

The Colby Echo.

VOL. II.

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No. 3.

The Colby Echo.

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

COLBY UNIVERSITY.

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THE SANCTUM.

With the present issue we make our bow before the public for the last time this term. Those who are familiar with our arrangement of terms will understand the non-appearance of the Echo for the two ensuing months. To those who are not we will simply say that our calendar provides for the Summer vacation during the months of December, January, and February. We shall resume our editorial duties with the March issue, and hope to receive a welcome from our readers no less cordial than heretofore.

Since this is our last appearance before the holidays, we take this early opportunity to wish you a "Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year." We also call attention to the fact that the present number completes the *financial* year of the Echo. Subscriptions and advertisements which began with Vol. I., No. 1, expire with this issue. We shall continue to mail the Echo to all our old subscribers who do not order its discontinuance. We urgently request that if there are any who wish to discontinue their subscriptions (of course there are not), they will notify us at once, in order that we may correct and arrange our list for the ensuing year.

We repeat what we said in the first number of this volume, that the columns of the Echo are open to any who may wish to express their individual opinions on any subject. But any one thus making use of the columns must bear in mind the fact that he is individually responsible for his utterances. The Editors do not necessarily endorse, nor in any way bear the responsibility of any statements which appear under the head of "Communications." Of course we shall publish nothing which is sent to us anonymously. If the writer does not wish his name to appear, very well. But he must at least give his name to the Editors as a pledge of good faith; otherwise he must not expect that his communication will get any farther than the waste-basket.

From the many encouraging letters which we receive from Alumni and others with reference to the Echo, we venture to quote the following paragraph from a letter recently received from a well-known Alumnus. We do not insert it for the sake of making a vain display of our efforts, but simply to show how the College and its students are regarded by those who are interested in us. He writes: "The Echo has the true tone; it is manly in its utterances, and its writing is careful; has the right moral tone, and

must surely be the offspring of a college which does not put boat-races first and sound and thorough learning last."

Now, this is encouraging, because it shows that the Echo is taking just the position as a college journal which was designed at the outset. Fellow students, we, whom you have chosen to conduct the Echo for you, feel the responsibility of the trust, and the anxiety and desire to maintain the standard of the paper which you, as students, have said it shall have. And if it is to be maintained, if the fair reputation which the paper has already gained is to lose none of its excellence, it must be by your efforts and assistance. May we ask again that you will bear this in mind, and not lay too heavily the burden on the already heavily burdened shoulders of your editors?

Quite often in our exchanges our College is alluded to as being situated "way down East," and such epithets as the "frozen zone" and the "land of snow and ice" are applied to our good old State, as though our Southern and Western neighbors seemed to think that we lived at the most distant corner of the continent, and in a region contiguous to the North Pole. Well! it is true we do see the sun earlier by several minutes than the most of our sister colleges, and as to our Winters it is true also that they are neither short nor mild; but instead of looking upon these facts as disadvantageous, we feel a sort of inward satisfaction (*i.e.* if we have our overcoats and mittens with us) that these facts are true. We rejoice in the fact that we can get started on our day's work earlier than our friends. And as to the cold and snow and north winds, we just enjoy the thoughts of it. He who laughs at the cold climate of Maine, must not forget the men of iron constitution which she has produced for the benefit of the world. Tough and hardy men who can endure more wear and tear than any others in Uncle Sam's dominions. And if you say anything against our women you must be ready to defend yourselves. The much-dreaded severity of our climate has much to do not only with making our men strong in constitution but also in making them strong in character.

And how about our long Winters and deep snows? Don't we enjoy them? Just make us

a visit next New Year's and see for yourselves. We will drive you over the hard-beaten road in a first-class down-east sleigh, behind a horse raised in the same country, and if you don't call it your best sleigh-ride then we will go West with you and buy a farm. Other States have snow, mud, and ice all in the same day, but we can boast of Winters in which we have steady sleighing from the middle of November to the first of May. Just come and visit us and we will show you the tallest men and the smartest women, the biggest snow drifts and the thickest ice, the earliest sunrise and the earliest sunset which you can find in a month's journeying.

Among the most urgent needs of the College at the present time is the establishment of a Chair of History. No curriculum of study can be regarded as complete which does not include this essential element of a course of liberal culture. Its absence from our own course is a lack which is deeply felt by the student as he approaches its end, unless he has made it a special subject in his extra work and reading, which is rarely the case.

To be sure, we have occasional lectures on history connected with our reading of the classics, and of French and German; but these lectures must necessarily be detached and isolated from the great theme itself, so that the student gains from them very little historical knowledge. Indeed, of so little benefit are they in this direction, that it may well be questioned whether it would not be better to devote the hour to a lecture or an informal discussion between the Professor and students, on some matter of practical importance which could be more advantageously taken up in this random and piecemeal way. For example, we might in this way discuss the political and social problems of the day, journalism, statemanship, and a host of questions which cannot properly be included in a course of study, but of which every student should have some intelligent opinion. And by this method we should be enabled to form more accurate and impartial judgments on these living issues, since we should have the aid of those whose judgments are maturer and whose experience is broader than our own. But to return to the point of digression: the lecture system as at present conducted does not supply the need

of a thorough course in general history. A man is not liberally educated without it. He is not fitted to step out upon the arena of the world's conflicts with so important a part of his armor missing. In forensic discussion no more potent weapon can be employed than historical arguments. And the man devoid of this weapon, who sallies forth to meet an opponent fully equipped, goes forth to certain defeat. And its power is by no means limited to the forum, for pulpit and press, orator, author, and journalist alike find it a mighty power. Moreover, the man who studies history reverently becomes more and more deeply convinced that it is a transcript of the Divine Will; the method of the Infinite Intelligence in reference to human destiny; the autograph of God. With such a conception, the importance of the study assumes the most gigantic proportions, and we study it as we study other revelations of God to man. This Theistic view is by no means a modern one. The ancient mythology expressed the same idea when it regarded the Muse of History as the daughter of Zeus. Indeed, it is the conception which every candid and careful thinker will possess. So then, the study of history assumes a twofold interest and significance. We hope the day is not very far distant when a thorough course in this department will be placed in the studies of the Senior year, for, to complete the circle of our thought by returning to our starting point, a curriculum of study is essentially deficient without it.

LITERARY.

LEAFLESS TREES.

Fallen all thy leaves, old maples,
Fallen one by one;
We have watched thy glories fading
Like the hues of evening's sun.

Colors of the Autumn forest
Ever please the eye;
Leafless tree-tops still and somber
All the soul do satisfy.

Mirrored in the golden sunset
Tracery appears,
Like the woof of life so tangled,
Woven in the warp of years.

Still and clear the air, and frosty;
And the frozen ground,

Echoing the passing footstep,
Gives an empty, ringing sound.

Quiet as the evening shadows,
O'er my spirit steal
Thoughts that words but half interpret—
Mysteries the trees reveal.

Have I seen some other sunset,
With the soul aglow?
Has this quiet scene awakened
Memories of long ago?

Or is it an intuition
Of a fairer shore;
Of a land where dwell the spirits;
Of the sunsets seen no more.

Wondrous mystery of pleasure!
Mystery of pain!
Darkest clouds are ever freighted
Heaviest with welcome rain.

D.

INFLUENCE OF LITERATURE.

The literature of a country is a brightly-polished mirror, which reflects its people. It gives back the bright reflex of an enlightened and intellectual race, or casts with equal truthness the dark shadow of a nation sunk in ignorance and sin. A country's literature will always come before us and define its people.

Many a proud nation has sunk into a trivial life, because its intellect could not gain anything from its senseless songs, which alone formed its literary history. Such a literature was not calculated to lift the popular mind by any new demonstrations of truth—by any impassioned utterances of the imagination, nor to elevate man in any way. So all that was noble and graceful in his nature died away. In the history of the world's people, we always find, as the heavy doom of that country on which the sun of literature has never shone, its people groping their way through the darkness of war and barbarism. But when its mind first begins to blossom with literature, we may look ahead, down the pathway of its development, through the vista of many long ages, and see only amaranths, which never wither.

It is literature, then, and its advocate—the man of letters—which bring the mightiest influence upon a nation. The minstrels roamed over the hills of sunny France, singing their quaint old tunes in palace and cottage. Often they sang of war and heroism, oftener of gallantry

and love, till their senseless, enervating ballads made royalty and peasantry alike listless and enervated. It was Homer and Hesiod, and bold, spirited, daring epics, that made the old Greeks lion-hearted. The fire of many a battle-song has sent the blood leaping through the veins of the fierce Highlander, and called him forth to fight for home and Scottish glory. The quiet influence of a Peasant Poet, a sweet song of the hills of heather and the bright blue-bell, have portrayed a peace so beautiful, a country so safe, that the clansman came home from war, with the wish that Scottish soil might never again be stained with blood.

It has been advanced as a favorite theory, that our Maker designed to give to each nation the power of excelling in some one art. Then Greece must have been fore-ordained as the primal home of literature, and the Greeks the chosen people for carrying out the design. Greek literature emanated from the very being of a people whose birthright was poetry and music—the two inseparable. For rhythm and melody peep out from every line, with a calm audacity, seeming to say: "We belong here."

Nothing has exerted a greater influence in raising the world from a chaos of ignorance to modern civilization, than Hellenic genius. It raised Rome out of her age of darkness, and established the Eternal City, again proud and triumphant, upon her seven hills. Across her river, far beyond her city walls, it penetrated, till from the remote corners of Italy there sprang up, as in a single night, historians, philosophers, and poets. There is no nobler mission than this of literature—to shed over barren and sensual lives bright glimpses of a better, and to surround them with intellectual light.

Historians say that the discovery of the practical uses of iron was the stepping-stone from savage to civilized life. Man makes a necessity of iron in his outer life, but it is nothing to his inner life. It cannot build up an intellect for him. Its qualities can never overcome his mental inabilities. Literature alone gradually develops the human faculties, improves the human understanding, and facilitates the power of thought. Wherever it goes, error vanishes before knowledge. Ignorance and barbarism are shadows and illusions which fade away before its increasing light. It opens the doors to an illimitable life, full of the lessons of the world;

and once beyond its magic portals, we may profit by the deep experiences of other men and ages. Therein we may climb to the heavens and study their mechanism; descend to the earth beneath and unravel the mysteries of nature. Holding fast the silken thread of literature, we follow its guidance through all the winding labyrinth of science. The gates of long ago open to us, and we are led through the old cities of history; we see their kings and their emperors, their heroes and their gods. We may enlarge illimitably our own existence by this privilege of literature; and yet men question its uses.

We know, from our own varied reading and study, what has been the effect of literature on the world; and from our own experiences, its effect on ourselves. Macaulay, in the moment of debate, in the dignity of his power, found sympathy and encouragement in his favorite classic. Almost every one, in a life-time, has felt a pulse beat quicker, a heart grow warmer, through its agency, and *perhaps* found themselves better men or women through its silent but deep influence. A painter stands hushed with awe within the walls of the Vatican. The musician finds his own fingers powerless in the solitude of some sonata of Beethoven; or, rapt with conscious delight by Mendelssohn's rippling melodies, he rejoices that the day of the truly beautiful has arrived. Thus a man may be isolated from every objective influence by the mighty power of literature, which thunders and lightens through his whole brain, and quickens the germs of knowledge.

Only a limited view of literature can be taken, for it is a subject as boundless as the east from the west, and as exhaustless as its objects are innumerable. But it can never die. For God's eternal benediction rested on the first writings; and in His will, literature will live its long life of elevating and refining influences, rescuing human beings from narrowness of mind and heart, raising us from mere animals of a brute creation to intellectual and noble men and women, till its light has gone out to every nation, and its words to the ends of the earth.

E. P. M.

The Literary Fraternity elected as their officers for the ensuing year: H. M. Thompson, '78, President; A. P. Soule, '79, Vice President; E. C. Ryder, '81, Recording Secretary.

THE BROOK AND THE CHILD.

"Brooklet, tripping silver-footed
Through the woodland, through the meadow,
Laughing brightly in the sunshine,
Smiling softly in the shadow,—

"Tell me, pray, the mystic secret
Of thy purity and gladness;
How thy waters are so stainless;
Why they never moan with sadness."

"Child, it is because my waters
Are not all to Ocean given;
But unceasing exhalations
I send upward into Heaven,

"Which return again to bless me
In the cool, reviving shower;
Thou may'st read in this the secret
Both of happiness and power."

H. L. K.

CRUTCHES.

The proper use of crutches is to compensate for a physical defect or weakness, and when they accomplish this they are a blessing; but for a man physically whole to attempt to use them is to cripple himself and show plainly that he is not sound in the region of the brain.

A man physically disabled uses his crutches because they are an aid to him in moving about, and he does right; but the man who tries to move intellectually by artificial helps does wrong, because they are not an aid, but a positive injury.

The mind, unlike the body, cannot be compensated for weakness by the use of outside helps; if it is weak, the ability to gain strength lies within itself; it gains power only as it works with the strength it has at hand. There is no natural weakness that can be overcome by making use of foreign power; it must be done by independent work.

The mind is naturally wild and ungovernable, like an untamed animal. When a person first begins to think and reason, he finds his thoughts are not under his control; they are soon bounding away on some trifling object—anywhere but on the subject before him; and right here is the danger. Will he recall his wandering thoughts and try to hold them again on the work before him, or will he make use of other people's ideas? will he conquer his mind, or will he get a crutch?

The object of education is to discipline the mind, and it cannot be done without severe application; all that is accomplished must be the result of hard and persistent labor. It is an individual work, and must be done by one's own effort; books, teachers, and other similar aids are helps only as the mind needs them when it has done all that is within its own power.

It is a fact of which we fear many of our College students do not take sufficient thought, that only as the mind is trained to independent thought is there any mental growth. There is, to be sure, a mental cramming, that passes many a one through his course as a genius; but he passes from College, and as he is never heard of again, it is impossible to say what he accomplishes in life. Such persons find their true level when some severe crisis tries them.

It takes time for the physical frame to develop, and so of the mental powers. They grow gradually—*peu et peu*—each exertion strengthens; by patient and continuous effort the result is certain. It is the desire to go too fast that leads many to use these supposed helps, while many others are desirous of taking things "easy," but the result is fatal to both—the motive may be good but the result is bad. Instead of the supposed gain in their mental powers, there is a certain crippling of the faculties.

It is the mind that relies on its own resources that is original in its habit of thinking; if the mind is allowed to depend for its food upon what other minds have produced, it is evident that the power of originality will never be acquired. How many of our students are throwing away this possibility by the pernicious habit of copying for *their* articles, what has been written by upper-classmen. They call it "a good joke on the Prof."—"saved me three hours study." Others think it for their advantage to throw away their self-reliance by unlocking the problem with a "key"; but we find a more forcible illustration of our point in the study of the classics. It is pleasant for the lame man to ride, and so the ingenious student—intellectually whole (?)—gets "a horse" for a pleasant ride. The horse is a noble animal, and it is natural that *ὁ φιλιππος* should become attached to the beast. His fidelity is very singular; the crutch is soon a necessity; if the "horse" *fails* the drooping owner *balks* at recitations.

The use of these helps is but an injury to the

student; he is cheating himself; he is certainly not gaining mental strength. He is unfitting himself for independent research; for his mind, accustomed to have these "labor-saving machines," will be unable to bend itself to hard toil when these props are removed. Hence it is very evident that the use of these cheats, instead of tending to make a person intellectually strong, have a direct tendency to make him, in so far as they are used, an intellectual cripple.

If the student could be made to see that he is throwing away one of the highest pleasures of being—the consciousness of being mentally independent, and of feeling that he is safe in relying upon the workings of his own mind—he would cast from him forever all false helps, and rely solely on his own powers. Creep, it is true, he must at first; but how much more satisfactory it is to feel that he is daily growing stronger, and is going through life with his mind healthfully developing, than to be conscious of weak spots which will ever cripple him, and which are caused by allowing the use of *crutches* in his effort at mental progress.

The habit formed of depending on one's own self will be an element of strength, while that of leaning on others is ever a source of weakness.

'80.

COMMUNICATIONS.

MESSRS. EDITORS: I have for the past few months been trying to gather some particulars of the class of '70, of which I had the honor to be a member, but have not been able to gather as full an account as I had intended; but the material I have I forward to you for such use as you may choose to make of it.

The class was composed of the following men: Cumston, Clement, Daniels, Eveleth, Farnum, Follett, Hathaway, Moody, Meigs, Putnam, Roberts, Shaw, Woodman, and Whidden. During the Junior year the number was reduced so that but six finished the course and graduated, viz.: Cumston, Eveleth, Farnum, Meigs, Roberts, and Shaw. Of this number, Eveleth, Roberts, and Shaw went to Newton and took the three years' course in that institution. Mr. Eveleth went soon after to Burmah, as a Mis-

sionary, and is still there; Mr. Shaw has been preaching at Antrim, N. H., but was obliged to resign his charge this Summer owing to ill health; and Mr. Roberts is preaching at Sandusky, Ohio. Mr. Cumston was for a few years a teacher in the Boston High School, but left there and took up the study of Medicine, and is now practicing his profession in Brunswick, Me. Mr. Farnum was engaged for a while in teaching, and then graduated with high honors at the Albany, N. Y., Law School. He afterwards went to Norway, Me., and practiced his profession there with Mr. Upham, the firm name being Upham & Farnum. For some time he suffered from ill health, and on June 19th last, his earth work closed, the physicians pronouncing his disease "Bright's disease of the kidneys." Mr. Meigs, soon after graduating, went to Missouri, where he remained until the Spring of '72, when he returned and took a position on the editorial staff of the Bangor *Daily Whig and Courier*, where he still remains.

Mr. Clement completed his course and graduated at Tufts, and since that event (his health being poor for a time) he engaged in farming, and afterwards in teaching and editing the *Hallowell Gazette*. Mr. Daniels completed his course at Dartmouth and engaged in teaching. Mr. Follett was obliged to leave College from ill health, and afterwards went West. Mr. Hathaway studied Medicine, practiced a while at Lincoln, Me., and is now located at Grand Rapids, Mich. Mr. Moody left and engaged in the drug and medicine trade at Belfast, where he now is. Mr. Putnam went to Massachusetts and took up the study of Law. Mr. Woodman graduated at Brown University, and is now Superintendent of Schools (East Division) in Minneapolis, Minn. Mr. Whidden left and returned to his home in Calais, and for a while was in his father's law office. Subsequently he established the *Calais Times* (weekly), of which he is now editor and proprietor.

It is not probable that the five survivors of the graduates of '70 will ever meet again on the College Campus. They do, as I well know, bear with them warm hearts, loyal to good old Colby, and wherever they are there will be warm defenders and supporters of her cause. To those of the class who may see this, the writer gives his heartiest "Bless you, old fellow."

'70.

MESSRS. EDITORS: I know I am revealing a family secret when I say that I am one who always retires at nine o'clock; but it is necessary to say this in order to have it clearly understood why the blowing of horns and such other delightful noises as are often heard on the Campus as late as ten and eleven o'clock, disturbs me. I do not object to horn-blowing in the day time, for I happen to be one of those persons who can study as well in a noise as in quiet, but when I want to sleep I find it quite a different thing; and I am sure there are scores of others in this Institution who find no pleasure in the music of a tin horn as blown by the latest improved steam pipe. While I am finding fault I may as well tell another one of my grievances; it is the careless manner in which some of the students handle the papers in the reading-room. It is impossible to have any just laws that will prevent the carrying away of papers without the permission of the officers. It is perfectly allowable for a person to take a paper to his room to read it if he wants to, provided he returns it as soon as he is done with it. Then the tearing of papers is so common that one would suppose it a special law that they should be mutilated in every possible manner. To be sure, those who tear the papers usually take the inner sheets, but those are as likely to be the latest as those on the outside are. Our reading-room is large enough to need the services of some one all the time to take care of it; but this is, of course, impossible. The room can not be conducted as the Library is, for we want to use it at all hours, and if it was kept locked a part of the time and opened when some one of the officers could be present we should have reason to complain. It must be conducted just as it is, as far as the officers are concerned, and the care of the room must be left with the students. If each one is careful to leave the papers in good order there will be no fault to find. It would not be such a vast amount of trouble for a person, after he has read a paper, to put it back on its proper hooks, and even to see that it is left with the first page of the latest paper on the outside.

A. SUFFERER.

MESSRS. EDITORS: I gladly accept of a limited space to *echo* the sentiments of at least a few of the students in reference to the following matter, which affords an example of how personal grat-

ification will induce even Christian people to support talented, though unprincipled men.

That Theodore Tilton has been guilty of unchaste and vicious conduct, probably very few entertain any doubt. And yet, for two consecutive years, he has delivered lectures in Waterville, to audiences including, among many of the best people of the place, several of the village ministers and a majority of the students.

I propose to consider briefly the reason for the patronage paid to such a man; second, its influences; and third, its justifiableness.

Probably curiosity to see so notorious a man had the most influence in drawing a crowd. The desire to hear so eloquent an orator had great weight with the students. Some attended for the sake of the noble and elevating thoughts uttered; and still others with no definite reason were carried along with the crowd.

Supposing these to be the principal reasons for drawing the audience, let us inquire what is the influence of respectable people lending their support to such a man. And here let it be repeated that diligent inquiry has found very few of Tilton's audience who believed him to possess a respectable character. Is there, then, any need of asking the influence of public respect paid to such a man? Can there be any doubt that the moral tone of the community is lowered by Christian people patronizing an adulterer? No intelligent man will dispute that such deference to vice, although united with talent, tends to encourage corruption, to engender profligacy, and debase the tone of public virtue. Is it strange that men scoff at the honor of those who, while loudly lamenting the vices of the times, encourage them by pandering to the iniquity of those whom ability or wealth has raised above the common mass?

We pass to consider whether the patronage paid to men like Tilton is justifiable. And if the influences just mentioned are admitted to be true, it would seem that the question was already answered for any adherer to the right. Yet, many are found who acknowledge the influence mentioned, while they try to justify their attendance on the lecture, by some such reasons as the following: Great benefit can be derived from hearing a man so refined in intellect and skilled as an orator. Besides, though the man himself be a gross villain, yet he presents pure and elevating thoughts. Grant it. But is it the

nature of the principles we profess, to bring a blemish upon the whole community for the sake of a selfish advantage? Again, is the country so destitute of great and skillful lecturers that you are obliged to take up with a Tilton in order to secure eloquence?

As to the plea in regard to his excellent thoughts, for such a man as Theodore Tilton to lay his polluted hands on virtue and religion is like permitting a blaspheming infidel to perform the services in a Christian pulpit. If he would only handle secular topics his impudence would not seem so flagrant. But for a confirmed socialist to lecture on virtue and religion before a respectable audience, is for Satan to assume a garb of righteousness and preach to angels. Who would attend the lecture of a unchaste woman? And yet, some of Tilton's audience must have felt that they were doing just as bad, when he himself told them that there was no possible reason why a dishonorable man, as well as woman, should not be cast out of decent society. The public virtue is endangered by allowing corrupt men to bask in the favor of popular sunshine. The good of individuals, the purity of society, the virtue of the nation require that villainy should be discountenanced wherever and whenever it occurs. That this is not done proves that the standard of society needs to be raised, and like every other improvement the world has ever seen it will cost its introducers some self-denial and sacrifice. But who are better fitted to make this advance than those who profess to be the standard bearers of Christian virtue? Let every one who belongs to this number, after candidly considering how great a triumph it has been for immorality, that a man, generally believed to have an infamous character, should be upheld by Christian people, ask himself if love for his country, if devotion to the good of men, if fidelity to his principles does not require that he should vigorously oppose all support of such men as Tilton; and there will be but one honest answer. RADICAL.

COLBY UNIVERSITY, Nov. 16, 1877.

The Class of '79 employ this method of expressing their hearty thanks to Prof. Elder for his very interesting and instructive lecture on the late Centennial Exhibition, delivered to them Thursday, the 15th inst.

BY COM. IN BEHALF OF THE CLASS.

THE CAMPUS.

Long vacation, we greet thee!

Examinations begin Wednesday, this week.

The Sioux (it is said) call themselves Psi U.'s.

The lights in the Gymnasium, etc., are an improvement.

Shairp's Poetic Interpretation of Nature, taken October 10th, should be reported.

While settling your term bills, remember the Base-Ball dues. The Association is in arrears. Let us pay all our debts.

Student in Chemical Physics—"Wire is made by drawing a piece of iron through a hardened hole in a conical steel plate."

The Junior Declamations, on the 7th, were received by the large and enthusiastic audience with which '79 has ever been favored.

All authorities agree that if a person has a habit of spitting on the floors of respectable rooms, he cannot expect to rate as a gentleman.

The Freshman class is thus corrected: "Let us preserve proper decorum in the Recitation Room. This roosting on the seats is a foul habit."

The faces of the Seniors are sorrowful. For Professor Smith is unwell and the Senior Exhibition will not be given. They refuse to be comforted.

Young ladies of the town are not slow in adopting College slang. When one of them saw the first star of the evening appear, she greeted it with the salutation: "Hi Fresh!"

An Alumnus of several years' standing smiled as he said, "The Assistant Marshal of a year or two ago, ran up to me and 'Come right along!' cried he; 'this is the place for incoming Freshmen.'"

The Library of the University contains 13,450 volumes, of which 50 have been purchased and 150 presented the present term. The number of volumes loaned from the Library during the term exceeds 1,200.

Prof. who has written some exercises on three different boards—"Now, gentlemen, I want you to examine carefully what I have written; especially that on this board, and that one, and the other one."

Prof. Wm. Mathews, of Chicago, recently visited us, bringing with him ninety volumes for the Library, in fulfilment of a promise made to the Librarian a year since. A new promise has been made for next year.

Daniel Pratt, G.A.T., F.R.S., has just made us a visit. When he left town he tried to get a free pass. The Conductor was a little vexed and asked him, "Who are you?" "Daniel in the lion's den," was the ready reply.

The current number of the *Library Journal* is devoted to college library management and statistics. The report from Colby compares favorably with those from other colleges. Prof. Hall has also an article on German University Library Management.

There is nothing like a course in Psychology to develop the power of thought. This was well illustrated in the case of the Senior who was overheard, while reflecting in his sleep: "The *fact* that the panel is thinner than the rest of the door is an *hypothesis*."

Theme: Who among those connected with the College will be the next to "enter the entangling alliance" of matrimony? First—Negatively: We predict that it will not be anybody in '78, '79, '80, or '81. Second—Affirmatively: We will tell you in our next issue.

When a Senior invited a fair lady to take a walk with him one evening, she replied: "I shall be delighted; but I have some friends in the house. Come in, and when they go we will take the walk." And she conducted him into the presence of her papa and mamma.

By the way, now that we are favored with the Appendix to the Laws of the University, will not some one complete this list of necessities by publishing "A Guide Book to the Principal Places in Waterville," and also "A Pocket Manual for Freshmen" on "How to Carry the Cane on College Street."

This came to us the other day: When that celebrated British essayist died, the papers of this country had much to say about "the late John Foster." Prof. Foster was a student in college at that time. Coming into recitation a little tardy (as usual, it is sorrowfully confessed), the presiding officer observed, "Here comes that late John Foster, we have heard so much about."

Professor Elder acknowledges the receipt of the following mineral specimens: Tourmalines, Micras, etc. (Paris, Me.), from Rev. H. C. Estes, D.D.; Slates (Dirigo Slate Co., Monson, Me.); Rev. Joseph Ricker, D.D.; Bog Iron Ore (North Haven, Me.), Rev. B. F. Shaw, D.D.; Nickel Ore (New Caledonia), Mr. J. B. Johnson, Sullivan, Me.

We are not wholly devoid of spirit. A Freshman girl was not content with the victory of her class in the Rope-Pull, but must challenge a Sophomore boy to a private contest. They met. They pulled. She said: "It is a drawn game. We meet again." Thus, oh ye gods! do ye inspire weak woman to deeds of valor immortal!

The list of papers in the Reading Room has been increased this term by the addition of three weeklies, the *Atlanta Constitutionalist*, *St. Louis Republican*, and *Rockland Courier*. It now comprises eleven dailies and twenty-eight weeklies, including one Illustrated Foreign weekly, together with the *Atlantic*, *Scribner's*, *Harper's*, and the other leading monthlies.

We congratulate them. The likeness is perfect. If it were not for the new classes and Fitting Schools an expert could scarcely detect it from its ancestors. There is the same disagreement between the "Calendar" and "Terms and Vacations." Wouldn't it be well for the Faculty to take its little slate and pencil and work out that problem of terms once more?

The indecent manner in which the students are often treated by a certain railroad official is the cause of general indignation among us. If the authorities of the railroad will stop to consider that more than a hundred students come and go at least six times in a year, and that with their friends they constitute no inconsiderable portion of those who travel from this place, we are confident that they will wish us to be treated with ordinary politeness. But at present the Baggage Master seems to exert himself more to annoy than to accommodate us. To be sure we expect all sorts of bombast and arrogance from a fellow in his situation, and that does not disturb us. But to utterly refuse us checks for our baggage and then to grant them only at the last minute, appears a little too much even for the patience of the patient.

The Rope-Pull between the Sophomores and Freshmen was a great success for the latter. '81 has nearly one-half more men than '80, and with this advantage was enabled to pull the rope steadily along. The Sophomores, however, average better than the Freshmen. After the first two trials, which were ruled out on account of violations of the regulations, there were three successful pulls. The first was won by the Sophomores through the negligence of the Freshmen. But, spurred on by this defeat, the latter made a sure thing of the last two heats, thus coming off victors. There was the best of good feeling on both sides. The speeches made on the presentation of the Medal (upon which was inscribed the harsh motto, "Veni, Traxi, Vici") were received with much applause. The whole occasion was so enjoyable that future classes will surely perpetuate it.

The attractions of the Library have been increased by the arrival of the marble bust of Milton, presented by Hon. Henry W. Paine and other gentlemen of the Alumni. It is the latest and probably the best work of the celebrated Maine Sculptor, Paul Akers, who died at Philadelphia in 1861. Hawthorne has immortalized it in his "Marble Faun," and it is in every respect worthy the high praise there given to it. As a portrait-bust it is in harmony with the most authentic likenesses of Milton, while at the same time the artist has idealized the expression of the marble features in accordance with his conception of the character of the subject. The bust is of the size termed heroic, and will be mounted upon a pedestal of polished red granite. Its cost was twelve hundred dollars. Great credit is due Mr. H. W. Richardson, class of 1853, for his efforts in obtaining the subscriptions. We shall in a future number speak more fully of this gift.

OTHER COLLEGES.

The marriage mania has extended to Madison.

Bates has the honor of the first lady graduate of a New England College.—*Amherst Student*. Has it?

The Cornell navy has been almost entirely relieved from its heavy debt by the generous contributions of students and citizens.

The graduate of highest rank at Vermont University last year, was a negro.

The Elmira Female College has just commenced the eighth volume of the *Sibyl*.

3666 students attended the University at Berlin last year. The number of Professors and Tutors was 193.

The boys of Wittenberg College, Ohio, complain of being crowded out of the swing on the campus by the girls. Funny boys out there.

The Faculty of Columbia allow the students to have a number of unexcused absences in each department, that number not exceeding one-quarter of the total of all lectures or recitations in such department.

The Association of the Alumni of the College of the City of New York, at their June meeting, ordered five hundred copies of the *Echo* for distribution among its members, and recommended the paper to the support of the Alumni.

At the Council of Regents of the Inter-Collegiate Literary Association recently assembled in New York, Dr. McCosh gave notice that at the next annual meeting he would move to have the annual display of oratory changed to a debate upon important questions of the day. The next contest will take place at the Academy of Music, on Thursday, Jan. 10, 1878.—*World*.

The University at Lewisburg has suffered from a disgraceful trick. It is no uncommon thing to oil the steps to the dining hall at Cornell, and we have heard of lubricating the door knobs so that they could not be turned. But at Lewisburg the whole institution has been greased,—campus, trees, walks, professors, in fact everything in and around the place. Speaking of it the *Herald* says: "By Monday, everything was oiled!"

The exchange that copies its College Items verbatim from other papers, made a slight mistake when it took the following from the *Courier*: "Columbia has a new paper called the *Spectator*, credited to Amherst in our last number by a typographical error." It should use greater care, as we do in copying from the *Acta* this on Cornell: "The cane-rush was exciting. A mounted Sophomore waited on the outskirts of the crowd and when his classmates placed the cane in his hands he galloped away and defied pursuit. 'Seventy-nine' has challenged all the other classes to a base-ball match."

HARVARD.—“There will be no hazing there.” Prof. William Everett is writing a biography of his father, Edward Everett. The number of volumes in the library is now 164,000. The permanent fund is \$170,000, of which \$14,000 are spent yearly. She contributes \$42,900 a year to meritorious students.

BOWDOIN.—The new college year has made several changes in our resident Faculty. The rope-pull came off Saturday morning. It was generally conceded that the Freshmen would be the winners, though it was hardly expected they would walk off with the Sophomores in the summary manner in which they did.—*Orient*.

THE COLLEGE PRESS.

We are glad to welcome the several exchanges, and none more gladly than our near neighbor, the *Bowdoin Orient*. The literary matter is good, and the locals excellent. The article entitled “Belief and Conviction” is very clearly and forcibly written. We notice, also, a very entertaining and instructive article on the letters of Junius.

The *Madisonensis* is a respectable sheet, containing good editorials, and in general the matter of the paper is quite readable.

We like the *College Herald*. Though small, compared with many of our exchanges, it yet succeeds in covering a good deal of ground. We heartily sympathize with the sentiments expressed in the article headed “Poeta Nascitur, Non Fit.”

The *Bates Student* makes a good appearance, containing a generous quantity of reading matter, of good quality and variety. The opening article is ably written, and expresses sentiments worthy of men seeking for reform in a direction where it is much needed.

When we look at the handsome building on the first page, and read under it “*University Magazine*,” we are led to inquire: “If this is simply the magazine of the institution, what is the college itself? What an immense pile of buildings the university must comprise, if it needs so large a place to stow its powder and arms!” Ah, now we are mistaken; the Chief taps us on the shoulder, and informs us that the name is the title of the paper. Now we begin again. Why shouldn’t a paper be called a *Magazine* with even more propriety than it could be called an *Echo*? Ever since the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, there have been plenty of papers going by the same title, and good papers too. There is one published by one Harper (or rather by several Harpers), and that is a fair paper—though it doesn’t exchange with us. Our dear *Magazine*, you shall hear from us again.

The several “Potts” of the University of Michigan publish, not an *Eatanswill Gazette*, but a *Chronicle*. Now, to call a man a “Pott” is a far different thing from calling him a “Slop-Dish” or an “Old Spittoon.” We find that it “means more” and is a “more tenderer expression.” In writing this review—only think of calling it a “review!”—the only thing that troubles us (for there is no fault to find with the *Chronicle*—far from it) is that our printers will exhaust their supply of quotation marks. What an awful thing it would be if they should have to use commas, or whittle off the

upper part of a few dozen semicolons, or leave out all the quotation marks from an issue of the *Journal* to supply us. Just think of the *Lewiston Journal* coming out in such a condition! It would incur the charge of plagiarism and be ruined in a suit at law. But we digress. Send the *Chronicle* to us once a fortnight, and we will read every word of it, for it is one of the few that are worthy a careful perusal.

THE WASTE-BASKET.

A certain Senior was lately seen running about in search of his “shaving brug and mush.”

There isn’t much difference between a grasshopper and a grass-widow. Either will jump at the first chance.

Professor—“In one evening I counted twenty-seven meteors sitting on my piazza.” Class expresses great astonishment at the sociable character of the heavenly bodies.

A young man woke up the other night, and saw a ghost in his room. Seizing his six-shooter, he approached it, and found it was his collar, which happened to be standing on the floor.

Senior (to Choctaw)—“Saturate externally the abraded portion of the cranial development with this herbiferous concoction and its soporific virtue will engender instantaneous convalescence.” Choctaw—“Ugh!”

The question that has lately been occupying the attention of those in versed in law is, “Can a man marry his widow’s sister?” Numerous instances are cited by eager debaters in which it has been done, but still some are skeptical.

A Danbury base-ball enthusiast is getting up a ball of iron filled with nitro-glycerine, which will explode on being caught and tear the catcher asunder. This will be more wearing on a club than the ball in present use, but it is more humane.

A whoop-bang sort of a boy, with feet as broad and flat as a pie-tin, trotted through the Central Market yesterday till he reached a stall kept by a single woman, about thirty years old. Halting there he yelled out: “Say! say! Your little boy has been run over and killed up by the City Hall!” “Oh! oh! Heavens! Oh! oh!” she screamed as she made a dive under the counter, came up on the outside, and started to follow the boy. After going ten feet she halted; looked very foolish of a sudden, and remarked: “What a goose I am! Why, I ain’t even married!”

A CONDENSED NOVEL.

Vol. I.

A winning wile,
A sunny smile,
A feather;
A tiny talk,
A pleasant walk
Together.

Vol. II.

A little doubt,
A playful pout,
Capricious!
A merry miss,
A stolen kiss,
Delicious!

Vol. III.

You ask mamma,
Consult papa,
With pleasure;
And both repent
The rash event,
At leisure.

PERSONALS.

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

'35.—Prof. Wm. Mathews has published a new volume of "Monday-Chats," selected and translated from Saint-Bruve. Over 60,000 volumes of Prof. Mathews's works have been sold already, and the demand continues.

'39.—A. H. Briggs, Esq., is Counsellor at Law, 172 Washington Street., Boston.

'45.—It is not often that we are permitted to notice so long and, at the same time, successful service for any institution as that of Dr. S. K. Smith, for Colby. He attended Newton Theological Seminary one year; was Tutor at Colby two years; Editor of the *Zion's Advocate* two years; and for the last twenty-seven years has very ably occupied his present position at Colby, that of Professor of Rhetoric.

'46.—G. A. Wilbur, M.D., has practiced Medicine at Skowhegan twenty-two years, after a previous practice of five years in Norridgewock.

'47.—J. S. Baker, Esq., is practicing Law at Bath, Me.

'49.—A. R. Brainard has lately returned from California, where he had been carrying on extensive mining operations, and has gone to Australia.

'49.—Rev. E. C. Mitchell, D.D., Professor of Hebrew in the Theological Seminary at Chicago, has returned to his post, after supplying for one term a similar Professorship in Regent's Park College, London.

'53.—Geo. Bradley, Esq., is eminently successful in the practice of Law at Minneapolis, Minnesota.

'54.—Hon. A. K. P. Knowlton has practiced Law at Lewiston for the last fifteen years, four of which he has been Judge of the Municipal Court.

'55.—C. F. Richards is Cashier of Camden Savings Bank.

'57.—Rev. H. B. Marshall is Pastor of the Baptist Church of Kingston, Mass.

'57.—Hon. W. J. Corthell, State Superintendent of Schools, has been elected a member of the Board of Trustees of Colby.

'57.—Rev. A. C. Herrick is Pastor of the Baptist Church of Freeport, Me.

'60.—Almore Kennedy, Esq., of Waldoboro, is the latest addition to the Board of Trustees of Colby—of which his father was for many years an honored member.

'62.—Geo. Gifford, Esq., after several months' service in London as Special Agent for the Treasury Department, has returned to his home in Vassalboro.

'62.—Rev. A. L. Lane is teacher of Mathematics and the Sciences in Waterville Classical Institute.

'65.—W. H. Russell is Superintendent of Schools at Kewanee, Ill.

'65.—H. M. Bearce has been confirmed by the Senate as Postmaster at Norway, Me.

'66.—Hon. E. F. Webb is County Attorney of Kennebec County.

'67.—Prof. Charles R. Coffin, of the Western University of Pittsburg, has prepared a special Geography of Pennsylvania, which is published by Sheldon & Co.

'67.—Rev. J. S. Dore is Pastor of the Baptist Church at North Vassalboro.

'68.—Rev. E. S. Small is Pastor of the Brunswick Baptist Church.

'72.—Married at Anson, by Rev. T. G. Mitchell, Rev. E. B. Haskell of Rockland, and Miss Alice E. Gould of Madison.

'73.—Married at Skowhegan, by Rev. Chas. Miller, Jefferson Taylor and Miss Lillie D. Monroe.

'74.—Married at Waterville, October 17th, H. W. Stewart, Esq., and Miss Mary B. West.

'75.—G. I. Peavy is of the firm of Peavy Bros., Waterville.

'77.—F. M. Hallowell is studying Law at Kearney, Neb.

'77.—C. D. Smith is studying Medicine with Dr. S. H. Tewksbury, of Portland.