

# The Colby Echo.

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## The Colby Echo.

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

### COLBY UNIVERSITY.

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## THE SANCTUM.

Our Alma Mater, wise and judicious, stern, strict, but sometimes indulgent, ever has an eye to the highest good of her children. Carefully and conscientiously leading us through the various course of nearly four years, and when we were lazy or sulky, compelling us by dint of her awful rod, she at last begins to loosen the leading strings a little, preparatory to giving us a final send-off. She foresees that her sons of '77 are soon to take an active part as citizens in the affairs of the Great Republic, some even in time as representative men in its legislative halls. So as a final touch, she gives us a thorough insight into the Constitution and the fundamental principles of our government. Also aware that all

of us will at once have to do with the active work of life as business men, and *heads of families*, she instructs us in the nature of the grand science of Political Economy, so that if we abide by its precepts we need find no such word as *fail*. Thus prepared, and further fortified with a Latin recommendation in our pockets, she sends us forth into the "wide, wide world."

As the pampered goose thought that man was made expressly for administering to her wants, so a certain class of would-be funny newspapers seem to think that College Commencements are wholly to give them an opportunity to crack witless jokes. The New York Rowdy Journal and the Boston Slanderer print such squibs as these: "Forty new lawyers turned out yesterday in — Law School, hungry and rapacious as half-starved vultures scenting their prey afar off." "One thousand helpless college graduates let loose upon the charities of a cold world this season." "John Smith, the oldest man in the graduating class at Blank College, is thirty-five. He was foolish to waste four years in the prime of life, at a College." Ah, but, Mr. Editor, they were the best spent four years of his life. Of one thing, however, you may always be certain,—that those men, whether editors of newspapers or not, who take every opportunity to sneer at colleges and everything connected with them, much as they need the culture of a college course, never wasted four years there, nor ever saw the inside of one except in the capacity of a book agent or an "old clo'" man.

An error in regard to the age of this College has originated somehow and somewhere, and bids fair to go the rounds of the college press. In a list of the New England colleges they put down Colby as founded in 1870—thus taking fifty-seven years from its actual age, which is sixty-four. Now this is not a great subtraction to make from the age of a nation or dynasty, but considerable from that of an old maid or a

college. "An act to establish a Literary Institution in the District of Maine within this Commonwealth" was passed by the General Court of Massachusetts in the year 1813, granting a charter to an Institution to be known as The Maine Literary and Theological Institution. This was the germ of what is now Colby University. By an act of 1816 (a poor year for corn as well as colleges), the trustees were empowered to locate their buildings in any town in the counties of Kennebec and Somerset. In 1820, just after Maine became a State, the powers of the Institution were enlarged, permitting it to confer the usual degrees of a college or university. In 1821 its name was changed to "Waterville College," and this name it bore for forty-six years, or until 1867; when in honor of one of its most munificent benefactors its name was again changed to "Colby University"—much to the disgust, however, of many of its friends, who were attached to old "Waterville." Thus the College was founded in the morning of the nineteenth century, a time when colleges were not as numerous as now, and when it was harder to found them. Our beautiful campus was then wild land, so that a portion of the primeval forest had to be cut away to make room for the first building. From such a beginning "that old Baptist Seminary," as B. Butler stigmatized it, has waxed with slow but sure growth to its present prosperous state.

Bates has got a fine base-ball nine, we candidly admit. One has only to see their play through a single inning to be convinced of that. But we must correct several erroneous statements made by the last *Student* in its report of the games between the Bates and the Colbys. It says in regard to the first game at Lewiston: "It was evident throughout that the Bates had control of the game." But the score gives proof that the Colbys themselves had control enough of the game so that they prevented their opponents from making a single run during the first six innings. The Bates make use of the old-fashioned way of scoring, giving the "T. Bs." in one column. Perhaps it was on account of this clumsy and antiquated method that they make the mistake of giving the Colbys but 13 bases, whereas they got upwards of 20. They do not credit us with the fact that in the second game our pitcher was sick, and in a very unfit

condition to play. He was unable, in spite of his pluck, to pitch for the whole game, but was obliged to give up before its close. This fact of course told against our nine, and gave the Bates an easy victory. Their report states: "The man (of the Colbys) who made the single score, was fairly put out on second, as the Colbys acknowledge, but the umpire did not see it." Neither do we see it. If the Bates will look at their record book, they will find that the ball was not thrown to second at all on that run; but there was a close decision on the same man in another inning, from which circumstance the error probably arose. "C.'s pitcher gave five bases on called balls; Bates none." But there were no bases given on called balls on either side during the whole game. In other respects the *Student's* report is correct. We are far from thinking that the games were intentionally misrepresented; we simply desire that both sides should have "fair play."

The Campus is a beautiful spot of earth at this season, being in the very spring-tide of its freshness and luxuriance. The substantial maple, the faithful willow, the regal elm, and the thorny locust now a mass of bloom, shedding fragrance that is almost oppressive from its power—all are in their best holiday dress. We have reason to be proud of our trees, and to feel grateful towards the hands that planted them so long ago. Perchance the soul of the gentle Boardman, who planted those largest trees in the Willow Walk, may sometimes revert to the scenes of its earlier life, and feel a serene pleasure in those stately green monuments of the Missionary's name. What vegetable wonders they are, with their huge, short trunks, and long, lithe limbs, having a clear throw of sixty feet! They sweep in ordered columns down the hill to the river, shaking hands from rank to rank, and forming a green vista looking down upon the blue river below. The willow is a faithful old tree. The very first to put forth its leaves in the Spring, it retains them long after those of other trees have faded and fallen. And then the elms—what handsomer tree in the world than the elm? Certainly, there can be no tree, even in tropic forests, its equal in beauty, grace and stateliness. A certain Boston doctor, who if his *practice* is half as good as his preaching, it must be very lucrative, once called the elms of a certain Col-

lege its glory as a woman's hair is *her* glory. The elms are glorified too, with the songs and plumage of the robins and orioles. But the bobolink, "gladness on wings," shuns the campus mostly. He rarely comes to College, having a fine contempt for the classics; but he prefers the quieter fields of the country where he can have room to be as saucy as he likes. There was a solitary cuckoo which, a few weeks ago, ventured up among the trees, and for several successive evenings set up his fluting regularly. But he found he could not compete with sundry wooden flutes in College, so soon took his leave.

## LITERARY.

### FROM SHORE TO SHORE.

Our Life-boat's keel ploughs through the waters of the Present,

Impelled by that untiring Oarsman's hand;  
Though fast it speeds, unheeding weather rough or pleasant,

Our thoughts outspeed it to the Future Land.

Of that Land doubtless all have some bedimmed ideal;  
Some vague imaginings of what there shall be;  
But look as we will, we catch no glimpses of the Real  
Through wind-rifts in the dark mists of the sea.

'Tis well: completer then will be its glad surprises  
When first we may descry the far-off land;  
And on our sight the shore of Heaven uprises,  
And the boat's keel grates upon the sand.

### REPLY TO "A WOMAN'S ANSWER."

"Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing  
Ever made by the Hand above—  
A woman's heart, and a woman's life,  
And a woman's wonderful love?"

Yes, I well know what I have asked for,  
But I asked it not for a song.  
Do you think that love's wealth and bestowal  
Must alone to you belong?

"Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing  
As a child might ask for a toy,  
Demanding what others have died to win,  
With the reckless dash of a boy?"

Ah! beware lest your girl's presumption  
Should equal the dash of the boy;  
I love you; but I am not Paris,  
And you are not Helen of Troy.

"You require that your mutton shall always be hot;  
Your socks and shirts be whole;  
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,  
As pure as Heaven your soul.

"You require a cook for your mutton and beef;  
I require a far greater thing;  
A seamstress you're wanting for socks and for shirts;  
I look for a man and a king—  
A king for the beautiful realm called home."

You recite my requirements glibly,  
And set your own high, forsooth;  
Now do me the justice, I pray you,  
To meet me in candor and truth.

No: I look for a pure, sweet woman,  
Who shall reign in my home its queen;  
True, gracious, womanly, tender;  
And more I may not require, I ween.

"I am fair and young, but the rose will fade  
From my soft young cheeks one day;  
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,  
As you did in the bloom of May?"

But we shall grow old together,  
Together our freshness will fade;  
And Time can but strengthen, fair skeptic,  
The bonds our companionship made.

"Is your heart an ocean, so strong and deep  
I may launch my all on its tide?  
A loving woman finds heaven or hell  
On the day she is made a bride."

I suspect that my heart is but human,  
I suspect that yours is the same;  
I think that I, too, run some hazard;  
I think that I, too, have some claim.

"I require all things that are grand and true,  
All things that a man should be;  
If you give this all, I would stake my life  
To be all you demand of me."

And *my* requisition is only  
That to me you be just what you are;  
The radiance of homelight contents me,  
Without reaching out for a star.

I have earnestly pondered this question;  
I know that a blessing or curse  
Will rest on our two souls forever,  
When united "for better or worse."

I know that this moment's decision  
Is fateful for me and for you;  
I know that the fields of our future  
Will blossom in heart's-ease or rue.

But here, in the edge of the shadow  
That rests on those future lands,

I have stood, and fearlessly rendered  
My happiness into your hands.

For the rest, I earnestly tell you,  
Had you answered unselfish and free,  
With God's help I would have endeavored  
To be all you would ask of me.

### THE LEGEND OF KINEO.

As one sails over the calm bosom of Moosehead Lake and casts a glance towards Mount Kineo, it awakens a desire to gather what there is of legendary lore connected with this wonderful spot. And when one has climbed to the summit of this steep bluff, and gazes over the enchanting scenery before him, diversified by mountain, lake, and stream, the desire is heightened many fold. A desire to know something of the beings who, in days gone by, had chased the moose and deer over these mountains and through these forests; who had paddled over these waters and caught from them their supply of fish. Feeling thus, we gathered from one and another the main facts connected with the old Indian tale known as the Legend of Kineo.

Some two centuries since, when all of the North of Maine was one great forest, and before the "pale-face" had hardly thought of exploring it, there belonged to the tribe of Indians inhabiting this region an old chief named Mackæ. Reserved, morose, and repulsive, he abstained from mingling more than was necessary with other members of the tribe, and seldom engaged in any of their many expeditions except when matters of a decidedly hostile nature required it. He had taken to wife a squaw of marked beauty, and one whose nature was the very opposite of his own. While Maquaso, the wife, cheerfully cooked his fish and game, and performed those many menial duties which devolved upon the wife of a chief, he sat on a pile of skins in his wigwam's corner without even a smile brightening his countenance.

Kinneho, their only son, was the center of attraction for Maquaso. From the time of his birth she had watched over him with that instinctive affection common to the women of her race. With her own hands she had taught him the use of the bow and arrow, and had prepared him for the chase and the war-path. As the years passed she saw her labors rewarded in this direction; for among all the braves of the

tribe there was none swifter to lead in the chase, none more daring in battle or more certain of achieving success over the savage foe. Among the warriors he was the leader, and their courage was wont to fail them in battle if Kinneho were not there. His foes feared him, and they dared not make expeditions in small companies, lest Kinneho should surprise and slay them in a hand-to-hand contest.

But a feeling of terrible sadness took possession of the proud spirit of Maquaso, when, in watching her idol, she found that he had inherited much of the sullen nature of his father. While at home from the chase and the war-path, he spent his time in solitary wanderings about the little Indian village, caring little for the scenes around him, and doing nothing in return for those favors which his mother was constantly bestowing upon him. This produced a feeling of alienation between mother and son. The wigwam became a prison to Maquaso, life a burden. She was too proud to own her grief, but it was nevertheless apparent to all observers. One morning they found, by the side of a smouldering fire, a few articles of clothing which they knew to have been the possessions of Maquaso, but she herself was nowhere to be found. Strong suspicion rested upon Kinneho. His weeping and lamentations were in vain, and the earnestness with which he prosecuted the search was not sufficient to prove to the tribe that Kinneho had not been the murderer of his mother. About this time hostilities broke out between the Indians along the Piscataquis and those dwelling on the Androscoggin. A council of the leading men of the tribe was called. Kinneho met with them. Hitherto he had been the foremost to advise, and his advice had been most frequently acted upon. Now, he was held in such disgrace that he was not permitted to speak, nor was he permitted to become one of that war-party which was then organized. He left the council, made a few hasty preparations, took his arrows and tomahawk, and silently stalked forth into the forest.

Hardly two moons had passed before the two tribes met in active warfare. The tribe of which Kinneho was a member sorely missed his able counsel, his wonderful daring, his bloody action. In the enemy's country it had suffered many surprises, and many times had been sadly repulsed. In a bloody encounter which was

likely to determine the result of the war, Kinneho's friends were greatly surprised to see him come suddenly upon the field of battle. With an unearthly yell he dashed upon the foe; one after another they fell before him, and shortly the enemy were driven from the field. Cheer after cheer for Kinneho rent the air. Gladly would they have borne him from the field in triumph, but he, without speaking a word to his old companions, silently left the field and betook himself to the forest.

Nothing further was heard of Kinneho until it became noised abroad among the Piscataquis Indians that he had erected his wigwam on the summit of the mountain in Moosehead Lake, which still bears his name. Of savage disposition, and of mighty power in a hand-to-hand contest, the Indians gave him a wide berth. As they looked toward the rugged crag by night and saw the blaze of his camp-fire, or saw the smoke wreathing upwards by day, a sort of mystic awe took possession of their minds, and they shrank from nearing his solitary abode. Superstitious traditions still lingered in the minds of the tribe in regard to the mountain, and so Kinneho was left to himself as if he had been superhuman.

To the south of Kineo is Squaw Mountain. While Kinneho had looked towards it by night, his eagle eye had discovered upon its side a bright light. Evening after evening it appeared and burned until far into the night. Finally he decided to make an excursion in that direction, and ascertain if possible whose fire it might be. Over the lake and through the forest he journeyed, then up the side of the mountain, following in the direction of the light. At last he came upon a rude lodge, built of bark and skins. Kinneho's heart beat wildly within him, as, bending over the fire, he saw the wasted form of his mother, Maquaso. Though he had known her in the days of her beauty, he did not fail to recognize, in the bent form and distorted features, his long-lost mother. He rushed forward and embraced her in his arms. She, overcome by his sudden appearance, would have sunk to the ground only for the strong arms which supported her. He hastily carried her to the lodge, bathed her face with water from a stream near by, and forced some nourishment between her lips; but all to no purpose. Her eyes had looked once more upon her son, only to close in death.

On the side of Squaw Mountain he fashioned a rude grave; heaped together a pile of stones to mark her resting place; each new moon he came to visit the lonely mound, and sprinkle it with his tears.

In Summer time a delicate white flower blooms in our forest, known as the Indian Pipe. The Indians affirm that this flower sprang from the tears of Kinneho. Wherever his tears fell this flower is said to have appeared.

During many moons the camp-fire of Kinneho could be seen on the dark bluff. The Indians still superstitiously shunned the spot. Sometimes they crept through the forest to the shore, which is now called Pebble Beach; but when they looked upwards against the perpendicular bank of solid rock, they imagined that the form of the Great Spirit was hovering over them, and they thought they heard his voice pouring down imprecations upon their heads. Sometimes they say Kinneho made long journeys through the forest to Mount Katahdin, whose snowy sides were plainly visible from his own mountain. During these times they missed his camp-fire by night, and his smoke by day; and then they would summon almost the requisite courage to visit the spot, when of a sudden it would again appear. But at last the fire died out, never to be rekindled by the hand of Kinneho. In vain did they watch for its reappearance. Stealthily they crept around to the northern side of the mountain, and up its sides, but they found not Kinneho. By the side of the spring which still bubbles up through the rocks, they found a pair of moccasins; beside this a tomahawk and a few trinkets. Further on they found the traces of his fire, and the rocks charred and blackened, which even yet have not returned to their original color. The Indians ever after believed that the mountain had opened and swallowed the form of Kinneho, and that he was doomed to remain in its bowels to the end of time. And so they called the mountain Kinneho, which in our day has been shortened to Kineo.

Such is the Legend of Kineo. If any of our readers should visit the place (and we advise them to do so, if they wish to behold some of Maine's grandest scenery), they will find the tradition to be mainly as we have written it.

The Freshmen are at Trigonometry.



## A RAMBLE WITH OUR FRIENDS.

There are a great many of us students here in College, and we are very apt to associate with each other a good deal without really becoming acquainted. I mean that we do not find out each other's good qualities enough. I doubt if there is one of us who would not be more than glad to be well understood by all his associates of whatever sect, family, or previous condition of servitude. But there are all sorts of misunderstandings arising that are never explained. We enjoy being social. We spend more time in talking together on familiar subjects than we spend in reading the most interesting books. We are often pleased by very simple thoughts, and smile at our fancies about something of very little importance. Let us ramble together and try to get acquainted. If you like me, perhaps we will take frequent walks.

We feel a considerable degree of satisfaction at our sharpness in noticing the rounded plot of gravel in front of Champlin Hall, shaped as though the building were in the habit of turning around on its axis occasionally to look at the river with its front windows. I heard one of my classmates say that he made an observation at his first arrival on the Campus, which added something to the good opinion he already had of his own powers of perception. It was something he had since often thought of, and wondered if anybody else had noticed it. He rather thought that most people were not quite observing enough. It was nothing more than his noting that although the general material of Memorial and Coburn Halls were similar, yet the chimneys differ very much,—those of the one being of stone and of the other of brick.

Did you know that there is a genie of our institution whom we all look up to with reverence? He cares for the grounds, guides the Faculty, coerces the Trustees, and satisfies us. He looks with pleasure upon improvement, but wrinkles his invisible brow when he goes round to see the magnificent waste in the rear of the buildings. We suppose this genie descended long ago, "when college first begun," upon a ray of light from that orb, learned in the dead languages, the moon; and he has kept us in a tolerable degree of rectitude ever since. Some have supposed that he resides in the old well under the Library windows, because there is a

smooth stick always kept there handy for him to support himself upon when coming forth for his vigils. Some have identified him with the chimney-swallows, and heard good advice and promises of greatness in his squeaking voice. For my part, I have generally supposed him to inhabit the tree in front of Chaplin Hall, which is held in its place by a circular seat. Though sometimes I wander in this belief, and incline to the one that the venerable posts outside of the College fence, between the road and sidewalk, are his personification, and that when these get a little more decayed our genie also will suffer in his health, and pretty soon will fall away with the posts, unless he can guide his followers to elect new representatives.

To advance our acquaintance, we would like to tell you that we think often of our future lives, and wonder what they will be. We want them to be of importance; but there is the thought that we can never do anything to make the remembrance of us last as we would wish it to last. There is a strong desire to do something that will cause everybody to stare in veneration of our noble selves whenever our names are mentioned.

Perhaps you ask, Would a service like that of Washington do? Well, no. We were not thinking of exactly that, for Washington was known by only a few persons, and loved by still less. He died a long time ago, you know, and a great many people know scarcely anything about him. We want to do something that will make our names last a great deal longer than a hundred years—something so grand that in ever so many centuries the men will all look to us for a model, and the maidens will pine for our memories and refuse to be consoled till they see the impossibility of ever finding any one to love who is equal to us. Would a reputation like Martin Luther's answer our purpose? Oh, far from it! Scarcely anybody knows Martin Luther. He is even hated by some. Oh no, that wouldn't do! There was once a man upon the earth, you say, whose power would certainly satisfy us if we could attain it. He was one "who spake as never man spake," and his sayings will live forever. Would that do? Well, of course we can't say that isn't enough, but He was here so long ago that a very small number of people are always thinking of Him, and some never even heard of Him. We were thinking of a little different kind of great-

ness. We want everybody in the whole world to love us, everybody to think and say—in particular to say—that we are perfect; and everybody to weep when we die—no, we wouldn't want to die exactly. There really don't seem to be much use in our trying to live just such a life as we want to.

But our rambling is getting rather aimless. Let us quit this theme, and announce ourselves "to be continued;" and we will look out some simple subject for the subject of our next Ramble, when we come to try our voice among the hills again.

C. P. &.

### THE GATHERING OF THE FRUIT.

As the seeds once planted in the soil are invariably followed by the harvest, so also is it with the germs placed in a nation's soil, whether they be of good or evil. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap," is equally applicable to all countries and governments. The harvest times will assuredly come, and they will bring those productions which naturally spring from the seeds before sown. We, of America, have no need to examine the histories of other nations for proofs of this principle, for that of our own country furnishes abundant evidences of its truth. And those most recent we take, since they are most familiar to us. Less than a year ago, even while commemorating the hundredth anniversary of our existence as a Republic, we were reaping a harvest bounteous in evil fruits, the gathering of which brought sorrow, shame, and even deep disgrace upon us as a people. The crowned heads of Europe pointed the finger of scorn at free America, holding up the widely-extended corruption, then permeating our land, as the natural result of Republican government. The intelligent American in foreign lands was many a time compelled to blush for very shame whenever the name of his country was mentioned, coupled, as it almost invariably was, with some disgraceful epithet; and while he defended from principle the institutions of his government, he must fain admit that the record it was then making was by no means a glorious or even an honorable one. Extravagance, corruption, speculation, and, above all, bitter partisanship seemed to rule the country, and indeed their supremacy was well-nigh firmly established. But now that this harvest has been gathered

and the seeds sown which we trust are to spring up into a better and purer life for the nation, we may consider when and what were the seeds planted from which came so many bitter fruits. The period directly after the close of our civil war presented a fertile soil, and the germs were there and then implanted, the harvesting of whose fruit we have so recently witnessed. As it is impossible to enter into full details, we shall briefly glance at the steps then taken in the three most influential departments of our country, viz.: our business circles, our political system and the church.

The war and its many exigencies had swollen the business of the country to almost incredible proportions, and with this increase of business came the corresponding increase in the volume of national currency. This, at the close of the war, instead of being devoted to the development of new industries or the farther advancement of the old, was turned into channels of wild speculation. Business men were no longer content with moderate success, but were eager to swell their fortunes quickly, even though they must dabble in schemes hitherto unknown to them. All were drawn by this inordinate greed for wealth into the vortex of speculation, the entrance to which was easy but the return therefrom nearly impossible. This spirit of speculation naturally led to the adoption of means far from honest or honorable, for the attainment of the desired end. No ranks were exempt. Capitalists, merchants, farmers, and men of lesser means were all engulfed. The taint of dishonesty soon infected our business men throughout the land, and the basis of all business seemed to be as unstable as the very sands of the sea-shore. Each day the cloud grew blacker and blacker, until the storm burst, a few short months ago, in the many disgraceful failures, embezzlements, and defalcations by which the whole country and world were alike surprised and shocked. And who shall say that the harvest was not the natural one?

Our political management has brought more odium upon us, both at home and abroad, than any other thing, and justly too. The year 1865 found the nation, once rent in twain, reunited. But the North was groaning beneath the burden of her debts necessarily contracted, while the South was all but a desert, her fields desolated, her industries completely paralyzed, and her

inhabitants impoverished and nearly hopeless as to their future. The demand of the time was for men of statesmanlike principles, looking solely to the welfare of the country, to rule the councils of the nation, and by their united efforts rear again the fabric of our government upon its better and nobler basis. Instead of this, however, shrewd politicians gained almost complete control of the political parties of the day. Their aim was the success of their party by any means, for the enriching of themselves and their associates. Again, now that the war had ceased, the return of a fraternal feeling between all sections of the country was an imperative necessity for its future welfare. But here also was the reverse true. The spirit of hatred, the child of Satan, was nourished and inculcated as far as possible into the minds of the people. "Once a rebel always a rebel" became to a great extent the policy of a free, republican, *Christian* nation, looking yet hopefully forward to a more important position among the nations of the world. The rule of political cormorants and the fostering of sectional hatred, led naturally to those disgraceful results which have befallen us within the last twelve months.

And finally, the church itself has sown many of the evil seeds which produced this harvest of evil. The power of Mammon in too many cases has entered its sacred walls. It has coveted popular preachers, it has sighed and worked for loftier edifices, and it, too, has many a time withheld the hand of fellowship from its Southern brethren. But especially has the evil of sectarianism injured its work. Right well has Whit-tier written:

"World-moving zeal, with power to bless and feed  
Life's fainting pilgrims to their utter need,  
Instead of bread held out the stone of creed;  
Sect built and worshiped where its wealth and pride  
And vanity stood shrined and deified."

So much of truth has the poet told in these few lines that numbers have stood aloof, deeming the strife not that of saving souls, but of advancing creed. This sectarianism has, we think, had much to do with the spread of immorality and infidelity in the land.

And so, as the seeds of our late harvesting, do we mention extravagance and speculation in business affairs, corruption and sectional hatred in politics, and finally, religious sectarianism.

## THE CAMPUS.

Locals are scarce.

Blow, gentle breezes.

Now for the Summer ulster.

Five weeks to Commencement.

Dewhurst of the Editorial Board is at home, sick.

The long grass about the Campus should be mown.

No more ball playing on the Campus during study hours.

Hanson, of Bowdoin, '79, has entered the Sophomore class.

The Colby Rifles made a good appearance Decoration Day.

A Soph. translates "*aureum millarium*," "golden grindstone."

A member of '80 had his cane broken by a lady, a short time ago.

The Seniors were examined on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week.

It is now in order to commence talking of your plans for the Summer vacation.

Only one more number of the "ECHO" will be sent forth by the present board of Editors.

The Sophomores are to have their Exit at Skowhegan, on the Friday before Commencement.

Half-term examinations last week. The Juniors have taken Astronomy, and the Sophomores Chemical Physics.

Base-ball, Saturday: Seniors 13, Juniors 5 (not a full game); Second nine 16, Institute nine 8 (full game).

We notice that Burnham, of '78, is "G. W. C. T. of I. O. G. T." of Waterville. We are unable to translate.

We would call attention to the advertisement of the Commencement Concert, on next to last page of this issue.

"Umbrella lost! Black and tan, with a gentle but erratic disposition; rib broken and a hole in it, but just as good as new. Inquire at 11 C. H."

Webster is eclipsed. A Prof. asked a '79 man for the definition of a Realist. The answer came: "A Realist is one who discusses *real* matters." No cards.



Professor Elder's lecture on the Centennial, which was repeated two weeks ago, was not well attended, and those who failed to hear it lost a rich treat.

The Colby Boat Club has been reorganized, officers have been elected, and the boats are to be repaired as soon as possible. There is now a good chance for the students to aid in this much needed work.

The Literary Fraternity held a public meeting in the Chapel, last Wednesday evening. The programme consisted of a Debate, Literary Critique, Poem, Essay, and Vocal Music, all of which were rendered very acceptably.

Prof. Elder is desirous of making a complete collection of Maine minerals for the Cabinet. Specimens labeled with the name of the locality, and other facts in regard to them, will be thankfully received, and the College will pay express bills.

One of the Seniors very innocently asked: "To what time is a game of base-ball limited? On being told that it was not limited to any particular time, his next question was: "How do they know when to stop, then?" This shows the wonderful proficiency we are acquiring in the national game.

The Freshman Prize Reading will occur in the Chapel, on Wednesday evening of next week. But a part of the class are to read, those to be chosen by a committee. They are rehearsing daily, and when one of them was asked to play ball the other noon, he answered that he couldn't, because he had got to practice that new "waltz step" Prof. — had taught him.

Pres. Moss of the Indiana State University has been secured to deliver the Oration before the Literary Societies at Commencement. From the fame which he has acquired as a man of ability and culture, and from the information which we have been enabled to gather from those who know him personally, we are warranted in saying that the oration will be highly interesting and instructive. Pres. Moss held for several years a position on the Faculty at Crozer Theological Seminary; was President of the University at Chicago; after which he was placed in charge of the Indiana State University. This institution is located at Bloomington. In the annual catalogue we find a list of the Faculty and students,—the former numbering eighteen,

and the latter three hundred and twenty-five. The Commencement Poet, Dr. Smith, is a graduate of Harvard, of the class of 1829, and is a man of ripe scholarship and the purest character. He was pastor of the Baptist church in this town, and Professor in Waterville College, from 1834 to 1841. His reputation as a poet is national, his countrymen having paid a merited tribute to his genius by the spontaneous adoption of his "AMERICA" as the national hymn. A suitable recognition of his place among the literary celebrities of our time, resident in Boston and vicinity, occurred in the unique entertainment given on the 4th of May, in the Old South Church, by the Preservation Committee. There were present: Dr. Smith, his classmates Drs. James Freeman Clarke and Oliver Wendell Holmes, Julia Ward Howe, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and William Lloyd Garrison,—each of whom read one of his own, famous compositions.

We present below the full programme for Commencement Week:

*Sunday, July 22.*

Baccalaureate, at 2½ P.M., by President Robins. Sermon before the Boardman Missionary Society and Young Men's Christian Association, at 7½ P.M., by Rev. H. M. King of Boston Highlands.

*Monday, July 23.*

Prize Declamations of the Junior Class, at the Baptist Church at 8 P.M.; music by Ballard's Orchestra, of Lewiston.

*Tuesday, July 24.*

Examinations for Entrance, at Room No. 9, Champlin Hall, at 8 A.M. Annual Meeting of the Board of Trustees, at Room No. 10, Champlin Hall, at 9 A.M. Annual Meeting of the Alumni Association, at Alumni Hall, at 2 P.M. Planting of the Ivy by the Junior Class, at 3 P.M. Anniversary of the Literary Societies, at the Baptist Church, at 8 P.M.: Oration by Lemuel Moss, D.D., President of Indiana State University; Poem by S. F. Smith, D.D., of Newton Centre, Mass.

*Wednesday, July 25.*

Addresses of the Graduating Class, at the Baptist Church, at 11 A.M. The procession forms at 10½ A.M. Commencement Dinner at Alumni Hall, at 1 P.M. Library and Cabinet of Natural History will be open from 4 to 6 P.M. Concert, by the Mendelssohn Quintette and the Stockbridge Quartette (Kotzschmar, Pianist), at the Town Hall, at 8 P.M. President's Levee after the Concert.

We present below the reports of the three games of ball played by the nine since our last issue. They occupy considerable of our space,

but we think the readers of the ECHO will not complain.

### Bates 14—Colby 1.

Colby met Bates for the second game of the series, on the University grounds at Waterville, May 26th. It was a rainy, disagreeable day, the rain falling until fifteen minutes before "play" was called. Our pitcher had been ill all the week, being unable during one day to leave his room. Bates succeeded in scoring fourteen runs and holding Colby down to one. Bates got sixteen safe-hits; but their heavy batting was due mainly to the illness of Bosworth, who was obliged to retire to the field at the end of the 6th inning. Patten filled the pitcher's position in the 7th and 8th innings, with Gibbs behind the bat, Barker on 1st base, and F. Perkins in center field. Our batting was heavier than in the previous game. Below is the score:

COLBY.						BATES.					
T.	R.	1b.	P.	O.	A.	T.	R.	1b.	P.	O.	A.
Bosworth, p.	4	0	0	1	6	2	Clason, 2d b.	6	2	2	1
Gibbs, 1st b. & c.	4	0	0	8	0	8	Lombard, 3d b.	6	2	3	1
Merriam, 2d b.	4	0	0	1	3	2	Oakes, p.	6	1	1	2
Perkins, c. & c. f.	4	1	2	5	2	4	Noble, l. f.	5	1	1	0
Barker, c. f. & 1st b.	4	0	0	5	0	1	Record, c.	5	2	1	1
Drummond, 3d b.	3	0	1	2	1	1	Burr, s. s.	5	1	1	1
L. M. Perkins, s. s.	4	0	1	1	1	0	Potter, c. f.	5	1	4	0
Mathews, r. f.	3	0	0	2	0	1	Clason, 1st b.	6	0	0	0
Patten, l. f. & p.	3	0	1	2	0	0	Sanborn, r. f.	5	4	3	2
Total	33	1	5	27	13	19	Total	47	14	16	27

Two-base hits: Noble 1, Record 1, Perkins 1. Struck out: Bates 4, Colby 4. Time of Game: 2 hours 10 minutes. Umpire: E. O. Lord, Colby '77. Scorers: Bates, F. H. Briggs '78; Colby, W. H. Brownson '77.

### Colby 8—Bowdoin 7.

The first game of this series was played at Harding Station, on the Bowdoin grounds, June 2d. The grounds were new, and consequently very soft. Colby scored 8 runs in the first two innings, and held Bowdoin down to 7. Bowdoin blanked our nine every inning after the second, and fought hard to tie the game in the last inning, but were unsuccessful. The principal features of the game were the fine pitching of Bosworth, the batting of Gibbs, and the playing of Potter on 1st base. Appended is the score:

COLBY.						BOWDOIN.					
T.	R.	1b.	P.	O.	A.	T.	R.	1b.	P.	O.	A.
Bosworth, p.	5	2	0	0	15	1	Wright, s. s.	5	0	0	1
Gibbs, 1b.	5	2	3	7	0	0	Bourne, c. f.	5	1	1	0
Merriam, 2b.	5	1	1	1	1	2	F. Ring, r. f.	5	0	0	0
F. Perkins, c.	5	0	0	12	3	5	H. Ring, 2b.	5	2	1	4
Barker, c. f.	5	0	0	0	0	0	Jacobs, c.	5	4	3	4
Drummond, 3b.	4	0	1	4	2	3	Call, l. f.	5	0	0	0
L. M. Perkins, s. s.	4	1	2	2	0	4	Phillips, p.	4	0	2	0
Mathews, r. f.	4	1	0	1	0	0	Fuller, 3b.	4	0	0	3
Patten, l. f.	4	1	1	0	0	0	Potter, 1b.	4	0	0	14
Total	42	8	8	27	21	15	Total	41	7	7	27

Earned runs: Colby 2, Bowdoin 0. Two-base hits: Gibbs 2, Bourne 1. Struck out: Colby 3, Bowdoin 12. Time of game, 2 hours. Umpire: P. R. Olason, Bates, '77. Scorers: Bowdoin, W. W. French; Colby, W. H. Brownson.

### Colby 12—Bowdoin 11.

The second game of the series was played on our grounds here, June 13th. Gibbs being

absent, Pierce played first, filling the position excellently, being credited with but one error and making two brilliant catches—one of a hot one from Phillips's bat, and the other a one-hand catch of an extremely wild throw from short. The game was marked by errors, although it was interesting from the closeness of the scores, which were even at the end of the 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th innings, necessitating a 10th inning, which gave the game to Colby. The peculiar feature of the game was that good innings alternated with bad throughout its continuance. Our nine improved on their batting record, pounding Phillips for twelve first-basers, against eight in the former game; while Bosworth gave the Bowdoin but seven, as in the previous game. Below is given the score:

COLBY.						BOWDOIN.					
T.	R.	1b.	P.	O.	A.	T.	R.	1b.	P.	O.	A.
Bosworth, p.	6	0	3	1	0	2	Jacobs, c.	6	3	2	3
Pierce, 1b.	6	0	1	9	1	1	Wright, s. s.	6	2	1	1
Merriam, 2b.	6	0	0	3	0	1	Fuller, 3b.	5	2	0	2
F. Perkins, c.	6	2	1	13	5	10	Bourne, c. f.	5	0	0	3
Barker, c. f.	6	2	1	0	0	0	Phillips, p.	5	0	0	2
Drummond, 3b.	6	2	2	1	4	2	Ring, 2b.	5	0	0	1
L. M. Perkins, s. s.	6	2	0	1	2	4	Purinton, r. f.	5	0	0	0
Mathews, r. f.	6	4	3	0	0	0	Call, l. f.	5	2	1	2
Patten, l. f.	6	0	1	2	1	1	Swett, 1b.	5	2	3	16
Total	54	12	12	30	13	21	Total	47	11	7	30

Innings ..... 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10  
Colby ..... 0 3 0 0 2 1 4 0 1 1—12  
Bowdoin ..... 0 0 5 0 1 0 4 0 1 0—11  
Struck out: Colby 1, Bowdoin 8. Umpire: E. O. Lord. Scorers: Bowdoin, H. B. Wilson, '80; Colby, W. H. Brownson, '77.

## THE COLLEGE PRESS.

The *Williams Athenæum* inquires the reason of omission of its name from our list of exchanges. We trust our explanation will prove satisfactory. But two numbers have been received, and both came after the publication of our June number. If more than these two have been sent, please charge the failure to acknowledge their receipt to Uncle Sam's carelessness. The *Athenæum* has steered safely between the two extremes of many long prosy articles and little local news on the one hand, and a great abundance of local items with a corresponding lack of general interest on the other. It has, it is true, devoted but few of its columns to literary articles, but the restriction upon their number has had a most beneficial effect upon their quality, if we may judge from the almost exceptional excellence of this department in the paper before us. While the editorials have especial reference to Williams, they are almost equally interesting to students of other colleges. It is a relief to turn to the bright, spicy pages of the *Athenæum*, after blurring our eyes over the horrible printing and worse paper which we find in some of our exchanges.

The *Acta Columbiana* contains a description of "The Library," calculated to awaken in the students a more lively interest in that institution than it would seem they at present possess. The author has cer-

tainly excited in us a desire to visit the store-room of so many interesting relics, and to worship before the "shrine" of Dr. Anthon. The verses on "Cram Week" are true to student nature, and the German translation of the "Two Brothers" is excellent. A large proportion of the paper is occupied with discussions of Athletics and Boating, and an account of "The Ball." We were not extremely interested in the "Cases and Decisions," under the Law Department.

The first page of *The Rochester Campus* is well occupied. The metrical Greek and English translations of the Prayer of Mary Queen of Scots needs no recommendation from us. "Modern Judaism" affords us an insight into a religion of whose doctrines many of us are woefully ignorant. It is, however, a subject of peculiar interest for many reasons, and anything which throws light upon the present religion of the Jews is welcome to the Gentiles. The subject of "College Athletics" is sensibly treated. Such pursuits are neither foolishly exalted over mental culture, nor blindly condemned; but strong arguments, supported by real statistics, are brought forward as a proof of their value as a means of physical culture. The exchange column is devoted this time to criticisms on the paper, taken from other college journals. We think this an excellent plan, as the students of the college can thus learn how their paper is received abroad.

The *Dartmouth* suggests that since we are such champions of coeducation, we have our lady students represented on the editorial board. But, *Dartmouth*, how can we, when with all our persuasion (and we plume ourself on our persuasive powers) we are not able to induce them to overcome their modesty or perversity, whichever it is, far enough to contribute the least bit for the paper?

The *College Ohio* of May 26 contains an article on "The Sympathetic Character of True Criticism." The author has such an exalted idea of what a criticism ought to be that we fear it would be a critical piece of business to offer any criticism on his article. Next we notice a lively and interesting description of "The Cincinnati Observatory." "We, the People" is a political composition, in which the writer comments freely upon the Constitution of the United States. All of these articles show a depth of thought beyond those contained in the majority of college journals.

We notice an article in the May number of the *Collegiate Journal* in favor of "Small Colleges." In this the author is trying to prove that the advantages derived from attending a large college are offset by the disadvantages ensuing from the same. He censures strongly the playing of base-ball, which has taken so prominent a place in our larger colleges. Among other things he says, "How preposterous it sounds to hear of one of the so-called first institutions in the land having a representative base ball-club." Now, while we acknowledge that there is an extreme in the direction of base-ball, and that this extreme is already reached by a limited number of our colleges, we do believe there

is a golden mean, and that this occasionally abused game may be and is a great advantage to thousands who engage in it. Let the boys play; they will be the better prepared for their work when their game is finished.

## THE WASTE-BASKET.

Prof.—"Mr. B——, what is a whale?" Mr. B——: "It's a large, ambiguous animal, covered all over with no hair."—*Ex.*

It is claimed that a student was found New Year's night hugging a tree and saying: "(Hic) post, ego love. Sic ami, et tu large supper!"—*Ex.*

Sleepy Senior (listening to the sweet strains of "Pull for the Shore," proceeding from the next room)—"I wish those fellows in there would not sing that confounded boating song every Sunday morning."—*Ex.*

A down town girl sat on her lover's hat the other night, and kept him three hours over time. The next time that young man goes to see his girl, he should hang his hat on a nail, instead of holding it in his lap.—*Ex.*

It was a party, and another student had marched off triumphantly with his girl. "That's the way," he said sadly; "it isn't merit that wins in this world,—it's brass watch-chains, and paste diamonds, and dyed moustaches." And he swallowed down his Adam's apple fully three times before it would stay, such was his grief.—*Era.*

We give a list of the New England colleges, with the dates of founding and the number of undergraduates:

	Senior.	Junior.	Soph.	Fresh.	Total.
Harvard, 1636 .....	200	178	229	243	850
Yale, 1700 .....	173	193	223	163	752
Dartmouth, 1769 .....	82	95	91	79	347
Amherst, 1821 .....	79	86	80	75	320
Brown, 1764 .....	57	64	59	70	250
Williams, 1793 .....	41	50	44	56	191
Wesleyan, 1831 .....	31	38	60	55	184
Bowdoin, 1802 .....	43	25	24	49	141
Colby, 1813 .....	17	24	30	38	109
Mass. Inst. Tech., 1861 .....	33	23	42	36	134
Bates, 1863 .....	19	24	24	47	114
Boston University, 1873 .....	32	21	26	26	105
Trinity, 1823 .....	23	21	22	37	101
Vermont University, 1791 .....	18	19	22	33	92
Maine Agricultural, 1868 .....	16	17	36	22	91
Holy Cross, 1843 .....	13	18	29	29	89
Tufts, 1854 .....	17	19	27	26	89
Mass. Agricultural, 1867 .....	12	17	15	36	80
Boston College, 1864 .....	10	11	19	20	60
Middlebury, 1800 .....	13	14	9	17	53
Norwich, 1831 .....	4	4	6	13	27
Total .....	931	961	1,111	1,170	4,179

—*Ex.*

Jones—"So you are going abroad this Summer? Suppose you are up on the Eastern Question?" Tadpole—"Eastern Question? what Eastern Question?" Jones—"Why, you know, the Eastern Question that every body is talking about." Tadpole—"O, yes, I remember! Some trouble down in Maine, isn't it?"—*Lampoon.*

The following versions of the Prayer of Mary Queen of Scots, we copy from the *Rochester Campus*. The versions show well the comparative musical capacities of the three languages. First is the original prayer in Latin:

O Domine Deus! speravi in te.  
O care mi Jesu! nunc libera me.  
In dura catena,  
In misera poena,—  
Desidero te.  
Luanguendo,  
Gemendo,  
Et genu flectendo,  
Adoro,  
Imploro,  
Ut liberes me.

Ὁ Κύριε θεός, ἔσπλα ἐς σέ.  
Ὁ φίλτατ' Ἰησοῦ, νῦν ἄφεες ἐμέ.  
Δεσμοῖς ἐν κρατίστοις,  
Ἀθλοῖς ἐν κακίστοις,  
Ἐπιποθέω σέ.  
Κλαίουσα  
Στένουσα  
Καὶ γόνυ κάμπτουσα,—  
Ἰκετεύω  
Κατεύχομαι,  
Ἐν ἀφῆς ἐμέ.

All-powerful Saviour! I've trusted in thee.  
Beloved Redeemer! O ransom thou me.  
In chains harsh and galling,  
In torture appalling,  
I'm longing for thee.  
In moaning,  
In groaning,  
My sinfulness owning,—  
Adoring,  
Imploring—  
O ransom thou me!

M. W. C., 1860.

## PERSONALS.

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

'47.—Hon. J. H. Drummond was chosen to deliver the oration at Rockland, St. John's Day.

'50.—Ephraim Hunt, of Portland, has been elected Supervisor of Schools in the city of Newton, Mass., to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Warren Johnson.

'57.—W. J. Corthell, State Supervisor of Common Schools, paid us a visit recently. It seems that he is giving very good satisfaction in his official work.

'60.—Prof. E. W. Hall delivered the oration at the annual meeting of the Alumni of Worcester Academy, on the 12th of June.

'60.—J. M. Haynes, of Augusta, addressed the citizens of West Waterville, Decoration Day.

'63.—John O. Marble is a physician in good practice at Worcester, Mass.

'63.—Chas. D. Thomas is connected with the Publishing House of Geo. E. Stevens & Co. of Cincinnati.

'63.—W. P. Whitehouse is practicing law at Augusta, Me.

'66.—Rev. Francis W. Bakeman is pastor of the Baptist Church in Auburn, Me.

'72.—Rev. T. G. Lyons is pastor of the Baptist Church at Bryant's Pond, Me.

'72.—Rev. H. R. Mitchell is pastor of the Baptist Church at Pella, Iowa.

'72.—Rev. A. S. Stowell is pastor of the Baptist Church at Salem, N. H.

'73.—A. H. Kelly is teaching in Belfast.

'74.—H. W. Stewart is practicing law in Waterville.

'74.—Mr. A. B. Cates, the successful and popular teacher of the Cherryfield Academy, closes his fourth year and engagement in June. Mr. Cates is a graduate of Colby University, and, while a student, taught three successive winters in Camden, one at Rockport, and two at West Camden. He is an excellent teacher, and any school in the State without an engagement for next year will do well to secure him.—*Camden Herald.*

'75.—In Augusta, May 13th, by Rev. H. W. Tilden, assisted by Rev. Mr. Newcomb of Hallowell, Rev. Herbert Tilden, pastor of the Baptist Church at Lamoine, to Miss Nellie L. Preble of Chesterville.

'76.—F. V. Chase has been re-elected as teacher in the Classical Department of Worcester Academy, at an increased salary.

'76.—Rev. O. C. Tilley has resigned his charge at Nobleboro' that he may attend the Theological Seminary at Newton, Mass.

'76.—C. E. Meleney has recently been elected Principal of the Grammar School at Marlboro', Mass.