

# The Colby Echo.

Vol. II.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, JULY, 1878.

No. 8.

## The Colby Echo.

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

### COLBY UNIVERSITY.

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## THE SANCTUM.

THE absence of the students during Commencement week, is a fact very much commented upon by visitors to the College at that time. The termination of examinations before Commencement, leaves the student at liberty to stay or go as he pleases, and a large number avail themselves of this privilege of leaving. This may, perhaps, in some instances be necessary, but we can hardly see why there should be so general a departure. The term does not

properly close until after Commencement, and the Summer Term is always a week shorter than the others, so that the student cannot complain of being kept an unreasonable length of time. If the exercises of the week are not interesting enough to hold one here, our desire to have the College well represented, ought certainly to weigh with us. When Alumni and strangers ask: "Where are your under-graduates?" We have to say, "There they are in the procession—two Juniors, two Sophomores, three Freshmen, and half a dozen sub-Freshmen. The rest have already left town." The appearance is certainly anything but creditable. It is to be hoped that every student, unless it is absolutely impossible, will remain through the coming Commencement.

THE time is approaching for the annual elections to nearly all the College Offices, and it is wise to bestow some previous thought upon them, in order that the right men may be chosen for the right places. Fortunately, the the majority of our elections are free from all sorts of chicanery. It is complimentary and creditable to the College, that society wire-pulling does not characterize the College elections, but that qualification for the office is recognized and accepted. If this motive shall continue to be paramount, there will be little danger of making any very serious errors in elections.

A rather more general interest, however, in the elections is desirable. A notice of a general college meeting seldom elicits a response from more than a third of the students. At a recent and very important meeting of the ECHO Association, a bare quorum was present. Anything pertaining to the interests of the College should claim the attention of every under-graduate. We suggest, then, that the prospective offices of the various College organizations for the ensuing year be discussed among the students, and that whenever an election occurs, all be prepared to vote for the person who shall

have the most desirable qualifications for the office. In this way, we shall have the right to expect that the organizations will be well managed, and the work creditably done; an expectation which is not warrantable under any other circumstances.

WE publish in our columns this month, the first of a series of communications from Wellesley College. We are aware that our neighbor, over the way, *The Dartmouth*, was the first among our college journals to publish communications from the colleges of our sisters, but as *The Dartmouth* has never laid claim to a secured copyright, we feel no compunctions of conscience in introducing a like feature into our own journal. We venture to hope that it will prove an acceptable one to the readers of ECHO.

WE American students are apt to express our disapprobation of the stern discipline of our college curriculums, and to sigh for the latitude, in study, of the German Universities. When our American colleges are so constitutionally changed as to become German Universities, then, perhaps, we may justly lament. But as long as we proceed on the principle that it is the province of a college course to develop the mind, so long ought we to stick to the rigidity of our present curriculums. The English Universities keep this object constantly in view, and the English student, at Cambridge, scarcely sees anything but Classics and Mathematics of the most rigid kind. We have far more latitude than the English student, and groan for more. Now, what is the result? The average English student on graduation, comes out with a mind far better trained than the average American student. He has not acquired so much information, perhaps; but what of that! He has the power to get it and his accumulations will soon surpass those of his American cousin. He has had very little practice in writing; but what of that! He can comprehend an author more readily, can deduce his own conclusions more accurately, and state them more clearly than can the American student, with all his advantage at the start. The polish and fluency of Rhetoric will come in due time. Let us think twice, then, before we decry the American system, or,

if we decry it at all, ought we not to ask for a nearer approximation to the rigid English Curriculum rather than to the electives of the German Universities?

WE cannot forbear to quote the following extract from Dr. Anderson's address to the recent Psi Upsilon Convention, at Rochester. It will be remembered that Dr. Anderson was one of the early graduates of this College, before the founding of our secret societies:

President Anderson, of the Rochester University, addressed the recent Convention (Psi Upsilon) by invitation, and controverted the position of the opponents of college secret fraternities, who state they are inimical to college discipline. He was the oldest President in continuous service, and gave it as his positive opinion that the secret societies of high character, that have name and reputation to conserve, are advantageous to the officers in maintaining the needful discipline of college life. He warned the secret societies against the tendency to expensiveness, an overlooking of the equities in college politics, and urged them to avoid any appearance of dissipation, and in all things to acquit themselves like men. He protested against unfair and unphilosophical statements by those who attributed evils to secret societies, which, so far as his experience went, were in no respect connected with the best fraternities. President Anderson was not a member of any fraternity.

RIGHT here we wish to say a few words to our subscribers. Those who started the paper did so with the understanding that the subscription price should be paid invariably in advance. This has always been the intention of the Managers, and the same has been distinctly stated in each issue. But somehow, this condition seems to have been lost sight of by our subscribers, and many have not only neglected to remit their dues for the paper of the present year, but are still in arrears for those of last year. With the present number we send to each delinquent, a bill, showing the amount of his indebtedness, and we ask that the matter may not be overlooked. We have some heavy bills to meet before Commencement, and we ask the friends of the College and the friends of this, our literary enterprise, to come promptly to our rescue.

Washington and Jefferson college, at Washington, Pa., claims to be the oldest college west of the Alleghanies.

## TO THE FIRE-FLY.

Strolling watchman of the twilight,  
 Guiding others by thine eyelight;  
 Lanterned, lone Diogenes,  
 Coursing curious through the trees;  
 Delver in the depths of night,  
 With thy miner's lamp alight;  
 Flitting, phosphorescent creature—  
 Would I had thee for my teacher!  
 For thou knowest much, I ween,  
 That no man hath ever seen,  
 With whatever rich and rare,  
 Lieth hidden anywhere.  
 Having thee to go before,  
 All the forest I'd explore;  
 And thy taper should disclose  
 Every secret that it owes;—  
 Where the grosbeak builds her nest,  
 Where the owls in daytime rest,  
 Where the Fairies dance in rings,  
 Where the adders whet their stings,  
 In what place the rainbow's coiled  
 Lest its beauties should be spoiled,  
 What the aspen is afraid of,  
 What the Autumn's dyes are made of.  
 These, and many more beside,  
 Would I learn with thee to guide.  
 But, alas! it may not be.  
 They alone who cannot see  
 Have the chance to look, and they  
 Who could see are kept away.  
 Yet, I fain would thank thee, fly,  
 For the moments thou art nigh;  
 Since thou mindest me of what,  
 All too often, is forgot:  
 That whoever looks with love  
 On the meanest of God's works,  
 Sees a light, that in it lurks,  
 Imaging the light above.

H. L. K.

## LONGFELLOW.

Longfellow stands at the head of the galaxy of American poets, like some lofty mountain peak which surpasses in beauty and grandeur the lesser peaks in its vicinity. He is the bright and morning star of American poetry. Shedding his effulgent rays along the path of literature, culling the sweet flowers in its by-ways, extracting the honey from them, he presents to the admiring throng poetic strains freighted with beauty, love, and truth. Like the summer's brook, which runs prettily through the green pastures, his style flows on, smooth and unruffled, harmonious and easy. Never boisterous, but calm and serene as the placid waters is his

verse at all times, while the vivacity, mingled with the graceful humor which characterizes many of his pages, lends an indescribable charm to his poems. To elevate the moral nature, to inspire a love for truth and justice, to despise wrong and oppression, to sympathize with the afflicted, and to lend a helping hand to a fallen brother, these are the lessons which Longfellow breathes in every poem.

All honor to the American poet laureate! The praise awarded him is justly merited. We admire Longfellow for his simplicity, for his noble and manly sentiments, for the artistic finish, the loveliness of expression, and the pathetic and sublime character of his verse. His poetry is marked by a noble tone of imagination, and great susceptibility to the impress of natural scenery. While other poets can soar higher on the wings of imagination, or descend still deeper into the "hidden mysteries of our natures," they yet lack this beauty and loveliness of expression which is the "ottar of roses" to the verse of Longfellow. "The poetry of Tennyson is not for the millions;" and Wordsworth still "dwelleth apart like a star;" but the poetry of Longfellow is what all can understand, all enjoy, and all become better, happier, and purer by reading it. He is the poet for the people, admired as much in England as in America. The corner-stone of the Temple of Fame, which he has reared, bears engraved upon it the word "morality." A moral poet is he in every sense of the word. What a difference exists in the works of Byron and Longfellow! Byron, of a rash temper, a fitting representative of immoral poetry, has used the talents God has given him to degrade rather than to elevate the nature of man. His works would lead to sensuality, and tend to blunt the better feelings of the human heart. Longfellow, actuated by a noble purpose, touches the hidden springs of our nature, and plays upon the finer sensibilities, drawing us away from the fleeting pleasures of life to what is higher, better, and nobler. Earnestly feeling what he writes, he would have his readers become better and purer. Despising falsehood and shame, he would teach morality. Disdaining the vain phantoms of pleasure, he would teach love to God and good-will to our fellowmen. Of a large heart, he would have his readers regard him as a friend and companion, not as a cold, unsympathizing author; but as one

who has suffered bereavement, who has had trials, who can fully sympathize with them in every condition of life, and whose object is the promotion of their welfare. Is it strange that with such an object Longfellow should become admired and beloved? Longfellow differs from many of our other poets in being able to interweave so much religious sentiment into his verse. Holmes is famous for his wit, Lowell for his ability to read the "hidden qualities of our nature," Bryant is the "lover of external nature," Longfellow clothes his poetry with the religious sentiments, intermingled with pathos and beauty. The verse of Holmes is the sparkling wine, which quickeneth; of Lowell, the gushing fountain, which refresheth; of Bryant, the babbling stream, which delighteth; of Longfellow, the deep, calm ocean, which impresseth.

There are many of his works which might be taken to illustrate his superiority as a poet, but space will permit of only a casual glance at his aim. Who has not felt the blood course more swiftly through his body after reading the manly poem "Excelsior," and learned the lesson that progress must be maintained in spite of all difficulties? Who has failed to see the fine poetical beauties in "Evangeline," and to learn a lesson of fidelity? How many a boy, starting out in life, has been thrilled by the stirring sentiments in the "Psalm of Life," so remarkable for its pathos, and determined not to leave the "world's broad field of battle" before he had made some "foot-prints on the sands of time!" Were it possible, we should delight to dwell on his other poems—"Hiawatha," "Miles Standish," "Spanish Student," "The Golden Legend," and his last great work, "Keramos"; but this much we do say, that he works with a noble end, the aim to do good, and whatever opinions critics may hold on the literary merits of his works matters not, but as a philanthropic poet he is worthy of our highest praise.

As long as the love of humanity is cherished, as long as God is feared, as long as brotherly love is manifested, Longfellow will be held in veneration and respect for the golden fruit of a ripe career. The Temple of Fame, with its golden minarets and towers, will bear on high the name of many an author, and hand down the long vista of ages their works to posterity; but in the department reserved for those who did their work for love toward their fellowmen,

who have made the world better, and men more willing to respond to the calls of duty, whose works are the essence of consolation and the balm for the wounded heart,—Longfellow, among that throng, will stand crowned with the laurel.

### THE FRESHMAN.

The *Oracle* of '78 is before us. Having carefully perused its contents, we candidly confess that, taken as a whole, it is excellent. While we heartily congratulate the editors on their success, we beg leave to call attention to a few discrepancies.

Let us turn to that article which is entitled "The Freshman." The opening lines are singularly pathetic:

"Once upon an evening dreary,  
To the College sad and weary  
Came a Freshman to the Campus,  
In the stately time of yore."

We never before understood that the College was sad and weary; however, we will attribute that to a lack of comprehension on our part. But when the author says, "came a Freshman to the *Campus*," and then remarks that

"The *hall-lamp* o'er him streaming  
Cast his shadow on the *floor*,"

it is inexpressibly mystifying. In what part of the *Campus*, prithee, is this *hall lamp*? The two preceding lines,—

"And his eyes had all the seeming  
Of a demon's that is dreaming,—"

are of inestimable value to lovers of history, for from them we learn that demons dream with their eyes wide open. We had always supposed it to be otherwise; but, not having that acquaintance with demons which the writer evidently possesses, we are not prepared to contradict his statement. In the following stanza we read:

"For this soul with sorrow laden  
Thought to woo a lovely maiden;  
So with cane and glossy beaver  
He had sought her father's door."

Now, it seems to us that it would have been more appropriate to seek the maiden's father than to seek that father's door; but from the following stanza we infer that he found the young lady. But the main point is the third line. As Freshies are not allowed to be out after nine o'clock, he must have started for the

aforesaid door at about half-past six. Now, O Sophomore, wise and brave, I appeal to your prowess! Have ye so lost the spirit of your ancestors that a Fresh is allowed to leave the Campus, in broad daylight, carrying "a cane and a glossy beaver"? Methinks I hear a chorus of indignant voices shriek "No! No!! 'Tis not true!!! 'Tis a vile slander!!!!" Thirty-one against one. Conundrum—"Did that Fresh have a cane and beaver, or not?" The experience of the past, present, and future answers, "He did not!" We do not wish to injure the author's sensibilities, but we should, without a moment's hesitation, pronounce him a decidedly fresh Fresh. He goes on:

"In her eyes he sat divining."

Now we know of no young lady, either in W—or elsewhere, who has visual organs so large that a Fresh, however insignificant he may be, could sit in them. Yet such is the distinct statement, and he continues:

"With his head at ease reclining,  
On the sofa's velvet lining,  
What the future had in store,—  
But whose velvet-violet lining  
He shall press, ah! nevermore."

We are a little doubtful as to whether the velvet-violet lining belonged to the sofa or to the future—the latter, we should judge, as people generally sit on the *covers* of sofas, not the linings. Moreover, it has been proved that he was sitting in the young lady's eyes; but as he was on the sofa, that also must have been in her eyes. If slang was allowable in college, we should be inclined to think "It was all in *his* eye." Next scene:

"Down he knelt upon the carpet,  
Down upon the tufted floor."

Will some one please explain the meaning of "tufted floor"? New style, we presume. The remainder of this stanza flows along quite smoothly—probably quoted. The narrative proceeds:

"There he knelt engaged in guessing,  
But no further word expressing  
To the maid whose love-lit eyes  
Now burned into his bosom's core."

Must have been pleasant for the young lady to have him there as mute as—a Sophomore when called upon to recite. And if he was kneeling and the maiden on the sofa, we do not exactly know how her eyes could "burn into his

bosom's core." We pass by the remainder of this verse in anguish. Not even Josh Billings could surpass it in peculiarity of rhetorical expression. We now approach the exciting part:

"The stillness gave no token,  
Till behind the lounge was spoken,  
I've heard that tale before."

We see that by some mystical process the sofa has given place to a lounge; but the plot is badly wrought, for, when the sepulchral tones issue from behind the lounge, we supposed it was the "enraged parient," and held our breath in anticipation of "Pistols for two!" but lo! the author brings in a lady. There are two arguments against this point. Firstly—No lady would do such a thing. Secondly—We defy any young lady to keep perfectly still for so long a time—what if she wanted to cough or laugh? as she surely would.

At this crisis the Fresh bolts for the door, muttering:

"There is some mistake  
'Tis a lie and nothing more."

We fully concur with him, and, expressing our thanks for the pleasure which this very ingenious article has afforded us, we echo his words:

"'Tis a lie and nothing more."

## LETTER FROM WELLESLEY.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE, June 7, 1878.

To the Editors of the Colby Echo:

In union with the rest of the colleges, we are now sighing, in a slightly different application of the words, "The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year," when all one's sins of omission during the past eight months are heaped up before his horrified gaze, and his actual amount of knowledge shrinks into a nutshell in comparison with what he is expected to possess, and must possess, to go through examinations creditably; now also begins the mournful and interesting process, called "cramming," an operation known, I make no doubt, in all ages, climes, and nations, where anything like annual examinations have had an existence, but which, in spite of its familiarity, will never cease to be a perennial wonder to those that think thereon, as illustrating the peculiar development of many human brains. They can in no way be



made to hold any one thing for an extended length of time, but they can hold an unlimited number of things for the brief space of a few hours. From a state of deepest ignorance they emerge suddenly into one of profoundest wisdom, but alas! collapse as suddenly into ignorance once more. Of course this method is in the highest degree unphilosophical, pernicious, and harmful, oh, certainly, without any question, but it is exceedingly convenient, and so we fear, will continue to be used as long as human nature continues to be depraved.

A somewhat unique plan of examination has been adopted here lately, which does not prove to be exactly a universal favorite. The time-honored custom of having certain examinations on fixed days is abandoned, so that now no one knows when an examination is to be, till it comes. If one is fond of such surprises, if he likes to live in a state of blissful uncertainty, of pleasing suspense, it is all very well, but most of us don't. "They say" this prevents cramming, so of course it does, only some of us have our private doubts on the subject.

With the other excitement common to colleges, called Commencement, we unhappily (or happily, is it?) have nothing to do, for the simple reason that we have as yet no class to "commence." That is a result of our unfortunate youth, a fact that we deplore with deepest grief, but to which we are obliged to resign ourselves, on account of the peculiar impossibility of helping the matter. We trust that Time will gradually cure this fault, and meanwhile we have the deepest veneration for age and wisdom, the profoundest respect for customs and traditions of any and every kind, we snatch eagerly at each little bit of "precedent" that comes in our way, and hail with joy every birthday added to our very small sum. The law is inexorable that compels institutions as well as individuals, to "commence life at a very early age," and we yield to it, only desiring that this be kept in mind while we are judged, and that we be not expected to accomplish in five years that perfection which others have been growing to, for a century or so.

Our retired and somewhat isolated position also has in certain directions its advantages, for it separates us perhaps a little too completely from the general course of events and interests in the outside world, and deprives us of the in-

spiration which close contact with active progress always gives. But apart from that, we have certainly nothing of which to complain, for we defy all New England to produce a more charming spot than that where our College stands, our "College Beautiful," as we sometimes call it, and which we trust in the future to make great as well as beautiful.

The general principles of our College system are comparatively well known by this time, so, probably need no description. Our curriculum is much like that of other colleges, regular courses of languages, sciences, and mathematics, with history, literature, essay-writing, etc., for side-dishes. We differ, perhaps, in pursuing fewer studies at one time, and having consequently fewer recitation hours than are common elsewhere—only three a day on the average, this being made more necessary by the fact that we employ the lecture system very little. In this last particular, we *may* be fortunate, considering the storm of abuse that descends on it from different quarters, yet still we should have no objections to trying it rather more extensively.

In regard to our amusements, the reproach of a sarcastic young lady, who replied, when asked by a yawning companion to make a pun or something to break the monotony, that she really couldn't, since it was against the rules to break the furnishings of Wellesley College, is now hardly fair. There are boating, walking, archery, croquet, with an occasional excursion, and concerts and lectures for the intellectual half, all quiet enough, it must be confessed, but the students have hardly time for anything exciting. Not yet have the noble amusements of baseball and boat-racing been introduced, but all in good time. Perhaps, after we have thoroughly mastered the Latin and Greek and Mathematics of our brothers, we may be admitted also into these loftier mysteries, may add these important electives to our course of studies. We will not be impatient, but strive to make ourselves entirely worthy before we demand such privileges. Doubtless the gracious Future will grant them to our desires. Only it might be well to put an addition on our small lake before we introduce "shells," and how many fingers is it customary for a ball-player to smash annually?

W. C., '80.

Seniors are through examinations.

## WATCHING.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

Sitting by an eastern window, gazing forth upon the night,  
 Watching with a weary longing for the coming of the light,  
 I saw the distant star-worlds glittering in the dusky dome above,  
 Placed there by a hand, Almighty—tokens of a Father's love.

And my truant thoughts went roving through the boundless realms of space,  
 Seeking with a wild endeavor for the promised "meed of grace,"—  
 Grace that should my burden lighten with a ray of heavenly love,—  
 Lift *me*, soul-sick, faint with sorrow, all these earth-born things above.

Then, beyond the distant hill-tops, gently rose the morning star—  
 Opening Night's ebon portals—scattering the mists afar.  
 Soon the highest hill-tops brighten with Aurora's golden ray,  
 While each floweret's dew-sweet incense rises to the new-born day.

Hark! the sweet, fresh morning voices from the valley and the plain,  
 The bird's clear, woodland carol the hills give back again.  
 Still sad, the "mother-heart" whispers, "for *me* is not this joy;  
 Down the bright gates of the morning, came Azrael for my boy."

H. M. C. E.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

COLBY UNIVERSITY, May 31, 1878.

*To the Editors of the Colby Echo:*

Died, May 30, 1878, Colby Rifles, *ætat*, 2 years. *Requiescat in pace.* Unless "all signs fail in dry weather" this brief obituary notice can hardly be ruled out of order. Decoration Day—No public appearance; Regular Drill—An unknown quantity; Occasional Drills—Few and far between, and slimly attended. Such is the condition of the Colby Rifles, established a short two years ago, and it is to be regretted much that this is true. With the splendid rifles now in the Gymnasium, the ample accommodations and many opportunities for instruction in military tactics, the Company should be large and flourishing instead of dragging out a

mere nominal existence. Properly managed, the Rifles, aided by the increasing number of students, ought to be one of the most prosperous of the College Institutions. No outlay of money is required, as in nearly all of the other Associations, and the time necessary for sufficient drill to make a presentable public appearance is comparatively little. We venture the prediction that if nothing is done this term to revive some interest, we shall never again appear in public, and the Rifles will have to be returned to the State Armory. Why can we not drill from now until Commencement, and then act as escort for the graduating class, etc., from the Chapel to the Church and back? We have waited long and patiently for the officers or students to "enthuse" on this subject, "but alas, poor Yorick!" However, "our soul is still oracular," and we live in hopes of a revival of the lost art.

PRIVATE.

WATERVILLE, June 18, 1878.

*To the Editors of the Colby Echo:*

Why can not the lower hall of each division of the College Buildings be furnished with a Directory? The cost of four of these would be but trifling, and they would surely be highly appreciated by all who come to the College, unacquainted with the location of the rooms of the student they may wish to see. It would save much inconvenience and annoyance. When inquiry is made at South College for a person, how replete with information is the remark that "he is in the North Division of North College, third floor, back body room, or second floor, back corner room, I forget which." We hope another term will see us supplied with our much needed Directories.

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## THE CAMPUS.

The season of "cuts."

Commencement at the Institute, on July 2d and 3d.

The number of volumes in the Library has reached 14,000.

Juniors groaning over French or Latin electives. Bad eggs.

Miss Hanson gave a reception to her class ('81) on Wednesday, 11th.

Sub-Fresh are busy selecting rooms.

Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth! Much study in Natural History.

Dr. Robins gave the address at Newton, this year. '78 had a cut for a week.

Junior and Sophomore half-term examinations came on the 11th of June.

The funds of the University have been transferred from Boston to Portland.

On Friday evenings, Prof. Elder gives lectures on Geology to his Sabbath School class and invited friends.

The Juniors mournfully translate the *Aedipus Rex*: "Alas! how bad it is to have knowledge and to get no credit for it."

The Juniors are to have Andrews' Band, of Bangor, for their Declamations, and the Waterville Brass Band for Ivy Day.

Prof. Lyford has given up his proposed visit to Europe this summer, and is going to Denver City to observe the total eclipse in July.

After the Seniors succeeded so well in their Ivy Day exercises last year, we all hoped they would start Class Day once more. But no Class Day this year. Have to wait for '79.

The other day the memory of one of our good Professors failed him for once. He tried to get the expression, rubbed his head, "Can't think of it,"—paused—"Probably you can find it in the *Oracle*."

The Freshman Prize Reading comes June 19. We give the list of the contestants: Evans, Gardner, Melcher, Dennison, Monroe, Parshley, Preble, Hanson, Shaw, Stacy, Thayer, Norcross, Weld, Wills, Wyman.

Paper, envelopes, postal cards with printed headings, will hereafter be for sale at No. 11, South Division of South College. Fancy styles of note paper and *billet-doux* constantly on hand, at prices to suit customers.

The morning after the Freshman Reception the bells were ringing down town, and some one went by North College, shouting, "Hous-o'-fire! Hou-s-o'-fire!" "How do you suppose I know?" growled a Freshman, "I haven't seen her since last night."

'81 thought that the phonograph might speak English very well, but he could stick it on Latin. So he tipped them up a little bit of

poetry. "*Arma vi | rumque ca | no* (here his memory failed him) er—er—er—O yes! *Trojae qui | primus ab | oris.*" The attendant turned at a tack and begun to grind: "*Arma vi | rumque ca | no—er—er—er—O yes! Trojae qui | primus ab | oris,*" and '81 was seen no more.

Higgins, of Bath, has been taking class groups. There is considerable dissatisfaction, but we should consider the material the artist had at his disposal. The Seniors should be satisfied with their pictures. The Senior Class pictures are to be taken by Crosby, of Lewiston.

"How noble in reason!" When the feathers made the ball of brass kick the beam, in a vacuum, one of the Sophs accounted for it on the ground that, "When the air is pumped out the *center of gravity has more room to act.*" But his rival demurred; he thought it was "Due to the fact that under those circumstances *the center of gravity becomes heavier!*"

The Seniors are happy, and this is the reason therefor. One of their number kept late hours the other evening, and being late to breakfast the next morning, had only time to deposit in his pocket a piece of "Johnny-cake." As this daring youth was consuming it at prayers, while the Freshies looked on longingly and reprov-ingly, the words were heard from the desk: "Eat ye what is good and rejoice in it, etc.; and ye shall go forth with joy and peace." Imagine what a load was lifted from his heart, and from the sympathies of his fellow-classmates by this saying, that is, by the first part of it; the second stanza was not quite as satisfactory, to him, at least, for he remarked that he ate the remainder rather hastily, not caring to share it with joy and piece, knowing that their standard, in *that* direction was excellent.

By no means the least noticeable of the characteristics of our friends of Bowdoin, which rendered their recent visit so enjoyable to us, was their spirit of chivalry. That disinterested regard for woman, which leads man to expose himself to danger for her good, is a trait on which we love to dwell. During their short stay our visitors encountered many exciting adventures, but we have only room for the following, which is given as it was related by an eye-witness: "Mr. — knew one gentle fourth of '81, and so on the evening of his arrival, called on



her, and together the errant knight and fair lady sallied forth in quest of some adventure. They had not wandered far into the wilds of Waterville, when the lady espied something approaching. 'What shape of terror, O most mighty Knight, approacheth here!' said she. 'He seemeth unto me, my lady fair, to be Billy-goat the Awful but er—' 'By all the saints,' quoth she, as struck he to the middle of the road, she fell into a little bundle. Then the noble Knight did gird himself for the fray. Bellowing like a north-easter, yes, bellowing like a billy-goat, the monster at him came. Very long the battle raged, for 'He was a verray perfight gentil knight,' but at last Billy bit the dust. Then the brave knight and fair lady, laid their hands together on the fallen enemy, and felt most unspeakable happy. And he that reports the sight, says 'It was (S)killing(s).'"

#### HALL OF D. K. E.

*Whereas*, in God's wisdom and love, the earthly career of our Brother, John S. Dore, has been brought to a close, and

*Whereas*, deep sorrow, by this event, has fallen upon us, as well as upon those connected with him by other ties; therefore

*Resolved*, that we bow in submission to God's will, acknowledging that He doeth all things well;

*Resolved*, that we offer the tribute of grateful remembrance due to a life which embodied the cardinal principles of our Fraternity, and which won the affection of all by its fidelity to trust, its noble self-sacrifice, its warm sympathy, its love of the truth;

*Resolved*, that to the sorrowing family and friends we tender our heartfelt sympathy;

*Resolved*, that a copy of these Resolutions be sent to the family of our Brother, and that a copy be published in the ECHO.

H. M. THOMPSON, } Committee.  
W. N. PHILBROOK, }

Waterville, June 11, 1878.

The following is the programme of Commencement Exercises:

*Sunday, July 21st*—Baccalaureate Sermon, by President Robins, at the Baptist Church, at 2 1-2 P.M.; Sermon before the Boardman Missionary Society and Young Men's Christian Association, by Rev. Alvah Hovey, D.D., of Newton Theological Seminary, at 7 1-2 P.M.

*Monday, July 22d*—Prize Declamations of the Junior Class, at the Baptist Church, at 8 P.M.

*Tuesday, July 23d*—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.; Ivy Exercises of the Junior Class, on Collogo Campus, at 3 P.M.; Anniversary of Literary Societies. Oration by Dr. A. H. Strong, of Rochester Theological Seminary. Poem by Rev. S. D. Phelps, D.D., of Hartford, Ct., at the Baptist Church, at 8 P.M.; Annual Reunions of the Secret Societies, at their Halls, immediately after the Oration and Poem.

*Wednesday, July 24th*—Addresses of the Graduating Class, at the Baptist Church, at 11 A.M.; The procession forms before Memorial Hall, at 10 1-2 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 Miss Annie Louise Cary, and the Germania Band of Boston, at the Town Hall, at 8 P.M.; President's Levee after the Concert.

By request we publish a few of the statistics of '78, so soon to be disbanded. We ascertain from the *Oracle* that "of the thirty-two, whose names were catalogued as members, twenty-eight appeared in the class-room. So severely has Time made its inroads upon our ranks, that of the original number only nine remain. Of the others, two have taken to themselves wives, and therefore cannot come; one is in the West; four have been taken away by death; three are in other colleges; one has entered the U. S. service at West Point, and five have left the class for unavoidable reasons. With additions received, we now number fifteen." From modesty or stubbornness, one member of the class would not make a return of statistics, consequently the average has been made between the remaining fourteen. The average of height and weight is a little higher than it would have been had all answered the queries of the statistician.

*Place of Nativity*.—There were born in Maine, 10; in Vermont, New Hampshire, Province of Nova Scotia, and Province of New Brunswick, 1 each.

*Height*.—Entire height, 79 ft. 3 in.; average, 5 ft. 7 inches; maximum, 6 ft. 1 in.; minimum, 5 ft. 5 in.

*Weight*.—Entire weight, 1 ton 30 lbs.; average, 145 lbs.; maximum, 180 lbs.; minimum, 125 lbs.

*Size of Chest*.—Average size, 36 in.; maximum, 38 1-2 in.; minimum, 32 in.

*\*Size of Head*.—Average size, 22 2-7 in.; maximum, 23 in.; minimum, 21 1-2 in.

*Hair and Eyes*.—Color of Hair: Sandy, 4; Brown, 7; Black, 3. Color of Eyes: Blue, 9; Hazel, 2; Nobody can tell, 3.

*Complexion*.—Blonde, 5; Brunette, 6; Brown, 3. Each is as "perty as a pictur," as generally admitted.

*Size of Shoe*.—Maximum size, 11; minimum, 5. Entire length of feet, 2 yds. 1 ft. 6 in. = 1 campus.

*Age*.—Entire age, 345 yrs.; average, 24 1-2 yrs.; maximum, 31 yrs.; minimum, 21 yrs.

*Tobacco, Cards, and Chess*.—All denied that they use the weed, except one, and he did. But on being cross-questioned, he admitted that he used it *severally*. Others have been known to smoke, but only for medicinal purposes. Three play cards; three waste some time in chess playing.

*Religious Preferences*.—Baptist, 11; Congregational, 1; Unitarian, 1; no preference, 1.

*Professions*.—Medicine, 2; Law, 1; Ministry, 7; Teaching, 3; undecided, 1.

*Matrimonial*.—Married, 1; Engaged, 3; Hope to be soon, 4; Don't know whether he is or not, 1; Don't care a continental, 1; Would not tell if I was, 1. The last mentioned goes upon the Mormon principle of impartiality toward all of the fair sex.

*Political*.—Republicans, 12; Prohibition, 11; Li-

cense, 2; Open Bar, 1; No Democrats; Protection, 7; Free Trade, 7.

*Whiskers.*—Beardless, 3. Darn 'em, I am discouraged, I'll cut 'em off. Yes, put me down beardless, 1. Siders and moustache, 3. Moustache, 7. One of these is to be. One is on the verge of the grave.

\*Size of Head does not, in this case, determine the amount of brains or the activity of the mind.

### BASE-BALL.

*Colbys 6, Bowdoins 1.*

Such was the result of the second game of the series, played on the Campus, June 8th. Gibbs, '77, played with us, hence we played as a Picked Nine, although the game counts on the College series. The playing of our nine was the best exhibition of ball-playing ever seen upon these grounds. Worcester's catching was magnificent, he being credited with but one error; Bosworth's pitching was far ahead of any of his previous efforts, and Barker, Weld, and Chaplin, in the out-field, did most excellent work. The rest of the nine deserve hardly less praise for the manner in which they filled their respective positions. For the Bowdoins, the playing of Phillips and Wilson was the most noticeable, the former making six assists and the latter taking two handsome flies in left field. During the eighth innings it began to rain, and, doubtless assisted greatly by this, the Bowdoins secured two additional runs, which, however, did not aid them, as the game was called at the end of the seventh innings. Lyford, '79, umpired the game satisfactorily. The concluding game of the series is to be played on the grounds of the Bath Driving Association, Saturday, June 22d. Appended is the full score of the last game:

COLBY PICKED NINE.									
	A. B.	R.	B.	T. B.	L.	P. O.	A.	E.	
Bosworth, p.....	5	0	1	1	1	1	7	1	
Gibbs, 1b.....	4	0	2	2	0	3	0	1	
Walling, 3b.....	4	0	1	1	1	2	0	0	
Barker, l. f.....	4	1	1	1	1	3	0	0	
Weld, c. f.....	3	2	0	0	0	2	0	0	
Worcester, c.....	3	1	1	1	0	9	3	1	
Merriam, 2b.....	3	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	
Chaplin, r. f.....	3	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	
Mathews, s. s.....	3	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	
Totals.....	32	6	8	8	5	21	11	4	
BOWDOINS.									
	A. B.	R.	B.	T. B.	L.	P. O.	A.	E.	
Jacobs, c.....	3	0	1	1	0	8	2	6	
Reed, 3b.....	3	0	1	1	1	3	3	2	
Wilson, l. f.....	3	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	
Smith, 2b.....	3	1	1	1	0	2	0	2	
Gardner, s. s.....	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	
Phillips, p.....	3	0	1	1	0	0	6	5	
Swett, 1b.....	2	0	0	0	1	4	0	0	
Ring, c. f.....	2	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	
Call, r. f.....	2	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	
Totals.....	24	1	4	4	2	21	12	18	

### SUMMARY.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
Picked Nine.....	0	4	0	0	0	2	0	—6
Bowdoins.....	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	—1

Time, 1 hour 15 minutes. Struck out—Colbys, 4; Bowdoins, 6. First base on called balls—Colbys, 2. Umpire—W. H. Lyford, '79. Scorers—Bowdoins, H. B. Wilson, '80; Colbys, E. King, '80.

*Colbys 11, Augustas 6.*

Twice since our last issue, have the nine undertaken a game with the Augusta Reds, at Augusta on Decoration Day, and upon our grounds, June 5th, both times rain ended the game; at Augusta after three and a half innings, when the score stood 10 to 9 in our favor, and here, when each side had secured one run, at the end of two and one-half innings. At Augusta, the ignorance of the Umpire, the extreme weight of the ball, and the rain which fell almost constantly, rendered the innings unsatisfactory to all lovers of good playing. The few innings played here, however, were very sharp and interesting.

At Augusta, June 15th, we met the Augusta Reds for the third time, and a full game was played. As Gibbs was unable to go, Barker played first base, which position he filled very acceptably, although his playing there was not up to his usual fielding standard; Weld went to left field, and Ryder to centre. The game was quite interesting, though evidently ours after the second innings, McKinney's pitching was very effective, but six hits being obtained, and Little, on first Base, played a remarkably steady and creditable game, putting out 15 men without an error; Bosworth's pitching was as usual, troublesome, and this and the fly-catching of Mathews, Chaplin, and Walling were the best features of our playing. The treatment received by us from the Reds, the audience in attendance at the game, and the proprietors of the Augusta House were most gentlemanly. Fuller particulars of the game can be gleaned from the annexed score:

COLBYS.									
	A. B.	R.	B.	T. B.	L.	P. O.	A.	E.	
Bosworth, p.....	5	1	0	0	0	0	13	3	
Walling, 3b.....	5	2	1	1	0	1	0	1	
Barker, 1b.....	5	1	1	1	0	10	0	1	
Weld, l. f.....	5	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	
Worcester, c.....	6	1	1	1	1	13	3	4	
Merriam, 2b.....	4	3	1	1	0	1	2	1	
Ryder, c. f.....	4	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	
Chaplin, r. f.....	4	2	1	1	1	1	0	0	
Mathews, s. s.....	4	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	
Totals.....	42	11	6	6	4	27	19	11	

AUGUSTA REDS.									
	A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	L.	P.O.	A.	E.	
Eyoy, 2b., c.....	5	2	1	1	0	7	1	5	
Taylor, l. f.....	5	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	
Hoyt, 3b.....	4	2	0	0	0	0	1	1	
McKinney, p.....	4	0	1	1	2	0	10	3	
Libby, r. f.....	4	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	
Lombard, c., 2b.....	4	0	0	0	0	2	5	4	
Parker, s. s.....	4	0	1	1	1	0	0	2	
Little, lb.....	4	0	0	0	0	15	0	0	
Lally, c. f.....	4	0	1	1	2	2	0	1	
Total.....	38	6	6	6	5	27	18	17	

SUMMARY.									
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Colby.....	0	5	0	2	0	0	2	1	1—11
Augusta Reds.....	1	0	1	1	3	0	0	0	0—6

Time of game, 1 hour 50 minutes. Struck out—Colbys, 4; Augusta Reds, 9. Umpire, W. H. Lyford, '79. Scorers—Colbys: E. F. King; Augusta Reds: R. E. Goodwin.

NOTICE.—There are still left a few copies of the *Oracle*, which will be sent to any address on the receipt of 50 cents. We would remind our friends that they can remit the money in coin.

## THE COLLEGE PRESS.

The *Hamilton Literary Monthly* opens with a Prize Oration, which is both elegantly and sensibly written. The points of similarity and contrast in the lives and characters of the two great statesmen, who form the subject of the article, are very finely brought out, and a fitting tribute paid to the memory of the men whom the Nation delights to honor. "Suicide in Literature" contains nothing very original or remarkable; and, as we suppose the author did not intend to give a dissertation on the moral influence of such opinions as the ancients held respecting suicide, but only a statement of the fact that such opinions were entertained by them, we forbear to criticize further than to say that the subject furnishes material for an essay that might be made both pleasing and profitable. "The Jew in Fiction and History" is well written, but exaggerated in sentiment. It is not noble or heroic to take one's own life, or to fall at the hand of a friend, in order to escape that of an enemy. To die in defense of the right, is heroic; and to sacrifice life on the altar of freedom, when contending with her foes, is noble; but to commit suicide, or to claim the right of losing life by the hand of a friend to escape the cruelty of an enemy, is heathenish and ill-becomes the Christian intelligence of this age. The remaining articles are quite respectably written; and, considered as a whole, the paper appears quite creditable, still there is a sameness about it that renders it less attractive than it might otherwise be.

The *Dennison Collegian* contains, as its opening article, a prettily written poem expressing a beautiful and important thought, which all would do well to heed. Those who have read Josephus, will be able to appreciate the following somewhat lengthy article. It is, doubtless, very beneficial to have one's knowledge of ancient history refreshed through the columns of a modern college journal. Facts that have been forgotten, or allowed to lie dormant, are in this manner brought vividly before the mind, and impressed upon the memory in such a manner that they can be better retained and made available for ready use. The selected pieces, though brief, are of admirable quality, and render the paper much more instructive and entertaining than it

would otherwise be. Still, we would not encourage a too profuse use of borrowed matter, but would suggest the rule laid down by Horace, as a safe one to follow. The locals are quite spicy, but, like all locals, must be understood to be appreciated. The writers of local news may, very fittingly, be compared to some gifted, but eccentric men who go through life toiling patiently and earnestly, but not successfully, because they are so unfortunate as not to be understood. Centuries after they are dead the world discovers that they were really geniuses, and hastens to lay upon their graves the laurels it refused to place upon their brows. Let Local Editors find encouragement in the thought that at some time they will be thoroughly understood and duly appreciated.

The epic poem in the *Rochester Campus*, has left brief space for other matter. We are unable to express any decided opinion as to its merits, except that it is long,—too long to be comfortably read at one sitting; still, to those who have the time and the inclination to wade through this poem, we would say, as the mother of Sir William Jones was accustomed to say to him when a boy, "Read and you will know." We can do no more than to quote the opening sentence of the elaborate article entitled, "The Æsthetic Character of Grecian Mythology," and leave our readers to infer what follows. "Grecian Mythology is the worship of the Deified Beautiful, first in nature and secondly in the human form." The literary matter of this paper is quite intellectual in tone, and classical in style; and, considering it from a general point of view, the paper is above the average.

We take especial pleasure in looking over the columns of our near neighbor, the *Bowdoin Orient*, partly, perhaps, because it is our neighbor, but yet we think our pleasure is due largely to the fact that we generally find it interesting and attractive, and seldom, if ever, dry or prosy. The "Editorial Notes" are sensible and apt, and seem to express the sentiments of one whose views of men, manners, and things are by no means narrow or low. A very pleasant account of Ivy Day exercises adds considerably to the entertaining quality of the paper, while the description of Field Day exercises will, without doubt, be keenly relished by those who are especially interested in athletic sports. The locals are good in quality and abundant in quantity and variety, so that in reading them we get considerable information concerning the doings at Bowdoin.

## OTHER COLLEGES.

### BROWN.

Prof. Diman has an article in the *New Englander* for May.

A Professor in Geology is expected to be soon installed in office.

A new dormitory is to be erected, and the plans are now in progress.

The Freshman nine has come out in new uniforms of white, with brown trimmings.

The Class of '80 will present to the museum a case containing the balls won by their nine during the Freshman year.

The Junior, Sophomore, and Freshman crews are on the river every day, preparing for the race in June.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Of the 375 members in Congress, 191 are college men.

Roberts College, at Constantinople, had 118 students left after the war, out of 230.

The Chapel service at Princeton has been changed to five o'clock in the afternoon.

Some practical jokers at Cornell, fired off a cannon near one of the buildings. It exploded in the discharge, doing damage, in broken glass, etc., to the amount of \$93.27.—*Campus*.

A Cornell graduate affirms, in the *New York Tribune*, that his annual expenses while in college were thirty-four dollars and six cents for board, and one dollar and fifty cents for washing.

The erection and furnishing of the High School building at Omaha, Neb., cost nearly two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It will accommodate eight hundred and fifty pupils. The Campus, a gift from the State, contains ten acres.—*Collegian*.

The Class of '79, Bates, institute the custom of celebrating Ivy Day. All the students joined in the exercises on the 12th, and marched in procession to the Chapel, from there the class proceeded to the grove, where the awards were distributed. The Juniors were informed a little as to the ceremonies, by having one or two present to witness the Ivy Day exercises at Bowdoin, which took place some time ago.

## THE WASTE-BASKET.

D. Pratt has added a mansard roof to his carpet bag.

"What's the difference," asked a teacher in arithmetic, "between one yard and two yards?" "A fence!" said Tommy Beales. Then Tommy sat on the ruler 14 times.

An Illinois Freshman has the reputation of having thus outwitted a pert Senior: Senior—"Do you know why our college is such a learned place?" Freshman—"Of course, the Freshmen all bring a little learning here, and as the Seniors never take any away, it naturally accumulates."

A facetious brakeman on the Central Pacific Railroad cried out as a train was about entering a tunnel, "This tunnel is one mile long, and the train will be four minutes passing through it. The train dashed into daylight again in four seconds, and the scene in the car was a study for a painter. Seven young ladies were closely pressed by seven pairs of masculine arms; fourteen pairs of lips were glued together, and two dozen inverted whisky flasks flashed in the air.

Intelligent Freshman, Harvard College: "Who was the wisest man? Aw! what er yer given us? Samson, he wus; for he hed more brains in his sleeves than the other college. He pulled in ther race, didn't he? An' he pulled heavy, an' don't you forgit it."—*Ex*.

## PERSONALS.

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

'34.—Rev. S. G. Sargent and wife, of Augusta, celebrated the fortieth anniversary of their marriage, May 29th.

'43.—'77.—Prof. Moses Lyford and his son, Edwin F., intend to start on a Western tour, June 24th. In regard to it Prof. Lyford gives us this information: "We have concluded to postpone our European tour, for the purpose of putting ourselves in the way of witnessing the total eclipse of the sun, which is to take place on the twenty-ninth of July. The line along which this eclipse will be total, crosses the United States and British America, from Alaska to Texas. Among the most favorable points from which to view this phenomenon, are the mountain peaks in the vicinity of Denver, Colorado; and one of these we hope to reach. If five minutes of unclouded sky should be given us at just the right time, it would be valued more highly than as many weeks of sight-seeing in Europe. We are aware of the small number of chances in our favor, but these being all we can have for many years to come, we take the risk." Prof. Lyford is a member of the "American Association for the Advancement of Science," which holds its annual meeting at St. Louis, beginning Wednesday, August 21st, continuing four days, and hopes to be present at that meeting.

'47.—S. S. Fairfield, Esq., completed the College Course with his class, but his name does not appear in the Triennial. He is now U. S. Register in Bankruptcy, at Grenada, Miss.

'59.—H. C. Vaughn, M.D., has entered upon his duties as Editor of the *Ellsworth American*.

'63.—Rev. S. B. Macomber has recently become pastor of the Baptist Church, in Montgomery Centre, Vt.

'62.—Rev. A. Bunker, for the past twelve years laboring as a Missionary in Burmah, has returned to this country on account of impaired health.

'77.—J.R. Henderson, of Rochester Theological Seminary, supplies in the summer vacation the church at Addison Point.

'68.—Rev. Edwin S. Small, of Brunswick, is seeking the restoration of his health by a short trip to Europe.