

SERVICES

AT THE

LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE

OF THE

MEMORIAL HALL

OF COLBY UNIVERSITY,

AUGUST 14TH, 1867;

AND AT THE

DEDICATION OF THE SAME,

AUGUST 10TH, 1869.



WATERVILLE :

PUBLISHED BY VOTE OF THE TRUSTEES.

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MEMORIAL HALL.



LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE.

I.

LAYING THE CORNER STONE,

AUGUST 14TH, 1867.

PRAYER having been offered by the Rev. Adam Wilson, D. D., the corner stone was laid by ex-Governor Coburn, with the statement that the building was to be devoted to the service of learning and religion, and the perpetuation of the memory of our brothers who fell in the late civil war. He then announced the contents of the box, placed underneath the corner stone in the southwest angle of the tower, as follows:

A copy of the New Testament; Confession of Faith and Covenant of the Baptist Church; Catalogue of Colby University; Catalogue of the Library; Catalogue of the Alumni; Photographs of Mr. Colby and the College Faculty; List of Subscribers to the Memorial Hall; Programmes of Class Exercises during the year; Copy of the Address to the Friends of Waterville College, issued Oct. 17, 1863; Copies of Zion's Advocate, Waterville Mail, and Portland Press, containing notices of Commencement Exercises; Copy of the Columbian Centinel, dated Dec. 29th, 1802; a Five Dollar Bill of the Continental Currency, 1776; Specimens of Fractional Currency; Various United States Coins.

The following Addresses were then delivered.

STATEMENT OF PRESIDENT CHAMPLIN.

Friends and Patrons:

It devolves on me to give some account of the origin of this enterprise and of its progress to the present time. We have long felt the need of an additional building, and this on several accounts.

The first and most urgent necessity for additional accommodations springs from the unfavorable situation of our principal recitation rooms. These are in the basement under the Chapel, with their floor from two to three feet below the surface of the earth. This, of course, renders them damp, unpleasant and unhealthy. Indeed, for many years, before they were drained, the water stood in them to the depth of several inches during the heavy rains of spring. You may well conceive that such a fact would naturally suggest the necessity of having the location of rooms so much used improved. After having endured this evil more than thirty years, you will not wonder that both teachers and students should demand better accommodations in this respect.

But, to improve these rooms involves the loss of the present chapel above them. To raise them up out of the ground sufficiently would so encroach upon the room above them as to unfit it for its present use. Indeed, the whole space of the present chapel building above the ground is needed for recitation and other public rooms. The old chapel, then, being given up to other necessary purposes, there is need of a new one, which is provided for in the present building. The lower story of the westerly wing is to be a chapel-room, forty feet by fifty-eight—a room imperatively demanded by the wants of the college.

Another reason for a new building is found in the present unsafe and inadequate accommodation for our library. Our present library-room is in the second story of the old chapel building—a building, as has just been stated, in which are nearly all our recitation rooms, and hence, through a greater part of the year, a large number of fires. A library, of course, should not be exposed to so many contingencies from fire.

And, besides, comparatively small as is our library, the room is full to overflowing, and new accommodations must be sought somewhere. Such accommodation will be afforded in the easterly wing of the present building, which, though not entirely fire-proof, will approach it, being roofed with slate and tin, and separated from the remainder of the building by a brick partition, with an iron door at the entrance. When completed, as may be divined from even its present aspect, it will be a structure of admirable proportions and surpassing beauty—a perfect gem of a library, eloquently pleading—and not in vain, I trust—by its spacious alcoves and attractive outlines, for contributions to supply the appropriate furnishings for the interior.

Still another reason for a new building has grown out of the recent bloody conflict in the land. Of the graduates and students of the college, some twenty or more lost their lives in this great conflict, and these mostly young men who enlisted directly from the institution. Such a noble band of martyrs seemed to require some suitable memorial. And what more appropriate than that a noble structure, like this, should be erected as their memorial? to be known forever as the “Memorial Hall,” with a spacious apartment, of the same size as the chapel-room, set apart for special memorials to those who have fallen, and where the graduates of the college, as they come up to these annual festivals, may assemble, in the presence of these memorials, and while they find ample and pleasant accommodations for these their periodical gatherings, may receive from such impressive surroundings fresh views of the sacredness of duty and the seriousness of life?

Such being the origin of the building as a conception, the next thing was to provide the means for its erection. Accordingly, at the last Commencement the Trustees were asked to provide such means. Entering heartily into the movement, they made such provision as their means allowed. As they were not at liberty to encroach upon the funds of the college, which are held in trust as permanent, they appropriated to this object ten thousand dollars to be raised from the sale of timber on lands owned by the college, and authorized the raising of twenty thousand dollars by subscription, the probable cost of the building being placed at thirty thousand. This subscription

has been prosecuted with very encouraging success during the year, but is still incomplete.

I have only to add that the stone for the walls of the building is taken from a ledge in the immediate neighborhood, which has been worked for years, and been thought to be worthy of no higher use than the making of cellars—illustrating, as I am confident all will decide, the familiar observation, that in most cases we should have no occasion to go abroad if we only knew what we had at home. The trimming stones are to be Hallowell granite.

The architect for the building is Alexander R. Esty, of Boston, who has made the construction of buildings of rubble stone a specialty, and deservedly stands high in his profession. We have been equally fortunate in obtaining for the stone work an experienced contractor in this line, Mr. Thomas A. Grahen, of Cambridge, Mass.; while our own fellow citizen, Mr. J. P. Blunt, with his well known skill and ability, superintends the carpenter work.

ADDRESS OF REV. RUFUS BABCOCK, D. D.,
OF NEW YORK,
SECOND PRESIDENT OF WATERVILLE COLLEGE.

Friends of Good Learning, Patriots, Christians:

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

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

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

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

Before this territory of Maine, which in extent equals all the rest of New England, had become a separate State, Massachusetts had founded Bowdoin College, to which then and subsequently so generous benefactions of the common property of all the people had been made by her Legislature. When it became painfully manifest that a denomination of Christ's disciples, then as now numbering many more churches in this district than any other, could be allowed no equality in the management of that Institution, it seemed devolved on them as a sacred duty to found another seminary which should adequately promote their interests, giving to their sons as good advantages as to any others, and providing for the training of pastors needed by the hundreds of their churches, as well as enabling them also to furnish their fair proportion of educated men for all the important departments of professional, social and

municipal life. The far-seeing wisdom which was then engaged in forecasting the wants of the community, and the best method of supplying them, cannot but command our earnest approval.

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

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

By individual offerings chiefly—few and meagre as they for a long time proved—the College was enabled to procure this site. So wisely was this chosen, that were it to-day to be done over again, the wisdom and experience of half a century could not possibly improve it. Private benefactions also reared the several edifices which have been successively required. Four of these, including the President's house and Steward's hall, were erected during the presidency of Dr. Chaplin, extending to near fourteen years. How patiently, and with what hopeful persistence, that good man toiled on in his self-denying course of unobtrusive usefulness for all this period, few among this generation can adequately understand or appreciate.

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

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

All this, by a forced regard to economy of funds so stringent as almost to have over-reached itself, was brought within the cost of \$8,000; and this sum had been provided, chiefly if not entirely, by *scholarships*, pledged, if not fully paid, by a half score or more of individuals and churches, in different parts of the State.

Of the varying fortunes of the College, during the last thirty years of its history—having had the misfortune, shall I say? to have experienced no less than four changes of its presidency—until the accession of the present incumbent, who so worthily fills this post, discharging with such efficiency and satisfaction its responsible and difficult duties—there is less occasion to speak in this presence, where all around us his *works*, better than any poor *words* of mine, cannot fail to praise him. At his invitation, many of the former pupils, some from the commercial metropolis of the nation, some from the halls of Congress, and from all the honorable and various avocations of life in which they are engaged, have either come to-day to aid in

honoring their Alma Mater, or have cheerfully contributed the means indispensable for rearing this noble edifice, for furnishing it, or some other of the departments necessary for its enlarged success.

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

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

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

library, and filling the different cabinets and museums with all which is requisite for the increase and diffusion of learning among men.

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

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

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

ADDRESS OF GEN. H. M. PLAISTED.

*Mr. President, Brethren of the Alumni,
and Fellow Citizens:*

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

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

In the brief time allotted to this discourse it will not be expected that I should attempt any sketch of the lives and military services of our fallen brothers, or of the part our Institution bore in the war. It sufficeth to know that the War Record of our Alma Mater stands as bright as that of any sister Institution in the land, and that, of her sons fallen in the war, her starred Roll contains such names as HEATH and LEAVITT, PARKER and BUTLER, WILSON and WEST, the STEVENS BROTHERS, and the KEENES—noble and gallant young men, to whom we all on this day yield the homage of our hearts. Of the thousands of noble youths who laid their lives upon their country's altar in the late struggle, our cause cannot boast of nobler mar-

tyrs. How much of personal worth and of high promise was here devoted to the cause of mankind! The brilliant and accomplished BOOTHBY, of such expectation, those who knew him, needed not to see him contend, to confess him victor—he, too, is dead!

“Dead, ere his prime, and hath not left his peer.”

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

If we would know the just measure of the merit of our fallen brothers, and of our obligations to them, we must not confine them to the narrow Roll of our College dead. For dear as they are to us, we cannot appropriate them. No Institution, no locality can appropriate them. They died for the whole country, and henceforth and forever they belong to the whole country. They are but a part of that great sacrifice of three hundred thousand of our nation's dead offered up for the nation's life. By classing them thus we only do them the more honor. In no other way, indeed, are we able to appreciate so well the nature of their sacrifice, and what they have done for us. If it had been possible for one man to atone for the sins of the nation, and, with his life alone pay the price that was paid by so many thousands, what a really grand figure he would have made through all the ages! And yet, what though three hundred thousand died to save the nation? Each, for himself, gave his all for us, even life itself, and is as much entitled, therefore, to our homage—is as truly our *savior*, as if he “had trod the wine-press *alone*.” “*Greater* love hath no man than this, that he give his life for others.” Such, then, is the nature of the sacrifice our fallen brothers have made, that the merit of each alone is commensurate with the merit of the whole great brotherhood of our nation's dead, and our obligation to each can only be measured by what has been done for us by that great and all-sufficient sacrifice.

What shall we say, then, of our dead in the war—of what they have done for us? First of all, *they gave us the victory!* Too apt are we to give the credit for victory to living heroes,

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

What is true of soldiers in the field, is true, also, generally. No great inspiration seems possible to a people—an inspiration making them equal to great things, "*without the shedding of blood.*" By the sacrifice of Leonidas and his three hundred at Thermopylæ, Greece was pledged to act, as she did act, worthily of that sublime example. Every Greek then believed himself a *Spartan*, and equal to Thermopylæ; and Xerxes, having the same opinion, took no thought, after that, except as to his line of communications, and how he might get safely out

* Capt. Luther Lawrence, of Gray, who fell in the Battle of Deep Run, Va., August 16th, 1864.

of such a country. The whole question of the safety of Greece, therefore, at that time, was settled at Thermopylæ; and thus it happened that three hundred good men, by dying, proved victors over an army of three millions!—yea, more, even victors over the ages, for “their name liveth evermore.”

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

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

I do not forget that our Memorial is designed to commemorate the services of the living as well as the virtues of the dead. But is it not honor enough for the living that they have shared the companionship in arms of their fallen comrades?

It is not in me to underrate the merit of the living—those who have stood in the front of battle and not been deemed worthy of the martyr's crown. For have they not been accounted "sheep for the slaughter and killed all the day long," for country's sake. True, they live, but live after their time, "by reason of length of days" bounteously granted them, beyond the ordinary term of life. But *they* have come back to us—the living heroes, crowned with success, to claim and receive the rewards of victory, while our poor dead heroes shall never more return, nor shall their eyes ever behold the glory of the Republic they died to save. To our dead, then, on this day, be the fullness of honor given. Ours is no "divided duty."

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

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

war and were settled by it. Their settlement was worthy of the gigantic struggle which they produced. They arose from the moment the Constitution was adopted, and of necessity. That instrument, in the purity of its principles, was so in advance of the sentiment and practice of the times, that to adopt it, as the fundamental law, was to ordain, not peace, but a *sword*. The conflict thus early inaugurated, naturally enough, grew with our growth, strengthened with our strength, and became "*irrepressible*." It could not have been settled by the ballot box. There was no possible tribunal or mode of trial by which it could have been settled, except by the "Wager of Battle." This difference of opinion was too deep, too fundamental, for compromise, and the strength of the charter had to be tested. It was tested, and thank God and our dear fallen braves! it stood the test; it was equal to the emergency; and, to-day, by the blessing of Heaven, it stands victorious, vindicated, the *immaculate* Constitution, as our Fathers *intended* it, and as we will transmit it.

Again, it is to be said of our victory that it was *final, irreversible*, as well as complete;—a quality in which our honored dead have, indeed, the greatest felicity. For no power on earth can ever rob them of having died for the good of mankind, by reversing the victory purchased by their lives. There have been wars as bloody, perhaps, as ours. Possibly, there have been victories as great. But great victories, reversed by great defeats, are soon forgotten, because they are barren of results. They leave no lasting impression upon human affairs. It is not the cost of our victory, in blood and treasure, that will mark its greatness or cause it to be remembered; for events are great only in their consequences.

The battle of Marathon is one of the greatest events in the history of the world, and yet I see here to-day those who have commanded more men in the field than were commanded by Miltiades, and who have lost more men, three times over, in a single battle, than fell of the Greeks at Marathon. But the victory of Marathon was never reversed, and by it Greece was saved. Her orators and poets, her philosophers and statesmen—her civilization—were saved to the world, to bless it for

more than twenty centuries. If events are great, therefore, because great things follow, how inconceivably grand will be the figure in history made by the irreversible victory of our arms! For it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive the future greatness and glory of this Republic, saved by that victory. As widely extended as are the boundaries of the Republic, they are not fixed, and there is no human power competent to say with authority, "Thus far and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." Those proud waves will prevail, and continue to prevail, until the future millions of this great continent shall have but "one country, one constitution, and one destiny."

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

to our nation's dead, for the VICTORY which has so advanced the Republic in the cause of GOOD GOVERNMENT, and of EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL MEN.

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

We have not come here, therefore, my brethren of the Alumni, to mourn our dead as lost or to lament them as unfortunate. We are here to glory, rather, in their sacrifice and to claim them as ours. We claim them, as among the noblest of our country's defenders and martyrs; we claim them for our Alma Mater as her brightest ornaments and her most precious jewels. We claim them, to honor them; not that they need anything at our hands; not that by anything we can do, we can add to or make more enduring the fame they have won for themselves, for that rests upon the sure foundations of the Republic, and shall be as perpetual as the Republic itself. But we owe it to *ourselves*, to honor them; that we may not be deemed unworthy of them or unworthy of the illustrious age in which we live. We owe it, also, to those who shall come after us — to those young men who shall come here in all the future, that their generous young hearts may be educated to covet, above all things earthly, the honors of those who deserve well of their country.

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

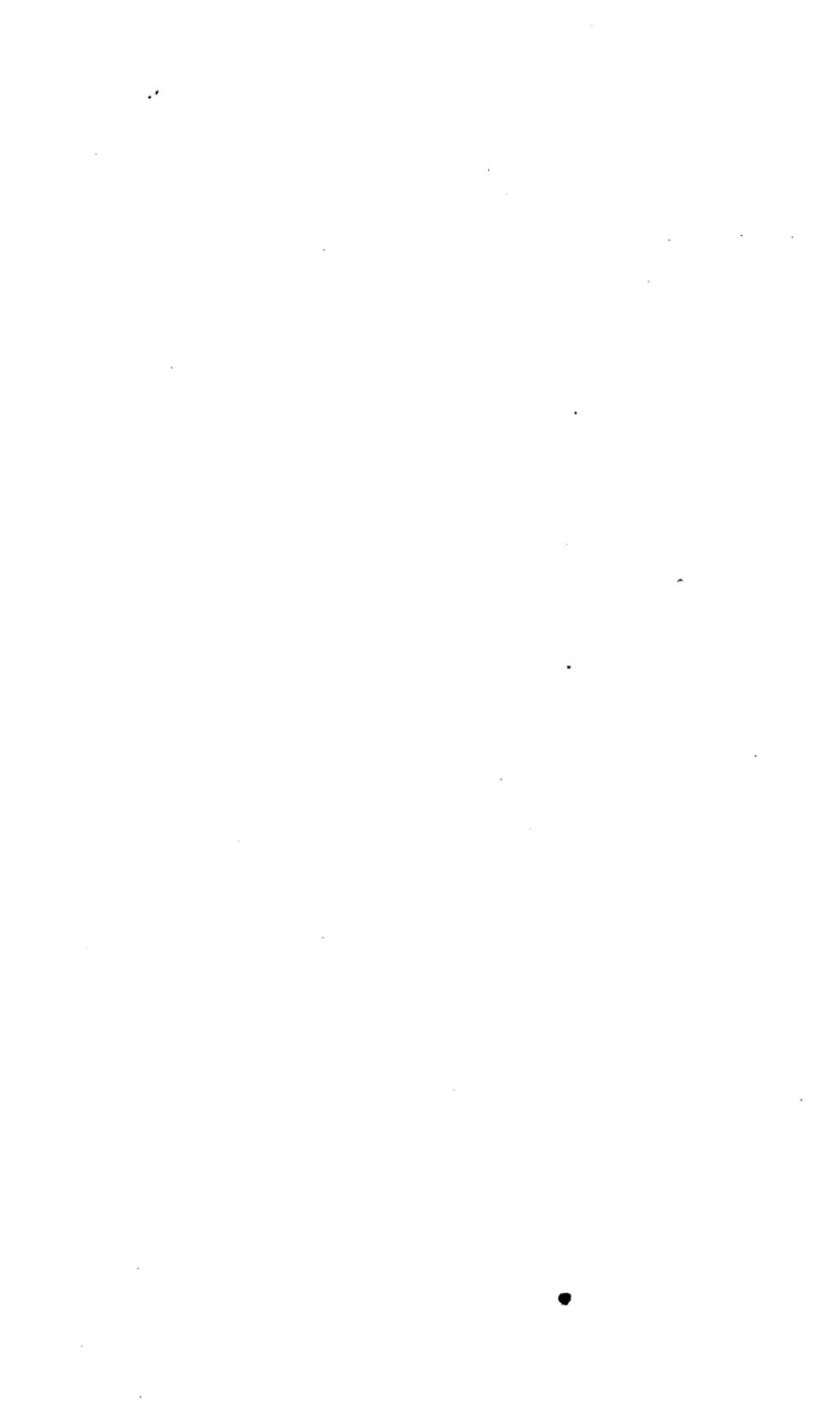
“—IMMORTAL NAMES,
That were not born to die.”



MEMORIAL HALL.



THE DEDICATION.



II.

DEDICATION OF THE MEMORIAL HALL,

AUGUST 10TH, 1869.



PRAYER by Rev. H. V. Dexter, of Kennebunkport.

STATEMENT OF EX-GOVERNOR COBURN,

CHAIRMAN OF THE BUILDING COMMITTEE, ON DELIVERING UP
THE KEYS TO THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

Mr. Chairman:

It devolves on me, as Chairman of the Building Committee, to signify the conclusion of our labors, by presenting to you, as the representative of the Board of Trustees, the keys of this building. In so doing it is unnecessary that I should make any extended remarks. In the construction of the building we have kept the wants of the Institution constantly in view, and have endeavored to carry out the ideas of the Trustees so far as they have been expressed. We hope that the building, while it shall meet these wants, will also prove satisfactory to the Board, and receive the approbation of the contributors and other friends of the University.

In thus delivering up our trust, we feel not a little pride in being able to say, that the edifice which we have erected is the first Memorial Hall which has been completed in the country.

And more than this, that with the subscriptions still to be paid, and certain additional sums which have to-day been contributed by a few generous friends, we have the means of paying for it without drawing at all upon our funds. The entire cost of the building will be about thirty-nine thousand dollars.

In addition, we have only to express our entire satisfaction with the architect, A. R. Esty, of Boston, for the excellence of his designs; with the mason, T. A. Grahen, of Cambridge, Mass., for the solidity of his work; with the carpenter, J. P. Blunt, of this town, and those who have labored under his supervision, for the pains they have taken in putting on the elegant finish which adorns the interior of the building.

Although acting as temporary Chairman on the present occasion, it is proper for me to say that whatever of credit is due to the Building Committee, properly belongs to President Champlin, as he has been the actual Chairman of the Committee, and attended to all the details of the business.

And now, Mr. Chairman, in passing these keys to your hand, I can but express the hope that the building may long continue to serve the College in the important interests of education, and stand as a lasting monument to the benevolence of the contributors, and a perpetual memorial of our brothers who laid down their lives in the defence of their country.



REMARKS OF SENATOR HAMLIN,

CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES, ON PASSING THE
KEYS TO PRESIDENT CHAMPLIN.

Mr. President:

In all ages of the world important events have been hallowed and consecrated by public testimonials. All nations, whether civilized, semi-civilized or savage, have bestowed honors upon their heroic dead and patriotic living. To perpetuate the memory and to preserve the form and features of the great and the good, the chisel of the sculptor and the pencil of the

artist have been invoked, and monuments of granite and marble have been erected all over the earth. It is eminently proper that such things should be. It was, therefore, most just and fitting that yonder Memorial Hall, chaste and beautiful in its design and finish, should be erected, primarily to commemorate the true and noble men who left Colby University, or who were of its Alumni, and went forth and gave their lives to suppress the late wicked rebellion, that we might have a home and a country in which to live,—that free government should not only be perpetuated, but advanced to a higher point. All and everlasting honor to our heroic dead!

It would be pleasant and not inappropriate to discuss the relation which our institutions of learning bore to the country at such a time, and the duties which they severally owed to it. But in relation to Colby University it is wholly unnecessary. That relation with and duty to the country have been nobly and practically demonstrated in the large number who rendered valuable and distinguished service to the country, in the day and hour of its peril, and by that large relative number who gave their lives. And while it is a matter of pride and congratulation, that all our Colleges and Universities performed their duties in a most patriotic manner, none, relatively, did more nobly than Colby University.

And now, Mr. President, it becomes my pleasant duty, in behalf of the Trustees of Colby University, to deliver to you, as the proper custodian thereof, the keys of Memorial Hall. While the edifice will be used for several purposes, as connected with the University, for the furtherance of the cause of Learning and the advancement of Science, there will be placed on enduring tablets upon its walls the names of your departed heroes, whether of its students or Alumni. There they will remain in all coming time as a record of a duty done and a lesson of duties that may still remain to be performed. The students and Alumni who may gather within the Hall will learn still better to love a common country, drink in the inspirations of their patriotism, and more firmly resolve to perpetuate free government, and to cherish their acts and their memory, by all that makes hallowed and sacred a soldier's grave.

I deliver, sir, to you, the keys of Memorial Hall.

RESPONSE OF PRESIDENT CHAMPLIN,

ON RECEIVING THE KEYS OF THE BUILDING FROM THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD.

Mr. Chairman :

The passing of these keys to my hand indicates not only a trust, which I accept, but the completion of an undertaking at which I greatly rejoice. While the keys of an edifice are the sign of authority to enter it, they at the same time show that the edifice has been built. And this is the fact of chief interest to me, and, I doubt not, to others, at the present time. I have too long been accustomed to the responsibilities of my office to experience any particular elation at the conferring of any new symbols of authority, but I do confess to a very particular elation at the completion of this noble building. Long accustomed to these beautiful grounds—beautiful, I mean, in their native features, though yet but slightly improved by the hand of man,—I have longed to see them crowned with buildings in keeping with the scene. And here, most unquestionably, we have such a building,—a building satisfying all the demands of taste, while it meets some of the most pressing wants of the institution, and will stand as a perpetual Memorial of the patriotic sacrifices of her sons in the day of our country's peril. Passing by the external aspects of the building, its lofty and graceful tower, its massive structure and pleasing outline, let us consider its separate apartments and their uses.

On approaching the building, we observe that it consists of a tower and two wings, the right wing of a single story, and the left of two. The tower, besides its ornamental effect, simply serves, with the vestibule beyond, the purpose of a passage through the building, and of access to the other apartments. On the right, we find the Library room, occupying the entire wing, fitted up with alcoves and shelves and galleries, in the most approved style. Here is to be treasured up the learning of the ages—History, burdened with the stores of the past and illuminating the future—Biography, inspiring by example, and showing men how to be great and good—Poetry, elevating by its sentiment, and captivating the soul by the sweet melody of

its rhythm — Philosophy, unfolding the grounds and causes of things, and revealing to man not only nature but himself—and Theology, teaching of life and of duty, of God and the world to come.

Such are to be the treasures garnered up in this room. Accumulating from year to year, and enriched with the progress of thought, in all the departments of literature, they will soon, I trust, freight these now blank and vacant alcoves with the most precious burden. And as we think of those capacious shelves, filled from the floor to the coving, as I have no doubt they are destined to be, by the beneficence of some of our large-hearted friends, and reflect, that they are to impart their inspiration to an untold succession of classes which shall resort to this seat of learning, who can fail to congratulate the Institution, that we are able this day to set apart such an apartment to such a purpose!

Crossing the tower hall from the Library, we reach the Chapel—a much needed apartment. Not that we did not have respectable accommodations for this purpose before. The old Chapel was good enough, but it encroached upon our recitation rooms, and must needs give way for their enlargement. Hence this new Chapel, which, respectable as the old one was, is far better. It is, indeed, an elegant room, chaste and cheerful in aspect, with simple but appropriate furnishings. Without asserting any very intimate connection between the æsthetic and moral sentiments, it is certain that the associations and surroundings of a place have much to do with our devotional feelings. May we not hope, then, that so attractive and appropriate a place of worship will contribute something towards securing a respectful attention to, and a devout participation in, the daily devotional exercises which are henceforth to be conducted in this place! God grant that this may be the case! And that these daily exercises, too apt to be considered as mere matters of form, may be a real and perpetual blessing to those who shall attend them!

There is but one other apartment which requires particular mention, and that, as every one will concede, is the real gem of the building. It is the room immediately over the Chapel—the Alumni Hall, where are to be erected the special memorials

to our fallen brothers. While the building as a whole is their monument, here their names are to be inscribed for perpetual remembrance. Aside, then, from the natural beauty and grandeur of the apartment, it will have special attractions on two accounts. It is the Alumni Hall, to be fitted up by them according to their own taste, to be the place of their meeting as they gather to these annual festivals. The graduates of the Institution, therefore, must feel a particular interest in it. And may it not be hoped that this new source of attraction will bind our graduates more closely to each other and to the Institution? The Alumni of a college are its bulwark and its strength, and anything which tends to increase their interest in it must be regarded as a new source of power.

But a peculiar intensity and sacredness are added to the attractiveness of that room by the fact that there are to be put up the memorials to our fallen heroes. It is not only an Alumni Hall, but a Memorial Hall. In that apartment, therefore, the chief interest in the building will centre. And while the graduate, since there are the memorials of his fallen brothers, cannot fail to regard the apartment with the deepest interest, even the stranger and casual visitor will not deem that he has adequately seen the building till he has looked into that room.

Such is the building which we this day dedicate. The style of architecture is Norman, which has been carried out in detail, both internally and externally. The ground plan of the building is irregular, being one hundred and seven feet in its extreme length from east to west, and of variable breadth from north to south, being sixty-two feet wide on the chapel end and fifty-four and one-half feet at the widest part of the Library.

The walls are constructed of a very solid slate stone found in the vicinity, laid in broken ashlar courses, with trimmings of dressed Hallowell granite. The entire interior wood finish, including the doors, the window-fittings, the rib-work overhead, the stairs, the slips and desk in the Chapel, and the alcoves and shelves in the Library, is of brown ash, obtained from the valley of the Sebasticook, but a few miles from this place. Thus you see our noble edifice is made of home materials. It all savors of the Kennebec, and will stand, I trust, for ages, as one of its fairest and proudest monuments.

I have only to add, that we are greatly indebted to the taste and skill of J. P. Blunt, Esq., of this place, and the men who have labored under him, in carrying out the excellent designs of the architect, A. R. Esty, Esq., of Boston, and putting on the elegant finish which adorns the interior of the building.

RESPONSE OF GEN. H. M. PLAISTED,

PRESIDENT OF THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION, ON RECEIVING FROM
PRESIDENT CHAMPLIN THE KEY OF THE ALUMNI HALL.

Mr. President:

In behalf of the associated Alumni, I have the honor to receive the keys of the Alumni Hall, where are to be put up the memorials to our fallen brothers, and to tender to the Trustees our grateful acknowledgment for their generosity in consecrating and dedicating, not this Hall only, but the noble structure itself, as their most fitting monument. We would also express to you, Mr. President, our warm appreciation of your efficient labors in bringing this work thus early to completion. We have indeed reason to rejoice on this occasion. "The temple is completed and the workmen discharged." Above all, *a duty is performed*; a duty which we owed to that full measure of patriotic devotion, to that exalted merit, which belongs to those only who give up life for the good of their fellow men. We know indeed that our honored dead need no monument at our hands to perpetuate their memory. When we shall have passed away and been forgotten,—when these stones even shall have crumbled into dust, their names shall still live; for the glorious Government itself, which they died to save, shall be their monument; and so long as its blessings shall be enjoyed by man, they shall not be forgotten, but held in sacred remembrance by a grateful posterity. But in this memorial we have sought, in connection with our University, to give an expression of our appreciation of their heroic self-sacrifice, that the hearts

of the young men who shall come here may be inspired by their example, with a love, *like theirs*, for our country's Constitution, — a love which in itself is a liberal education.

This Memorial, Mr. President, is the work of our hearts as well as our hands, and one in which we may be permitted, on this day, to indulge an honest pride, while we may hope also that it will be deemed by those who shall come after us as not altogether unworthy of their regard.



ADDRESS

BY

REV. G. W. BOSWORTH, D. D.,

OF HAVERHILL, MASS.

TEN years ago our Republic was trembling over a political volcano. The elements of power in the social system were in a state of fermentation. The opinions, prejudices and sentiments of the people were in sharp conflict. Sectional jealousies, angry debates, and defiant threats, fevered the public mind and hatched the eggs of sedition. The national atmosphere was surcharged with passion, and the portents of the hour filled the observing and the sagacious with awe, the nervous and timid with dismay. It only remained that some one of many possible combinations in the agitated elements should be brought about, that the inevitable tendencies of things should push themselves a little further to bring on the catastrophe.

Of that state of things the chief characteristics were, the apparent equality of the forces which were arrayed against each other, and the decision and pungency of their demonstrations. The great issues which had long engrossed the public mind had been cleared of the rubbish which political and pulpit casuists had heaped around them, and stood out sharply defined in their own outlines and true proportions. The dividing lines had cleaved asunder the most sacred and venerable associations, leaving them hostile to each other. Political parties had been reconstructed. Social affinities had found new points of revulsion, other bonds of cohesion. And the opposing sections were manifestly so well matched, and conducted their movements with such assurance of rectitude and ultimate victory, as to leave the outside world free to lend their sympa-

thy and support to either. Everything was full of power and antagonism. Everything betokened a conflict of the most radical and decisive character. All the legions of hell were out and in position. The host of God eyed them from the ramparts of glory, awaiting the summons.

The hour struck. Instantly the concussion became universal. All things slipped their fetters and took their own way. Hostile forces clutched each other and wrestled for the mastery. The whole land trembled. The sulphurous vapors of war immediately overspread the heavens and penetrated our homes and sanctuaries. The tumult and disorder became appalling, covering every face with amazement, and sending the devout to their Bibles and the altar of prayer. The catastrophe was not long delayed. The heaving, seething mass was opened and rifted in twain. The sundered sections were not shattered into fragments, but left almost seamless. Scarcely a man or a family, in the North or in the South, attempted to take neutral ground, or to act the part of indifference. Thus the opening of that awful seal gave a new demonstration that the elements of this Nation were of a firm and powerful character, and had been thoroughly wrought together: that the conflict which had, at length, fairly commenced, was irrepressible; and that every force and influence and idea at work, was destined to be uncovered and subjected to the severest test. The call to arms was instantly responded to, and the muster rolls soon grew to enormous lengths. In proportion as the ranks of heroes swelled, the home-hives of industry swarmed more thickly. The waste of war never seemed so great, was never repaired with such extraordinary facility. The vital values of the nation never increased so rapidly. Private fortunes had never become so vast. Public and private charities had never become so magnificent. The reserves of the land seemed inexhaustible, as though God and nature were busy in replenishing the hidden resources of national strength. As the conflict deepened, as the tide of blood and anguish swelled, the expedients, and exertions, and sacrifices, and offerings of the loyal masses became more and more steady and abundant. In fact, the Republic seemed one vast organism of life, engaged in a gigantic effort to throw off the enormous mass of death. The

spectacle was sublime and awful. The world gazed at it in wonder, and has become wiser.

History gives us no instance in which a nation has first infolded in its constitution and framework an element so hostile to its fundamental principle and chief characteristic as was American Slavery to American Freedom, and afterwards, when the alien element asserted its supremacy and attempted to exercise it, that nation has wrenched it out root and branch, and utterly destroyed it. And, what is more remarkable, the act of self-preservation was not preconceived nor preconcerted, but was made up of a succession of spontaneous life-throes, which originated in and were executed by the hearts and brains of a people who had been taught and trained to govern and take care of themselves. The fountain head of the national life proved to be in the tops of the mountains. The vital energies of the loyal masses were not to be baffled by any emergencies, however desperate, by any disasters, however extraordinary. They would have maintained that conflict with the forces of barbarism for half a century. There was for it but one natural termination. For the Almighty had lifted up himself to deliver the oppressed and vindicate their rights.

Slowly that hour passed away. The war cloud burst and scattered more rapidly than it had gathered. So decisive and complete was the final victory that not a voice was raised to dispute the result,— that there remained not a fear on this side, and not a hope on that, of reversing the decision. Moreover, the judgment so gloriously achieved by the sword of the free, has been as effectually and as wonderfully wrought into the constitution and framework of the Republic. And from the fiery ordeal it has emerged, regenerated and purified, and now bears aloft before the eyes of the world, her principles of equality and free government, vindicated and established. This last scene of the extraordinary drama was as unlooked for as the first, and, equally with that, developed and demonstrated the peculiar and irrepressible forces at work among the people.

The war is fast becoming *monumental*, which cannot be said of the previous wars of the Republic. Its stern realities were too effectually enshrined in the hearts and homes of the loyal, not to have it become so. Our ideas and sentiments

were too thoroughly excited and developed by the awful romance of the war, to be satisfied with anything less than a suitable commemoration of the names and deeds of our heroes. And into this *memorial work* the people have thrown themselves with characteristic ardor, and the monuments of the irrepressible conflict, already numerous and magnificent, are destined to symbolize and commemorate the principles for which it was carried through, and the sources of national strength which sustained it till its glorious consummation.

Among these memorials is the National Cemetery on Arlington Heights, consisting of two hundred acres transformed from the manor of treason into the silent resting-place of the Nation's Martyrs, and containing the relics of seventeen thousand loyal soldiers gathered from the bloody fields of Virginia. In its centre stands a granite mausoleum with an inscription which expresses the sentiments cherished by a grateful nation for those who sacrificed themselves to save it from a fearful curse. Another of these cemeteries has been consecrated beneath the solemn shadow of "Lookout Mountain," which serenely preserves the dust of intrepid warriors who were immolated on that stern altar of freedom. Still another is found in Gettysburg, in which eighteen States are joint proprietors. It marks the shore-line where the proud waves of rebellion were effectually stayed, and to which they resurged no more. Its magnificent monument fitly commemorates the most deadly and decisive battle of the entire war, and the invincible fortitude and prowess of that glorious army which there gathered into its own bosom the instruments of death which traitors hurled at the heart of their country. On many a lonely mound or family tomb may be seen the simple or elaborate tablet, of marble or bronze, bearing the name and war-record of the household's favorite. In the cemetery or public square of many a city or town, has been reared a costly monumental pile, surmounted by the statue of a soldier, and bearing on its face the immortal roll which generations shall continue to call with reverence and gratitude while the Republic lasts.

These beautiful grounds and works of art are not necessary for the heroic dead, but for us, to give expression and form to our emotions and sentiments concerning our brothers and sons,

by whose blood the Nation has been ransomed, and to keep before the people evermore the great principles and characteristics of that tremendous conflict in which they fell. Henceforth these monuments are our national altars. Let us revisit them annually, and cover them with votive offerings, redolent with the incense of undying gratitude. In their presence let us chant the solemn requiem, and rehearse the deeds and sufferings of the heroic sleepers, till the fountains of love are unsealed and the fires of patriotism are again set ablaze. To these shrines let us lead our children and recount to them the awful realities of the war, and the glorious fruits of ultimate victory, and adjure them to defend and preserve what was bought with such a price.

The friends of this University return again to these murmuring waters and classic shades, here to consecrate another altar to Liberty, Learning, and the Republic. Here were prepared some of the sacrifices which were offered on the high places of the field. The Alumni of this Institution were among the foremost of those who sprang to arms when sedition struck at the Nation's life. One of its graduates,* a stern and gallant spirit, commanded that indomitable regiment which opened a safe and free passage for Northern troops through treacherous Maryland to the beleaguered Capital. Another, a pure and magnanimous soul, was the first Minister of the Gospel † in Maine to offer himself to the Governor for military service, and to receive a Chaplain's commission, which was twice renewed, and truly honored, till death struck him down while moving with his regiment. Still others, no less loyal or brave, were found in almost every division and rank of our great army. Some of them returned to recount the tragedies of those fields which formed the gory gateways to victory. Others went down beneath the turgid waves of battle, leaving to their Alma Mater their names and the sword of their heroism, as a priceless legacy. To this roll of honor she may point with subdued exultation and say: These are my jewels, the pledges of my worth and devotion to the Commonwealth, and some compensation for the munificence which I have received. With these I vindi-

* Gen. B. F. Butler.

† Rev. George Knox.

cate the wisdom of my foundation, the economy of my endowment, and the fidelity with which my mission has been pursued.

To enshrine the names and memories of her heroic sons who fell in the war of the Great Rebellion, this Memorial Hall has been erected, the first monument of the kind,—and in design and structure fit to be the first,—to be consecrated to such a purpose, a purpose in its nature two-fold. Henceforth this chaste and beautiful edifice shall commemorate the men who faithfully represented the College in the war, and also symbolize the influences and power which she contributed to the Nation in the great struggle for a new life. While we gaze upon it in silent admiration, and trace its adaptation to the object for which it was reared, it seems to stand out in an atmosphere wonderfully luminous, and on its imposing and graceful tower we seem to behold in letters of sapphire this inscription —

OUR INSTITUTIONS OF LEARNING ARE NATIONAL BULWARKS.

Let us meditate awhile on this inscription before we proceed to consecrate this structure to its appointed purpose.

I. *These institutions develop and nourish true manhood.*

The most precious and noble thing on earth is a true man. The most valuable and magnificent treasures a nation can possess, are true men. The power and glory of the Republic, in the period of her humiliation and sorrow, were her men. No nation ever found among its people, in its dire extremity, such a proportion of full-grown, strong-minded, lion-hearted men, as was found among us in the late war. On every side, and in every department of life there rose up to meet the fearful emergencies of the occasion, men whose broad views, conscious power, and self-control, inspired universal confidence. Even our ruddy youth sprung at one easy bound from their frivolities into the sobriety and steadiness of ripe manhood.

At the head of the Government was found and felt to be a *man*. Indeed, the manhood of Abraham Lincoln, developed and rounded out on every side, forceful and free in every power, was his most impressive characteristic. At the head of our armies, when God's hour for victory struck, were found to be

men, calm and silent in their conscious ability to master the situation. Their greatness did not consist in some extraordinary quality which rendered them singular and conspicuous among their fellows, but in that happy combination of elements and acquisitions which constitutes a true man. And the immense host which fought our battles was made up, very largely, of *men*; not of servile dependents, nor mere hirelings, nor loafers,—that human trash which is fit only to feed the devouring flames of passion, and extend the desolations of war,—but of men whose brains and hearts had been opened and expanded and were prepared to grapple with the furious forces of Barbarism. There were, indeed, in the Government, and in the army and navy, many that were not true men, a vile and wretched pack; but, thank Heaven, there were also there *men* enough to countervail the mischief wrought by these miscreants and to suppress sedition besides. The whole framework of society rested securely, during those terrible and protracted convulsions, on the solid pillars of American humanity. God had foreordained and prepared them for this special mission. And their appearance was the signal which gave assurance of his interposition for the Nation's salvation.

But whence came these men? By what means and influences was their sterling manhood produced? The true answer to these questions directs our attention to our boasted system of education. Our Schools, Academies, Colleges and Seminaries have ever been nurseries of manhood. They have not, it is true, power to make a man out of every human thing sent to them; but they have wonderful power to open and bring to the flower and fruitage every full bud of humanity.

The motives and methods used in many of these Institutions, — would that it were so in all of them, — are such as are usually employed in the education of princes and nobles. Children are addressed as beings of superior endowments and destined to high responsibilities. They are assured that no achievements are too great for them to make, and no post of honor too elevated for them to strive for. As they advance in their course their attention is directed to the realities of life. Grand enterprises, success in business, eminence in the professions, position and power in society, or in the State, and especially true per-

sonal greatness, are constantly floating before the minds of our youth. The world, opened before them, is broad, and admission free. No barriers of caste, no ban of poverty, not even mediocrity of natural abilities, are allowed to weaken the force of these appeals. And their influence is powerful and benignant. They awaken in the youthful mind a sense of power and dignity, a feeling of self-respect and a laudable ambition. Sometimes they stir up the noblest aspirations, which may, for a while, produce only dreams, or build castles in the air, but which will, when the opportunity comes, impel and guide to magnificent deeds and true glory.

The studies pursued in our schools have fostered these elements of manhood. They have strengthened the mind, quickened the imagination, stimulated the power to think, encouraged the acquisition of knowledge, and thus opened his eyes to the true greatness of his own being. He enters the domain of history, and is thrilled by its august scenes and stimulated and encouraged by its great characters. He becomes familiar with Nature and Science, learns their secrets, puts his hand upon their tremendous forces, discovers the hiding-place of exhaustless treasures and their true worth. He plunges into philosophy and poetry, and the awful greatness of man opens into depths which inspire awe and sublime elevation of spirit. These pursuits tend powerfully to make the student feel that he is *somebody*, that the freedom of the world is before him, that his destiny is in his own hands, and that he must achieve something, unfold himself, make an empire and wield a sceptre,—or drop from the ranks as powerless and worthless, unmissed and unmourned. They bring around him the atmosphere of nobility, nourish his self-respect and self-control, spread him out, balance his powers, and secure to his movements a dignity and grace which some have erroneously supposed belong exclusively to the inmates of palaces and courts.

To cultivate and fortify these elements of true manhood constitutes a grand and important part of the mission of our institutions. In accomplishing this mission they impart to the Republic what alone will raise it to its true destiny and save it from the ignominious fall which overtook the splendid empires

of antiquity. Founded on the principle that *the people are the State*, she must rise or sink, become strong or weak, according to the character of her people. With us democracy is not a mere name and a brilliant sham, as it was in old Rome. Her "power was always in the hands of Senators, nobles, rich men, " as it still is in England and was in Venice. Popular liberty "was a name, and democratic institutions were feeble and "shackled." The aristocracy ruled. And so exclusive and jealous were they, that everything interesting in the history of Republican Rome is identified with them. And the Claudian family boasted that it had not received a single member by adoption for five centuries. But we have no aristocracy of blood or estate. With us there is no authorized distinction between patricians and plebeians. Those lines which so long cut and severed the bones and muscles of States, have been buried beneath the conditions of an aristocracy of merit. Our system aims to enlarge the number of its aristocracy to the widest possible limit, and to elevate its character to the highest possible degree. As we equalize the masses by multiplying manhood, we render the task of governing more easy, the danger of getting an incompetent ruler becomes less, an abiding interest in the common weal spreads more widely, and the Nation rests in dignity and security on the pillars of its own construction. But let us not forget that the Republic makes her Peers in the family and in the school by education and training, not in the Senate by the use of stars and garters.

Nor let us commit the blunder of supposing that our schools make no more of their pupils than they show of themselves while pursuing their appointed course, and bring themselves from the presence of their masters. True manhood *comes out* only when pressed by a force which matches it. Real greatness never amuses itself in self-display. General Grant was content to move among common things till the burden of the Nation's necessity pressed out the hidden power of his nature, and into use the treasures of his education. Then his splendid manhood, never seen in the school, shone "full-orbed, in its whole round of rays complete." And the only reason the Republic cannot now show a hundred such men is that she needed

and called for only one. But she has in reserve the other ninety-nine.

Nor will she ever be without such reserves, while the men in charge of our institutions of learning continue to fulfil their trusts. Till they prove recreant, she cannot experience the misfortune which overwhelmed ancient Rome, which, from a population of nearly four millions, could not summon men enough to defend her gates from a horde of barbarians. She could gather one hundred and twelve thousand in her Colosseum, and three hundred and eighty-five thousand in her Circus Maximus, to witness scenes of blood and horror; but she called in vain for a hundred thousand true and valiant men to rescue her treasures from the fierce followers of Alaric, the "scourge of God."

II. *Our Institutions of Learning inculcate and foster the spirit of subordination and loyalty.*

They are conducted on military principles, though not after army regulations. They aim to secure self-control in the student by a wise use of law and authority. These are so tempered by higher motives as to be, as a general rule, acquiesced in. All his manly impulses, better aspirations, and real successes, encourage subordination. Even his freedom is the very antipode of lawlessness. Then, that long and wearisome course of study and rigid discipline, through which our boys are put in school and college, that steady routine, and submission to superiors, kept up with military precision for from five to fifteen years,—ah, this was the commencement of that organization and training which gave to the Republic in her direful extremity, the grand Army of the Potomac, as her chief bulwark against the mightiest forces of treason. Never was an army subjected to tests better suited to demonstrate its loyalty, submission and valor. Opposed by a foe of extraordinary strength and operating on his own ground, often led by incompetent commanders, always tethered by the care of the national capital, often harassed by the caprices of Congress and the whims of the people, called on to fight when circumstances were against them, not allowed to fight when circumstances

avored them, their movements censured, their quiet ridiculed, that wonderful army never wavered in its fidelity, never faltered in its discipline; their patience and fortitude bore them above all their hardships and discouragements; their murmurs never spread beyond the smoke of their camp fires, and their valor never forsook them, though tested by the hardest-fought and bloodiest battles of the whole war. To use the words of one of its truest representatives, and the honored Chief-Magistrate of our own State, "An army sometimes changing its base, and
"often its commanders, but never its loyalty, its high resolve, "its generous devotion! And in triumph, too, obedient still, "which is more difficult; masters of their enemies, masters of "themselves, which is more noble. No sacked city cries out "against them from its ashes, no violated innocence, no dese- "crated sanctity, no outraged defencelessness, no needless seiz- "ure nor wanton waste accuses their honor; but they bore "themselves always as those who had mothers and sisters at "home, and revered God; men whose chivalry scorned to "do dishonor no less than to suffer it:—schooled in the passive "virtues no less than in the active, disciplined in patience, forti- "tude, self-control—the highest lessons of human life. And "when its work was done, it mustered once more on the banks "of the Potomac, not as Cæsar with his victorious legions "paused on the brink of the Rubicon to brace his resolution to "seize the liberties of his country, but to return to a delivered "nation her standards dimmed and torn, but bright and broad "in newness and wholeness of meaning,—to lay down their "arms at the feet of constitutional authority, with as much "respect, as much sincerity, as much humility, as they had seen "in the hostile host that laid at their feet the arms and colors "of its cause." Now we boldly claim that that glorious army, the "Old Guard" of the Republic, was the ripe fruitage of the schools founded and managed by New England minds. In its organization and discipline reappear the lessons of subordina- tion enforced in our school houses and Colleges. Those noble men who commanded with such success had first learned to obey. Those valiant soldiers who conquered such a foe had first subjugated themselves.

Nor can I forbear to use the words of another of our great

warriors, General Sherman, lately uttered on an occasion which renders them the more appropriate to this. He said: "It is a common feeling among civilians that soldiers are men of violence. There is nothing further from the truth. I appeal to the history of America, to the history of our own country from Washington until the present moment, to show that the military men of this country have always been subordinate men,—subordinate to the laws,—subordinate to the authorities that be, never setting up their own judgment in antagonism to that of the nation, but executing its will when that will had found expression in law, with a fidelity beautiful to behold. And so long as I continue to hold power and influence, I shall ever direct that power and influence to the end that the military of this country, whether a small force scattered all over the nation, or a vast body of volunteers gathered together for some special purpose, shall sustain the laws of the land and support the authority you may place over me." How sublime and how refreshing are these utterances from one whose brow wears so many garlands. Where now are the fears and expectations of those who insinuated the prophecy, that our army of defence, if once victorious, would become an army of conquest and usurpation? No! Let these glorious words of the great chief roll out over the whole earth, and crush from the heart of jealous monarchs and statesmen of the old world the cherished hope that our military heroes and victorious armies may repeat the historic scenes enacted by the Roman Cæsars and their legions of trained robbers. Never! till these Memorial Halls and the mighty forces which they symbolize, and the dear names they commemorate, have sunk to oblivion and crumbled to dust.

This emanation from the schools has infected the people and controlled the administration of the *political* affairs of the Republic, saving it from anarchy and rescuing it from lawlessness, when both were feared by many, and desired by not a few. Through the successive stages of one of the most radical revolutions that ever convulsed and transformed a nation, our people have quietly marched, keeping step to the measured harmonies of law and order with the promptness and precision with which our children tramp the daily marches of the school-room. For

singularity and sublimity the spectacle has been second only to that of the war, and has no parallel in history. Great Britain has trembled beneath the simple act of disestablishing the Irish Church. The Commons were firm and defiant: the Lords were obstinate and sullen: the masses heaved like the turbulent sea. A catastrophe was imminent, when the party having the most to fear from a social earthquake retreated. But with what moderation and tranquillity were accomplished the immense changes which were wrought in the Constitution, and in the treatment of the disloyal, both during and since the war. These changes were demanded and discussed, but with no wild excitement. They have been ordained and carried out as silently and peacefully as the morning enters the golden gates of the Orient. Law is supreme. Reverence for constitutional authority is all-pervasive. Reforms must be accomplished without violating good order. These sentiments are effectually wrought into our people, and form the true palladium of our liberties. For coming centuries may this Memorial Hall nourish them.

III. *Our Institutions have educated the conscience and nourished the spirit of true religion, and in this way have contributed greatly to the preservation of the Republic.*

The verdict of history is decisive and strong that the religion of the Bible constitutes the purest and most powerful national salt that has ever been cast into the world. Among the forces and influences which lifted England and America to their present national preëminence and glory, none stands higher than the religion of Jesus Christ. The framers of our national structure have carefully refused every stone, timber and plank contributed by any ecclesiastical body, while its beautiful vestibule has been dedicated to liberty of conscience and freedom of worship. Yet the founders and champions of the Republic have maintained that reverence for God, respect for the Bible and the observance of the Sabbath, form a sure and solid foundation for sound morality, and are essential to the preservation of the State from corruption and decay.

Our institutions of learning have been placed on higher ground, ground more decidedly religious. Common Schools, at least in New England, have been largely the work of relig-

ious men, and, though guarded from sectarianism, have received a religious element. Almost without exception, our Colleges and Universities have been founded by denominations of Christians, and have received a decided religious character. This University commenced its career as a Theological Seminary. Harvard University bears on its corporate seal an inscription dedicating it to Christ and the Church. One specific object of these foundations was, to educate men for the ministry; and another was, to infuse a strong religious and moral character into the education and training of those men who were destined to hold the centres of power in society and the State. Both these objects have been accomplished.

There is another fact in this connection which renders still more manifest the service which these higher Institutions have rendered to the Republic. They are, for the most part, the fruit of a magnificent system of Christian charity which has brought the expense of a first-class education within the reach of young men destitute of capital. As a result, our Colleges and Seminaries have been recruited from the homes of poverty, virtuous industry, and devoted piety. A large class of students have already consecrated themselves to the ministry, and by self-denial and hard toil and scant fare, combined with the benefactions of the church, have worked their way through the course of study, and have borne in themselves the splendid advantages of these Institutions out into their life-work for the world. Now what I claim is this, that the conservative power of the Christian ministry is, very largely, the fruit of our system of education, and especially of our Colleges and Theological Seminaries.

I claim for our ministers as a class, and without regard to their church relations, the very highest order of virtue and integrity. Their manhood, their chastity, their gentle manners, their unselfishness, their benevolence, their public spirit, and their loyalty to the Government, have secured for them universal respect and tremendous moral power. They have had the freedom of the best society, have been assigned the places of highest trust, and have been looked to as the teachers of morality and religion, and the leaders of popular charities and reforms. Their part in the education of the public conscience, and in

combining the moral forces of society, has been very great. To them, more than to any other *class*, belongs the honor of leading in the anti-slavery conflict from its commencement to its glorious consummation. The same might be claimed for them in the temperance reform. Besides all this, as faithful sentinels on the moral watch-towers of society, these men have detected the insidious workings of vice among the people, the presence of corruption in our rulers, and have boldly sounded the alarm, as did the stern old Prophets of Israel.

Moreover, in all this public service, our ministers have worked from high vantage-ground. With learning and culture they have united extraordinary unselfishness. They have entered public life, prepared at great cost; yet the public has given them a very meagre compensation for their services. Political parties have worked into power over the highways which their moral engineering has constructed; yet they have thrown up these magnificent highways not as partizans, and unallured by political honors, unenticed by the promise of emoluments, and unrewarded by Government patronage. It is with undisguised satisfaction that we declare, that these moral champions have fought their battles, standing quite above the range of those motives and influences which appeal to self-interest, ambition, and cupidity. They have been left free to act from great moral principles, from the fear of God, the love of truth, the good of man, and the welfare of the country.

Well did they justify all I have said, by their participation in the war. Many of them entered the ranks, and acted their part bravely on the bloody field, giving an example of patriotism of incalculable worth. Others, like the now sainted Knox, performed inestimable service as chaplains. Many others brought their sons, a long list, and devoted them to the fearful work. And these tender-hearted, hardy, patient ministers, were found in every camp, on every sanguinary field, in every hospital, binding up wounds, whispering words of comfort into the ears of the dying, feeding the faint, cheering the brave. In fact, that was almost a *religious* war. Ministers were accused of having brought it on. But we have never heard the insinuation that they acted the part of cowards or shirks in its prosecution. They were in it everywhere. Their aid was implored, their

presence was desired, their advocacy was solicited, their intercessions were entreated and commanded by executive proclamation. The sanctuaries and pulpits of the loyal States became like the sacred tabernacle of the ancient Hebrews, to which the tribes went up to inquire of Jehovah through the anointed priest or prophet, whether they should go forth to battle, and in which they armed their spirits with that strange heroism which rendered the conquest of their foes certain.

These things are now historic and very instructive. I have deemed them fit to be uttered on this occasion and in this Memorial Hall, not only in honor of some whose names it will commemorate, but because they indicate, in part, the substantial service for the Nation which has been performed by this College. It stands on the northern frontier of our broad domain, the outermost tower on the line of our national bulwarks. Her sturdy, stalwart, stubborn sons, hardened by severe home-toil and many privations, and disciplined thoroughly in school, have been found doing valiantly on the high places of the field. Nor there only. They have been on the watch-towers of Zion, at the fountains of learning, have had control of the press, and influence in the halls of legislation. Their stern moral training here has helped prepare them for the crisis. Their education has reappeared in the steadiness and uniformity with which the people have decided for and sustained the right. They received here, they took with them, they have imparted to others, a stern military discipline, and a true martial heroism, without a passion for war or conquest. They have inculcated the fear of God, fidelity to righteousness, and a tender regard for man. They were trained to the pursuit of peace, and when the work of war was ended, they gladly left the field and the camp.

An endless succession of such men the Republic must have, to save it from the powerful influence of moral corruption ever at work in society. The dangers which threaten us are somewhat peculiar. The large number of our educated and strong men, and the freedom from the trammels of caste and social rank established in our country, expose us to the peril of unworthy and unscrupulous rulers. There will be a multitude of powerful, restless, ambitious, unprincipled men, practised in intrigue, full of dark schemes, ready to involve the Nation in

dangerous alliances, and even in a needless and unjust war, in the hope of thus accomplishing their selfish and wicked purposes. The avenues to office are so broad and free, that these men find but little to obstruct their admission. The masses are too unsuspecting and too busily occupied, to detect and counter-vail the plots of these designing men. It has been so and will continue to be so. They have been found in the Government, their powerful hands in the resources of the Nation; they will be found there. They will uncover themselves slowly, will develop their movements sagaciously, and will conceal the obliquity of their intentions from the people till the plot is too mature to be frustrated. There is something cruel, relentless and terrible in the policy and career of such unscrupulous and ambitious leaders. Their conscience and heart are steeled against every consideration of patriotism, humanity, justice and honor.

A few men of such character, if once in control of the masses, would quickly change the destiny of the Republic, and make it the terror of the world, as was Imperial Rome. As we glance at the possibilities which the bold outlines of history present, we cannot but feel uneasy. Our fears will sometimes present these ambitious demagogues as deceiving and seducing the people, and committing them to the support of the most unrighteous schemes. The Nation is plunged into an unjust war. Unscrupulous rulers appoint unprincipled generals. The army is demoralized by scenes of carnage and violence, and surrenders itself to unbounded conquest and rapacity. The leaders become intoxicated with power and spoils, and after yielding up the lives of the people to successful generals, yield at last their liberties, trample on the Constitution, and usurp unlimited authority. Under their seductive and corrupting management, the people are dazzled by visions of military glory and boundless empire, and yield themselves to luxury and dissoluteness. The army, trained in such conquests, become the rapacious robbers of the world, gorge themselves with plunder, and return home to celebrate their triumphs with the festivities of hell. Under the plea that the Nation has become too vast, heterogeneous and corrupt to govern itself, the most daring and powerful usurpers will become irresponsible des-

pots, and drag at their chariot wheels those who have virtue enough to protest against their high-handed iniquity. Thus history would repeat itself, the tide of civilization would ebb, and human passions would roll out through their old channels.

From such possibilities our defence must be in the incorruptible virtue of the people, which shall make certain their spontaneous and mighty uprising, to resist and throw off whatever endangers the national life and stains the national honor. To secure this end we must ever have among the masses trained and influential men, whose moral hardihood and life-work shall constitute them the natural guardians of public morals, and the sleepless detectives of vice and crime, men who will dare expose the degeneracy of political parties and the treasonable designs of flagitious leaders.

To recruit this army of moral heroes we must keep our institutions of learning on the old foundations, and in healthy and vigorous operation. Gloriously have they vindicated themselves by the results which they have already accomplished. If these be the fruit of Puritanism, let the nation have more of it, and have it forever. Let us not listen to the insinuations which are made against these tried agencies, nor countenance the efforts now put forth to transfer public confidence to those of uncertain character and influence. Could the Republic obtain from Colleges under the control of the State, from which decided religious exercises and influences should be excluded, more important and valuable contributions of power and means of defence than those she obtained, in her necessities, from the Colleges already established? Has she more to fear from the management of the religious denominations than from the control of political parties, and the possible supremacy of the Romish Hierarchy? Does the history of State Universities in the old world, encourage us to abandon a system which has worked so well, for one which may become the instrument of corrupt leaders and unprincipled usurpers? We think not.

Brilliant indeed is the light in which our own history envelops us to-day. This Memorial Hall is luminous with a glory which irradiates our future pathway, and animates us for still more glorious achievements. While now we solemnly dedicate it to its specific purpose, let us consecrate ourselves anew to the sup-

port and enlargement of this University, a work which for nearly half a century has been prosecuted under great difficulties, but with splendid results. By the memory of our heroic fellows, under the inspiration of their noble deeds, and with exultation over the service which they have performed for the Church, for the Nation, and for the human race, let us now pledge ourselves and our sons, to do our utmost to swell this current of benignant and saving power, and to roll it along through the world, while yonder beneficent and beautiful River continues to flow on to the sea.



PRAYER OF DEDICATION, by Rev. A. K. P. SMALL,
of Portland.

DEDICATORY HYMN, by Rev. CHARLES F. FOSTER,
of Monson, Mass.

TUNE—"Marlow."

I.

Our fathers reared their classic hall
Far in the wilderness,
And let their kindly influence fall,
Our later lot to bless.

II.

They planted here, with prayer and toil,
These walls, our hope and pride;
With loyal trust we hold the soil
Their zeal has sanctified.

III.

And on the consecrated ground
Another pile we raise,
With hope, and faith, and joy profound,
Earnest of brighter days.

IV.

Not ivy-wreathed and gray—but fair,
Fresh from the builders' hands
It glows, and in its beauty rare
A chaste memorial stands.

V.

Give place within it for the brave;
Here let the record rest
Of those who fill a soldier's grave,
In death so nobly blest.

VI.

Father, our free-will offering take;
We give it up to thee,
For learning, truth and conscience' sake,
For peace and liberty.

BENEDICTION, by Rev. E. E. CUMMINGS, D. D., of
Concord, N. H.

