

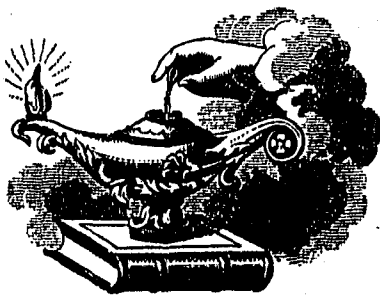
The Colby Echo.

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VOLUME I.

EDITORS.

J. H. FILES, CHIEF; J. R. HENDERSON, PERSONALS; E. F. LYFORD AND N. HUNT, EXCHANGES;
F. E. DEWHURST, PEN AND SCISSORS; W. A. JOY, LOCALS.



COLBY UNIVERSITY,

WATERVILLE, ME.

1877.

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The Colby Echo.

VOL. I.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, MARCH, 1877.

No. 1.

The Colby Echo.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, DURING THE COLLEGIATE YEAR, BY
THE STUDENTS OF

COLBY UNIVERSITY.

EDITORS.

J. H. FILES, '77.

J. R. HENDERSON, '77.

E. F. LYFORD, '77.

F. E. DEWHURST, '78.

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SEA COLORS.

Light on the sea: such light the sombre land
In all its summer splendor never know,
As when last eve the salt wind shoreward blew,
And day's bright craft sailed past the sunset strand,
Leaving a wake of fire, whose glory spanned
The isle-gemmed bay, and fired its ripples through,
Till all the gray sea into glory grew.
The highlands of the islands stood up grand,
And took soft tints of twilight on their snows;
But royal hues the royal sea put on,
As like a huge kaleidoscope it gleamed
With purple, crimson, amber, gold, and rose,
That mingled, changed, and faded until gone,
And earth and ocean, wrapped in darkness, dreamed.

THE WORK OF THE ALUMNI.

One object of the ECHO is to make public recognition of the successes of the Alumni in their several spheres of labor. *Alma Mater* naturally takes a deeper interest in her children than strangers can, and notes with special pride whatever worthy thing they do. To her, as to the Roman Cornelia, her sons are her jewels.

Apropos to these thoughts, we have to call attention to a discourse of exceptional excellence by the Rev. H. A. Sawtelle, D.D., delivered at Sacramento, May 12, 1876, before the California Baptist Education Society. Dr. Sawtelle was a member of the class of 1854, and has earned a good degree as a pastor and preacher. He was chosen President of the California Baptist State Convention at its session in May, 1876. In the discourse referred to, he evinces a far-sighted comprehension of the great problem of education, as it is urgently pressed for solution by the exigencies of the second century of the Republic. It is evident to the best and most careful thinkers that the range of education to be given at the public expense must ultimately be limited to the elementary branches; that the higher education must be remitted to private enterprise; and that the culture given by our academies and colleges must receive a more decidedly moral and religious cast. He shows conclusively that, in the words of Mr. Huxley, whom he quotes, "no educational system can have a claim to permanence, unless it recognizes the truth that education has two ends to which everything else must be subordinated. The one of these is to increase knowledge; the other is to develop the love of right and the hatred of wrong." He proves, with equal conclusiveness, that "you cannot develop a high order of conscience and moral principle without some positive teaching in religion." Nor is this positive religious character of education hostile to breadth of culture; but, on the contrary, as President Porter of Yale College insists in his inaugural, "The more Christian a college is, other things being equal, the more perfect and harmonious will be its cult-

ure, the more philosophical and free will be its science, the more exact and profound its erudition, the richer and more varied its literature."

We commend this admirable discourse, which may be found in the College Library, to the careful study of all who are interested in the foremost question of our time.

A DAY IN THE HIGHLANDS.

It is the peculiar characteristic of literature that it renders localities and regions interesting and attractive. There are many places that owe to literature the irresistible charm which surrounds them, bringing pilgrims from various lands to pay their willing homage.

Stratford-on-Avon is an ordinary English hamlet, but the plays of Shakespeare have earned for it a lasting fame. The "Brigg of Doon" has little to make it renowned, yet with the "Tam O'Shanter" of Burns as its keystone it will outlast many a more pretentious arch. In like manner the Highlands of Scotland are indebted to literature for much of the interest the world now takes in them.

Nature bestowed her gifts upon this region with a scanty hand, giving no fertile plains and vine-clad slopes, but rugged hills and barren heath. Literature was more impartial with her bounty, and through the works of Ossian and Scott the Highlands have been brought into greater notice than many places more favored by Nature. The land of the mountain and the mist was known to the world only by uncertain traditions handed down from father to son. Scott took an early interest in these ancient legends, gave to them a local habitation, blending them with historic truth; and thus the "Wizard of the North" lifted the veil from mountain, loch, and glen, revealing natural beauties hitherto unknown.

One of the localities thus honored is in the Highlands of Perthshire, the home of "The Lady of the Lake." Let us take a short ramble amid those scenes of which Scott speaks in this charming poem.

Taking the cars at Stirling, we find ourselves riding through the border country between the Lowlands and the Highlands. On the one side are level, cultivated fields, which have been tilled for ages; on the other are sterile mountains, the pastures of hardy flocks. A

stranger, passing through this region, looks with different eyes from those of a native upon its places of interest. The Perthshire farmer sees in Dumblane Abbey or the ruins of Doune Castle, which can be seen from the car window, the place where his ancestors attended kirk and are buried, or the place where some "laird" abode "lang syne." The tourist sees a monument of ecclesiastical wealth in the ancient abbey, and the ruined castle carries him back to the days of feudal power.

After passing these two landmarks, we ride along by the river Teith, which is the outlet of Loch Vennachar. This stream comes rushing down from its mountain home to mingle with the placid Forth at Stirling,—a fitting illustration of the manner in which the impetuous Highlander becomes subdued by contact with his Saxon brethren.

On reaching Callender, the terminus of the railway, we take a coach. A ride of a few hours by the side of Loch Vennachar, over the Brigg of Turk, through Glenfinlas, brings us to the famous pass of the Trosachs. This was the Gibraltar of the country in ancient warfare. The hills approach each other in such a manner that they seem to cut off further progress. Modern industry has made a good road through the pass, but formerly the only exit was by a rude ladder made from branches and roots of trees.

In this glen the hero of the "Lady of the Lake" lost his noble game and brave steed. Here he found himself surrounded by

"The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain."

Ascending from this, we soon gain the point from which the weary huntsman saw Loch Katrine—

"In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains that, like giants, stand
To sentinel enchanted land."

Critics are accustomed to grant to poetic description the license of exaggeration, but our author has painted the scenes of Loch Katrine true to nature.

Descending to the water's edge, we go on board of the steamer *Rob Roy*. At our right is seen the "silver strand" where Ellen first met the bewildering stranger whose advent had been

foretold by the gray-haired seer. It is a miniature beach of pure white sand, contrasting strongly with the rocky portion of the shore. The little steamboat sails very near to "Ellen's Isle," fitly chosen as the poetic home of the Highland maiden. One passing the island feels the aptness of the lines which describe it as being

"—all so close with copsewood bound,
Nor track nor pathway might declare
That human foot frequented there."

Each island and cape claims attention as we sail along, and nearly every one has some tradition or historic story connected with it. On one side Ben Venue, on the other Ben Lomond, frown upon us with darkened brows, as if jealous and displeased at our intrusion upon a district over which their own favorite children so long held sway.

We now leave the steamer and take another coach, which will carry us over the hills to Loch Lomond. The driver points out a ruined stone hut by the road-side, saying that it was the birthplace of Helen MacGregor, the stern, vindictive wife of Rob Roy.

We reach the shore of Loch Lomond at Inversnaid, where a torrent, spanned by a rustic bridge, comes tumbling over the rocks. Here Wordsworth wrote his sonnet dedicated to the "Highland Maid."

Loch Lomond is a fitting companion to Loch Katrine, with more numerous islands and equally rich in legendary lore. On its shores lived Rob Roy, the Robin Hood of Scotland, and on its islands he had many places of retreat when the Lowland officers pursued him.

Aside from the attraction created by literature for these scenes, they have a peculiar interest all their own, derived from the changes they have witnessed. Through these glens and across the mountain streams the fiery cross has been borne by night and by day as a signal for an uprising of the brave. The hills clad with heather, upon which we look, have been the scene of many a bloody contest between plaided clans. The breeze, sometimes so gentle, has waxed into a tempest with a sullen roar, as it carried to mourners' ears the coronach of some fallen chieftain.

But these things are of the days that are past, existing only in story, not in present reality. The Highlander retains his ancient family

name, but it is unhonored by modern prowess. Even the language of his fathers has been supplanted by the speech of the Southron, and the Gaelic tongue is now rarely heard. That which once marked them as a distinct nation has been obliterated, both by the power of the law and by contact with other people. Our reverie is interrupted by the shrill whistle of a steamer which will carry us to the lower end of the loch, from whence we again take the cars, and the setting sun finds us in the city of Glasgow.

The tourist may well feel thankful that, however men and customs may change, these storied scenes of the Highlands will remain the same, to call forth the admiration of all who view them.

J. R. H.

SOCIAL DESPOTISM.

It is nearly two hundred and fifty years since Galileo was arraigned before an assemblage of ignorant monks in the Roman Inquisition, and compelled to renounce the doctrines and theories he had maintained. Since then two hundred and fifty years of civilization have rolled away; two hundred and fifty years of social and moral progress; two hundred and fifty years of striving for liberty of opinion and utterance. It would seem to be a rational and almost necessary consequence of such enormous growth, that no spirit of intolerance or social despotism should be found within our borders. But it needs neither a critical nor a cynical observer of the times to see that the tyranny of custom over opinion, of institutions over ideas, obtains in a remarkable degree, even among the most enlightened and nominally liberal. In every age of the world, aggressive Thought has fought the battle hand to hand with despotic Custom in the great struggle for progress. And it has won brilliant victories, though often defeated and imprisoned, often put to the rack by this social tyrant. Nor is he yet dethroned. The scepter of prejudice is still held out to a skeptical throng of followers equally tyrannical.

This social despotism, if we may so call it, manifests itself in a variety of ways. Perhaps the most prevalent type, and one directly illustrative of what we have already said, is the almost universal hostility to the introduction of a new idea. Let there be a new and radical departure from established custom in the world

of literature, of science, of religion, or in any department of thought. Let this new idea be thrown out into the world, and mark its effects. A few will receive and carefully criticise it, examine its claims to acceptance, candidly concede those claims when well founded, and as candidly deny them when not so. A far greater portion will stop neither to examine nor criticise, but will at once denounce it as absurd, impossible, subversive of established principles, and destructive to truth. They practically make a literal application of Solomon's words: "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done."

It is against this spirit that leaders in reform and progress have contended in all ages. Galileo met it. Fulton met it. The missionary Cary met it. Webster and Sumner met it. Examples are not wanting to prove the universal truth of the statement. As a consequence, truth, instead of being promoted, is often defeated, and progress is retarded,—for it requires not only genius to create an idea, but moral heroism to advance and maintain it; and few men are so heroic as to be willing to suffer social ostracism for the sake of benefiting the world.

Closely allied to this type is the antagonism to the unfortunate possessor of what society calls a hobby,—a term commonly regarded as nearly synonymous with monomania and infatuation. Let such a one discourse upon his favorite theme and suggest ideas never so brilliant, and the hearer turns away with the pitying exclamation, "Poor fellow, it's his hobby!" Probably a more abused class never lived. A man under a sudden inspiration may discover a new idea and be induced to give it to the world, and he may suffer only temporary ostracism; but the man with a hobby is under a perpetual ban. And yet nothing is more unjust. Such men may indeed intrude themselves and their hobby at improper times and in unsuitable places, but they are by no means to be denounced as lunatics. True, there are so-called hobbies which are to be denounced. They do not deserve the name, and one must carefully distinguish between the counterfeit and the genuine. But it is the men with the real, true hobbies who have been foremost in the progress of the world.

George Stephenson had a hobby; and when he declared before a committee of the British

Parliament that a locomotive could be made to run from twenty to thirty miles an hour, one of the members of that august body suggested that Mr. Stephenson was an appropriate subject for a lunatic asylum. But the vast net-work of rails all over the world, with their lightning express trains, is a grand attestation to the soundness of his hobby. Again, what was it but a hobby that Cyrus W. Field possessed, when he declared that it was possible to sink a cable to the ocean's bed, and thus join the hands of two great continents in fraternal grasp?—an idea at first scouted as impossible as the boast of Puck that he would girdle the earth in forty minutes.

Examples of such men and such hobbies are innumerable. Men with such hobbies are patient men, persevering men, men deserving the gratitude of mankind.

These are only two types of social tyranny. There are others; but these perhaps serve best to illustrate the fact that, although there is a universal cry for liberty of thought and speech, yet the world is full of prejudice, conceit, and hostility to new principles that are subversive of the old. When this prejudice and hostility are removed, we may look for grander progress and a greater promotion of truth and right.

OUR DEBT TO THE PAST.

The cost of success in any noble enterprise is seldom appreciated. This is true even when we confine our attention to the immediate agencies by which the result is secured. In our admiration for the poem, we are likely to overlook the labor of the poet. We look upon Church's "Niagara" with wonder and delight, but think little not only of the labor required in painting this single picture, but of the antecedent toil necessary to the perfection of the artist. The works of Goethe may be looked upon as the easy result of natural genius, yet "*each bon mot*," says the author, "has cost me a purse of gold." Genius is well, but it must be supported by hard work, and this work should receive its share of the credit. He who seeks success in any pursuit must be ready to toil for it, and his toil must never cease. With each step his aim rises higher—he sees loftier heights to scale, new victories to win. To retrace his steps is impossible; to stand still is fatal; and he presses on in the never-ending struggle.

Yet, while we seldom appreciate the toil of the successful man of the present, we are still less ready to acknowledge the persevering efforts of past generations which have placed success within his reach. The artist may be painfully aware of the labor which he performs, yet he himself is likely to overlook that which has been already done for him.

It is true that each should be willing to begin at the lowest round of the ladder; but it is also true that the work of his predecessors should enable him to place his ladder upon higher ground than that from which they commenced their ascent. One generation cannot start where the preceding began. Each supplies new material for the use of its successor. It is thus only that general progress becomes possible; for it is the treasured learning and experience of the past that we are using to-day. Modern Europe owes her laws and politics to the jurists of ancient Rome. The works of Grecian art are the inheritance of the sculptor of to-day. Modern civilization did not spring forth Minerva-like, in full armor, from the brain of its own age. Never, indeed, could the world have witnessed such rapid strides in its onward march, had it not laboriously equipped itself from the armory of the past. Many recent scientific discoveries are attributed to the extraordinary sagacity of the discoverer. But no scientist of the present can claim his discoveries as the result of his own labor alone, without ingratitude to the past. That he should thoroughly investigate all the claims of a single science is impossible. The greater part must be accepted on the authority of those upon whose previous investigations he is dependent. The material with which we commence our own researches, and the instruments by which we pursue them, are given through the labor of others.

Not only have past achievements furnished us with the material and the means for its use, but they have also given the power to employ these means. Mental powers are to some extent hereditary. The harvests of mental discipline gathered by men of former generations did not pass away with those who gathered them, but, transmitted through their descendants, have become the rich inheritance of the present age.

It is to hard work, then, that we owe all the advantages we enjoy. When we feel inclined to complain at the work required on our part to

secure any desired end, some relief may be gained by remembering how much has already been expended for us. The labor upon which all success and progress depend has been distributed during all past generations. So is it now, and so will it continue to be. The amount of individual effort required of us bears so small a ratio to the whole cost of our advantages, that each should do his own part cheerfully and well.

THEN AND NOW.

Glooming highlands, moonlit meadows,
Babbling brook and sparkling river,
Solemn pines which sigh and shiver,
Where the early violets blow.
There we used to walk together,
There we used to talk together,
Long ago.
Brightly did the moonlight quiver
Through the boughs with golden flow.

Glooming highlands, grassy meadows,
Singing brook and shining river,
All the same as long ago.
But we do not walk together,
And we do not talk together,
As long ago.
For the pines, with mournful shiver,
Chant a requiem soft and low
O'er a grave beneath their shadow,
Where the Spring-time violets grow.

THE GREAT TEMPLAR SCANDAL.

The following is a true story. Away up among the hills of Oxford County there is a thriving village. In that village is, or rather was, a thriving Lodge of Good Templars. Once upon a time, the members of this Lodge were planning to give an entertainment consisting of readings, declamations, dramatic representations, etc. ("etc." meaning an oyster supper), to the *vulgus profanum*. Now, one of the members, a worthy young man, though perhaps something of a busybody, bethought himself of a way by which he would heighten the evening's pleasure, and gain great credit. There were a couple of young fellows in a neighboring town, who had figured to some extent as Ethiopian performers in several school exhibitions and amateur negro-minstrel concerts. He would induce them to come and do the pleasant part of the programme by some comic negro recitations and dialogues. With promise of unlimited oysters, they readily

agreed to go. Let it be understood that they were peaceable, law-abiding young men, though not Good Templars; and, had they known the circumstances, would not for the world have been the cause of such mischief. But they were ready to assist, and ready for a good time. For the sake of distinguishing them, we will call them Sambo and Pompey.

The evening came, and Sambo and Pompey came also, with their paraphernalia. Let me describe it. A pair of old bell-crowned beaver hats, which looked as if they had served in every campaign through the war, and had weathered storm and sunshine as scarecrows ever since. Plenty of cork for smut. Well-starched dickeys, a foot wide, and red flannel cravats of corresponding dimensions. Old-fashioned swallow-tailed coats, with large brass buttons. Gorgeous waistcoats. Pants of spotless whiteness, and brogans of fabulous size. A pint bottle of spring water. A banjo made of an old tin dish, and strung with twine. In fine, the whole outfit of the traditional darkey.

When they got there, they learned that the exhibition was to be in the Methodist church. They began to have some misgivings about carrying their performances into a church; but, as their friend seemed to think it all right, they concluded that it was so, and were ready. It was settled that they were to give one or two comic recitations, and a dialogue, interspersed among the other pieces, so as to spice the whole. The time came, and they donned their garments, fearful and wonderful to see; also touched up their complexions, producing a wonderful and fearful result. No one of the Lodge knew of this addition to the programme, except our young man. He was chairman of the committee of arrangements, and was going to surprise his friends—which he did.

I know not how Sambo was introduced by the President of the evening—a staid old lawyer and Methodist; but he issued from an ante-room when his time came and made his way to the stage, causing a great sensation among the audience. There was nothing in his piece really objectionable to the place or the occasion, and he was enthusiastically cheered, especially by the small boys. But, when closeted again with Pompey, he said he felt that all was not right—he didn't like the look in the eyes of some of them—afraid they didn't appreciate it. After

a conference, they thought it best for Pompey to give up his piece, and make them do with the dialogue.

Scene I. Pompey seated on the stage, alternately strumming on his banjo, and soliloquizing *a la* Hamlet, on the numerous drawbacks of existence. Sambo enters in much haste, with a corked *somewhat*, wrapped in a bandanna, projecting out of his coat-tail pocket. A conversation ensues. Pompey spies the bottle.

"Hi, Sambo, what's dat stickin' out yer pocket?"

"O, notin' but my hymn-book, I specks."

"Ha, ha! who eber seed a hymn-book wid a cork in it? If dat am de case, I dispose we jine in a hymn."

Thus urged, Sambo produces the "hymn-book," and they "jine" in a hymn. Spirit of Temperance, how wast thou profaned!

The talk turns upon the subject of a certain Dinah Gooseberry, with whom Pompey owns himself in love, and produces a specimen of some poetry which he has been composing in her honor. Then, as they were about to join in another hymn, the curtain falls suddenly, to rise no more. There are unmistakable signs of disapproval among the audience. Sambo and Pompey take the hint, and, amidst groans and hisses, vanish into the friendly darkness outside, and, without stopping to change their garments, harness their team (un)like the Arabs, and silently steal away—going around through back streets for fear of being mobbed—and wend their way home, sad and silly-looking boys, but wiser—much wiser. Their consciences were unquiet, and kept growing more unquiet as they thought the matter over. Remorse at the enormity of their offense preyed upon them. Oysters, indeed! They had lost all appetite for oysters. Barrels of oysters, cargoes of oysters, all the oysters in Chesapeake Bay would not restore that peace of mind which yesterday they enjoyed. What had they done? The more they thought of it, the more they thought they were fit to be hanged. They had—thoughtlessly perhaps—scandalized the Good Templars; they had desecrated the sanctuary; they had forfeited their good name. The only comfort they had was that they were personally almost unknown in the place, and that the villain who had lured them into such a scrape would have to suffer. He was indeed severely censured by the Lodge

for his lack of judgment and thoughtlessness in bringing such a disgrace upon them. But it was weeks and months before our friends ventured to appear in the streets of that village again, for fear of being recognized. And from that fateful night, burnt cork has lost its charms for them.

THE SCHOOL AND THE TEACHER.

Now the Spring term opens, and our student-teachers come thronging back from every part of New England, where, through the long vacation, they have been engaged in the district school-houses. And this observation leads to a few thoughts upon the Common School.

God bless the Common School—the common educator of the people! It is the salvation of our country to-day. For in no other nation of the world could such a crisis as has agitated ours this year, have arisen, and been so peacefully and harmoniously settled as this now seems likely to be. Look at poor, distracted, priest-ridden Mexico, at the South American Republics, at France full of discord, and ask what makes the difference. The answer is that our people are intelligent, educated, and capable of governing themselves; while in those countries ignorance is rife. As patriotic citizens, we have often rejoiced in our noble institutions, but never before in our history of a hundred years have we had such reason to be proud of our country as now. And it is all due to the Common School. In the East, in the West, in the North, and we had almost said in the South, in every valley and on every hillside, the school-house rises. No community so poor but that it supports the school; no individual so poor he may not enjoy its advantages. The late troubles arose, chiefly, in some of the Southern States. And why? Because in those States they have had Common Schools to a very limited extent, and the masses are generally ignorant. But a better state of things is coming in those communities. The school-master “is abroad,” and he will be heard from in the Louisiana parishes, and the pines of South Carolina. Both the black children and the white are going to rise.

Next to the calling of the minister of the gospel, that of the teacher is highest and holiest. It is a power in the land, silent but strong and constant as gravitation. The State owes much

to the statesman, but more to the teacher. He is the power behind the throne—the king maker. For every citizen is a king in his own right, and the teacher is the citizen maker. Our college can reckon among its graduates many men whom fame has honored; but its chief glory is in that band which it has sent forth, of hard-working, faithful teachers—men who have devoted their powers and lives to the cause of education. Just as true as the State is constituted by intelligent citizens, so true it is that the hope of the country is in the teacher. All honor to the school-master! His monument is building, not in marble, but in men.

THE DISTRICT SCHOOLMASTER.

Adapted from Whittier's "Snow Bound."

Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,
The master of the district school
Held at the fire his favored place;
Its warm glow lit a laughing face,
Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce appeared
The uncertain prophecy of beard.
He teased the mitten-blinded cat,
Played crosspins on my uncle's hat,
Sang songs, and told us what befalls
In classic Colby's college halls.
Born the wild Northern hills among,
From whence his yeoman father wrung
By patient toil subsistence scant—
Not competence and yet not want,
He early gained the power to pay
His cheerful, self-reliant way;
Could doff at ease his scholar's gown
To peddle wares from town to town;
Or through the long vacation's reach
In lonely lowland districts teach,—
Where all the droll experience found
At stranger hearths in boarding round,
The moonlit skater's keen delight,
The sleigh-drive through the frosty night,
The rustic party with its rough
Accompaniment of blind-man's-buff,
And whirling plate and forfeits paid,
His winter task a pastime made.
Happy the snow-locked homes wherein
He tuned his merry violin,
Or held the good dame's winding-yarn,
Or mirth-provoking versions told
Of classic legends rare and old,
Wherein the scenes of Greece and Rome
Had all the commonplace of home,
And little seemed at best the odds
'Twixt Yankee peddlers and old gods;
Where Pindus-born Araxes took
The guise of any grist-mill brook,
And dread Olympus at his will

Became a huckleberry hill.
 A careless boy that night he seemed;
 But at his desk he had the look
 And air of one who wisely schemed,
 And hostage from the future took
 In trained thought and lore of book.
 Large-brained, clear-eyed,—of such as he
 Shall Freedom's young apostles be,
 Who, following in War's bloody trail,
 Shall every lingering wrong assail;
 All chains from limb and spirit strike;
 Uplift the black and white alike;
 Scatter before their swift advance
 The darkness and the ignorance,
 The pride, the lust, the squalid sloth
 Which nurtured treason's monstrous growth,
 Made murder pastime, and the hell
 Of prison-torture possible;
 The cruel lie of caste refute;
 Old forms remould, and substitute
 For Slavery's lash the freeman's will,
 For blind routine, wise-handed skill;
 A school-house plant on every hill,
 Stretching in radiate nerve-lines thence
 The quick wires of intelligence;
 Till North and South together brought
 Shall own the same electric thought,
 In peace a common flag salute,
 And, side by side, in labor's free
 And unresentful rivalry,
 Harvest the field whereon they fought.

A WORD FOR THE FIELD.

"All work and no play
 Makes Jack a dull boy."

It is to be hoped that the opening of the Gymnasium will bring about a reaction in favor of athletic sports at Colby. The truth is that here we are leagues behind most other colleges in this matter. One reason for this has been the want of college spirit; another, perhaps, that the practical working of the institution, in past times, has not been favorable to it. Mental gymnastics has been practiced most carefully, while the training of the bodily powers was nearly ignored. Not many years since, and it would seem that the students were somewhat imbued with that false philosophy which teaches that the soul is entirely independent of the body, and that you can do anything with the body without injuring the spiritual nature. There was no Gymnasium. Some played ball for exercise. Others, in nocturnal fits of emotional insanity, played tricks with the college bell, the chapel, and the recitation rooms. Those who did not or could not

play ball were obliged to depend on walking if they took any particular exercise at all. And this depended much on the state of the roads, the weather, or, more often, the lessons. It is very easy to find an excuse. "Now I have a particularly hard Algebra or Latin lesson this afternoon, and I will go back right after dinner to study, and take all the more exercise next time." Good enough resolutions, but hardly ever carried out. Again, it is a composition which must be handed in at such a time without fail; else a theme to be written or a question for debate to be studied up for the next meeting at the Literary Fraternity—something or other continually coming up to demand every minute which should be devoted to exercise. And thus it goes on, until, at last, the subject is surprised to find his shoulders, once straight, beginning to stoop from too constant bending over the lexicon, his system getting out of order, his memory treacherous, and his mind easily tired and unable to accomplish as much work as formerly. This course he persists in, till finally, unless he has an iron constitution, his health breaks down, and he is obliged to leave college. Verdict, "overwork." But no; it was not too much work, but too little play.

Several years ago a building for a Gymnasium was put up—a very modest little building, but which answered the purpose quite well. But there was no plan, no system, about the work there. And after the novelty wore off, it came to be a proverb that the Freshmen frequented it considerably, the Sophomores moderately, the Juniors fitfully, and a Senior never was seen there! But still it was a step in the right direction. If one got to feeling crazed over Snell's Olmsted, the parallel bars or the bowling alley were just the things to clear the fogs from his brain and pump the sluggish blood through the muscles. Dumb-bells are the best tonic in the world.

Next, three years or so ago, considerable interest in boating was felt, funds were raised, a house built, and boats purchased. But the river is not fit for boating at the point near the College, the Messalonskee nearly a mile away, and the generic habit of human nature is laziness. Boat clubs still exist—on paper—and though we have one of the best streams for rowing, being open all winter, our practice in this direction has been rather spasmodic. It is unlikely

that we shall send a crew to the Regatta *this* year.

Under the enlivening spirit of a new administration, a military company, also, was formed, and regularly drilled; and work in the Gymnasium was, for the first time, systematized and put in the charge of an instructor. The advantage from this was just beginning to be felt when, unfortunately, the Gymnasium was burned.

Base-ball has been looking up considerably in the last two years, and we have now one of the best grounds in the State. But the benefit from ball-playing is not so universal, for comparatively few of the students play ball at all. There is a game not yet introduced at Colby—at least not yet played in a scientific way—a game in considerable favor at other colleges, which is as good in point of exercise as base-ball,—namely, *foot-ball*. As a game it is quite scientific, can be played by more at a time, does not require so much skill, and is not so dangerous as base-ball. Let us have some foot-ball clubs organized as soon as the season opens. Bates has them, and so do Bowdoin, Harvard, and Yale.

An admirable custom of many of the older colleges is what at Bowdoin is called Field Day,—when the college athletes repair to the Fair Ground or Trotting Park and give an exhibition of their skill and prowess to the admiring crowds. There is no reason why, with our increased facilities for getting up muscle, we may not soon have a Field Day here.

Mens sana in sano corpore is a saying old and trite; but its age does not impair its truth, nor lessen the warning contained therein that Nature cannot be abused with impunity. A sunrise is a trite thing, but it is just as useful and certain for all that. The body is the spirit's temple; and the temple cannot be damaged without hurting the immortal indweller. The body is the spirit's shrine; and whatever ennobles the one ennobles the other. Bodily exercise, whether in the Gymnasium or at the wood-pile, on the stream or on the road, is just as essential to mental culture as study. Health is the way and books are the means. "Bodily exercise profiteth little," said the Apostle; and "It's just that little we are after," said the Quaker. Frequent the Gymnasium more, even if it should cut your marking down a little at first. You will bring it up again, and more. Better lose rank than health.

THE SANCTUM.

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary to add another to the already large number of college periodicals, a decent respect for whom it may concern requires that some of the reasons which actuate to such a step, be set forth.

Years ago, college journalism was unknown; now nearly every college of size and influence has its paper—some, several. Colby had nothing of the sort, except the yearly *Oracle*. Therefore last term a monthly paper was decided upon, which should be an exponent of the College, an Echo of the ideas, views and opinions of the students; a conductor to dissipate the pent-up electricity of college intellect, without any disastrous explosion. College spirit had begun to demand such a paper, and sooner or later it was bound to be established. Whether or not the mantle of editor has at the first fallen upon worthy shoulders, remains to be seen. We shall do as well as we can.

Such a paper has a tendency to cause a literary habit among the students, in leading them to sustain it by their contributions. Having the wish, as all writers do, to see themselves in print, they do not write grudgingly as a task, but with pleasure. And having a pride in the appearance of their articles, they are more painstaking than with many of their college themes.

We are led to quote from an article on "College Journalism," in the *Oracle* of two years since.

"There should be a system of college journalism to train, in some degree, every student to discuss the numerous questions of public interest, and thus when in active life to extend and widen his influence. Our college papers should not be devoted to simple college interests alone; nor should they be employed merely as escape-valves for the student's wit and sarcasm; but they should be the medium through which we may express our opinions, on whatever subject. Certainly this department of our education has as much claim on us as the lyceum or athletic contest. Besides, such a course would tend to keep the scholar actively interested and well informed in matters of public interest and general information, in which students are often sadly deficient. It would be of the greatest literary and practical benefit, and if no other

reason could be advanced, it would help to break the monotony which the prescribed course of study alone is wont to occasion."

Alumni, we look to you most of all, for favor and help in sustaining our paper. You will be no poorer by giving it.

Exchanges, we expect and invite criticism on our first attempt. Only let it be candid and impartial. And don't bear on too hard at first, for we are "ow're" young yet.

Graduates who have not subscribed, will receive by mail a specimen copy. Send in your names and money at once, for you will want the paper.

Our rule will be, *strictly in advance*; though we are obliged to relax from it a little at the start. Will our subscribers, who have not already done so, please forward the subscription price? It is needed.

And now there seems likely to be some foundation for the old lady's objection to have the wires of a new telegraph line run near her house. "La sakes! I can't say a word but what it will be all over town, and be in everybody's mouth." For Prof. Bell with his telephone talks a hundred miles through the wires! A concert in Salem is listened to by an audience in Boston! They play Yankee Doodle forty miles by lightning! Nothing is safe from the attacks of these scientific men. It has been the way of them ever since the time when Galileo persisted that the world was round, and went round. By the time that the Prof. has made the usual number of improvements in his far-sounding instrument, what limit will there be to his powers of harking? Perhaps we can hear the music of the spheres. No need of going to the opera; stay at home and hear the music just as well. At least, we shall be able to hear what our neighbors say of us behind our backs. Walls will have not only ears, but mouths. Good for eavesdroppers. Gossips, look out! Prof. Bell is after you.

Alumni are earnestly requested to send short items for our column of Personals, in regard to themselves, or others of their classmates, or any of the Alumni, whose whereabouts they may know. Also, any items of general interest from

Alumni or other friends of the College will be thankfully received.

As we have received no exchanges yet—indeed, we could not expect to, until we had something to exchange—that department of our paper is necessarily empty this month.

The following incident which occurred at Colby, under a former administration, may not be without interest as a relic of that barbarous age which has now, of course, completely passed away.

The Professor of Chemistry announced that he would administer *nitrous oxide* to any member of the class who desired to experience its effects. The result was a conspiracy, headed by a bold champion of fun, who was to take a little gas and pretend to be completely overcome. Before he should sufficiently revive to be regarded as a free moral agent, he was to engage the Professor in a hand-to-hand combat, in which the latter would be sure to get the worst of it.

The hour arrived, the class assembled, and everything seemed to work well. The subject was suddenly overpowered, then rallied and made a spring for the Professor's throat. The Professor dodged, and then, amid the explosion of the spectators, quietly informed his assailant that he had feared such an outburst, and had not allowed him to breathe the gas. Our hero recognized the delicacy of the situation, and we presume made suitable apologies; for the Professor, as well as the class, concluded to regard it as a good joke.

Resolutions adopted by the students of Colby on the death of Mr. CHARLES H. MEEK, of the Sophomore class:

Whereas, our highly esteemed fellow student and friend, Mr. CHARLES H. MEEK, has been removed from us by death during the recent vacation; and *whereas*, we, the students of Colby University, are anxious to give expression to our sorrow at his loss, and make manifest our sympathy with his mother and other relatives,—it is hereby

Resolved, That while we feel keenly our loss, we bow in submission to the will of Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That though we shall miss him in the daily intercourse of student life, yet we feel that our loss is his gain, since he has gone from the sufferings and trials of this world to enjoy the happiness of the redeemed in heaven.

Resolved, That we do most heartily bear witness to the purity of his daily life, his fidelity as a student, his gentlemanly and courteous bearing towards all his fellow students, his constancy and devotion as a Christian, and his exemplary conduct in all the relations of life.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be sent to his afflicted mother, and for publication to THE COLBY ECHO, Waterville Mail, Zion's Advocate, Lewiston Weekly Journal, and the Lowell (Mass.) Daily Courier.

C. F. MESERVE,
H. N. HAYNES,
F. E. DEWHURST,
E. FLOOD,
C. W. CLARK,

Committee on Resolutions.

Waterville, Me., Feb. 9th, 1877.

THE CAMPUS.

Not very good weather for locals just now.

The new breech-loaders for the Colby Rifles have come. Fall in!

Hunt, of the editorial board, has gone home sick. May he have a speedy return to health and to College.

Glad to see Wyman 1st, back again and hear his voice in the choir once more. '77 is sorry to lose him, but her loss is '78's gain.

The Gymnasium Association has elected as officers: C. D. Smith, President; E. O. Lord, Vice President; F. L. Patten, Treasurer.

We have every reason to thank the Reading Room Committee for their liberal management. They furnish a good supply of matter to suit all tastes.

Why not have a College Band? There are musicians enough in College to form quite a respectable Orchestra if they would unite and practice.

Sam says that "all the gentlemen in the Senior class, except Mr. ———, have got an individual." By "individual" the initiated understand "young lady."

The Freshmen are mourning over Olney. They say it is harder than Davies's Bourdon, which is needless. They vow to cremate it as soon as ever they finish the ornery thing.

The Boardman Missionary Society has secured the services of various preachers in this and

other States, to deliver sermons before them from Sabbath to Sabbath during the coming term.

At the Commons the other day, some one asked Spilkins, who had just returned, what he had been doing. "Been unpacking my trunk." Then falling to again with knife and fork: "But I'm packing it again."

The first nine have gone into training in the new Gymnasium to get their muscle up. If the netting over the windows could be changed from the outside to the inside, they might pass ball without risk to the glass.

No harm is wished to the persons who are in the habit of abstracting the hall lamps for purposes best known to themselves; but if they could conveniently tumble down stairs once or twice without breaking their necks much, perhaps they would take the hint.

The new Gymnasium is finished and ready for the apparatus. It stands on the site of the old one, and is a much handsomer and better building, being much larger, substantially built of brick, and well lighted. The grates over the windows give it something of a prison-like aspect, but are good things, as air for ventilation can enter through much smaller spaces than the boy-vandals who used to smash the balls in the alley. When the walls were going up last fall we were afraid that the building would be rather ugly in an architectural point of view. But when done it is really quite an addition to the grounds.

THE WASTE-BASKET.

"Why do we heap huge mounds of years before us and behind,
And scorn the little days that pass like angels on the wind?
Each turning round a small, sweet face as beautiful as near,
Because it is so small a face we will not see it clear;
And so it turns from us, and goes away in sad disdain;
Tho' we could give our hearts for it, it never comes again."

Senioress translating—"Wir sind von keinem Mannesherzen sicher." "We are sure of every man's heart." Prof.—"Not correct. Try again." Senioress—"We are safe in every man's heart." Prof.—"Hardly." Senioress (blushing)—"We are sure of no man's heart." Prof. "Correct."
—Chronicle.

Epitaph of a good-natured man: "Not a dog throughout the neighborhood would bark at him."

A poet's soul is like a bit of sandal-wood which continually gives off atoms of fragrance, without ever becoming less.

Pres. Hayes believes in college literary societies. He says that one Western college owes to her societies the oratorical excellence of an unusual number of graduates.

"Gen'l'men," exclaimed an old Connecticut salt, as he grasped the brawny arm of a Yale College oarsman, and called the company's attention to its muscular development, "gen'l'men, thar's intelleck for yer."

The future pitcher and catcher of some champion base-ball nine, were observed yesterday practicing with a half brick done up in an old stocking. This is what may be called the ragged edge of the game.

There are some heads like the enclosure in which Xerxes measured his army. They will contain only a fixed number of ideas at a time; and to take in more, those already in are driven out at the back gate of forgetfulness.

You don't want a diction gathered from the newspapers, caught from the air, common and unsuggestive; but you want one whose every word is full freighted with suggestion and association, with beauty and power.—*Choate*.

It is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness, or speaking a true word, or making a friend. Seeds thus sown by the wayside often bring forth abundant harvest.—*Transcript*.

A traveler visiting a cathedral was shown by the sacristan, among other marvels, a dirty, opaque glass phial. After eyeing it some time, the traveler said: "Do you call this a relic? Why, it is empty." "Empty!" retorted the sacristan, indignantly. "Sir, it contains some of the darkness that Moses spread over the land of Egypt."

Undoubtedly there is a right way of reading, so it be strictly subordinated. "Man Thinking" must not be subdued by his instruments. Books are for the scholar's idle times. When he can read God directly, the hour is too precious to be wasted in other men's transcripts of their

readings. But when the intervals of darkness come, as come they must—when the sun is hid and the stars withdraw their shining—we repair to the lamps, which were kindled by their ray, to guide our steps to the East where the dawn is.—*R. W. Emerson*.

That "go cart" story which has been going the rounds, has its parallel in the case of the Soph who recently covered a couple of books with brown paper, and thinking he might fail to distinguish them, wrote G. G. on one for "General Geometry" and G. G. on the other for "Greek Grammar," and laid them on the shelf with a complacent air.—*Acadia Athenæum*.

Look at the "winged words" of old Homer, into which he breathed the breath of his own spiritual life—how long have they kept on the wing! For twenty-five or thirty centuries they have maintained their flight across gulfs of time in which empires have suffered shipwreck, and the languages of common life have sunk into oblivion; and they are still full of the life-blood of immortal youth.—*Mathews*.

Problem for the Algebrarians: There are twenty-six letters in the alphabet. How many combinations can be made from them? For fear it will take you too long to work it out, the answer is given—approximately. If a writer were to write forty pages a day, each page containing a different order of letters, he would nearly complete his task in—stand aside and give us room—in 1000000000000000000 years!

How absolute and omnipotent is the silence of night! And yet the stillness seems almost audible. From all the measureless depths of air around us comes a half-sound, a half-whisper, as if we could hear the crumbling of earth and all created things in the great miracles of nature—decay and reproduction—ever beginning, never ending,—the gradual lapse and running of the sand in the hour-glass of time.—*Longfellow*.

A renowned clergyman lately preached a rather long sermon from the text, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." After the congregation had listened about an hour, some began to get weary and went out; others soon followed, greatly to the annoyance of the minister. Another person started, whereupon the parson stopped in his sermon and said, "That's right, gentlemen. As fast as you are weighed pass out."

Says Prof. Huxley of our colleges: "The English universities are the products of government; yours of private munificence. That among us is almost unknown. The general notion of an Englishman, when he gets rich, is to found an estate and benefit his family. The general notion of an American, when fortunate, is to do something for the good of the people, and from which benefits shall continue to flow. The latter is the nobler ambition."

PERSONALS.

'75.—The Free High School of this village is under the instruction of E. H. Smiley, assisted by C. H. Percival, formerly of '78.

'75.—G. W. Hall is studying Law at the office of A. W. Paine in Bangor.

'75.—J. H. Cox, S. A. Read, and E. A. Read are completing their education at Newton Theological Institute.

'75.—C. F. Hall is assistant in Westbrook Seminary.

'76.—C. H. Hallowell is studying Medicine at the Boston University.

'76.—F. V. Chase is First Assistant in Worcester Academy, Classical Department.

'76.—Soon after his graduation, C. C. Tilley was ordained in Nobleboro, and is now pastor of the Baptist Church there.

'76.—E. A. Woodsum has begun the course of study in Newton.

'76.—A. C. Hall is teaching in the Baptist College at Vacaville, Cal.

'76.—C. A. Russell is studying Law in the Boston University.

'76.—A. W. Small is at Newton studying Theology.

'76.—C. E. Meleney is the teacher of Warren Academy.

'76.—E. C. Long is teaching the Free High School in Brooklin.

'78.—Rumor has it that C. H. Gibbs, taking advantage of the Winter vacation, followed the example set before him by classmates and took unto himself a companion and helpmeet. The day seems fast approaching, if we may judge by present circumstances, when it will not only be customary for students to get married, but will be even one of the requirements for admission to college.

AN AGREEMENT.

COLBY UNIVERSITY, NOV. 18, 1876.

Whereas, an association had been formed by the students, for publishing a monthly paper devoted to the interests of the College; and *whereas*, the *A. K. E.* society has also announced its purpose to issue a paper having a similar aim; and *whereas*, arrangements for publishing have gone so far as to render certain the issue of two papers, unless, by mutual consent of the parties in interest, they can be consolidated; and *whereas*, in the judgment of the Faculty and other friends of the institution, it would be for the interest of the College to publish one paper only, which should combine the strength, material, intellectual and moral, which must otherwise be divided and so in part wasted:

Therefore, It is understood and agreed by the persons and parties whose signatures are hereunto appended, that in case the *A. K. E.* society shall abandon its purpose,—

1st. That two Literary Editors of the consolidated paper shall be appointed by and from the said *A. K. E.* society, two by and from the *Z. W.* society, and two by and from the men in College who belong to neither society.

2d. That a Managing Editor shall be elected by the major vote of the members of the Publishing Association.

3d. That in the selection of editors, the men in each of the parties before mentioned shall be chosen, who will best represent the character and culture of the College.

4th. That this method of electing editors be considered permanent, and that it can be changed only with the consent of each of the parties aforesaid.

5th. That all subscriptions and advertisements obtained by the said *A. K. E.* society shall be transferred to the Publishing Association, so far as such transfer is practicable.

6th. That all expense incurred by the *A. K. E.* society, in procuring such subscriptions and advertisements, shall be assumed by the Publishing Association.

7th. That said *A. K. E.* society gives up its purpose of publishing a paper of its own *solely* with a view to the good of the general Publishing Association and the good of the College.

8th. That a copy of this Agreement be published in the first issue of the paper.

[Duly signed by the several parties.]

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