

The Colby Echo.

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No. 6.

The Colby Echo.

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THE STUDENTS OF

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THE SANCTUM.

With the present number the first volume of the Echo is completed, and the connection of the first Board of editors with it ceases. We have taken a very deep interest in the paper, and have done not a little hard work for it—the more so, because the publication of such a paper was a first experiment here, the success of which, we felt, largely depended upon us. The paper has succeeded beyond our hopes, and we feel repaid for our labor. It has been quite well sustained by the students, it has been well received, and it has paid for itself, or will have done so when our delinquent subscribers shall pay up. We have made slight improvements from time to time; others remain

for our successors to make. We have made mistakes by which they may profit. In giving up the Echo to the next Board, we do not give up our interest in it, but shall continue to manifest that—at least by promptly pre-paying the subscription price each year. And so, without more *ado*, kind friends of the Echo, we bid you *adieu*.

The pendulum vibrates between mind and matter, between matter and mind. First, the people are seized with the force of one idea, and rush crazily in pursuit of its object; then, the force spent, they slacken, and soon are rushing as eagerly after something in the opposite direction. The same holds true in the college world as elsewhere. A few years ago, and the Eastern colleges were in a furor over boating; but now boating seems to be going out of fashion. What next? Athletic sports are well, but while the Eastern colleges are thus developing muscle at the oar and bat, let them look out for their intellectual laurels; let them see to it that the Western colleges do not bear off the palm in the literary contests. We have lately read an account of an Inter-State Oratorical Contest, lately held at Madison, Wis., where were represented colleges in the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin. The victorious oration—a masterly analysis of two celebrated fictitious characters—would have done credit to even Yale or Harvard. It may be true that we have been in the way of under-rating Western thought and Western scholarship. If so, it is time to open our eyes. It is certain that some of the foremost men of the nation to-day, are graduates of these same “mushroom” colleges. We at the East have money, prestige, age, influence, everything that gives a solid basis to institutions of learning. We have, perhaps, several collegiate literary associations, but they seem to be rather drowsy, and need waking up. In our own State we have had nothing of the sort, nor so far as the writer knows, have sent any delegates to any of the contests outside. We have

three colleges situated at the three corners of a triangle of railroads, which makes easy and quick inter-communication. There is nothing to hinder, and many things to favor the formation of an Inter-Collegiate Literary Association of the colleges of Maine. We have often thought of this and wished that some of the college men would set the ball in motion. What do you say, Sister Colleges? We drop the suggestion in the hope that some one will take up and elaborate our crude idea of forming a State Association.

It is probable that on the coming Commencement the Trustees will finally decide the question of changing the College Calendar. It was proposed, some time ago, to have the long vacation come in the Summer instead of the Winter, thus bringing Commencement near the first of June instead of the last of July. A vote of the students was taken to ascertain their opinion, and a majority were in favor of it. Last Commencement the Trustees postponed their decision for a year, appointing a committee to look into the advisability of the change in the meantime. Most likely they will decide to keep things as they are. However, there are some things in favor of a change. As far as we know, this is the only College in the country which has its Commencement so late. June is the fashionable time. It is hard to study so far into the heated term. Students and Professors become jaded alike. Commencement Week and dog-days come together, and the exercises, when the mercury climbs to 90° in the shade, are, to say the least, insufferably tedious. But take the make-weights of fashion and comfort away, and the scale turns in favor of the old way. This has been, is now, and we hope always will be preëminently a College for poor men—men who have to breast the stream, and *work* their way to the goal of an education; men who do not commence life with "Commencement," but know something of its reality, even before they begin their college course; who are not afraid or ashamed of hard, honest work in the school-room Winters, in the work-shop or hay-field Summers, or in College during term time; who do not value a diploma so much as the acquired culture and mental culture which it represents. To such, the long Winter vacation gives an advantage gained in no other way, since it

enables them to earn considerable money in teaching. If they could do this in the Summer, all objection to the change would be removed; but they cannot. Paying work of any kind is scarcely to be had then. In order to teach, they would have to stay out the Winter term of each year, if the change were made, thus losing fully one-third of their course. The only way to remedy this is, it seems to us, to make the course five years instead of four, or do away with the class system altogether. And perhaps this would be the best way. "Making up" is a fallacy; it should be called "patching up."

The visitor at the present Commencement will doubtless be gratified as he opens the Senior and Junior programmes to find, instead of the customary array of names, only a moderate number represented. It is a departure which should have been taken before, for, hitherto, it has been a serious drawback to the enjoyment of Commencement to be obliged to witness the "exhibition" of each and every member of the classes, and happily the present size of the classes forbids hereafter any such draught upon the patience of our audiences. So then the major premise of all future arrangements will be—the Commencement speakers must be few.

And here the most difficult phase of the problem presents itself—how shall the election be made? It will probably be impossible to adopt a method which will be wholly satisfactory. To make rank the standard has always proved unsatisfactory, both here and at other colleges; there are serious objections to making oratorical ability the sole requisite; and to leave the matter to the uncertain issue of election by the class itself is impolitic at best.

Among other methods, the following, which, in some of its features at least, is adopted by one or two colleges, suggests itself and we present it as worthy some consideration. It applies only to the assignment of parts to the graduating class. The method, briefly stated, is this: To establish parts corresponding to the several departments in college, *e.g.*, Philosophical Oration, Scientific Oration, Latin Oration, etc. These parts are then assigned to the individuals who have attained the greatest proficiency in the departments represented by the parts assigned. The usual valedictory and salutatory may be assigned to the two who have attained the

highest general proficiency, or may be omitted entirely.

This method which, in a sense, awards according to rank, does, nevertheless, avoid some of the arbitrary and objectionable features of the usual method, and has this advantage, that it is far easier to determine the actual knowledge which a student possesses in any one department than to form a general estimate of his attainments in them all, for it will seldom, if ever, happen that an individual will be equally proficient in all.

The system, to be sure, has its objections, and perhaps the most serious is that there would be a tendency to neglect all departments except one for the sake of gaining the honor accruing to it. This tendency, however, might be corrected by requiring certain attainments in all departments; and then, too, it is to be seriously doubted whether an individual working with such a motive could compete with any degree of success with the one who pursued a special branch through love for it and adaptation to it.

Other minor difficulties suggest themselves, but the plan, on the whole, seems to be as free from perplexities as can be expected, and so we present it for the consideration of all who are interested in the matter.

LITERARY.

THE BARNACLE.

Fair as the stately castles of those lands
Whose feet the blue Rhine laves,
On the grey rock, the murmuring sea beside,
A mimic tower there stands,
Washed by the highest, venturous, circling waves
Of each incoming tide.

As through its roof each sparkling herald sifts,
The tiny life confined
In this its home, into the helping flood
Its fairy arms uplifts,
And with its feathery fingers, groping, blind,
Searches the wave for food.

In such a castle thou, my soul, dost dwell;
The walls are high, the lock
Is fast, in time and sense that prison thee.
Fixed in a fleshly shell,
Thou hast thy lonely station on a rock
That overlooks the sea.

And when, as in and out its waters sway,
O'er thee the flood-tides roll,
Thou reachest out thine arms into the sea
Their puny, inch-long way,
Striving to grasp that flood, O fainting soul,
Which shall give life to thee.

L. H. C.

THE MORAL CONQUEROR.

As in the political and social world there have ever been contentions—nation against nation, party against party, man against man; so in the moral world there is a mortal strife,—truth and error; the powers of good and evil, are ever arrayed as antagonists, each striving for the mastery.

We behold man, endowed with an immortal nature, susceptible of every form of virtue and capable of the darkest wickedness, born into the world free to choose his own course. His responsibilities, therefore, are of inexpressible importance; for as he chooses to obey the higher instincts of his nature, he *must* rise and become, in the fullest sense, a moral conqueror; so by refusing to obey them, he will fall and suffer moral defeat.

One qualification of the moral conqueror is a correct understanding of the *brotherhood* of man; with a right knowledge of that, man learns his duty to himself and to his neighbor, and that *both* are bound to each other by certain ties, the just observance of which rest upon him as a moral duty. The moral conqueror must also possess a *strong character*, not simply to the eyes of men, but absolutely strong to his *own consciousness*. Moral courage, the power to stand up for the right against all opposition and to be true to one's own convictions, is the corner stone of such a character. Moral triumphs are impossible without moral courage. Surrounded by the temptations of life, and under the wild impulses of his nature, man must be possessed of a firm and undaunted spirit of resistance, or he will fall far short of his possibilities, and present himself to the eyes of the world an object of pity—a moral coward. It is possible for every one to be a moral victor—hard indeed would it be if any one were shut out from the grand possibilities of his being by any unalterable decree, but there is nothing that can debarr one except his own deliberate choice. Sad would be our condition, if endowed with longings for

virtue and purity, the means for their attainment were not available! But the Beneficent Creator has provided ample means to satisfy all the proper desires with which man's heart is filled, and placed them within his reach.

As we look out upon the world we see it a vast moral battle field, teeming with millions of human beings, each struggling with the powers within his own heart. But how different from the contest where the din of arms is heard and where victory is heralded by the ringing of bells! No outward manifestation of any struggle, nothing to indicate to the eye but that all is serene—yet *within* the battle is raging with all its fury, the powers of light and darkness are there contending, and on the issue of the contest hang destinies that can be measured by no earthly estimate. Who can imagine a spectacle of deeper solicitude than that of a human mind in the act of choosing between right and wrong—between that which will elevate or degrade it in the scale of being? As, poised between the two extremes, it consents to yield to the lower promptings of its nature—what cause for deeper sorrow? or as it decides to grasp the right—what reason for greater exultation? No sounding acclamations announce to the world the victory, yet within there is the sweet consciousness of acting a part worthy of true manhood.

These moral contests are the moulds in which character is cast; and if we consider that they are daily and hourly going on around us, we may gain some adequate idea of the magnitude and importance of the moral warfare, and be then prepared to form some proper estimate of the true greatness of the moral conqueror. He obtains his victory not by depriving men of life, but by ennobling life; not by increasing the misery of earth, but by mitigating its sorrow. He desires not to obtain the applause of the world, but the "answering of a good conscience." Armed with an enlightened understanding, moved by a conviction of duty, and with "justice to all" inscribed on his banner, he is prepared to meet the difficulties of life, triumphantly to conquer the power of evil and win for himself unfading laurels—unfading, because they shall increase his part of the Everlasting Harvest. The world's reformers and philanthropists have been from the lists of moral conquerors; and the world to-day is calling for men

who have stability of character, who have fought the battle, and as victors have put pride, selfishness, and passion under their feet. To such she opens up a field of labor which may well incite them to enter; for they may be certain of a success which for worth and sublimity can not be surpassed by any achievements of the human mind.

'80.

THE TOMBS.

The New York City Prison, generally known by the cheerful name of the Tombs, unlike most institutions of the kind, is situated in the very heart of the city. It might seem to have been located with a view to being liberally patronized, as it fronts on Center street, which is not celebrated for great beauty or cleanliness. It is also not far removed from that aristocratic quarter known as the "Five Points." The prison yard occupies an entire square, and is surrounded by a massive granite wall. This wall, which is all the passer by sees of the prison, is built in the old Egyptian style, and hence its name—the Tombs. With its huge stone pillars it forms a strong contrast with everything in its neighborhood. At intervals there are mock windows, which naturally lead one to suppose that he sees the prison itself. But from the outside one can form but little idea of the interior.

Passing through the main entrance, we find ourselves in a passage-way, with a closely guarded gate on our right, and on the left, an office separated from the passage in which we are standing by an iron fence. In this office several men are busily engaged in making entries in worn-looking books. We are obliged to remain standing, leaning upon the iron fence, from one-half to three-quarters of an hour before arrangements can be made for our visiting the prison; for this office is not in the prison, but in the wall. During this long waiting, which is rather tiresome as we are not even given a seat to rest upon, it is our good fortune to get a view of an individual we would not have missed seeing for twice the amount of waiting. There is nothing very attractive about her appearance. She is a short, fat, squatty, wrinkled old woman, but with plenty of cap string, and with a vast amount of dignity stamped upon her brow. In her own opinion

evidently, as well as in that of others, she is one of the most important functionaries connected with the institution. In short, she is the Matron of the Tombs. It is her duty to see that the prisoners are provided with suitable food. She is also employed by the more wealthy to procure them any little luxury, for which service she receives a suitable remuneration. By these means she has succeeded in acquiring a handsome little property, amounting, report says, to about five hundred thousand dollars. This she has invested in real estate in different parts of the city.

But while we are speculating about this singular personage, intelligence arrives that we are at liberty to enter the prison. We are each furnished with two tickets, and step through the iron gate-way we noticed on our right as we entered. Passing through a small ante-room, with shelves along the side filled with bundles, which persons have left for their friends in the prison, and dodging through a narrow entry, we arrive, after much showing of tickets and growling of the prison officials, in the prison yard, where we take the liberty to make a few explorations. In one corner is the "Bummer's Cell," in which drunken and disorderly fellows are kept for a day or two, that they may have an opportunity to reflect upon the past, and make good resolves for the future. As we pass by the door, one gentleman expresses a strange desire to get out. Our guide, however, quietly remarking that the warden is a good fellow and will help him if he deserves it, passes on. Among the different buildings within the enclosure, there is a separate prison for women, and a jail for boys. The former we are not allowed to visit, and the latter we do not choose to enter, but, as we glance in, the boys do not appear very melancholy, and many are doubtless enjoying more comfortable quarters than for a long time.

But passing hastily by, we enter the prison for men, which is the main building, and oblong in shape. In the centre there is an open court. The longer sides of the rectangle are occupied by cells facing the court within, while the ends are simply firm stone walls. Over the centre of the building is a glass roof, protecting the court from the wind and rain, and admitting the light. In the centre of the court is a plot of green grass, which somewhat relieves the gloominess of the place. There are four or five stories of

cells, and in front of each tier extends a narrow gallery, not more than two and a half feet wide. The cells are very small, and each is lighted by an oblique cut in the wall, and has two doors. The inner one is of heavy iron, and, when swung outward against the other, which is of iron grating, leaves an aperture, just large enough for the prisoner to see out; and as we pass by, the faces of the most inquisitive are pressed against the grating to catch a glimpse of the strangers. The only furniture visible is a small bedstead, which seems to be used as bed, chair, and table. As this is the smallest city prison in America it is wholly inadequate to the necessities of New York. Hardly a cell is unoccupied, and most of them have two or three inmates. The boarders have just had their breakfast, and a bowl and spoon are seen in front of many of the gratings. It would be dangerous to place knives in the hands of the prisoners,—and, in spite of fashion, forks are not of much use without them. Hence the prisoner is reduced to the alternative of eating with a spoon or his fingers.

After passing rapidly along the corridor, and observing a gentleman, then residing in the institution, salute a lady with a kiss through the bars of the door, which was doubtless very affecting, but did not in this case move the audience to tears,—we pass out of the prison, and cross the court yard. Here we have an opportunity of seeing King, the murderer, who is at this time taking his daily exercise, watched by an officer, for whose services he is himself obliged to pay.

But leaving him to his own reflections, we pass back again through the little ante-room and the iron gate, where we surrender our tickets. As we hasten out into the open air we feel somewhat relieved, as we have been all the time oppressed with the knowledge that, if we should chance to lose our tickets, we should be obliged to remain as prisoners ourselves until we could demonstrate to the satisfaction of the authorities that we were not malefactors, but visitors, a task which might have been somewhat difficult, as the privilege of visiting the prison at all was due to a clever trick on the part of the warden.

E. F. L.

Many of the rooms have been repainted, tinted, and otherwise repaired within the last few weeks.

THE GRAVE OF ELIZA WHARTON.

In the town of Peabody, Mass., formerly known as South Danvers, is an old, neglected burying-ground. It is the place where the ancient inhabitants of South Danvers buried their dead.

The grotesque figures carved upon the tombstones are all that it contains to attract the passer-by. But there is one grave, which, to those acquainted with the history of her whose ashes it contains, is an object of exceeding interest. Year after year may be seen visitors wending their way to that humble grave, like pilgrims to a sacred shrine. The sad fate of the unfortunate one, laid there so many years ago, has given to that grave a mournful celebrity. Although a hundred years have passed since public sympathy was first excited by the circumstances associated with it, it still has an attraction that brings hither the witty, the grave, and the gay.

About a hundred years ago the curiosity of the ancient inhabitants of Danvers was somewhat excited by the arrival, at the old Bell Tavern, of a beautiful lady. No one knew where she came from, nor for what object she came. Her personal appearance marked her as belonging to the highest class of society. She arrived late one night, by the stage-coach, and took rooms at the old Bell Tavern. Her beauty, together with her mysterious arrival and melancholy seclusion, excited the interest and sympathy of some; the curiosity of others. But all attempts to gain a knowledge of her past history or penetrate the mysterious shroud that concealed her present purposes, were fruitless, until subsequent developments revealed all.

She lived entirely secluded, spending her time alone in her room, with the exception of the evening hour, when she would walk out as far as the old burying-ground, where she would gaze long and mournfully upon the scattered tombstones. Then she would retrace her steps and proceed to her room, where she would play a mournful melody upon the guitar, accompanying it with a voice of peculiar sweetness. In this manner she passed several weeks, occasionally writing fragments of poetry, which were afterward found among her papers, until one evening a stranger halted before the tavern, alighted from his carriage and hastily examined the door, then returned to his carriage and drove

rapidly away. The next morning the sudden arrival and hasty departure of the stranger were subjects of discussion, without the knowledge, on the part of those discussing them, of their import to the secluded lady.

After this occurrence she sank under the weight of sorrow that oppressed her, and rapidly declined. And soon the kind-hearted ladies of the town were summoned to the death-bed of the beautiful stranger, to perform the last sad offices that are due to humanity in the hour of death. Patiently and gently she awaited the approach of the stern messenger; and the spirit, chastened by sorrow, with calm resignation yielded to its inevitable fate.

In the sepulchre's saintly robes they laid the form so beautiful in life, and beautiful even in death; and in the old burying-ground, where so often, sadly and silently, she had wandered, they laid to rest the heart that had sinned and sorrowed.

Death lifted the curtain that had hitherto concealed the history of the fair visitor, and then the strange conduct was easily accounted for. It soon became known that she was the daughter of a minister who had lived in Connecticut, highly respected for his Christian character, and esteemed as a man of real moral worth, but who had died some years previous to this time. Her mother was still living in the homestead, revered by all who knew her. The cause of her mysterious conduct was soon made public. It was the old story, so often repeated. She had been in early life a beautiful and amiable girl, the idol of her parents, and beloved by all with whom she associated. As the days of her girlhood glided by, in innocence and happiness, she little dreamed of the sad fate that awaited her. But often when the heart beats high with innocent joy, the dark clouds are gathering that are to obscure the sunshine of life, and leave, where dwelt joy and gladness, only sorrow and sadness.

As she approached womanhood, she began to depart from the strict course of life in which, as the child of Christian parents, she had been trained. She soon began to frequent the ball-room, and join in the fascinating dance, where conscience is stifled, and the barriers that virtue rears around the heart gradually removed, thus paving the way for the commission of grosser crimes. Yielding in this manner to the influ-

ence of worldly pleasure, she soon became the gayest of the gay, flirting with the recklessness of one in whose soul every sentiment has been extinguished. Thus she passed a gay and thoughtless life, until retribution came, when she met Pierpont Edwards, a young lawyer of wealth and fashion, and the heart that had no wealth of love to bestow yielded to the base promptings of passion. Bereft of that purity which makes woman lovely and noble, she fled from her home in order to conceal her disgrace, and took up her abode in South Danvers, where Pierpont Edwards had promised to visit her. Her real name was Elizabeth Whitman, which she changed to Eliza Wharton, and by this name she was known at the Bell Tavern.

The appearance of the stranger and the hasty examination of the tavern door are thus explained. She was to write her name upon some designated parts of the door, which should serve as a guide to him in finding her place of residence. They were either too faintly written, or the darkness prevented his discovering them, and he returned without meeting her. A short time after her death a stranger came and caused a stone to be erected over her grave, only a small portion of which now remains, it having been broken by visitors in their eagerness to obtain mementos of the unfortunate one. The feet of strangers have worn a path to her grave so that one might easily find it without a guide. Such, then, is the history of Eliza Wharton's grave,—a history that teaches the utter worthlessness of the rarest accomplishments, when not accompanied by a firm adherence to the principles of virtue.

A NEW BOOK.

THE AMERICAN HAND-BOOK for Men, Women, and Children: by Three Celebrated Authors—Nos. 136, 271, and 304 in the World's Gallery of Authors! First Edition. Sold only by subscription.

Ante-Scriptum. This book, in its complete form, is the same size of Webster's Unabridged; hence you will see, kind reader, that it would be impossible to give even a fair specimen of the valuable work in the space allotted us in the ECHO; but we decided to give the Title Page, Dedication, Preface, and a short specimen from each of the authors. If any persons should fail to get the logical nexus from the short extracts,

they can hand their names to any agent near by and send their money to 139 Narrow-way, N. Y., and get a complete volume.

To * ANDREW JOHNSON, who wrestled in prayer so successfully with the Methodist clergyman in Nashville that he deserves the title of a Second Jacob, this volume is affectionately dedicated by the Authors.

* Deceased.

PREFACE.

The authors come before the public with confidence and considerable boldness, since they realize so well the importance of a book of this kind to every household and student's table. It is designed as a companion for Webster's Quarto, Farmer's Almanac, and the American Cook Book, and will, we trust, be found as indispensable as any one of them. The book has been written by the authors in their happiest moods, and yet with great care—and they modestly expect a heavy sale. It was stipulated before the manuscript left the authors' hands that the precious information should be printed in clear type, in a binding cheap enough to be reached by all, and that it should be sold only by subscription.

The subject matter is arranged under three heads, a necessary division, of course, owing to the plurality of authors; but that causes no discord whatever, for the symmetry is perfect; the three parts hinge together in wonderful harmony and afford much satisfaction to the authors.

We extend our thanks to the reading public for past favors, and ask for further patronage.

Sundown Mills, July 10, 1877.

Lo, HERE!

It is said that on a certain day many will say "Lo, here!" and "Lo, there!" etc.; and while this is a somewhat ancient prophecy and destined, perhaps, to be fulfilled in times far more modern than these, yet our design is to show that every day the prophecy is practically fulfilled, especially the first part.

There are different ways of bringing this to pass. One class of people call out in a various language: "Lo, here! behold my physical perfection!" and spend much of their time in aiding nature by artificial means. After they have carefully produced a wholesome amount of enthusiasm over their wonderful share of god-like endowments, they then bring in the effect of contrast by calling "Lo, there!" to another's

deformity. This cannot be called vanity, for the clergyman says all is vanity; hence it is too general for our present purpose.

Another class call out: "Lo, here! I give tithes of all I possess; I feed the beggar, and turn no man away; I never tell a lie; I never cheat any one; and yet I act thus not from fear of future torment, nor goaded by a hope of future bliss. Ah, lo here! my neighbors, and especially my Maker, *if I had one*, and behold me, so fine a specimen of thy handiwork."

All belonging to this class are life delegates to a daily feast on other people's failures, and then "Lo, there!" is passed round with a vengeance. This human quality is a disease, and when deeply seated is said to be unpardonable.

Another class call attention to their weakness and failures, and say: "Lo here—I have done nothing to merit existence and continuance of life; I am foolish and unstable; I ought to watch myself far more closely, to keep out of temptation, and do unto others as I would have them do to me."

Those who properly belong to this class are not *continually* lamenting their shortcomings, but occasionally compare them with the good qualities of their neighbors, and thus avoid becoming pharisaical. This class was once pronounced by divine authority to be the salt of the earth; but the earth in this decade can hardly be called very salt.

There is still another class called Fresh—

TOBACCO.

At the outset we must exclaim with the great poet:

"Down where the waving willows
'Neath the sunbeams smile,
Grows very fine tobacco,
Ripening all the while.

Raise tobacco, chew or smoke it,
Golden sunbeams smile;
When good music fails to cheer one,
Tobacco does in style."

As a crop, tobacco has rewarded the honest toil of the farmer with many a dollar. But the beauty and majesty of a field of tobacco would amply repay a lover of fine sights to grow it; when about six inches high it resembles a field of beets, thus giving a very pleasing deception. As it is an oil-producing crop, farmers have found it a very useful crop to alternate with wheat or any other starch-producing crop. Tobacco is a legitimate member of the flora of the

earth; our Creator cursed the ground with *thorns and thistles* and with those only; hence tobacco as well as all other plants with the above exceptions, was designed for a blessing; and it is actually put to a number of uses. It is a grand cure for Dyspepsia; in the hands of a novice in its use, it will recall his last meal regardless of any remonstrance of the Gastric Juice. It will cure the Phthisic by burning it in a small hand furnace and drawing the smoke, occasioned by the burning, into the mouth; it scents the breath, preserves the teeth and makes a man respected; it is ground into a powder without which no family would think of keeping house; in fact it is coming into quite general use and nothing ever came before the public with so little advertising—it smooths the rough places in a man's life. Oh, thou glorious narcotic! The wretch of a would-be poet never understood thy peaceful qualities who said, "Tobacco is an Indian—"

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

If George Washington had not been jilted when a youth, he probably would have made a great man; he seemed to have a good bringing up, although he is said to have been unable to tell a lie; he should be revered just as much notwithstanding, for probably there are some boys at the present time laboring under the same impediment. He married at last quite happily, but the American Republic was his only child; this he trained up as he thought she should go until she was twenty-one years old, when of course she thought she could do business for herself and began to take care of him, and now none are so proud but who do him reverence. Before we assume a biographical tone we will recount some of George's virtues. He was an inflationist, he was strictly honest; he was the owner of slaves, he was anxious for universal freedom; he was a Free and Accepted Mason, he hailed every lover of freedom in brotherly love; as a general he was loved by his soldiers, he was a great disciplinarian; he was a kind husband and successful farmer; he was respectful to the rich and kind to the poor; no instance of his turning a beggar away from his door is on record.

To give a vivid idea of his character we will relate a short anecdote in which he played a conspicuous part. On a very sultry day in August, three old ladies were crossing a field—

Premature Finis.

THE CAMPUS.

Last call.

We are done.

Pax vobiscum!

Examinations are over.

"That was good powder."

Nothing lacking but "legal proof."

The nine have had their pictures taken.

Furniture for sale at 27 South College.

Pay your term dues before you leave town.

And now our motto shall be, "we go a fishing."

The Seniors now come straggling back for Commencement.

Sam and the students have been haymaking lately, about the Campus.

Most of the Senior pictures come from Carleton's, of this village.

A few of the students contemplate leaving here for Bowdoin next Fall.

More of the students than usual are to remain through Commencement.

Fogg says he can not afford to shave Freshmen for half price, this year at least.

We understand that in the opinion of certain of the Faculty, the "bad element" of the College is all in one class. Don't you believe it.

The Sophomores are to petition for a change in the studies of next Fall term, having Greek, now compulsory, made optional with French.

The officers of the Reading Room Association for the coming year, are: Dewhurst, '78, Pres.; Mann, '78, Vice-Pres.; Joy, '79, Sec'y; Case, '80, Treas.

The following Juniors will take part in the Prize Exhibition Monday evening: Dewhurst, Miss Fuller, Jones, Mann, Miss Meader, Salsman, Thompson, Tilden, and Wyman.

The "Alpha Omega" is the name of a new local society, comprising twelve students. They intend to apply for a Chapter of *Ψ. Υ.* next year, to which Fraternity they made an unsuccessful application this Summer.

The editors of the ECHO for the next year, are: C. A. Chase, '78, Managing Editor; F. E. Dewhurst, '78; H. B. Tilden, '78; C. H. Salsman,

'78; W. N. Philbrook, '79; Nathan Hunt, '79; Everett Flood, '79, Literary Editors.

The Junior Class are to plant an Ivy, Tuesday afternoon, near the Chapel. The exercises include an Oration, Poem, Ode, Music, and Distribution of the various awards to members of the class.

The reunions of the Secret Societies will occur at their respective Halls, directly after the Oration and Poem on Tuesday evening. Graduate members are cordially invited to be present.

A pamphlet is to be issued during the week by the graduating class, which will contain a general class history, giving statistics, etc., together with matters of interest which have occurred to the class during their course.

Nine of the Seniors are to speak at the Graduation Exercises. The class has been divided impartially without regard to scholarship, meritorious conduct, or proficiency in composition or declamation. These are: Miss Coburn, Drummond, Files, Haynes, Henderson, Looney, Lyford, Meserve, and Sturtevant.

We hear a good thing on one of the Juniors. He made a recitation lately and afterwards another student recited and sat down. Then the former remarked: "Professor, there was one point which I omitted, if it is not too late to *count* it." We hope the Prof. *counted* it, and we humbly petition the Faculty to give the young gentleman his "excellent" this term.

Our College Choir deserve the hearty thanks of the students, not only for their aid in the daily Chapel exercises, but for their generous assistance in the public exercises. At every public exhibition, with one exception, in the Chapel during the past year, they have readily and cheerfully furnished the music, thereby adding much to the interest of the exercises.

The sale of tickets for the Concert has thus far been very satisfactory. The Stockbridge Quartette, the vocal, although comparatively strangers here, have received many encomiums wherever they have appeared; while the Mendelssohn Quintette is too well known to need even a word of praise from us. The Concert will undoubtedly be a fine one, and we hope it will be a financial success.

EXITS. Two occur this (Friday) afternoon! The Sophomores will have theirs at the Turner House, at Skowhegan, where last year's was held. The usual exercises will be presented. The Freshmen (beg pardon, class of '80) will go to Augusta. Special train, Demosthenic Oratory, Miltonic Poetry, and Music rivalling, if not surpassing, the strains from Calliope's harp. The affair closes with a banquet which would tempt the most dainty of epicures. Would that we were to be there to see!

Our Base-Ball Association will probably be in debt a little at the close of the year. At almost every trip of the club to other places, the Nine have paid part of their bills from their own purses, and we have also received some aid from the Faculty; but unless things change for the better the outlook for Base-Ball next year will be quite gloomy. A Nine *can not* be supported in even respectable style when the Association numbers but thirty-five members, paying an annual tax of a little over \$2 apiece. We commend this fact to the notice of the students who are not at present members of the Association.

The Prize Reading of the Freshman Class occurred in the Chapel, on Wednesday evening, June 27th. Ten of the class participated in the reading. The selections were for the most part well-chosen and also well-rendered. The College Choir furnished the music in its usual excellent manner. The prizes were awarded to L. M. Nason and C. W. Clark. Neat and tastily executed programmes, emanating from the *Chronicle* office, were issued. False orders also made their appearance for the first time for a number of years, which, however, did not reflect much credit upon their originators, the hits, with possibly one or two exceptions, being rather more vulgar than witty.

"The Colby Boat Club, we are pleased to learn from the *ECHO*, has been re-organized, and we hope this re-vivification will give it a full Treasury." [*Waterville Mail*, June 29.] Some of the students were expressing surprise that the *Mail* should condescend to speak in such a pleasant manner of the Club, considering its usual delicately sarcastical mode of noticing College affairs, when one of the Directors remarked that the *Mail* wanted the \$4 which the Club owed it, and that that probably prompted

the notice. If the *Mail* would deign to descend from its lofty height occasionally, and speak in a little more pleasant terms concerning College Associations, etc., it would get more than the meager share of College printing which it now enjoys. And again, a little more accuracy in reporting College news would be expected from a "model" newspaper.

Portland Reds 9 — Colby 8.

The first game between the University Nine and the Portland Reds was played at Pre-sumpscot Park, Portland, Saturday, June 23d.

The game was an excellent one and up to the last inning very exciting. Our boys failed to score up to the sixth inning and got only two safe hits. In the next three they made six base hits and scored seven runs, making the score at the end of the 8th inning 7 to 4 in our favor. But the "bad inning" was to come. The 9th inning was marked by the errors, the Reds succeeding in getting five more runs and giving their opponents but one more.

The pitching of Ricker was, during the first part of the game, quite effective, but our boys "got the hang" of it, as the last four innings show. Bosworth's pitching was as effective as usual, two of the Reds striking out and one fouling out in the last inning.

COLBY.							PORTLAND REDS.						
	T.	R.	1b.	P.O.	A.	E.		T.	R.	1b.	P.O.	A.	E.
Bosworth, p.....	5	1	1	0	2	1	Gore, c.....	5	2	2	6	4	12
Pierce, 1b.....	4	2	1	12	1	1	Hayes, 3b.....	5	1	1	0	0	0
Merriam, 2b.....	4	0	1	1	2	2	Thompson, s. s.....	6	2	2	0	2	1
F. Perkins, c.....	4	1	2	0	1	4	Ricker, p.....	5	0	0	2	3	1
Barker, c. f.....	6	1	1	0	0	1	St. John, c. f.....	5	0	1	1	1	1
Drummond, 3b.....	4	1	1	4	2	3	Dooley, 2b.....	5	1	0	0	3	0
L. M. Perkins, s. s.....	4	1	0	1	1	0	Pike, l. f.....	4	0	0	3	0	1
Mathews, r. f.....	4	0	0	0	0	1	Scott, 1b.....	4	2	3	14	0	0
Patten, l. f.....	4	1	1	0	0	1	Winship, r. f.....	4	1	0	1	0	0
	30	8	8	27	9	14		43	9	9	27	14	18

Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Colby.....	0	0	0	0	0	3	2	2	1—8
Reds.....	0	0	0	1	1	0	2	0	5—9

Time of game—1 hour 35 minutes. Umpire—Thad. Noble. Scorers—Reds, F. M. Ingalls; Colby, W. H. Brownson.

The last game of the season will be played on our grounds, Saturday, July 21, with the Pastimes of Belfast.

THE COLLEGE PRESS.

This column having been thus far entirely devoted to criticisms upon our exchanges, it occurred to us that as we have reached the closing number of the college year our readers may be interested to learn the character of our reception in other colleges. We therefore copy the following extracts, which have been impartially selected:

If the students of Colby University had known the weeks of weary and almost despairing search and

thought that our name, *The Echo*, had cost us, they would have hesitated before attempting to rob us of our dearly bought pleasure of having a name "all to ourselves." However, we suppose it is now too late to complain. We shall be pleased to exchange, and we challenge you, Colby, to a friendly competition as to who shall do the name most honor. We ask our exchanges one favor, however, and it is that in mentioning our friends at Colby they will *always* call them *The Colby Echo*, so that they may be distinguished from THE ECHO, which name we claim as ours by prior adoption and use.—*College Echo*.

The *Colby Echo* starts well. Its literary articles are generally good, but that one on "The Great Templar Scandal" is, we think, not suited to a college journal. We wish it calm sailing; and hope that it may always be freighted with true gold, though "a little nonsense now and then" will not be condemned.—*Wittenberger*.

It has seldom been our privilege to welcome the first issue of an exchange having so many points to admire as *The Colby Echo* (Colby University, Maine.) It is a neat, even handsome paper of sixteen pages. If the *Echo* fulfils its early promise and improves with age, it will be found in the first rank of college journalism. We readily respond to the *Echo's* request to exchange, and wish it every reasonable success.—*Argosy*.

The *Colby Echo*, whose careful printing and general aspect gratify us, gains much approbation from a careful perusal of its contents. The editorial is a model one, and the advice contained in it is worthy of a sage. We heartily commend the same to our own contributors.—*Sibyl*.

Vol. I., No. 1, of the *Colby Echo* is greeted and complimented. Its poetry is superior.—*College Courier*.

The *Colby Echo* is a good paper, but it is a little egotistical in calling the *College Echo* its "twin brother" and "The fellow that looks like me."—*Dartmouth*.

It is not strange that *The Colby Echo* has met with hearty praise from all quarters. Such a clean, sensible, sometimes spicy, sheet cannot but be welcome to every exchange editor. Of course its worth is all the more appreciated because it is so young. Is it through the failure of Uncle Sam's Post Office or owing to the negligence of some editor that our name does not appear in the list of exchanges received?—*Williams Athenæum*.

The *Colby Echo* is a live college paper, evidently not prepared by the editors alone. It seems to have an abundance of contributions and represents well its institution. The article entitled "Debate" is excellent. It desires to eliminate the flourish and inaccuracy common to extemporaneous debate and stick to logic—arguments that aim at conviction rather than persuasion.—*Wabash*.

Of our exchanges, none is more welcome than the *Colby Echo*. Coming, as it does, from the nearest college to us, we peruse its columns with pleasure, and congratulate its editors for publishing so good and interesting a paper. *Vive la Echo*.—*Reporter*.

The *Colby Echo* contains, as usual, much readable matter, and we especially prize "The Special Needs of this Age," as it sets forth, in simple colors, the general wants of the people.—*Reporter*.

In No. 3, Vol. I., of the *Colby Echo* we find much to commend and little to censure. We confess to a genuine surprise that so young a paper should at once take so high a stand among the college press. "Manhood in College" has a decided, manly tone which is characteristic of the entire publication. Our chief objection is

that it comes but once a month. No. 2, through some oversight, probably, has not yet reached us.—*Bowdoin Orient*.

The first exchange which meets our gaze this month, is the *Colby Echo*. A very pleasing, well-edited sheet, emanating from the students of Colby University, Waterville, Me. Its editorials are strong, spicy, and to the point, showing that a master hand presides in the *sanctum sanctorum*. Some of the grinds seem a little too personal, but they make up for this deficiency in the brilliancy of their wit, the squibs seem fairly to brim over with funny things. Come again, brother of the frozen zone; we like your looks.—*Critic*.

The *Colby Echo* improves on further acquaintance. The article on "Manhood in College" we think is very good. The pith of the article may be expressed by "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." This is of course accompanied by advice, most of which is excellent. The exchange editor is more at ease while among his "contemporaries," and as a consequence writes better.—*Berkeleyan*.

The *Colby Echo* of Colby University is the last of our new exchanges, to be mentioned. Not left till the last, *Dear Echo*, because least acceptable, but some one must be last and the Fates decided it. May the *Echoes* from Colby always be pleasant.—*Rochester Campus*.

Our next, the *Colby Echo*, is starting out well, and bids fair to take an advanced position among College journals. It is neat and well-written; and if it were only appropriate, we would say with the Irishman; "May it live to eat the hen that scratches over its grave." But we do say, that we hope it may succeed, and never know want, pecuniarily or otherwise.—*College Herald*.

The *Colby Echo* contains a very manly defense of co-education, and is throughout one of our best Exchanges for one so newly started, but we would suggest that it would be no more than just to give the fair sex a chance to express their opinions, why don't they have some of their sister classmates on the editorial board? If all that "Growler" says is true, we should say he had a very good cause for his growling. All things should be done "decently and in order."—*Dartmouth*.

On bidding our exchanges farewell we cordially thank them for their kind words of commendation for what they have been pleased to consider our merits. And as cordially do we thank them for their almost uniformly just criticism of our defects. We bespeak for our successors the same courteous and generous treatment.

"Every college has a distinct individuality which impresses itself upon its college literature. Thus, Princeton is noted for its blue-blooded Presbyterianism and 'codfish' aristocracy; Harvard for its Cockneyisms; Yale for its sports and fast people; Columbia for its apish English manners; Dartmouth for its country 'greenhorns'; Amherst for its shrewd Yankees; Trinity for its ancient church foundations; Union for its old Knickerbocker aristocracy; Hamilton for Western 'shoddy'; and Cornell for its progressiveness."

THE WASTE-BASKET.

As an argument in favor of the ground taken by some that Homer was an Irishman, a Freshman adduces the fact that his lines are so much *padded*.

Professor in Chemistry: "There are several steps to be taken in finding the exact chemical composition of bone. For example,—when you boil it, what is given off?" Student: "Soup."—*Exc.*

Spring Fashions in Oratory: Commencements are to be cut no shorter than usual trimming of Greek quotations very full, philosophy cut bias, and the whole finished off with a neat *ruche* of Longfellow's "Psalm of Life."—*Exc.*

Mr. X., translating Laelius, hesitates at the phrase *non queo dicere*. Prof.—"Well, what does that mean?" Mr. X., who has omitted to look up *queo*—"I can't tell." Prof.—"That's right, go on." And that Soph chuckles, wonders what the Prof. thought he said, and goes on.

A bashful declaimer began, "Break, break, break,"—paused for a moment, looked confused, and began again, "Break, break, break;" a longer pause followed, then he stammered out: "And—I would—that—my tongue—could utter—the thoughts—that arise in me," and left the stage amid sounds of applause.

Soph. discussing music and poetry vs. sculpture and painting as civilizers, exclaims: "Hear what the Psalmist, David, says:" (pauses some seconds, society listen attentively), Soph. heard muttering, "Blame the scripture!"—"Oh yes! music hath power to soothe the savage breast; and again: The Lord said unto Cain, where is thy brother Abel? and——" remainder lost in the general outburst.

The *Harvard Advocate* suggests a new curriculum. It makes entrance examinations—that stumbling-block in the path of ambitious students—optional. Freshman year: Base-ball, boating, elementary lessons in carrying canes. Sophomore year: Cook's "Theory of the Sliding-seat as used in American Boats;" Coburn's "Manly Art"; electives, dancing, billiards, English opera (Kellogg) twice a week. Soldene once in two weeks. Junior year: The English stroke (various text-books); Prof. P. H. Reilly's

"Assembly step"; electives, Italian opera twice a week, whist. Senior year: One Wagner opera; how to elect class day officers; electives, "Perfect waltzes," "Theory of *masse* shots," whist (12 hours a week.)

A. State of health—Md.—*Danbury News*. A State of suffering—Ill.—*Washington Herald*. A fatherly State—Pa.—*Norristown Herald*. An enjoyable State—Ga.—*Graphic*. A State of safety—Ark. States to embrace—Miss. Minn. Bad State for Chinamen—N. Y. A State for Beverage (not Illinois, as was supposed up to the last election. But)—R. I. State for lost souls—Mass. State for haymakers—Mo. Set 'em up on the other alley—Tenn. Penn.—*Phila. Inquirer*.

PERSONALS.

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

'38.—Franklin Everett is a lawyer at Grand Rapids, Michigan.

'38.—O. E. Gardner is a Real Estate Broker in New York City.

'38.—N. T. Talbot is practicing law in Camden, Me.

'39.—J. Ricker, D.D., has so far regained his health that it is expected he will now resume his duties as Corresponding Secretary of the Maine Baptist Missionary Society.

'47.—Rev. G. G. Fairbanks is pastor of the Baptist Church in Middleboro', Mass.

'55.—Hon. Reuben Foster is a lawyer in Waterville, Me.

'63.—Rev. C. M. Emery is now about to return to Maine from Dansville, N. Y., where he has spent the last two years as pastor.

'65.—Rev. C. V. Hanson is preaching in Peabody, Mass.

'66.—Rev. F. W. Tolman, formerly pastor at Dexter, has accepted a call to the Baptist Church at South Hampton, N. H.

'68.—Rev. N. O. Ayer is preaching in Skowhegan, Me.

'72.—L. A. Wheeler is employed in the Waterville Bank.

'74.—C. E. Young, a recent graduate of Newton Seminary, has accepted the unanimous call of the Baptist Church at Mt. Vernon, and entered upon his work.