Addressee

The President

Rev. Sir. — The time has come when the connection which has hitherto subsisted between us and which on your part has been so paternal must be dissolved. We go from under your insuring care but we go with unsleeping feelings of gratitude and respect. Where we are tracing the obvious and to our untired feet of life the time that we have passed in this seat of learning will be to us a source of unequalled enjoyment. However our lot may be cast whether fortune smile or frown above us, to your sir shall we turn a filial eye, as to one who had taught us to despise distrust her smile and mine inferior to her browns. Amidst our sorrows duties we have ever been to us the faithful guide and the affectionate instructor. We know that the best return we can make to the most grateful to yourself, will be, by remembering your counsel to be found walking in the paths of usefulness and virtue. May your highest wishes be more than realized in seeing the Institution over which you so happily presided continue to extend its reputation and its usefulness. Then, Sir, all earthly things shall be as though they had never been, may you in mansions above, receive the reward of your faithful and unceasing labours.
In strains that reach the Eternal Hoof of Heaven
Or venture our steps above the firmament sky,
The beams, peppering thro' the infinite unknown
In that vast sphere where stroll the sunbeams
Or hidden stars Their glorious night watch keep.
Whose light still travelling since first time began
Thro' the immense seas never thaw on more
In those far regions where no heliophil beam
Shoots on the track its dark and velvety gleam.
Where spiritually angels play along the air.
And hymns their love or can it in holy prayer.
Here can the main exaltate unrestrained
Over beauties such as fancy never feigned.
Or hiers now bow at the Eternal Shrine.
Where seraphs with veiled faces shine.
Nay lift the curtain from before the throne
This look with wonder and awe upon the Great Unknown.
So once in Eden's ground, that blissful scene.
Where fear was not for guilt not yet had been.
More sought the temple where his Maker from.
The beauty held communion with his God.
Surely if heavenly wisdom ere designed
One fearfully gift in man to manliness
One noble form in the creative plan
That stamps his high original on man.
In that prison fire which bids him rise
The claim his home his kindred in the skies
Which rides in safety over life's troublous storms
The smiles on death in all its various forms
In a mysterious and far more can tell
The which but few of favoured mortals but
The corruptions from the Deity
That claims and proves its immortality
A part of being subtle and refined
The peace and hollowed element of mind
A pure and holy bosom
At home which shone amidst the darkest gloom
Gilded life's dark scenes and kindles on the trend
There foretelling nature trembles on her throne
The last spirit to the heavens has flown
In that dear hour when buried in long sleep
The verdict of Creation's dying hours
The dead lie shuddering shrouded in their coat
To wait unconscious for the angels' call
In this shroud found the vivifying strain
The wake mortality to rise again
She shall snatch her hope when circling planonics
The roar one ring eternal in the sky.
To " " additional room rent on account of extra expense laid out on his room,
To " " use of Library,
To " " his proportion of expense for articles used in Chemical Lectures,
To " " for monitor and bell-ringer,
To " " for repair of damages done the College buildings,
To " " for repair of damages done his room,
To fine for days absence, at the beginning of the term, at 25 cents per day,
To " " for absences from recitation and from other College exercises

$7.50

P. S. has been absent this term from College exercises as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>By permission.</th>
<th>With excuse.</th>
<th>Without excuse or permission.</th>
<th>Total.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Prayers,</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Recitations,</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Worship,</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Declamation,</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Composition,</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

N. B. This bill is considered now due, and if not paid before the expiration of one month from the beginning of the next term, interest will be charged from date.

The next term will commence on Wednesday the 28th of Sept. next, at which time every Student is required to be present at the College and to report himself to the Officer of his class on penalty of 25 cents per day, or such other punishment as the Executive Government shall judge proper to inflict.

Received payment of the above bill as per another receipt of this date.

Waterville College, May 31, 1826

A. Briggs, Agent.

A fifty cents allowed to the charge on account of 1,000 having been paid for extra rent in advance whereas the room has not been fully paid for as was expected.
Rev. Professors and Tutors,—The hope gladly em-
brace this opportunity to express how much they
are indebted to your efforts for their
advancement in those sciences, which they
have acquired from your example will greatly
to exalt and adorn the honor on character.

We are not certain that your endeavours will
prove to have been successful, but we shall be
always ready to acknowledge, that if any of
the fruits which learning bears" appear, the credit
will be principally due to the skill and industry
with which you cultivated the tree on which
they grow. These are obligations, the remem-
brance of which we shall delight to cherish.

They are connected with the best feelings of our
nature. The heart, which does not warm with
affection for those who have devoted themselves
in its improvement, and who have smooth-
ed before it the rugged path of science, must
be cold indeed. Amidst all the interesting as-
ociations connected with our collegiate course
we shall rank among the most pleasing the
reflection, that while here we enjoyed your
instruction, and that we left with your
approbation.
Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him or the son of man that thou hast made him a little lower than the angels and crowned him with glory and honour but man being in holiness abode not he is like the Beast that crieth

Yet man formed in the image of his maker crowned with glory and honour has fallen lost the image wherein he was created has degraded himself like to or below the brute creation yes below the brute creation for the old man even his own and the of his master Christ but god does not know my people does not confide they are the words of the great Jehovah it confines this ye that I forgot you let the tear you to pieces to when there is none to deliver

As the day approaches the day of our nation's independence which has been kept in remembrance for more than fifty years
receive eyesalve that to anoint their eyes that they might see my fellow.

Sinner I tell you whoever thou art that is not clothed with the righteousness
of Christ that you are wretched and miserable and poor and blind and
naked there are the words of truth.

and therefore this being as it certainly
tis one you doing the part of rational
being to spend your time properly and
talents as if you were the devotees of

king of this world

who to his hyper now you ought I can tell
you plainly in the of God you are not
the bed if you do observe and I do not say you
ought not you ought to regard it unto
the land and praise him for the great

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where

where
delivered from more than a Britisher
as an Egyptian bondage remembering
that time is short Eternity with all
its consequences are just ready to open
upon us and we all soon appear before
the seat of Christ there to give an
account of the deeds done in the body
This being the case what manner of
persons ought we to be in all holy conver-
sation and godliness we are therefore all
we have belong to God we are only entrusted
with his Bounty we ought to be careful
how we spend the we'll certainly call us
do we an account we read of any day being
observed by the people of God only such as
were altogether in a religious manner of
praying and blessing God and sending
motion to one another and giving to the
poor and the poor we have always,
subject of charity. If we have any thing to bestow which doth not reach to our own
think of millions and millions of poor
heathens that are living without the sacred
scriptures think of thousands in our own
country who have not even the means
of God and no means of their own where
by they can obtain them think of these
things I say and consider seriously
whether you had not better all of you
spend what you have to spare from your
own necessary wants to the noble purposes
of sending the gospel to those heathen and
the destitute of our own country.

I once more entreat of you in the fear
of God not to spend the day in offering
Sacrifices to Bacchus or Morris
INSPIRATIONS OF THE MUSE;
A POEM,
spoken at the Annual Commencement of Waterville College, 1826, by
Eliak. W. Lovejoy.

Who has not felt, when life's dull stream
Was low,
When hope had fled, and pleasure wan'd to go;
When all within was dreary, dark, and wild—
On feeling's ruins sat despair, and smiled—
And like the shadows by the moonbeams thrown
On chilly waters, faint and cold it shone;
Who has not felt the melting charm that stole
Like healing virtue o'er the stricken soul,
When some fair hand the trembling lyre had swept.
And walked the muse, that lingered there and slept,
Her magic charmed, her tones so sweetly given,
They tell like dreams which Gabriel brings from heaven,
And, on the cold, cold regions of the breast,
Come warm with life in visions of the blest.
The frozen heart which never felt before,
Dissolves in grief and smiles its mirth o'er,
And as it weeps the obscuring clouds away,
Hope gilds the tears with sunshine's softest ray;
Peace o'er the tempest throws its rainbow charms,
Sure pledge of joy, yet timid from alarms:
The enchanting prospect opens wide and clear,
When Beauty blushes where the loves appear!

Oh who has not proudly counted o'er
Such hours ensnared in Niemyy's choicest store,
When, as the dream of life was slitting by,
They flashed in brightness on the sufferer's eye;
And left their marks transcribed upon the soul,
Unsealed pages in life's gloomy wall:
Gently they spoke in silver notes of bliss,
As the heaun's stooped to whisper words of peace;

So can the Muse enchant the yielding heart,
New hopes, new pleasures, and new joys impart;
When mild, she comes in tenderness,
To sorrow's awes, and our comfort blesses,
And smiles like looks o'er the bed of death,
Or bends like looks that watch the parting breath;
But if, with a gorgeous dreamry on,
She strikes the note that glory rides upon—
With hues of grandeur deep around her thrown,
And stately men that Virtue's self might own—
'T is then she kindles in the expanding soul
Desires immortal, thoughts above control.
She chants her deathsong o'er the hero's grave,
Each arm is mighty and each coward brave;
And when the untamed victor of the fight,
Prepared to use the vengeance of his might,
Witness, Euripides, and Homer, then,
How oft her strains have smoothed the angry brow;
Loosed from his hands the prisner's slavish chain,
And bade the captive be a man again.

Oh! there are moments when the winged mind,
Free and unshackled as the viewless wind,
In full poetical pride goes gloriously
With cherubim in concert up the sky;
Counts every planet as it rolls away
In bold relief to eternity!
Joinst the full choir which sings along the spheres,
Among the star-crowned circles of the years:
In strains that 'm'en the Eternal stoops and hears!
Or rapturous soars above the thrice-arched sky,
And bends exulting through infinity.
In that vast space where unknown sunbeams sleep,
Or hidden stars their glorious night-watch keep;
Whose light still travelling since time first began,
Through the immense, has never shone on man—

In those far regions, where no baleful beam
Shoots on the soul its dark and vapory gleam;
Where sinless angels play along the air,
And bane their loves, or bend in holy prayer;
Here can the mind expatiate unrestrained
O'er beauties such as fancy never feigned;
Or higher still, bow at the Eternal shrine,
Where seraphim with veiled faces shine!
Nay, lift the curtain from before the throne,
And gaze with wondering awe upon the Great Unknown!

So once in Eden's ground, that blissful scene,
Where fear was not, for guilt had not yet been,
Man sought the temple where his Maker trod,
And fearless held communion with his God.
Surely, if heavenly wisdom o'er designed
One peerless gift in mercy to mankind,
One noble proof in the creative plan,
Which stamps his high original on man:
'T is that poetic fire which bids him rise,
And claim his home, his kindred in the skies;
Which rides in safety o'er life's troublous storms,
And smiles on death in all its ustrifors forms.
'T is a mysterious arbour none can tell,
And which but few of favoured mortals feel;
An emanation from the Deity,
That claims and proves its immortality;
A part of being subtle and refined,
The pure and hallowed element of mind;
A flame which burns amidst the darkest gloom,
Shines round the grave, and kindles in the tomb.

When fainting nature trembles on her throne,
And the last spirit to the heav'n has flown;
In that dread hour, when hushed in deep repose,
The prelude of creation's dying thrones—
The death lies dumbling shrouded in their pall,
And wait unconscious for the angel's call;
'T is this shall sound the vivifying strain,
And wake mortality to life again;
Shall match her harp, when circling flames arise,
And soar and sing eternal in the skies!