

# The Colby Echo.

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No. 2.

## The Colby Echo.

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YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

COLBY UNIVERSITY.

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"Be silent always when you doubt your sense;  
And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence:  
Some positive, persisting fops we know,  
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so."



WITH this number of the ECHO we must say good-bye to our old and trusty friends at the *Journal* office, and commit our work to the hands of the *Sentinel*. Perhaps we incur some risk in changing from those who have served us so long and well, and it is not because general satisfaction has not been given, that we change; for the *Journal* has printed for us one of the most pleasing and neatest looking publications that is in circulation, as is acknowledged by every one. Since the ECHO became a bi-weekly, the amount of work to be done on it has been doubled, of course, and it has been found very inconvenient to have the printing done out of town. The news editors especially find it difficult to get news for the ECHO when the manuscript has to be sent to the office more than a week before the time of issue, in order that there may be time for communications and proof corrections to be made. Special preparation has been made at the *Sentinel* office for our work, and we are assured that the work done shall be in every way satisfactory, and we trust that our readers will find the ECHO no less pleasing in appearance than it heretofore has been.

THE spring term of college has thus far seemed to pass very rapidly, as terms always do that are so full of study and sport too; and we can see through to the end of the college year, so far as time is concerned, even though we may not yet be able to see how we can do the amount of work we have yet to do in the required time. Several classes have already had partial term examinations, and

the Senior's have completed all of their work for the term, and are at liberty to rest and prepare for Commencement. And now, as the broiling heat pours down upon us, all through the long summer day, there is not one of us who, as he wipes the perspiration from his brow, does not sigh for a respite. Double the amount of effort has to be made now, in order to do the same amount of work, in a given time, that we did in the same time at the beginning of the term, and with all the work we are able to carry, at this season, we are not in the humor that receives kindly much of the spur and lash, and we can easily see how the temptation arises, to those who have the opportunity, to hitch on an extra animal now and then as they come to rising ground. Of course it is not intended that the amount of work laid out for the students shall be more than they are able to do reasonably, and we all know how evil works where there is not work enough to do, and, moreover, every student should be willing, in his own interest, to employ all his time in study, except what time is needed for a healthy recreation, and this much of time our health sternly demands.

If just so much work must be done in the college year, the only remedy for the present difficulty which so many are meeting, is not to crowd so much of the work into a long dragging spring term, but lengthen out the winter term a little, or, at least, shorten the dull winter vacation, when it is so difficult for students to find employment, and so bring the spring term out of the hot summer. We are well aware how difficult it is to re-arrange courses, and also that it is much easier to find objections than to offer practicable remedies, but it is evident that the best results can not be obtained either by students or professors, so long as we are obliged to drag through a spring and summer term of four months.

OCCASIONALLY, since its adoption, our new curriculum has been discussed in the ECHO, though somewhat daintily. The reason why a fuller expression of the sentiments of the students has not been given is probably due to two reasons, viz., that in the earlier part of the year the students were unable to express a fair and intelligent opinion in regard to it, through

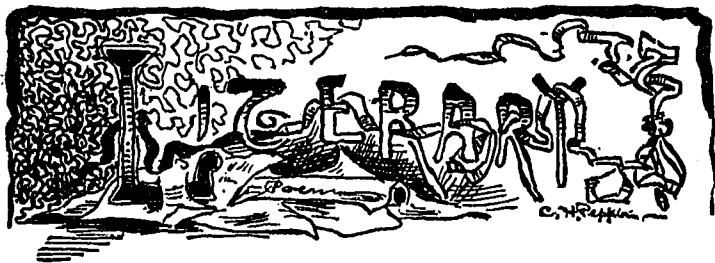
lack of acquaintance with it; and secondly, that no one wished to be misunderstood as fault-finding, if he spoke of things that would make certain parts of the course seem objectionable.

Now we do not hold that the students are prepared to say, or that it is their place to say how much our course lacks of being a success, or how perfect a success it may prove to be, but we do insist that such relations ought to exist between students and faculty that views could be exchanged in regard to college affairs without the students being regarded as meddling. And we may say further, that in our college, with a few exceptions, we have that liberty, and therefore we venture to give the opinion of some of the most practical and hardest working students in college.

The choice at the beginning of the Junior year between a classical, or perhaps more properly called linguistic course, and a scientific course, is felt to be a decided improvement upon the single course with its anomalous electives, which we formerly had, for many of the same reasons, doubtless, that caused the change to be made; and yet there are several things about the new curriculum that are not satisfactory. The question of the relative hardness of the two courses we find, almost without exception, has not governed the students in the least in making their decision between the courses. The choice has been made with reference to what would be the most practical on the whole, and what would be best adapted to the attaining of particular ends. We find that there is rather a greater dissatisfaction with the linguistic course than with the scientific. The first division feel that they cannot afford to misspend so much time with the study of Greek, while they do not feel like giving up History especially, and Latin, for the sake of the Mineralogy which they would like from the scientific course. The second division do not care for any of the Greek of the other course, but they feel that it is a great loss not to get any of the History, and they would very gladly give up Mathematics enough to get a goodly share of it; or, as the next best resort, Latin would be preferable to so much Mathematics.

We do not believe the voice of the college would cry for the elective system, pure and unalloyed, although with the honest, hard-

working class of students that go to Colby University, it could more safely, and with more consistency, be allowed than in some of the colleges which already have it. We cannot think that the students would be reconciled to the course of study at Colby not having any backbone. All that is asked is that we shall not be compelled to pursue studies which are distasteful, and of no practical value, if there are studies which we very much wish to pursue, and which would not only give us as good discipline, but would bear directly upon our future work.



#### IN MEMORIAM.

IT is with great sorrow that the members of '85 learn of the death of their beloved classmate, Benjamin F. Fish, at Freeport, Me., May 7th, who has been taken from us in his early manhood.

While we mourn and deplore the loss of one, whose many noble qualities, gentle disposition, fine scholarship, and honest love for his class, bound him to us by the nearest and warmest ties, yet we bow to Him, who doeth all things well.

We would extend to the bereaved relatives and friends, the heartfelt sympathy of our entire class; though we believe we can best do honor to his memory by ever carrying in our hearts his many noble examples.

As a token of our esteem, we order that a copy of this memorial be sent to the afflicted mother and family, and another published in our college journal.

CLASS OF '85.

#### THE RIVER.

Gilding along with a rippling song,  
Now dashing in spray o'er the ledges;  
Or rushing along with a roaring song  
To quiet below in the eddies.  
Without repose still onward it flows,  
E'er onward the bright, rolling river,  
Winding away in its banks of green,  
Adown to the ocean forever.

Just stirred are the trees by the cool morning breeze,  
The songsters their carols are singing;

In the grateful shade by the willows made  
Wild flowers in beauty are springing.  
Earth's praises arise to the gates of the skies,  
And the sunshine streams bright on the river,  
Which ever flows on, flows laughingly on,  
Away to the ocean forever.

Low sighs the breeze through the leafless trees;  
From their haunts the songsters are banished;  
In their beauty and pride the flowers have died,  
At Autumn's wild call they have vanished.  
The summer has flown, the night winds moan,  
And the darkness broods over the river,  
Which ever rolls on, rolls silently on,  
Adown to the ocean forever.

#### ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

WE, of the nineteenth century, are apt to regard the Revolution as the most important crisis in the early history of our country, and the colonists believed when Cornwallis had surrendered and peace had been declared, that they could return the old musket to its place in the corner and again take up the hoe. Accepting the conclusion of the war as the end of all national difficulties, they left the government, such as it was, to run itself and devoted themselves to home duties.

But, to the student of our national history, it becomes evident that this was a mistake. As he studies that portion of our history, he realizes that the most important battles, those which necessitated the most brilliant generalship, and the failure of which would have caused the most sweeping disasters, were fought after the war in the contest for the establishment of a strong constitution, and the building up of impaired credit. In this grand but tedious work, involving the very life of the nation, Alexander Hamilton was the distinguished and recognized leader. He was the central figure in a body of men never perhaps equaled for intelligence and statesmanship. It was his consummate genius which saved the country from financial ruin, and to him we can justly give the title, "Alexander Hamilton, the founder of the American States in Empire."

Hamilton was born on the island of Nevis, January 11, 1757. His mother was Scotch, his father French Huguenot. We hear of him first, at twelve years of age, as clerk in a counting-room. Soon after he is managing the concerns of a large mercantile house on his own responsibility. He early developed a taste

for reading, choosing the standard authors. He enjoyed the companionship of an eminent clergyman, who acted as his tutor. The publication of a wonderful description of a hurricane caused so much praise to be showered upon him, that his friends decided to educate him, and he was sent to New York, in 1772, where he prepared for college in one year, working incessantly and gaining an easy mastery over the most complex subjects. He entered Kings, now Columbia, College, New York. Coming to America at a time when the air was full of the mutterings of approaching war, he at first favored the Mother country; but full investigation of the complaints of the colonies, accompanied by calm, decisive reasoning and fearless independence, soon led him to espouse the cause of liberty. Having once made his decision, he entered into the work with all the impetuosity and fire of an unusually ambitious youth. When but seventeen years old, we find him electrifying an audience by his convincing eloquence.

Then he publishes a powerful pamphlet in answer to one sent out by the Tories. It is ascribed to several of the most prominent patriots. This pamphlet raises him at once to a position of esteem among his countrymen. Then follow other essays, more addresses at public gatherings, and hard training in military tactics. About this time he quells the violence of a mob, whose fury is directed against the President of Kings, Dr. Cooper, a prominent Tory. On this and similar occasions, he shows a remarkable power as a leader of men—a power so fully revealed in his after life.

In 1776, he applies for and receives the command of a company of artillerymen. This company afterwards became the most distinguished in the army, on account of its fine military bearing and perfect drill. It won for him the friendship of Greene and Washington, the foremost generals of the Revolution.

In March, 1777, when but twenty years old, he was made an aid to Washington, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. This put a stop to a military career, which promised to be one of the most remarkable on record. As Washington's aid, he exhibited those powers of composition and complete mastery of complicated problems in finance, politics, and diplomacy, which, in later years made it possible for

him to fill so successfully the offices under the constitution.

After leaving Washington's staff, he applied himself to the study of law. In 1782 he was a member of Congress. Here he made his power felt on every hand, and showed such an aptitude for legislative and executive duties, that he was talked about by all and envied by many. Hamilton returned to private life and the successful practice of his profession, but did not abate his efforts to induce the States to accept a more perfect union. No one comprehended the position of national affairs more fully than Hamilton. He saw ruin staring the nation in the face, and he threw himself into the work of averting the disaster. The mass of his countrymen were asleep upon this all-important question. They delayed and were only forced into accepting the constitution, when trade was threatened. What the entreaties of Congress, the convincing arguments of statesmen, and the powerful appeal of the revered Washington could not accomplish, the danger to trade easily effected. The convention to devise new measures assembled; Hamilton went as a delegate from New York.

His colleagues were Yates and Lansing, men of average ability, but sworn friends to Governor Clinton and enemies to a more centralized government. Hamilton for some time had been the leader of the opposition to the governor, who was a very successful political organizer. Thwarted on every hand by his colleagues, he yet succeeded in rendering great help to the framers of the constitution.

At the beginning of the convention, he delivered a masterly speech advocating a system of government very similar to the one which we now enjoy, but embodying more of the idea of centralization. In securing the consent of the several states, and especially of New York, to the new constitution, Hamilton rendered a service which can not be overestimated. New York was the field where the hardest battles were fought, and Hamilton was the general who led the constitutional forces to victory. About this time the "Federalist" appeared, a series of essays which answered all arguments against the constitution and explained the meaning of its provisions. More than half of these essays were written by Hamilton. It did more to bring about the new government than

anything else. The "Federalist" is to-day the best exposition of the constitution extant.

In the convention which met in New York to decide whether the State should accept the constitution, Hamilton had nineteen followers, and Clinton, forty-six. Throughout the long discussion, Hamilton championed constitutional liberty amidst the most virulent personal attacks. The opposition made him the target for all the hatred they cherished for the constitution. At the end of the long debate, in which Hamilton conducted himself so admirably, the constitution was ratified by a majority of three. It was a grand victory, and to Hamilton belonged the praise. Such a victory is not only very rare, but history gives us no parallel to it. This debate established his ability as an orator of the first rank.

When the new government was organized, with Washington as chief magistrate, Hamilton became Secretary of the Treasury. Thus was presented to him the opportunity of carrying into effect the principles which he had so ably advocated. The finances of any country, however well they may have been regulated, call for the superintendence of a master-mind. But Hamilton was not called to a work already mapped out and in running order; he was called upon to set in operation for the first time the financial machine of a young and distrustful nation. This he succeeded in doing. Amid untold difficulties, he rescued the country from threatened bankruptcy and a dishonorable position among nations, and before he left his office had succeeded in establishing a basis of finance, which has been followed by this country ever since. In no small degree may we justly attribute our present remarkable prosperity to the untiring labors of the first Secretary of the Treasury.

Hamilton had no power as a politician. His power lay in his logical, reasoning faculties. He excelled in the power to grasp a subject in all its bearings, and then present his arguments in such a way that no one cared to dispute them. A great statesman and a patriotic soldier, he takes a place in the history of our country second only to that of the revered Washington, with whom he had such a remarkable friendship.

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It costs the Government \$10,000 a year to furnish the students at West Point with music.

### ROSE LAGOO.

In a small and lonely cottage  
By the sea-side, far away,  
Lives a mother, kind and loving,  
Hard at toil the live-long day.  
She is the eldest daughter of  
A man once very rich,  
But who thro' sin unheard of  
Lost his fortune, every stitch.

Now once upon a time there came  
To win her heart and hand,  
A man from o'er the waters blue,  
From India's coral strand.  
He was the son of Hal Lagoo,  
A pirate of the East,  
Who captured all the game he could  
And sold it—then did feast.

She gave to him her life, her all  
And vowed she e'er would be  
To him a wife devoted, true,  
And cheerfully said she,  
"Dark clouds shall ne'er shut out the joy  
That love the purest brings  
To us, who every means employ  
To make our natures sing."

He gave to her—he said his heart,  
But time it false well proved;  
He bro't her little save a hand,  
And that with drink made rude.  
He gave to her for love as pure  
As mortal love can be,  
The basest, meanest, vilest wretch  
That one could bear to see.

Alas! what bitter, bitter fates  
With hands so rough, so hard,  
Had woven for a child so frail  
A destiny so marred.  
Had Clotho ceased to do her work?  
Had Lachesis gone mad?  
Had Atropos met Fortuna,  
And made the nations sad?

Time as we know works wonderful,  
The future it unveils,  
And from the present are concealed  
The darkest, gloomiest tales.  
And so it was with Rose Lagoo,  
For ne'er did she suppose,  
That she had married such a man  
As time too late disclosed.

He took her to his distant home,  
They made the voyage together,  
He left her in a wretched hut  
To brave the storms and weather;  
With no one to support, protect,  
And cheer her loving heart,  
Where all was lone and desolate,  
And clouds so thick and dark.

He spent but little time at home,  
 It was fortunate for Rose,  
 When he was in her company,  
 Naught saw she save his red nose.  
 It told her stories, oh so sad!  
 Of debauchery and woe,  
 Of profanity and curses,  
 He would have her never know.

He viewed her with his blood-shot eyes,  
 He laughed with hellish smile,  
 He sung the song of revelers,  
 And so long, long hours beguiled;  
 And then for weeks his wife he'd leave  
 To brood o'er her sad lot,  
 To think with heart of penitence  
 Most dark, most painful tho'ts.

A year and more had passed away,  
 'Twas on a Christmas eve;  
 The wind was whistling thro' the boughs  
 Of spruce and hemlock trees,  
 Which round about their cottage stood.  
 Santa Claus was in town,  
 And unto Rose and Tim he brought  
 A little infant son.

Now Tim was wonderfully good  
 Upon this Christmas eve,  
 That is, for him 'twas unwonted,  
 For unto Rose he breathed,  
 "To-morrow morn at break of day  
 I must be off to sea;  
 But truly, dearest, I'll return,  
 And be so kind to thee."

After their marriage, be it said,  
 And to this Christmas eve,  
 He had shown little signs of love,  
 Thus think how good it seemed—  
 That he should whisper e'en these words  
 To her, whom he'd abused,  
 Had made so wretched by his drink,  
 From time to time refused.

Kind words and sweetest lose their charm  
 When uttered without feeling,  
 And to our ears the author's voice's  
 Like tones of thunder pealing.  
 Kind words to have their best effect  
 Must have kind deeds to back them,  
 And promises, to bring relief,  
 Must spell fulfill *inlactum*.

He left her on the morrow's morn;  
 The ship sailed from the bay,  
 Just as the sun had ushered in  
 His rays of light—the day.  
 Tim's voyage was rough and tragic,  
 No ship or man returned,  
 The pirates boarded, killed all,  
 And ravaged, plundered, burned.

Twenty long years have passed away  
 Since that December day,  
 When Tim with other pirates  
 Went sailing from the bay.  
 To tell the story of his wife  
 And son we can't endure,  
 Suffice to say their crisis passed,  
 They're spending lives most pure.

Jamie, the son, a noble youth,  
 Contrives in every way  
 To make his mother, whom he loves,  
 Forget that dismal day;  
 When to a pirate, drunkard too,  
 She pledged her true devotion,  
 And when her husband, far from land,  
 Drowned justly in mid ocean.

#### DEAN SWIFT.

IT has been said of many a great man:  
 "He was born of poor but honest parents."  
 Swift's parents were poor, but whether they  
 were honest or otherwise, history does not re-  
 cord. Swift was an Irishman by birth, though  
 of pure, English descent. He was a distant  
 relative of Dryden. He was educated in Dub-  
 lin, at the expense of his relatives, and left  
 Ireland in his twenty-second year to become a  
 dependent in the family of an English noble-  
 man. However pleasant or unpleasant it may  
 have been for Swift in after years to look back  
 over his college days, it is certain that his career  
 at Trinity College was not such as to win for  
 him pleasing remembrances from the college  
 authorities.

Swift's nature was a gloomy one. He al-  
 ways looked on the dark side of life. Some  
 biographers conclude that his was a constitu-  
 tional melancholy. Others think that there  
 was some secret in Swift's life, the bitter and  
 fatal influence of which pervaded his whole  
 existence. And though many have endeavored  
 to ferret out this life secret by all available  
 means, and have exhausted their powers of  
 imagination in speculative nonsense, the secret,  
 if there was one, will be likely to remain such  
 forever. Though his manner was brusque and  
 disagreeable, though he was gloomy, revenge-  
 ful, and unforgiving, and loyal to no authority,  
 by some means he gained many friends. But  
 he was rude and uncivil, even to those who  
 befriended him, for he had not sufficient grati-  
 tude toward them to overcome the bitter feel-  
 ing occasioned by his poverty.



There are poor persons who are satisfied with life, who are contented with a mere existence, who, when they get one meal by some means, never bother about where they will get the next one. Such men never worry about what they owe. They are peaceful and happy, while some thrifty neighbor, who has a little property, is annoyed by the smallest mortgage, or the slightest debt. They seem involuntarily—and not because they are deliberately good—to follow out the Scripture exhortation, "Take no thought for the morrow." Swift was certainly not one of this class. He was keenly conscious of the truth of the saying, "Wealth is power." He saw its influence on every hand. Poverty was a galling burden to him. He could never patiently brook a dependence upon the rich and great. It does not seem that he had a sordid desire simply to be wealthy, or that he considered wealth only in the way that Milton expressed it: "Money brings honor, friends, conquests, and realms." But he cherished a hope more praiseworthy and manly, and longed for the "glorious privilege of being independent."

Burns in another poem remarked that age and want were an ill-matched pair, but if he had gone further and said that pride and want were another ill-matched couple, he would certainly not have been far astray. It is only when a person with a proud and sensitive nature like that of Swift's is living in the depths and drinking of the dregs of poverty, that he can know the unimaginable evil bound up in the human heart,—the meanness, grossness, pride, hate, envy, and cruelty, that are quiet when gratified, but are roused into being by the fury of want. Swift was a clergyman of the English church, and dean of the Cathedral of St. Patrick's in Ireland, and he is generally known as Dean Swift. His change of locations, from England to Ireland, and Ireland to England, and of his occupation from Secretary to Priests' Orders, and *vice versa*, show that his disposition was changeable, or that he was very much affected by circumstances, or both of these.

His first writings do not seem to have been very promising. For on showing some of his early verses to Dryden, that author told him that they were sad stuff, and that he would never make a poet. This frank criticism did

not seem to discourage Swift very much, for with plodding diligence he kept on writing till he convinced the reading public that with all his eccentricities he was truly great. Swift had an intense hatred of hypocrisy in religion, morality, and literature. Among the varied works of Swift, "Gulliver's Travels" is the one by which he is best known. And the parts of this book which perhaps are the most interesting are the voyages to Lilliput and Brobdingnag. Though this work was originally intended as a sarcastic hit upon the follies connected with the religion and politics of that time, it is still read with intense interest for the entertaining and ingenious story alone. The author clothes his narrative with a wonderful appearance of truth by his accurate and careful description of minute particulars. By reading the two above-mentioned divisions of the work, the reader will naturally be led to consider that there is nothing great or small but by comparison. His adventures in the land of horses, his first disgust and eventual fondness for them, plainly show to the careful and intelligent reader how time and association almost radically change the thoughts, feelings, and prejudices of men.

Swift died in 1745 at the advanced age of seventy-eight, having outlived all the other great writers who had been his contemporaries.



"Fire."

False orders.

"Macfadden."

"What is your name?"

Memorial Day, May 30th.

Field Day, Friday, June 3d.

"Come, boys, please move on."

Seersucker coats are cheap—at Thayer's.

"And every false order proclaims to the world——."

The Bowdoins play with the Bangors, June 8th, in Bangor.

The Colbys play with the Bangor nine in Bangor, June 4th.

The Seniors take their final examinations on the 6th of June.

Freshman class meetings seem to be mere questions of time—three hours.

The Colby Quartette gave a concert in Vassalboro, Friday evening, May 27th.

The regular league game at Brunswick, on Saturday last, was omitted on account of rain.

Four gallons of oil disappeared from the steps of South College rather mysteriously a few days ago; the finder was well rewarded.

Judging from appearances, four or five Sophomores are taking a vacation and come into recitation once a day as a mere matter of form.

The singing class seems to have disbanded; or perhaps it has succumbed to the continued strains of "Home, Sweet Home" on the *ocarina*.

The annual Freshman police force was well organized and did some very effective work during the week immediately before the Freshman Reading.

We are pleased to learn that Prof. Follen has been engaged to return to Colby next winter and instruct the boys in "How to get strong," and keep so.

The wily Soph is at present spending his evenings at home, and with the aid of scissors and mucilage endeavors to fathom the mysteries of Chemical Physics.

The members of one of the lower classes were greatly edified and enlightened on the subject of co-education by a short lecture recently. The Prof. evidently knew whereof he spoke.

After the unusual quiet which has prevailed during the present term, the excitement immediately preceding the Freshman Reading was very acceptable. And the water poured as of old.

A certain underclassman was very much pleased with the simple question: "What is the mechanical advantage of a lemon squeezer?" and immediately answered "lemonade." Smart boy!

A Sophomore was recently so very much affected when the Prof.'s back was turned as to vigorously invite him to "shut up." The trouble is supposed to be softening of the brain, *alias* pompadour.

The bathing season has arrived and those so disposed can now practice the art of swimming in the cool waters of the Kennebec or in the mud of the Messalonskee for the twofold object of health and purity.

Women's rights is making great progress among the students, and the Freshmen were even persuaded to choose a lady to serve as one of the judges for the Prize Reading. But then '90 has eight co-eds.

The Instituturs seem to be a little premature in their childish sports, having already indulged in two cane rushes the present season. But practice makes perfect and prepares the way for future deeds of valor.

During the remainder of the term the Sophomores will have Prof. Rogers at 11.30 A.M., and Prof. Hall at 4.30 P.M. This arrangement is to accommodate the Juniors who will hereafter recite to Prof. Hall at 11.30.

"Mr. R——, when you have finished reading that ragged edge, I will proceed." An oppressive silence, broken only by the crackle of the paper, as Mr. R—— carefully folds and returns it to his pocket with the remark, "I am ready now; go on."

The Field-Day programme has been somewhat changed, owing to a lack of enthusiasm in a few of the contests. The bicycle race is omitted and some other slight changes have been made. It is expected that the results of the contests to-day will be worthy of the excellent training of the past seven weeks.

On Sunday evening, May 22d, Rev. A. T. Dunn of the Free Street Baptist Church, Portland, addressed the members of the Y. W. C. A., at the Baptist Church. His discourse was an agreeable one and received close attention. This is the first sermon under the auspices of the Colby Y. W. C. A., and certainly the ladies are to be congratulated on this movement.

The Ricker Classical Institute, at Houlton, will be considerably improved during the present year. A new building will be erected in place of the old one, thus furnishing better opportunities for all concerned. This new building will be the gift of a former student at Colby. And as one of the feeders of Colby it cannot fail to be a great addition to the college itself.



We are sorry to be forced to speak of the sad spectacle which was seen on the diamond a few days ago: twelve students engaged in improving the ground, and not one Freshman among them, even after Manager Small had requested their aid. Boys of '90, if you are too weary to lend a hand in the good cause, at least condescend to stand by and encourage the rest.

Saturday evening, May 21st, after the Bowdoin-Colby game, the members of both nines were courteously entertained by the young ladies at Ladies' Hall. The reception was a result of the kind thoughtfulness of the members of Colby at the Hall, and was very much enjoyed by all present. The unanimous sentiment was, "A pleasant way to recover from the effects of the game."

Contrary to the expectations of a majority of the students the ancient custom of distributing bad literature about the time of the Freshman Reading, has been revived in all its glory. In our opinion it would have been much better if the members of '89 had not resurrected this lost art; but we must admit that their recent publication is comparatively a high moral sheet and in this respect at least it is commendable.

The members of the Sophomore class were very much interested in the two lectures delivered to them by Prof. Foster, recently. The first lecture, on the life and character of *Æschines*, was an admirable description of a shrewd politician of the time of Demosthenes. The second lecture, on Grecian law, gave a much better idea of the laws and customs of the Grecians than the average student is apt to obtain during the whole college course.

It seems to be rather disgraceful to think that Recitation Hall cannot be left open during the Sabbath, without certain persons taking advantage of the fact, and stealing and plundering generally. There appears to be some otherwise well principled individuals among us, who consider that any of the college property upon which they can lay their hands, belongs to them by right of theft. Let us remember that we are governed by the same laws inside the college grounds as elsewhere. At Bowdoin the recitation rooms are left unlocked without injury. Why not here?

The last ECHO came out too soon after the Freshman Reading to notice it more than to insert the programme. On the afternoon of the advertised date, flyers came out to the effect that the exhibition had been postponed for one week. Whether the Freshmen were tired or what was the trouble was hard to determine until it was learned from an authentic source that the said bills were wholly unauthorized. The reading took place and passed off without disturbance. (It was rumored that in certain parts of the church the olfactory nerves were somewhat affected.) The attendance was not so large as usual, but the reading was about up to the average. The prizes were awarded as follows: Ladies—1st, Addie F. True; 2d, Mary N. McClure; gentlemen—1st, Geo. N. Hurd; 2d, Charles W. Spencer.

### BASE-BALL.

The second college league game was played on our diamond, Saturday afternoon, May 21st. The day was perfect and a large crowd was in attendance. The two nines were in excellent condition and the diamond was never seen in better shape. The Colbys went to the bat first and scored three times in the first and second innings. The Bowdoins did not score till the eighth. In the third Williamson got round to third-base with one man out; Gibbs made a magnificent play, taking a difficult fly, and placing the ball on the home plate just ahead of Williamson, making the last man out. In the fourth, Moulton got round to third with one man out. The next two men at the bat went out on difficult flies to Pulsifer and Bradbury, respectively. Williamson did fine work, and the fine catch by Talbot won admiration. All in all, it was one of the best games ever played here. The prize offered the Colbys by Prof. Rogers, to the man who made the most runs in the first two games, was won by Gibbs, '88. Below is the score:

COLBY.									
	A.B.	R.	H.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	
Goodwin, p., . . . .	4	1	1	2	0	0	6	0	
Larrabee, c., . . . .	4	0	0	0	0	5	1	0	
Pulsifer, s. s., . . . .	4	0	0	0	0	3	2	1	
Gibbs, l. f., . . . .	4	2	3	4	2	2	1	0	
Bowman, 3b., . . . .	4	1	1	1	0	1	1	2	
Wagg, 2b., . . . .	4	1	2	2	1	3	1	0	
Megquier, r. f., . . . .	4	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	
Gilmore, 1b., . . . .	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	
Bradbury, c. f., . . . .	4	0	1	1	0	3	0	0	
Total, . . . .	36	5	9	11	4	27	12	4	

## BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Pendleton, s. s.,	5	0	0	0	0	0	3	0
Moulton, p.,	4	0	1	1	0	1	10	0
Freeman, 2b.,	3	0	0	0	0	1	1	2
Boutelle, c.,	4	0	1	2	0	8	1	0
Talbot, l. f.,	4	0	0	0	0	3	1	0
Dearth, 1b.,	4	1	1	1	2	10	0	0
Larrabee, c. f.,	4	0	0	0	0	1	0	1
Williamson, r. f.,	3	1	3	4	0	1	0	0
Cary, 3b.,	4	1	0	0	0	2	1	1
Total,	35	3	6	8	2	27	17	4

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Colby,	1	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	1-5
Bowdoin,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	1-3

Runs earned—Colby, 2. First base on errors—Colby, 2; Bowdoin, 4. First base on balls—Goodwin, 2; Moulton, 0. Totals balls called—Goodwin, 62; Moulton, 39. Struck out—Goodwin, 2; Moulton, 6. Total strikes called—Goodwin, 9; Moulton, 9. Double plays—Gibbs, Larrabee. Passed balls—Boutelle, 1. Wild pitches—Goodwin, 2. Two-base hits—Goodwin, Gibbs, Boutelle. Time of game—1 hour 30 minutes. Umpire—Phil Lindsey.

The third game of the college league was played on the home grounds, Memorial Day, May 30th. In the morning signs of rain threatened to put off the game, but when the game was called at 4 P.M. these signs had disappeared, and, with the exception of the wet grass, the ground was in very good condition.

The Colbys went to the bat, and scored in the first inning, the Bowdoins following with three scores. The Colbys scored once in the second inning and twice in the third inning. The Bowdoins followed with nine runs in the third inning, when the game was practically over. The result of the game was due to the loose playing and costly errors of the Colbys, and to the heavy and safe batting of the Bowdoins. A large crowd witnessed the game. The score:

## COLBY.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Goodwin, p.,	5	0	1	1	1	2	11	2
Larrabee, c.,	5	2	1	1	2	4	0	0
Pulsifer, s. s.,	5	2	1	1	3	0	3	2
Gibbs, l. f.,	5	0	0	0	1	1	0	0
Bowman, 3b.,	4	0	0	0	1	2	2	2
Wagg, 2b.,	4	1	1	1	1	5	1	4
Megqueler, r. f.,	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	4
Gilmore, 1b.,	4	0	2	2	0	9	0	3
Bradbury, c. f.,	3	0	0	0	1	1	0	1
Total,	39	5	6	6	10	24	17	18

## BOWDOIN.

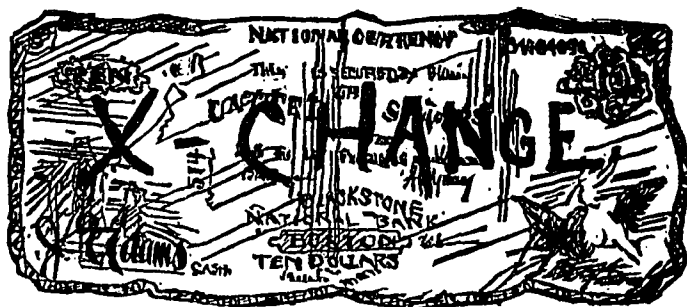
	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Dearth, 1b.,	6	4	2	3	2	9	0	0
Moulton, p.,	6	2	1	1	0	2	12	1
Freeman, s. s.,	6	2	2	3	0	2	0	2
Boutelle, c.,	5	3	1	3	0	7	4	0
Talbot, l. f.,	5	2	2	2	0	1	0	0
Larrabee, 3b.,	5	1	3	3	2	0	2	0

Williamson, r. f.,	4	1	1	1	0	2	0	0
Cary, c. f., 2b.,	4	1	0	0	0	1	0	1
Prentiss, 2b., c. f.,	5	1	0	0	0	3	1	3
Total,	46	17	12	16	4	27	19	7

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Colby,	1	1	2	0	1	0	0	0	5
Bowdoin,	3	0	9	0	2	1	1	1	17

Runs earned—Colby, 1; Bowdoin, 2. First base on errors—Colby, 7; Bowdoin, 11. First base on balls—Goodwin, 3; Moulton, 1. Total balls called—Goodwin, 72; Moulton, 73. Struck out—Goodwin, 3; Moulton, 10. Total strikes called—Goodwin, 9; Moulton, 10. Passed balls—Larrabee, 6; Boutelle, 1. Wild pitches—Moulton, 1. Two-base hits—Freeman; Dearth. Three-base hits—Boutelle. Time of game—2 hours 20 minutes. Umpire—Phil Lindsey.



In reading over the different college journals, which we have received since the last issue, our attention is called to the fact that the Literary departments are neglected somewhat, while great attention is given to athletics and sports. While we do not censure the idea of entirely neglecting the Literary department, we do think that the utmost attention should be given to Editorials, Locals, Personals, and the Exchange departments; for in this way it gives more general satisfaction to the college student.

The *University Register* sagely remarks that the college journals of the East are "sporting papers." Now this remark refers, in all probability, to some of the weeklies which aim principally at presenting the recurring events of the week to their readers and not to fill the whole paper with dry stories and anecdotes with which a great many of our Western exchanges are characterized. From the very colleges, where weeklies are published, come some most excellent literary papers, and that "they fall far below what one would expect from the college students of a country with as many advantages as ours," is an assertion, the truth of which we fail to see.

The *Haverfordian* comes to us again with a new board of editors. Its Editorial and Exchange departments are above the average, and their manner of conducting the paper might be profitably followed by others.

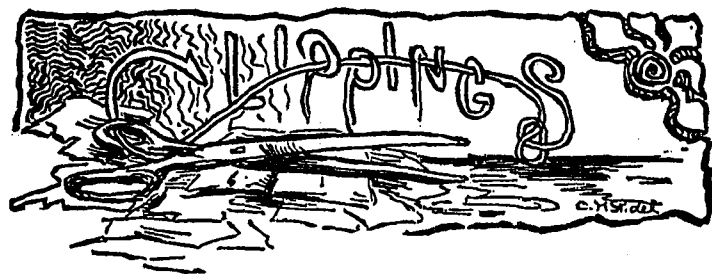
The last issue of the *Coburn Clarion* indulges in some very witty remarks concerning the "Ah, Skyward Clarion!"—one of their most popular exchanges.

The *University Monthly* is before us, and the Exchange department especially attracts our attention as it occupies the chief part of the paper. In speaking of the COLBY ECHO, it says: "It appears to be much more of a student's paper than many of our exchanges. True, its literary material is not of such a high standard as that of some," etc. We think that if you would pattern after "some" of the exchanges your journal would be improved and would rise above the standard of a high school paper. This much we will say in your behalf: you have done as well as could be expected in your Literary department, but where are your Locals? We think you are making a great mistake in neglecting this department, as it is one that is of especial interest to the student of every college. We hope that you will profit by our advice and devote more time to the weekly events, and, by this means, bring your paper up to the standard.

We notice in the last issue of the *Tuftonian* an excellent article on law; also an article which gives good advice to those who intend to be civil engineers. The latter article is written by an alumnus, from which we clip the following:

"In closing, then, let me say that as long as we are confronted with such gigantic problems as that of furnishing to all our large cities a plentiful supply of pure water at all times; or of providing safe and speedy transportation, at all times, across the ocean, or even across the country; or, still further, of averting some of the terrible effects of cyclones and floods that yearly afflict some portion of our country; or of converting our churches, hotels, and theatres into something else than vast, merciless crematory furnaces; and so on with the millions of weighty questions continually before the public, so long, I say, can the young man who is determined to become a most useful member of the society and the country in which he lives, find a broad and welcome field of labor in the profession of civil engineering."

Our attention is called to a spirited account in *The Coup d'Etat* of the oratorical contest held at Bloomington, Ill. The successful oration, "John Brown," is an able article and does credit to the author.



At Harvard, work on college papers is allowed as a substitution for regular literary exercises.

Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, thinks the student should be graduated at the age of from twenty to twenty-four.

The Faculty of Haverford College has prohibited the Sophomore cremation, thinking it was too much like theatricals.

The students of the University of Pennsylvania have adopted as a college dress the Oxford cap and gown, and take every opportunity that presents itself of parading through the crowded streets of Philadelphia in full uniform.

Vassar is agitated from "center to circumference" on the question of admitting colored females to the privileges of the institution.

Lyons, '85, of Yale, has made the longest throw and also the longest hit in the Intercollegiate record; distance being 385 feet 2 inches and 450 feet respectively.—*Ex.*

The Intercollegiate Tennis Association consists of Amherst, Brown, Columbia, Cornell, Harvard, Lehigh, Princeton, Trinity, Wesleyan, and Yale.

The Harvard record in the pole vault made recently, is nine feet eight and one-half inches. The Princeton record made last June is ten feet and six inches.

The home run made by Hunt, of Yale, in the Yale-Washington game, was said to be the longest hit ever made in Washington.

Rutgers College Glee Club is said to give more concerts yearly than any other university or college glee club.—*Yale News.*

The Harvard Seniors have decided not to wear gowns on Class Day, but to continue the long-established custom of wearing dress suits on that day.

Fifty years ago Yale's Faculty and Instructors numbered twenty-nine. It now numbers one hundred and twenty-one.

Several colleges of Pennsylvania are endeavoring to have their weekly holiday changed from Saturday to Monday.

Sixteen men in one division of the Sophomore class at Yale have been warned for low standing.—*Ex.*

The New York State Intercollegiate Baseball League have requested the Cornell nine to withdraw from the League, as their nine is too strong for the other colleges.

An attempt is being made to revive cricket at Princeton. A coach has been engaged for a team.

Harvard has about 200 students who are taking the course in memory, under Prof. A. Loissette, of New York.



A certain young man named N—  
One day to be funny did try,  
And thus the advantage explained by a lemon-squeezer gained.  
"In the tests that I made I got nice lemonade,"  
Said the funny young man named N—.

A ride and by my side,  
A lass to me so dear,  
Next day the bill I pay,  
Alas to me so dear.—*Ex.*

#### A SOPHOMORE'S PRAYER.

O, powers that be, look down in mercy and hear our petition! Drive us not forth in the sultry noontide to wander in the Desert of Physics, lost in the mazes of Harmonic Motion; but grant rather that we may traverse the shady groves along the banks of the Loire, and lie down in the green pastures of "sunny France." And from all vain glory, hectographs, and the evil one, good Lord, deliver us now and forever.

What made each Freshman look so sad,  
And deem the Sophs so very bad,  
And think that not a friend he had,  
My mater, O my mater?

What made him watch the live-long night,  
Chase phantom folks with all his might,  
And not get home till broad daylight,  
My mater, O my mater?

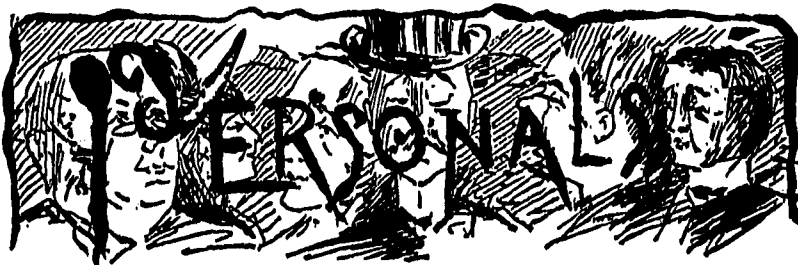
What filled the co-eds' hearts with ire;  
What made them to their homes retire,  
And with sheer shame all but expire,  
My mater, O my mater?

Then thus replied the angry dame:  
Must I repeat that curséd name,—  
Must I my lips with it profane?—  
False order, O false order.

#### WHAT MAKETH US TIRED.

Ours is not a nature prone to weary itself with the minor affairs of life, yet there are some things which make existence a burden unto us. There are certain musical (?) instruments, the sound of which is a thorn in the flesh, and which maketh the chills to run up and down in the region of our backs. We love all associations connected with home and would not willingly blot them out from any one's memory, but when these recollections are kept alive by means of the doleful, heart-rending strains which proceed from that goose-egg instrument termed the kazoo, the ear becomes weary with a satiety of sweet sounds. Then to be awakened in the dead hours of the night by the peal of the chestnut bells maketh us long exceedingly for a "lodge in some vast wilderness."

Our base-ball manager is filled with disgust and a loathing comes over his soul, while some of our friends are driven to profanity when the three upper classes are compelled to bear the heat of the day at work on the diamond, with the children of vegetation resting in the retirement of their rooms from the sun's sultry rays.



'40.

Columbia College, at its recent Centennial, conferred the degree of Doctor of Letters upon President M. B. Anderson.

'47.

Rev. S. L. Bowler is pastor of the Congregational church at Berlin, N. H.

'49.

Rev. A. K. P. Small attended the national anniversary of the Baptist denomination, Minneapolis, Minn.

'54.

Hon. S. W. Matthews, who has been nominated as Commissioner of the Labor Bureau, has placed his paper, the *Aroostook Republican*,

in charge of his son-in-law, Mr. A. W. Hall, of the *Aroostook Herald*. Mr. Matthews will be a constant contributor to the paper.

'57.

J. Q. Barton, Paymaster U. S. Navy is now stationed at Mare Island, Cal.

'58.

Rev. Judson W. Shaw, has accepted a call to the First Congregational Church, Royalston, Mass.

'62.

Rev. A. Bunker, who was reported about to leave his mission field, has decided to remain in Burma.

Rev. W. C. Barrows is supplying the churches at Paris and South Paris.

'65.

Rev. C. V. Hanson preached the sermon on Memorial Sunday, before Prescott Post, G. A. R., of Providence, R. I.

'70.

Alfred E. Meigs is manager of the Western Newspaper Union, Detroit, Mich.

'73.

George M. Smith is Principal of the Manning School, Ipswich, Mass.

'75.

Wm. Goldthwaite is Principal of Goshen Institute, Goshen, N. Y.

Rev. E. A. Read has resigned his position as professor of Greek and Latin at Claremont Academy, to resume the pastorate at Amelia, Ohio.

'76.

Prof. A. W. Small delivered the Commencement week anniversary sermon at Gould's Academy, Bethel, Sunday evening, May 15th.

'79.

Everett Flood, M.D., is practicing medicine at Providence, R. I.

James Geddes' charming poem, "The Quiet Valley," has been set to music, and is published in the Normal Music Course, by Silver, Rogers & Co., Boston.

'80.

Hartstein W. Page is attending the Maine Medical School.

Harry L. Koopman will soon publish a volume entitled "Orestes, a dramatic sketch, and other poems."

Fred S. Herrick, M.D., is practicing medicine at Brooklin, Me.

'81.

H. B. Knox is Principal of the High School, Palmer, Mass.

F. Rice Rowell, one of Rockland's prominent lawyers, was in town recently.

Carleton P. Marshall is Principal of City Schools, Wickes, Montana.

'82.

Ezra F. Elliot is County Superintendent of Schools, Crookston, Polk Co., Minn.

'83.

Asher C. Hinds, a member of the editorial staff of the *Portland Press*, has been in town for the past four days.

'86.

Irving L. Townsend has returned from Bermuda, where he has been spending the winter.

Geo. E. Googins read an original poem at Ellsworth, on Memorial Day.

'88.

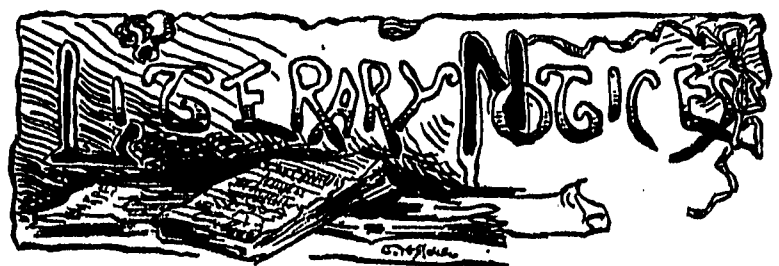
Chas. F. Goodale represented Colby Y. M. C. A. at the twenty-seventh International Convention held at San Francisco, Cal.

'90.

Hugh H. Hatch and Arthur B. Patten have been elected by the Y. M. C. A. as delegates to the Mt. Hermon Summer School.

May 16th, Miss Carrie E. Hall, formerly of '88, was united in marriage to W. J. Thompson, Principal of Erskin High School, South China, Me.

President Pepper, delivered the address at the annual meeting of the Bible Society of Maine at the Free Street Church, Portland on Sunday evening, May 15th.



The *Magazine of Art* for June has for its frontispiece a photo-gravure after Mr. Frank Dicksee's "The Symbol," a graceful and picturesque composition. The opening article is on Mr. Dicksee, who is one of the most popular as well as the youngest member of the Royal Academy. An interesting article follows on "Pictures in Enamel," giving illustrations of course of the more famous ones. The lively article of the number is in the

article called "Glimpses of Artist Life." This gives us the Royal Academy Banquet. Curiously enough, only one newspaper representative is admitted, and he is the *Times* man. Other papers resent this, and some of them refuse to mention the banquet at all. A paper on "Russian Bronzes" gives some fine specimens of spirited work. This is followed by an explanitive account, it can hardly be called a review, of Lafenstre's "Titian," recently published by Quantin of Paris. There is an attractive description with pencil of that fine old English place, Hardwick Hall, with its picture gallery filled with portraits by Holbein, Van Dyck, Sir Joshua, and others. The art notes are particularly full this month, as there have been an unusual number of important exhibitions and a great stir generally in the art world. Cassell & Company, thirty-five cents a copy, \$3.50 a year, in advance.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for June opens with a curious and interesting story by Josiah P. Quincy, called "A Crucial Experiment." It is, to some extent, a continuation of his striking sketch, "The Peekster Professorship," which appeared in the November number. Mr. A. Lawrence Lowell contributes a thoughtful article on "The Theory of the Social Compact," and Mr. Scudder's "Nursery Classics in School" considers the advisability of using the best of children's fables and stories for school reading instead of the insipid selections in the ordinary reading books. Mr. John Fiske writes about "The Completed Work of the Federal Convention," in his series of historical papers; and Dr. Holmes continues his interesting account of his European experiences. A very pretty short story, called "Enceladus," by a lady who remains anonymous, gives an account of some experiences in the recent earthquake region of the Riviera. Miss Sarah Orne Jewett is represented in this number, not by one of her short stories, but by a poem entitled "The Caged Bird." There are also poems by the late E. R. Sill and by Graham R. Tomson. A criticism of the recent exhibition in Boston of Mr. Elihu Vedder's paintings, by William Howe Downes, will be read with interest by all lovers of art. The two serials by F. Marion Crawford, and Mrs. Oliphant and Mr. Aldrich, go on as usual, and the number closes with some able criticisms and the usual departments of The Contributors' Club, and the Books for the Month. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Prof. W. G. Peck, LL.D., author of a series of mathematics for schools and colleges, also elementary treatises on Physics, Astronomy, and Mechanics, is writing an "Analytical Mechanics" for the use of colleges and scientific schools, embracing the course as now taught at the School of Mines, Columbia College. Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, have it in press, and will publish in the early summer, so that it may be ready for use at the beginning of the fall term.

Peck's "Determinants," recently published, has been adopted at West Point and a large number of colleges and academies.

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