The Colby Echo.

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The Colby Echo.

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VOL. I., NO. 2.—APRIL, 1877.

THE SANCTUM.

Among many words of encouragement, congratulation, and advice which we have received in regard to the ECHO, the following are from the letter of a well-known Alumnus. We take the liberty to print them because they touch upon a subject to which we must devote a small space: "Inspire the boys with the notion that it is *their* paper, and that they must *all* assist in making it worthy of the College. . . . Outsiders will be very apt to regard the culture displayed in its pages as a standard of the literary taste prevailing in the institution."

Now this is just the point. The paper is not by any means the property of a firm of half-a-dozen men, more or less, who are elected editors, and who manage it as a private concern among themselves altogether. But it belongs to the whole College, and, as such, each student should take pride in it, and feel bound to do all that he can towards sustaining it: whether by good and appropriate contributions to the Local, General, Personal, or Literary department, or in any other way. This will surely be the only way to sustain the paper properly. The students should not expect it to be sustained entirely—written as well as edited—by the Editorial Board. That would be a great injustice to both parties concerned. First, to the editors themselves, by causing such a drain upon their capacities as the proper filling of a 16-page octavo monthly will be; besides demanding so much of their time. Such a tax one sees at once would soon be too severe for any writer less voluminous than Walter Scott himself. The fact is that Scott had a very deep well to draw from. Secondly, it would be unjust to the students and others, to be made to pay a subscription for such a weak and diluted mess of dish-water thoughts as must inevitably soon fill the ECHO under such a state of things. Nor would the paper be a fair representative of the University, if it were to be narrowed down to the round of a few men's ideas. For supposing such to be the case, the result would be too much sameness; the paper would have too great a flavor of individuality—it would be saturated with the peculiar styles and mannerisms of a few persons; and one would soon tire of it, as he would of eating one kind of food every day for dinner, or of hearing the same tune endlessly repeated.

Perhaps a few hints in regard to articles would be in order here. At the same time we remember that it is much easier to tell how to do a thing than to do it. Almost any one can be a critic; though, after all, really *fine* critics are about as rare as fine tenors. If you wish your contributions to be read, don't head them

with any such titles as "The Truly Great," or "The Greatly True." Lay your subject as an alluring bait to catch the unwary reader, if you are going to preach to him. Don't give us long sermons on "Avarice," "Duty," "Pride," "Contentment," etc. Shun abstract subjects, as well as abstract-*ed* ideas upon them. Keep out of all "isms;" especially sentimentalism. Make it not your practice always to end with a moral application. Have pity on the reader, and tell him nothing about "Evolution," or "Protoplasm," unless you know something about it yourself. If you have a thing to say, take assiduous care to clothe your thought in proper expression, without using a greater amount of tedious circumlocution than you may find absolutely and imperatively necessary to convey your meaning—in other words, *say it.* Call a spade a spade, *ruat cœlum.* Fire straight at the mark, if you wish to hit it. Will not a bullet do better service than a boomerang? One goes straight and swift about its business; the other cuts around all manner of corners, and two to one comes back to knock you down yourself. Don't reverse the old proverb, and write *parvum in multo* instead of *multum in parvo.* Concentrate. Boil it down, boil it down, boil it down, down, *down.* (We are feeling twinges of conscience ourself, as we write these paragraphs.) Don't emulate Johnson with "fine English," but rely on the good old Anglo-Saxon element. Stale jokes and flat, pointless ones need not apply at this office. (Hitting ourself again.) And last, but not least, if you want the blessing of the editor and printer to rest upon your head, write clearly and legibly.

The graduate returning to Waterville after an absence of twelve or fifteen years, will hardly recognize in Colby the Waterville College of his student days. In outward appearance the change is complete. Memorial Hall, of which we are justly proud, stands on the site of the old "White House," where the President of the College once resided. It is regarded as one of the finest buildings in the State. Near the north end of the old Campus, and corresponding in position to Memorial Hall on the south, is Coburn Hall, occupied by the department of Chemistry below, and the Natural History rooms above. Just north of this the old "Commons House" presents much the same appearance that it did ten or a dozen years ago. But not only have new buildings been added, but old ones have been transformed. Only the walls remain to remind us of the Chapel, with its great white steps on each side looking like frozen ears, and those catacombs beneath, which were allowed to pass for recitation rooms. None of the skeletons from these gloomy recesses are still in a good state of preservation, except a few of the *equine* species. This one building contained the recitation rooms, the Chapel, and the Library. Champlin Hall, as it is now called, is occupied entirely by recitation rooms, which are ample and pleasant. North College (now called Chaplin Hall) and South College have suffered a change no less complete. In place of the gloomy and repulsive dens which many of the rooms had become, the students now enjoy pleasant and commodious quarters. The new Gymnasium, noticed in our last issue, adds to the attractiveness of the grounds. A little apparatus within would add to the attractiveness of the Gymnasium. But few improvements have been made upon the Campus itself. The railroad track in the rear of the buildings was removed several years ago, and it was then expected that the grounds would be graded down to the river; but those fond expectations have never been realized. Last season a base-ball ground was laid out north of the Commons House, which will doubtless be freely used during the present year.

But the changes which have taken place are not all material or external. The College has passed under a new administration, new members have been added to the Faculty, and the number of students is larger than at any time since the late war called so many from books to battle. There has also been a favorable change of sentiment among the students. They have, in the main, proved faithful to the charge committed to their keeping, and but few marks of vandalism are found upon any of the buildings. The days when cows passed the night in the Chapel, the days of lock-smashing and settee-burning, have almost entirely passed away, and there are but few who mourn their loss. An occasional outburst occurs, but any destruction of valuable property is at once condemned by a great majority of the students. We do not notice any loss of life or happiness as it comes to be admitted that the student and the gentleman may be one.

The students are to be congratulated on the character and condition of the Reading Room. The Faculty have generously provided us with one of the best rooms in the College, and it is the intention of the Executive Committee to keep it supplied with the best reading matter that the country affords. It already contains a large and varied assortment, and additions are constantly being made; and there is no institution in the College that is in a more prosperous financial condition. Now the Reading Room, if properly used, may be made one of the most important auxiliaries to a liberal education. We are constrained to say, however, from a somewhat intimate acquaintance with it, that it is not patronized enough by the majority of the students. No one who boasts a residence in enlightened America, pre-eminently the land of newspapers and books, should be ignorant of any question that is agitating the popular mind. Every one owes it to himself and his country to acquaint himself with the great social, moral and political questions which are at issue in the world, and attentive reading of the daily papers will alone furnish this acquaintance. Questions of importance are constantly arising, which even a few days' neglect of the papers will make inexplicable conundrums to us; so that a constant reading is necessary. We do not mean, of course, that one ought to frequent the Reading Room from morning till night. A few moments each day will serve to keep one posted on all important questions, and the satisfaction, to say nothing of the permanent benefit that arises thereby, will more than repay one for the time spent. We commend these few suggestions to the attention of our fellow students. Let the Reading Room have its share of your time.

We cannot help feeling, when we look at those four round, black cavities in the tower of Memorial Hall, that there was a design in placing them there which has never yet been completed. At all events, the first thought that occurs to one in looking at them is, What an admirable place for a College clock! And now the desire for architectural beauty is supplemented by a more earnest desire for a standard of College time. The irregularity in this respect during the present term has been exceedingly annoying. It is hardly a source of gratification to either professors or students to be constantly alarmed at the ringing of the bell by a change of time. We should not be very greatly surprised to be aroused at midnight for the morning recitation by a sudden transfer to London time. A College clock, however, would obviate all this difficulty. Won't some of our munificent alumni please consider the matter?

A new story of President Lincoln has come to our knowledge, which has the merit of being true, and so is well worth preserving—especially in the ECHO, as the victim of the incident had, just before its occurrence, graduated from Colby.

The young man, soon after graduation, had been ordained as a minister of the Gospel, but before completing his theological studies, found himself, as many in those perilous times did, "drafted into the army." He served faithfully in a Maine regiment in the Department of the Gulf until the early Spring of 1865, when his regiment was ordered to Washington. The young minister had chafed under the hardships of a private's life, and during his whole term of service had been constantly on the look-out for a chaplaincy, whose duties he considered himself fully competent to perform. Every officer who wore an eagle upon his shoulder-straps was interviewed, if perchance there might be a vacancy in the coveted office. But fortune seemed to be adverse, though his courage, as it was in College and as it has been since, was of the undaunted kind. When in Washington it was suggested to him that he ought to seek for the position of Hospital Chaplain, an office filled by presidential appointment. He grasped the idea at once, and set out for the White House in a state of lively expectation. Our young friend was a diffident person, and somewhat given to stammering. He took his place in the throng waiting to interview the President, and as he approached Mr. Lincoln the following dialogue took place:

"Well, sir, what do *you* want?"

"I—I—I thought I should like to be appointed Hospital Chaplain."

"Have you any hospital in view?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know of any hospital where there is a vacancy?"

"No, sir."

Mr. Lincoln looked up with that merry twinkle of the eye for which he was so remarkable, and said:

"I suppose you are well aware, my young friend, that when a man wishes to get married, he usually finds a woman before he goes to the parson. Good morning, sir."

Professor Warren's lecture on "Objects of Interest in Rome" gave the most perfect satisfaction to his audience. Persons and places were graphically portrayed in picturesque and elegant language. The Professor not only described interesting localities and noted buildings, but also introduced us to the studios of the artists and the monasteries of the monks. In conclusion he spoke of Rome in connection with the life and death of the Apostle Paul.

LITERARY.

PALINGENESIS.

As the sun, in setting, rises—
Sinks into another day,
And our sunset blends with sunrise
In far-off and fair Cathay;

So we find a birth in dying;
So we find, when life is done,
And our friends are lost in darkness
Passing from us one by one,

And the world grows fainter, dimmer,
And at last fades all away,—
Not a night in death before us,
But a bright, eternal day.

H. L. K.

"WORDS: THEIR USES AND ABUSES."

We do not pretend here to make a critical review of Prof. Mathews's new book, but only to express a few thoughts suggested in reading it lately. Indeed, for an inexperienced pen, a regular review of it would hardly be possible, since it treats of so many kindred topics under the general subject "Words."

There are fourteen chapters, the headings of which will give a general idea of the books' character and scope. Chap. I., The Significance of Words; II., The Morality of Words; III., Grand Words; IV., Small Words; V., Words without Meaning? VI., Some Abuses of Words; VII., Saxon Words, or Romanic; VIII. and IX., The Secret of Apt Words; X. and XI., Fallacies in Words; XII., Nicknames; XIII., Curiosities of Language; XIV., Common Improprieties of Speech.

In these days of more words than thoughts, when of making many books there is no end, it is a positive pleasure to come upon a work written in such a fresh and vigorous style, and giving in a pleasant and entertaining way so much useful information and instruction. The book is as easy to take as those famous pills for which it is said that the children cry; and it cannot be carefully read without a purifying effect upon one's ways of speech and thought. Prof. Mathews evidently came to his work with a large store of knowledge and thought upon his subject, and his pen is surely that of a ready writer. He has been a close student of language. His pages are crammed with remark and suggestion, with criticism and witticism, with anecdode and illustration. His book is a library in itself. He has roamed at will through the garden of literature, and with a fine eye for color and arrangement, has culled many a choice nosegay; he proffers not only flowers for beauty, but mints and worts for use. He attacks the false shoots and life-sapping parasites of our contemporary speech with knife and pruning-hook. With a philologist's avidity, he dredges the ocean of the Past, and brings up treasures which thrill us with delight, from those old ship-wrecked languages. He is intensely Anglo-Saxon. He shows the power and secret of words, their beauty, uses, and abuses. His trained ear discovers a false note or affectation at once. Such books should be read more widely by English-speaking people. They would have a great effect in purging our every-day language of its many growing faults and mannerisms.

How wonderful are words! And yet we often stray, thoughtless and unnoticing, amidst wondrous beauty and glory, and see it not. We need some guiding hand to take our own, some wiser voice to arrest our ears with tales of the universe. How august is the power of speech, and how often degraded! Language is a noble instrument, though imperfect at its best. Words in the hands of genius are tools which deftly serve his purpose; while a bungler spoils the stuff, and cuts his fingers. There are societies for the "Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," but none for the Prevention of Cruelty to Words. We commit verbicide every day—ah, we students do, who ought to know better! A down-town

merchant remarked to me the other day: "Why do they study those foreign languages so much? I have noticed that they—these college students, in fact, can't talk the English language very well." Of course, as he never had been to college, he could not feel any force in the arguments for the classics; the great effect which they have in increasing one's vocabulary and command of expression (?). We trot out old, jaded, wind-broken proverbs, and make them do duty for the ten-millionth time. We mount winged words that would fly but for their heavy riders. Oh! we are all sinners, verbal as well as moral.

In "Morality of Words" our author says: "There is indeed a physiognomy in the speech as well as in the face." Again: "How often does the use of a single word flash more light upon a man's motives and principles of action, give a deeper insight into his habits of thought and feeling, than an entire biography." The word which Bonaparte used oftenest in his dispatches was "glory;" Wellington's word was "duty." Have we not in these two dissyllables the lives and characters of these two men?

"As with individuals, so with nations: the language of a people is often a moral barometer, which shows with marvelous precision the rise or fall of the national life." Mr. Mathews is no croaker; other thoughtful men also have feared for the State as they note the public pulse by the public vocabulary. "Carpet-bagging," "usufruct," and (oh, horrors!) "bulldozing," and—but we forbear.

We must quote one remarkable passage from the same chapter. "There is one startling fact connected with words, which should make all men ponder what they utter. Not only is every wise and every idle word recorded in the book of divine remembrance, but modern science has shown that they produce an abiding impression on the globe we inhabit. The pulsations of the air, once set in motion, never cease; its waves, raised by each sound, travel the entire round of earth's and ocean's surface; and in less than twenty-four hours every atom of atmosphere takes up the altered movement resulting from that sound. The air itself is one vast library, on whose pages are written in imperishable characters all that man has spoken or even whispered. Not a word that goes from the lips into the air can ever die, until the atmosphere which wraps our huge globe in its embrace has passed away forever, and the heavens are no more. There, till the heavens are rolled together as a scroll, will still live the jests of the profane, the curses of the ungodly, the scoffs of the atheists, keeping company with the hours, and circling the earth with the song of Miriam, the wailing of Jeremiah, the low prayer of Stephen, the thunders of Demosthenes, and the denunciations of Burke."

But our article has already outrun its limits. One must read the book to know and appreciate it. As for reviewing it, that will be the task of the man who can write a successful review of the Book of Proverbs.

DEBATE.

The debate in literary societies is a most important part of the programme; but whether it is beneficial as it should be may be doubted. First among the causes why it is not more successful is, perhaps, want of study. It is of no use to debate on a proper question without having both gone over it thoroughly beforehand and decided on the course of argument not only as a whole but also in detail. Extemporaneous debate (debate without previous thought) is useless. It is more than useless. A few years' practice in it almost inevitably fixes forever the habit of pouring forth words without sense. To the man who has thus acquired a fine (?) command of words, with not one idea attached to them, one in his heart longs to say:

> "At tu conclusas hircinis follibus auras
> Usque laborantes dum ferrum molliat ignis
> Ut mavis imitare."

Upon the preceding depends in part the second cause of failure—lack of accurate expression. Debate is argument, and aims at conviction rather than persuasion. It is not so much an occasion for the display of eloquence as of logic. Of course, the better the style, the more interesting the form, the better the argument. But if one must be wanting, let flourish go; stick to grim logic.

But no advance can be made in argument without accurate expression, or (to say the least) argument will fail in so far as it is wanting in this supreme excellency. Indeed, it would not be far from right to conceive that the chief end of our debates is to acquire the power of concise and adequate expression. But so far is this

end from realization that sometimes the great aim seems to be to make the language as broad and indefinite as possible. An abstract term is often chosen when a concrete would do far better. Possibly this choice is made, as a French writer has ingeniously suggested, to provide for a change of position should it become necessary. For "an abstract term is like a box with a false bottom; you may put in it what ideas you please, and take them out again without being observed." But these terms (and the generals) without doubt also indicate the real indefiniteness of thought. For although they are most useful and necessary, they obscure (when not used with care) the thoughts which they enlarge.

In the third place, there is a vast deal of dogmatizing. We have caught the spirit of some of our modern scientists. Statements are made which no one could be expected to accept unchallenged, but no shadow of proof is offered in their support.

A man should stand upon his honor in debate no less than elsewhere. Never form so low a motive as gaining the question should he state anything which he does not believe. He may not tell all that he does consider true, for he is not bound to help his opponent by exposing his own weakness, but he is bound *not to lie.*

But are these statements tokens of a weak conscience, or are they of a sickly mind?

Now could these and the other hindrances to success be removed, it might no longer be questioned whether debate is beneficial. To find fault, Demosthenes says, is easy, but to suggest a remedy calls for a counselor. We are not equal to advising. But it would seem that as a means of obviating these obstacles which have been mentioned, and also as a pleasing variety to the programme, the occasional use of the dialogistic method of debate would be advantageous. This, from the time of Zeno down, has been the favorite mode of polemic reasoning. It forces an opponent "to give his thoughts a definite shape and order." Every one knows what Socrates accomplished with his maientic method, as he called it. It takes a practiced hand to wield such a weapon, and without doubt we should make sorry work at first. But final success would more than repay us for a few defeats.

THOUGHT.

Thought is like perfume
From the Summer's bloom,
Out-flung by roses which the winds caress.
The thinker may outpour
His spirit's choicest store,
And still for that the store be none the less.

WANTED—A POLITICAL CRUSADE.

In the course of a short hundred years the people of America have been called upon to solve some puzzling problems. At cost of pain and labor, and tears and blood, part of these have been already solved; others no less important yet await solution. At the risk of provoking a smile, and being accused of treating a hackneyed subject, we say that one of these unsolved problems is the "woman question." "Woman's rights" has now become so cant a term that it has little more force than the juggler's "hocus-pocus." Yet this question is one which the freemen of America must meet at no very distant day at the ballot-box. The tea matter was settled by war and blood; by war and blood the slavery question. This one will be determined in a more peaceful way, unless there is a woman's rebellion.

Wendell Phillips gave in his late lecture here some admirable arguments for woman's voting, which came near converting all the anti-women men in College. He did not take the ground of right at all, but of duty, rather. It is a woman's *duty*, he says, to come out and take a part in politics, and by her moral influence purify them. This is not the right of woman, but the right of humanity. He pictures strongly but truly the low state of political morals; how elections, State and municipal, are turned by the major vote of the lowest, most ignorant and degraded classes, the ready tools of demagogues; how soulless corporations control Legislatures with their money; how the lobby makes the law; and he draws the conclusion, not hastily, but with the reluctance of a patriot and the conviction of a philosopher, that the republic will scarcely celebrate another centennial unless a remedy for this state of things be found. The remedy he finds in woman taking as intimate and important a part in politics as she does in society; and by her presence and influence instilling a spirit of honor and chivalry into political action, which shall lift it from the slums and sloughs where it now

operates, to her own higher plane of morality. Every one knows that the more civilized a nation is the higher is the regard in which they hold their women.

It requires no very deep thought to perceive the modifying power of woman's influence in many departments of life in this modern era. Take literature, for example. How much higher and purer in tone it is to-day than in the age of Elizabeth. Since in those times women were not supposed to read at all, the old writers wrote without compunction what no author would now dare publish. They had none of that delicacy and restraining moral sense which leads a modern author, as he remembers the character of the public which will read his book, to cleanse his thought until it is white as the paper upon which it is printed. Chaucer and Shakespeare wrote for *men;* Dickens and Tennyson must write for *mankind.*

Slowly, for great ideas like large bodies move slowly, and one by one, have the barriers of prejudice been broken down, and woman has advanced step by step to places before tabooed to her, and proved that she makes herself no worse, but the places much better. She has been allowed full freedom in society, and now a woman may journey all over the land and receive no insult, but everywhere deference and courtesy. She has purified literature and art. She has been admitted after long knocking to the higher institutions of learning, hitherto sacred to man, and has proved the disparaging prophecies of her opponents false. Old fogies look with jealous eyes upon her usurping the learned professions even. And now the question is, shall she take part in politics.

If this question of woman suffrage were submitted to the decision of the mothers, sisters, wives, and sweethearts of our country, to-day, I firmly believe that it would be defeated by a large majority; such is their good sense. What, then, would become of this devoted band of men in petticoats and women in breeches, which has been dinning "woman's rights" into our ears for so long? But if the granting of suffrage to women; if their presence in the caucus, at the polls, on the stump, in the convention, in office; if their influence upon the nasty sty of journalism, upon corrupt legislation, lawless lobbyism, biased jurisdiction and gigantic fraud,—will have the effect to purify the political atmosphere, and heal the disease which will eventually kill our Government, then, for Heaven's sake, let us enfranchise woman, let us beg and pray and implore her to vote.

At first, the argument seems convincing, but doubt creeps in with after-thought. If our women undertake the Augean task, how will their influence be brought to bear so as to produce the needed reform?—how will they get *at* the places where the mischief is? Will they do as they did in the temperance crusade, (bless them!) strike at the very root of the danger? For it is evident that it is the voter who must be reformed—the demagogue is past reform. The danger lies in the ignorant immigrant, in the worst classes of large cities, in the illiterate miner and simple negro. In such hands largely rests the country's destiny. And how is the influence of our American women to extend over them? Surely in no way, if their whole political work be done in the fashion in which a certain lady lecturer on woman's rights proposed that they should do their voting—"not by going to the polls among the swearing and tobacco juice; oh, no. But sitting in their own parlor, to seal a vote up in an envelope, and send it to the ballot-box as you would a letter by post"! That will never do it.

Then, besides, how much are the women in these classes to help in this political crusade? Will Bridget influence Patrick to vote for the temperance candidate, and in opposition to the mandate of Father Finnegan? Will Gretchen bring Hans to feel the evils of lager, and make him vote against the brewer? Will the finer moral sense of the woman rise triumphant over the coarser nature of the drunken boor?

The advocates of woman's rights always talk as though the woman is an oppressed creature, tied hand and foot, and allowed no privileges by the tyrant, man. One watchword of theirs, for instance, is "Taxation without representation." But woman is already represented. She votes by proxy, through her husband and sons. Who shall tell her power in the State? Who shall tell the number of hen-pecked men who vote as their wives tell them? We have seen and felt the terrible power which the women of the South had in inciting, urging on, and prolonging the Rebellion. The venom of woman's hate is still rancorously working, and will work, for this generation at least, in the South.

But these questions are bootless and fruitless. No man of honor and chivalric spirit would for a moment deny to woman whatever is her right, or disallow her fine instinct, so superior to man's reason, or her higher moral sense. No patriot should let his prejudice conquer his judgment of what is best for the country. Women have often saved the State by deeds of courage and devotion; perhaps they will save it now by taking part in its management. J. H. F.

FROM BOSTON TO MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

How We Passed Our Vacation.

On one of the many hot, sticky days of August, when Boston seemed like a furnace, and the railroads and steamers were its only speedy outlets, a merry party left the hub and its *hub-bub* for a cooler latitude, to rusticate around Mt. Kineo and Moosehead Lake. The Sirius had for several days been as faithful to the sun as Achates was to Æneas in the Trojan's wanderings; and every brick in the sidewalks contained sufficient caloric to keep one's feet warm through a long Winter's night. We tried to give Boston the *cold* shoulder, but it was of no use. We succeeded no better than did Mr. Wilkins Micawber in endeavoring to successfully establish himself in business. In sheer and *dogged* desperation, we soon found ourselves on board the *Katahdin*, en route for Bangor, one of New England's most beautiful cities.

Sunset came, and we were passing under the walls of Fort Warren, somewhat cooled in body and calmed in mind. At daylight of the next morning we were drawing near the smoking lime-kilns and dingy city of Rockland. We were soon fast to the pier, the passengers landed and freight discharged, and we sped away up Penobscot Bay and River, and at 2 P.M. were in Bangor. The scenery of the Penobscot valley is beautiful beyond description, and is in marked contrast to the rocky wildness of the lower Kennebec.

On the following morning we resumed our journey, and proceeded by rail to Guilford, thence by stage to Greenville, at the foot of the lake, where we arrived at sundown.

Greenville is the only village on the lake, and contains two hotels that are well patronized in the Summer. It is a beautiful, quiet place, overlooking the lake, and all of its surroundings are suggestive of that peace and quiet which are so refreshing to the weary body and over-worked brain. The time is pleasantly spent in fishing, rambling in the woods, and in excursions on the lake. A small steamer, that will accommodate a dozen or fifteen persons, can be chartered for ten dollars a day, and many pleasant excursions can be made with little effort to the more remote parts of the lake. One day our excursion would be to the head of the lake, or Lily Bay; another, to Squaw Mountain, or the outlet into the Kennebec. All of these trips have distinct, interesting features of their own, and are constantly presenting scenes that are new and pleasing.

The view from the centre of the lake is magnificent. Nature completely surrounds you; in the distance by mountains and high hills, while immediately around you is the expanse of water, stretching and widening out, until, in dim outline, it clasps hands with the mountains and hills in one eternal embrace. On the west, Mt. Kineo raises its rough, scarred summit a thousand feet in the air, a solitary cliff. On the south is Old Squaw Mountain, far away on the hazy outline of the horizon. In a clear day Mt. Katahdin can be seen, raising its isolated peak five thousand feet toward heaven.

The most attractive feature of the lake is the quiet grandeur that meets the eye at every turn. The lake, these mountains, hills, and forests are just as Nature left them, and well has she done her part. No power of man can imitate them; they are God's own, proclaiming Him in every ripple, every cliff, and every leaf. Weak man has gazed upon this scene, doubted and perished; yet still they stand, strong and mighty as youth, proclaiming to the world that God is here and these are His works; and insensible, indeed, is he whom all this beauty does not inspire and lead from Nature up to Nature's God.

JAMES BOSWELL.

Of those talents which usually raise men to eminence as writers, Boswell had absolutely none. His dissertations, letters, and observations show that logic, taste, and wit were wanting in him. Johnson once remarked of him "that he missed his only chance of immortality by not having been alive when the 'Dunciad' was written."

That he was a wine-bibber and gluttonously

fond of whatever was agreeable to the stomach; that he was vain, heedless, and a babbler,—is undeniable.

The very portrait of Boswell, as one looks upon it, suggests the character of the man. In that turned-up nose, cocked partly in triumph over some fellow creature, partly to snuff up the smell of coming pleasure; in those puffed cheeks; in that protruded mouth, and fat double chin,—in all this who does not see sensuality, pretension, and boisterous imbecility?

His ruling passion was to become acquainted with everybody who was talked about, and, in the words of his father, "he first took on with Paoli, and then being out with the Corsican landlouper, took on with a schoolmaster, one that keeped a *schule*, and ca'd it an *academe*." This schoolmaster was Samuel Johnson, LL.D., and after a friendship had been once formed between them, the worship of Johnson became the grand ideal voluntary business of Boswell.

To this friendship we are indebted for that truly wonderful biography which has brought its author to the notice of the world.

"We are not sure," says Macaulay, "that there is in the whole history of the human intellect so strange a phenomenon as this book. Many of the greatest men that ever lived have written biography. Boswell was one of the smallest men that ever lived; and he has beaten them all."

Here, also, as in his picture, the character of the biographer is plainly displayed. Everything which another would have refrained from making public was cause of gay exultation to his weak mind. What silly things he said; what bitter retorts he provoked; how he was frightened out of his wits at sea, and the sailors quieted him as they would have quieted a child; and how he added five hundred pounds to the fortune of one of his babies because she was not frightened at Johnson's ugly face. These things he proclaimed to the whole world as if they had been subjects for pride, perfectly unconscious that he was making a fool of himself.

It is said that he was the laughing-stock of the whole of that brilliant society which owed to him the greater part of its fame. Without all the qualities which made him the jest and the torment of those among whom he lived—the inquisitiveness, the officiousness, the insensibility to all reproof—he never could have produced so excellent a book.

We have in this work an exception to the general rule of literature. Usually to admire the work is to admire the author, for they are considered as one; but Boswell's work, although it is allowed to be interesting and instructive, has brought him no honor. Men eagerly read it, but they respect not the man who wrote it. To account for the favor in which Boswell's "Life of Johnson" is held, we must look to some peculiar features of the work, and not to Boswell himself.

The conversational style, which the author adopted, presents men to us in such a way that we gain an intimate knowledge of them. It gives a more vivid impression of reality to the events and persons mentioned, so that the men and women of whom he speaks live and move before us as sentient beings, not as mere phantoms of former generations. It brings honor to Johnson himself even after his own works are neglected. For while the reputation of "Rasselas" and "The Rambler" is fading, his witty sayings and sharp responses are likely to be remembered as long as the English language is spoken.

This book is a master-piece in its particular species, such as the literature of no other nation can boast. It preserves a thousand anecdotes of the state of the arts, manners, and policy during that period. It shows us how men lived; what they did, enjoyed or suffered in those days. As we read these pages it seems as though the curtains of the Past were drawn aside, and we looked mysteriously into a kindred country, where dwelt our fathers,—a country dear to us, but forever hidden from our eyes, were it not for the light shed upon it by this work.

This biography is a picture gallery, in which we see the full-length portraits of those with whom Johnson associated. While we turn the leaves and look upon the pages which Boswell wrote, there rises before us a circle of men whose fame is world-wide. We see those heads which live forever on the canvas of Reynolds: the spectacles of Burke, and the tall, thin form of Langton; the courtly sneer of Beauclerc, and the beaming smile of Garrick; Goldsmith, anxious to "shine;" and Gibbon, tapping his snuff-box.

But it is time that we close the book and take our leave of Boswell. In the man there is little to respect, nothing to admire. In his

"Life of Johnson" there is much to please and instruct the reader. His own words are trivial, but he correctly reports the language of others. Many who have conducted themselves foolishly, and whose conversation has indicated no superior powers of mind, have written valuable books; and we must conclude that James Boswell belonged to that class

"Who wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll."

J. R. H.

THE CAMPUS.

'79 contemplates class collars.

The Colby Rifles are to have a uniform.

Jenkins, formerly of '78, has come back into '79.

Half-term examinations of the three upper classes this week.

Hereafter the ECHO will be issued about the 20th of each month.

This is the bodth wed poets sig:
"Sprig, Sprig, O beautiful Sprig."

One hundred and ninety-eight is the best score made in the alleys thus far.

Hunt, of the Editorial Board, is back, and his return makes a welcome addition to our number.

"Cub" and "Pad" are the most euphonious soubriquets yet bestowed upon any of the students.

We are glad to hear that J. M. Foster, of the Senior class, is recovering, although but slowly, from his sickness.

The Senior Mustache Club is now ready to receive proposals from parties desiring to furnish them with "blue glass."

If the 7.30 bell does not ring, the tardiness and absences from prayers are somewhat excusable, as was the case last Sunday morning.

Rev. W. T. Chase, of Lewiston, delivered a very able and acceptable sermon before the Y. M. C. A. and Boardman Missionary Society, on the 4th ult.

In another column we give some statements from the *Advocate* in regard to the Library of the University. We are sure that the students fully appreciate Prof. Hall's improvements in the same.

Now that the pins and balls for the alleys are here we begin to realize that we again have a Gymnasium. We anxiously wait for the other necessary accompaniments.

When a College professor relates a story which sets the whole class into a roar, and then tells them that it is not exactly true, what can be expected of the average student?

We hear it rumored that the Faculty think that "Please excuse my absence, it was occasioned by sleeping over," is getting too monotonous to be much longer acceptable. This is for the benefit of the drowsy ones; not, of course, for the Editors.

Promising Freshman, translating Horace—"*Sedesque discretas piorum*"—"Reserved seats for the pious." Another thinks that he has found the first instance of bulldozing on record, viz., the account of the Jovian bull carrying off Europa on his back.

The Seniors have appointed as Committee to arrange matters for the Commencement Concert: C. D. Smith, H. N. Haynes, E. O. Lord. The Stockbridge Quartette Club for vocal music, together with the Mendelssohn Quintette for instrumental, are talked of.

The Base-Ball treasury is empty, money is needed now, and some of last term's dues are yet unpaid. This surely ought not to be the case. We all want and expect Colby to have a good nine the coming season, and to do this we must "add to our faith, charity."

Dr. Wilson delivered a lecture to the students in the Chapel, last Thursday morning, on "Physical Culture." It was a practical, common sense discourse, and the Doctor richly deserves our hearty thanks for his plain presentation of the necessity of regular exercise.

The managers of the Athenæum complain that there are some who, although unwilling to pay the small sum of fifty cents a term for its support, are yet willing to enjoy all its privileges. Borrowing or stealing one's newspaper-reading is pretty small business for a College student.

The noises so often made by a certain number of the students, sometimes designated as the Freshman Band, are too hyena-like to be entertaining. We noticed a professor the other day turn partially round as if to ascertain whence

came those seraphic strains, but on hearing all the harmonious chords he hurriedly retreated.

A member of '80 flunked the other day, thus: "As I informed you, Professor, before the recitation, owing to insufficient time for the preparation of the lesson, I am unable to proceed farther with the proposition and state the exact conditions under which the answer is reached." No bouquets, please.

The Juniors have voted to have an "Ivy Day" at the close of the year, and have elected the following officers for that occasion: Marshal, D. T. Wyman; Orator, F. J. Jones; Poet, C. H. Salsman; Distributor of Awards, H. M. Thompson; Odist, H. B. Tilden; Ivy Committee, A. C. Getchell, F. E. Dewhurst, W. I. Davis.

The following clipping from an exchange will, we think, afford some little consolation to the Sophs who are complaining so about those "confounded mathematics:"

When faint and weary learning,
The wrinkles on our brow,
We long to rest from Olney,
To drop the loci now;
There comes a cheering whisper
To check the rising sigh;
"The Spring is coming nearer,
No Olney by and by."

Editor seated in the sanctum, writing notes to exchanges, comes to the *Vassar Miscellany*. He begins with the stereotyped "Dear Sirs," when it occurs to him that this style of address will be inappropriate. He snatches up another card. "Dear"—what? "Dear Madames"? No. "Dear Misses"? No. "Dear-er-er Women"? Oh, dear! no. It is plain that upon such short acquaintance all endearing epithets will be out of place. Finally, after much thought, he addresses it simply to "Eds. &c.," and with a self-congratulatory smile upon his virtuous countenance goes on with his work.

THE TABLE.

First to our table comes the *Tufts Collegian*. Is it our fancy, or is it a fact, that we notice a more earnest tone and more real solidity in the periodicals of the younger colleges, than in the older and larger? The poem entitled "The Lake" contains several fine lines. The sketch of Cambridge, England, is interesting; and the article "Theme-Writing" contains some very good suggestions.

The *Bowdoin Orient*, a near neighbor, is one of the first college journals we have received in exchange. Among the "Editorial Notes" we notice a short article against the wanton destruction of college property, which speaks well for the general sentiment of the students. "The College World" is spicy and interesting.

The *Princetonian*, if the present issue is a fair sample, is in appearance and character one of the best of our undergraduate sheets. The present number contains several articles in denunciation of the detestable practice of calling for "heads out" on every trifling occasion—a practice not unknown among us. The *Princetonian* evidently intends to eradicate the evil. It also contains a well written article on "Hasty Reading," though the subject is somewhat hackneyed.

Just received: The *Dartmouth*, and the *Repository*.

THE WASTE-BASKET.

We often find that an eloquent speaker is like a river—greatest at the mouth.

"A serious mistake in personal identity—when a man takes himself for the Almighty."

"*Profer Galla caput*" may mean "Heads out! Gals!" but Juvenal didn't yell it across the campus.—*Princetonian*.

Mark Twain says: "I have seen slower people than I am, and more listless and lazier people than I am. But they were dead."

The best of a book is not the thought which it contains, but the thought which it suggests. Just as the charm of music dwells not in the tones, but in the echoes of our hearts.—*Rose Porter*.

Sambo and Cuffee were cautiously picking their way along the icy pavement. Cuffee was a little in advance, when his foot slipped and he fell flat in the ice and mud. "Look out dar," said Sambo, "de Bible says de wicked stan' in slipp'ry places." "Dat am so," retorted Cuffee, "but de good sit down in 'em."

A great ship meets a great ship in mid ocean, as a great soul meets a great soul in life. Both are seeking distant ports through common dangers. Each has its individual force and its individual law, so that they cannot remain long together. A courteous dipping of their colors, an ephemeral sense of society, and they part, perhaps forever. Great ships that make great voyages are always lonely ships. Great men that lead great lives have always lonely lives.—*Holland*.

For the first few years of our terrestrial apprenticeship, we have not much work to do; but, boarded and lodged gratis, are set down mostly to look about us over the workshop, and see others work, till we have understood the tools a little, and can handle this and that.—*Carlyle.*

Among the illiterate there are two classes: one has great respect for "larnin'," and looks upon a scholar with regard and almost with awe; the other lets pass no good occasion for spitting out its spite upon a college or anything of the sort, and is always defiant and contemptuous towards superior learning or culture.

She was a very modest girl (just from Boston), and when the observatory astronomer said: "Take a glance through the telescope, Miss, and you will see Venus in all her glory," she frigidly drew back and replied: "No, thank you, sir; I have no desire to look at any member of my sex who dresses as she is represented to." The astronomer froze in his boots, and it wasn't a very cold night either.—*Chicago Journal.*

The following shows how barren of good results the best of teaching may sometimes be. A teacher gave this definition of a point, to his class: "A point has position without length, breadth, or thickness." Sometime afterwards at an examination the above definition was called for, when a bright little fellow rose in his place and with the utmost confidence repeated: "A point is a physician without health, strength, or sickness."

Read and be wise! A philosophical Freshman recently struck a balance, as he termed it. His lady correspondents, two in number, seemed too many. Expenses for postage were accumulating. Valentine's Day was approaching, when he should feel obliged to purchase at least two valentines, at a cost of ten cents or more each. Some determined step must be taken. What did he do? Did he appoint a commission of fifteen who should decide which one he should drop? No; he struck a balance in the following manner:

Miss L.		Miss R.	
Wealth	= 3	Wealth	= 2
Beauty	= 4	Beauty	= 1
Amiability	= 1	Amiability	= 4
	8		7

8 to 7. Miss R. was counted out.—*Collegian.*

PERSONALS.

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

'54.—Rev. H. A. Sawtelle, D.D., who for the past few months has been supplying the Baptist Church in Napa, Cal., has closed his labors with that church and returned East. He is expected to take charge of a church in Chelsea, Mass.

'59.—Rev. S. C. Fletcher is preaching in New London, N. H.

'60.—J. Manchester Haynes, of Augusta, who has been a member of the Maine Legislature during the last two terms, is traveling in Europe.

'63.—Percival Bonney is practicing law in Portland.

'63.—Rev. S. L. B. Chase is pastor of the First Baptist Church in Rockland, having previously served for six years as pastor over the Second Church in Bangor.

'63.—Col. Frank S. Hesseltine is practicing law in Boston. Office, 16 Pemberton Square.

'64–'74.—Rev. W. S. Knowlton, '64, is principal of Houlton Acatemy, assisted by C. E. Williams, '74, who has charge of the Classical Department. The Academy appears to be in a very prosperous condition and fully attended. Having been recently endowed by the Trustees of Colby, it will, probably, do good service in preparing students for the University.

'65.—Rev. William T. Chase is pastor of the First Baptist Church, Lewiston, where he is eminently successful in his labors.

'68.—E. F. Merriam is at Newton Theological Seminary.

'69.—C. H. Kimball is Supervisor of the public schools at Los Angeles, Cal.

'69.—C. W. Chase is practicing law in Kansas City, Mo.

'71.—C. W. Foster, M.D., is practicing at Morrill's Corner, Deering.

'73.—Jefferson Taylor is principal of the High School at Skowhegan.

'73.—J. H. Philbrick graduates from the U. S. Military Academy, West Point, N. Y., at the close of the present year.

'74.—T. F. White and C. E. Young are in the Institute at Newton, Mass.

'74.—A. B. Cates is teaching the High School in Cherryfield.

'75.—L. C. Cornish is teaching in Peterboro, N. H.

'75.—Henry Hudson, Jr., is practicing law at Guilford. On the 22d of February, he was married to Miss Ada M. Lougee.

'75.—Herbert W. Tilden is supplying the Baptist Church in Lamoine, where he is doing a good work.

[From Zion's Advocate.]

COLBY UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

Although library statistics are somewhat vague and unsatisfactory, still there may be general inferences drawn from them to show the work and usefulness of a library. I have compiled carefully the figures showing the circulation of books from this library, among *students only*, since August, 1868.

Our records for the college year 1868–9, show that 342 volumes only were issued to students during the year, or 6.7 volumes to each student. At that time the library occupied the room over the old Chapel, up two flights of stairs. It was open for the delivery of books two half-hours per week. There had been few additions, except Government reports, for many years. In October, 1869, the new library room was occupied; and we find the number of volumes loaned to students, in 1869, amounted to 442, or an average of 8.4 to each. Mr. Colby's timely gift of $500 annually, for ten years, to purchase books, went into operation the following year. At once the effect of the addition of desired books was seen, bringing the circulation of the library, in 1870, up to 636 volumes, or 12 for each student. The next year shows a slight decline from this to 541, or an average of 10.4 for 1871. The extra volumes charged, in 1872, to two very industrious Assistant Librarians, increased the number to 761, an average of 14.6. High as this rate was, it was nearly equaled in 1873, when 867 volumes issued gave an average of 14 per student. In 1874 the present Librarian increased the number of library hours, with the result of adding to the circulation, make a total of 1258 volumes and 15.3 average. In the last college year the library was opened daily immediately after chapel exercises, when all the students were in the building, and hence could most easily visit the library. The course of reading planned by President Robins came into wider operation in certain departments. The experiment of removing entirely the bar and tables which, up to this time, had kept the student at a distance from the books, was tried with gratifying success. The Librarian has had no occasion to debar any students from the privilege of entering the alcoves, or even to reprimand any one for improper deportment in the library. As we have no printed catalogue later than 1846, there seems to be no better way for the students to learn the titles of the books in the library, than by permitting access to the shelves. The record for the year shows the result of the several new regulations, by giving a total of 2021 volumes, and an average of 22.2 to each student.

It is probable that the circulation will be larger than ever during the present year, 1129 volumes having been drawn out during the Fall term. These statistics do not show the extent to which the library is used by officers and others, nor its usefulness as a reference library. Many works are consulted without being loaned out of the library. The figures are all small, far smaller than they should be, yet they compare well with statistics from other college libraries. The library of Bowdoin College loaned to students, during the last year, only 1964 volumes, or an average of 13.2 to each. Brown University library circulated 4587 volumes, which is but 17.9 to each student. Yet each of these libraries is older and larger than ours. That at Brown University is more than four times as large, with funds to meet almost any demand students may make upon it. On the contrary, we are obliged to turn away hundreds of applications annually, for books needed in our work as a college. E. W. H.

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