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The Colby Echo.

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THE SANCTUM.

The *Bowdoin Orient* says: "The advantages of co-education of the sexes are seen at Colby, where the young ladies take the prizes, and the young gentlemen the 'deads.' And still we hear no complaint." Right, neighbor. The world moves, and this north-east corner of the United States swings around with it. In our six-years' experiment in admitting women to the College, we have tested some of the questions concerning co-education in the higher institutions, and proved satisfactorily: First, that it is possible and feasible; second, that it brings no disadvantages, certainly, to either party interested; the young men or the young women, but

on the contrary is advantageous to both. The hue-and-cry against admitting women to college has had its root in jealousy and prejudice, and nothing more. Physicians have written against it and drawn astounding arguments from physiology and anatomy to prove that the female system is not adapted to the rigorous discipline of the curriculum; that it would inevitably break down under such a severe and exhaustive trial. But facts are against the doctors. Our young women have shown that they are as able to weather the four-years' course as the young men. They graduate in as good health and spirits as their brothers. Given a strong and healthy constitution, no matter what the sex, and given common sense enough to take care of the health, and there is no mental labor in the course severe and protracted enough to hurt any one.

The presence of women in college infringes upon no right of the men, and secures to themselves the right and privilege of all collegiate advantages. There are certain social duties and spheres peculiar to man, and which society intuitively feels it is improper and unnatural for woman to enter. Such are political duties and the sphere of certain public professions. But the domain of mental culture is common ground, or should be, and all opposition to this is based upon wrong principles.

Not only have the young women proved themselves physically equal to the task, but mentally also. Those representatives of the sex who have entered thus far have taken a high rank—in several cases among the foremost of their class; and they have taken a fair share of the general college prizes, because they fairly won them. They have also received such class offices and distinctions as seemed fit. "And still we hear no complaint." Why should we? Honor to whom honor, tribute to whom tribute is due. They have not taken *all* the prizes, or the young men *all* the "deads." They have been given a fair trial and have received reward where it was merited. And the men have given

them a fair field, actuated neither by sentimentality on the one hand, nor by jealousy, prejudice, and conservatism on the other.

Growler has just been into the Sanctum, venting his spleen in cynical remarks about men and things in College, and making us uncomfortable as a gust of east wind. Hear him. "Yes, what did I see out to the Gymnasium just now? I walked around the building and counted seventeen broken panes of glass in the windows! Seventeen times \$1 are \$17 to pay for base-ball throwing inside! And look at the gravel walks in front of the dormitories, all strewn with bits of broken glass. Why, the barefoot little boys daren't come on the grounds now. Get their toes cut off. If a glazier would set up shop within call, he would make his fortune in a short time. Here I have to pay four or five dollars per year for somebody's fun in demolishing windows. What justice in that, I should like to know? General Average indeed! Particular Extortion, I say. Why need they strike balls towards the buildings so much—why not go into the field, the proper place?" We gave it up. "These base-balls seem to have as much affinity for window glass as Oxygen for Potassium. Then it is very pleasant to be sitting in your room, when crash! comes a hot one, frightening you to death, and just missing spoiling your countenance or some other article of furniture. I don't think it fair for innocent men having to pay so much every term for the mischief done by a few. Reform! If this is the age of reform, there is a chance yet for considerable missionary work inside the College lines." Growler was now well launched into his favorite topic, and there was no stopping him.

"Now, there is the reading-room for instance. It is hardly possible to go there thinking to take any comfort. There are certain persons who take that place for a debating instead of a reading room, and make it such a bedlam with loud-mouthed discussions of no interest to any one but themselves, that I often throw down my paper and go out in despair. It is inexcusable thoughtlessness and supreme selfishness in them to do so. Then there's another thing—the horn-blowing. 'Blessings on the man who invented sleep,' said Sancho Panza. If he were alive and in a college, I think he would add: 'Curses on the man who invented fish-horns.'

For they are like Macbeth,—they murder sleep. It is mean, unmanly, indecent. You have worked hard all the evening, and at considerable o'clock, tired and sleepy, are about composing yourself to rest, when to-o-ot! from some distant window, and then *toot ensemble*, in two minutes twenty horns take up the refrain and make the night hideous with awful sounds. Then farewell, gentle Sleep! Thou canst not abide fish-horns.

"Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices—"

We had borne Growler's tirade with all patience until he began to quote poetry, when we choked him off as politely as possible, and sent him away, still scolding as he went. But, oh, candid reader, does not Growler have some cause for growling?

And now the much expected, yet long averted, hostilities in Europe, have begun in earnest. The defiant flashing of the Turkish Crescent has proved too much for the endurance of the Russian Bear, and so the sword and the cannon are to decide the difficulties which have so long been rankling in the Turkish and the Russian breasts.

The causes and attendant circumstances of the difficulties between the two nations, and the probable results of the war, open, of course, vast and varied fields of speculation. The financier, the politician, and the moralist are alike active in their predictions and speculations. In the very beginning of difficulties, at the time of the Servian atrocities, England was quick to perceive the disastrous effects upon her commercial interests should Russia gain control of the southern seas, for she would speedily make herself the rival of all Europe. Therefore a regard for her own material prosperity seemed to demand at once that England should sustain the Turks in their barbarous cruelties, and, indeed, such a course was urged by the English politicians, but the better spirit of England rose up indignantly at such a proposition, and no definite action was taken.

The probabilities, however, that England will continue to maintain a neutral position is by no means certain. It is extremely irritating to her to suffer Russia to rid Europe of the Turks, however desirable the riddance, under a humane

and benevolent disguise, while her real motive is to extend the boundaries of her own dominions, gain control of the Mediterranean and by this means sadly interfere with, if not wholly destroy, the great East Indian interests of England. So far, indeed, from remaining neutral, it seems quite probable that England will enter the war against Russia, not through any sympathy for the Turks, nor lack of sympathy for the ostensible motive of Russia, but through a regard for her own endangered interests. In reality a two-horned dilemma presents itself to England. She must either adopt measures of prudence in respect to her own interests by allying herself with Turkey, and thus, in a measure, countenance her despotic acts; or she must, either by remaining neutral or by taking up arms against the Turks, assist Russia in removing from Europe this drag upon its civilization; but it would be done at a dangerous risk to her own prosperity. It seems almost certain, from present aspects, that she will adopt the former of the two measures, in which event the war is likely to become a serious matter for Russia.

LITERARY.

THOREAU.

As rich the tints of cloud-land glints
 In Walden's lakelet shine,
 The lilies lave in lucent wave,
 And bloom as sweet and fine
 As they were wont in Summer times "lang syne."

But he, the child of Nature wild,
 Who all her secrets knew,
 His steps no more along the shore
 Their wonted way pursue;
 The dells of all the green wood miss him, too.

Could we believe that all things grieve
 When those who love them die,
 The poet's death, it followeth,
 To Nature's heart comes nigh —
 And he was Nature's lover rare and shy.

The necromancy of his fancy
 Has famed the spot for aye;
 For a poet's thought, with beauty fraught,
 Dies not, but lives alway,
 And like a star shines on with deathless ray.

The spirit's ken in other men
 Is clogged with grosser being,

But the poet's eye beholds what lie
 Beyond our farthest seeing,
 The order with the perfect plan agreeing.

God's perfect law without a flaw
 He sees in all and each.
 His finer ear can lessons hear
 Which e'en the wild flowers teach
 In Nature's free and inarticulate speech.

He paid no heed to craft or creed
 Or forms of shallow art;
 But strong and free as strong souls be,
 He scorned to play a part,
 Yet faith in God and good was in his heart.

Aloof from strife which wastes our life,
 Its din and sordid show,
 The hermit sought in peaceful thought
 A higher life to know —
 It higher prizes which men set so low!

In solitudes of templed woods
 He worshipped fervently,
 And sermons heard whose grand truths stirred
 His heart to leaping free,
 And thrilled his soul with their deep harmony.

O, strange, rare soul, the ripples roll
 As erst adown the beach,
 The pine groves moan in undertone,
 The elms their branches reach —
 Thou could'st interpret; we know not their speech!

DUNFERMLINE.

Many of the cities in Scotland had a military or a religious nucleus around which they have grown with the progress of years. Towns, such as Stirling and Dumbarton, with many ancient villages of the kingdom, had a military origin; they congregated for protection around some strong castle or fortress. Others, such as Glasgow, St. Andrews, and Dunfermline, had an ecclesiastical nucleus; they formed at first round their respective cathedrals and began life as handmaids to the Church.

The last-mentioned city is about sixteen miles north-west of the Scottish capital. As seen from a distance, its numerous steeples, its prominent buildings, and its elevated site give to it a striking appearance. Situated on rising ground, it commands a view not merely of the winding Forth and its fruitful banks, but also of the higher land in fourteen different counties, and the picture which the landscape presents is one of rare beauty.

Although the city had an ecclesiastical birth,

it may at present be considered a manufacturing centre. The chief branch of industry is the weaving of table-linen, which keeps about four thousand looms in constant operation. The nicest of the goods, designed for the royal family, are made by hand. The warp and filling, which is usually spun in the north of Ireland, are so very fine that the looms for weaving have to be placed in damp cellar-like buildings, because in a dry atmosphere the threads would become brittle and they could not be woven. In 1871 the looms of Dunfermline produced 30,000,000 square yards of linen, which, if formed into a web one yard wide, would reach from Great Britain to New Zealand and have 1000 miles to spare. This establishes Dunfermline as the principal seat for the manufacture of table-linen in Britain. During the years of Border warfare, when the method of transmitting news was by means of beacon lights placed upon the hills, this city was one of the most important signal stations. Many times the blazing light shone forth from Dunfermline, giving warning of danger or assurance of victory to the inhabitants of the surrounding country.

The city, however, is chiefly interesting on account of the antique ruins which connect it with the history of the country. At a very early period it was a royal residence. Malcolm Canmore, whose name Shakespeare has immortalized in the play of Macbeth, usually resided in a tower on a small hill in the glen adjacent to the town; and a fragment of the tower still remains. Ancient chronicles relate how Margaret the Saxon Princess, flying from the Norman conquerors, toiled along the track leading to this Celtic tower where Malcolm was intrenched; how he found her seated upon a stone by the roadside; how he wooed and won her hand; how she with the arts of civilization, then just taking root in England, tamed her fierce husband; how, under her guiding influence, rose Dunfermline Abbey, founded for the monks of the Benedictine order. This Abbey, one of the oldest and richest religious houses in the country, was dedicated to the Holy Trinity and St. Margaret. Fire and the zeal of the reformers so demolished it, that all which remains of the splendid edifice is a part of the great church (now repaired and occupied as a house of worship), and the ruins which surround it. The Abbey was used for many generations as the

sepulcher of the Scottish nobility, and thus diverted to itself the glory which had hitherto belonged exclusively to Iona. In front of the great altar lie buried Malcolm and his Queen Margaret, King Edgar, Alexander and David, the mother of William Wallace, Macduff, the Earl of Fife, and many others of noble birth. When the ruined church was repaired the body of Robert Bruce was found encased in a lead coffin, and was removed from the great altar to be re-interred beneath the pulpit of the new church. His monument is a lofty square tower at one end of the church, on the summit of which are the words, in open stone work, KING ROBERT THE BRUCE.

Adjoining the Abbey are the remains of a palace

"Where Scotia's kings of other years,
Fam'd heroes, had their royal home."

Portions of the walls are yet standing and are in quite a good state of preservation. Charles I. and Princess Elizabeth his sister, from whom the House of Hanover derive their title by descent, were born in this royal residence. The records of the city bear testimony to the fact that when the sovereigns held their court in this once favored resort, Dunfermline presented a scene of festivity and pomp worthy of its honorable rank. The city is one in which much information can be obtained by visiting its manufactories; much pleasure derived from mingling in its busy society; yet we find our steps instinctively turning toward its ruins as possessing greater attraction than anything else.

With awe we tread the pavement which covers the dust of ancient kings; pause with reverence by the tomb of Bruce, the heroic deliverer of Scotland and founder of her once boasted independence. In imagination the Abbey rises once more in all its mediæval glory and is occupied by a fraternity of monks; the ivy falls from the shattered walls of the palace and it is again the house of royal blood. We forget that the Romish religion has long been an offense unto Scotland, and that the cross of St. Andrews is blended with the cross of St. George.

"Dunfermline, thy old ruined tow'rs
Have seen a brighter day,
When kings and princes lived within
Thine ancient palace grey.

"How times are changed, and kings no more
Within thy palace reign,
But glorious memories of the past
Thou wilt for aye retain."

J. R. H.

PREJUDICE.

Among the conspicuous defects in human character, prejudice occupies a prominent position. It is common in a greater or less degree to all men of all times. The untutored savage and the learned judge are both influenced by it. It is a universal testimony to man's imperfection. We accept opinions readily if they suit our fancy. We change or give up our views very reluctantly. Why we, rational beings, are unwilling to accept the truth when it is presented to us, and why we cling to error because we have regarded it as true, is mysterious. Prejudice has been confined to no particular subject; it has manifested itself in every department of thought. In religion its baneful effects have, perhaps, been most apparent. This to a great extent has caused the imprisonment, torture, and death of the martyrs in every age. This it was that suppressed every effort at reform in the church for centuries. To advance or defend an idea contrary to the common belief, was until recently regarded as a crime and was often done at the risk of life.

Prejudice, refusing to investigate or consider the reasons for a new belief, has been the great obstacle blocking the wheels of progress in every department of life. When Galileo had made new discoveries in astronomy by the aid of the telescope, many refused to look through the instrument for fear they might be convinced of the truth of his statements. In a similar spirit has every discovery been received by mankind.

Among uncivilized men prejudice is seen in its most repulsive forms. Indeed, advancement in civilization consists to a large extent in overcoming prejudice. One of the slowest and most laborious tasks that has ever been undertaken is the elevating of a race from barbarism. The savage clings to the customs and faith of his fathers with a tenacity which is surprising to more enlightened men. The Christian missionary and the philanthropist find the greatest obstacles in their work to be the prejudices of those whom they are striving to elevate.

As civilization is impossible without the gradual overthrow of prejudice, we find enlightened men much less influenced by it than savages. We, however, are still in a condition where its effects are plainly visible. How powerfully this principle is appealed to in the plea of the attorney, and the harangue of the political orator. Where is the man who is not to some extent influenced by it?

That we are unable to judge of any subject solely by its own merits seems strange, but we must all confess that it is one of the most difficult things for us to do. "I would not believe that if I *knew* it were so," or words to that effect, we have doubtless all heard from persons of ordinary intelligence. In all classes of men we see evidences of prejudice and we naturally shun any collision with it.

The reformer, the discoverer, the inventor of every age and nation, has been the victim of prejudice. Often have their lives been embittered, often placed in jeopardy on account of it. Few such men have lived to overcome this prejudice and see their views accepted as true by their fellow men. Bold indeed is the man who dares to oppose the prejudices of those around him. Yet opposition must be made or there would be but little advancement in any department of life. The satisfaction that comes from feeling that one is right, and that his belief will at some time be accepted, is perhaps compensation enough for the evils thus endured. He who lives to see the triumph of his views over prejudice is sure to receive honor enough to repay him for all his trouble. Such men are the noblest conquerors the world has ever seen, and deserve the highest praise. No man has a right to trifle with the feelings of those among whom he lives, but if others are wrong and he is right, he is surely under obligation to correct their views if possible. We have no right to leave others in error, if we can to any extent impress the truth upon them.

The fear of meeting prejudice has been the great defect in the character of many who but for this might have had a powerful effect upon the world. On account of it many a believer has denied his God. Education is the most effective weapon against prejudice that can be used. The dissemination of knowledge is powerful for the overthrow of its empire in the human mind. Every structure built upon prej-

udice is destined to fall when the masses are educated.

Since this fault is such an enemy to progress, we ought to strive in every way to eradicate it from our own characters. The mind of him who is searching for truth must be in a large measure free from prejudice, if any advancement would be made. Eyes that are dimmed by prejudice behold objects strangely distorted. While we so justly despise the prejudice manifested by the people of former times and of less civilized nations, let us consider carefully whether we have none of the same spirit. It is easy to see it in others; it is very difficult to see it in ourselves, and very hard to overcome when discovered.

A DAY IN OXFORD.

Who, that ever faced successfully the awful examination of "applicants for admission," has not longed to visit Oxford? Certainly I had; and so, after landing at Liverpool, the first available train bore me to the famous academic city. On the way we passed through a charming country, then just in the freshness of budding Spring,—through Chester, noted for its Cathedral, Birmingham (Iron Works), Warwick (Castle), Banbury (Tarts), and finally, at about five P.M., came to Oxford. We had traveled five or six hours on an English railway, where they do not allow even "five minutes for refreshments," so we first took a hasty, but excellent supper in the cozy inn, then started to visit Christ Church College. As we passed through the strange streets with the familiar names, the feeling that I was really in Oxford came fully upon me. Perhaps this little nook is the scene of *Giglamp's* encounter with the ferocious "Town," from which exceedingly uncomfortable position he was rescued by "*My fren' Misser Bouncer, 'f'e'low me Callimso.*" Here is the spot, (somewhat better authenticated) where Latimer was burned, and here is *Carfax*, the centre of the town and the practical point of division between "Town" and "Gown." Turning south down St. Aldates street we soon came to Christ Church. From the street it presents a dark front of about four hundred feet with elevation at each end and a tower in the centre. Passing through the gateway under the tower, we enter

the first quad, and from that another, and still another, and so pass out upon the famous Christ Church Meadows, and down to the river to see the boats; there they are! of all kinds, from the long elegant "sight" to the short, clumsy but *safe* "tub;" but what a river! So narrow that two boats cannot pass without trailing the oars, and *crooked*! Now I understood why the English always carry a coxswain; as a boating facility the Isis can hardly be considered superior to the Messalonskee. The river is by common consent called the Isis at Oxford, but a few miles below it becomes the less classic Thames. Here comes a boat! everything on the water scatters to either shore, and on they come at a racing pace; they are doing the best they can, but they are evidently a green crew, and, in spite of the exhortations of the athletic "coach" running along the path, "*six*" will not "*sit up*." It is after sunset by the time we leave the river, but a brilliant moon is shining, and so we wander, till a late hour, about the picturesque old city, the beautiful buildings appearing even more beautiful in the soft moonlight.

Oxford University consists of twenty-one colleges, and four halls, all situated in the eastern part of the city and within less than half a mile of Radcliffe Square, so that no one college is more than about three-fourths of a mile from any other; of these, Christ Church is the largest and most important. It had, at the time of my visit, about 1,100 students, among the number, Leopold, the youngest son of the Queen. Its numerous buildings are arranged in five quadrangles, the first, which we entered from St. Aldates street, is the largest (about 300 feet square) and is called "Tom" quad, either from Tom Brown (?) or from the huge bell "Tom" in the tower over the gateway; there is considerable weight in favor of the latter opinion (about 17,000 lbs.). One of the chief objects of interest in Christ Church is the dining room, on the south side of Tom quad; its walls are hung with portraits of celebrated persons who have been connected with the college, including one of Cardinal Wolsey, the founder, but who, falling into disfavor with the king, was not able to complete his work; also one of Henry VIII., who repented when it was too late for the Cardinal, but testified his regard to him by finishing the work he had begun. Harvard has copied this plan of eating their oatmeal under

the eyes of an indefinite number of generations, but it seems to me that it makes altogether too solemn a thing of what should be merely a matter of innocent amusement. The Cathedral is entered through an archway nearly opposite the main gateway. It is a very interesting building, but being constructed in parts, and at different dates, the architectural effect is somewhat confusing. The College Library is contained in a fine building inclosing Peckwater quad on the south.

All the buildings of this, as well as all the colleges in Oxford, (with one exception) are constructed of Bath stone, similar to our Ohio sandstone; this is blackened by age, but shows the light color where the surface has peeled off, and this lends a light and graceful appearance to buildings that might otherwise seem heavy and sombre. Keble College is of brick with trimmings of Bath stone, and was not completed at the time of my visit; it is a memorial of Bishop Keble. In the morning, after a second visit to Christ Church, we started on a general tour of inspection about the city, visiting, of course, the Bodleian Library (250,000 volumes, more or less, we did not count them,) and Radcliffe Library, in a handsome building erected for it in Radcliffe Square. From the top of this we obtained a fine view of the city. The Sheldonian Theatre, erected by Sir Christopher Wren, is the scene of the Anniversary exercises of the University. At the time it was built it was considered a triumph of skill to support so large a roof without pillars, but there are several larger buildings, more recently erected, with roofs without internal support. Tremont Temple, Boston, is one. The New University Museum is a fine building, the finest for the purpose, I think, I ever saw, and is an extremely interesting place; it is nearly opposite Keble College. Of course we could not leave Oxford without visiting Addison's favorite walk behind Magdalen College. We found it after considerable difficulty, and decided that his taste in walks was as good as in literary composition. "Maudlin Grove" is a park in the rear of Magdalen College. We met constantly numbers of people on the same errand as ourselves, among whom we noticed one that we supposed to be a Brahmin with a white turban and eye-glasses, and a gentleman from India with his "Tiger."

There were a great many things in Oxford

that we wanted to see, and did not see, and a great many things which we saw, and of which we wished to see more; but "*Tempus edax rerum*"—no, "*Tempus fugit*," and so we left Oxford exactly twenty-four hours after we entered, congratulating ourselves that *one* long-cherished hope had been realized and that our memories were enriched with so great treasures. But most of all we felicitated ourselves that we had been able to get away without having filched a relic, or having engraved our initials on the walls of a single college or the base of the Martyr's Monument.

E. F. M.

THE SPECIAL NEEDS OF THIS AGE.

All ages of which history treats have had their own peculiar needs. It is true that all ages have many needs in common, and it is equally true that each age has its own peculiar requirements, the satisfying of which marks the first step of its true progress in civilization; and this progress will be advanced in proportion as these requirements or wants of the age are discovered and satisfied.

The scattered tribes of Arabia needed a leader, under whom their petty feuds between each other would disappear and themselves be united into one great nation. The advent of Mahomet supplied this need, and with him as sole ruler, believing in a common religion, they made a great stride towards a higher and better civilization. The profligacy of the Church and priesthood during the rule of Pope Alexander VI., showed plainly the necessity of a purer religion, or at least of a religion with purer apostles. The appearance of the Florentine reformer, Savonarola, followed by the Oxford scholars, Colet, Erasmus, and Moore, and the German Luther, and later by John Calvin at Geneva, gave to the age what it required; and thenceforth the condition of Europe was continually bettered, and the wave of the Protestant Reformation steadily advanced until it broke in the French Revolution. Hand in hand with the struggle for religious freedom was waged the contest against feudalism, and both ultimately prevailed. The free Cantons of Switzerland were individually too weak to maintain their independence. There was a need of union; and when this union had been formed there arose the

free Republic of Switzerland, which to-day exists, seemingly as solid as the rugged mountains around it, with it almost divine motto, "Each for all and all for each." When Peter the Great became Czar of Russia that great nation was feeble because of its ignorance of civilized arts. By the energy of its ruler this want was met, and the progress of Russia dates with his accession to the throne. The feebleness of the French Republic demanded a sovereign with almost despotic power, and one whose will was of iron. Corsica, in the person of Napoleon, supplied that demand, and all the world felt his mighty influence.

As it has been in other countries, so also has it been in America. The cruel fanaticism of Mather and many of the rigid descendants of the Puritan Fathers necessitated freedom of conscience in religious matters. This granted, there followed almost immediately the wish for freedom from the civil yoke of England. Then came the Adamses and Warrens of the North and the Henrys and Lees of the South, to aid in the realization of this wish for liberty. The Revolution obtained for them their liberty, producing its Washingtons, Gateses, Greenes, Sumpsters, and Marions. There was then a need of a firm government by all the States. This government having been formed, it progressed so rapidly as to surpass the expectations of its most sanguine supporters. Its wars, subsequently, with England, solidified the young Republic, and its progress continued more rapid than ever before. After years of uninterrupted peace and prosperity, the odious plague-spot of slavery began to be noted, and it became evident that it must be removed ere it destroyed the free institutions of America. But its power was gigantic, and he must needs be a bold man who dared attack it. But there were many such, and finally we were plunged into a civil strife from which the nation at last emerged, crippled, indeed, but freed forever from the criminal institution of human slavery.

The period since the war up to the present time, has been one of wild speculation, excessive extravagance, and a general civil, moral, and religious demoralization. The true aim of Christianity has in many instances been subverted to lower purposes; politics, from one end of the country to the other, have sunk deep down into filthy mire; and the business circles

and the masses of the people have given abundant evidences that their movement in the course of national morality was a retrograde one. Popular, eloquent preachers have been sought in preference to earnest, working Christians; men who could truly be called patriots have rarely been found; politicians, devoting all their energies to their own promotion, have multiplied like locusts, and into their hands great power has been entrusted. Tweed rings and whiskey rings have flourished abundantly, reaping their golden harvests from the pockets of the people almost without fear or molestation. It has truly, in many respects, been an age of sham. But now we see beneath this sham the real needs of this country, and are trying to supply them.

For the first time in sixteen years all of the States are united under one government, and each is self-governing. We need men of principle—patriotic men whose devotion to their country exceeds that to their party; not men who seek for self-preferment by fair or by foul means, but men who will sacrifice their private interests for the good of their country. In a word, the country demands true statesmen in the place of tricky and untrustworthy politicians. The Church, too, needs men who are able to see beyond the narrow limits of sectarianism, and who are willing to work in the broader field of true Christianity; men who can say with truth, not "I am a Baptist, Congregationalist, or Universalist," but "I am a *Christian*." These are the needs of this age,—in fact they are what every age has needed. But the common needs of all ages are the special needs of this, viz.: Men of principle and men of vigorous action.

THE CAMPUS.

Summer Term.

Olney, we shall miss thee.

How about that condition?

Let's knock off smoking.

One Senior moustache won't photograph.

Don't spit on the Chapel floor.

Murray, formerly of '78, is back into '79.

Wish that loudly-singing Senior would "hire a-halk."

Now is the time to pay your term dues.

There are rumors of a Freshman Band. Hi, Fresh!

Only two daily recitations maketh the sedate Senior smile.

Considerable back work was made up at the first of the term.

Most of the Juniors are taking French for their elective study.

"Say, fellows; to-morrow is Saturday and I propose we go out of town."

Ingraham, of '80, has joined *A. K. E.*, and Herrick and Nason, also of '80, *Z. P.*

The students visited the President a little too much last term. Reform is necessary.

The prize for the best article at the Senior Exhibition last Fall, has been awarded to J. R. Henderson.

The study of Anglo-Saxon has one good result. It causes the Sophs to consult their Bibles more frequently.

No announcement having yet been made concerning the Orator and Poet for Commencement, we presume none have as yet been selected.

H. E. Hamlin and W. H. Lyford secured the prizes at the Sophomore Declamation, April 25. The class have enjoyed the oysters since at their expense.

The Library of the University has recently received fifty valuable volumes from Hon. H. M. Plaisted. The number of volumes has now reached 13,000.

Prof. Elder, always laboring to promote the efficiency of his department, is giving the Juniors lectures on Geology in connection with the text-book.

The gentle zephyrs waft it about the Campus that there is a "trusty messenger" in each division. Take warning, then, ye whose ways are dark, lest your sins find you out.

At the Annual Convention of the *Y. P. Fraternity*, holden at Middletown, Conn., May 9th, the request of some of our students for the establishment of a Chapter at Colby, was refused.

Special drill for Decoration Day has commenced, and we hope that the students will take hold of it in earnest, so as to reflect credit upon themselves and the University on that occasion.

Four large pictures, by a German artist, have recently been hung upon the walls of Professor Taylor's recitation room, representing a costume of a tragic actor, a toga-clad citizen, soldiers, and the theatre of Ancient Rome.

He has been here almost a year, and yet, when some one asked him why he did not go to Kendall's Mills to the fire, he innocently replied, "Because I couldn't have got back in time for the forenoon's recitation." Gosh!!!

It is to be hoped that the person here who is afflicted with kleptomaniacal propensities will hereafter find some other object than the papers in the Reading Room, especially before they are read. A man who will stoop to such paltry meanness ought not to be allowed in the College.

Mr. E. M. Gorden of Solon has lately finished a very complete course in Assaying, under the instruction of Mr. S. K. Hitchings, who is the best authority on this subject in town. Mr. Hitchings's course in Qualitative Analysis would be of very great advantage to any one having a taste for that branch of Science.

And "still there's more to follow." A wise member of '80, on hearing that the Seniors intended securing the Mendelssohn Quintette for Commencement, soliloquized thus: "I don't believe they amount to much. I never heard of them." He has been well cared for, and his friends entertain strong hopes of his recovery.

Our base-ball manager has been trying to arrange a series of games with the Bowdoin nine. They have manifested disinclination to play, because of the disadvantages under which they were laboring, but have consented to play, and it is expected that the first game of the series will be played Wednesday, May 23d—probably at Brunswick.

The *Oracle*, our annual College publication, will appear in a few days, and should be liberally patronized by the students, Alumni, and friends of the University. It will, undoubtedly, be well worthy of patronage, and the fact that we now have a monthly publication should not by any means cause the *Oracle* to be less heartily supported. It will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 50 cents per copy. Address, *Oracle*, Waterville, Me., Lock Box 6.

The following is presented on reliable authority: A young lady at the Classical Institute

in this village, recently made such a vigorous recitation that the force of her mental exertion (presumably) reacted physically, and caused the sudden bursting of that peculiarly feminine mystery, yclept a bustle, when was presented to the view of the astonished class a trio of New York *Tribunes*. The "true inwardness," judging from this, must be "independence."

The series of games by the Senior Chess Club with Bowdoin is ended. The first game was won by Bowdoin, but at the 9th move of the second game Bowdoin resigned the game and the match on account of a disinclination to play it out. The match with Bates is progressing somewhat slowly. Bates won the first game, as follows:

Evans's Gambit.

BATES—WHITE.

COLBY—BLACK.

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------|
| 1. P—K 4 | P—K 4 |
| 2. Kt—K B 3 | Kt—Q B 3 |
| 3. B—Q B 4 | B—Q B 4 |
| 4. P—Q Kt 4 | B takes P |
| 5. P—Q B 3 | B—Q R 4 |
| 6. P—Q 4 | P takes P |
| 7. Castles. | P—Q 3 |
| 8. Q—Q Kt 3 | Q—K B 3 |
| 9. P—K 5 | Q P takes K P |
| 10. R—K's sq. | K Kt—K 2 |
| 11. B—K Kt 5 | Q—K B 4 |
| 12. B takes Kt | K takes B |
| 13. B—Q 5 | K—B 3 |
| 14. Q Kt—Q 2 | B—Q Kt 3 |
| 15. B takes Kt | P takes B |
| 16. R takes P | Q—Q 2 |
| 17. Kt—K 4 (ch) | K—Kt 3 |
| 18. R—K Kt 5 (ch) | K—R 3 |
| 19. Kt—K 5 | Resigned. |

The second game is not yet finished.

The Colby University nine played its opening game with the Bates College nine on the Androscoggin grounds in Lewiston, May 2d. Up to the seventh innings both nines failed to score. In this innings, by heavy batting and assisted by our errors, Bates succeeded in running seven men across the home plate, and in the eighth added two more runs to their score. The ninth innings ended the game with a blank for both sides. The errors of the seventh innings were mainly due to the excitement of our nine, which is the direct result of a want of experience. This, time will mend. We can justly claim that we have one of the strongest nines in the State, and shall expect a good

record of it at the close of the college season. Appended is the score of the game at Lewiston:

BATES.						COLBYS.					
P.	R.	1b.	P.O.	A.	E.	P.	R.	1b.	P.O.	A.	E.
P. R. Clason, 2b.	1	0	3	3	1	Bosworth, p.	0	0	1	3	0
Lombard, 3b.	1	1	1	1	2	Gibbs, 1b.	0	0	11	0	0
Oakes, p.	0	3	1	9	1	Merriam, 2b.	0	0	3	3	4
Noble, l. f.	1	0	0	0	0	F. Perkins, c.	0	0	2	2	4
Record, c.	2	1	8	2	1	Barker, c. f.	0	3	5	0	0
Burr, s. s.	1	1	1	0	1	Drummond, 3b.	0	1	2	1	3
Potter, c. f.	2	0	0	0	0	L. M. Perkins, s. s.	0	0	1	1	0
O. B. Clason, 1b.	1	2	13	2	0	Mathews, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Hoyt, r. f.	0	1	0	0	0	Patten, l. f.	0	1	1	0	0
	9	9	27	17	6		0	5	27	10	11

Two base hits—Record, 1; Burr, 1. Struck out—Bates, 3; Colbys, 5. Fouled out—Bates, 2; Colbys, 1. Left on bases after hits—Bates, 4; Colbys, 3. Umpire—G. Wilson of Lewiston. Scorers—Bates, F. H. Briggs; Colbys, W. H. Brownson.

The next game of this series will be played here Saturday, May 19th.

THE TABLE.

We recommend all readers of the *Brunonian* to carefully peruse the article entitled "Literary Habits of Harriet Martineau." The lessons which may be drawn from it will be found especially instructive to all who would succeed as authors. We at Colby can appreciate "The Story-Teller," and particularly the part of it relating to the Prof. who has the same little anecdote for each succeeding class. Let our students and Faculty carefully take notes on the editorial which speculates on the number of lives which would probably be lost in case of fire in the dormitories. And let it be remembered that our own buildings have no fire escape.

We are always glad to find in our sanctum the *Era* of Cornell. The last number, under date of April 27th, contains much interesting matter. In the literary department we notice "A Legend of New England." It tastes quite strongly of *fish*, but that is not strange when we remember that the dish was concocted at the seaside. "Aquatic Summer Schools" is an instructive prose production, and "The Temple by the Sea" a fair poem.

A pretty little poem is "Shamrock," in the April number of the *Denison Collegian*; not lacking in a moral even to college boys. The lasting benefits which one man may bestow upon the world is illustrated in the article "One Man's Work," relating to the work of Dr. Carey. Those interested in the men of the nation, in its earlier stages of existence, will read "Hamilton and Burr" with interest. The editorial respecting the lack of interest manifested towards the college on the part of the Alumni, we would like to copy *verbatim* for the benefit of our own graduates.

All the way from Elmira, N. Y., to Waterville, Me., come the prophetic utterances of the *Sibyl*. In looking at the title page of this interesting college journal we perceive that she is precisely the same age as COLBY ECHO. It is an object of supreme wonder to us that *she* is so willing to proclaim her age to the world. Will it be so when she has older grown? Since, how-

ever, we are of equal age, there will be a grand opportunity to show our progressive powers and to answer the question as to which will reach the highest attainments in college journalism. The productions of our friends are commendable in the highest degree, and we cannot find words to express our admiration for "The Crises of History" and "Writers of Fiction as Reformers." We like that article on the Centennial, and we read it with lots of interest and were sorry when we had completed it, etc.; but, bless us, we could not help wondering all the time if it was not just a little bit of a trifle *old*. We beg to be excused if we are wrong. We are glad of the opportunity of learning so much of "Female Colleges." Well, broth—beg pardon—sisters, we wish you well. Had we the powers of Apollo we would gladly bestow upon your able paper the gift of longevity, and all other desirable blessings.

In the *College Echo* for March, the poem entitled "The Sinking of the Royal George," and the essay on "The Average Man," deserve particular notice. The articles in the last two numbers on student life in Germany are very interesting. The first article in No. 5 seems to fall short of the standard of general excellence which has been adopted. We gladly accept the challenge of the *Echo*, and hope that our zeal to honor our common name will leave no place for private jealousies.

The April number of *The Wittenberger* contains a fine article on "The Sad in Literature." The subject itself is full of interest to the thoughtful mind, and is here treated in a manner calculated to please and profit all. "Privileged Moments" is worthy of a careful reading. The subject is viewed from a standpoint somewhat metaphysical, but is on this account no less interesting or appropriate to a college journal. "Conservatism—Progress" contains many good ideas, but the writer seems to be a little severe upon conservatism. Notwithstanding the etymological meaning of the word, conservatism, in the ordinary use of the term, is not necessarily the foe of true progress.

We were much interested in reading the description of "The National Cemetery," in *The Dartmouth*. The same number contains an excellent review of "Marshall's Diary," followed by some valuable suggestions upon the historical worth of such literature. "The Bell" is too fanciful and vague.

The last *Round Table* has a good article on "Conversation." The subject is a little hackneyed, but well managed. The poem entitled "A Voice from Rockford," reads well, and must be of interest to the initiated. The story is fair in itself, but would be a little better suited to a different style of paper. The dreams of "My Chum" are not pointed enough for a successful dreamer. "Semper Diem" is a good apology and plea for "Quiet Girls." At another time let us have a defense of quiet boys.

The following exchanges have come to hand since our April issue: *The Acta Columbianna*, *The Alabama University Monthly*, *Alumni Journal*, *Bates Student*,

Berkeleyan, *Boston Weekly Transcript*, *Bowdoin Orient*, *Cadet Monthly*, *Campus*, *The Cheltenham Record*, *Chronicle*, *College Courier*, *College Herald*, *College Journal*, *College Mercury*, *College Olio*, *Collegiate Journal*, *Crimson*, *Golden Sheaf*, *Madisonensis*, *Monthly Repertory*, *Pennsylvania College Monthly*, *Princetonian*, *Transcript*, *Trinity Tablet*, *University Courant*, *University Monthly*, *Volante*, *Wabash*, *World*, *Cornell Review*.

THE WASTE-BASKET.

The bill before the California Legislature prohibiting the sale of liquors within four miles of the University of California, is humorously styled "the bill to encourage college pedestrianism."—*Ex.*

In the last illness of George Coleman, the doctor, being late in his appointment, apologized to his patient, saying that he had been called in to see a man who had fallen in a well. "Did he kick the bucket?" groaned out George.—*Independent*.

An exchange tells about a Senior somewhere, who excuses himself for studying Sunday, on the ground that if the Lord justifies the man for helping the ass from the pit on the Sabbath day, much more will he justify the ass for trying to get out himself.—*Ex.*

Prof.—"What can you say of the second law of thought?" Student—"It cannot both be and not be at the same time. For example, the door over there can't be both shut and open at once." Prof.—"Give another example." Student—"Well, take the case of another door."—*Ex.*

Prof.—"Please illustrate subjective and objective right and wrong." Student—"Subjectively I have the illustration right, but objectively I cannot present it." Prof.—"Very good; subjectively I will mark you a six, but objectively a zero, which will just equalize things."—*Oberlin Review*.

A motion has been lately made by the overseers of Harvard College to discontinue morning prayers, also to abolish compulsory attendance on public worship. Mr. Emerson lately came from Concord to attend an overseers' meeting to oppose the former movement, and James Freeman Clarke's protest against the latter is supported by his orthodox associates.—*Ex.*

How noble is it to be frank and open! and yet when the Professor lecturing on architecture asked B. for an example of something very flat and without any visible point, and got for an answer "Your jokes, sir," this openness was not appreciated somehow; but an autograph entry in the rector's book testified to the unreliable character of the "Truthful James" books of our childhood.—*Ex.*

Nothing like being a poet. The poet of '78 lent a coal-hod at the beginning of the term. The borrower failed to return it, and the next day the owner of the hod wanted some coal and didn't know where his hod was. He started out to borrow, and borrowed his own hod without knowing it, and he has borrowed it regularly every alternate day since, searching the building through meanwhile for his hod.—*Ex.*

College Colors: Harvard, crimson; Yale, blue; Dartmouth, green; Bowdoin, white; Amherst, purple, white; Amherst Agricultural, maroon, white; Wesleyan, lavender; Union, magenta; Trinity, green, white; New York University, violet; Rochester, magenta, white; Western Reserve, bismark, purple; Cornell, cornelian, white; Michigan University, blue, gold; Brown, brown; Columbia, blue, white; Swarthmore, garnet, pearl; Boston University, scarlet and white; Bates, garnet; Colby University, silver-gray.

OTHER COLLEGES.

BOWDOIN.—An opportunity is given the students who drill, to take optional signal drill and target practice.

HARVARD.—The last Annual Report shows 1,370 students and 124 instructors. In the game between the Harvards and Manchesters, on May 11th, twenty-four innings were played and yet neither nine secured a run. Who says that base-ball isn't a science? Harvard will have no Class Day this year after all.

BROWN.—The interior of the new Library is nearly completed. Commencement in about four weeks.

PRINCETON.—The aspirants for the place of Class Poet have to compete for it. The poems are given into the hands of a Committee, who award the place to the writer of the best "pome."

PERSONALS.

[We earnestly request contributions for this department from the Alumni and friends of the University.]

'54.—Rev. H. A. Sawtelle, D.D., has accepted a call to the Cary Avenue Baptist Church in Chelsea, Mass. He has recently received an urgent call to return to San Francisco, but prefers to remain in New England.

'56.—Maj. Charles A. Miller, of Skowhegan, died May 7th. He was Major of the 2d Maine Cavalry during the war.

'63.—George C. Hopkins is practicing law at Mt. Vernon, Me.

'63.—George B. Ilsley is pastor of the Baptist Church at Yarmouth, Me., this being his second pastorate, after a service of seven years at Springvale.

'63.—Geo. S. Scammon is practicing law in Boston, Mass.

'63.—Geo. D. Stevens is pastor of the Baptist Church in Cassville, Grant Co., Wisconsin.

'69.—Rev. A. W. Jackson is pastor of the Unitarian Society at Peterboro, N. H.

'71.—S. H. Blewett, Agent for D. Appleton & Co.'s Educational Department, St. Louis, Mo.

'71.—George S. Paine is practicing law at Ottawa, Ill.

'72.—Rev. J. H. Barrows is pastor of the Baptist Church in Marblehead, Mass.

'72.—Rev. E. B. Haskell is pastor of the Cedar Street Baptist Church in Rockland.

'72.—W. W. Perry is Editor and Publisher of the *Camden Herald*, Camden, Me.

'72.—Rev. H. W. Tilden is pastor of the Baptist Church in Augusta.

'73.—David Webster is in the Theological Seminary at Newton, Mass.

'73.—F. H. Parlin is studying law at Harvard University.

'75.—Miss M. C. Lowe has resigned her position as teacher in Bath, and is now Assistant in the High School in Waterville.

'75.—George W. Hall has recently been admitted to the bar in Bangor.

'75.—Married, in Hyde Park, Mass, April 21, by Rev. Mr. Whedon, Mr. E. H. Smiley, Principal of Waterville High School, to Miss Ella Hutchinson, daughter of J. C. Hutchinson, of Winslow, Me.

'78.—C. L. Phillips, formerly of '78, has received the annual appointment to the cadetship at West Point.