



8-14-1868

## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 22, No. 07): August 14, 1868

Maxham & Wing

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### Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 22, No. 07): August 14, 1868" (1868). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 259.  
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BY THE SEA.

Backward and forward, under the moon,  
Swings the tide in its old-time way;  
Never too late, and never too soon—  
And evening and morning make the day.

Backward and forward, over the sands,  
And over the rocks, to fall and flow;  
And this wave has touched a dead man's hands  
And that one has seen a face we know.

They have sped the good ship on her way,  
Or buried her deep from love and light;  
But here, as they sink at our feet to-day,  
Ah, who shall distinguish their voices aught?

For their separate burdens of hope and fear  
Are blended now in one solemn tone,  
And only this song of the waves I hear,  
"For ever and ever His will be done."

Backward and forward, to and fro,  
Swings our life in its weary way;  
Now at its ebb and now at its flow—  
And evening and morning make the day.

Sorrow and comfort, peace and strife,  
Pain and rejoicing, its moments know;  
How from the discords of such a life  
Shall the clear music flow?

Yet to the ear of God it avails,  
And to the blessed record the throne,  
Sweetest than strains of vespers fill,  
"For ever and ever His will be done."

LOISETTE.

It was a divine May morning when I set out to walk to Summerfield, and I felt more hopeful of success than I had ever before. I had determined that that day should decide my fate. All through the winter and the early spring I had longed and yearned to tell her so, and to ask her to be my wife, and each time something—I could hardly say what—struck me silent.

She liked me I knew; but did she love me? Something in her eyes seemed to lead me to hope she did. Such eyes they were, loving and tender, and shy. When I looked into their soft depths, all the most delightful descriptions of eyes I had ever read used to come across me, "les portes de l'amour," "des bleus doux comme les yeux," above all, Calderon's tender refrain,

Sweetest eyes were ever seen.

When she looked at me with those eyes, then it seemed to me I might "tell her all that was in my heart," and take her to be mine unforbidden. But the next moment, as if she guessed and half feared my thought, she turned away slyly, and her manner altered, and my heart shrank back in fear and sorrow.

But at last I felt I could endure this suspense no longer. I must know the best or the worst. If she were to be mine, such a home and such a life as I had planned, and hoped and dreamt of ever since I first knew her, should be prepared; if she were not for me, then I should leave England, and break away from all that and all other home-ties, and try to bear it like a man somewhere away from all that should unman me.

But that May-day, as I started forth and walked along briskly through the up and down lanes of the lovely Hertfordshire country—now, shut in between banks tufted with ferns, over-run with exquisite small-leaved ivy, crowned with luscious May; now, emerging upon sweeps of hill and dips of valley, crossing commons ablaze with gorse, traversing woodland paths where bluebells spread their sheets of azure, and lingering primroses starred mossy faces; Heaven! how I remember it all! That May-day seemed as strong, and as full of spring and life and vigor, as my own limbs. I strode on, thinking of the eyes that would look up their soft welcome to mine, and of the warm little hand that I would clasp, and perhaps then claim as mine, my very own, while life should last. It seemed to me that such feelings could not but be prophetic.

"If I find her in the garden," I thought, "I will look up on her as a good omen. I will not let the time go by, but will seize the opportunity and speak to her at once."

I got to the cottage and opened the garden gate. As I stepped inside I saw her, a little way down the path, in her dainty morning gown and broad garden hat, filling the basket that hung on her arm with flowers, and softly singing to herself. I stopped on the lawn. I wanted to come upon her unawares, and test the effect of my sudden appearance, which I could not if the sound of my foot on the gravel should betray my approach; thus I got close to her before she knew I was near. She started violently, and the color rushed to her cheek. The slightest thing would bring it—I have seen her flush at the sudden rising of a bird from the thicket. The next moment she smiled and held out her hand. "Oh is it you! You startled me. I had no idea anybody was near," and the sweet eyes were raised to mine trustingly. "Won't you come in?"

"Not if I may stay out—unless you are tired?"

"Oh no, I am never tired of being in the garden. So you'll help me to gather my flowers. See, you can reach to those sprays of honeysuckle; get some of the best, the rosiest, for me."

"Ah how delicious!" she said, inhaling the fragrance with deep ecstatic inspiration, and she held up to me the blossom that had just touched her face. I kissed the flower; I took the hand that held it; I told her all I had to the hat hid her face from me, and I knew not in what spirit she listened till a sigh that was half a sob checked me.

She looked up with a face so full of pain, of pity, of perplexity, of a pleading appeal, that though the hope in my heart sank down, I almost felt more for the sorrow in her face than in my own soul.

"Forgive me," she said. "I am so grieved. I ought to have told you. I did not know that you—that you cared for me that way. I have been engaged these two years. He is in India, and coming back in August. Oh, you don't think I have been coquetish—that I have been knowingly leading you to this—do you?" In her earnestness she laid her hand on mine, and lifted her face with a tremulous mouth, and eyes brimful of tears.

If I had died for it, I must have snatched the consolation the moment offered—the last, the only one. I drew her to my heart, holding her close; and I stilled the quivering of the lips with twenty kisses.

When I released her, she turned her back to me, hid her face in her hands, and sobbed till her frame shook.

"Loisette, Loisette, forgive me! I could not help it! I could not help it, Loisette!" She shook her head.

"Loisette, think how I love you; think what I feel in knowing all the hope I had of you is gone—gone forever! Loisette, I am going away, where I can never offend you more. Think that what I have done was done in parting with you for the last time—a last farewell, Loisette."

She tried to speak, but sobs made her inarticulate; still I knew she was bitterly reproaching me.

"Yes I know I have no right to expect forgiveness. I will go. I won't distress you farther. But we have at least been friends, dear,

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and you cannot think of that, and let me go forever, without one word."

Still she was silent. I paused and waited; then I flung up my arms, as a man does "who has lost all; and with a great groan I turned to leave her. I heard her move, I heard her attempt to speak, and I looked back. Her face was still averted, still covered with one hand. But the other was held out to me, and springing back I took it reverently, and bent my lips upon it.

"God forever bless you, Loisette, the one and only woman in His earth for me!"

"And God bless you, and comfort you," she said. "I wish I could have been a better friend to you—I mean to be. Always believe that."

"I will, I do."

And so Loisette and I parted. The May morning was darkened as I passed through the garden gate again. I turned my steps I knew not whither—away, away, where no one could see me. That was the only wish or instinct I had.

I walked miles, seeking rest, and finding none. At last I stopped at a gate, and leaned my arms on it, and looked blindly over the wide landscape spread before me.

As I gazed a dull numbness fell on my sorrow, and my perceptions of outward objects slowly returned.

I watched some children gathering blossoms of the May, and thought what a pity it was they should tear the boughs down so, and destroy so much to secure so little. I watched a stealthy cat creeping through the long undulations of the grass, on the hunt for the poor little tender young rabbits. Up sprang a lark, bursting into ripples of song, and my eyes followed him, rising, hovering, rising again, pausing, balancing on the wing, soaring up once more, darting away obliquely, resting awhile, but always singing—singing as if he could not cease for his life—then dashing down like a stone and vanishing.

And then my grief seized me once more and I dropped on the turf and hid my face in my arms, and cried as I had never cried since I was a boy, when my mother died, and when I thought the world held no more happiness for me.

When our griefs fall on us, we treat them as boys do bonfires. It seems that they cannot burn fiercely enough: we heap on them everything that comes to our hand in the way of fuel—all the tenderest recollections, all the sweetest hopes, all the most blessed anticipations, that made the joy and glory of our lives—that were as wings, lifting us above the earth we trod on. All these things are brought out from the storehouse of memory and thrown on the pile, making it blaze with inextinguishable fury, or what seems to us so, and we feel a bitter relish in the anguish, and seek to make it more, rather than less, as we stir the heap into fiercer conflagration.

Ah me! Ah me! what a miserable fool I had been, and how I was punished!"

I had thought, when in my hopefulness that morning I had contemplated the whole affair, that I had been prepared for this possibility, and could bear it. But strangely, it had never entered into my calculations that if Loisette were not for me, it could be that she was promised to another; there was the sting, the thing so impossible to endure without every fibre of my heart being torn by the agonies of jealousy, in addition to grief. Loisette engaged, Loisette with no love for me, all her love for another! Loisette thinking of him, writing to him, calling him all those tender names that lips like hers seemed made to utter! And in August—in three months—she was coming back, doubtless to claim his bride!

At that thought I sprang up, as if a serpent had arisen from the green turf, and stung me. I started away so far that it was not till dark that, utterly worn out and exhausted, I reached home. I shall never forget that night, nor the waking in the morning, after a couple of hours' dead sleep.

That day I wrote to my cousin, Sir Edward Maudslayi, who had just been appointed governor of New Brunswick, to offer my services as his private secretary—a post he had suggested my taking when his nomination to the place was first talked of. The answer came. He would be delighted. In less than a fortnight I left England.

"I am so grieved," Loisette's sister had written before this, "so grieved in every way" I had not been wrong, then, in fancying I had her good wishes. "I should have been so glad to have bidden you God speed by word of mouth before I went, but I feel I ought not to come. Anyway, you have our good wishes, now and ever." Not a word from Loisette. Well, better so. What could she say?

I often look back on my own sojourn in that black miserable far colony, ice-bound for half the year, sun-scorched for a few weeks, with something like a shudder.

The great cold staring barracks of a Government House, with its flat unshaded gardens, the unpicturesque village that was the seat of government, and prided itself accordingly: the country that was nothing but dense forest, bare clearing, studded with blackened stumps or quaking morass! The interminable winter, white, still, silent, fettered with a frost that was unrelenting as death, that chilled the blood and nipped the flesh into blains, and checked the current of life in the veins of childhood, of age, and of all tender beings!

Oh, the desolation of those winter forests! No tongue can tell it! No breeze, no voice of bird, no rustle of leaf, no color. A broad white floor, a hard blue roof, black stiff iron trees standing up motionless and stark. All so like my own life in desolation! Only this nature felt no pain!

I stayed there till the sickly tardy spring, often driven back by fresh snow-falls, came to loosen the spell that winter had laid on the suffering land, and then I resolved to bear it no longer, and come what might, to return to England, and learn tidings of Loisette. It seemed to me that this deed silence regarding her.

So I turned my back to New Brunswick for evermore, and reached England in March—March, wild and gusty, but at least alive with birds singing, and grass and buds upshooting in fields and hedgerow.

I went at last into Hertfordshire. I dared not go to Mrs. Hamilton's; I dared not ask anything about the family, lest I should learn what I had come there to know.

I wandered about the lanes where we used

to wander, hoping, dreading, longing, oh, how intensely! At last I came upon Loisette and her sister. I did not meet them, but a turn of the road brought me in sight of them, walking slowly before me. Loisette, Loisette! Just as of old, the undulating figure, the head bent pensively, now poised lightly on the white flexible throat, the shining masses of hair coiled below the quiet little black hat. O Loisette, Loisette! How my heart went out to you! Loisette, my love! Loisette, my darling!

I hastened my steps. I must see her once more, must look into her eyes, must hear the tones of her voice, let the cost be what it would.

As I approached, she turned with a start, a look half expectant, half alarmed; she felt who was coming, and the blood rushed over her face, neck and brow. Mrs. Hamilton following her sister's movement, was the first to speak; she came forward both hands extended, with joyous welcome. Then Loisette greeted me with shy kindness, passed to the other side of her sister, and walked on silently, while Mrs. Hamilton questioned me as to my travels, my movements, my plans.

"You'll come and see us? You will promise? I know you are a man of your word, and that if you will promise, you will keep your word. Come and dine to-morrow will you?"

I promised. I could not be more miserable than I was, and I must learn all I wanted to know. But I would not go to dinner—I remembered too well the last time I had dined there; so I said I would go in the morning.

When I entered the drawing-room, what a rush of memories at sight of the familiar place, of the two women sitting by the fire as they had a year ago—all but I, apparently unchanged!

I know not how it all came about, but in a few minutes I found myself making one in the circle as of old. I could not speak. Loisette, too, was silent. Mrs. Hamilton talked for us all.

Presently she glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece. "Three already! You must excuse me. Dear! I shall be barely in time to meet Mrs. L. at the station. You won't go, or I shall think you are offended. When shall we see you again? Settle it with Loisette. Good-bye. No, no, no!" And she was gone, and Loisette and I were sitting side by side, silent.

Loisette was sitting, very pale and calm, looking into the fire.

"Loisette!"

She gave an almost imperceptible start, her color rose slightly, and she turned her eyes on me for a moment—I could not tell whether in reproach or mere surprise—and then resumed her gaze on the fire.

"Miss Vane—are you still Miss Vane?"

"When—how long—?" I could not find words in which to put the question.

"When am I going to be married? you would ask?" she said, with a calm almost rigid. "I am not going to be married. I have been jilted."

"You jilted, Loisette!"

"Do you pity me? Don't. I am glad if I am glad, at least to be free; glad that I have nothing to blame myself for in obtaining my freedom. Long before I gained it I felt we had made a mistake, and while I was thinking of how I might suggest the idea to him, he cut the knot by marrying a half-caste damsel without several lakhs of rupees. Though what sort of a fortune that may be, I have not the faintest conception. A faint gleam of the old sweet archness came across her face.

I bent forward, looking with all my heart in my eyes on the soft half-averted profile, watching the conscious blood rising slowly. I laid my hand on the little cold, rigidly clasped hands; I felt them relaxing; gently my arm wound itself round her waist; her head dropped on my shoulder, nestled there, and was still.

So we sat, until the pony-carriage stopped at the gate. Mrs. Hamilton came in in a somewhat demonstrative manner. She glanced at Loisette, then at me, and understood it all.

"So you bore my absence with what equanimity you might!" she said, lifting her bright face to mine, with a world of congratulation in her eyes. "Now you'll stay to dinner."

Loisette turned and fled.

"Good-bless you, dear woman!" I said. "I never expected to be so glad to get rid of you as I was an hour ago."

"And God bless you!" it was you I wanted for a brother all along. I always hated the notion of Loisette marrying that man. Poor child, she did not know her own heart, and was persuaded into accepting him! If she had listened to me, she would have thrown him over long ago; but she was too conscientious while she thought he loved her. Perhaps it's better as it is? I will tell you something. She knows there is no mistake this time."

BOILING POTATOES.—There are many ways of boiling potatoes, but only one best way, and this is the formula: Let each mess be of equal size. Let the water boil before putting the potatoes in. When done, pour off the water and scatter in three or four teaspoonfuls of salt; cover the pot with a coarse cloth, and return it to the fire for a short time. In five minutes take them out and serve. Watery potatoes are made mealy by this process.

HOW BONNER'S HORSES ARE SHOD.—The proper shoeing of horses is a matter of great importance in all cases; but in those of delicate-hoofed, high blooded trotters, it becomes a vital question both for speed and comfort. Mr. Bonner is so particular about the manner in which his horses are shod, that he always superintends the operation himself, remaining in the shop during the fitting and nailing of the shoes, both of which details he not only directs, but even assists in personally.

As the perfect flatness of the shoe is necessary to even and comfortable stepping, Mr. Bonner has procured a smooth and flat block of marble, upon whose surface he places every shoe before it is nailed to the horse's hoof and if the iron does not lie plumb on the stone, it is hammered and filed until a thoroughly level surface is obtained. He has also a theory about fastening a shoe. He makes the Smith hammer the nails alternately on each side, stroke for stroke, nail by nail left and right, so that the tightening of the shoe to the hoof is gradual and equal on both sides. He also has the shanks of the shoe stretched a very little

wider than the hoof; and by this system of driving the nails the foot is brought out to the shoe, and the frog and heel are expanded in the operation. The result is highly conducive to the soundness and toughness of the hoof and the freedom and firmness of step in the animal.

OUT WEST.—"Berwick," a correspondent of the Boston Advertiser, is writing some lively letters from the west, from one of which we make the following extract:

In these far western States, at the present time, four diverse forms of society exist side by side. First, there is the Christian civilization of monogamous marriage with domestic tyranny checked by equality of rights in property, and by the facility for divorce with sufficient cause—a system which protects not marriage only, but the right of the politically subordinated sex in marriage; a distinction which many writers and legislators appear to ignore or to overlook. Then, at Cheyenne, Laramie and Benton there is the vilest parody of this system; where every woman is free and no woman pure; where she is recognized as an equal and treated as a reptile; where there are no homes, no wives, no husbands, no children, no sense of duty, or decency or shame. This is the foulest of all forms of civilization in the West. All three of these places,—these infested cities,—are called "Hell on wheels" by the frontier men, to indicate at once their migratory character and their moral status.

The Indian system is only one stage higher. The Indian of the plains is entirely unlike the Indian of romance. We did not see a single noble savage on our trip,—only a dozen filthy beggars at Omaha; for the wild tribes had recently moved northward to their new reservations. But, years ago, I saw the Indian where the white man had not had to contaminate him; where, whatever civilization he could boast of, he had derived from heroic Jesuit priests, who, generations ago, had crossed the Mississippi to bring the wandering tribes within the sacred circle of Mother Church; and I saw him where, also, he had rejected the teachings of the pale faces and had maintained his ancient customs and ideas in their original or aboriginal integrity.

The Indian has certain marked and even mainly attributes, and although far lower, both as a social and an intellectual being, than the negro, there is no reason why we should have had so much trouble with him from time immemorial. He will keep faith if honorably dealt with; he is as loyal to his friends as he is fiendish to his foes; he can be brought to see the impossibility of standing in the way of the Christian pupil,—and he will evangelize him by slaughtering his squaws and babes in cold blood, it was impossible to expect any other issue than war to the knife.

The noble savage, even in his native state, is already marked out for destruction. He is the loafer of the plains. He is a "cumber of the ground." He will fight and hunt, but he will not work. Like a true barbarian, he forces his women to do all his hard labor. He treats them as slaves unworthy of his councils. He sells them to his guests—without sense of shame, without self-respect. All the poetry that has ever bubbled out of human heart since Homer sang could never long idealize such a race. The moment you see the Indian as he is, your admiration for him vanishes. There is nothing in the life of the lazy and filthy barbarian that can overcome your instinctive disgust at his habits. Yet, with all his contempt for his squaw, with all his want of perception of womanly virtue, he does keep up a sort of civilized family. There is more hope for the Indian squaw than for the Laramie dancing girl. The relation of the sexes is a healthier one. But the first great advantage that the bearded savage of Cheyenne and Laramie and Benton has and will keep over the savage of the Sioux and Saes and Pawnees, is that the blackleg will work when he must, while the redskin will rather perish than perform any honorable labor. The next advantage of our frontier barbarian lies in the fact that he calls no man master. Therein lies the secret of our Indian difficulties. We should have sternly broken up the tribal relation,—treating with the Indians not as clans but as individuals. As long as we consolidate them we shall have trouble with them. Two savages, when they meet, fight. Our white barbarians will always fight the red barbarians. It is only by civilizing the Indians—that is by isolating them and by doing justly by them—that we can hope to settle this perennial quarrel. By treating with them as tribes and pensioning them, we only keep up their habits of idleness, which will surely lead to further outbreaks and renewed massacres on both sides. It is objected that if we cease to feed them they will perish. But if we give them due notice, why should they not pay the fitting penalty of idleness? If men won't work when they can work, why should they be kept alive? Let them perish if they prefer to die. There is not room enough on our earnest planet for a class or a race of idlers.

Now, as far as woman is concerned, I hold that Mormonism is a moral advance both over the Indian and the far-frontier system. It does not contaminate her heart. It preserves the family inviolate. It entirely abolishes that dreadful relation between the sexes of which Benton and Laramie are the most aggravated types. It is a barbarous system; but it will pass away as women become better educated and as the Union Pacific Railroad advances. Next to money, the great want of the men of the Far West is—wives. Every pretty girl is married as soon as she is willing to take a husband, and she is generally quite willing to do so at an early age. As the Union Pacific Railroad peoples the territory east, west, and north of the Mormon domain, there will be sure to arise a class of fugitive wives, with no fugitive wife law to reclaim them, as there were other fugitives from labor in the days before our flood. It is idle to suppose that we shall have trouble with the Mormons. We met several educated men, clergymen and others, who had met Brigham Young, and they all spoke of him as a man of great common-sense. Contrary to the common notion, polygamy is no essential part of Mormonism. It is an aftergrowth.

Mormonism flourished and was persecuted long before polygamy was established in its communities. As the destruction of the system becomes imminent, a new revelation from Heaven will solve the problem and dissolve the peculiar domestic institution. Brigham Young is not a man to kick against the pricks. He will only kick to find if they are there, and then save his boots and neck by judicious modifications of his creed. It is useless,—it only strengthens polygamy,—to have national legislation against it. If we tolerate Benton and Laramie, we cannot touch Salt Lake City with any propriety. And the same advance of civilization which will render Cheyenne decent will plant monogamous marriage in the City of the Saints. It is only a question of time.

SIDEWALK ETIQUETTE.—Some one of our Chesterfieldian exchanges has the following on sidewalk etiquette:

Only villagers, or persons with rural ideas any longer contend that ladies should always be given the inside of the pavement in passing. The rule adopted in all cities is to turn to the right, whether the right leads to the wall or to the gutter; and an observance of this common sense rule would obviate much unpleasant "scrouging" by over-gallant gentlemen who persistently crowd for the outside of the walk.

Another common custom, not required by fashionable etiquette, and one which is nearly as inexplicably absurd, is the practice of men filing out of a church pew, making themselves as ridiculous as an "awkward squad" practicing a catch-step, in order to give a woman the wrong end of the pew. Another is that of a man, when at promenade or walk with a lady, to keep himself on the outside of the pavement. A little exercise of judgment will convince any one of the perfect uselessness of this bobbing back and forth at every corner. The common rule is this: If men and women are walking together, she should always be at his right arm, whether it be toward the inside or outside of the walk; then the woman will not be shoved against the passers. Those who giggle at persons who follow this rule are themselves the "greenies" and should read the book of manners before they indulge in the laugh of fashionable fools.

The heat in England seems to be intense—93 deg at Greenwich Observatory, no rain, vegetation burned up, and what is very rare in England, nights almost as hot as the days. The papers talk of nothing else but the weather and the abnormal phenomena resulting from it. A party of genuine mosquitoes has arrived in the rigging of a troopship from Bermuda, landed at Woolwich Dockyard, placed two machines *hors de combat* with closed up eyes, and, by the latest accounts, was advancing on London. Entomologists are in ecstasies at the new arrival, and also at the encouragement given by the weather to all kinds of eccentric beetles and unpleasant insects generally. Sun-strokes are frequent, and doctors are delighted at having something entirely new to differ about. Accounts from nearly all parts of Northern Europe speak of similar intensity of heat. Why do not meteorologists, who are always announcing wonderful discoveries that no one cares about, really attempt to hit upon the rationale of this unprecedented heat, prevailing at the same time in St. Louis, New York, London and St. Petersburg? To determine the causes that influence so violently, and at the same time, the temperature at places so wide apart, is a problem worthy of study.—[New York Times.

HOME LIFE.—The other day I chanced to enter a friend's house. He did not know I was in the parlor, and I overheard his conversation. He was very harsh in his dealing with his child. He was "out of sorts" that morning. "The wind was east," and the east wind blew into his lungs, and into his soul, and soured his mind, and soured his heart, and so, like a base miscreant, as he was, he vented his bad temper on his wife and children. Is a habit some men have.

This man was talking in a hard, unchristian tone—talking as no father should talk. He had lost his temper. He was saying what he would be sorry for in a few moments. And then the servant announced my presence. Mind you, the man would have said he could not help it. "The boy teased me! He did what I cannot endure, and, on the impulse of the moment, I spoke my anger. I could not control myself."

There was a frown on his face; but when I was announced, being more or less of a stranger, demanding of him certain courtesies, he at once smoothed his face as though nothing had happened—as though the sun was shining brightly in the heavens, and the wind was south, and not east. He came into the room where I was, and, in the most cordial and courteous way possible, gave me his hand, and smilingly bade me welcome.

He could not control himself, simply because he did not think enough of his boy—because he did not sufficiently appreciate his family; and because he thought that his home was a den in which he could roar with impunity, and not the great temple of God, where he should walk as priest and king. And yet, I, almost a stranger, was sufficiently strong in my presence to cause him at once to cool down into courtesy, into affability, into politeness!

I tell you that many and many a man, and many and many a woman in this strange world of ours, in which many things seem to go wrong, will be gentle, and kind and charitable, and full of smiles outside of their houses, with strangers, for whose opinion they do not care one jot, or one tittle, and in the house, where all the happiness of years depends upon their sweetness of soul, and where they are constantly shedding influences that will ripen into the good or bad life of a boy or girl will yield to a pettishness and peevishness, unworthy of them as men and women, and wholly unworthy of them as Christians.—[Hepworth.

The Kennebec Campmeeting Association have issued a circular announcing that their annual campmeeting will commence on Monday, Aug. 31, at the new camping ground purchased lately by them on the west side of the Kennebec river, three miles above Richmond, and seven below Gardiner. It is a very beautiful spot, and easy of access by the river, by rail and in carriages.

PROXONS used to be plenty in our market—but of late years we seldom see them. At Detroit, the other morning, we saw two boxes of them on the platform, ready for the cars, but probably bound for a better market than would be found here.

Work has been commenced on the Belfast end of the Belfast and Moosehead Lake Railroad. About one hundred men are now employed and the force will be increased immediately.

"THE CAMEL'S HUMP," are being lowered in Main Street, the street Commissioners removing the gravel to other parts of the street. It is very desirable that the grade of the street should be fixed—and some system of drainage adopted; then we can have a dry road, and people will know how to place their buildings.

Down amongst the Jersey's, No. 1; Strawberries in 1898; New Grapes; Culture of the Grape; Notes on some of the Newer Strawberries; The Highland Raspberry; The Gladstone; A Chapter on Greenhouses, No. 1; A Chapter on a Paragon of Layering Grapes; Grape-Vines about Rocks; A Plan for the Best; Manure; Tritoma Unaria; The Lady-of-the-Lake Strawberry; Further Experiences with Angiosperms; and about thirty pages of interesting Notes and Gleanings.

Published by Tilton & Co., Boston, at \$3 a year.

Salem Witchcraft; English Dictionaries; The Apocryphal Gospels; Lytton's Chronicles and Characters; Wellington's Correspondence, 1810—1825; The Modern Russian Drama; Letters and Speeches of Leon Faucher; Prince Henry, the Navigator; New Germany; The National Church.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 37 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$4 per annum; any two of the Reviews, \$7; any three of the Reviews, \$10; all four Reviews, \$13; Blackwood's Magazine, \$4; Blackwood and one Review, \$7; Blackwood and two Reviews, \$10; Blackwood and any three of the Reviews, \$13; Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$16—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates will be but 56 cents a year.

General Howard of the Freedmen's Bureau addressed the colored people of Richmond, last week, and his remarks are published in the Whig of that city. The address was very much like a sermon and was of a kind to impress deeply and in the right direction the minds of those who listened to him. He addressed them to a religious course of life, and to follow the dictates of Christianity and of their own consciences in their social and political action; disclaimed any desire to influence them or indicate how they should vote, but told them to do what they believed to be right; dissuaded them from hoping that land would be given them, and counselled them to earn and save money to buy land; and spoke of the importance of cleanliness, education and moderation in all things. The Virginia papers, in commenting upon this very sensible and timely address, find no better weapons to serve their purpose of attack than mild sneers. They are compelled to admit that the speaker is well intentioned, and has used the powers conferred upon him with great moderation, but they cannot avoid taunting him as "a rigid Puritan" and "a monomaniac in the service of a false philanthropy." These are the words of the Petersburg Express, which contains much more to the same purport. We should like to learn its notion of true philanthropy, if advice to temperance, purity of life, clean hands, pursuit of knowledge and conscientious action is not dictated by it.

The following are the State elections in the order in which they occur:

September 1, Vermont; September 8, California; September 14, Maine; October 6, Nebraska; October 13, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa; October 22, West Virginia; November 3, New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Delaware, Maryland, Illinois; Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, Kansas, Nevada.

Brazillia Small, formerly of Bucksport, was slain on the 14th of July, by the members of that Copperhead Club, the Ku-Klux Klan. When wounded he was on his way from Winnebago, his home, to New Orleans. His assailants fired a charge of shot in his body, and after he fell, put two bullets through his back. He was a radical, as they term them, and his office consisted in running for Parish Judge against a Seymour Democrat. He was about 50 years of age, and unmarried.

The Chicago Tribune summarizes the crop prospects of the Northwest from all the sources of information at its command. The corn crop will be the heaviest ever known, being at least a fifth larger than the average of the past ten years. The yield of oats and wheat will not exceed the average yield to the acre

## Waterville Mail.

BEN MAXHAM, DAN L. WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . AUG. 14, 1868.



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## LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS

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## REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT.

**ULYSSES S. GRANT,**

OF INDIANA.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

**SCHUYLER COLFAX,**

OF INDIANA.

For Governor.

**J. L. CHAMBERLAIN.**

For Member of Congress.

**JAMES G. BLAINE.**

## COLBY UNIVERSITY.

## COMMENCEMENT.

The formalities of Commencement proper were introduced by the annual sermon before the Boardman Missionary Society, on Sunday evening, by Rev. Geo. D. Boardman, of Philadelphia—son of the eminent missionary for whom the Society is named. Text, "and the veil of temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom." This had been preceded by the reading of the 9th chapter of Hebrews, by Rev. Alfred Owen, of Detroit, Michigan. The text was interpreted as typifying the fall of the Mosiac system of priesthood, ceremony and sacrifice, before the divine mediatorial office of Christ. The Saviour's death opened to all mankind direct communication with God. Under this new gospel the Christian is to contend against wickedness, and for the enlightenment and purification of the whole world. The sermon was received with great satisfaction by a large audience. The voice and manner of the speaker were agreeable, and his preliminary reference to his father, who was one of the two first graduates of the college in 1822, and the associations that crowded his own memory of one whose name is dear to all Christians, prepared the way for the most earnest attention.

## PRIZE DECLARATION.

Monday evening came the Prize Declaration of the Junior Class. The house was well filled, the audience being one of the most decently quiet we have ever seen on this occasion. Both speaking and composition ranked high in the line of merit, though presenting marked difference in degree. Of course we only follow the committee in naming the performance of Mr. Jackson as at the head of the roll of merit;—they commend it with pointed emphasis. J. K. Richardson took the second prize, with a highly creditable performance. The adjudicating committee were Prof. Mathews, Dr. Boardman, Rev. Messrs. Leonard, Ricker, and Wheeler.

## Order of Exercises.

1. The New Out of the Old. Nicholas Noyes Atkinson, West Milot.
2. The Uses of History. Charles Rowell, Kendall's Mills.
3. The Power of Custom. Ephraim Wood Norwood, Camden.
4. The Relations of Literature to Morals. Charles Wesley Chase, Unity.
5. The Philosophy of Fiction. Isaac Britton, Winslow.
6. Absorption of Nations. Edward Stuart Rawson, Bangor Point.
7. Victory through Defeat. Howard Chandler Rose, New Gloucester.
8. The Beautiful Suggestive of the Infinite. Warren Augustus Smith.
9. Woman's Rights. Charles Holt Kimball, Pembroke, N. H.
10. Romance in American History. Gilman Clark Fisher, Dover, N. H.
11. Knowledge and Mystery. Justin Kent Richardson, Bangor.
12. Fame an Intellectual Miasma. George Royal Stone, Andover, N. H.
13. Poetry the Art of Art. Abraham Willard Jackson, Turner.

## CLASS DAY.

At 10 A. M. on Tuesday, the oration, by J. D. Taylor, and the poem, by C. L. Clay, were given at the church. Of the former, the subject of which was "Ultraism in Culture," the audience would sustain us in giving very marked praise. It gave tokens of thought as well as research, and its delineations were drawn with a bold and careful hand. (In our next paper we shall publish this oration in full.) "Thoughts on War," was the poet's theme. Some of the closing verses will give more direct access to its quality than would our praise:—

On the breeze there is swelling the tones of a bell;  
"Tis humanity dying, and this is its knell."  
And its beacon of glory shall shine never more;  
For its ashes lie smouldering on time's distant shore.  
Regardless of right and to passion a slave,  
Man prepares his own poison and dies his own grave;  
There is joy for a moment, then joy's flow aways;  
It is only life's bitter, that maketh delay.  
Still, to satisfy hate, man continues to fight,  
And to battle and slay with a savage delight;  
There exists not a friend among the nations of earth,  
Every tribe is a foe and to war is their birth.  
There is care not for life, there is haste for the tomb,  
And a scourge is abroad, like the sweeping typhoon.

The proud lord, and his varlet, the subject and king,  
Fall alike to the dust, from his poisonous sting.  
See him there, the white horseman, he rides very fast,  
'Tis the angel of death; how he flies with the blast!  
With his life cutting sickle, he reaps as the grain,  
All the pure and devoted, till two only remain.  
As the waters return to the source of the stream,  
So the races approach to its kindred extreme;  
And again like the primitive brotherly twain,  
Alteration mixes, a forum is slain.

Alone in the world, wide world alone,  
O where to fly and, and where to roam!  
With none to love, and none to hate;  
With none to come, for none to wait;  
With none to fear save him that's dead;  
O heart subdued! mysterious dread!  
There is no joy, but all is grief;  
He turns to nature for relief.  
To him the fields are sere and dead;  
The strangled skies are dun and blank;  
The strident sloughing of the trees,  
Grates harshly on his ear; the breeze  
Blows rough and ragged round the world;  
The quiet shade is chilling cold;  
The rippling brook gives but a moan,  
Along the shore the dark waves groan;  
Oppressed with pain, "O where to end  
To die most reverently I'd bend,  
And crave my happy fate," he cries;  
The fends of war within him rise;  
All dread is gone, and hope is stayed;  
He quickly grasps the dripping blade  
And slays himself; within his breast  
The sword at length has found its rest;  
And there lies slatched forever.

The audience then adjourned to the College Tree, at the college grounds, where the programme was continued with the "Class History," by H. C. Hallowell. We give the opening and closing portions of this, omitting the section more directly personal.

The fall of 1864 began a new epoch in the history of Waterville College. At that time there were within its classic shades seven of those, we have since found they were human, but ever to be revered by freshmen, who delighted in the appellation of seniors. The junior class numbered one strong, and in the sophomore class there were about fifteen. The prospects of the College were dubious in the extreme. Something must be done and done at once, or all would be lost. The funds of the College were at an ebb. Waterville had no special advantages to hold out to students intending to enter College. No gymnasium invited; no fine buildings; no large corps of Professors; no advantages of elective studies; no great facilities for reading presented themselves. There could only be promised a thorough drill, that is four years of regular grind.

But beside all these usual disparagements to Waterville there was the unusual one of the smallness of numbers. This would perhaps have been a recommendation in the days of monasteries, but now students do not go to college to find a cloister. They do not wish to go where they are to be the only ones. Students are "men as other men are." Like the company of others. They believe that there is as much to be learned from the study of human nature as from books, and that they should be studied together. For this reason they prefer to go "where students most do congregate." The fact that there were only twenty-five in College was not calculated to draw more but rather to lessen that small number. It was under such circumstances that the class of '68 entered numbering twenty-six. The crisis was passed; the College badly wounded in war was convalescent, and its recovery was now made certain. The class of '68 was then looked upon as the hope of the College; this class was praised by the papers as an advertisement of the College, and was hailed as a triumph over the infection and unwittingly celebrate the class of '68.

Our class may with reason be looked up to by those who come after us as the second father; not only by saving the life of the College, but also for re-establishing old and hallowed customs which had been lost by our less energetic predecessors. A new impetus was given to "Muscular Christianity." Base ball revived and sufficient hints have been given to intimate to a less poverty stricken board of officers that an appropriation for a gymnasium would be an agreeable and profitable expenditure, but all in vain. Again the freshman's super re-established was the work of the class of '68, and this was such an historic work, that a more extended notice of it would not, perhaps, be out of place. For the freshman's offices there is always some rivalry; our class, though usually so concordant, was not entirely free from this rivalry; combinations were made and a war of strategy ensued at which diplomacy was shown which would not have detracted from the reputation of professional wire pullers. "But the best laid plans of mice and men will oft gang agley," and one party succeeded in being beaten. The supper came off at the end of the freshman year and was a decided success. The parts were well performed, the supper was well cared for, and the following feast of reason and flow of soul will long be remembered. The occasion could not but be pleasant, for the happiest time in a student's life, with the exception of the first week or two of the freshman year, is when he drops the name and drudgery of freshman, and becomes a full fledged sophomore, licensed to wear plums and carry cages with none to molest or make him afraid.

Returning from the supper late at night, with no cares for the future, believing the whole sophomore life was to be as pleasant as the part of it which we had just passed, we expressed our joy by singing and cheering as we passed up through the street, so that when the next Waterville Mail was published, we were not wholly surprised at this prophesy. "We can safely say of the class of '68 that it is bound to be heard from. We shall be greatly mistaken if they do not make considerable noise in the world, if they continue willing to do their own blowing triumphantly." We also did distinguished service in the cause of education in this College by having those antediluvian abominations changed for modern grammars. But although we claim to be the cause of many of the changes which have been wrought since we have been in college, there are others to which we can lay no claim. A new professorship has been created and filled with much ability by Prof. Hall; for this we must thank the officers. Nor did we have any part in the act by which Waterville College, which we entered, was struck from the roll of colleges, and Colby University was added. Much as we regretted it, it was decreed that Waterville College should honor its benefactor by taking his name. Well, my class-mates, since these things must be, we can thank our stars that the generous man was not Mr. Scroggins or Jenkins. What a deal of honor it would be to one to graduate at Scroggins University or Jenkins College.

Our freshman year passed off with the usual college tricks performed by the sophomores, of course; the bell went off on its usual visit, and the other tricks to which age does not lend dignity, were all performed, but of course the blame was laid where it belonged. The freshman being to the sophomores as Professor Lyford would say, in about the ratio of 2 to 1, were not to be imposed upon, even if the sophomores had been disposed to haze, which in this enlightened College is not the case. During the sophomore year we pursued the

even tenor of our way and sustained the good reputation we had gained. Many things of note which would be worthy of notice in history took place and several mishaps occurred, but were I to chronicle all the extraordinary things ever done by members of this class the sun would set upon my unaccomplished task.

We have had in the class thirty. The largest number in at any time has been twenty-five. The number that have left is just equal to the number that are left, fifteen; in which respect the class of '68 is like the virgins of Holy Writ; the proportion of wise and otherwise was the same in each. Of the number that have left three were expelled, but one of these was recalled. Five left for other colleges, two to Dartmouth, one each to Bowdoin, Tufts and Illinois University; seven others left for motives sane and insane. Death, the twin brother of sleep, has taken one from our number, and marriage, the merciless forerunner of war, has seized three. "Ah! sometimes woe to him that lives. Happy is he who dies."

The statistics of those who remain are as follows: Total number of days, 372 years; average age 24 years 9 months; oldest 28 years 9 months; youngest 20 years 4 months. The total height, 85 ft. 4 in. The longest is Carver, 2 yds. 2 1/2 in.; the shortest is Hallowell, 5 ft. 8 in. The total number of pounds in the class is 2,038; the heaviest ordinarily weighs 180; the lightest, upon occasions, weighs a ton; the average weight is 135 lbs.

The brains are contained in boxes which average in circumference 22 inches and a third. Much study and a little exercise has left us only 11 inches of flexor and extensor, while despite the consumptive recitation room we have an average of thirty-five inches around the waist.

Number engaged (this is not to be heard but by the class) is five; engaged to Waterville ladies, two.

Capillary Statistics: number who have full sets, 2; parts of sets, 10; none, 3; and doubtful Dunn. Hop's have attained their majority. The handsomest man in the class, modestly forbids, the homeliest, fear prevents. Dunn and Clough are tobaccoists-in-chief. Clay is prejudiced against tobacco and liquor.

The religious preferences Baptist 11; Methodist 2; Unitarian 1; no preference 1. Free lover Clay; Heretic, Clough; Puritan, Hopkinson.

Intended Professions; Ministry 6; Law 3; Mercantile 1; Journalist 1; Day laborer 1; Unemployed 3.

2 of the class are sons of perdition; 9 are sons of farmers; 4 are sons of gentlemen in mercantile life; and 2 are the sons of clergymen.

The "Prophecy," by E. S. Small, was a good thing, and better understood and appreciated by the class than by the audience. Its verification remains for the test of time,—but as the world's myriads of prophets are interested in this, the less record made the better.

Some extracts from the Address to the class, by J. B. Clough, will sustain the commendatory verdict of the audience.

The life before us is indeed a purpose—a volume in which we record as we will a noble registry for the perusal of others, may a study for ourselves, or better scribble unconnected, blotched characters. "It is," says Weaver, "big with sublime realities. Every step is a word, every day a sentence, every week an oration, every year a book full of meaning as the sun is of light." With us only the preface to life's volume is completed. A broad field lies before us. Much is waiting to be done. The world is moving at a rapid pace, and he who is unwilling to press on with it, will surely be left behind. But in this great social movement, individuality does not become extinct. Every one thinks and acts, the great question being, *how*. It is no merit to follow carelessly in the track of others. It is only the few who struggle on in advance of the elements that surround them, and thus become the beacon lights to guide mankind along. We must work out our destiny, in earnest enjoy its pleasures, and calmly meet its struggles. Shrink not from duty, brothers, be it ever so hard to perform. Error exists now as much as it ever did, and is harder to combat, because defended by law and upheld by popularity. Battle against it with a warlike hand. Its overthrow will be your reward. It is a prouder victory to rout the enemy, than to maintain your own grounds against his attacks. In all you do, hope to become, cherish within your very souls ambition. "Angels of light walk not so dazlingly the sapphire walls of Heaven." An ambition to defend the right, maintain integrity, shield the oppressed, and benefit the world. Let your standard of character and worth be high, then reach it. Be guided by an inward sense of honor which will not stoop to baseness. Let reason assert her natural dominion over your every action. Heed its admonitions, and yield willing allegiance to its power. Endeavor to wield a wide influence for good, among your fellowmen. Sociality is an element of a noble character. A pure spirit, an honest heart, endowed with the light of virtue, can no more confine itself within the limits of a single soul, than the rushing torrent can be stayed in its furious course, or the winds be shut up in their mythological homes. The expression of the face, the sparkle of the eye, the tones of the voice, are the medium through which it is seen and felt. We cannot hermitize our minds any more than our bodies. "All men are free and equal, with equal rights from God;" hence have some claim upon our sympathies. This spirit of universal brotherhood, too, is natural, and should be cherished. Our relation to society makes it imperative. A broad philanthropy reaches round the world, embracing all men and making them better, by recalling them from any unnatural paths in which they have learned to wander. "Fraternity is the girde of nations. The race is one" and love conquers all things. Let such philanthropy be ours. Its exercise will bring peace of mind, tranquility of soul. Appreciative humanity will bestow the plaudits, well-earned, since the noblest type of man is he, who in the endeavor to advance the common interest of the race, renders his own name immortal. In short, then let us be MEN. This embraces all. Men to ourselves and to the world.

But, brothers, it is time to close. The bond of association which has for four long, though happy years, bound us together cannot longer exist. We shall separate and each depart to his own special labor, but we trust that friendship's golden chain has not been forged to sever. The chord of love which now so strongly unites us, let it not grow weak by our intercourse with others. New thoughts will fill our minds, we shall survey with pleasure other scenes, but in the quiet of the eventide shall we not

"At memory's trumpet-call life often  
The struggling foot of life, the warring hand,

And, weary of the strife, look back to see  
The green tent where our harness was put on."

Sweet memories will linger long around these groves and oft-frequented haunts, and in the after years we shall at times desire to revisit them. But time works wondrous changes and faces now familiar will ere long be gone. Still "the outery strong of the long wandering and returning heart" will find a ready echo in a brother's meeting. If the remorseless scythe makes havoc in our numbers let him not find us idle. 'Tis sweet to die when death will cause regret which will be lasting; sweeter yet to live when life is real. When we meet again 'neath these academic shades and loiter through the old familiar halls, 'twill be with fondness that we tell the sympathetic story of our struggles. Brothers, let's proudly make that story a noble one and grand.

The smoking of the Pipe of Peace,—the only fault of which was the disclosure of an appetite for it—and the singing of the Parting Ode, closed this part of Commencement.

## THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Tuesday evening, as always, was devoted to the oration and poem before the Literary Societies; the former by Rev. Wayland Hoyt, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and the latter by C. C. Van Landi, Esq., of Newport, R. I. The subject of the orator was "Iconoclasm, or Image Breaking." For a brief synopsis of this discourse, which was every way adapted to and worthy of the time, place and circumstance, we thank the correspondent of the Lewiston Journal:

He commenced by quoting from Mr. Motley a vivid account of the destruction by an infuriated mob of the stately, paintings and other magnificent symbols of the Roman Catholic religion, the adornments of a Cathedral of the New Netherlands. The speaker proceeded to inquire into the causes of this wholesale destruction, thereby seeking the true laws of reform. The first cause was that those ornaments were indicative of tyranny and oppression. The inanimate symbolizes the animate. The Stars and Stripes are but a parallelism of hunting; but in what they symbolize, they are the Constitution, liberty, justice and the Union itself. So satutory and painting stand for what is in them. The Netherlands mob saw in the images of the Virgin Mary and other sacred paintings, the terrible anathema, and all the oppression of the Church. The speaker warned his hearers that it is time to make a bold and solid stand against Romanism in this country. The anathema is not dead here, but only sleeps, ready to be thundered against all we hold dear and sacred of right and religion, destroying and blasting with its terrible curses. Truly, that Uvas tree has struck its baleful roots deep in our soil; and the great struggle is soon to come between anti-Christ and oppression on the one hand, and whatever is good and noble on the other. The second cause was that these images were emblems of a stupendous falsehood. The brazen indulgences were stupendous lies. The right to do any wrong, even that of homicide, was purchased at a slight sum. Error, oppression and falsehood are in the world now. The wall of the Devil is still compact, garnished and beautiful, and the iconoclasts must be used to battle it down. To reform is to establish the truth and destroy the wrong. Better the iconoclasm of war than that wrong should be in the nation. The lordlings of this world may prate as much as they please, but God's truth of the equality of men must be established. The man who is worthy to bear the musket, is worthy to carry the ballot. Not only must there be a destruction of the wrong, but a construction of the right. The reformation that simply destroys is a useless one. Carlyle is a stern iconoclast. He destroys but never builds. He would anathematize a saint, but canonize a slave driver. The world looks to educated men. Education must smite the wrong, and establish and build up the truth. Wrong must receive no quarter, and truth the holiest homage. Every man must be iconoclastic to himself.—The wrong within him must be broken. He must build up within himself a regard to the wants of those about him. Iconoclasm of ignorance must be general, and knowledge must be elevated and extended by the constant and relentless toil of every educated man.

Of the poem—we need only say that the audience pronounced it good. "It was pleasant to listen to, and they sat for it with delight, even to the last line. Its great leading thought—if it had one—was but dimly seen: but its charming jingle and its lively wit—both broad and narrow—kept them awake at a weary hour, as few poets have had power to do. The poem was emphatically good."

The rain, that prevented a crowded house by washing away the mere scum of the usual audience, rendered the entertainment one of uncommon comfort.

## "COMMENCEMENT DAY."

The graduating class numbered fifteen, four of whom were excused from speaking. Of their exercises we speak only in general terms, when we say they compare well with the best of past anniversaries. They were alluded to at the dinner in terms of marked commendation, by men well qualified both to judge correctly and speak honestly. We may justly, add, that in moral worth, as exemplified both in and out of college, for four years past, the class is one from whom good hopes may be entertained that they will "do good as they have opportunity."

The following was the Order of Exercises:

1. Oration. Practical Scholarship. William Heman Clark, North Hancock.
2. English Oration. Waste. • Leonard Dwight Carver, Legrange.
3. English Oration. Conflict of Opinion. Charles Leonardis Clay, Andover, N. H.
4. Oration. A Science of History Impossible. Thomas Melvin Butler, Hancock.
5. English Oration. The Sphere of Esthetic Culture. William Oliver Ayer, Jr., Bangor.
6. English Oration. Contrasts. • Edmund Franklin Merriam, Hanover, N. H.
7. English Oration. Life and its Phases. George Weston Davis, Alfred.
8. English Oration. Epochs. Julian Daniel Taylor, Winslow.
9. English Oration. Causes of the late War. Reuben Wesley Dunn, Waterville.
10. Dissertation. The Oneness of God in Nature and Revelation. • David Palmer, Grafton, Vt.
11. English Oration. Modesty. Henry Malcolm Hopkinson, Fort Fairfield.
12. English Oration. The Philosophy of Revolutions. John Blake Gough, Danbury, N. H.
13. English Oration. Estimates of Greatness. Henry Carlton Hallowell, Bangor.
14. English Oration. The Safeguards of Liberty. • Frederick Augustus Waldron, Buckfield.
15. English Oration. The Search for Law. Edwin Sumner Small, Waterville.

## DEGREES CONFERRED.

The degree of A. B. was conferred on the members of the graduating class; that of A. M.

upon the following members of the class of '65 in course: H. H. Grover, T. W. Chase, G. W. Clowe, W. H. Lambert, C. V. Hanson and A. D. Small; also the same degree was conferred upon W. P. Young of the class of '64. The honorary degree of A. M. was conferred upon Rev. John McKinlay, of Lebanon, N. H., and Rev. Cyrus Tibbets, of Damariscotta; the degree of D. D. upon Rev. Joseph Ricker, of Augusta, of the class of 1839, and Prof. Philatus B. Spear, of Madison University; the degree of L. L. D. upon Prof. Wm. Mathews of the University of Chicago, of the class of 1835.

## THE DINNER.

The dinner proper was good and well eaten. To this we may add, that congeniality, as usual, was a prominent element of the feast. After due attention to the main object, the President called up, by an appropriate sentiment, the Governor of the State. His Excellency responded in his usual easy and pertinent way, without pretension to a formal speech. Commencing with some commonplace reminiscences of his own college life at Brunswick, he made the incident of his forgetting his part, in his Commencement oration, a text for saying that our most humiliating mistakes are sometimes profitable, in working out for us lessons that would not otherwise be learned. To make a mistake, if it must be made, with discrete coolness and self possession, was a great achievement. The soldier who rushes most furiously to a charge is not always the bravest man or the best leader;—but rather he who most coolly thinks and acts during the tumult of battle, redeeming a blunder in the best way possible. The lesson went into common life—a cool head made the successful man. The governor very happily tendered to the College the congratulations of the State; who, he said, felt that she owed it much, while she hoped for much from it.

The President then called up Prof. William Mathews, of Chicago,—to whom, unknown to most of the company, the College had just voted its honorary L. L. D., and whom he introduced as "a native of Waterville, a graduate of Waterville College, Professor in a western college, a Doctor of Laws, and secretary of Waterville Perch Association." From so many honors we cannot withhold somewhat detailed notes of his remarks:—

It has been said that time mellow ideas as it mellow wine. Things in themselves indifferent acquire a certain tenderness in recollection, and the scenes of our youth, though remarkable neither for elegance nor feeling, rise up to our memory dignified and at the same time endeared. The hum of a little tune to which in childhood we listened—the course of a brook which in our boyish days we often traced—the ruins of an old building which we once knew entire; these remembrances sweep over the mind with an enchanting power of tenderness and melancholy, at whose bidding the pleasures, the business, the "carking cares" and anxieties of the present moment, fade and disappear. I know not whether it is from this cause, or because of the real happiness I enjoyed in college, that such a flood of pleasing recollections fill my mind whenever I behold the brick walls of my *Alma Mater*. Though I come from that part of the country where the material is supposed wholly to overlay the spiritual—where the talk is not of Homer and Horace, but of beaves and grain, pine boards and corner lots—from a city which is supposed to be the Ellysium of money-lenders and the Tartarus of borrowers—where brokers, on being asked, "How do you do?" reply, "About two per cent. a month, Sir,"—where even clergymen so far absorb the general contagion of speculation as to announce to their congregations that their texts may be found in "St. Paul's epistle to the Corinthians, Section 4, Range 13, East of the 3d Principal Meridian"—where doctors, when asked how their prescriptions shall be taken, reply abstractedly, "On the usual terms"—that is, of land sales—"a quarter down, balance in one, two, and three years,"—yet I wish to testify that, after long exposure to such hebetating influences as these, the sons of old Waterville do not forget the *Alma Mater* whose *lactea uertebra* nursed their intellectual infancy. And though many lustre may have elapsed since they hung at the ubera of their intellectual mother—and though the tiger-like struggles of life may have rendered them too much "of the earth, earthy," even selfish and sordid, yet can they never look on her face without exclaiming with the ecstasy of Catullus on dropping into the bosom of his beloved Sirmio,

Quantu libenter, quantum laetas inviso!  
Vix ut ipse credens Thyraus aique Bythinus  
Liquisse campos et videre in tu totu!

The notes of the old college bell which once dragged the undergraduate, like Cacus's oxen, backward, with much struggling and reluctance, to the cave of the mathematical professor, hung with emblematic black, have in after times a sweetness that belongs to the tongue of no other bell, whether made of brass or of flesh and blood. Their "linked sweetness" long drawn out "awakens a responsive chord in his own bosom, and delightful memories, which had lain congealed and encrusted over with the ice of worldly cares, are suddenly thawed out like the frozen tundra that had accumulated in Baron Munchausen's French horn. It may be because, seen through memory's glass, things assume a prismatic hue, but I never look on a body of undergraduates without mentally exclaiming in the words of Virgil to the farmers: *Oh, fortunatos nimium, si sua bona noverit!* True, there is more pleasure in conjugating a wife than in conjugating a verb; in declining a nomination to Congress than in declining a noun-substantive; in circling the squares of some wondrous city like Paris or Rome, than in squaring the circle; in scanning the beauties of Nature and Art, than in scanning hexameters. Infinitely pleasanter is it to ring the bells of a town at her and your wedding, than to hear the bell rung that summons you to the Professor's screw on a raw December morning. But on the other hand, I think stern experience has taught most of us that it is far more agreeable to dig for Greek roots than to dig for gold, either at Pike's Peak or in the marts of commerce; to square any geometrical figure than to square your weekly bills; to solve an equation than to solve the problem of how to make one's receipts, in these times of high prices, equate with his expenses; to let z represent an unknown quantity, than, when dunned by a creditor, to find a very unknown quantity in your pocket; to hunt for the fallacy in the syllogism given in Whately's appendix, viz. z, *He that is most hungry eats most*; he that eats

least is most hungry; ergo, he that eats least eats most"—than to quiet the barking stomachs—*lenire latrantes stomachos*, as Horace hath it—of "nine small children, and one at the breast," or more or less than the good old primer tells us were vouchsafed by Providence to the pious John Rogers. It is certainly a more difficult task, in these days of sharp competition, to translate, as all of us have to do, the gold or greenbacks into our pockets, than it was, when a student, to translate Horace or Eschylus into good President's English—and especially is this true now, when the student has plenty of helps; when, in the curt words of Curtis,

"Through the hard roads of learning travels he,  
By coach or pony, as the case may be;  
And with the faith of the old Hebrew nation,  
Escapes all agonies by smooth translation."

I do not wonder, therefore, that James the First of England declared that, were he not a king, he would like to be a fellow of a college. The undergraduate sighs for the day when he shall escape from the iron discipline of the college; but, too often, after leaving it, he finds that his better days are like Hebrew verbs—they have no present tense. He finds that the world is only a bigger school, where the fees are heavier, the lessons harder, and grim experience yields the ferule. Perhaps he rebels at college, and tries to look out the teacher; but, by legitimate door or battered window, the tutor will enter and singling palms and aching knuckles attest that he has vindicated his authority. It has been well said that we are dragged through the syntax of life in spite of ourselves, and have knowledge of more declensions and conjugations at the age, say of forty, than Andrews & Stoddard or Kühner ever mentioned or dreamed of.

The speaker next commended in high terms the literary performances of the students during the various exercises of Colby Commencement, and then proceeded to speak of the West, and to defend it and Chicago against the charge of boastfulness.

I grant (he said) that we use pretty large words in self-glorification; but is it strange that a people living where the lakes, rivers, and prairies are projected on so colossal a scale, should frame their speech after the same pattern? If Chicago beats other cities in exaggeration, it is because of her irrepresible tendency to excel in every thing. But has not Chicago reason to be proud?—a city that has trebled its population in twelve years; that is the focus of sixteen railroads, and the greatest lumber, beef, pork, and grain market in the world—which has the best supply of water, and the largest refracting telescope—which can show so many model schools, and a University which in ten years has acquired half-a-million dollars of property and 322 students—the only city in America or in the world, that, in its intense anxiety for spiritual elevation and improvement, has actually screwed itself up by jackscrews eight feet nearer to heaven than Providence planted it—and of which Mr. Cobden said to Goldwin Smith as the latter was about leaving England for this country, (I have it from Prof. Smith's own lips) "There are two things in America which you must see, if you see no thing else—namely, Niagara Falls and the city of Chicago."

"But you Western people dignify little institutions with such pompous appellations."—True, and so did the founders of Harvard and Yale when they set up their little schools at Newtown and Saybrook. We call our institutions *Universities* just as we call you Eastern Christians *saints*, not for what you are, but for what we expect you to be hereafter. Did the few Eastern men who sneer at what they call the "one-horse" colleges of the West, know the presidents and founders of those institutions, see what indefatigable, heroic workers they are, and what brave, self-sacrificing efforts they are making to broaden and deepen the intellectual and moral culture of the great Northwest; they would be filled with admiration—respect and sympathy would take the place of contempt, and they would cry "God speed" to their labors.

Rev. Mr. Eldor, of N. York, of the class of '60, followed in very pleasant and pointed remarks; urging mainly that the college cherish as its leading motive to effort in all its measures and aims, a love for young men.

Col. Buck, of Alabama, a Waterville graduate of '39, briefly and pungently reported the "condition" in the land where he had been counted a "carpet-bagger."

Rev. Mr. Gould, a Methodist clergyman of Bangor, in response to a call, reported himself "only a looker-on in Venice," but proceeded to make a few very pertinent general remarks: after which the President closed the interview with a brief statement of the condition of Memorial Hall. He said it was fast approaching completion—the entire cost would be about \$40,000, of which \$30,000 was subscribed. He invited subscriptions, and with some success—we did not learn the amount.

THE CONCERT. By the Germania Band, was not only one of the very best, but one the most successful. Mrs. Smith the Soprano vocalist, delighted everybody, as also did Mr. Whitney, tenore.

THE PRESIDENT'S LEVEE, which followed the Concert, was well attended, and proved a very pleasant interview.

The Trustees have adopted a plan for an elective course of Study, and elected Tutor Mr. Julian D. Taylor, of Winslow, a member of the graduating class. This we predict will prove a wise measure.

Eleven candidates were examined for the Freshman class. Another examination occurs at the opening of the Fall term.

Our correspondent "Mutton Hill," who protests against our objective way of treating the question of loaning the town's credit to the Somerset Railroad, is informed that he deserves more attention than we can give him today. Next week he shall have all his very pungent politeness seems to merit. Meantime we humbly crave his utmost civility at the Perch festival. The bitterness of this feud must not disturb our play.

The Semi-Centenary of Father Adams' settlement over the Congregational Church in Vassalboro', will be celebrated at Winslow, on Wednesday, Aug. 26th. Address by Father Adams at 10 1/2 o'clock A. M. Free entertainment to all.



