

# The Colby Echo.

## VOLUME IX.

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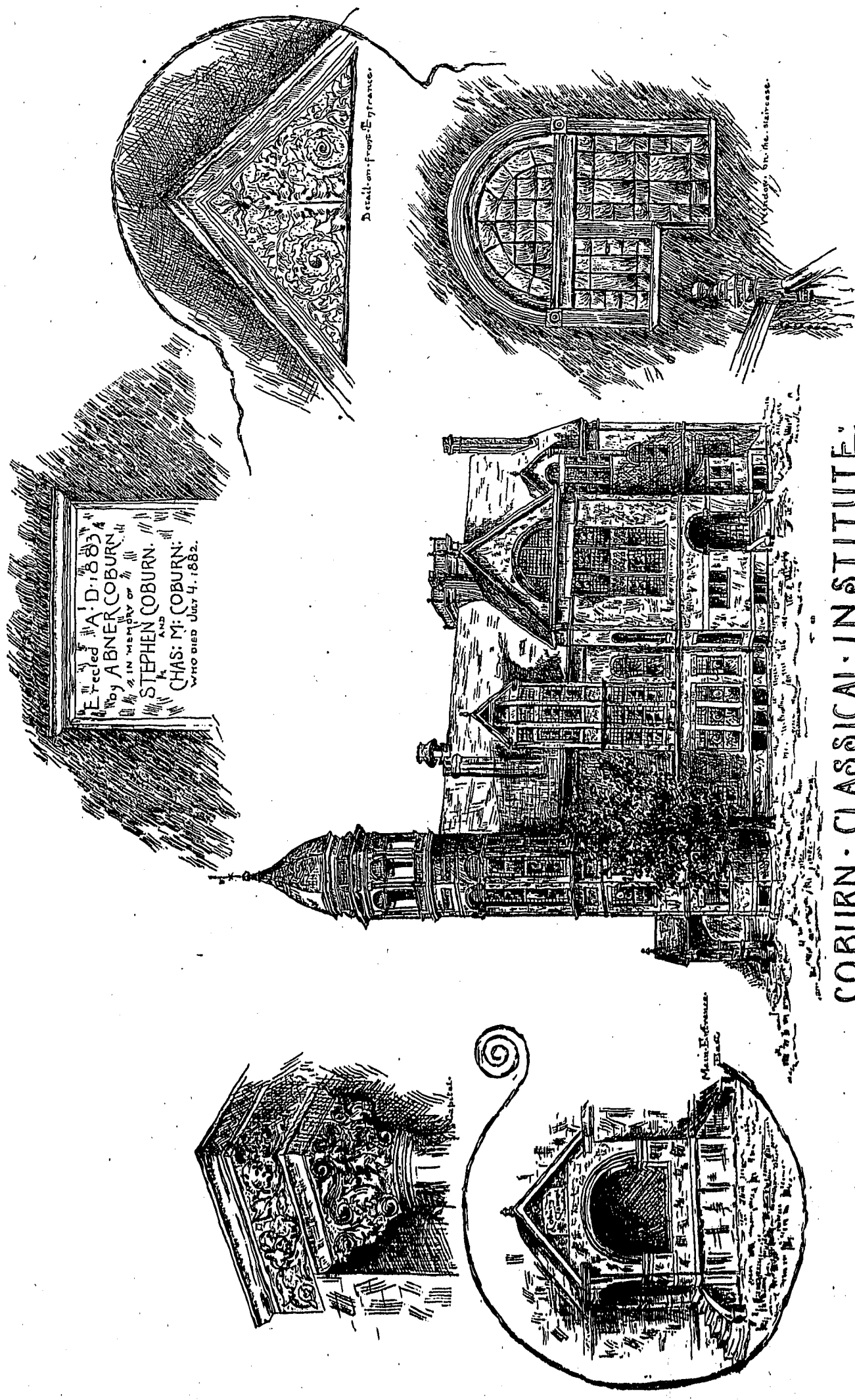
COLBY UNIVERSITY.

WATERVILLE, ME.

1885.

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Erected A.D. 1883  
 By ABNER COBURN  
 IN MEMORY OF  
 STEPHEN COBURN  
 AND  
 CHAS. M. COBURN  
 WHO DIED JULY 4, 1882.

Detail on front of entrance.

Window on the staircase.

Main Entrance.

COBURN CLASSICAL INSTITUTE.

# The Colby Echo.

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER—WATERVILLE, MAINE, JULY, 1884.

## The Colby Echo.

PUBLISHED ON THE 30TH OF EACH MONTH, DURING THE  
COLLEGIATE YEAR, BY THE STUDENTS OF

### COLBY UNIVERSITY.

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#### THE SANCTUM.

IN presenting this extra issue of the ECHO we feel that no apology is necessary. The inappropriateness of printing as news the accounts of events three months passed, is self-evident in this age, so that very little about

commencement can appear in the fall issue. The local papers devote considerable space to the occurrences of this important week, but they cannot give so complete or accurate reports as the regular college paper ought to give.

This year all things seem to have conspired to make easy the task of issuing a commencement number of our paper. Complete success has attended all the exercises. Seldom, if ever, has Colby enjoyed so auspicious a commencement season. The very weather has smiled upon us, a thing hitherto almost unknown. The only disadvantage under which we labor is the fact that we work by a purely theoretical ideal, for as our readers know, ours is the pioneer venture of the kind at Colby. But though our production is faulty, we are sure that it is far better than none at all, and we hope that succeeding editors may be able to continue and improve our innovation.

THE Keely Memorial Fund is a wise departure on the part of the alumni association. The aim is to fill an alcove of the library with new books, and the method of accomplishing this, viz., by the establishment of a fund, is a sure and practical way of securing that result. Since the exhaustion of the Colby Library Fund, the need of such a resource has been keenly felt. Prof. Mathews gave utterance to an important truth at the alumni dinner, when he said that the less time a student has to read, the larger and more varied should be the library from which he is to make selection. The students of Colby recognize the force of the remark, and any move toward an increase of their already good reading facilities, is heartily welcomed by them.

FOR the work of making the draught of the engraving which graces this issue, we are indebted to Mr. Charles Pepper, whose skillful pencil has so often during the past two years moved at the call of the students. It was he who designed the present cover of the ECHO, and

now again he has given proof of his talent and friendship by assisting in the production of our frontispiece. The work must speak for itself. We herewith tender the hearty thanks of the ECHO and its readers to the obliging artist.

### THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

DELIVERED IN THE BAPTIST CHURCH, SUNDAY, JUNE 29TH, BY PRESIDENT PEPPER.

Text:—Hebrews xi. : 27. "By faith he forsook Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the king; for he endured as seeing him who is invisible."

THESE words present to us two contrasted orders of being and life; the treatment which these respectively received from Moses; and, by implication, the reason for this treatment.

Of these two orders, the one is referred to in the statement that Moses forsook Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the king, and especially by the words Egypt and its king. The other, by the statement that he endured as seeing him who is invisible, as this invisible one stands in contrast with the king of Egypt; as himself also a king over a kingdom which like himself is also invisible. In these two orders are all men and to them all belong. We have to do with them and they with us.

The first consists of all that which goes to make up our earth life, our time life—our here and now life. The New Testament sums it up in the vast phrase "this world." Is it a kingdom as was Egypt? Yes, but a kingdom of kingdoms. As our Lord was taken into an exceeding high mountain, and there, in one glance, saw all the kingdoms of this world and their glory, felt all the concentric multitudinous power of their motivations, so does the advancing civilization of successive generations carry men up the mount of vision, higher and higher, from which more and ever more is seen of this world, of its vastness, richness, power, glory. To us who are here this afternoon, this present life, simply for itself, means infinitely more than it can mean for the barbarian, who has not felt the touch of civilization, than it could mean for our rude ancestors, when the first step forward and upward was taken. Each division of it—the physical, the domestic, the civil, the social, the æsthetic—wakes absorbing ambitions and eager strivings. The greatest and grandest natures feel most this domination—such and so mighty is the order of things visible.

And what is the invisible? Not simply that

which is remote in time or space. Motives purely earthly come from distant objects and from future ages. The invisible differs from the visible in its *nature* and *not* in its location merely. Is, then, the invisible world the imaginary? Surely he would be a fool who should deliberately choose illusion instead of reality. Truth, reality, must master and win. He will go under and perish who substitutes a dream for a fact. The invisible is the spiritual. Its realm, its sphere, is the personal, the vast whole of personal, rational, mortal, immortal being and life. It is in us; we are in it. We are conscious of this. We express this consciousness as often as we each say "*I*," "*myself*." The law of this kingdom is the law of conscience—a law which invests us, pervades us, holds us, masters us, which leaves us never and nowhere, will not leave us in time or eternity; a law which we own, even when we refuse to own it. What means our power to think of eternity, infinity, God, our utter lack of power not to think of the infinite Cause, and Ground, and Controller of the universe? The invisible is the mystic realm of spirits, the infinite and the finite; of spiritual powers, relationship, fellowship, advancements, and achievements; of spiritual riches, and honors, and dominions, and glories; of moral worth and wealth; of truth, righteousness, grace, mercy, peace, love, undying love, eternal life. It is a kingdom with a king,—invisible He yet has become visible, "became flesh and dwelt among us."—He has been seen, and heard, and handled. He has come down to us out of the heavens that He might lift us up into the heavens—"Head over all things to the church." This is He whom even Moses saw, for in the very verse which precedes our text we read that he "esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt."

The treatment which these two realms respectively received from Moses, appears in the fact that his regard for the invisible led him to forsake Egypt and to "fight it out on that line," though it took forty years. This present life, "this world," its interests, motivations, ambitions, strivings, are subordinate to spiritual being, and forces, and laws. When the two tend not the same way the former must yield to the latter rule, at whatever cost. The life of Moses asserts this, so does Christ's life, so does Paul's, so does and must every Christian's, nay, the life of every man in so far as he is truly a *man*.

This goes very squarely against the theory that says steer clear of all "other worldness," care for the forces only of this world while you are in it; if you ever find yourself in another world it will be time enough then to care for that world. Just as squarely as it is against the theory that says honor and respect religion, attend worship, read the Bible, for in so doing you command respect, support good order, prosper better in your profession and business, and are helped to success, for this puts the visible first, and subordinates the invisible. No more friendly is it to the theory which bids us keep the two kingdoms well apart, to have an impassible wall or gulf between religion and business, to give each its time and place, but never let them mix. Nor finally has it any kinship with that mock piety which would annihilate the earthly life in hope of being thus very religious, as though this were not God's world, Christ's world; as though every normal form of life, and all progress in science, art, business, and civilization, were not congenial to Christianity and could not constitute a Christian service!

The reason why Moses treated thus the two realms of life is found in its very nature. The present is only an instrumental life, in its essence temporary—intended and fitted to be merely a scaffolding for the rearing of a solid structure, which shall stand even after the heavens themselves shall have been rolled together as a scroll, and the earth and all that is in it shall have vanished. Life here is a training school to develop character and immortal worth. What a shame to care more for the cradle than for the child—to sacrifice body to dress—spirit to body—eternity to time.

#### SERMON BEFORE THE Y. M. C. A.

DELIVERED IN THE BAPTIST CHURCH, SUNDAY EVENING, JUNE 20, BY REV. DR. J. F. ELDER.

[We are indebted to the *Mail* for the following abstract of Dr. Elder's discourse.—Ed.]

Text:—Acts xiii. : 36 "For David after he had served his own generation, by the will of God, fell on sleep and was laid unto his fathers, and saw corruption."

**T**HE lesson presented being that it was the duty and the privilege of every man to serve his own age. "And what an age we have!" exclaimed the speaker in opening; and he proceeded to enumerate the signs of progress and advancement and the multiplied opportunities

offered for work. The different people of earth are brought nearer together, and the solidarity of the race is more and more a fact, so that opportunities for doing good are greatly increased. Electricity flashes the news of the day around the globe, and the whole world sorrows or rejoices in sympathy at the same time; and the philanthropy of the age, which is exceedingly practical, is enabled to be immediately effective, and the wants of sufferers by fire, or flood, or famine, are at once relieved. While we are commanded to go abroad and preach the gospel to every creature, the world is coming to our very doors. But the very magnitude of the philanthropies of the age is a discouragement to some, and individuals say, "there is no place for me, I am so small and insignificant." But the most effective examples of giving are not those where large donations are made, but the widow with her two mites which indeed was "all her living," and that other woman, breaking the alabaster box of ointment, of whom the Master said that it should be told of her wherever His gospel should be preached. The world has the same wants from age to age, and these are met not alone by the great ones of earth, but by the humble as well; and while it is an age of opportunity for all, it is pre-eminently so for young men. That your youth may not be despised, prove yourselves. A large share of the world's work has been done by young men. Christ himself was a young man, holding up this great round world upon his bleeding palms. There was a place, too, for woman—and the speaker enumerated a long list of those whose names appear in the Scripture record. With these eminent examples before you, you need not fear to seek to make your impress upon the age in which you live. Do not be discouraged because your success is not brilliant; small as your life may seem, some one may light his torch by yours. Many who are last shall be first—and he recited "the song of the conquered." Our service of our own age will be shaped by God; and no man may shirk his part though he strives against God, for even the wrath of man shall praise him. David, though often going astray, served his generation according to the will of God, for God had work for him to do. His persecutions and sufferings prepared him to write those wonderful psalms, for the comfort of his people in all after ages. Moses met with no



success until he put himself in the line of God's appointment. Forty years in Midian were needed to qualify him to lead the Israelites out of Egypt, and forty years more of wandering in the desert before that people were permitted to enter the promised land. The history of Joseph, too, shows a divine purpose running through it all. We row, indeed, but God directs the boat. The man who believes that God directs his way is the man to achieve great results—and he instanced Chinese Gordon, who, believing that he is sent of God, who will protect him, goes fearlessly forward in the discharge of duty. He believes himself a chisel in the hands of a being who will cast him aside when he no longer needs him. He has no fear, because he is conscious that God sends him on his mission, and by this consciousness he knows that he is called of God. He made due allowance for man's own will power, and would not undertake the hopeless task of trying to reconcile God's sovereignty and man's free agency—two great truths that may be grasped separately, but not at once. The talents, too, are wisely bestowed—power, place, and ultimate reward. Gather into your life the purposes of God.

To serve faithfully the present age is to serve coming ages, for nothing is lost. The words whispered in the ear of Eve, it has been said, linger somewhere in the world yet. In the coal deposits, under-ground, is stored up the sunshine of past ages. The doctrine of the conservation of forces will hold. Strike your blow for God and humanity when he has put a hammer in your hand. The man who forges a chain cable may soon die, but that old, rusty chain, which the careless passenger may spurn with the foot, will hold the ship in the stress of the storm, and this, though no one may remember the faithful worker, who made the links so strong. And here he paid an eloquent, heartfelt, and well-deserved tribute to the teacher who fitted him for college (Prof. Lyford), and whose fidelity had enabled him—the speaker—to do something in his day and generation. "God bless him and those who have worked with him."

He made allowance, too, for the doctrine of heredity. God differentiated one eminent for power and virtue. We can afford to be patient in our dealings with humanity, believing that in God's good time, he will bring out of the masses those who are to bless and help mankind.

The world has waited, and can bear to wait, hundreds of years for its mighty deliverers. Try to be humble, and faithfully serve your age for Jesus' sake. And he closed with an eloquent poetical recitation, and a brief prayer, beautiful in its simplicity and earnestness.

## LIFE. A POEM OF MORNING, NOON, AND EVENING.

### IVY-DAY POEM.

EDWARD FULLER.

#### GREETING;—

I was seated slowly thinking of the days that we have passed  
 Since we came upon the campus first and were together classed,  
 When it slowly dawned upon my mind that chosen as your bard  
 I must weave a spell and call my muse to win your kind regard.  
 For remember that your bard must make selection of a theme,  
 And having chosen this he then must watch and wait and dream;  
 Must watch the gorgeous sunset filling all the land with light,  
 When the car which bears the golden sun sinks slowly down at night.  
 He must watch the fragrant wreaths from out his meerschaum as they rise  
 Bringing scenes of joy or sorrow to his dreaming, longing eyes;  
 He must watch and wait and listen while the moment's swiftly fly,  
 'Till all at once he feels the thrill which kindles heart and eye;  
 'Till all at once come rushing from the chambers of his brain,  
 Like a wave of gentle music, like the bending of the grain,  
 The children of his fancy drest in robes of sheeny gold,  
 With crowns of chastened crystal and garments fold on fold  
 Tinged with colors of the rainbow from violet to red—  
 Thus they flutter in his vision, thus they float about his head.  
 Then your poet chooses one from out the light and happy throng,  
 And holds the fairy to his heart until he learns her song.  
 Thus in silence I was sitting, waiting for some airy fay  
 To teach me a happy rhyme that I could tell to-day,  
 When chancing to lift up my eyes I saw that from my pipe  
 A wreath of smoke was floating slowly 'twixt me and the light,

And swaying back and forth upon the swing of curling  
lines

I saw a tiny creature who sang to me these rhymes.  
Her voice was soft and flute-like, and even now I seem  
To hear her mellow cadence like the music in a dream:

## MORNING.

Like a morning all freshness and fragrance  
Is the bright, happy life of the youth,  
When all that he looks at or touches  
Is rich with full lessons of truth.  
For brighter in youth are the flowers,  
And deeper the blue of the sky,  
And sweeter the notes of the songsters  
As back from the southland they fly.  
Not yet have the sorrows and trials,  
The labors of life, met his gaze,  
They are seen far away in the distance  
As mountains are mellowed in haze.  
To the child the whole world is a picture,  
Meaningless, save that it shows  
How brightly the dew-drop may glisten  
As it jewels the heart of the rose.  
And yet, disregarding its lightness,  
However so empty it seem,  
Is there one who'd forget for a moment  
The unalloyed joy of that dream?  
The springs and the musical fountains  
Are haunted by queer little gnomes,  
In the whispering aisles of the forest  
The mischievous fays have their homes.  
The garret, half-lighted and gloomy  
Is peopled with ghosts of the night,  
The sighs and the stir of whose garments  
Cause children to shudder with fright.  
What wisdom and wonderful learning  
And powerful logic they use,  
If two ways are open for action  
They're never at loss which to choose.  
One curly head sports with the blossoms,  
Another holds court with the birds,  
Another makes music with pebbles  
And sings forth his joy in his words.  
And ever more lasting and sweeter,  
As the years swiftly roll on their way,  
Grow the memories and pleasures of childhood—  
The morning of life's glowing day.

## NOON.

'Twas noon, and upon a noble mountain  
That reared its massive summit high in air,  
I stood and saw the earth in all its beauty  
Expanding in a picture broad and fair.  
To right and left the sister hills were rising  
Like Amazons deployed upon the plain,  
And far below me spread the fruitful orchards,  
And the river winding through the fields of grain.  
The only living thing to break the stillness  
And the statue-like repose of all the scene,  
Was an eagle on extended pinions floating,  
Like the silent, mystic spirit of a dream.  
Again I looked, and lo! the plain was hidden,

A storm was fiercely raging in the clouds,  
Which driven on by all the winds of heaven  
Were piling up like dark and ragged shrouds.  
Like seething billows of a sea of waters  
The clouds in fury lash themselves and groan  
As the vivid lightning splits their inky masses  
And wakes the thunder from its mountain home.  
With might so sudden, swift and overwhelming  
Had the tempest spread and broken o'er the land,  
That I knew the luckless bird had been o'ertaken—  
Such fury nothing living could withstand.

From the mountain summit, high above the storm-  
clouds

I downward looked, and, battling with the storm,  
Saw the eagle slowly mounting upward,  
His mighty pinions bearing him along.  
'Round about him flashed the forked lightning;  
Fiercely blew the winds to beat him back:  
Boiled the clouds behind him in their anger;  
Closing up they followed on his track.

But knowing that above the mighty tempest  
The summer sun was sending down its rays,  
He fought and conquered, soared above the cloud-  
caps,

And left the wind and storm to go their ways.  
This I saw at noonday on the mountain,  
And as I watched the eagle in his strife,  
It seemed to me to be a fitting lesson  
To apply to manhood's fleeting time of life.  
Manhood is the noon of life, the hour  
When either sun or storm may hold the sky,  
Prosperity may line the clouds with silver,  
Or the storm of life be mounting high.

But when the clouds of wrath about him gather,  
Never should he let his courage wane,  
Like the eagle, nobly fight and conquer,  
Rise above the mantling clouds and rain.

## EVENING.

A flood of sunset splendor illumines an Eastern port,  
The waters gently wash the yellow sand.  
The shore retreats in gentle undulations  
Up to distant mountains, tall and grand.  
A holy peace is brooding on the waters,  
And the setting sun has touched with rosy hue  
The minarets and steeples of the city  
Which raise their gilded spires to the blue.  
Across the harbor little boats are dancing,  
Casting lengthened shadows on the tide;  
Along the quay the larger ships are floating,  
Or moored apart, at anchor calmly ride.  
Only one has trimmed its yards for action  
And spread its snowy sails to catch the breeze,  
To catch the last faint breath that from the mount-  
ains

Downward bears the scent of perfumed leaves.  
An ancient vessel, dark and worn by voyages,  
Voyages unto distant lands and climes,  
Yet her curves of grace and perfect beauty  
Still remain in all their swelling lines.  
In the hold is stowed away the cargo  
She has gathered from the distant ports,



From where the ocean sands with gold are colored  
 And dusky monarchs rule their jeweled courts.  
 The date and orange, fruit of palm and arbor,  
 Silks to rustle on some lovely queen,  
 Dust of gold and massive bars of silver,  
 Spice, from lands of which the poets dream.  
 Richly laden now, this ancient vessel  
 Weighs her anchor for the mighty deep,  
 Spreads her sails to fly across the ocean  
 Where the wind and waves their revels keep.  
 Weighs her anchor for a final passage,  
 For when her native port is reached at last,  
 She will sleep upon her harbor sands in quiet,  
 When her work is done and all her dangers past.  
 And so she drops the Eastern port behind her,  
 And slowly, grandly, like a spirit blest,  
 Floats away upon the sunlit waters,  
 Floats, and fades from vision in the west.  
 This is man when life is nearly finished,  
 When his years are fourscore years and ten,  
 Like a seaworn bark 'mid other vessels  
 Is an aged man to other men.  
 Resting in his memory, the voyages  
 Of his youth and manhood and his age  
 Have stored away the jewels, gold, and vintage  
 Of wisdom, truth, and counsel good and sage.  
 Nevermore to sail upon life's ocean,  
 As a vessel waits the sunset gun,  
 A man who reaps the fruits of righteous living,  
 Waits until the day of life is done.  
 Waits to bear away a priceless cargo  
 Of which the rarest jewel and the gold  
 Is charity for all his fellow-creatures,  
 And human love, a blessing manifold.

#### FINALE.

And thus the tiny fairy, in accents sweet and clear,  
 Sang this changing song of life to my enraptured ear,  
 Then waving me a sweet farewell she vanished from  
 my sight,  
 As did the wreath of smoke that floated 'twixt me and  
 the light.

### IMAGES AND IMAGE-WORSHIP.

#### CLASS-DAY ORATION.

HENRY KINGMAN.

[NOTE. The following abstract is from the *Sentinel's* report.—ED.]

**I**T was the beginning of the eighth century. The memory of the long period of persecution and contempt for the Christian church was already fading in the dimness of tradition. Persecutors and persecuted had changed places, and the Latin church, proud and powerful as it had been weak and insignificant, was fast learning to couple the absolutism of a temporal sovereign with the nobler humility of a vicar of Christ. But in the train of added power for

the church came weakness. The star of Mahomet was in the ascendant, and the shout of Allah O Allah, destined to be for centuries the dreaded war-cry of Eastern Europe, had already echoed from Moslem lips before the walls of Constantinople. But the deadliest foes to Christendom were not the turbaned followers of the false prophet—the bitterest strife upon which the church was already standing, was one for which she should herself provide both combatants and weapons.

Years before, when Christian truth had scarcely ceased to struggle in the face of imperial edicts and barbarous decrees, the church had assumed its policy of adorning its sacred buildings with paintings and sculptures of the Virgin Mary, and of the saints and martyrs, so that the ignorant but fervent worshiper, having the object of his adoration clearly before his mind, might worship with more intelligence and sincerity than when bowing to abstract and inadequate conceptions. But by degrees the worship had been transferred from the unseen presence to the visible reality, and now at last the church had awakened to the fact that image-worship was in her midst, only to find that she had awakened too late, and even a century of fiercest warfare should have the result only of convincing the advocates of a purer faith, that the idolatry had become too deep-rooted to become overthrown.

Since the occurrence of this now-forgotten struggle of the early church, not a century has passed without witnessing a repetition of its essential phases. Springing from an everywhere-prevailing weakness of human nature, the war of the Iconoclasts, or image-breakers, is engrossing the attention of the nineteenth century not less than it once did the eighth. An institution is established, a custom is originated, forms and methods are adopted worthy in themselves and deserving of perpetuation; but their proper function is forgotten; their true value is supplanted by a fictitious value—until, diverted from their original interest, they must be overthrown or rudely brought back to their proper sphere amid angry ones of impiety and sacrilege. The causes that lead to image-worship are as active now as in the twilight of the Dark Ages, and the spirit that once animated the earlier Iconoclasts, in their endeavor to shatter the false that had shrouded and hid

from light the true, is as well developed in England and America to-day as in Eastern Europe 1000 years ago.

It would be dealing in platitudes to dwell upon the universal tendency of human nature to transfer its worship and respect from the end itself to the means used for its attainment; to forget the aim in the method, and losing sight of the spirit in the form, to clothe the accidental with all the dignity of the essential. The tendency to idolize favorite forms, means, and methods, in sublime forgetfulness of the true goods, to which these are, or even may have ceased to be, only the stepping-stones, is one of which familiar illustrations will not be hard to find. How many years is it since Liberty, the watchword of the American Republic, has for many minds become an idol, the semblance of the true spirit, at whose feet men fall down and worship, and in whose name is committed all manner of excess? How have liberty of speech and freedom of the press, both means to an end and valuable only as they maintain the broader principle that underlies them, been allowed to usurp all the dignity and worth of that grander principle of true liberty for all, until thus idolized they have become a source of evil rather than of good. If we turn to the history of religious faiths, the bitter controversies and dissensions, the dread persecutions and bloody religious wars of three thousand years, at least, are to no slight extent the outgrowth of this weakness, while the comparative inefficiency of the church of our own day might be in a large measure traced to the same pernicious source. The educational field, however, is the one with which we as students are most intimately concerned, and the image-worship of educationists is the form of mistaken worship, which we have had occasion most sorely to regret. We might refer to the marking system as it has long prevailed in many colleges less favored than our own; or to the elective system of those who would make a host of electives the backbone of a college curriculum, as if a college course consisted purely of optional studies would prove the great panacea for all the mental ills and ailings of the college student of to-day; or to the system of college government that leaves so large a place for misunderstanding between student and Faculty, so often defeating its own ends by arraying

the students in opposition to itself, and setting the students to countenancing and abetting what they would otherwise unite with the Faculty in endeavoring to suppress.

Continuing, the speaker said that in matters pertaining to a college course, there is some image-worship also. A college course should furnish mental discipline, and not try to be the straight road to liberal culture. Actual results of a course in college are often compared with imaginary results, which such a course never contemplated. The college is not to give advanced work in special lines, but acts only as a preparation to the student in going further in his research among specialties. This latter conception is not, however, the popular one. Of the popular conception the speaker said:

This misconception of the function of the college is not an imaginary one, nor is it confined to the few or to the uneducated. It is in a more or less modified degree the popular sentiment that finds daily expression in a multitude of ways. Two classes of evils arise from this popular misconception, as to the respective functions of the college and the university. First, those graduates who, under a proper educational system, would seek and obtain a truly liberal culture, are to a great extent fain to content themselves with the beginnings of the intellectual development which the American student ought to be able and willing to obtain upon this side of the Atlantic. On the other hand, a still larger class are deterred from entering the college course, reasoning, and rightly too, perhaps, that as their tastes and purposed life-work will not render necessary or admit of the liberal education of the teacher and scholar, and as the office of the college is to furnish such liberal education, the college course is not for them.

The speaker then compared the number of colleges in this country to the number of those in countries of the old world, and showed that the costly necessities, such as libraries, apparatus, observatories, etc., could not be sufficiently provided to any one college in the United States because there are so many, and each must have a little. The result of our system of colleges was stated thus:

No! the pursuance of the college course is regarded as a sufficient qualification for admittance to a place in American educated cir-

cles. The result is as we see it. With notable and not infrequent exceptions, the standard of American scholarship is low; the education of our educated class is to no slight extent comparatively superficial; any one desiring thorough and exhaustive instruction in almost any branch of learning, must seek it in a foreign country. Few would wish to see the German University system made our own, and surely no one would desire the gradual metamorphosis of an active and energetic people into a nation of book-worms. Nevertheless education and high scholarship have a worth that cannot be ignored, and to any patriotic and whole-souled American it should be bitterly humiliating to observe the inferiority of our country in this respect, and her dependence upon the scholarship of a foreign nation, notwithstanding our own noble opportunities and natural endowments of intellectual power.

In closing the speaker said that he should decline to discuss the question of Greek in the curriculum, but eloquently pleaded for a course in college that might sufficiently train the mind and yet meet more fully the wants of men seeking an education to-day.

## A LEGEND AND ITS SEQUEL.

### CLASS-DAY POEM.

E. P. BURTT.

Full fifteen hundred years ago when Rome  
Was fixed to be the center of the world  
And all its lesser orbs around that sun,  
Thrones, powers, kingdoms, principalities  
Revolved in swift and calm obedience,  
There flashed into the Roman constellation  
A bright, new star—the city Amalfi.  
As when some eve in summer western skies  
Are filled with rosy hues of sunset light  
Half-blended in the nameless, mellow tints  
Which unseen painters, busily at work  
Behind the scenes, are giving, the evening star  
Suddenly stands out lustrous and beautiful.  
Amalfi thus, surrounded with her wealth  
Of beauty in a land whose very name  
Is synonym for loveliness beyond  
Conception, and bathing in Rome's glory.  
A promontory, with its taper point  
Extending far into the western sea  
The city circled, like a jeweled ring  
Clasping Italia's finger. On the heights  
Its towers sparkled in Apollo's light  
Like diamonds set in gold, receiving first  
Of all his morning, last, his evening kiss.  
Too fair a place to lose in one short hour,  
But like those temporary stars that flash  
Into our sky with wondrous light and beauty,  
Shining awhile and then as quickly gone,  
Amalfi disappeared, and this our story:

High noon within the city. The hot sun  
Was pouring from his golden censer floods  
Of dazzling, quivering heat. The very air  
Was tremulously faint. Upon the trees  
The leaves were motionless and on the ground  
Beneath them shadows lay as if asleep,  
Monotony and silence everywhere.  
Suddenly distant sounds of marching feet  
Are echoing up the square. The measured tread  
Grows louder, a deep undertone to which  
Is joined a counterpart of high, shrill notes  
Drawn out from an excited multitude.  
Instantly the city is awake as if  
Its sleep had been an army's, and these sounds  
Its trumpet-call. The tributary streets  
On either side pour forth their living tide  
Of people, swelling the central current  
Which surges on toward the judgment hall.  
On its bosom a struggling captive floats  
Amid the advancing waves. He was found  
Possessed of more than a magician's power  
Stirring the people to sedition, and to-day  
Receives his final sentence. The great square  
Before the royal throne is quickly filled  
With a tumultuous, human sea whose waves  
Dash even to the dais of the King.  
Rising he waved his scepter, and as if  
The charm of Him who walked on Galilee  
Were his, he brought that sea of human forms  
To silence. All was still, save here and there  
A ripple on the surface, revealing  
The presence of an undercurrent strong  
And turbulent. A gesture from the King;  
The captive spoke:

"Child of the ocean and nursed on its bosom—  
Child of the sunlight so white and so clear,  
Born of the life-blood where freedom forever  
Has conquered all cowardice, hatred and fear;

"Long have I sought after Liberty's symbol,  
Thing of immortal mystery,  
Goddess incarnate, matter supernal,  
Star of man's glorious destiny.

"Sought it in lands renowned for their beauty,  
Wherever the climate, the flowers, the sea,  
Winds, or the mountains with sweet inspiration  
Unconsciously breathe out the thoughts of the free.

"Sought it in harmony, spirit of music  
So weird and so magical, destined to be,  
I thought, combiner of souls universal  
In the grandest of key-notes, liberty.

"Sought it in number (philosophy's secret  
As taught by Pythagoras) both odd and even;  
Liberty called, but none would make answer,  
Not even the perfect 'twelve times seven.'

"Lastly in color and *here* have I found it."  
Thereat from his bosom quickly he drew  
A flag with red and white stripes horizontal  
And stars of pure snow on a field of blue.

"Take this for thy guide, O fairest Amalfi,  
Divinest emblem of prosperity,  
For the blue is the ocean, and on her fair bosom  
The pearls of thy commerce lie beautifully.

"Red is thy life-blood, bounding and thrilling  
To liberty's music majestic and clear,  
White is the sunlight, the smile sent from heaven  
To woo from the earth its answer of cheer.

"But curses, curses, O proudest Amalfi,  
If thou shalt reject this symbol divine,

For the ocean is mighty and white light is scorching,  
While blood can flow freely as water or wine."

A moment there was silence,  
Then anger flew and laid its coal of fire  
On the King's lips, and with a voice of flame  
He spoke the prisoner's doom, to meet the tide.  
Swiftly they bore him to the water's edge  
And left him bound where soon the curling waves  
Would reach him. But they came as friends, not foes,  
Winding their arms about him, lifting him  
Unto the ocean's breast, and backward bore  
In glad, exultant triumph the glorious flag  
In whose defense he died. Then summoning  
Their strength they rushed upon the city's walls,  
Their blue lines climbing swift the rocky steep  
Unbroken. At this the heaven's battery armed  
Meanwhile attacked it from above,  
Firing continuous shafts of lightning, angry-white.  
Without, an army, vast, resistlessly  
Advancing, line on line, innumerable,  
Its color blue. Above, the canopy  
Of flame, a dazzling white. Within were fear,  
Despair, suspicious hate and mutual strife,  
Until the streets were dyed in blood. The red,  
White, blue had met, but not in harmony.  
At length the city severed from the shore  
By heaven's blade, fell off into the sea  
And weighted by the floods upon it sank  
Forever.

Years passed on with silent steps  
And still the ocean yielded not its trust.  
The sacred symbol, launched by reckless hands  
From off Amalfi's shore, sailed carelessly away  
Mindless of human need, now following  
The currents and anon racing with winds,  
Skirting perhaps some almost favored isle  
Or sweeping in toward some continent,  
Touching its very finger-tips only  
To turn and launch once more into the vast  
Illimitable. There are moments when  
The shores of human life are gently stirred  
By currents from an unknown infinite,  
Which bear their precious and mysterious freights  
Spicy with odors from a distant land,  
Filling the heart with vague expectancy,  
Then passing on forever. But at length,  
By a glad Providence, the glorious flag  
Rejected by Amalfi found its home  
Upon Columbia's shore, and with almost  
Divine Omnipotence lifted this land  
To glory, and to-day where'er it floats,  
Whether in foreign ports crowded with ships  
Proudly our nation's honor and respect  
Affirming, or upon the sea bearing  
With tireless wing our commerce to and fro,  
Or yet at home waving o'er town and city,  
Guarding the trust committed to its care,  
It fills our hearts with exultation pure  
And fervent. We admire those stars and stripes,  
Nay, more, there are those who adore. It needs  
But little superstition to believe  
A thing so pure can also be divine,  
And when we see it fluttering in the sky,  
Waving between heaven and earth, it seems  
As if it were a messenger from God  
So spirit-like it moves; but deeper still  
The feeling when we stand before those flags  
Whose grand, unwritten history we know  
Of love and service and self-sacrifice,  
Filling our very hearts with reverence.  
They shine transfigured spirits to our view,  
Leader's of freedom's host and all that love  
The truth and righteousness. And as we look,  
Visions of the great past sweep thro'  
Our minds and we are lost in reverie.

Once they were graceful and fair,  
Their colors vivid and bright,  
As they spread their wings to the air,  
Or waved in the morning light.

Faded and torn are they now,  
And yet transformed to my view  
A brighter glory they show,  
As flowers are fresher with dew.

Could they speak, their lips divine  
Would thrill us with a power  
More musically sweet, more thrillingly fine  
Than memory's twilight hour.

In gentle tone and accents hushed  
They would whisper of the dead,  
Mangled, bruised, shattered and crushed,  
Who gladly fell and bled.

Would point us to their own dim stains  
Which once appeared bright red,  
Where loyal hearts 'mid throbbing pains  
Their brightest color shed.

Where bleeding fingers touched the staff  
With strong and tender grasp—  
The heart itself entwines not half  
So pure and faithful clasp.

Would tell us on what battle-plain  
Their ghastly rents were won,  
Meeting the blasts of cutting rain  
Which honor could not shun.

Where 'mid the din and crashing,  
The shouts, the groans, the roar,  
With gallant speed went dashing  
The colors on before.

How they filled with inspiration  
The drooping hearts of men,  
That like a conflagration  
They swept the foe again.

And the lips of the soldier dying  
Uttered a fervent prayer,  
As he saw the colors flying  
So proudly in the air:

"That the spirit of that Being,  
Whose very heart is love  
In his omniscience seeing  
This conflict from above,

"May downward reach his scepter  
And touch the cause of right,  
Giving wrong no shelter  
But forcing it to flight.

"Let victory attend her  
And peace its blessings pour,  
Let God be her defender  
Henceforth, forevermore!"

So prayed the soldier gasping,  
His eyes upturned to God,  
Little thinking that his asking  
Would have such rich reward.

But thro' his prayer and others  
A care in all the strife,  
Surpassing that of mothers,  
Preserved our nation's life.

For sacrifice and offerings  
Are needed in God's mill,

And out of these he always brings  
The measure of his will.

Thou dear old flag, whose glory  
Has made our land so bright,  
Nations unknown in story  
Shall rise and bless thy light.

Thy blue is not the ocean  
Whose heart was made to rove—  
Heaven claims *our* devotion,  
God's canopy of love.

Thy white is not the sunlight—  
Brighter and clearer far  
Than flash of golden eventide—  
The light of truth's own star.

Thy red is not the life-blood  
But what both symbolize—  
The bar that stems the tide-flood  
Of evil—sacrifice.

Red, white, and blue—a trinity,  
Forming earth's noblest prize—  
A trio for eternity—  
Love, truth, and sacrifice.

#### ORATION BEFORE THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

DR. S. L. CALDWELL.

SOME verses of Mr. Emerson were quoted alluding to his early companions in study whose presence gave a charm to the place. Reference was also made to Mr. Emerson's oration on "The Method of Nature," given here forty-three years ago. This led to the consideration of Man's relationship to Nature, especially as the subject of science and of poetry; the different ways in which each treats Nature. After looking at Nature as a factor in the convenience and discipline of life, he considered it next as a factor in human knowledge. The very first question Nature provokes is whether we can know the outward world in itself. Then comes the farther question, not only, What nature is, but Whence and How. When science has told all it can about Nature, there remain questions it cannot answer.

The main thought of the discourse was employed in considering what Poetry does with Nature, and the contrast of the poetic and scientific methods. Poetry was considered as a creative rather than an imitative art, using Nature rather as the organ of the poet's own thought and feeling, than as something in itself to be interpreted. This infusion of the spirit of Nature into Poetry has given it a distinctive character, especially in recent times. The love

of Nature is a modern rather than an ancient feeling.

A contrast was drawn between classical and modern poetry in this respect, and the question discussed, whence the difference arises. The question was first raised whether it could be the result of the increased knowledge of nature gained by physical science. The same question was raised about the influence of religion, and the belief of a Divine Presence in Nature. Again, if was suggested, that the enlargement of human sympathies, which is perhaps one of the sequels of a more spiritual religion, may have extended to the natural world. And then there are epochs whose thought and poetry is so absorbed by man and the interests of life, that nature loses power. The conclusion was that Poetry need have no apprehension of being displaced by the growth of science, unless science itself should so far aggravate materialistic tendencies as to extinguish faith in the invisible, and so dry up the true and perennial fountains of poetry in the soul of man, and in his faith in a Living God.

#### ADDRESS ON TRANSFERRING THE KEYS OF C. C. I.

HON. E. F. WEBB.

MR. PRESIDENT: I am intrusted with a communication to you, as the Executive Head of Colby University, from the Hon. Abner Coburn, who, by reason of the infirmities incident to more than fourscore years of active and honorable life, is not present at this time.

This is not the first time in the history of the University that it has had occasion to hold Gov. Coburn in grateful remembrance, for his broad-minded liberality and generous gifts, which are traceable in every department of the University, and now, following freshly in their shadow, he adds another and still greater to the lengthened succession.

It is a fact of general publicity that Gov. Coburn has erected here, for the benefit of the University, an imposing edifice at an expense of fifty thousand dollars.

This material structure is designed by the donor both as a monumental record in honorable memorial of the names of his brother and nephew, whose names are engraved thereon,



and as a fountain of learning to which all may come who wish; nay more, he has also covered into the treasury of the University the sum of fifty thousand dollars in money, as an endowment fund to aid in the maintenance of Coburn Classical Institute; thus making at this time and for this branch of the University, the extraordinary and welcome donation of one hundred thousand dollars.

It is his desire to place the title to the same in the University for all coming time, and therefore, at his request, and in his behalf, I now deliver to you the keys, and with them the title to the edifice, and fund, thus placing within your control a powerful and sustaining ally of the University, completely equipped and ready for immediate service; equipped not only with a palatial edifice and generous endowment, but with an instructor at its head who embraces within himself almost the elements of a Faculty.

Mr. President: I should feel that I had left something undone at this time and in this connection, should I omit to make mention of one who became connected with the Institute when it was known as Waterville Academy, when its condition was enfeebled, and its existence evidently yielding to apathy and want of encouragement; and who brought to its rescue his individual learning, labor and reputation, and through whose efforts the present high attainment of Coburn Classical Institute has been achieved.

And, Sir, I am not making Dr. Hanson indelicately or unjustly prominent when I say he has made the Institute honorably prominent in the history of similar institutions of learning in the country.

Gov. Coburn, seeing the development of the Institute menaced for want of a suitable edifice and endowment, and moved by the impulses of a noble heart, has made these comprehensive donations, that the poor boy of the future may find the avenues to a liberal education easy of access and divested of the hardships endured by the generations that have gone before.

And believing that wide-spread education is the great guaranty of civil and religious freedom, he commits these gifts to the University with the confiding hope that they shall be dedicated to the two great objects which can never be rightfully separated from each other—the honor of God and the service of man.

## RESPONSE ON ACCEPTING THE KEYS.

PRES. PEPPER.

PRESIDENT PEPPER received the keys of Coburn Classical Institute on behalf of the Trustees, and emphasized the sacred trust which they symbolized. He paid a graceful tribute to Dr. Hanson, its illustrious head, who is also its heart. He congratulated Gov. Coburn that in this gift to learning he had transformed gold and silver into mental and moral life, and had thus secured a fit and perpetual memorial of himself and of those whose names are inscribed upon its front. Thrice happy must he be to realize and to participate in the benefits and blessings of his own munificence. He remarked upon the beautiful and suggestive location of the building, facing the rising sun, the business and life of the town, and contiguous to the park with its monument commemorative of the undying virtue of patriotism, and flanked by the spires of the temples of worship, and surrounded by Christian homes.

He next spoke of the beauty, the symmetry, and good taste, and substantial and enduring quality of the building, and said: "But we remember that it is a school-house and not a mere work of art, and if not adapted to that purpose it must be a wretched failure. The true school-house is not less a teacher teaching than a place and means for teaching by teachers. It is an object lesson perpetually exerting a silent but potent influence on the community in which it stands, and especially on the youth who daily assemble in it. Very close is the affinity between good taste and good morals, and we cannot well overestimate the power of such a structure as that we to-night dedicate, to help our children to the ideal of a beautiful life, and to the realization of that ideal. Every dollar that has been here expended in obedience to a refined and refining taste will henceforth by perpetual process transform itself into sweet and pure manhood in the students of Coburn Classical Institute, into such character and life as they had and have whose names the building bears and commemorates. As in taste so also in material, it is an object lesson fit to teach and to be taught to all men. Every part has substantial worth, and so bespeaks worth of character and conduct, shames shams, honors honesty, and calls to a manhood, sound to the core, every



fibre true and tough. Such lesson, always needed—was it ever more needed than to-day? Can such lesson be better taught than in the very stuff out of which the school-house is made? The thoroughness and skill of the builder have everywhere embodied themselves and speak to all ages.

Dr. Hanson's work in the school-house has been thorough and exact, as should be the work of all teachers. When our schools fail to demand and exact of students, honest, outright work; when do-easy, go-easy, never-mind-slipshodism prevails in the schools, better burn the school-houses or transform them into workshops. But how can a teacher train his pupils to faithful study in a room, where slovenliness of work stares at him, from ceiling and walls, from floor and furniture, and rattles in the windows, and whistles in the wind?

The Institute is more than half a century old. The original building was erected in 1829. What had been planned in wisdom had been accomplished by heroic self-sacrifice. This hour's service vindicates the wisdom and justifies the sacrifice. The early course of the Institute was uncertain and variable. A head was needed—a captain. In Dr. Hanson was found a commander, and an army combined—a director and propeller. With him came to the institution pupils, and confidence grew and strengthened, until new possibilities came into view. The right mind grasped these possibilities; the right man rendered them facts. Hence these keys and this service, which bids us look forward in the spirit of prophecy. So much done without endowment or accommodation, is a pledge of great results, by aid of endowment and ample accommodations. The true and faithful teacher cannot die. After the event we call death, he lives here below even more than before, entering into so many lives of his former pupils. It is no insult to a great teacher to suggest, that after a score or two years of teaching, he should not, in some congenial pupil, become his own worthy and even rival successor.

One may doubt whether education moves the world, but he cannot doubt that it moves with the world.

The speaker then reviewed the great and permanent advance made in the scope of methods and appliances for education, during the past

fifty years, and spoke hopefully of still greater advancement in the future. In closing, he then said: The voluntary system of education and schooling exemplified in the New England Academy system is necessary. It should never be entirely abolished. To the academy come the boys and girls from the country, who are destined to become the brain, manhood, and power of our country and nation.

The service which Dr. Champlin rendered when he formed the plan of uniting in close connection with Colby, the academies at Houlton, Hebron, and Waterville, was wise and sagacious. Happy are they to-night that this plan has been carried out by the wisdom and generosity of him who has given to Coburn Classical Institute at once its name and endowment. This new edifice he dedicates to a service the mightiest and most sacred, to humanity and to God.

### COBURN CLASSICAL INSTITUTE.

J. C. KEITH.

THE history of most great enterprises and institutions begins with the day of small things, and especially is this true of schools. Some of our schools and higher places of learning began on a high plane. They sprang mature and completely furnished from the generosity of philanthropists. But by far the larger number began in weakness and poverty. Of the latter class was the academy now so widely known as Waterville Classical Institute and later as Coburn Classical Institute.

In the summer of 1829 the first academy building was erected. The land was given by the Hon. Timothy Boutelle, and the requisite funds were raised through the solicitation of Dr. Jeremiah Chaplin. The school was immediately opened under the leadership of Henry W. Paine, at that time a Senior in Waterville College, and since the distinguished lawyer of Boston. Mr. Paine's assistant was Jos. Hodges, Jr., who also was a student in the college. The attendance during the first year of the academy was catalogued as 61.

Before the school year closed Mr. Paine was compelled to relinquish his charge, and was succeeded by Robert W. Wood, who continued the school through that year. The institution then

passed into the control of George I. Chace, a gentleman graduated from Brown, and who since that time has become widely known as a professor in that university. His term of office was of but nine months' duration, and was marked by accurate work and strict discipline.

In August, 1831, the school suffered another change of principals, this time passing into the hands of Mr. Henry Paine, a graduate of Waterville College, class of 1823. This gentleman remained at the head of the school until 1835, but his administration was not a very successful one. The government grew lax, and scholarship deteriorated, though the principal was himself a conscientious and indefatigable worker.

From 1835 to 1838 there was a rapid succession of new teachers, among whom were Messrs. Freeman, Burbank, Allen, afterward President of Burlington University, and Train, who in later life was Attorney-General of Massachusetts. During 1839-40 the school was closed for the entire year. In the spring of 1841 it was re-opened, with Mr. Charles H. Wheeler as preceptor.

Under the last named instructor the school prospered, and in the following winter it passed from the control of the trustees of the college, was incorporated by the Legislature, and was put in the charge of a board of trustees of its own. In 1842 Nathaniel Butler, having just graduated from the college, assumed control of the academy. He retained the position for a year, and then yielded the place to Mr. J. H. Hanson. Although he began with but a half dozen scholars, and the year's school failed by several dollars to pay its expenses, the character and scholarship of the new preceptor kept the institution alive.

In 1844 the building underwent much needed repairs, and the number of pupils in attendance increased rapidly. During the succeeding two years there were in all 139 pupils in the school. The year 1845-46 brought an addition to the teaching force, Miss Roxana F. Hanscom taking charge of the girls' department, for the accommodation of which the second story of the building was finished. The school grew steadily until, in 1853, the number of pupils was 308, the largest number ever enrolled. In the fall of this year Mr. George B. Gow became Mr. Hanson's assistant.

In the early part of 1854 Mr. Hanson was

compelled by failing health to sever entirely his connection with the academy. He was succeeded by Mr. Gow, who held the position for a little more than a year. Mr. James F. Bradbury followed him, and kept the school for two years. In 1857 Mr. I. S. Hamblen assumed the burdensome charge, and retained his place for about three and a half years.

From 1861 to 1865 Mr. Ransom E. Norton, Mr. Randall E. Jones, Mr. John W. Lamb, and Mr. A. D. Small successively had charge of the school. During this time the call for young men on the battle-field cut down the number of pupils disastrously, and the lack of suitable endowment made the existence of the school precarious in the extreme. During this trying period of our nation's history three-fourths of the academies of this State passed entirely out of existence, and many more exchanged their academic character for that of high schools. But the friends of Waterville Academy would not let a school with so good a record die. It was again put in the care of the College Trustees, the course improved, its name changed to Waterville Classical Institute, and above all else, Mr. Hanson recalled from the Boys' High School in Portland, to the field of his very successful labors of a quarter of a century previous. He came, and with him new life and vigor for the Institute. The attendance for the first year under the new principal was 272.

The Ladies' Collegiate Course was added at the time of Mr. Hanson's re-instatement. The first class graduated in 1868, and since then it has always had students, for the course is recognized as a superior one for young ladies. The principals of this department have been Miss Harriet C. Woodman, 1865-66; Miss Samantha Wilson, now Mrs. Dr. Crosby, 1867-68; and Miss Sarah R. Ricker, who took charge of the ladies' department in 1868, and still fills the position acceptably.

Under Dr. Hanson's direction the school has maintained a steady and healthful life. In 1877, through the generosity of Governor Coburn and the efforts of the Rev. Dr. A. R. Crane, a fifty thousand dollar endowment fund was completed. On the evening of July 1, 1881, the new building, erected by Governor Coburn, was formally presented to the corporation of Colby University. The building, a view of which serves as a frontispiece for this paper, is a model

school building. Designed and constructed upon the most approved plans and in the most thorough manner, it is pre-eminently fitted to carry on the grand work already done by Dr. Hanson and his assistants. With such a corps of instructors, such a building, and an ample endowment, the friends of Colby and the Coburn Classical Institute cannot but expect great things of a school that has done so much against such odds in the past.

### THE CAMPUS.

Although the "Campus" is the department for short items and paragraphs of subtle and highly refined humor, yet in the present issue it must serve as the medium for giving the only continuous and authorized account of the exercises of commencement week. The leading literary articles delivered during the week appear in the regular literary department, but a concise review of all the exercises of Baccalaureate Sunday, Ivy Day, Class Day, and Commencement Day, is subjoined, as follows:

#### SUNDAY, JUNE 29.

The baccalaureate sermon by Dr. Pepper was listened to by a perspiring mass of humanity that completely filled the Baptist church. In this respect the first audience that assembled on commencement week was the type of all succeeding ones,—indeed, the white muslin, fans, crowd, and perspiration are the separate items that unite to give the complex idea of the truly orthodox commencement gathering, and the audience of Sunday afternoon presented all these separate items as conspicuously as any one could have desired. The sermon was a surprise—a happy disappointment. The word "baccalaureate" is rapidly coming to mean "interminable" to many minds, as if a baccalaureate sermon were somehow or other a failure unless it succeeded in driving the younger portion of the audience to desperation from excessive weariness. The address of Dr. Pepper, on the contrary, could be listened to throughout with sustained interest, in spite of the heat. His closing remarks to the class of '84 were peculiarly graceful and appropriate.

A similar audience gathered in the evening to listen to the address of Dr. J. F. Elder of

New York, delivered before the Colby Y. M. C. A. The discourse was as different from that of the afternoon as the most ardent lover of variety could have wished. It was thoroughly entertaining, and was inspiring, too, while the energetic and pleasing delivery of Dr. Elder made it the more agreeable. It was so filled with anecdotes and illustrations, however, that both depth and continuity of thought were sacrificed to a considerable extent, in the endeavor to render it attractive and entertaining.

Primed with sound counsel and sage advice, the students were now prepared to withstand the demoralizing influences of

#### IVY DAY.

It is generally understood why Ivy Day instead of Presentation Day was observed by '85. The wish of the class was to observe the latter day, but their small number rendered this practically impossible, and as it is, the greatest praise is due to them for making Ivy Day the success that it was conceded by all to be. The exercises upon the campus were well attended. The program was as follows, the music being furnished on this and succeeding day by Grimmer's Band and Orchestra of Portland:

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

SINGING OF CLASS ODE.

AIR—"Bonnie Dundee."

On this glad, festive day, we a merry band meet  
With wisdom and honor and glory replete;  
And now, bound by ties that are tender and strong,  
With our hearts as our voices, we join in this song.

Cho.—We sing of a class, whose name is so dear  
We fain would repeat it with many a cheer,  
Whose honor and glory will ever survive  
And be known to all ages—our grand '85.

Ah! how swiftly have these years of college life flown  
Yet in them has many a good seed been sown,  
May the germs thus implanted in after years thrive  
And redound to the glory of our '85.—Cho.

When another year's duties and pleasures are o'er,  
When we no longer meet to imbibe classic lore,  
With hearts still united, with love still the same  
As we think of Old Colby, we'll sing the refrain.

—Cho.

Oration.

Charles Carroll.

Poem.

MUSIC.

Edward Fuller.

MUSIC.

PLANTING THE IVY.

IVY ODE.

AIR—"Some Day I'll Wander Back Again."

Vine Ivy! emblem thou of trust,  
All praise be thine to-day,  
As we united round thee stand  
And loving homage pay.

In thy young tendrils, clinging firm,  
Let mem'ries sweet be twined,  
Of those, who, though in numbers small,  
Are of one heart, one mind.—*Cho.*

We read that thou didst oft of old  
Gay Bacchus' brow adorn,  
E'en while engaged in revelries  
Of sportive nature born:  
A mystic power thou then possessed,  
Which could all care destroy:  
We pray thee, wield such power anew  
And fill our hearts with joy.—*Cho.*

A noble work is to be thine,  
Do thou perform it well,  
To grace our dear old college home,  
And weave thy magic spell.  
A spell which duldest sense will charm,  
And drooping heart revive,  
As it recalls, in after years,  
The class of '85.—*Cho.*

History.

F. H. Edmunds.

MUSIC.

Award of Prizes.

W. H. Snyder.

The oration by Mr. Carroll was a well-written discussion of "The Duty of the Scholar and Student of To-day." The poem was a fine one, and the history was bright and skillfully worded. There was the usual procession to the chapel wall where, beneath the memorial tablet, the vine, ironically termed "ivy," was inserted in the ground, a large and handsome coal-shovel being used for the purpose of excavation. The award of prizes by Mr. Snyder contained not a few good hits at the idiosyncrasies of his classmates, and was well received by the audience. The speech was delivered in short sections, music being kindly furnished in the intermissions by the M. C. R. R.

The first prize was a cradle, to be stored away and presented eventually to the first papa of the class. The second prize was an Inter-linear Translation of Harkness' First Latin Book, and was presented to B. F. Fish, the "Jockey" of the class. Third, a prize of a Veil was given to the "Light of the Class," Charles Carroll. Fourth, to the "Musical Man," Fuller, was given a banjo. Fifth, to the "Sporting Man" was given a volume of "Hoyle," George R. Berry. Sixth, to Snow, the "Absent-Minded Man," was given a goad stick. Seventh, the "Dude," Mr. Foss, was presented with a cane. Eighth, to the "Would-be-Masher," Mr. Annis, was given a volume of "The Secret Art and Philosophy of Wooing, Winning, and Wedding." Ninth, to the Freshmen was given a tin horn. Tenth, to the ladies of the class was given a fine volume of the "Fire-side Encyclopedia of the Poets."

The literary merit of the articles delivered at the Prize Declamation in the evening, was, on the whole, high. The program was as follows:

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

Charles Dickens.

B. S. Annis.

Tendencies of Modern Civilization.

Geo. R. Berry.

George Eliot.

Charles Carroll.

MUSIC.

Genius and Work.

W. H. Snyder.

Athens—Her Place in History.

F. A. Snow.

Prohibition.

W. W. Cochrane.

MUSIC.

Byron.

F. H. Edmunds.

The Genius of Scott.

B. F. Fish.

Horace Greeley.

A. M. Foss.

MUSIC.

## CLASS DAY.

The exercises of Class Day passed off in such a manner as to give the most thorough satisfaction to all the members of the class concerned, if not to others. The exercises at the church at 10.30 in the morning were attended by an audience far larger than ordinarily assembles for the morning program. The exercises were as follows:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Oration—Images and Image-Worship.

Henry Kingman.

Poem—A Legend and its Sequel.

Edwin P. Burt.

MUSIC.

The class exercises upon the campus in the afternoon were a complete success, the only drawback being that they were somewhat too long to be fully enjoyed towards the last of the program. The following was the order of exercises:

MUSIC.

History.

Walter C. Emerson.

Singing of Class Ode.

Smoking Pipe of Peace.

MUSIC.

Prophecy.

Herbert M. Lord.

MUSIC.

Address to Undergraduates.

John L. Dearing.

Singing of Class Ode.

Parting Address.

Charles S. Estes.

MUSIC.

Cheering the Halls.

Promenade Concert on the Campus.

The history was confined to the adventures of the Senior year and was both witty and finely written. The smoking of the pipe of peace was for the first time in history a success, a good flame being kept up in the capacious bowl until every member of the class had been able if not

willing to get a liberal whiff. The prophecy was excellent and was overflowing with kindly feeling and good auguries. The address to the undergraduates was a vigorous and pretty severe bit of counsel to the four classes. It abounded in good hits, and, all praise to it, administered a fatherly rebuke to those rash sons of '86 who dared to root up the campus for the sake of showing how green and pleasant the grass was by contrast. At the close of the address the historic cane and pipe were confided respectively to Snow and Jewett, of '85, the pipe to be entrusted afterwards to the tender mercies of Fuller of the same class. The farewell address, though a little long, was heartily enjoyed.

The exercises of Tuesday evening were at the church, and consisted of the oration before the literary societies, and the formal presentation of Coburn Classical Institute to the University, and the acceptance of the magnificent gift by the President. The oration by Dr. Caldwell was a masterly production. The abstract that we publish elsewhere will give some idea of its scope and drift, though the detail must be omitted. In the absence of Gov. Coburn, the Hon. E. F. Webb transferred the keys and title of the new building to the University. In behalf of the latter Dr. Pepper accepted the present with a very graceful and feeling response. At the conclusion of the evening's services the Greek letter societies held their annual reunions in their respective halls.

#### COMMENCEMENT DAY.

The great day of the feast was at least as hot as the preceding ones, and the exercises put the finishing touches to the weight of fatigue that had been accumulating during the past three days. The participants were, moreover, prepared for their several parts by the society reunions, which had lasted up into the small hours of the morning, and had served to render yet more exhausted the already wearied students and alumni. The exercises of the morning passed off none the less without a single unpleasant circumstance attending them, and at its close twenty-four perspiring individuals received the parchment that opened up to them the gate of fame. The following was the program:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Matthew Arnold.

Edwin Palmer Burt, Buxton Centre, Me.

The Science of Language.

John Conant Keith, Waterville, Me.

Evils Incident to Culture.

Charles Sumner Estes, Sanford, Me.

MUSIC.

The Inspiration of the Beautiful.

Willard Kimball Clement, Brandon, Vt.

The Educated Classes in Politics.

Thomas Packard Putnam, Houlton, Me.

Science and Poetry.

Nellie Amanda Bragg, Lincolnville, Me.

MUSIC.

A Philosophic Faith for the Times.

Henry Kingman, Boston, Mass.

Biography.

Susan Amelia Curtis, Kennebunk, Me.

The Slavery of To-Day.

Shailer Mathews, Portland, Me.

MUSIC.

Conferring of Degrees.

MUSIC.

The graduates and the honors in general scholarship are as follows:

#### ENGLISH ORATION.

Nellie Amanda Bragg.....Lincolnville, Me.  
Edwin Palmer Burt.....Buxton Centre, Me.  
Willard Kimball Clement.....Brandon, Vt.  
John Ernest Cummings.....Saco, Me.  
Susan Amelia Curtis.....Kennebunk, Me.  
Charles Sumner Estes.....Sanford, Me.  
Mary Augusta Gould.....Portland, Me.  
John Conant Keith.....Waterville, Me.  
Henry Kingman.....Boston, Mass.  
Shailer Mathews.....Portland, Me.  
Thomas Packard Putnam.....Houlton, Me.

#### ORATION.

Henry Franklin Dexter.....Boston, Mass.  
Francis Mitchell Donnell.....Houlton, Me.  
Edward Franklin Robinson.....South Windham, Me.  
Edward Everett Stevens.....Oakland, Me.  
Alfred Irving Thayer.....Ilverhill, Mass.  
Benjamin Francis Turner.....Cambridge, Me.

#### DISSERTATION.

John Lincoln Dearing.....Lisbon Falls, Me.  
Arthur Lincoln Doe.....Vassalboro', Me.  
Elwood Earle Dudley.....East Vassalboro', Me.  
Walter Crane Emerson.....Oakland, Me.  
Herbert Mayhew Lord.....Rockland, Me.  
Ezra Elmer McIntire.....Chicago, Ill.  
Rufus Moulton.....Springvale, Me.

The procession from the church to Memorial Hall was of unusual length, and brought conspicuously to notice the fact that the number of alumni and guests present this year is far larger than has been customary. The dinner that followed was like all commencement dinners, relished on account of the fierce appetite that has by this time sprung up with all, and devoured the more eagerly because of the burdensome



levies on the pocket-book of four years preceding.

The after-dinner speeches were numerous, but with a few exceptions, by no means extraordinary. The speech of the Hon. James G. Blaine was an excellent one, and it is needless to say was received, as was previously the speaker himself, with unlimited applause.

The concert this year was a complete success in every particular. Everybody was highly pleased with the music, and probably the largest and most appreciative audience that ever listened to a commencement concert here, went home thoroughly satisfied. Unlike the concerts of the past few years, this one paid for itself. The success of the venture was due largely to the ability and faithfulness of the Executive Committee, of '84.

The President's reception was a most enjoyable completion of the many pleasant occurrences of commencement week. Dr. and Mrs. Pepper entertained all comers in their usual hospitable and happy manner. This pleasing custom is coming more and more into favor as it loses its formality and stiffness.

The following erudite conversation between Sam and Rabbit was overheard, the other day, upon the Campus. Rabbit (loquitur)—"If two men started from New York, and one sailed round east and the other round west which would be the oldest when they got back?" Sam (indignantly)—"Dat's no fair question, 'cause 'taint possible to sail round de Norf Pole, nohow!"

Ben Turner, old Ben, *cabal*, went and got matrimonially married at his own wedding within eight hours of his graduation. *Mirabile dictu!* In any case the heartiest kind feeling and good wishes of all his class-mates go with one who has always held the respect and friendship of all who knew him.

Undoubtedly all Freshmen possess the essential characteristics of their kind, but it must be very annoying to have this brought to their notice just upon the eve of their becoming Sophomores. Thus it must have been not a little trying to that youthful and ingenuous member of '87, who at the banquet on the Freshman exit, asked the waiting-maid for cider, only to have her shake her head at him reprovingly, saying, "That would be too strong for

you," and bring him a glass of milk. And only the next day, to add insult to injury, after having perched himself in a barber's chair, he was accosted by the tonsorial artist in question as "bub." Truly this is a heartless world.

The music at the Junior Exhibition was in certain cases a little more striking than appropriate. No sooner had the amen of the Doctor's prayer been heard, than the orchestra launched out into the plaintive strains of "In the North Sea Lived a Whale."

Had the poor flower-beds had ears they must needs have blushed with shame on Class Day at the thought of their own depravity.

It was a noble tribute that was paid to Prof. Lyford by Dr. Elder, in his address on Sunday evening, and the number was not small of those in the audience who could add a testimony not very different in its character.

There is nothing like not being too previous with applause, as '86 found to its cost on Class Day afternoon.

The present incumbent in the office of "Campus" editor has had his last chance to rail at the flower-beds and the gymnasium ash-heap, or to descant upon the need of umbrella-stands, and plank-walks. Let not the next editor prove faithless to his trust—we hand down these noble issues for his care. Let the presence of gutters upon the college buildings be a constant reminder that grumbling does not always stave off intended improvements, and inevitably defeat its own ends.

The commencement dinner speeches were, as a whole, peculiar in their character. But *why*, in the midst of so much "co-educational gush" from himself and others, did one so ungallantly and so groundlessly reflect upon the character of Colby's lady-students?

Somehow or other the Phi Delta Thetas didn't have much of a reunion this commencement.

Little was done in the meeting of the trustees and still less is known of what was done. One matter, however, is a source of encouragement—that ex-Governor Coburn, though unable to be present, requested that there be appointed a building committee on the new laboratory, and named those whom he wished to have appointed.

Copies of this issue of the ECHO may be found for sale at the bookstores on the same terms as given in the Manager's announcement.



## PERSONALS.

'39.

Rufus Lapham, New York, has recently died. Of the remaining ten members out of a class of eighteen, seven were present, viz.: A. H. Briggs, Boston; S. L. Caldwell, President of Vassar College; N. T. Fay, Prairie Depot, Wood County, Ohio; Mylon Merriam, Coleraine, Mass.; Joseph Ricker, Augusta; T. G. Wright, Hartford, Washington County, N. Y.; A. H. Granger, Burrillville, R. I. The following members of the class were unable to be present: Lewis Barrows, Davenport, Iowa; John Johnson, who is detained by the infirmities of age, at Charleston, Me.; David Purring-ton, Muscatine, Iowa.

'59.

Rev. Steven C. Fletcher is still at New London, Conn.

'62.

The members present were: W. E. Brooks, Prof. E. W. Hall, Rev. Asa Lane, Moses C. Mitchell, and Geo. A. Wilson, who is a judge of probate, So. Paris, Me.

'69.

Rev. Mr. J. K. Richardson, of Massachusetts, conducted prayers on Tuesday morning.

'73.

Nathaniel Butler, Jr., has been elected Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Chicago.

'79.

The members present were: C. E. Owen, Oakland, Me.; Everett Flood, Worcester, Mass.; Nathan Hunt, recently graduated from Newton, also W. H. Lyford.

'80.

The following were present at the exercises: H. L. Kelley, Fairfield, Me.; A. M. Thomas Richmond, Me.; J. E. Cochrane, recently graduated from the Rochester Theological Seminary.

'81.

F. R. Rowell is clerk in the law office of D. N. Moulton, Rockland, Me.

F. F. Whittier, M.D., formerly principal of the Farmington High School, is in New York City, taking a course in the Post-Graduate Medical School.

F. M. Preble, who recently graduated from Newton, was present; also D. J. Bailey, graduate of Rochester; F. D. Bullard, Principal of Brownville High School; Sophia W. Hanson; Kate E. Norcross; F. K. Shaw; E. M. Stacy; C. B. Wilson; J. W. Wyman. Absent, with recently changed locations, are: J. F. Davies,

St. Louis Public Library; F. M. Gardner, settled over the Second Parish Church at Lawrence; J. R. Melcher, Overseer of the Boston Cooperage Company; C. E. Meservey, in Rice & Hall's law office, Rockland, Me.

'82.

The members upon the campus were as follows: H. A. Dennison, at present located with the Photo-Electrotype Co., 63 Oliver Street, Boston, as designer and draughtsman; Geo. L. Dunham; Geo. E. Garland; Miss M. E. Leland; Samuel J. Nowell; W. C. Philbrook, Superintendent of Schools of this city, and commencement reporter for the *Waterville Sentinel*; Wm. M. Pulsifer, Harvard Medical School; Geo. D. Sanders, Newton Theological Seminary; E. F. Thompson, and Chas. E. True, both of whom are law students with Symonds & Libby, Portland, Maine.

G. E. Garland is studying law with County Attorney Haynes. He has graduated from the Albany Law School, and after a short term in his present position will be admitted to the bar.

'83.

H. Trowbridge is in the law office of Hon. A. P. Gould, Thomaston, and teacher of penmanship in the schools of that place.

C. E. Verrill is at home in Cape Elizabeth, Maine.

E. C. Robinson is with Houghton & Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.

C. H. Jennings (formerly '83) has just graduated from Harvard with high honors. He was on the campus during the week. Libby and Shepard were also present.

The Necrologist presented the following report for the year:

'82.—Wm. M. Stratton, Augusta, Me., born Nov. 24, 1811, died August 8, 1883.

'85.—Oliver Emerson, Niles, Mich., born March 26, 1813, died Nov. 10, 1883; Benjamin O. Peirce, Beverly, Mass., born Sept. 26, 1813, died Nov. 12, 1883.

'88.—Crosby Hinds, Benton, Me., born Dec. 10, 1811, died Sept. 4, 1883; Stephen H. Myrick, Washington, D. C., born Jan. 9, 1819, died Oct. 20, 1883.

'48.—John C. Hyde, Bristol, Penn., born March 2, 1821, died May 6, 1884.

'51.—Thomas S. Garnsey, Boston, Mass., born May 26, 1831, died May 20, 1884; Henry A. Kennedy, Waldoboro, born Nov. 6, 1834, died March 9, 1884.

'81.—Frank B. Cushing, New York, died Dec., 1883; Rufus Lapham, New York, born Feb., 1814, died April 25, 1880.

Prof. Hamlin also presented printed copies of Supplement No. 3, to his Obituary Records extending from 1877 to 1884.