

# The Colby Echo.

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## The Colby Echo.

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

### COLBY UNIVERSITY.

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Literary.

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#### CONTENTS.

VOL. IX., No. 9.—JUNE, 1885.

##### THE SANCTUM:

Publishing Association, . . . . .	129
An Idea, . . . . .	129
"Mistakes of Great Men," . . . . .	130
Our Last Word, . . . . .	130

##### LITERARY:

Gladstone, . . . . .	130
'85 Class Ode, . . . . .	132
Byron, . . . . .	132
'85 Class Poem, . . . . .	133
Moral Status of the Negro, . . . . .	135

##### THE CAMPUS,

OUR EXCHANGES, . . . . .	136
Our Neighbors, . . . . .	142
WASTE-BASKET, . . . . .	143
PERSONALS, . . . . .	144
LITERARY NOTICES, . . . . .	145

### THE SANCTUM.

THE Publishing Association may congratulate itself on making a valuable change in its constitution. This change will be very effective in relieving the editors of one of the difficulties under which they have always labored,—the impracticability of getting advice from the outgoing boards. We know that the ECHO would have been much more acceptable

to its readers this year if we had been able to profit by advice that last year's editors could have given us. Besides this we were embarrassed by the fact that there was among us no one who could present any former experience as a qualification for the position of editor-in-chief. This will not be the case next year, and a marked improvement may naturally be expected. Now let the Association do a thing which is just, to say the least, and, we think, profitable. Let it so change the constitution that the matter of election of editors may be in the hands of the whole body of members and not be regulated by the factions that do the electing and are recognized by the constitution as the only bodies that have anything to do with it. This will remove the possibility of one small body defeating the wishes of the majority and will make the matter in every way more equitable. There is no reason why the two factions which at present have only one representative on the board should not have two, and any measure liable to secure justice to the injured parties should be strongly advocated by all fair-minded men. There is work for five men, and the addition would result in a marked improvement in the quality of the paper. We hope that this matter will be kept before the public eye continually until the next year's meeting, and then let justice be done and our interests advanced by appropriate changes.

WHILE not caring to express an opinion as to the justice or injustice of the recent action of the Faculty in the case of the suspended member of the Sophomore class, we are willing to say that it is the honest conviction of nearly all members of the college that the reasons were insufficient for such hasty and severe action. This is a matter which may affect the life prospects of the person concerned, and nothing should be done without sober thought. The body sitting in judgment should not allow itself to be persuaded to any adverse action by the story of the fancied injuries of

one of its members. If the misconduct of the party was so gross and so seriously offended the rules of propriety that it was unendurable, then no one of those, whose opinions are worth a cent, would venture to enter an objection. But here is where the difficulty lies. It is possible for mistakes to be made as to motives in conduct, and it might happen in the case of a college faculty. We know that no injustice was intended, but we see the whole thing in such a different light from the one in which those in authority view it, that we can not help feeling that a wrong was done in not allowing some probation to one who never had done anything serious before.

IN looking over the literary columns of one of our contemporaries we were startled to find an excessively modern and terribly sarcastic article, entitled "Mistakes of Great Men." Abounding in illustrations drawn from real life and containing many allusions to recent events, it cannot fail to attract considerable notice and bring its author into great repute. We can but admire the ingenuity of the person from whose fertile brain it emanated, and we offer to him our sincerest congratulations for his success. And yet we cannot help feeling that he must have drawn his illustrations from some of his many dreams or else have taken, as his model, the world-renowned "Eli Perkins." "To start at the start and begin at the beginning," is it easy to imagine how the "youth of 'poor but honest parents'" must have felt when, after *one* short year of separation from his "Mary," he returned, a rich man, to find her married and the mother of "*steen*" children? Again, is it easy for ordinary readers to see how it is possible for a man, living in the good State of Maine and having easy access to daily papers (we think they have a reading-room), not to know, with greater exactness, the number of base hits which were got off the "one hundred and eighty pound product of the gymnasium"? But our feelings overcome us and we must desist. Yet, while wiping the tears from our eyes, we would suggest that the brilliant author of this brilliant essay resume his labors and write a short annex, placing himself among those great men who have made mistakes.

AT last our connection with the ECHO is to be severed and the paper is to pass into other hands. We look back upon our year's work with some satisfaction and more disappointment. The satisfaction arises from a consciousness of some good accomplished and from a knowledge of our own good intentions in all we have undertaken. The disappointment is a feeling which almost invariably attends the completion of any course of work, and which we share in common with all amateur editors who begin their labors with little knowledge of what they ought to do or what they ought to say. But we have tried to do, honestly and faithfully, what we considered the proper thing. If any injustice has been done, we are sorry; if any good thing has been accomplished, we are glad, and we hand over the management of the paper to our successors with the sincere hope that their intentions may be as good as ours have been, and that their work may accomplish much greater results.

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## LITERARY.

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### GLADSTONE.

ANOTHER turn in English politics signals the downfall of the second Gladstonian ministry. Quite as unexpectedly was this event received by the people of England, and heralded to the world, as was that similar occasion in 1873. Unlike the present trifling issue, Gladstone's defeat at that time was with reference to the more important matter of the Irish Education Bill. In either case, however, the overthrow of the ministry resulted from no accident; it was rather an expression of the majority of the English people. The present seems a most fitting time to reflect upon the character and career of this man, who has been a recipient of the nation's highest honors, twice alternated with a censure of Parliament.

Gladstone's career may be properly discussed under three heads: oratory, statesmanship, and literature. As an orator, though not above criticism, he stands among the foremost. His consummate and frequently abstruse sentences may not be read by the school-boy of the next generation, as the famous lines of Burke and Pitt have been, or become as familiar as the patriotic declarations of our own

Henry or Webster, yet his speeches will be carefully analyzed by the student of eloquence. Certainly he has already performed the highest function of an orator in Parliament, and before the English people upon the "Hustings."

That which has made him an orator is traceable, chiefly, to his eloquence and earnestness. He has been, with silver tones, eloquently haranguing the English people, for the past fifty years, until it has become a matter of course. Before he had reached the age of twenty-five, the House of Commons applauded the eloquence of his maiden speech, as sincerely as they ridiculed Disraeli's first attempt. As Chancellor of the Exchequer, his eloquence imparted a charm even to the wonted dryness of the "budget" figures. During his first premiership, from 1869 to 1873, he carried his famous reform measures, in a great degree, by this flaming eloquence. Throughout his last ministry, since his enchanting voice begins to falter, and old age betrays itself in the plain features, the lustre of his brilliant dark eye only remaining unchanged, he has ever stood ready to defend his policies with an eloquence unrivalled. His earnestness has constantly reinforced this quality, during all his career.

He has not only participated in no issues without this earnestness, but he has never given himself a moment's recreation unattended by it. Nobody ever knew him to engage in listless recreation or idle talk. What would have been his leisure moments, have been engrossed in profound study. When physical consideration compelled him to exercise, he chose the peculiar recreation of felling huge oak trees on his Hawarden manor, in Wales. His attacks upon those forest giants finely illustrates this energetic quality in his character.

As a statesman, his record measures a long term of years, exposed alike to the heartiest praise and the bitterest criticism. But from the time that he first appeared in politics, until his late defeat, no one can consistently deny that Gladstone has sought his country's highest interests. Though he has passed through a complete political cycle, from Macaulay's "unbending Tory" to the present Liberal, yet he has ever sacrificed, rather than gratified, his personal ambition. His lofty ambition to perform vast and noble deeds, irrespective of

toil and criticism, cannot fail to merit praise. Eloquence again has been an important factor in his statesmanship. This quality so essential to an English premier, has not remained unassisted by others. Long before he assumed the leadership of the Commons, he had already become the ablest financier of the kingdom. As a reformer, he has been both sincere and efficient. In nearly every reform measure, for the past quarter of a century, he has been the staunchest advocate. It was a reaction against his reform principles that led to a decrease of popularity in 1873. The ordinary Englishman could not keep pace with the untiring chief. Indeed his statesmanship, as exhibited in the management of the internal affairs of the nation, ranks among the highest. He is the only prominent statesman of England who has been a genuine defender of Ireland's cause.

In foreign relations he has not been, popularly speaking, successful, and perhaps it may be justly claimed, that he has not been adapted to that kind of statesmanship. It is true that during his last ministry, England's prestige has been on the decline, but it must be remembered that the same was true during the administration of Disraeli, whose renown rested upon the abilities he displayed in foreign affairs. The manner in which England's vast territory was gained, and the remoteness of its various parts from every other section, necessarily renders her international relations most difficult.

Under such circumstances, to please the people of a nation, who for a century have boasted of their superiority, by land and sea, would be impossible; to escape censure by this people, upon issues which have been as vigorously managed as possible, by human means, has been scarcely less arduous. The grotesque cartoons of John Bull, which exaggerate, perhaps, yet approximately represent the disposition of a great mass of the British people, find no counterpart in Mr. Gladstone—a lover of honorable peace, an upright statesman, who would prefer that England should establish strong domestic ties, and wipe out the national blot by a more humane administration upon the "Emerald Isle," rather than boast of her prowess in foreign lands.

But there have been influences counteracting Gladstone's better qualities. The cause of

his failures has been, to a great extent, an incapacity to combine political forces. The late defeat resulted directly from this. He possesses rare genius, and extraordinary abilities, yet his statesmanship has been greatly weakened by a failure to hold other eminent men within his control. In this way he has lost the active support of such men as Mr. Bright, who is a genuine admirer of him. By neglecting the appearance of enthusiastic homage to the royal family, he lost the hearty support of the Queen. Again, while his patriotism has never been distrusted, yet he has been exceedingly un-English. It is well-known that his popularity is the greatest in the northern sections and Scotland. His statesmanship on the whole, notwithstanding these failures, has few rivals, and certainly has been surpassed by no Englishman of his times.

It is in literature that Gladstone's most brilliant talents are illustrated. It is most astonishing that a man who went directly from the University into Parliament, and whose whole life has been spent upon the political arena, should become, in any degree, a man of letters. The classical and ecclesiastical topics, of which he has treated, are scarcely less surprising. His productions, which are the fruits, merely, of spare hours, rival the whole life-time works of many an eminent scholar; and should he now withdraw from politics, and spend his remaining days as he always desired, the probabilities are that he will become one of the most distinguished authors of the nineteenth century. As his name passes down to posterity, whether it be in the function of an orator, financier, scholar, premier, or statesman, it will carry with it an impression of integrity and purity that has been associated with few men of greatness.

#### '85 CLASS ODE.

As the streamlet from the hill-side  
Ripples gently o'er the lea,  
Making for itself a channel,  
Rushes onward to the sea;  
So the tide of years is ebbing,  
And along its sunny waves  
It hath borne us on its bosom,  
Borne us into Wisdom's caves,  
Till to-day we've reached a portal  
At which we would gladly wait,  
For a mist hangs o'er the future  
That no eye can penetrate.

As we linger here so fondly,  
Pleasant visions of the past,  
Like a fitting panorama,  
Are upon our memories cast.  
But, however bright the pictures,  
They must all too soon dissolve,  
New scenes must replace the old ones,  
As the hastening years revolve.  
Onward, then, my brothers, onward,  
For, though we may not turn back,  
Still the light of happy mem'ries  
Sends its gleam along our track.

#### BYRON.

SOME men reach the summit of fame by a short and pleasant journey, others toil up the steep hill for a life-time and only arrive at the top in the evening of their existence. Byron was one whose labors were crowned with success from the beginning. His position as a power among mankind was remarkable, but he established it from the start. In praise of his genius too much cannot be said, of his character too little. His career was full of strange contradictions. He took his seat at an early age in the House of Lords, known by few, admired by none, a stranger in the streets of London, and then it was that he felt the bitterest of all bitter disappointments; that of hopes realized, to find them naught. This circumstance tended to sour his young life. He became stoical, indifferent, misanthropic.

Byron was born to and lived in the highest social scale, Burns in the exact opposite, yet everything was in favor of the "Peasant Poet." Byron was endowed with every gift which nature could bestow, yet lacked the guidance of a stern and loving hand. From early boyhood he wrote verses, but none that bespoke the future bard. His first poem "The Hours of Idleness," although immature and lacking finish, still was not deserving of the odium heaped upon it and its author by the reviewers of the day. So unjust and severe were the criticisms of these reviewers that the latent spirit of his genius was aroused, and in a short time there appeared from his pen the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," a fiery poem, so full of pointed hits and keen satire that it supplied the best possible proof of the injustice done him by the late criticisms. In this poem Byron spared neither his tormentors nor his fellow-poets, and as it proved not even himself, for, as his writings afterwards showed, he com-



mitted the same faults that he then condemned, of which his "Don Juan" is a striking instance. The publication of "The Bards" was a turning point in his literary career; he was now recognized as a man of genius and a poet of great promise. The master-pieces which subsequently flowed from his pen are known to all the world.

"Childe Harold," the greatest of all his poems, can never fail to awaken the admiration of the most careless reader, nor can it be read without a deeper and better opinion of its author than we otherwise could have had. Unlike other poems of romance, the reader is lost in admiration, not of the hero but of the author. The character of the "Childe" is drawn with truth and force, but is soon lost in the brilliancy and vividness of the surroundings. If his power was recognized when he wrote his "English Bards" surely it was forever established, when with interest unsurpassed the people perused "Childe Harold." In these cantos it is that he so clearly pictures "The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon," and leads us to that rocky peninsula where "Age shakes Athenas' power but spared gray Marathon" and celebrates "Stern Albans' hills, 'Dark Suli's rock,' 'Delphi sacred side,' and 'Lovely Spain, renowned, romantic land.'" The greater part of Byron's poetical works appeared within the space of six years; all his minor narrative poems—"Giaour," "Corsair," "Lara," "Bride of Abydos," "Siege of Corinth," and others. Although these poems, from their nature, are of less merit than "Childe Harold," still the power of the author is shown in the fact that the hero throughout is essentially the same, whether called Conrad, Lara, or Harold, and yet the interest is not allowed to wane or the reader to become weary.

The sweetest and most finished of English lyric poems are found among the works of Byron. They are as tender and pathetic as ever the Muse caused to flow from the lips of man. In these short poems it is that he expresses the deep feeling of which by many he was thought incapable. The "Eve Before Waterloo" is on the tongue of every Englishman, and will continue to thrill the English heart long after the issues decided on that memorable field are forgotten. The last pages of "Childe Harold" can never be read without

emotion, and his "Thunder Storm in the Alps" will be remembered as long as thunders roll. It is one of the inconsistencies of this contradictory life that many of his writings should be so full of pathos and feeling, when he was judged by all to be incapable of any affection or regard for mankind. He died in a foreign land, an alien and an outcast, admired by millions, loved by few, respected by none—a sad example of a brilliant, but worthless life.

### '85 CLASS POEM.

#### DUTY.

A dream of Eden floats before my eyes;  
Luxuriant, again it seems to rise.  
The stately palms erect their heads in pride,  
About their feet the limpid waters glide;  
On either hand, in lines that softly blend,  
Shady groves and verdant plains extend;  
Banks of flowers breathe a perfume rare,  
The busy hum of insects fills the air;  
And from the trees a joyous carol floats,  
The morning anthem of a thousand notes;  
Here indeed has nature's lavish hand  
Spent the wealth of all her fortune grand,  
But what avail, when all this rich display  
No human eye can see, no tongue can say?  
The flowers breathe their odors all in vain,  
No human ear can catch the song's refrain.  
And so the days and nights for ages roll  
And Eden's garden holds no human soul.  
But now a morn with brighter splendor breaks  
And nature's voice in louder anthems wakes  
For man has come to claim the earth his own,  
Through all the earth the tidings glad have flown.  
A human soul; a human mind and heart;  
Grandeur far than all of nature's art.  
For buds may burst and leaves and blossoms grow,  
Clouds may float where'er the winds may blow,  
Streams and rivers flow to meet the sea,  
Herds may graze at will upon the lea,—  
But what are these that nature's hand has wrought  
Beside the grandeur of a human thought?  
Again the ages roll along their way  
And o'er the earth the human race holds sway.  
Nations rise in every land and clime  
While law and order make the life sublime.  
Nature owes her life to hidden force;  
Heat and light are fountains of her source.  
But how may we the hidden forces find  
That move and sway and guide the human mind?  
What gentle spirits hover o'er the earth  
And care for mortals from their very birth?  
What battles they with ruder spirits wage  
And win or lose in every land and age?  
Freedom ever seeks to lift the race  
Which slavery holds in degradation base;  
Treason yields to patriotic pride;  
Love unites where hatred would divide.  
These and countless other forces seek  
E'er the strong to overcome the weak.  
Within the heart are feelings deep and strong  
That urge the tide of human life along,  
For they direct the outward acts of each,  
They live in thought, are manifest in speech;  
Of these the grandest is the sense of ought  
Whereby have noblest works of man been wrought.  
A sense of duty permeates the soul  
And makes of life a grand completed whole.  
And first, to Him who gives all earthly good,

Whose love and goodness have forever stood  
 Approved, and shall approved forever stand,  
 Who guides us all by his divine command,—  
 To him must all in confidence and trust  
 Respond: "Thy word is law, obey I must."  
 And then to country, man allegiance owes;  
 Before her shrine his heart with rapture glows,  
 Her laws are his, her flag above him waves;  
 He drapes with honor her defenders' graves,  
 On land and sea her name he ever sings;  
 To her defense his very life he brings.  
 In peace the state demands his watchful eye;  
 In her affairs his own concentered lie.  
 In halls of state his voice is ever heard;  
 He lends himself in deed as well as word.  
 Plague and fire he must ever fight;  
 Laws must change as men discern the right.  
 The nation's life in moral growth must rise  
 That her affairs be good in all men's eyes.  
 These the duties peace doth ere demand;  
 He devotes to these both heart and hand.  
 But when the drum resounds for dangers near,  
 When the noise of war salutes the ear,  
 Man must rise display his manhood then,  
 Grasp the sword and lay aside the pen;  
 Leave the desk the anvil and the plow,  
 Lead or follow as he knoweth how.  
 See the lines in stern and grim array;  
 Hear the peal of cannon in the fray;  
 See the gashes rent by shell and ball;  
 See the countless dead and dying fall;  
 Carnage, slaughter, agony, and death  
 In all the forms of warfare's blasting breath.  
 Hear the wail from hearts in sorrow deep;  
 Hear a nation o'er its fallen weep;  
 And when the battles all are fought and done,  
 When blood so dear at last has ceased to run,  
 O'er countless graves a nation's tears will fall  
 For those who fell obeying duty's call.  
 And next are duties man to neighbor owes,  
 Performed, advance in human life he shows,  
 But who neglects, indeed has fallen low,  
 He knoweth not of life nor can he know.  
 The home, the grand foundation of the state  
 Displays a field of obligation great,  
 For he must fight against opposing odds  
 Who decks an altar with his household gods;  
 And she who shares the dangers of his strife  
 Be strong in heart to grace the name of wife.  
 And they who come to bless the happy pair,—  
 Childish brows 'neath waves of golden hair,  
 Looks of wonder and delight from eyes  
 That open wide at every new surprise,—  
 Alas! what countless duties must they owe  
 Who lead these souls the way they ought to go.  
 Honor be to parents from the child  
 Who lives beneath a scepter, loving, mild,  
 In anger not thy fellow-creature slay  
 Nor take from him his name or goods away.  
 Slander not thy fellow-man nor lie;  
 Guard thy tongue and doubly guard thine eye.  
 And should'st thou hear the cry of grief or woe  
 Quickly then with aid or comfort go.  
 Feed the hungry; give the homeless rest;  
 Lift the fallen and thy name be blest;  
 Haste the spread of love and truth and right;  
 Throughout a world of darkness shed thy light.  
 Duties these to fellow-man obey  
 To speed the dawning of a brighter day.  
 And last to self must each attentive be  
 That worth of life attain its best degree.  
 A soul, a mind a body is to each  
 To watch, to guard, to nourish and to teach.  
 And what machine so intricate and grand  
 Has e'er been fashioned by a cunning hand?  
 What mansion built to hold a human soul  
 So fair to see, unique throughout the whole?

What ship to bear a priceless human life  
 Could meet so firmly shock of storm and strife?  
 A grander thing has yet to greet the day  
 Than this, the spirit's tenement of clay.  
 And yet how often to a thing so fair  
 Do we neglect to give a proper care,  
 A lens to catch the rays of day or night.  
 Distinguished form and colors dark or light;  
 The waves unseen that bear the notes we hear  
 Break within the chambers of the ear,  
 And countless nerves, fleet messengers of sense,  
 To herald pleasure, warn for quick defense.  
 And all the sinews, like an army grand,  
 Work in union if the will command,  
 These powers all, a combination rare,  
 Compel a duty that of constant care.  
 The mind of man, its powers who can tell?  
 How great the need that it be guided well,  
 Be taught it must to learn and to recall;  
 To climb in paths whose dizzy heights appall;  
 To paint a present from a fading past  
 And read the portents of the future vast.  
 Domes that rear their gilded crests on high  
 Are first beheld before the inner eye,  
 Colossal statues first entrance the mind;  
 Painting, sculpture, art of every kind  
 And all the strains of music sad or sweet  
 The eye within, the ear within first greet.  
 And as the brow that wears a crown of gold  
 Doth mind o'er body all dominion hold;  
 And duty whispers: "Educate and find  
 All the powers dormant of the mind;  
 Let thy soul along the quiet shore  
 Where gentle spirits light the way before  
 Trusting move, for lovely forms appear  
 To guard thy life, than all to them more dear.  
 Moral beauty, truthfulness and love  
 Will lead thy soul to summits grand above,  
 To where the shining stream begins its course,  
 Of life and love and truth the primal source.  
 Let duty be throughout life's happy dream  
 The path that lies along the flowing stream."

It is autumn in lovely Italia  
 And Ceres has flooded the plain  
 And gladdened the heart of the peasant  
 With billows of ripening grain,  
 Far up on the sides of the mountain  
 Where the sun of the summer has blessed  
 With its life-tide both tendril and blossom,  
 The grapes have been gathered and pressed.  
 And the heavenly blue of the ocean  
 Is dotted with vessels that bear  
 Home to their harbors sequestered  
 Merchandise costly and rare,  
 And fair Herculaneum lying  
 Between the brown hills and the deep,  
 The ancient and beautiful city,  
 Seems like a mortal asleep.  
 And now the first glimmer of morning  
 Illumines each portal and street  
 And the light of the planets is waning  
 As the splendor of daylight they greet.  
 A priest with a knife in his fingers  
 In attitude fixed and intent  
 With terror portrayed on his features,  
 O'er a sacrifice recent is bent.  
 For there in the glistening entrails  
 Destruction and ruin appear,  
 E'en now the first potents of horror  
 Break on his listening ear.  
 The people rush out of their dwellings;  
 Fear is in every eye  
 As they see the black smoke and the fires  
 Belch from the crater on high.  
 And now o'er the beautiful city

Flies a dark cloud like a pall;  
 O'er palace and garden the ashes  
 Merciless, silently fall.  
 Forth from the gates in confusion  
 Escaping by land and by sea  
 From dire destruction and ruin  
 The terrified populace flee.  
 But look! at the northernmost portal  
 A sentinel stands at his post,  
 Undaunted by ashes or fire,  
 Unmoved by the rush of the host.  
 Stationed to guard at the portal;  
 Other command there was none.  
 'Mid ruin and death and destruction  
 Silent he stands and alone.  
 Loudly Vesuvius thunders;  
 Trembles the earth with affright,  
 Shaken by awful concussion,  
 While mid-day is shrouded in night.  
 Visions of home and of children,  
 Of father and mother and wife  
 Come to the eyes of the Roman  
 Who guards the last post of his life,  
 Closer the ashes are sifting;  
 Fiercer is raging the storm;  
 He falls by the gate and the torrent  
 Sweeps over and covers his form.  
 True to his gods and his country,  
 True to a fatal command,  
 He perished, but duty invests him  
 With all that is noble and grand.

EDWARD FULLER.

## THE MORAL STATUS OF THE NEGRO OF THE SOUTH.

[Concluded.]

THE low tone of morality that was prevalent with the negro at that time—the time immediately succeeding the late war—is attributable to the same source as the other-named evil. Masters had absolute control over their female slaves, and whenever it pleased them to abuse them they did so. That one may better understand just how much, and for what female slaves were valued, hear what some of those former slavers themselves said in a meeting of the Virginia Legislature, convened in 1831,—the year of the Southampton Insurrection,—to propose measures relative to the suppression of the supposed “Negro Insurrection.” In speaking for slavery, Mr. Ghilson said: “The owner of land had a reasonable right to its annual profits, the owner of orchards to their annual fruits, the owner of brood mares to their products, and the owner of female slaves to their increase!” I forbear further quotation. Add to this the fact that the negro was still further blinded, by means of compulsive laws, which forbade him to cultivate the spark of intelligence that Nature had given him, and you have a complete picture of his moral status at the close of the late war.

But the scene shifts. It has been shifting gradually, but surely, for the past nineteen years; but 'tis only within the last half score of years that it has taken on a bolder and more striking prominence. Instead of a class of degraded beings, having no fixed principle of right and wrong, falsehood and truth, theft and honesty, are now to be found others with these principles as distinctly defined, and as promptly acted upon, as do any other race anywhere.

A careful regard of the property of others has taken the place of petty thefts. A correct sense of chastity now prevails, where wantonness once ran riot. School-houses now crown the land, where marsh ponds and wild briars were once in excess. Intelligence is now holding sway, where darkness and chaos once had their throne. Thrift, and industry, and personal acquisitions are everywhere visible. The land that once “sat in the darkness and shadow of death now has the light.” New England has abundantly redeemed herself from the unjust position she took against the negro in 1831–35, by the erection and support of Normal schools, colleges, and such like institutions for the education of the negro throughout the entire South. Her support is in the way of teachers and money. It may be well to state that all the schools that have been established in the South, saving the public schools, are the benefactions of New England. The negro has well improved his opportunities, as is shown by the following table, showing the number of schools for the colored race, and enrollment in them by institutions without reference to states:

CLASS OF INSTITUTIONS.	SCHOOLS.	ENROLLMENT.
Public Schools, . . . . .	16,323	834,107
Normal Schools, . . . . .	50	8,509
Institutions for secondary instruction, . . . . .	43	6,032
Universities and Colleges, . . . . .	18	2,208
Schools of Theology, . . . . .	24	605
Schools of Law, . . . . .	4	53
Schools of Medicine, . . . . .	3	125
Schools for Deaf and Dumb and Blind, . . . . .	6	116
Total, . . . . .	16,477	852,505

From the table of comparative statistics of education in the South, it appears that the white school population of the sixteen States and the District of Columbia is 4,046,956, and the enrollment in public schools, 2,249,263, the increase over the same as reported in 1881 being

respectively 92,356 and 14,386. The colored school population is 1,944,572; enrollment, 802,982; the increase respectively, 15,385 and 610.

If we turn to the report for 1876-77, the first year in which the table under consideration was attempted, we shall see clearer evidence of the remarkable work that has been accomplished in the South; as compared with the numbers reported in 1876-77, white population shows an increase of thirteen per cent.; enrollment, twenty-three per cent. Colored population shows an increase of twenty-eight per cent.; enrollment, forty per cent.

For the successive years since 1878, the first year for which a separate statement of the amount was given, the expenditure has been as follows: 1878, \$11,760,251; 1879, \$12,181,602; 1880, \$12,475,044; 1881, \$13,359,784; 1882, \$14,820,972. Both races now share alike in the school fund, except Delaware, Maryland, and the District of Columbia, in which special provision is made for the colored race; and in South Carolina, where the basis of apportionment is the same for each race, but the amounts realized depend upon the extent to which the people avail themselves of the provision, by absolute attendance upon the schools.

Since the Commissioner of Education's last report, Kentucky has abolished all discrimination between the two races, as respects the distribution of the school fund, the act to that effect having been enacted in April, 1882. There appears to be an overwhelming sentiment in the country in favor of an appropriation from the National Treasury, to help in lifting up and educating the colored race of the South. The preparation of teachers for the colored school is at present the most important. The special provision for this training is set forth in the table of Normal schools, which give a total of 56 schools, having 8,509 pupils, and 367 instructors, as against 47 schools, with 7,621 students, and 258 instructors in 1881. Schools of law number 4, with 16 instructors and 53 students, as against 3 schools, with 12 instructors and 45 students, in 1881. One additional school of medicine is reported, with a total for the 3 schools of 23 instructors and 125 students, as against 18 instructors and 116 students respectively, in 1881. The enrollment is greater than that reported in 1881—

821,380, as against 818,365. The per cent. of enrollment of the school population—41—is greater than at any other time.

Thus it is seen that the negro has been steadily advancing in intelligence and culture since the war, and bids fair, ere long, to be the equal and champion of his former master. The period through which he has passed was a dark and cruel one, which both alike bereft him of his personal freedom, and stifled every spark of intelligence that showed itself. His present and future are now brighter, and his tone of moral culture higher than it has been since his emancipation. With his present strides of his intellectual and moral culture continued, it will not be a great while before he will be ranked in the galaxy of poets, historians, and statesmen.

They are rising, truly rising,  
To a broader, higher plane;  
And the night that once enshrouded,  
Hast'ly now begins to wane.

They are rising, higher rising,  
To the good, the pure, the right;  
Soon in all his brightest splendor  
Will their sun burst forth with light.

## THE CAMPUS.

We have finished.

"I'd like to, but I drsn't."

Fechem says he wasn't the only man.

"Whoop 'er up, whoop 'er up!" Did you see him fly?

"In an extractive industry, like a German lesson, a sharp lead pencil is an essential implement."

"I'm a Colby University young man,  
I'm a very æsthetic young man,  
I go to the show and take the front row  
And mash all the girls that I can."

Doubtless the Professor was somewhat surprised, when the Sophomore informed him that it was necessary to cover the end of the tube with a porous plaster.

N. C. Calculite—"Here, let me copy your problems." S. C. Ditto—"Can't, haven't worked them." Both—"Great Jupiter! What'll we do at examination?"

The following are the officers of the Y. M. C. A.: President, T. J. Ramsdell, '86; Vice-



President, H. F. Curtis, '87; Corresponding Secretary, F. M. Perkins, '87; Recording Secretary, J. Flillon, '88; Treasurer, Henry Fletcher, '88.

A Sophomore translates the passage from L. Cid.—"*Moderez ces transports, voicé venir l'Infante,*" "Hold on to your joy, the infant is coming."

One of those wheelbarrows has been found. Will the threatened increase of general average be omitted, or will it be put on just for the convenience of the thing?

A new plank sidewalk is being put down on College Street. This street has needed a new walk for several years, and the improvement will be especially appreciated by the students.

The examination of candidates for appointments to West Point and the Naval Academy, from this Congressional district, took place in Memorial Hall, near the first of the month. Among those who took the examination, were Holmes and Dow, both of '87.

A Freshman was speaking of inventions, and when told by an upperclassman that Horace spoke of taking a ride in the cars, replied: "Perhaps he did. I guess we ain't read all of it, but we've stopped advancing, and the professor said we'd read more than '87 did last year."

The Senior, Junior, and Sophomore classes have each had class groups taken the present term. Those of the Seniors and Sophomores were by a traveling artist, that of the Juniors by Mr. Carleton, in town. The work of Mr. Carleton, both the likenesses and finish, were very satisfactory.

The *Oracle* board have been anxiously awaiting the appearance of the Bowdoin *Bugle*, which has been repeatedly advertised to appear, for several months past. It will probably be a good issue, as the Bates boys say that the Bowdoin have kept close to their strong point—houting the faculty.

Instead of the usual concert at Commencement, the Seniors have secured a company to bring out the "Merchant of Venice." The principal characters are to be represented by talented actors, and a strong support is guaranteed. They will doubtless give an entertainment such as is rarely placed before a Waterville audience.

At the reunion of the alumni of Skowhegan High School, June 19th, there were present from Colby, Fuller, '85, Richardson, '87, and Suckling, '88, former graduates of the school.

Recently, when the superintendent of the gymnasium was endeavoring to expel several small boys from that building, one young hopeful expressed his opinion of the affair as follows: "I don't see why I haven't just as good right to play here, as college boys have to come up to our house almost every night, and play croquet with my big sisters."

June, in Waterville, is rife with exhibitions and commencements. The first of these was the graduating exercises of the High School, at the Baptist Church, June 19th. The church was tastily decorated with flowers, and the somewhat lengthy programme was well carried out by the speakers. The school is under the charge of Mr. W. C. Philbrook, Colby, '82.

The Sophomore, who performs the arduous duty of Supervisor, in one of the neighboring towns, while a young lady was in his room to be examined for a position, was surprised to find that he was the possessor of several old T. D.'s, a pack of cards, besides several other equally questionable articles, which his classmates and others took occasion to return to him.

The boys improved the opportunity, while the "Italian Band" was in town, to have a peculiar war dance around a bonfire, near North College. Even the most staid could not help joining in with the others, and making things merry in general. No accident happened, excepting the fact that the "constable," losing his connection with the others in the ring-wrestle, got slightly twisted around one of the larger elms, near the bonfire.

At the annual meeting of the Colbiensis Publishing Association, June 20th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President and Managing Editor, J. R. Wellington, '86; Vice-President, N. H. Crosby, '87; Secretary, W. B. Farr, '87; Treasurer, H. W. Trafton, '86; Auditors, J. B. Bryant, '86, H. M. Moore, '87, C. H. Pepper, '88. The constitution was amended so that hereafter the volume will begin with the May number of each year, and be published by the incoming board.

A game was attempted, between the Colbys and Watervilles, on the forenoon of June 5th,

but on account of the rain, it was stopped at the end of the third inning, with the score in favor of the Colbys. Arrangements were also made for a game with the Resolutes, of Boston, for June 17th, but they failed to come up to their agreement. Among the games of lesser importance, the Instituturs have won one from the Freshmen, but were defeated, in turn, by the Sophomores.

The one event of the month, interesting above all others, was the visit of the "Polo Angels" to the campus. It was a day that tried Sam's soul and patience to the utmost, and though he prides himself on his ability to deal with all kinds of phenomenal cases, yet here he was completely nonplussed. As for the rest, all succeeded in restraining their emotions, excepting the "Senator" and "Chawles." One modest Senior only seemed equal to the occasion, and he, by doing some extensive promenading, endeavored to keep up the reputation of the class for gallantry.

The reports of Mr. Edmunds, Manager, and Mr. Annis, Treasurer, of the Colbiensis Publishing Association, show that the financial condition of the ECHO was never better than at present. There is now over one hundred dollars in the treasury. The Manager has endeavored to bring out the ECHO in the best financial condition possible, to the exclusion of other things that might have been otherwise done, and the large amount in the treasury shows how successfully he has accomplished this.

A Colby man sat silent and sad  
In the twilight's gathering gloom,  
And clouds of smoke from his penny pipe  
Completely filled his room;  
And being *Fuller* than was his wont,  
A horrible whoop he whooped!  
But the only words that came from his lips  
Were "*scooped!*" by jimminy, *scooped!*"

—Bowdoin Orient.

And then he abandoned the penny pipe  
Which he smoked on account of defeat,  
And lighted a meerschaum silver-bound  
And was softly heard to repeat:  
"Ah well, poor devils, they need it bad,  
'Tis the first they've ever possessed,  
If they hadn't got this they'd have perished sure  
From feeling so sad and depressed;  
Colby's bell has rung their defeat  
When Bowdoin's anvil was still,  
And four long years we've tooted and howled  
And again next year we will;  
For the Good-win the battles by head work and skill

Our nine for next year are all booked,  
And Commencement will take from *their* numbers  
you see  
And show that their gander is *Cook-ed*,  
Ah, there!!"

The Juniors, during the past month, have been especially interested in geological expeditions. The first was to the clay banks at Winslow, where all dug for "concretions," and searched for "faults" and "fossils," to their hearts' content. The next, to the Hallowell granite quarries, in point of interest and romantic incident, far surpassed the first. The party was taken from the depot out to the quarries in the company's teams. After spending the forenoon in examining the quarries, and attending to various other matters, they assembled at the boarding-house for lunch. Here they were entertained by Mr. Richards, the genial boarding master, in a way that would at once win the heart of every true college boy. After lunch, the boys adjourned to the parlor, where, with the aid of the piano, they "woke things up" generally. In the afternoon, they returned to the city and visited the works. At the end of day all unanimously voted the excursion a "good time." All connected with the works, took especial pains to make the day entertaining and interesting. The thanks of the class are due to all for favors received, but especially to Messrs. Wilson and Richards, who took such a kindly interest in the welfare of the party. Many striking incidents might be mentioned in connection with both trips, but as many of them had to be seen to be appreciated, but few are noticed here. The most noticeable among them, perhaps, was the "painted rocks," and the spectacle of one of the tallest of the party trudging down the long, dusty hill, keeping step to the rattle of specimens of the "Quaternary age," in his satchel.

On account of the rain, the annual Field Day was postponed, from Friday, June 5th, to the 13th. The exercises were a success in every particular. The records, in a majority of cases, were better than those of last year, and four were better than those of any previous year. The programmes were tasty, and well suited to the occasion. The only point in the exercises to be criticised, was the amount of time consumed in making ready for the different contests. The officers of the association

and the contestants are to be congratulated upon the success of the day, due to their ability and enterprise in preparing and executing the various parts of the programme. Below is the programme:

Hurdle Race, 120 yards, won by Beverage, '87; time, 16 4-5 seconds.

Putting shot, 16 pounds, won by Gibbs, '88; 30 feet 6½ inches.

College Bicycle Race, one mile, won by Smith, '86; time, 3 minutes 45 seconds.

Running High Jump, won by Small, '86; 5 feet 2½ inches.

Vault, won by Beverage, '87; 6 feet 1 inch.

One Mile Run, won by Berry, '85; time, 5 minutes 20 seconds.

Pole Vault, won by Small, '86; 7 feet 6½ inches.

Three-Legged Race, 100 yards, won by Dunham and Webber, '86; time, 15 2-5 seconds.

Standing Broad Jump, won by Edmunds, '85; 10 feet 1½ inches.

Horizontal Bar Jump, won by Small, '86; 13 feet 8 inches.

Potato Race, won by A. L. Snow, '87; time, 1 minute 53 4-5 seconds.

Running Broad Jump, won by Beverage, '87; 15 feet 8 inches.

One Hundred Yards Dash, won by Goodale, '88; time, 11 4-5 seconds.

Throwing Hammer, 17 pounds, won by Beverage; 75 feet 9½ inches.

Backward Crawl, 60 yards, won by Watson, '87; 16 2-5 seconds.

Sack Race, won by Dick, '86; time, 13 2-5 seconds.

Throwing Base-Ball, won by Larrabee, '87; 308 feet.

Bicycle Race (Kew. Wheel Club), won by Pulsifer, '86; time, 3 minutes 45 2-5 seconds.

Reading-Room Association officers for the ensuing year are: President, J. B. Bryant, '86; Vice-President, T. J. Ramsdell, '86; Secretary, H. F. Day, '87; Treasurer, J. A. Pulsifer, '88.

The Literary Editors of the ECHO for the ensuing year are as follows: Editor-in-Chief, Geo. P. Phenix, '86; Campus, S. B. Overlock, '86; Exchanges, W. B. Farr, '87; Waste-Basket and Personals, C. C. Brown, '86.

Officers of the Base-Ball Association are: President and Manager, S. B. Overlock, '86; Vice-President, H. M. Moore, '87; Secretary, E. E. Burleigh, '87; Directors, J. R. Wellington, '86, M. H. Small, '87, W. W. Merrill, '88; Captain of College Nine, H. L. Putnam, '86; Captain of Reserves, F. R. Bowman, '87; Scorer, C. P. Small, '86.

A Freshman's girl who lives a few miles out

of town gives the gentleman at each weekly visit a dozen or more fresh eggs. The reason for this is not absolutely known; but probably because he formerly boarded in the club where such delicacies were common. The only excitement attending the matter is that his classmates generally steal the eggs as soon as they arrive.

The recent "mocycle" incident shows conclusively how well people like to be duped. Long before the time advertised on the posters crowds of people began to assemble to witness the fly from the "Elmwood to the roof of the *Sentinel* office" on the wonderful "mocycle." People of every description, not only inhabitants of town, but also from foreign localities like Fairfield and Winslow, swelled the crowd to several thousand. Several professors are reported to have been present, doubtless for the purpose of investigating the phenomenon, while another viewed the scene from afar through the blinds slightly opened. Though the *Mail* warned the people beforehand yet the crowd came just the same. Can it be that this paper is not universally read by the good citizens, or have they lost faith in it that they thus get themselves into scrapes contrary to its advice? The *Sentinel*! ah, the *Sentinel*! Who printed those posters?

## BASE-BALL.

### BATES VS. COLBY.

The second game with Bates was played at Waterville, May 27th. The superiority of the Colbys over the Bates in batting, in a great measure, accounts for the great disparity in the runs. The Bates showed some good material, but need systematic training. The following is the score:

#### BATES.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Cushman, 3b.,	5	0	0	0	2	1	5
Nickerson, s.s.,	5	1	1	1	0	0	1
Walker, 2b.,	4	0	1	1	3	4	2
Tinker, l. f.,	4	0	0	0	3	0	1
Woodman, p.,	4	1	0	0	0	5	5
Hadley, c. f.,	4	1	1	1	3	0	0
Attwood, 1b.,	3	0	0	0	9	0	0
Cutts, r. f.,	4	0	1	1	1	1	2
Sprague, c.,	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals,	37	3	4	4	27	11	22

#### COLBY.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Putnam, c. f.,	7	5	2	2	2	0	0
F. Goodwin, p.,	7	5	5	7	2	8	2

Larrabee, s. s.,	7	4	3	3	1	2	3
Pulsifer, c.,	7	3	3	3	3	4	3
Boyd, 3b.,	7	1	0	0	4	2	0
Webber, 1b.,	7	2	5	6	11	0	0
W. Goodwin, 2b.,	7	1	3	6	2	2	3
Gibbs, l. f.,	6	2	1	1	2	0	2
Carroll, r. f.,	5	1	2	4	0	0	0
Totals,	60	24	24	32	27	18	13

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates,	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	1	0—3
Colby,	3	6	4	4	2	2	1	1	1—24

Earned runs—Colby 5. First base on errors—Colby 11, Bates 8. First base on balls—Colby 1, Bates 1. Balls called—on Goodwin 70, on Woodman 75. Struck out—by Goodwin 5, by Woodman 4. Total strikes called—off Goodwin 10, off Woodman 12. Passed balls—Pulsifer 2, Sprague 5. Wild pitch—Woodman 1. Two-base hits—Webber, Carroll (2). Three-base hit—F. Goodwin. Home run—W. Goodwin. Time of game—1 hour 54 minutes. Umpire—Clark Drummond, Waterville.

## BOWDOIN VS. COLBY.

The most interesting game of the season, and doubtless one of the most interesting ever played in the State, took place between the Bowdoin and Colbys, at the State Fair Grounds at Lewiston, May 30th. The game of May 20th had placed the two teams in even position for the championship, consequently there was much interest manifested in the game. The grounds were in poor condition, but the errors, however, were kept down much lower than was expected before the opening of the game. Colby went first to the bat, and got one run in the first inning, while Bowdoin did not score till the third. In the fourth, Bowdoin succeeded in obtaining two runs, this making it three to one in their favor. In the seventh and eighth, Colby scored again, this making the runs even. Many times during the four innings following, a hit by one team, or an error by the other would have decided the game, but each man was conscious of how much depended on him, and did his best. In the thirteenth inning, Colby ran in three scores, and Bowdoin followed with four, which decided the game so long and skillfully contested by both teams. For Bowdoin, Cook, Talbot, Pushor, and Moulton led the batting. For Colby, F. Goodwin, Putnam, Larrabee, and W. Goodwin. Below is the score:

## BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Dearth, r. f.,	6	1	1	1	1	0	0
Cook, s. s.,	6	2	2	6	3	1	3
Moulton, c.,	6	1	2	2	12	6	6
Pushor, 1b.,	6	1	2	2	15	0	0
Talbot, l. f.,	6	1	3	3	3	0	0
Larrabee, c. f.,	6	0	1	1	2	0	0

Cary, 2b.,	4	0	0	0	2	3	1
Bartlett, 3b.,	6	0	0	0	1	5	1
Davis, p.,	6	1	1	1	0	15	3
Totals,	52	7	12	16	39	30	14

## COLBY.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Putnam, c. f.,	7	2	2	2	0	0	2
F. Goodwin, p.,	5	1	2	4	2	17	2
Larrabee, s. s.,	7	0	2	2	1	1	2
Pulsifer, c.,	7	0	1	2	14	3	3
Boyd, 3b.,	6	0	0	0	1	2	1
Webber, 1b.,	6	2	1	1	12	0	0
W. Goodwin, 2b.,	6	1	2	3	4	5	1
Gibbs, l. f.,	6	0	2	2	4	0	0
Carroll, r. f.,	5	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals,	55	6	12	16	38	28	11

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Bowdoin,	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4—7
Colby,	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	3—6

Base on balls—Bowdoin 2, Colby 3. Balls called—off Davis 116, off Goodwin 115. Strikes called—off Davis 22, off Goodwin 24. Struck out—by Davis 15, by Goodwin 12. Passed balls—Moulton 4, Pulsifer 2. Earned runs—Bowdoin 1, Colby 1. Double play—Larrabee, W. Goodwin and Webber. Home run—Cook. Two-base hits—Cook, F. Goodwin (2), Pulsifer, W. Goodwin. Time of game—2 hours 55 minutes. Umpire—M. Pingree of Lewiston.

## BATES VS. M. S. C.

The third game between Bates and M. S. C. took place on the campus at Waterville, June 13th. As this game decided which of the two should hold third position in the league, much interest was manifested in the game, not only by the participants, but by others who witnessed it. As soon as the Bates began to play it was very evident that they had received additional strength, and that new courage had been infused into the nine by the presence of Sandford behind the bat. The result showed that their confidence had not been misplaced. Without any preparatory practice, Sandford caught a perfect game, and though at times taking greater risks than the circumstances required, yet his skill in directing the movements of the players assisted greatly in winning the game. The M. S. C.s played a good game. The batting by both nines was decidedly weak, had this come up to the average, the game would have been the best of the season. Both nines expressed perfect satisfaction with the decisions of Mr. Goodwin, the umpire. The following is the score:

## BATES.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Cushman, 3b.,	4	0	0	1	0	0
Nickerson, s. s.,	4	0	0	2	2	0
Walker, 2b.,	4	0	0	3	0	1
Tinker, l. f.,	4	1	0	1	0	0



Woodman, p.,	4	0	2	0	11	2
Hadley, c. f.,	4	1	0	2	0	0
Attwood, 1b.,	3	0	0	8	0	1
Thayer, r. f.,	3	0	0	2	0	1
Sandford, c.,	3	0	1	8	1	0
Totals,	33	2	3	27	14	5

## MAINE STATE COLLEGE.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Ray, s. s.,	4	1	0	2	1	0
Ruth, p.,	4	0	0	0	9	0
Hull, c.,	4	0	0	9	3	4
Burleigh, c. f.,	4	0	1	1	0	1
Rogers, 2b.,	4	0	0	4	2	2
McNally, r. f.,	4	0	1	1	0	1
Coffin, 3b.,	3	0	0	0	0	2
Mason, 1b.,	3	0	0	9	0	1
Vose, l. f.,	3	0	1	0	0	0
Totals,	33	1	3	26	15	11

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1-2
M. S. C.,	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0-1

Passed balls—Hull 4, Sandford 0. First base on balls—Woodman 1. Wild pitches—Woodman 1. Total called strikes—Woodman 10, Ruth 7. Struck out—Woodman 7, Ruth 5. Flies caught—Bates 11, M. S. C. 11. Out on bases—Bates 9, M. S. C. 10. Left on bases—Bates 5, M. S. C. 4. Time—1 hour 40 minutes. Umpire—F. Goodwin, Colby, '87.

## M. S. C. VS. COLBY.

A large crowd of spectators assembled to witness the closing game of the series played by the M. S. C.s and Colby at the Maplewood Park, Bangor, June 20th. The grounds were in very poor condition, and a large number of errors were expected to be made. As this was in reality only an exhibition, neither club showed its usual interest in the result, and the game was not so sharply contested as it otherwise might have been. For M. S. C., Ruth with the exception of the first two innings, pitched his usual game. For the Colbys, W. Goodwin, Larrabee, and Boyd played a perfect game. In all, there were but three errors for the Colbys outside the battery. Below is the score:

## MAINE STATE COLLEGE.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Ray, s. s.,	5	1	2	4	1	2	1
Ruth, p.,	5	0	2	2	0	6	1
Hull, c.,	4	2	1	1	8	1	4
Burleigh, c. f.,	5	0	1	1	1	0	2
Rogers, 2b.,	4	1	1	2	4	1	3
McNally, r. f.,	4	0	0	0	1	2	3
Page, l. f.,	4	0	0	0	0	0	1
Mason, 1b.,	4	2	1	1	3	0	0
Vose, 3b.,	3	1	0	0	6	1	2
Totals,	38	7	8	11	24	13	17

## COLBY.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Putnam, c. f.,	6	2	1	1	1	1	0
F. Goodwin, p.,	6	3	2	2	4	8	2
Larrabee, s. s.,	6	1	3	3	1	3	0

Pulsifer, c.,	6	1	3	3	3	1	3
Webber, 1b.,	5	1	3	3	12	0	2
W. Goodwin, 2b.,	5	0	2	2	1	4	0
Boyd, 3b.,	5	1	2	2	4	1	0
Gibbs, l. f.,	4	3	2	2	1	0	1
Mathews, r. f.,	5	2	1	2	0	0	0
Totals,	48	14	19	20	27	18	8

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
M. S. C.,	0	0	2	0	2	0	0	2	1-7
Colby,	2	5	1	1	1	0	0	4	-14

Earned run—M. S. C. 1. First base on errors—Colby 8, M. S. C. 5. First base on balls—Colby 1, M. S. C. 2. Total balls called—on Goodwin 50, on Ruth 92. Struck out—by Goodwin 3, by Ruth 3. Total strikes called—Goodwin 10, Ruth 7. Passed balls—Pulsifer 2, Hull 4. Time of game—1 hour 45 minutes. Umpire—M. Pingree, Lewiston.

The following is a complete list of the games and the results:

May 9th, at Lewiston,	Colby 15, Bates 9.
May 13th, at Waterville,	Bowdoin 6, Colby 3.
May 14th, at Orono,	Bowdoin 8, M. S. C. 7.
May 16th, at Brunswick,	Bowdoin 20, Bates 2.
May 16th, at Orono,	Colby 9, M. S. C. 8.
May 20th, at Brunswick,	Colby 14, Bowdoin 13.
May 22d, at Brunswick,	Bowdoin 10, M. S. C. 6.
May 23d, at Lewiston,	Bates 9, M. S. C. 8.
May 27th, at Waterville,	Colby 24, Bates 3.
May 30th, at Orono,	M. S. C. 9, Bates 5.
May 30th, at Lewiston,	Bowdoin 7, Colby 6.
June 3d, at Waterville,	Colby 9, M. S. C. 2.
June 6th, at Bangor,	Bowdoin 3, M. S. C. 1.
June 6th, at Brunswick,	Colby 9, Bates 0.

(Forfeited game.)

June 10th, at Waterville,	Bowdoin 9, Bates 0.
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(Forfeited game.)

June 13th, at Waterville,	Bates 2, M. S. C. 1.
June 20th, at Bangor,	Colby 14, M. S. C. 7.

## AVERAGES OF THE COLBYS IN THEIR BATTING RANK.

	Batting Rank.	Fielding Rank.	Times at Bat.	Base Hits.	Total Base Hits.	Chances Offered.	Chances Accepted.	Single Batting Average.	Total Batting Average.	Fielding Average.
F. Goodwin, . . .	1	2	41	20	27	118	107	.487	.658	.906
Pulsifer, . . . .	2	7	42	17	19	93	66	.404	.454	.709
Webber, . . . .	3	1	41	14	15	100	97	.341	.365	.915
Larrabee, . . . .	4	8	45	13	15	47	33	.288	.333	.702
Putnam, . . . .	5	9	46	13	13	11	9	.282	.282	.820
Mathews, . . . .	6	9	22	8	8	4	1	.272	.303	.250
W. Goodwin, . . .	7	4	40	10	15	52	42	.250	.375	.807
Boyd, . . . . .	8	6	41	9	12	44	33	.219	.292	.750
Gibbs, . . . . .	9	5	37	7	7	23	18	.189	.180	.782
Carroll, . . . .	10	0	13	2	4	0	0	.153	.307	.000

Clubs.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Average.
Bowdoin, . . . .	9	8	1	.888
Colby, . . . . .	9	7	2	.777
Bates, . . . . .	9	2	7	.222
Orono, . . . . .	9	1	8	.111

A season of unusual interest in base-ball has closed, and though Colby holds second place, no one will imitate Bowdoin's baby wail, and cry "poor umpiring." The Colby nine at the opening of the season had a large percentage of

new men, hence some of the errors. During the last of the games the nine has shown that in its present condition it is equal to that of any previous year, and insures for us better success in the contest for the championship in 1886. Colby has held the championship for four years through the skill and superiority of its nine, and the students have entire confidence in the ability of the nine to obtain this again. The friends of the nine, both among the students and those outside the college, have freely contributed to its support. Alumni, Faculty, and other friends furnished funds for the grand stand, while the students readily subscribed the sum requisite for the new suits. At present it appears as though Bowdoin will next year have a chance to lay aside its pennant, and as usual console itself by talking of its past glory and "our nine" or make a much harder fight for the championship than ever before.

### OUR EXCHANGES.

One by one he turns them over,  
 Scowls at this one, smiles at that;  
 This one marks across the cover,  
 Throws that to the office cat;  
 Here he clips a commendation.  
 There he writes a grim blue "set";  
 Marks here a slanderous allegation,  
 There steals all that he can get,  
 Through what wide realms his fancy ranges,  
 The man who edits the exchanges!

These few lines from the *Cornell Era* illustrate perfectly the work of the exchange editor.

In no one thing do different college papers resemble each other so much as in their funny columns. Wit that seemed to us so side-splitting in the fall has remained above par all the year. Every month the same identical jokes have come to us now from this quarter now from that, and we can hardly glance at one but it seems to moan

"I am a joke.  
 'Neath Azotic skies I awoke,  
 E'er the funny man wrote  
 On small boy or goat,  
 I was deeply revered,  
 For the length of my beard,  
 As the years have rolled by,  
 Earth, sea, and sky  
 Have changed, but not I.  
 I am a joke!"

Unlike jokes, items of college news, after serving their day and generation generally re-

tire from active service, but there are many exceptions to this rule. No student can be excused for not knowing that "The faculty of Wellesley College will not allow the students to publish a paper," or that "Iceland is to have a university next year." These are standard facts, but items which are not facts sometimes get started and there is no stopping them till they have traveled all over the country. A few months ago some one—probably it was the printer—metamorphosed Miami into Maine and we have seen already no less than a dozen times that "Maine University after being closed ten years will shortly be re-opened." Some have even lengthened out the time to twenty years. These are only a few of the peculiarities common to all college journals, but let this suffice.

The ECHO has received its share of criticism the past year—flattering and otherwise, and perhaps it will not be out of place, before the present board steps down and out, to publish a few of the notices we have received, giving some of the most unfavorable as well as some of the most flattering. The *Queen's College Journal*, one of our Canadian contemporaries, says:

It has never been our fortune to come across the COLBY ECHO until the last number presented its appearance. Not to speak of a handsome make-up, it is one of the most carefully edited college papers we receive. . . . There is an air of solidity about the ECHO which, we regret to say, is wanting with the greater number of college papers.

The *Coup D'Etat*, from Galesburg, Ill., goes no farther than the cover.

College journals with illustrated and artistic covers are becoming more numerous. The *Polytechnic* and the COLBY ECHO are among those of most unique designs.

The *College Review* gives us the following:

The COLBY ECHO contains a few remarks in her exchange column that might with eminent propriety be taken to herself. ECHO, there is no danger of your editorials being thought too long or too heavy. A little more thought in them will cost a little more trouble but no more postage.

While another paper says this:

The COLBY ECHO has some fine editorial notes in its January number. We would call especial attention to them as we believe they are full of interest to all students. We also notice two finely written articles on "Evolution" and the "French Republic." The ECHO is one of our most readable exchanges.

The Tufts College organ, the *Tuftonian*, thus criticises the September number:

The COLBY ECHO is one of the best of our early exchanges. Wholesome advice is given to the Freshmen, without any attempts at wit, so characteristic of

college papers. Among the literary articles, "Genius and Work" deserves especial notice.

The girls who publish the *Lasell Leaves* have seen fit to notice us twice during the year.

The COLBY ECHO seems to be an unusually well-written paper; some of the others might, with much propriety, follow its illustrious example.

"The Flower Girl," in the COLBY ECHO, is the best poem we have noticed among our exchanges. It is beautiful in its pathos, and well worthy of mention.

We might continue in this way for several pages, but the general character of them all is the same. The above are only fair samples and show what place the ECHO has held in college journalism the past year.

### OUR NEIGHBORS.

Between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000 has been left Harvard College by Jacob B. Jones, a retired Philadelphia iron merchant.

Randolph Rogers, the noted American sculptor, has left all his art collections to the University of Michigan.

Tufts College has received about \$40,000 by the will of Miss Harriet Fago, of Marlboro. This sum will probably be used to establish a professorship of English Literature, a vacancy which the college has long felt.

The scholarships and fellowships given at Oxford amount to \$500,000 annually.

Of the students who graduate at the German gymnasia and enter the universities, only two-thirds of one per cent. are under seventeen; five and a half per cent. only are as young as seventeen; nineteen per cent. are eighteen; nearly twenty-eight per cent. are nineteen; nearly twenty-five per cent. are twenty, and twenty-three per cent. are over twenty.

Henry Ward Beecher's average grade at Amherst was but 57 on a scale of 100. "Lives of great men all remind us," etc.

The University of Washington Territory begins its career with 113 students.—*Ex.*

In the United States, 14,000 degrees were conferred last year.

The faculty of Kansas University are discussing the advisability of changing the weekly holiday from Saturday to Monday.

Some Canadian students were drafted to serve in the army against the half-breed insurgents.

The new astronomical observatory at the University of Virginia has just been dedicated

with appropriate services. The most noted astronomers of the United States were present. The telescope is a refractor with a twenty-six-inch glass.

Out of sixty-six men entered by Lehigh, '85, but seventeen are now members of the class.

Among the students pursuing the military course of instruction at Cornell, is one lady.

A Columbia man has lately, in practice, several times jumped five feet ten inches in the running high jump.

Several Greek-letter fraternities have recently established chapters at the Institute of Technology in Boston.

### THE WASTE-BASKET.

Is it the office of the Faculty to serve as suspenders for college breeches?

The expression, "O it was pitiful to see a whole city full," is equivalent to the modern phrase of "painting the town red."

I think your moustache is lovely, Mr. Black, and I only wish I had it on my face," she said, as she gazed into his face with a sort of gone look. And the infernal old dolt didn't catch on, but only remarked that he thought it was very good for a three months' growth.—*Ex.*

When a Tennessee girl is kissed she frowns and says, "Put that article right back, sir, where you took it from."—*Vanderbilt Obs.*

'Twas in their cosy parlor  
We oft would play at whist,  
I thought her lips the fairest  
E'er college man had kissed.

I had to bring my chum along  
As partner for her mother,  
Tho' oft the place of chum was filled  
By her angelic brother.

I do not know that I am sad,  
For what I've been bereft.  
My chum got *her*, and as for me,  
I got—well I got *left*! —*Orient.*

Professor in Astronomy—"What constellation did you study last night?" Student—"Virgo."

Tiny little letter,  
On a little card,  
Helps the jolly student  
Answer questions hard.

So the little ponies,  
Glanced at on the sly,

Make the naughty Freshmen  
Sophomores by-and-by.—*Ex.*

MY CHUM.

My chum is the very best fellow alive  
At my failings he always prefers to connive,  
He carries my water up three flights of stairs,  
And blackens my shoes ere I go off to prayers.

It is always my room-mate that builds up the fire  
And puts on more coal just before we retire:  
It is he gets my lessons, and reads from the horse,  
And takes it all quite as a matter of course.

Whenever he gets a nice box from his home  
(And of boxes like that there have several come)  
He always gives me the lion's share of the pelf;  
My chum is a brick,—for I room by myself.—*Ex.*

Mrs. Mulvaney (the laundress)—“Indade,  
ma'am, and it's miserable I am. I'm but just on  
me feet wid the pain in me back, and Jimmy  
he's as bad off. He has a cough on um that  
sounds loike an empty bar'l. Cough for the  
lady, Jimmy!”—*Ex.*

“Pa, who was Shylock?” Pater Familias  
(with a look of surprise and horror)—“Great  
goodness, boy, you attend church and Sunday  
school every week and don't know who Shylock  
was! Go and read your Bible, sir!”—*Ex.*

They knew so little (and that wrong)  
Yet rapped it out so bold and strong,  
One would have said the entire throng  
Had been Professors of History.

—*Adapted.*

SAM AND THE ORGAN-GRINDER.

One pleasant day in early May,  
A grinder came along the way  
To play his little song,  
The eager heads were popping out,  
North College trembled with the shout,  
“Come, grinder, come along.”

Sam heard the racket in his den  
And started for the door, and then,  
“Hi dar, you, get away.”  
“Come on, come on,” the echoing cheer  
Sam heard, and got right on his ear,  
As slangy people say.

He met the grinder on the walk  
And had a somewhat violent talk  
Around the music box,  
But who on earth would e'er suppose  
That Sam would smite him on the nose,  
Or pluck his raven locks.

Great Zeus! it was a fearful fray  
And wild the battle shout, when they  
Begin to scratch and pull,  
For quite a radius round, the air  
Was black with snarls of flying hair  
And Ethiopian wool.

The grinders' organ looked as tho'  
A cyclone, mule, or tornado  
Had dashed it on the loam,  
He shouldered it at last when beat,  
Then hobbled feebly down the street  
And Sam went limping home.

PERSONALS.

[The alumni are earnestly requested to furnish items  
for this column.]

'39.

Rev. S. L. Caldwell has resigned the Presi-  
dency of Vassar College.

'47.

Rev. H. E. Estes, D.D., has resigned the  
pastorate of the Baptist church at Winchendon,  
Mass.

'68.

Rev. T. M. Butler delivered the Memorial  
Address in Uxbridge, Mass., which, by public  
request, was published in the *Compendium*. Mr.  
Butler was a soldier in the late war.

'75.

Class of '75 has a reunion at the present  
Commencement.

L. C. Cornish, Esq., of the law firm of Baker,  
Baker & Cornish, Augusta, delivered the memo-  
rial address this year at Peterboro, N. H., and  
the *Transcript* of that place says:

The address was a masterly production, and al-  
though our citizens have listened to many Memorial  
sermons and addresses during the past twenty years,  
this one contained no “vain repetitions,” and was a fit-  
ting tribute to those, dead and living, who went forth  
to battle for their country in its time of peril.

'76.

The *Newark Advertiser* of recent date con-  
tains the following notice:

A large company assembled at 6 o'clock, last even-  
ing, in Halsey Street M. E. Church, to witness the mar-  
riage of Mr. Clarence E. Meleney, of Paterson, and  
Carrie, daughter of Mrs. John S. Coit. The company  
present, which numbered from 1,200 to 1,500, included  
Mayor Beckwith and other officials, of Paterson; Mayor  
Haynes, School Superintendent Barringer, and most of  
the principals and teachers of the schools in this city,—  
the groom having been the principal of the Newton  
Street School before becoming Superintendent at Pater-  
son,—and many prominent citizens. Prof. F. Oborski,  
of Paterson, organist of the Grand Lodge of New Jer-  
sey, F. and A. M., furnished fine music, and preceded  
the ceremony by a concert. The ceremony was per-  
formed by Rev. Charles S. Coit, assisted by Rev. Messrs.  
Woods, of Paterson, and Eakins, of Newark. The bride  
was given away by her brother, Dr. Henry L. Coit of



this city. The best man was George Meleney, of Boston, and the bridesmaid, Miss Miriam Coit, sister of the bride. The ushers were Messrs. Henry Harrison, Samuel J. McDonald, and George Howard, of this city, and Dr. L. A. Opdyke, of Jersey City. A reception followed at the residence of the bride's mother, No. 63 New Street, and at 8.30 P.M. the bridal party left for Philadelphia. Many choice presents were given, amounting in value to about \$1,000.

'78.

Howard B. Tilden has just graduated from Newton Theological Seminary.

'82.

'82 has its first reunion this year at Commencement.

F. W. Farr and Cassius Marin have graduated from Newton, but the latter will spend another year in the institution.

Rev. G. D. Sanders, who has graduated from Newton Theological Seminary, has accepted a call to preach at East Gloucester, Mass.

'83.

Married—In Boston, June 20th, Frank H. Hanson and Miss M. Alice Wyman.

C. D. Edmunds, who is a student in Harvard Medical College, will spend the summer at Little Chebeague.

'84.

C. W. Morrill is deputy clerk in the county clerk's office, Tacoma, W. T.

P. S. Lindsay, formerly Colby, '84, has returned from the Bermudas much improved in health.

'85.

Rarely, if ever, has a class had a reunion on the day of its graduation, but circumstances, unavoidable or otherwise, have compelled '85 to adopt such a course. The majority of those who have been identified with the class of '85 have been dropping and dropped from the ranks at various times ever since the class entered college, and this is why '85 has a reunion on its Commencement day. The banquet will occur at the Elmwood, Wednesday evening, immediately after the "Merchant of Venice."

The following, who were once members of '85, have graduated this year from other colleges: J. H. Lord and E. E. Silver, Brown University; Miss Gage and Miss Webber, Boston University; H. G. Mank, Amherst College.

'86.

F. G. Dunn is clerk at the Island House, S. W. Harbor.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

The July *Eclectic* is embellished with a beautiful steel engraving of the Neapolitan Girl, which is alone worth the price of the number. The table of contents is interesting and varied. The opening paper by Mr. Williams, Soudan correspondent of a great London journal, makes a very serious charge against a high military official, that Gordon's death was owing entirely to his disobedience of orders. Prince Outisky's paper on Prince Bismarck is one of great interest and acumen. Among the other powerful timely articles are those on "Egypt and the Soudan," the "Coming War," and the "Advance of Russia toward Central Asia." Special attention may be called to the purely literary articles, among which are "Border Ballads," "The Kalewala," "Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin," and "Mr. Swinburne's Poetry." The miscellaneous papers are all bright and readable and the magazine in its entirety a highly entertaining number. As this number begins a new volume it affords an excellent opportunity for the beginning of new subscriptions. Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond Street, New York. Terms, \$5 per year; single numbers, 45 cents.

The July *Quiver* comes well filled and is welcome wherever it makes its way. The *Quiver's* success in the United States is what might have been expected, for it not only fills a want, but it fills it acceptably. In the present number we find the same variety of subject and catholicity of taste of which we have had occasion to speak before. The frontispiece illustrates the poem, "Towards the Sunset," and gives us a motherly old soul sitting before her cottage door in an ample rocking-chair, her knitting in her hand, and her eyes look with kindly inquiry out of the picture. Dr. John Stoughton opens the number with a continuation of his "Sunday Thoughts in Other Lands." We find him this month in Rome, a city that at once excites a serious and picturesque train of thought. The Rev. Dr. Trestrail concludes his papers on "Not Done in a Corner." "The World and Christ," forms the suggestive theme for a paper by Rev. William M. Johnston. With Mr. J. Whatley we take a peep at the "Old Convents of Cairo," and learn how they are conducted, and what the nuns do to pass away the time. We have read with special attention and interest the concluding paper by Rev. Dr. Henry Allon on "Temptation; Its Source and Its Issue." It is as plain spoken as it is liberal, and is a paper to be carefully read. "The Right Kind of Company," by Rev. Gordon Colthrop, contains much good advice for young men, and young women, too. A very scholarly paper, the first of two, is that of Rev. R. Payne Smith, Dean of Canterbury, on "The Revised Version of the Old Testament." In the way of serials and short stories, the *Quiver* is never found wanting. Poetry and pictures also enliven the number as usual. All of the contributions to this number of the *Quiver* are not mentioned here, but enough are given to show its interesting variety. Cassell & Company, Limited, New York; \$1.50 a year.

The *Magazine of Art* for July has for its *piece de*

*resistance* a well considered paper on Handel, with six admirable portraits of the famous composer apropos of the forthcoming second centennial of his birth. The Thornhill portrait showing Handel at the spinnet forms the frontispiece. The poem and picture which follow are, the former by Alice Meynell, the latter by W. J. Hennessy. "The Buried Mother" is the subject of the poem. Then follows one of F. Mabel Robinson's papers on the Romance of Art. J. A. Blaikie describes that picturesque English river, The Dart, while Miss Helen Zimneon describes that painter of picturesque children, Ludwig Knaus. We have a curious study of mediæval "Headgear," than which nothing could be more hideous. An interesting illustrated paper describes Cinque-cento Picture Windows, while the very next paper is on current art, the recent pictures at the London exhibitions, which are well illustrated. The full-page illustrations are "The Burial of Atala," from the picture by Gustave Courtois, and "A Concert in Old Egypt," from the original of A. Calbet. All the departments of the magazine are full and complete. Cassell & Company, Limited; \$3.50 a year.

Hardly enough can be said in praise of the '85 *Oracle*. From the artistic cover, designed by H. H. Cochrane at Carleton's, to the smallest and most unassuming joke ground out in grim despair by the much-suffering editors, it is complete. The illustrations, mostly the work of Frentz, Watson, and Pepper, are admirable and are to the point,—the great requisite in illustrations of this class. Especial credit is due to the artists for their good work. But it must not be understood that the literary work is not up to the standard, for it is, and, if possible, beyond. The dedication is very appropriate, and the "Review of the Year" is a fine summary of the principal events that have made '85's last year remarkable. There is an entire absence of any disregard of propriety for the sake of a joke, and all is governed by a strict code which prohibits the use of any means that will wound the feelings or shock the sense of propriety. Altogether it is the best *Oracle* ever published. Waterville, Me.: Oracle Publishing Association; 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents.

*Cassell's Family Magazine* comes to us this month as well illustrated as ever. The subject of the frontispiece is a girl playing lawn-tennis. The serial, "A Diamond in the Rough," opens the number. "My Namesake Marjorie" is the title of a new serial which begins with this number. There is an article, "What the Sun is Made Of," and the second of Karl Blind's papers on Dr. Schliemann's Discoveries at Tirgus. Some of the other articles are "Hay Asthma; Its Rational Treatment," "Flemish Lace and Lace Makers," "A Fair Canoeist," "George Frederick Handel," "A Glimpse of New York and Central Park," and "How to Make Home Beautiful" (second paper). "The Gatherer" is as usual full of bits of practical information on the scientific progress of the day. Cassell & Company, Limited; \$1.50 a year.

*Lippincott's* for July opens with a fresh installment of "On this Side," which few readers will pass over in quest of more entertaining matter. "A Temple Pilgrimage," by Henry Frederic Reddell, describes very

delightfully the buildings and purlieus of those famous "inns of court," the Middle and Inner Temple, so rich in historical and literary associations, extending from the days of the Crusaders to those of Goldsmith, Lamb, and Dickens. "The Next Vacation," by Alice Wellington Rollins, is a fascinating description of the scenery of the Great Lakes and the varied incidents of an inland voyage from Buffalo or Detroit to Duluth. "The Pioneers of the South" is the first of two historical papers by Edmund Kirk. An article by J. Bunting on the late Joseph J. Mickley, the well known collector of coins, autographs, and rarities will interest those of kindred pursuits, while those who like sea sports will find attraction in the "White Whalers," by C. F. Holder. Miss Tinker's "Aurora" is brought to a successful conclusion, which contains besides some capital short stories and anecdotal papers. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

The *Atlantic* for July brings its usual amount of choice literature. The number opens with three chapters of the serial by Oliver Wendell Holmes, "The New Portfolio." Next, John Wilkinson gives a delightful short story, "The Singular Case of Jeshurun Barker." From the pen of John G. Whittier comes the poem, "Two Elizabeths." Horace Scudder has a short, but interesting article on "Childhood in Mediæval Art." Three additional chapters of Craddock's novel, "The Prophet of Great Smoky Mountain," have no less of that peculiar charm than preceding chapters. The only other serial, "A Country Gentleman," by O. W. Oliphant, has a generous installment of three chapters. Natural History is represented by "A Bit of Bird Life," by Olive Thorne Miller. "Southwestern Kansas Seen with Eastern Eyes" is a very readable article. The article on several books on England, Russia, and India must be of interest and value to those interested in matters in the East. Several other articles of both prose and poetry make up an unusually interesting number. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

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