

## Colby University, Me.

This seat of learning, formerly and familiarly known as *Waterville College*, has just held its commencement, which was made more than ordinarily interesting by the dedication of the new *Memorial Hall*. The dedicatory services were after prayer by President Champlin:

1. Statement by ex-Governor Coburn, Chairman of the Building Committee, and delivery of the keys to the Chairman of the Board of Trustees.
2. Delivery of the keys to the President of the University, with appropriate remarks by Hon. Hannibal Hamlin.
3. Delivery of the keys to the President of the Association of the Alumni, Gen. H. M. Plaisted.
4. Address by Rev. Dr. Bosworth.
5. Prayer of Dedication by Rev. Mr. Small, of Portland.

Says a correspondent of the *Watchman and Relector*:

The erection of this hall, which is now the pride of the University, is due chiefly to the persevering energy and financial skill of the President of the College, and it was with evidently great satisfaction that he witnessed the dedication of it. What added not a little to the interest of the occasion, was the fact that at its dedication the hall was free from debt. At the meeting of the Board on Tuesday, it was announced that there remained a deficit of \$5,000. Mr. Colby announced that he held the subscription of two gentlemen in Boston for \$1,000 each, providing the remaining \$3,000 could be obtained. Ex Gov. Coburn subscribed \$1,000 of this, Hon. H. Hamlin \$500, and the remainder was immediately subscribed by the Trustees, in sums of \$100. The entire cost of the building has been \$39,000; and good judges pronounce it the finest edifice of its class, and erected at the least cost, of any similar one east of Boston. It is a matter of some pride to us, that it is the first memorial hall completed in this country since the war. So that Maine boasts the first statue erected to a hero of the war, and the first memorial hall in the United States. The statue is that of Maj Gen. Berry, at Rockland.

At Commencement dinner, stirring speeches were made by Hon. H. Hamlin, Rev. Dr. Bailey, of Kalamazoo, and Gen. Smith, of Arkansas, and others. Thus closed the brightest anniversary in the annals of the University. All the exercises had been attended with much interest. \$10,000 were raised at the Trustees' meeting on Tuesday—5,000 to pay the debt on Memorial Hall, and 5,000 given by Mr. Colby, to be paid in instalments of \$500, annually, for ten years, for the University library, and also \$4,000 raised by the Alumni for a splendid tablet, bearing the names of the fallen heroes of the college. Thus the University starts forward to-day with an endowment of \$170,000. When shall it be said of our own Acadia College that "its future can no longer be problematical?"

## EATING MEN'S HONOR AND NAMES.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

If I were to take you to my house, and say that I had an exquisitely fat man, and wished you to join me in eating him, your indignation could be restrained by nothing. You would pronounce me to be crazy. There is not in New York a man who should propose to have a banquet on a fellow-man—cutting steaks out of him, and eating them. And that is nothing but feasting on the human body; while they will set down, and take a man's soul, and look for the tenderloins, and invite their neighbours in to partake of these tit-bits. They will take a man's honor and name, and broil them over the coals of their indignation, and fill the whole room with the aroma thereof, and give their neighbour a piece, and watch and wink as he tastes it. You all eat men up, and you are cannibals, every one of you—and worse. You will be glad to get off at God's judgment-seat with the plea, "I only ate the outside." You ate the souls, the finest elements of men. You are more than glad if you can whisper a word that is derogatory to a neighbor, or his wife, or his daughter. You have a secret, but you do not make yourself responsible for it. And yet by an oblique sentence, you leave an unfavorable impression on the mind of the person addressed, in respect to the subject of criticism. "Ah," he says, "I had not been informed," and he goes to the next neighbor, and says, "Mr. So-and-so says this and that about So-and-so." And that neighbor says, "Indeed!" and runs to his partner, and they both run to their wives; and the thing goes all over town. Everybody becomes an unpaid devil's mail-carrier, and goes here and there bearing infernal messages. And what is the result! It is damnation to some poor creature that is unconscious, or that is innocent, or that if guilty ought to be pined and scorched rather than condemned. But, ah! the morsel is too exquisite to be lost. Here is the soul of a person—here is a person's hope for this world and the world that is to come; and you have it on your fork, and you cannot refrain from tasting it, and giving it to some one else to taste. You are cannibals, eating men's honors and names, and rejoicing in it—and that, too, when you do not always know that the things charged against them are true—when, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the probabilities are that they are not true.

## Foreign Correspondence.

Steamship *City of Baltimore*,  
Atlantic Ocean, July 30th 1869.

DEAR BROTHER—We left Halifax at 10 o'clock with an unusually large number of passengers, principally from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Every cabin stateroom is occupied to its utmost capacity; while several persons to secure accommodation, were obliged to pay an extra sum to the officers of the steamer for berths in their rooms. The sky had been overcast with dense fog early in the day; but at the time of our leaving, it was bright and clear. In a short time we were out on the ocean, out of sight of land, and going on our way at a fine speed. Sunday morning opened a beautiful day, and continued so till the close. At 10½ o'clock, divine service was held in the saloon. The Church of England service was read very distinctly by the Captain; and, at the close of this, he called upon a Presbyterian Clergyman from New Jersey, to address the passengers. He took a text on the subject of Hope. A man, he said, who had no hope—who is in despair, is idiotic or insane. We all look forward in hope for a safe landing at our destination across the trackless waste of water, having confidence in the Captain who understands the way. So we may possess a spiritual hope in God, through Christ, for a safe passage over the journey of life, relying on the Captain of our salvation. He illustrated hope by the example of Alexander the Great, who, when he first set out from home, divided his possessions among his friends, leaving nothing for himself. On being asked why he reserved nothing for himself, he made the reply, that he would conquer possessions for himself. With that indomitable will that he possessed and the firm trust in his own might, he set out and conquered the world. So Christian men, relying on God, who is Almighty, may go forth and fight the battles of life, and be made Kings and Priests, whose dignity shall far exceed that of the greatest conqueror the world ever saw. His sermon, which was short, closed by asking the serious question—"Do we all possess that hope to which the Apostle refers?" And, if in the inscrutable providence of God, he should not permit us to reach our destination, but should so order the winds and the waves, as that we should be engulfed in the depths of these waters, and such an event is within the range of possibility, are we prepared for such an event. The Christian's hope in God, founded in the consciousness of a true change of heart—the work of the Holy Spirit prepares for the reception of any providence that God's wisdom may dispense.

It is very calm, and there is no sea-sickness at all to-day. The passengers are all in good spirits, as the prospect looks so favorable for a smooth passage. At 12 o'clock, we had gone 244 miles.

Monday Morning.—It is still bright and clear—very little wind and no sea. Everyone up to breakfast, and all looking happy and cheerful. At an early hour this morning, there was a birth on board, in one of the steerage rooms. The young fellow, as well as his mother, are doing well, so the doctor who sits beside me at the table informs me. Speaking of the doctor, we have two on board, but the other one

is just starting out in his profession. Doctor Hardy is about seventy years of age, but appears to be no more than sixty. He has been eleven years in the employ of the Inman Line of Steamers, and when he gets to Liverpool, will have crossed the Atlantic one hundred and eighty-two times. He has become pretty well acquainted with this kind of life, and it is to be hoped will be pensioned off soon. From this old gentleman I learn that the steamer *City of Baltimore*, was built in 1855. In 1860, she was built over and made nearly new. She is now among the best in the Line. One thing is particularly noticeable about her, which is her steadiness in the water. There is not near so much rolling, and far less vibration felt from the motion of the screw, than most of other steamers. Meals are taken on board the steamer as follows:—Breakfast at 9 o'clock; Lunch at 12 o'clock; Dinner at 4 o'clock; Tea at 7 o'clock; Supper from 9 till 10 o'clock. A large number of the passengers take four meals; only a small number, and they gentlemen principally, take supper.

Tuesday.—We have rather a stiffer breeze; and now the sails are up, which helps our speed considerably. At noon to-day, we had made in all, 868 miles from Halifax. We are still having beautiful weather, and God grant that it may continue all the way. Arrangements were made during the day to have some singing in the evening. At the appointed hour, a gentleman from New Brunswick opened the entertainment by singing a song; and, for an hour afterwards followed, willing away the time much to the amusement of the passengers. The only drawback was the shyness of the ladies who could sing, but did not favor the company with their assistance. Mr. Vivian, whose name deserves especial mention, closed by reciting very effectively, "The Poor Collier Boy," a copy of which I enclose. [Your inclosure must have leaked out on the passage.—Ed. Vis.]

Wednesday.—The soft clear air this morning is delightful. Thanks to a kind providence, we have had another good night's rest, and now the inhabitants of this little world are all astir. This is indeed, a world in miniature. Here is society in all its grades, from the nobleman (a son of the Duke of Argyle), down to the almost wretched poor—what a subject for study. The why and the wherefore, who can explain them? None but God himself, who has set to us each the bounds of our habitation. How wonderful are all his works. He can work and none can hinder. May we learn to obey his laws, be submissive to his will, and believe from the depths of our hearts, that all his arrangements are right; and though we cannot understand them now, yet in the light of heaven, we shall see them as clear as the light itself. We have about two hundred and eighty souls on board. Of these, 102 are the crew of the steamer, composed of officers, waiters, sailors, stokers, &c. About eighty cabin passengers, and about one hundred steerage passengers. The cabin passengers are composed of a variety of nationalities. There is one Hungarian, one Australian, one Mexican, there are two Spaniards, six Frenchmen, besides Canadians, New Brunswickers, Nova Scotians, Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen. We are at present all under one government, and live together very peacefully. The most important law we have, is that which calls us to our meals, and this law is obeyed to the letter.

Thursday.—On rising this morning, we found a dense fog surrounding us, and the shrill sound of the fog whistle, which is so familiar to us in St. John. Our speed is still kept up however about as usual, from 12 to 13 knots. At noon, to-day, we were 1387 miles from Halifax. Our voyage so far, has been a very even one; and if the weather continues about the same to the end, it will be one of the most comfortable ever experienced. We have been out five days now, and the racks have not yet been used on the tables in the saloon. Our doctor says, that only once in his experience, has he crossed the Atlantic without the racks requiring to be used at some time or other on the voyage. During the day the fog cleared up, and the sun shone out again.

Friday.—This morning we are still going on our way at about the usual rate of speed; and though the sky is somewhat overcast, it is fine and pleasant on deck. The passengers begin now to talk about not only the day, but the hour, when we shall arrive at Liverpool. Among the passengers is a very agreeable, elderly gentleman from New York—Rev. Dr. Theodore McLeod. He is the pastor of a Presbyterian church, and is visiting Europe for recreation. This is his third visit across the Atlantic since he left Scotland, which is his native country. His Christian and gentlemanly bearing, gain for him the highest regard of all those who have shared the pleasure of conversation with him. If it is an advantage intellectually to men in secular pursuits to travel, how much greater in this age for ministers occasionally to see for themselves what is going on in the world. A great deal, it is true, may be learned from books, but there is knowledge that can only be acquired by actual contact with the outer world. This evening we have had another of those pleasant entertainments, similar to that of Wednesday evening. A number of songs and choruses were sung, a few speeches made, and we wound up with the whole party rising and singing with great spirit, "God save the Queen." A kind providence has certainly watched over us with singular care, and we are indeed recipients of his most tender mercy—six days of our voyage are safely over, and how very comfortable. To God's name be all the praise.

Saturday.—This is the most pleasant day experienced yet. The sun is out in all his glory, reflecting his bright rays on the rippling surface of the waters, making them glisten and sparkle in wondrous beauty. The sky, now cloudless, reveals a European aspect, and reminds us of the land we are approaching. There is nothing worthy of note transpiring on board to-day. The usual routine of eating, walking and talking, goes on as usual.

Sunday, Aug. 8.—At seven o'clock this morning, we saw the first sight of land—three little rocky islands on the Irish coast, varying in size, called the Bull, Cow, and Calf. Passing on farther, we came closer to the coast which is here bold and rocky, having a barren, desolate appearance; occasionally we get a glimpse of the green fields nestling away beyond the ragged headlands. At 10 o'clock, we are abreast of Tintern Lighthouse, built on a pyramid-shaped rock, situated out in the sea about six miles from the mainland. This is sixty miles from Queenstown, and about three hundred from Liverpool. We expect to arrive in the latter place about noon to-morrow.

Tuesday, Aug. 10.—We arrived at Queenstown a little too late for my letters to go by the *Scotia* to New York. I shall be busy now, but hope to find time to write you a few lines by the mail that closes the last of this week.

VIATOR.

GLASGOW, Aug. 14th, 1869.

I have been so busy since my arrival on this side, that I have not been able to write anything till now. But now I will give you what I can think of, commencing where we left off. As we pass up the entrance to Queenstown, a small steamer is seen coming out to take the London mails and those of the passengers who go out here. This is the nearest Irish port for America, and many vessels call here for orders. The name Queenstown was given to the place a few years ago, in honor of her Majesty landing there. Cork is situated a few miles up the river. We only remain here about half an hour, and passing round the eastern tip of the harbor, we run close by Ballycotton Light House. We continue on in an easterly direction, dipping a little southward, the

land plainly visible all along. The coast line is for the most part rugged, with dark rocks rising high in many places, but beyond, the fields gently slope toward the sea, and evidences that farming is here well attended to. Seventy miles from Queenstown we come to Tuskar Light, off the coast of Wexford. From this point we incline more southward, and steer in a direct line for Holyhead, on the coast of Wales. Beyond this for some distance we have a fine view of the Welsh country, with its mountains and valleys, and here and there its gently sloping hill sides. If the hills of Scotland are "meek nurse for a poetic child," then to the Welsh country the same may apply. But time passes on, and on our steamer speeds on her course, and now we are coming into the muddy waters of the Mersey. To our right is New Brighton, where a considerable military force was formerly stationed. To our left the low flat lands, and further on, commences that system of docks which has made Liverpool so famous. And now we are in view of Liverpool, on the north side of the river Mersey, with its "forest of masts." In the river, what a scene of activity! Here are vessels of all dimensions, moving about in every direction. It is a wonderful sight! Vessels are coming out of dock loaded. Tugboats are ploughing through the water to fasten on and tow them out, and there is one general bustle. Soon a tug is fastened to our steamer, and we pass into dock, where we step out on the shores of Old England. It is a relief, indeed, after being a week or more on the water to set foot on land again. Liverpool is a town of over 500,000 inhabitants. It is not reckoned a city, because there is no Bishop residing there. It is, however, the largest seaport town in the world. It is famous particularly for its docks, built of granite, at an expense of nearly £20,000,000. There are nine in number, and their names are—the "Canada," "Huskisson," "Sandon," "Bramley Moor," "Nelson," "Salt-house," "Queen's," "King's," and "Brunswick." The "Sandon" dock is used for vessels repairing, where they are floated in and left dry, until required to be moved out again. The other docks are simply immense canal locks with swing gates, into which vessels are taken at high water, and the gates closed, so as to retain the water within and keep them afloat, and at the proper height for convenient receiving and discharging. On the opposite of Liverpool are the shipbuilding works of Mr. Laird, M. P.

There are few public buildings worthy of note. However, St. George's Hall, standing at the apex hill, on which the town rises from the Mersey, is one of the noblest buildings in Great Britain. After this, the new Exchange, the Assize Courts, the Town Hall and Custom Houses are the most notable. There are several monuments, among which are the statue recently erected of the Prince Consort, in front of St. George's Hall; that of Nelson by the Exchange; that of George III. at London Road, &c.

They have had splendid weather here this summer, until within a few weeks, it has been showery, and on the whole rather unfavorable for the crops. Now is the time for cutting the grain in England. In Scotland they have not commenced to cut much yet. In consequence of the unfavorable weather, the price of flour tends upward, and this, no doubt, operates on the market on the South West. But still there is much of the wheat to be cut yet, and it may be got in yet in fair order.

Parliament, as you know, has prorogued, and the members, after their arduous duties, have gone home to the bosom of their families, some of them with laurels resting upon them, of which they and the nation may well feel proud. Disestablishment of the Irish Church is a fact, but this is only the "beginning of the end." The "Land question" at least will enter largely into next year's legislation, and Lord Stanley, a very extensive landholder, has been speaking at a public dinner lately, strongly in favor of the present system of farming and land tenure, which now prevails in England. The system of landlord, tenant, and laborer was, he thought, economically the best and most productive. The requirements, he says, of modern farming, made it impracticable for men to own the land they cultivated—to substitute proprietorships for tenancies. There was a school of thinkers, amiable and kind hearted men, who desired that, but in his opinion it would not be going forward but backward. The necessity of possessing capital and machinery appeared to him insuperable objections to farmers becoming proprietors. What would the farmers in America think, I wonder, of eventually ceasing to be freeholders?

There is considerable talk just now about the departure of his Royal Highness Prince Arthur, for Canada. He will arrive in Liverpool from Osborn at about five o'clock Friday evening, and will at once proceed to the Castle of Lord Curzon, not far from Liverpool. Among the guests invited to meet him are Mr. Laird, M. P., Wm. Inman, etc.

The mail is just closing.

VIATOR.

[This letter of our correspondent came by the steamer *City of Paris*, that brought the Prince to Halifax.—Ed.]

## Personal.

Rev. W. V. Garner and family, left for Boston by the International Steamer on Wednesday morning, this week, after a most pleasant visit among his friends in this city. During his brief stay, Mr. G. has preached five times here and in Portland. It is pleasant, also, to see the familiar and genial face of our valued brother, N. P. Kemp, Esq., of Boston, who is spending a few days in the city. He will leave for home in the Friday boat. On their way to and from the Convention in Halifax, we have had with us the Rev. Dr. Warren, and the Rev. Dr. Hovey, names highly honored among the Baptists in the Maritime Province as well as in the States.

The following sums have been received towards paying the debts due on the Seminary at Frederickton, viz:—

## —COUNTY OF YORK.

PRINCE WILLIAM.	
Rev. T. W. Saunders, .....	\$5.00
Mrs. T. W. Saunders, .....	3.00
Mr. Moses Saunders, .....	1.00
Mr. John Jones, .....	1.00
Mr. Benjamin Jones, .....	1.00
KEESWICK.	
Deacon Towser, .....	1.00
Mr. Enoch Jewett, .....	1.00
NASHWAAK.	
Mr. Thomas Coy, .....	8.00
	<b>\$26.00</b>

Z. G. GABLE.

To all whom it may concern, and to our Ministers throughout the Province interested in the payment of the debts due on the Seminary:

DEAR BRETHREN—As the time is limited for the payment of these debts, all the subscriptions must be paid in, not later than the first day of October, and sooner, if possible, for unless we do this (collect the entire sum), the whole thing will be a failure, and our Institution gone. But if all do their duty, the debts will be paid, and the Seminary placed in a position highly creditable to our denomination.

Z. G. GABLE.

To any of our readers visiting Digby, and wishing the accommodations of a comfortable, cheerful, and cheap Hotel, we most sincerely and cordially commend to their notice the *American House*, kept by Mr. Short. Mr. S., with his attentive and obliging wife, spare no pains in trying to make their house, not merely a Hotel, but a *Home* to those who patronize them.

Miss Dr. Kellogg's lectures at the Institute, have been highly eulogized by the City papers, and have given immense satisfaction to the ladies in attendance. She repeats the course in Carleton, in the Vestry of the Baptist Church. Her first lecture in Carleton, will be given on Wednesday, at 5 o'clock, P. M.; and the regular course will open on Thursday, in the Vestry, at the same hour. We hope the ladies of Carleton will avail themselves of this providential opening, to obtain information at a very cheap rate, which will be of life-long advantage to them, and to those under their care.