nations. William Haman Clark, North Hancock.
- 3.—Influence of the "War on Literature." Thomas Melvin Butler, Hancock.
- 4.—Light. Henry Malcolm Hopkins, Fort Fairfield.
- 5.—The Habit of Thought and Observation. Elmer Small, Vassalboro'.
- 6.—The War and its Results. Frederic Augustus Waldron, Buckfield.
- 7.—The Cause of God in Nature and Revelation. David Felt, Jr., Cranston, Vt.
- 8.—The True Greatness of States. Henry Carleton Halliwell, Bangor.
- 9.—Community of Danger a Source of Political Union. Reuben Weston Dunn, Waterville.
- 10.—The Dignity of Human Nature. George Weston Davis, Alfred.
- 11.—Critical Moments. Leonard Dwight Carver, Lango.
- 12.—The Victim. Charles Leopoldus Clay, Andover, N. H.
- 13.—The Heroic in Sin. Julian Daniel Taylor, Winslow.
- 14.—Genius and Talent. Edmund Franklin Merriam, Hanover, N. H.
- 15.—Social Progress Imperceptible. Edwin Sumner Small, Waterville.
- 16.—The Influence of Adversity. John Blake Clough, Danbury, N. H.

\* Recited.

Rev. Dr. Sheldon of Waterville, Rev. N. M. Williams of Danvers, Mass., Rev. Dr. Weston of New York, Prof. Wm. Mathews of Chicago, and Rev. Edward Hawes of Philadelphia, were the adjudging committee; and while awarding the first prize to Clay, of Andover, and the second to Halliwell, of Bangor, they made honorable mention of the pieces by Carver, of Lango, and Small, of Waterville. Indeed it is but fair to repeat the statement of the committee that they had considerable difficulty in agreeing upon the awards, owing to the unusually high average of merit.

## ALUMNI FESTIVAL.

The Alumni held their celebration on Tuesday afternoon, commencing with an oration, by Prof. William Mathews, of the University of Chicago, a graduate of the class of '35, and concluding with a collation and social reunion at Town Hall—Gen. H. M. Plaisted, of the class of '53, presiding. The opening prayer was made by Rev. Dr. Jeremiah Chaplin, of the class of '28, second son of the first President of Waterville College, now at the head of a theological seminary for colored ministers in New Orleans. The largest and best audience ever gathered for this occasion greeted Mr. Mathews, who took for his subject, "The Relation of Thought to Language, or the Use and Abuse of Words." His Oration, which showed great industry and wide reading, was rich in anecdote and illustration and abounded in felicities of thought and ex-

pression. It was well received and highly commended, the only complaint being that it was a little too much of a good thing, its delivery (which by the way showed more oratorical ability than we gave our friend credit for) occupying an hour and twenty minutes. Our lengthy synopsis, however—somewhat disjointed though it is, necessarily—renders further comment unnecessary.

To the thoughtful man few things are more wonderful than the origin, structure, history, and significance of words. The tongue is the glory of man; for though animals have memory, will, and intellect, yet language is the Rubicon which they have never yet dared to cross. The dog barks as it larks at the creation, and the crow of the cock is the same to-day as when it startled the ear of repentant Peter. Even the stoutest champion of the orang-outang theory of man's origin will admit that no process of natural selection has yet distilled significant words out of the cries of beasts or the notes of birds. The rude tongue of a Patagonian or Australian is full of wonder to the philosopher; but as we ascend in the scale to the lofty periods of a Cicero or a Chatham, the power of words expands until it attains to regions far above the utmost range of our capacity. It designates, as Novalis says, God, with three letters, and the infinite with many syllables—though the ideas conveyed by these words are immeasurably beyond the utmost grasp of man.

"Words," said the fierce Mirabeau, "are things!" and truly they were such when he thundered them forth from the Tribune, full of life, meaning, and power. Words are always things when coming from the lips of a master spirit, and instinct with his own individuality. Language has been truly pronounced the armor of the human mind, which contains at once the trophies of its past, and the weapons of its future contests. Look at a Calhoun or a Webster, when his mighty engine of thought is in full operation; how his words tell upon his adversary, battering down the entrenchments of sophistry like shot from heavy ordnance! When the little Corsican bombarded Caniz at the distance of five miles, it was deemed the very triumph of engineering; but what was this paltry range, compared to that of words, which bombard the ages yet to come?

The words which a man uses are as much his own as his thoughts. They are not the dress, but the incarnation of the thought, as the body contains the soul. What is the secret of the weird power of De Quincey? Is it not that of all late English writers he has the most imperious dominion over the resources of expression—that he has weighed, as in a hair-balance, the precise significance of every word he uses—that he has conquered so completely the stubbornness of our vernacular, as to render it a willing slave to all the whims and caprices, the ever-shifting, kaleidoscopic variations of his thought? It is not his enormous erudition, &c., that excite your greatest surprise; but you feel that there is a man who has grasped the totality of every word he uses, who has analyzed the simplest of his every compound phrase.

Webster has often been seen absorbed in the study of an English dictionary. It is the cunning choice of words which, even more than the thought, eternizes the name of an author. Style is, and ever has been, the most potent element of literary immortalities. John Foster was a striking example of this conscientiousness and severity in discriminating words. When Chambers, after visiting London, was asked what Foster was about, he replied, "Hard at it, at the rate of a line a week."

Great, however, as is the intrinsic power of words, it is, after all, the man who makes them potent. As it was not the Prussian needle-gun that won the late Prussian victories, but the intelligence and discipline of the Prussian soldier—the man behind the gun—so it is the man behind the words that gives them momentum and projectile force. The same words, coming from one man, are as the idle wind that kisses the cheek; coming from another, they are as the cannon shot that pierces the target in the bull's eye. Character makes the plainest words of some men like consuming fire. Whitfield could thrill an audience by saying "Mesopotamia." Even his interjections—his *Ah!* of pity, and his *Oh!* of encouragement for the sinner—were words of tremendous power, and formed a most potent engine in his pulpit artillery. Garrison used to say, he would give a hundred guineas, if he could say "Oh!" as Whitfield did. As in engineering, it is a rule that a cannon should be at least one hundred times heavier than its shot, so a man's character should be a hundred times heavier than what he says.

How pregnant with instruction, oftentimes, is the history of a word! It is probable that comparative philology will compel a rewriting of the history of the world. The interpretation of one word in the Vedas, fifty years earlier, would have saved many Hindoo widows from being burned alive.

Few persons are aware how much knowledge is sometimes necessary to give the etymology and definition of a word. We have all smiled at Johnson's definition of network: "Anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interspaces between the intersections." No word can be defined until the exact idea is understood, in all its relations, which the word is designed to represent.

The speaker next proceeded to show how men become the victims of error by an imperfect understanding of certain words which are artfully used by their superiors; how even great authors, who are supposed to have sovereignty over words, are bewitched and led captive by them; how iniquity is glossed over by the names given to it; that words are an index to the character, both of individuals and peoples; that out of the immense magazine of words furnished by our English vocabulary, embracing not less than 100,000 distinct terms, each man selects his own favorite expressions by a peculiar law which is part of the difference between him and other men; and, in illustration of this, it was stated that the fact that the word "glory" predominates in all of Bonaparte's dispatches, while in those of Wellington, which fill twelve enormous volumes, it never once occurs, but "duty" is invariably named as the motive for every action, speaks volumes touching their respective characters. The author of *Pickwick* says that in America the sign vocal for starting a steamer or railway train, is "Go Ahead!" while with John Bull the ritual form is "All right!"—and these two expressions are a perfect embodiment of the moods of the two nations. Let us hope that the day may yet come when our "two-forty" people will exchange some of their fiery activity for a bit of Bull's caution, and when our Yankee Herald's College may declare "All right!" to be the motto of our political etiquette, with as much propriety as it might now inscribe "Go ahead!" beneath that fast fowl, the annexing and screaming Eagle, that hovers over the peaks of the Rocky Moun-

tains, dips its wings in two oceans, and has one eye on Cuba and the other on Quebec.

Nicknames were next cited as a striking illustration of the moral power of words; and from this the speaker passed to speak of Mezzofante and other prodigies of linguistic acquisition. The educated man is too often one who knows more of language than of ideas—more of the husk than of the kernel. He has got together a heap of symbols—of mere counters—with which he feels himself to be an intellectual Rothschild; but of the substance of these shadows—the sterling gold of intellect—coin current through the realm—he has not an eagle. The great scholar is too often an intellectual miser, who expends the spiritual energy that might make him a hero, upon the detection of a wrong dot, a false syllable, or an inaccurate word.

Some of the abuses of words were next noticed, and the "high-polite" style of expression severely condemned. With some persons a dog's tail is a "caudal appendage," and a fishpond is always a "piscine preserve." We have no schoolmasters now; they are all "Principals of Collegiate Institutes;" no copy-books, but "specimens of calligraphy;" no ink, but "writing-fluid;" no exercise, but "Callisthenics." Let us eschew all these vulgar fineries of style as we would eschew the fineries of a dandy. Such pedantries, as well as Gallicisms, etc., of style, would be excusable, were our language barren of resources; but, so far from being poverty-stricken in its vocabulary, it is one of the richest and most expressive on the globe. One of the best portions of the address was the enthusiastic and glowing eulogy at this point on the English language, to which it is impossible to do anything like justice in this report. Next followed some thoughts on the philosophy of writing; then some criticisms on American exaggerations of speech; after which the speaker showed that nearly all the great controversies in the world have hinged upon the dualism in words—the juggle of all sophistry lying in the use of words in one sense in the premises, and in another in the conclusion. The speaker then gave an elaborate and vivid characterization of the styles of the great English authors, under the figure of the great English authors and Napoleons of letters marshaling their verbal battalions on the battle-fields of thought; and closed with naming a startling fact which should make all men ponder well what they utter. Modern science has shown that every word we speak produces an abiding impression on the globe we inhabit. The pulsations of the air once set in motion never cease; its waves, raised by each sound, travel the entire round of earth's and ocean's surface; and in less than twenty-four hours, every atom of atmosphere takes up the altered movement resulting from that sound. \* \* \* There, till the heavens are rolled together as a scroll, will still live the jests of the profane, the curses of the ungodly, the scoffs of the atheist, "keeping company with the hours," and circling the earth with the song of Miriam, the wailing of Jeremiah, the low prayer of Stephen, the thunders of Demosthenes, and the denunciations of Burke.

At a business meeting, held after the conclusion of the address, Gen. Plaisted was re-elected president of the association; Prof. C. E. Hamlen, of the class of 1847, was re-elected secretary; Mr. R. B. Foster, of 1855, Rev. A. R. Crane, of 1846, and Mr. Nathaniel Meader, of 1863, were elected councillors. On motion of Rev. A. R. Crane, a resolution, of which notice was given last year, amending the constitution so as to admit men who have received honorary degrees from the college to the association, was taken up and adopted.

After the business at the church, the Alumni proceeded to Town Hall, where a collation was prepared. Eating done, Prof. Hamlen read the Necrology. In response to a call from the President, Rev. Dr. Weston, of the Madison Avenue Church, N. Y. City, occupied a few minutes in a pleasant course of remarks, the purport of which was that men should have faith in themselves and what they are doing. The graduates of Waterville should magnify and defend their Alma Mater; baring their hearts and hands to each other, and generally aiming at a human brotherhood.

Dr. Chaplin followed with some pleasant reminiscences of the early days of the College, and of his own childhood on its grounds. He went out with others to cut the bushes where the South College now stands, and with his "little hatchet" was the first to lay low a pine bush "about so high."

His anecdote called up Prof. Mathews, who had been goaded by some pleasanties of Dr. Weston; and the genial Professor held the table in a chatty, social way, with anecdotes of Waterville and Chicago, till everybody had laughed to surfeit.

A running fire of remarks, in which were engaged Rev. Dr. S. B. Page of Ohio, Small of Bangor, Holman of Rockland, and other spiky speakers, kept the audience in a state of wholesome enjoyment till it was necessary to adjourn for the evening exercises of the literary societies at the church. The occasion had been made a "marked success," as was said by all, and its perpetuity as one of the elements of Commencement secured for future years.

## ANNIVERSARIES OF THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

The Oration, which was by Col. T. W. Higginson, well known as an elegant and forcible writer and a radical in politics and religion, was probably the richest intellectual treat for the man of high culture ever offered here on any similar occasion. The theme chosen—"Literature as an Art,"—was treated in a masterly way; and in its skillful development, the orator gave a vivid illustration of his essentials of a good style—"simplicity, freshness, and structure, with careful revision." The oration was unique both in matter and manner, for there is only one T. W. Higginson in the world; and it was characterized by great vigor of thought and abounded in valuable suggestions, though all might not quietly submit to his sweeping criticisms or his merciless shattering of some literary idol. Rising into the region of pure art, it was of course fully appreciated only by the few; but being studded with brilliant thoughts through its whole length, it so delighted the many that it held

their unwearied attention for an hour and a half. Col. H. has a good voice, and his style of speaking, which has a peculiar charm and is very effective, resembles that of one of his literary idols, Emerson; but if he insisted on the same simplicity and naturalness in this, that he demands in writing, would he lose anything?

The poem was delivered by Henry F. Colby—a recent graduate of Newton Theological Institute, and the son of the munificent patron of the College. In pleasing strains he sang the praises of "The Present Age," and of our own land, insisting that there was no need for painter or poet to go abroad, or to search the dusty records of the past for fitting subjects or themes. It was well written and very happily delivered; and the audience testified their approbation of its numerous beauties and good bits by loud and frequent applause.

## MEMORIAL HALL.

A smart shower of rain, on Wednesday morning, scattered the crowd assembled on the College grounds to witness the ceremony of laying the corner stone of Memorial Hall, which—the number of graduates being very small, with no Class Day exercises, was regarded as the leading feature of the Commencement of 1867. Hon. D. L. Milliken, of Waterville, member of the Board of Trustees, had charge of these exercises—and the corner stone was laid by Hon. Abner Coburn, of Skowhegan, Vice President of the University. Underneath the stone, which is in the south-west corner of the tower, a box was deposited with the following contents:—

A copy of the New Testament; Confession of Faith and Covenant of the Baptist Church; Catalogue of Colby University; Catalogue of the Library; Catalogue of the Alumni; Photographs of Mr. Colby and the College Faculty; List of Subscribers to the Memorial Hall; Programmes of Class Exercises during the year; Copy of Address of Friends of Waterville College, issued Oct. 17, 1863; Copies of Waterville Mail, Portland Press, and Zion's Advocate, containing notices of Commencement Exercises; Copy of the Columbian Centinel, dated Dec. 23, 1802; A five dollar bill of the Continental Currency, 1775; Specimens of Fractional Currency; Various United States coins.

At the Church, to which all immediately adjourned amid the pelting rain, the services were completed. These were—a prayer by Rev. Dr. Adam Wilson, of Waterville; the reading of a statement by President Chaplin, President of the Building Committee; and addresses by Gen. H. M. Plaisted, of Bangor, and Rev. Dr. Babcock, of New York. Of these addresses it is unnecessary to speak, as we give them entire. The committee's statement we shall publish hereafter.

## ADDRESS OF GENERAL PLAISTED.

Mr. President, Brethren Alumni, and Fellow Citizens:—The occasion upon which we are assembled, is one of no ordinary interest, as testifies this uncustomed spectacle on these grounds. The Officers and Trustees, the Alumni and friends of the University, we see assembled here in greater numbers than ever before. The Chief Magistrate of the State and other high civil officers of the State and National Governments, are also here, attracted by the interest of the occasion, both to honor and to be honored by it. The distinguished Patron of the institution, whose name it now bears and to whom we all owe so much of gratitude and honor,—he is here. He is here, not to receive the honors of this day, however fitting the occasion might seem, for honoring him, in testimony of whose munificence these walls are now rising. He is here, as we all are here, to perform an office of high public duty—a duty which we owe, not to the living, but to the dead;—THE DEAD UPON THE FIELD OF HONOR.

## THE COLLEGE DEAD.

We are assembled to place the corner-stone of a Memorial, to be dedicated to those young men who went forth from this institution and fell in defence of their country. It is fitting, therefore, on this occasion, that we consider the nature of their sacrifice—what they have done for us and our obligation to them.

In the brief time allotted to this discourse, it will not be expected that I should attempt any sketch of the lives and military service of our fallen brothers, or of the part our Institution performed in the war. It suffices to know that the war record of our Alma Mater stands as bright as that of any sister institution in the land, and that of her sons fallen in the war her starred roll contains such names as HEATH and LEAVITT, PARKER and BUTLER, WILSON and WEST, the STEVENS BROTHERS and the KEENES—noble and gallant young men to whom we all on this day yield the homage of our hearts. Of the thousands of noble youths who laid their lives upon their country's altar, in the late struggle, our country cannot boast of nobler martyrs. How much of personal worth and of high promise was here devoted to the cause of mankind! The brilliant and accomplished BOOTHBY—of such expectation, those who knew him, needed not to see him contend, to confess him victor, he too, is dead!

"Yes, Lycidas is dead—dead ere his prime:—  
Young Lycidas—and hath not left his peer."

We do well, indeed, to consecrate this beautiful edifice, being erected here, on these classic grounds, as a memorial to our fallen brothers. Were it to be of whitest marble or solid granite even, and rising till it over-topped the hills, it would not transcend their worth.

## THE COLLEGE DEAD OUR NATION'S DEAD.

If we would know the just measure of the merit of our fallen brothers and our obligations to them, we must take them out of the narrow roll of our college dead and place them in that vaster roll of our nation's dead. For dear as they are to us, we cannot appropriate them. No institution, no locality, can appropriate them. They died for the whole country and henceforth and forever they belong to the whole country. They are but a part of that great sacrifice of three hundred thousand of our dead, offered up for the nation's life. By classing them thus we only do them the more honor. In no other way, indeed, are we able to appreciate so well the nature of their sacrifice and what they have done for us.

If it had been possible for one man to atone for the sins of the nation and, with his life alone, pay the price that was paid by so many thousands, what a really grand figure he could have made, through all the ages! And yet, what though three hundred thousand died to save the nation? Each, for himself, gave his all for us, even life itself, and is as much entitled, therefore, to our homage,—as is truly our savior,—as if he had "trod the wine-press alone." Greater love hath no man than this,

that he give his life for another." Such, then, is the nature of the sacrifice our fallen brothers have made, that the merit of each, alone, is commensurate with the exalted merit of the whole great brotherhood of our nation's dead, and our obligation to each can only be measured by what has been done for us by that great and all sufficient sacrifice.

## OUR DEAD GAVE US THE VICTORY.

What shall we say, then, of our dead in the war—of what they have done for us? First of all, they gave us the victory. Too apt are we to give the credit for victory to living heroes, and to set down the dead always in some way on the losing side, regarding them only as the sad waste of war; when in fact our dead contributed most to the victory, as did the ammunition spent on the field of battle rather than that which was brought off. Upon what else indeed, does the victory depend, except upon the question of how many can be found and spared to fill soldiers' graves? In the war, a battalion that could die well, knew no defeat; for those who fell made good their places, by the invincible spirit of valor which their dying imparted to the living. Hence, we said our dead did not, but continued to fight on, with us, in our battles, to the end. And shall we say this is true, only as a figure of speech? There was a soldier of the Eleventh Regiment from Maine mortally wounded and dying, and when told he had but a few moments to live, he made this reply: "If it be true," said he, "that, after death, we may go where we choose, I shall go to the front and rejoin my Regiment!" Think not this was the language of levity or indifference, in one standing upon the brink of eternity; for his was the very soul of christian patriotism, and of such greatness that, when he fell and his life blood was ebbing away, he rebuked his weeping comrades for lamenting his fall so particularly. "It is no worse for me," said he with emphasis, "It is no worse for me to die for my country than any other man!" Such souls, indeed, died not; nor was their valor "interred with their bones." It survived to the living, as their proper inheritance, and made of our little battalions in the field, when reduced to only twice a hundred, very gods in war.

What is true of soldiers in the field, is true also, generally. No great inspiration seems possible to a people—an inspiration making them equal to great things—without the shedding of blood. After the sacrifice of Leonidas, and his three hundred at Thermopylae, Greece was pledged to act, as she did act, worthily of that sublime example. Every Greek then believed himself a Spartan and equal to Thermopylae; and Xerxes having the same opinion took no thought, after that, except as to his line of communications and how he might get safely out of such a country; and thus it was that three hundred good men, by dying, proved victors over an army of three millions. Yea, more, even victors over the Ages, for, "their name liveth evermore."

If our war had been protracted three or four years, without any great sacrifice, except of treasure, the heart of the nation would have faintly—appalled at the mere magnitude of our national expenditures. What the loyal people most needed and most craved, in the early part of the war, was some heroic sacrifice—a great example, like that of Thermopylae. Such an example was needed to give expression to the intense loyalty and determination of the great patriotic heart of the country. If our flag at Sumter had not been lowered until the last man of the garrison had fallen in its defence, the event would have been worth more to us than Gettysburg. Every loyal man would then have believed himself equal to the same thing, and believing it, would have been. But having no such example, we had to struggle on, in faith and suffering, till Gettysburg, before we had won a position and felt quite sure of it. After that, conscious of our might, we went on through the Wilderness, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, proving the nation mighty to die and to conquer, until we stood victors, confessed by the enemy, confessed by the whole world. And what is it, to-day, that gives to the nation her deep consciousness of power, of might, and her fixed assurance of a great future? Not our two millions of living soldiers, but our three hundred thousand dead heroes; and their sacrifice shall be to the nation a living inspiration, from generation to generation forever.

Say not, then, that our dead, in the war, were wasted, or that they are to be set down in the category of the defeated. They subserved the highest possible uses to which human life can be devoted,—the dying well for a great cause, and giving to the nation an inspiration that has raised it to the skies. Our dead were the real victors and History will so write them down.

## THE LIVING HEROES.

I do not forget that our Memorial is designed to commemorate the services of the living, as well as the virtues of the dead. But is it not honor enough for the living that they have shared the companionship in arms of their fallen comrades? It is not in me to underrate the merit of the living—those who have stood in front of battle and not been deemed worthy of the martyr's crown. For have they not been accounted "sheep for the slaughter and killed all the day long" for country's sake? True, they live, but live after their time, "by reason of length of days," bountifully granted them, beyond the ordinary term of life. But they have come back to us—the living heroes, crowned with success, to claim and receive the rewards of victory; while our poor dead heroes shall never more return, nor shall their eyes ever behold the glory of the republic they died to save. To our dead then, on this day, be the fulness of honor given. Ours is no "divided duty."

## OUR VICTORY WAS COMPLETE.

I said our dead in the war gave us the victory. They paid for us the price, and to them beyond all comparison are we indebted for the vast results of our victory. Of the greatness and importance of our victory, regarded in its results, God alone hath knowledge. But we may briefly refer to some of its qualities—those qualities in which we ourselves, as well as our honored dead, have great felicity.

The first thing to be said of our victory, purchased at such a price, is that it was complete. It settled all the great issues which had divided and distracted the country, since the foundation of the government. It was by the greatest miracle of human wisdom and moderation, our Constitution of Government was framed and adopted,—by so great a miracle, indeed, that it seems rather a boon from Heaven, than the offspring of the wisdom of the age, in which it had its origin. In that work, our Fathers were wiser than their times, and we of this generation have had to pay the penalty. Holding hundreds of thousands of their fellow men in bondage, they instituted a government which implied the equal rights of all men. Hostile to every idea of an overshadowing Central Power, they set up a Central Government that dominated over all the States. For two thirds of a century the country was divided on the construction of this great charter;—the one side

contending, under it, for State sovereignty and for the constitutional right of property in man; the other, for the sovereignty of the National Government and for the equal rights of all men. These were the two great issues—*Freedom and Nationality*—which produced the war and were settled by it. They arose from the moment the Constitution was adopted, and of necessity. That instrument, in the purity of its principles, was so in advance of the sentiment and practice of the times, to adopt it, as the fundamental law, was to ordain, not peace, but a sword. The conflict, thus early inaugurated, naturally enough, grew with our growth, strengthened with our strength and at last became irrepressible. It could not have been settled at the ballot-box. There was no possible tribunal or mode of trial, by which it could have been settled, except by the "Wager of Battle." The difference of opinion was too deep, too fundamental—contained in the charter and the strength of the charter had to be tested. It was tested and, thank God and our dear fallen heroes, it stood the test, it was equal to the emergency, and to-day, by the blessing of Heaven, it stands victorious, vindicated, the immaculate Constitution as our father intended it, and as we will transmit it.

Of the greatness of these two issues so completely settled by our victory, and the importance of their settlement as they were settled in favor of freedom and nationality, time does not permit me to speak. Their settlement was worthy of the gigantic struggle which they produced.

## OUR VICTORY IRREVERSIBLE.

Again, it is to be said of our victory that it was final, irreversible, as well as complete—a quality in which our honored dead have, indeed, the greatest felicity. For no power on earth can ever rob them of the glory of having died for the good of mankind, by reversing the victory purchased by their lives. There have been wars as bloody, perhaps, as ours. Possibly, there have been victories as great. But great victories, reversed by great defeats, are soon forgotten, because they are barren of results. They leave no lasting impression upon human affairs. It is not the cost of our victory, in blood and treasure, that will mark its greatness or cause it to be remembered; for events are great only in their consequences. The battle of Marathon is one of the greatest events in the history of the world, and yet I see those here to-day, who have commanded more men, in the field, than were commanded by Miltiades, and who have lost more men, three times over, in a single battle, than fell of the Greeks, at Marathon. But the victory of Marathon was never reversed and by it Greece was saved. Her orators and poets, her philosophers and statesmen, her civilization, were saved to the world, to bless it, for more than twenty centuries. If events are great, therefore, because great things follow, how inconceivably grand will be the figure in History, made by the irreversible victory of our arms! For it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive the future greatness and glory of this Republic, saved by that victory. As widely extended as are the boundaries of the Republic, they are not fixed, and there is no human power competent to say, with authority, "thus far and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." Those proud waves will prevail and continue to prevail until they shall compass the whole continent; until the future millions of this great continent shall have but "one Country, one Constitution, one Destiny." Whether we like it or no, it is the penalty of our greatness; it is the consequence of our victory, and an event as certain as that the next Ocean's tide shall prevail against the current of yon River.

## OUR VICTORY WORTH ALL IT COST.

What happiness, then, is ours that we are able to say, great as was the price paid, our victory is worth all that it cost. How unlike most civil wars, which like family quarrels, are unfortunate affairs, always to be regretted and to be forgotten as soon as possible. But who, that loves his country, now regrets the terrible struggle through which we have passed, or would have restored the condition of things prior to the war? Better by far that three hundred thousand of the youth and beauty of the land should sleep in the soldier's grave. Better that the weight of twenty-five hundred millions of debt should press upon the shoulders of the people. For, great as was the sacrifice in blood and treasure, we all know now that it was necessary to vindicate and preserve the work of our fathers; necessary to make our government what it had never been before, only in form and theory—truly and practically republican—and to settle forever its true construction—its true intent and meaning to be "A *Pluribus Unum*." What an advance in good government! These grand results of our victory would have required centuries of political strife and conflict, even if they had been possible, at all, as triumphs of Peace. Now, thanks to our victory, thanks to our heroic dead, our government is no longer an experiment; it is no longer new. It is older than the "Divine Right of Kings." For now it exists, as a great fact, after the order of Melchisedek, "without beginning or ending of days," and, as such, is recognized, as the sun in the Heavens, is recognized, by the whole world. Immortal honors, then, be decreed to our nation's dead, for the victory which has so advanced the republic, in the cause of good government and of equal rights to all men.

*Dulce et decorum, pro patria mori.* Sweet it is and fitting to die for one's country. If this has been a just and true sentiment among every people since man has had a country, what shall we say of the felicity of our fallen brothers who have died for such a country as ours! "Let me remind you," said Washington to his army, congratulating it upon the final triumph of independence. "Let me remind you—you the private soldiers—of the dignified part you have performed in this great struggle; for happy, who happy, will he be accounted hereafter, who has contributed, though in the least degree, to the establishment of this gigantic republic upon the broad basis of human Freedom and Empire!" Thrice happy, yes a thousand times happy, we exclaim, shall be accounted, hereafter, our honored dead who have contributed so much to the preservation of the republic upon the broad basis of FREEDOM and NATIONALITY. Immortal powers shall be accorded them as saviors of the republic, no less than to our fathers as founders of it.

We have not come here, therefore, my fellow citizens, to mourn our dead as lost or to lament them as unfortunate. We are here to glory, rather, in their sacrifice and to claim them as ours. We claim them as among the noblest of our country's defenders and martyrs. We claim them to honor them; not that, by anything we can do, we can add to or make more enduring the fame that they have won for themselves; for that rests upon the sure foundations of the republic and shall be as perpetual as the republic itself. But we owe it to ourselves to honor them; that we may not be



seemed unworthy of them or unworthy of the illustrious age in which we live. We owe it, also, to those who shall come here in the future, that their generous young hearts may be educated to covet, above all things earthly, the honors of those who deserve well of their country.

Let, then, our memorial rise to completion. Let it be adorned by statues, by mural tablets, and above all by those NAMES! those

immortal NAMES  
That were not born to die."

ADDRESS OF REV. DR. BABCOCK,  
OF NEW YORK,  
Second President of Waterville College.

**Friends of Good Learning, Patriots, Christians.**—We come here, to-day, to lay the cornerstone of an edifice, to be erected in the name and to the honor of what each of you hold most sacred and most dear. It can scarcely be necessary, in any portion of New England, to show, on the one hand, how necessary sound learning is to the prosperity of the State; or, on the other, how dependent and interlinked are its progress and its progress, and all its lofty and reaching results, with that fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom; and which the worship of God, for which this chapel is intended, is directly adapted to promote.

Most obvious is this, here is not elsewhere: here, where the pious pilgrims, who had scarce laid the foundations of their rude dwellings—had scarce cleared away the forest and made some slight invasion into the domain of wild and ferocious beasts of prey, or of savage men scarcely more tamed—ere they laid the foundation of their first College dedicated to Christ and the church.

From that early point in our primitive history, through all its subsequent changes, the same pious care has been manifest, that up to the full measure of the necessities of the rapidly augmenting population, halls of science should be reared, where her votaries may be gathered, and every useful appliance of Libraries, Teachers, and requisite apparatus of every kind, might be laid under contribution for her advancement and diffusion.

The origin and history of this Institution, adds its humble item of corroboration and illustration to this general statement. The few moments which can properly be devoted to these sacredly delightful services, can not be better or more worthily occupied, than in tracing the early steps connected with the founding and progress of this College; which henceforth ventures to assume the higher claim of a University—alike honoring the name of its hitherto most generous benefactor, and no less indicating the hope of its future more wide-reaching aims.

Before this territory of Maine, which in extent equals all the rest of New England, had become a separate State, Massachusetts had founded Bowdoin College, to which then and subsequently so generous benefactions of the common property of all the people had been made by her legislature. When it became manifest, that a denomination of Christ's disciples, then as now numbering many more churches in this district than any other, could be allowed no equality in the management of that Institution, it seemed devolved on them as a sacred duty to found another Seminary which should adequately promote their interests, giving to their sons as good advantages as to any others, and providing for the training of Pastors needed by the hundreds of their churches, as well as enabling them to furnish their fair proportion of educated men for all the important departments of the professional, social and municipal life. The far-sighted wisdom in which was then engaged in forecasting the wants of the community, and the best method of supplying them, cannot but command our earnest approval.

That noble man of God—Dr. Jeremiah Chaplin, of Danvers, Mass.—who for some years had given some portion of his time to the training of young men for higher efficiency in the Christian ministry, to which they had devoted themselves, was induced by the concurrent earnest desires of prominent men, both in Massachusetts and Maine, to remove that early school of the prophets to this place. Here, more than half a century ago, the common school, in a private dwelling standing till recently, the patient worker of instructing the minds committed to him.

No sooner had Maine become an independent State, than invested with full powers to legislate appropriately for the welfare of all her citizens, she evinced commendable willingness to counter this Institution as a College; granting it, after a brief novitiate, the ample privileges of the higher classes of such seminaries, in the sphere of science in all its departments, and in literature. She also extended to it, from time to time, such pecuniary assistance as the scanty resources of the infant State would permit. Any such ample endowment as Massachusetts had granted to the earlier College of her son, in corporation, at Brunswick, was never, however, secured. One township of wild land, instead of six or eight granted to the older institution, was all of this character ever bestowed on Waterville.

By individual offerings, chiefly—few and meager as they for a long time proved—the College was enabled to procure this site. So wisely was this chosen, that were it to-day to be once again, the wisdom and experience of a half century could not possibly improve it. Private benefactions also reared the several edifices which have been successively required. None of these, including the President's house and Steward's hall, were erected during the Presidency of Dr. Chaplin, extending to near 15 years. How patiently, and with hopeful persistence, that good man toiled on his self-denying course of unobtrusive usefulness for all this period, few among this generation can adequately understand or appreciate.

Were this the time and place for his merited obsequy, nothing could be more welcome to my heart, than to bear, as his immediate successor, an honest and truthful testimony in behalf of the integrity, the ability, and cheerful self-obliteration with which, through evil report and good report, in the sunshine and in the storm in summer—here so brief and delightful—and in winter, so long and stern—he held on the even tenor of his useful and honorable career, till the number of students in the regular College classes had reached almost a hundred, and about 150 had received the honors of the college and graduated here. Some of these had reached positions of eminence, both in church and State.

In the following three years, the College reared something more than 100 in the regular classes. The Manual Labor System reached culmination, attracting many students to the college, who were thus enabled to secure a considerable portion of their support. The great brick edifice was erected, comprising within its walls, an ample Chapel, with four station rooms under it, a Library Hall and Philosophical Chamber over it, and room in the story (as was originally designed) for the Library Societies.

All this, by a forced regard to economy of funds so stringent as almost to have over-reached itself, was wrought within the cost of \$3,000; and this sum had been provided, chiefly if not entirely by *scholarships*, pledged, if not fully paid, by a half score or more of individuals and churches, in different parts of the State.

Of the varying fortunes of the College, during the last 30 years of its history—having had the misfortune, shall I say? to have experienced no less than four changes of its Presidency—until the accession of the present incumbent, who so worthily fills this post, discharging with such efficiency and satisfaction its responsible and difficult duties—there is less occasion to speak in this presence, where all around us his works, better than any poor words of mine, can not fail to praise him. At his invitation, many of the former pupils, some from the commercial metropolis of the nation, some from the halls of Congress, and from all the various and honorable avocations of life in which they are engaged, have either come to-day to aid in honoring their Alma Mater or have cheerfully contributed the means indispensable for rearing this noble edifice for furnishing it or some other of the departments requisite for its enlarged success.

Nor will one of them ever have cause to repent of the generous aid which they have combined, with other friends of learning, to afford for these praiseworthy objects. If to give a cup of cold water to a thirsty pilgrim on the dusty, desert pathway of life, shall in no wise lose its reward; much more assuredly shall the beneficence of having opened an ever-living fountain, whence successive generations of travellers may slake their thirst—where many a hungry soul may be fed with the bread of life—be amply recompensed.

There is another offering which parents of sons, intelligent and susceptible of higher improvement by education, should be encouraged to make. These sons, instead of being hurried into the arena of business, to make haste to become rich, should be taught to appreciate more worthily those mental and moral acquisitions which are pre-eminently excellent and abiding. The power to bless, to improve and guide aright the minds of others, which education so much enhances, should be more adequately estimated by young and old. Co-operation for this end is indispensable.

To return to the immediate service before us: How impressive the labor of dependence here taught us! "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." But may we not confidently reckon on His co-operation and blessing in a work which piously aims to honor Him, no less than benevolently to bless the whole community? Gathering encouragement from His manifest favor in the past, and specially from that decisive proof of it found in His having moved the heart and the hand of that generous benefactor, whose name is so fully identified hereafter with the University, let us all thank God and take courage. While much has been done, still more remains to be achieved. Here, too, co-operation from a wide circle is indispensable. Who will found, adequately, the additional Professorships here needed, and thus hand down his name with honor, to the coming generations? While room for smaller benefactors will be found in replenishing the too meager Library, and filling the different cabinets and museums with all which is requisite for the increase and diffusion of learning among men.

This great and prosperous State, on which the sun's first rays are each day lighting as he courses over the scores of States and Territories of our blessed Union,—if true to the emblem of her seal, dirigo—should set the whole-some and encouraging example to all this sisterhood, of well endowed and effective Institutions of learning, adequate to furnish all the teeming thousands of her population with the training which they need, to render them intelligent, moral, industrious and happy.

It is, alas! the lot of mortals to die, and generations to pass from view! Where are the God-fearing Christ-honoring men, who fifty years ago planted here the germ of what we now behold? All, all have passed away. Baldwin, Bolles, Buchelder, of Mass.; Merrill, Blood, Ticecomb, Boardman, Chapin and Tripp, of the ministry in Maine; with Gov. King and the Hon. Messrs. Boutelle, Stockbridge, Richardson, Hanes, of the statesmen of Maine, are but specimens of these noble men.

But while individuals are thus transient, institutions survive, and may be made permanent. While then, at this hour, we gather around the late honored Chief Magistrate of this princely edifice, let us all join in fervent prayer, that, long as the noble Kennebec shall speed its pellucid waters to the sea, this University, planted on its banks, may remain, to send forth its fertilizing and healthful influences, to bless this community, the State, the entire country and the world.

#### GRADUATING CLASS.

The exercises of the graduating class—numbering only four—then came in the following order:—

- 1—English Oration, "Milton as a Statesman," Charles Hanson Coffin, Auburn.
- 2—"Literature," Albert Danforth, Bear Dam, Wis.
- 3—English Oration, "The Dramatist," Lemuel Howard Cobb, Portland.
- 4—English Oration, "Influence of the People in Great Reformations," Henry Ware Hale, Ellsworth.

Though so few in number, these young men acquitted themselves with marked credit, and were well spoken of by literary men who heard them.

#### DEGREES CONFERRED.

The degree of A. B. was conferred on the graduating class, and also upon Col. Henry C. Merriam, class of '64, and Col. Samuel Hambleton, class of '62, both of whom entered the army before the completion of their college course.

The degree of A. M., in course, was conferred upon J. Q. Barton, U. S. N.; C. G. Richardson, Ira Waldron, and Rufus K. Marriener.

The honorary degree of A. M. was conferred upon Rev. Francis Bradford, of Brooklyn; Rev. Amos Webster, of Boston, editor of the Christian Era; Rev. Benjamin A. Robie, of Waterville; Hon. Jackson S. Schultz, of New York City;—and that of D. D. on Rev. N. M. Wood, of Thomaston, class of '44; Rev. G. D. B. Pepper, of Newton, Mass., and Rev. A. W. Sawyer, of New London, Conn.

#### THE DINNER.

The annual gathering at this feast has been so uniformly honored with the presence of the Governor of the State, that a call upon Adj. Gen. Caldwell very properly followed the invocation, by Rev. Dr. Cummings, of N. H. Gen. C. said the attendance of His Excellency was prevented by the death of his brother. But the disappointment was at once forgotten, as the General slid imperceptibly into a scholarly and eloquent speech of a few brief minutes, that compensated for great losses, and that none could follow but with disadvantage. The President met the occasion with his usual tact by a call upon the man for the emergency; and Rev. Dr. Weston saved the field by a snatch of clerical against military tactics, that at once brought all into line. The only divergence, if it may be called one, was a sharp shot at the orator of the previous evening—Col. Higginson, who was not present—something in whose discourse was charged with heresy to both literature and morality. The attack was apparently a revelation to most of the company; and as the chivalrous Colonel had gallantly spared everybody's theology in his otherwise careless blows, retaliation took a line of mercy behind his back; so that but a single speaker—Rev. Dr. Fulton, of Boston—followed in the attack, though he did so in a strain of vigorous endorsement, that nearly made him the leader of the assault. Both these gentlemen, however, did good service in playful and chatty discourse, that enveloped the audience in social and intellectual sunshine. And it should never be forgotten that the burden of injunction by both was, that the graduates of Waterville College should stand firmly, shoulder to shoulder, in proud and confident advocacy and defence of the institution that has made them what they are.

Other gentlemen followed—but President Champlin, who on these occasions holds knife and fork in one hand, that the other may serve in the department of finance, interposed a report from the treasury of the Memorial Hall enterprise; and a call for contributions drew from Ex-Gov. Colburn the remark that he was informed that Mr. Colby had challenged any one to meet him with a gift of two thousand dollars. "I accept that challenge!" said he, in his modest way—and the house came down with a crash of applause, that only ended with "three cheers for the two Cs," on motion of Geo. Lovis, Esq. Mr. Colby responded briefly and pertinently, closing with "I am here, not to do this work for you, but with you."

Hon. J. W. Merrill, of Lynn, Mass., a former trustee, and a liberal donor of the College at various times, made some hearty and just remarks, expressing his gratification with the prospect in view, and pledging his co-operation in the "interest in which we stand hand in hand." Moses Giddings, Esq., of Bangor, followed in the same path; and William Wilson, Esq., Prof. Smyth of Bowdoin, and others, felt heartily into the line of liberal promises and encouraging words.

But we cannot detail further the good things said, done and promised, that combined to render the occasion so eminently pleasant and satisfactory. It was late when an adjournment was called for; and even then old friends lingered to exchange congratulations upon the cheering prospects of an interest in which all so heartily join.

The President's Levee, on Wednesday evening, afforded the usual opportunity for pleasant social intercourse to the alumni and friends of the University, and appropriately closed this most successful literary festival.

The Board of Trustees voted appropriations for additions to the Library and the Philosophical Apparatus of the College, the completion of the Cabinet Building, etc.; and the sum of one thousand dollars was appropriated to aid in defraying the expense of altering and enlarging the Classical Institute building. No change was made in the Board, but Rev. B. F. Shaw was chosen Secretary, in place of Rev. Mr. Pepper, who had resigned.

The prospects for a large Freshman class we learn, are good, and sixteen candidates have already been examined and admitted.

THE CONCERT proved the most successful one ever given on this anniversary. The church was literally crammed at an early hour, so that it became positively necessary to suspend the sale of tickets—at least one hundred persons having been thus excluded. Over 1000 persons were in the audience, while around the windows and adjoining grounds were hundreds of eager listeners. No enthusiasm like this has ever been witnessed before. To Bond's popular band, so well and so justly appreciated here, we would concede its full share in the attraction. Year after year it has been admired and praised at this festival. But to the engagement of Mrs. Marriner the class owe their marked triumph—Mr. Bond himself generously asserts it. On two previous occasions she has recently been heard here, and it was with no indefinite expectation that her friends now strove to show their appreciation of her merit. Her struggles in pursuit of her favorite art, against obstacles to which others would have yielded, held the warm sympathy of our whole community; and their conviction of her ability to meet the sternest demands of a musical audience gave them a personal pride in her triumph. They are even more than gratified with the result; She was recalled after every piece, and with an enthusiasm that left no room for doubt. If she may not be named as the equal of any other lady vocalist of our country, it is at least safe to assert that no other can rival her in the admiration and esteem of a Waterville audience. The piano accompaniment, by her sister, Mrs. Thomas—unpretending, chaste and charmingly appropriate and artistic in execution—gave marked interest to her performance, especially with the many personal friends of both.

We heartily congratulate the graduating class, that they have so well managed the musical department of their labors that it has paid its entire expenses, and given a dividend of twenty-seven dollars to the pocket of each one!

THE BALL, so needful to a few, as a

part of Commencement, was in good hands; and from the closing of the Concert to a very reasonable morning hour, the notes of Bond's band gave assurance that amusement as well as labor, and social as well as literary culture, each have an interest in this festival.

"Comparisons are odious," said some body who is often quoted; but those who find themselves offended in comparing the good order and sobriety that have everywhere prevailed during Commencement, with the same signs of the times as presented a dozen years ago, must find "something rotten in Denmark" by a little self-examination. It is a hard lesson for these who complain of a want of free rum, and "a little more cider too;" as well as for such as protest against the interference of "constabulary" force against drunkenness and its relative disorders. The evidence of improvement is too positive to be winked out of sight. In each of the several audiences there were the same tokens of increased quiet and order—so gratifying to all who wished to hear, and so creditable to the management of Joshua Nye, Esq., as chief of police.

Subscribers will know how to excuse our lack of news this week, and advertisers will be compensated in due time. Commencement must have room.

KILLED.—A young man named Shaw, about 21 years old, was killed on the Me. Central Railroad Friday afternoon by being struck in passing under the bridge near the W. Waterville depot. He died instantly.

Rev. J. W. Hathaway, Agent of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College, will preach in the M. E. Church at Kendall's Mills next Sabbath at 2 o'clock P. M. In the evening at 5 1-2 o'clock in Fairfield Meeting house.

The ordinance of Baptism will be administered in the Town Hall, by Rev. J. W. Hathaway, next Sabbath A. M.

Look out for the triumphal entry of the Circus next Wednesday, and in the meantime study the advertisement in another column and the acres of posters on the Common.

President Johnson has finally peremptorily dismissed Stanton from the War Office, directing him to turn over his department to Gen. Grant.

**Waterville White Birch Association.**  
Simon Peter said, I go a-fishing; and they said, We also will go with thee.

To "all that are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in Providence, and be quiet, and go a-fishing;" GREETING!

The members of the WATERVILLE WHITE BIRCH ASSOCIATION will hold their annual festival at North Pond, next Tuesday, Aug. 20th, at which time, it is expected that every brother will drop all business and repair to the place of rendezvous. The rules requiring all members to perform manual service will be rigidly enforced.

Per order of Directors, WM. H. HATCH, President.  
D. R. WING, Secretary.

**Marriages.**  
At Kendall's Mills, Aug. 14th, by E. W. McFadden, Esq., Mr. Henry C. Bond, Jr., and Miss Maria A. Pinkham, both of Kendall's Mills.  
In Vassalboro', Aug. 3d, by Rev. Mr. Adams, William L. Townie, of Skowhegan, and Nellie M. Burgess, of Vassalboro'.

**Deaths.**  
In this village, on the 9th inst., Mr. Charles H. Stackpole, aged 68 years—after a long illness of dropsy, which he bore with marked patience and resignation; expressing full confidence that "to die is gain."

In Buckfield, Aug. 3d, Mrs. Bethany, wife of Capt. James Bonney, aged 65 years.  
In Canaan, July 22d, Rev. Crowell, aged 48 years, son of the late Isaiah Crowell, of Waterville.  
In Augusta, Aug. 10th, Gilman Turner, Esq., Superintendent of State Buildings and Grounds, aged 63 years.  
In Burlington, Mass., Aug. 6th, Mrs. Rhoda Moore, aged 75 years, widow of Bedford Moore, of East Cambridge, Mass.

**HOUSE FOR SALE.**  
FOR sale, the Dwelling-house on Silver street, occupied by the late Mrs. Olympea Matthews. Apply at the house.

**DR. C. B. LIGHTHILL,**  
Will make his

**THIRD VISIT**

TO

**WATERVILLE,**

ON

**Friday, Aug. 23d, 1867,**

where he can be consulted at the

**WILLIAMS HOUSE**

ON

**Deafness, Catarrh,**

and Diseases of the

**EYE, EAR, THROAT and LUNGS.**

**WATERVILLE CLASSICAL INSTITUTE.**  
THE FALL TERM  
WILL begin the 24th day of SEPTEMBER. For further particulars send for Catalogue. J. H. HANSON, Principal.

**BOY WANTED.**  
An apprentice to the Tailoring business—15 to 17 years old. Apply to J. H. MORGAN, Waterville.

**BLMWOOD STABLES RE-OPENED.**  
Sale, Livery, and Boarding Stable.  
THE subscriber will give his entire personal attention to the above business—especially to Boarding of Horses. The stables are extensive and convenient.  
Waterville, Aug. 7, 1867. G. M. HOLWAY.

YOU can buy at REDINGTON'S choice Oolong Tea for \$1.00.  
YOU can buy at REDINGTON'S 8 lbs. choice Rio Coffee for \$1.00.  
FRESH Canned Peas, Apples, Tomatoes, &c., at G. A. CHAMBERS & CO'S.

#### WATERVILLE MAIL.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE SUPPORT OF THE UNION.  
Published on Friday, by  
**MAXHAM & WING,**  
Editors and Proprietors.  
At Fry's Building, . . . Main-St., Waterville.  
E. H. MAXHAM. DANIEL R. WING.

TERMS.  
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.  
SINGLE COPIES FIVE CENTS.  
Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.  
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

**WATERVILLE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.**  
Rooms in Boutelle Block.  
(Formerly occupied by the People's Bank.)

**Free Reading Room.**  
Open every Evening, Sunday excepted, from 6 to 9 1-2.

**Young Men's Prayer Meeting.**  
Every Wednesday Evening, from 8 1-2 to 9 1-4.  
Prayer Meeting to which Ladies are invited, every Sunday, from 6 1-2 to 7 1-4 P. M.  
"Come with us, and we will do you good."  
Waterville, June 25th, 1867.

**THE HIGHEST PRIZE**  
Awarded to any Sewing Machine for Family Sewing, at the Paris Exposition, was a  
**SILVER MEDAL**  
TO THE

**Weed Sewing Machine.**

This splendid Machine combines all the good qualities of a first class Machine, with many new and valuable improvements. It sews, Felts, Cord, Braids, Tucks, Gather, and will do a greater range of work than any machine in the market.  
We respectfully invite all in want of a superior Family Sewing Machine to pay us a visit. Every Machine warranted, and full instruction given.

**WEED SEWING MACHINE CO.**  
T. M. GODING, AGENT.

ROOMS AT  
**Mrs. Bradbury's Millinery Establishment.**  
Waterville, July 24, 1867.

**Carriages for Sale.**  
THE subscriber, having located in Waterville, is now offering for sale a good assortment of

**CARRIAGES.**  
With his present stock, to which additions will be constantly made, will be found elegant new Top and Open Buggies; good style light wagons, and a variety of second hand Top and Open.

**CARRIAGES.**  
Patrons are solicited with the assurance that he will give good bargains.  
FRANCIS KENNICOTT.  
Waterville, July 6, 1867.

**Bloom of the Lotus.**  
A COSMETIC of more universal merit, cannot be found than the BLOOM OF THE LOTUS.

**BLOOM OF THE LOTUS.**  
It has just been introduced here under the most favorable auspices.

**BLOOM OF THE LOTUS.**  
It effects Tan, Sunburn, Freckles, Wrinkles.

**BLOOM OF THE LOTUS.**  
Will beautify your complexion.

**BLOOM OF THE LOTUS.**  
Imparts a youthful appearance, makes the complexion soft and fair.

**BLOOM OF THE LOTUS.**  
Will remove Small Pox marks.

**BLOOM OF THE LOTUS.**  
Fadler, try the Bloom of the Lotus. If it does not do all recommended, the money to be refunded.

**BLOOM OF THE LOTUS.**  
Sold at Mrs. E. F. BRADBURY'S, Waterville. Principal Depot, HUBERT & CO., 13 Tremont Row, Boston.

Agents wanted every where.

**DR. MILLER'S**  
**Soothing and Healing Balm,**  
—OR—  
**NATURE'S ASSISTANT.**

IT HAS PROVED INFALLIBLE FOR BURNS, FROZEN Limbs, Bruises, Sprains, Wounds of all kinds, Pains in the Side, Back or Shoulders, Chills, Chapped Hands, Stiff Neck, Aches in the Face or Breast, Ear Aches, Headaches, Poisoning, Erysipelas, and inflammation of the Eyes. For Rheumatism it is not a certain cure, yet hundreds have been relieved by it when other remedies had failed.

As an INTERNAL REMEDY, when taken in season, it will cure Indigestion of the Stomach, Dysentery, Kidney complaint, and Cholera morbus. It will also cure Euphorbia, Dry Cough, and Asthma.

This medicine is purely vegetable in its composition; soothing and healing in its influence, and may be given to any age or sex with perfect safety. It has been before the public during the past nine years, and has wrought some of the most astonishing cures. The proprietor challenges the world to produce its superior as a remedy. For sale by all Druggists.

C. D. LUTY, Proprietor, Springfield, Mass.  
Dunham & Co., 31 Park Row, New York, will also supply the Trade at list prices.

For sale at I. H. Lowe's, Waterville.

**STOVES, TINWARE, &C.**  
We can sell you at our

**HARDWARE STORE,**  
IN  
**CLINTON,**

A general assortment of Hardware, Iron and Steel, Stoves and Tinware, Plows and Plow Castings.

We keep the Haviland Plows, all kinds of Castings, Hoes, Axes, Horse Rakes, Drag Rakes, Hand Rakes, Scythes, Scythe Snaths, Shovels, Hoes, Forks, and all kinds of Farming Implements. Spinning Wheels, Lead, Nails, Window Glass, Pumps.

Pump Chains, and everything belonging to a Hardware Store, will be sold as low as any where else. We would call the attention of Farmers and others to our

**STOCK and FURS**  
before buying.  
Cash paid for Rags, Old Iron and Wool Skins.  
JOHN F. LAMB. LAMB BROS.  
WILLIAM LAMB. 6m-60

**TO PIANO BUYERS.**  
LOOK AT THIS!!

Two 7-octave over strung Pianos, for sale at a great Bargain.  
One 7-octave over strung Piano, Carved Legs and Mouldings. One Extra large one, grand action. Both by the best of makers.  
Call on  
Or Editors of the Mail.

**E. C. LOW,**  
**Druggist and Apothecary.**  
DEALER IN  
Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals.  
Patent Medicines, Fancy Goods, Toilet Articles, fine assortment Brushes, extra quality, Pomades, Perfumery, Combs, Cigars and Tobacco of the best;  
**A New Stock of Artists' Materials.**  
These calling will find the Stock Complete, Fresh and Pure.  
Out of town orders promptly attended to.  
Physicians' Prescriptions carefully compounded from the Purest Articles.  
One Door South of the Philbrick House, Kewell's Mills, Me.



LOOK FOR IT.  
WAIT FOR IT.  
SEE IT.

THE  
Great European  
**CIRCUS!**

The Most Entertaining of the day. Pronounced by the press and the public, the best

**EQUESTRIAN PERFORMANCE**  
and the best Animal Exhibition on the Continent.

**And Eclipseing all the World.**  
In the dazzling splendor, Gorgeous Brilliance, and Unapproachable Magnificence in its

**OUT-DOOR DISPLAY.**  
Where "Pomp of Pageantry" exceeds the glories of the day of chivalry or the splendors of the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

**IS COMING!**  
**IS COMING!**  
WILL OPEN IN

**WATERVILLE,**  
ON  
**WEDNESDAY, AUG. 21st.**

This short season will be inaugurated by a grand street pageant, among the prominent features are a Cavalcade of Knights in Burnished Steel armor, accompanied by Ladies, Magnificently Attired in the Costumes of the Days of the Crusades.

**The Beautiful Tableau Cars,**  
One of which will carry a

**LIVING LION**  
IN THE STREETS,

And contain an Allegorical Tableau of America, represented by a group of beautiful Females, classically draped. At the feet of the Goddess of Liberty crouches a large Living Lion, trained by Mr. Crockett; around are grouped beautiful Girls, representing Europe, Asia, Africa and America.

Neptune's Sea Chariot. Chinese Chariot of Confucius. Massive Cage of Lions and other Chariots, Cars and Berlins of exquisite workmanship, drawn by magnificent stud of Foreign Horses, and succeeded by the whole troupe of Artists, including the most beautiful Lady Riders in the World.

Fourteen Shetland ponies, drawing the Fairy Chariot of Titania, the whole forming the most attractive out-door display ever witnessed on this continent.

**CROCKETT'S DEN**  
—OR—  
**Wild and Ferocious Lions,**  
will be exhibited at each performance by

**MR. PIERCE,**  
who will enter the

**DEN OF LIONS,**  
and exhibiting his astonishing magnetic power over the monsters of the desert and jungle, feed them with raw meat from his naked hand, and demonstrate his complete control over them.

The company numbers over  
**100 Male and Female Artists.**  
**Double Troupe of Gymnasts.**

Admission 50 cents. Children under 10 years 25 cts. Performances at 3 and 7 1-2 P. M.

For full particulars see large posters and circulars.

Remember THE EUROPEAN CIRCUS will be at

**Waterville, Wednesday, Aug. 21st.**



