

The Colby Echo.

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No. 4.

The Colby Echo.

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THE STUDENTS OF

COLBY UNIVERSITY.

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THE SANCTUM.

Time passes! we pass. Vacations will persist in possessing that dreaded appendage which is so often predicated of all things terrestrial and temporal. But the law of contrasts and opposing tendencies must have its enforcement here as in every phase of human experience. Day and night, heat and cold, sunshine and shadow, work and rest, must all alternate and mingle. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." All play and no work makes Jack a

duller boy. So here we are. We recognize the law of contrasts. We have had rest. Now work.

A CIRCULAR has been issued, during the vacation, which shows the relative standing of the College among the other New England colleges. The result as shown is one of which we may well be proud. It certainly indicates a marvelous progress in the management and prosperity of the College, as well as a rapid growth in the number of students, during the few preceding years. We insert the following extract from it, which indicates the relative standing with the other colleges as respects numbers:

"The number of students in the Full Classical Course enrolled this year in the Freshman Class, in Yale College, is 169; in Amherst, 85; in Williams, 67; in Dartmouth, 62; in COLBY, 51; in Brown, 45; in Bowdoin, 45; in Trinity, 29; in University of Vermont, 21; in Middlebury, 15; in Tufts, 13. COLBY, it will be seen, stands FIFTH in this list of eleven well-known colleges. In the entering class there are representatives from four of the New England States, Connecticut and Rhode Island having none. The recent rapid growth of the College is an inspiration to its friends to make still greater efforts for its advancement."

In another column we copy from the *Portland Advertiser*, of November 15, 1877, the description and history of the magnificent bust of Milton, which has been recently presented to the College by the Alumni. The bust still stands on a temporary pedestal in the Library, awaiting a more suitable and permanent one, which will be furnished as soon as the necessary funds are raised. The gift is one of which all the friends of the College may well be proud, and is a constant source of gratification and study to the students who are interested in sculpture.

A FEW words upon the lecturers who have been hired to please and instruct Waterville audiences during the Fall and Winter, may not

seem out of place in our present number. A course was arranged for the Fall, which included two well-known names, to wit: Theodore Tilton and John B. Gough. Then in January our towns-people—those who could afford it—were given the privilege of listening, for an evening, to the pastor of Plymouth Church.

Concerning the lecture of Tilton, some remarks were made by "Radical" and published in the December number of the Echo. All said they were *radical* remarks; not so much against the lecture itself as against the man and against those who saw fit to attend. For our own part we enjoyed the lecture and might have gone away profited by its teachings had not Radical overdone himself and spoiled it all. It is not our purpose to praise the character of Tilton (no one wants to do that), but at the same time we can appreciate good oratory, and are disposed to take good advice when given. If a drunken man admonishes us to abstain from strong drink we consider his advice more valuable than that from some other who never drank. So, though the man who lectures upon morality may be immoral himself, we are disposed to take his advice as readily as though it came from a purer man.

Gough's lecture (we make no mention of one which intervened only to say that it was an imposition on ticket holders) was characteristic of the man. He took his favorite theme and gave the best of satisfaction to a large and interested audience. Though many had heard him in other days, they laughed and cried to hear him again, and went away feeling that their time and money had been well expended.

Beecher's lecture came during vacation. Most of the students were away from town, with the exception of a few who always hang around in sight of college buildings, and remain in hearing distance of the College bell. We cannot help saying that those who could not come were the more favored. For once College boys were saved from dissatisfaction. Beecher's stock would have depreciated, the foundations of Plymouth Church would have settled, and "hard times" would have become harder still to endure. A cool three hundred was his price. The public got one hundred honest lecture and two hundred cheat. We are glad that Radical was not in town. Shots leveled at Beecher would have riddled the columns of the Echo,

and such lashings as he would have got, would have torn in shreds the stout paper of the *Mail*. Tilton would have become a rising star. Some liked Beecher, but, as the Irish would say, "more of them didn't." It must not be denied that he said many good things; his reasoning was sound; his causes for the "hard times" were doubtless true; the lessons he derived from them were plain; certain passages of his discourse mounted up almost to the sublime; but, on the other hand, he said many things very unbecoming a man of his station, remarks which were coarse, irreligious, ridiculous.

We are the organ of no party, no sect, no faction, no clique. This is not a political journal. And yet there is no reason why we should not express our opinions on political subjects, provided, of course, we have any to express.

Now during the year, under the present administration, various opinions have been expressed as to the wisdom of its policy, and the policy of its wisdom. But to those looking on as spectators and not interested participants, except as we all as loyal citizens are interested in the nation's welfare, there are apparent one or two very significant facts, viz.: That those who are persistently opposed to the administration are either the active politicians, those with whom politics is a trade and profession, or those who possess such radical and decided partisan prejudices that they will not allow themselves to assent to any policy which is not directly conducive to the welfare of their own party. To illustrate this: The political demagogue is opposed to the Southern policy because, if the long-time breach between the North and South is healed, he will have one less wire to pull during political campaigns. The radical partisan opposes it, because during the war the rebel element was in the South—and rebel, treason, blood, and South are synonyms with him, and he opposes any attempt at reconciliation, because the South are rebels. But on the other hand, and in contrast with these two classes, one cannot fail to notice that the most candid, the most liberal-minded, irrespective of party bias, are glad that the "bloody shirt" has been buried, the "bloody chasm" bridged, and the Southern question gone essentially out of pol-

itics. And this leads us to another point. The Southern question has been one of the prominent issues in past campaigns—one of the distinctions between the two leading parties. Probably this will no longer be an issue, and very many other questions which have divided the two parties are giving way to other questions more pressing, which are forming entirely new divisions. One who examines the Congressional balloting cannot help seeing that the votes are by no means "strict party votes." Now, at another Presidential campaign, the financial question will probably assume a degree of importance which it has never before reached. So that really there will be new parties. And, indeed, the old are dying already. And why not let them die? They have had their day. They have served important ends. They have protected important issues. But the ends have been reached. The issues have been disposed of, and why trot around the old, dead, decaying carcasses which do no good and only corrupt and taint the political atmosphere?

We notice through our exchanges that several of our colleges have recently been endangered by fire. Our neighbor, Acadia College, over the line, has met with a disastrous loss, its most important building being entirely destroyed, carrying with it a very valuable museum and library. Now there is an old proverb somewhere about locking the stable door after the horse is stolen. Probably very few, however, have ever been impressed with the extreme wisdom of such a policy; yet, nevertheless, practical applications of it are being constantly made.

To bring the matter nearer home, it is not impossible that a fate similar to that of Acadia College should visit us. Indeed, it is by no means without the range of probability. For the Dormitories, especially South College which contains thirty or forty stoves, are peculiarly liable to a fire. The Gymnasium has been burned within the recollection of the majority of students now in College. It might have been Chaplin Hall or South College. And yet if either of these buildings should take fire there is no possible means of escape except the stairways, which would be of little avail if the fire should originate in that quarter. Every building of this nature, where large numbers are

assembled, either permanently or temporarily, ought to be provided with suitable fire-escapes. One on each end of the dormitories would be an adequate protection against the extreme dangers which often arise from fires. Would it not be well for the proper authorities to give some consideration to this by no means unimportant matter?

LITERARY.

LAPLAND DRIVING SONG.

Spring, my reindeer fleet,
On with bounding feet!
Over ice and snow,
Swift, my swift one, go!
What care we for cold—
Cold or driving storm?
Though the house be warm,
Snug the mossy fold,
Naught but star and snow-hung tree,
Shall our light and shelter be.

In the Winter night,
While moons wax and wane,
Rise and sink again,
And no sun gives light;
While the flaming North
Flaunts its banners forth,
Then we hunt the seal,
Armed with rope and steel,
Scouring floe and frozen fiord,
For the hunter's prized reward.

Then, my reindeer swift,
Speed above the drift,
Skim the river bed,
While, right overhead,
Hangs the Northern star,
With the sleepless bear
Circling in the air,
Watching it afar.
Snow beneath and stars above,
Winter is the time we love!

H. L. K.

PERMANENCE OF EXCELLENCE.

"Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on Alps;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales."

This grotesque thought, which we find in the midst of a grave and beautiful poem, is like a rough burr which has fallen among fair flowers. Yet it does not miss its place or influence, for the kernel which it holds is strong with

germinating life, and a living germ may be of more value than the rarest gem. Let us follow its suggestions for a brief space of thought.

The mental pigmy, who gains conspicuous eminence in the world, is not a rare character. Sometimes he attains his position through inheritance of rank or wealth, sometimes through false pretences; again, lacking these helps, but not lacking arrogance, he mounts on this alone, and perches on the hollow and glittering glacier of his own conceit,—supremely ludicrous if recognized—but self-satisfied. Some whom the world obsequiously calls its kings and rulers, or even its priests, prophets, and teachers, would be seen to be of this class were it not for the illusive rosy light which ever plays about the peaks on which they perch.

A sadder example than the mental pigmy, is he who is endowed with commanding intellect and energy, but who is morally and spiritually dwarfed. Such an one is generally an aspirant for fame. In his eager march up the height of his ambition, no obstacles are too great, no principles upon which he tramples too sacred to deter him from his object. One whose soul went mourning out to the mysteries of the unknown world from the desolation of an ocean isle, had, by his colossal intellect and will-power, made himself master of the greater part of Europe. But in attaining this he had trampled beneath his feet all that is holiest in life. To gratify his thirst for power, fields were ensanguined and countless homes widowed and orphaned. Even his own domestic joys were sacrificed to the Moloch of his ambition. But when the pinnacle was attained, while the world, with its ever false estimates of greatness, turned its worshipful eyes upon him, his footing grew unsteady, the foundation beneath him crushed and fell. The chasm which yawned for him was wide and pitiless. The political destinies of France having changed, the First Napoleon was banished. The world does not replace its fallen idols, but when fallen there is often a truer revelation of their characters than when mounted on delusive heights.

From thoughts like these it is a pleasure to turn to those who, through consecration of the best gifts to God, have been powerful engines to advance his work on earth. But these have chosen to climb no glittering heights of folly. Their characters are pyramids, and as their

characters, so are their work and influence well based and enduring. If unknown amid hill-environed vales, God holds the record of their lives. But it has sometimes been His will that some strongly-based pile should overtop the hills, pierce the clouds of obscurity, and be seen and known of men. But he who builds his character thus, and performs the life-work which is the natural outgrowth of such a character, cannot build with this object in his thoughts. His work is conscientious and humble. With no ear for "the voices from without," his well-spent "To-days and yesterdays" are fitted into the enduring structure of his life. So wrought a poor miner's son in Germany, nearly four centuries ago. The hardships incident to his station in life, together with the requirements of the religion in which he was trained, developed in him a certain austerity and strength of character; but it left him amid clouds of ignorance and error. Yet he loved truth for truth's sake, and earnestly he groped for it amid the darkness of his age.

At first he essayed to build with a few fragmentary blocks of truth, which he had, by infinite toil, separated from the rubbish of error. In this slow and painful work he was himself nearly buried in the debris of centuries of sophistry and superstition. But his strong prayers were answered at last by great revelations of light. The most vital truths were unfolded to his soul. He had found the Cornerstone. Firmly he gave it its place, and then the grand work advanced. The pyramid rose above the clouds, and serves still not only as a tomb for superstition, but as a landmark and shelter for wayfaring pilgrims. The age was ripe for this event, and the character of Martin Luther ripe to advance it. Such is the record of a great soul, who wrought for the satisfaction of a conscience pure in the sight of God.

Another phase of the subject presents to us those whom the world calls its weaklings, but who in the love of truth are commissioned to become stalwart workers in the world's events. For it occurs that some who cannot be counted among the learned, some who have no marked personal or mental endowments, push with no puny hand the car of progress. A poor, unlettered laborer in London, pitying the still more untaught, vagrant children about him, gathered them about his knees in his lonely

Sabbaths, taught them easy reading and told them the story of the cross. A movement grew out of this. A few observant Christians caught the idea and the Sabbath School was instituted. When we look at the value and vastness of this work to-day, and note the power of its nurslings, who have become strong men and women in the Lord, equipped for efficient service through its influence, we may reverently bless the name of Robert Raikes, the first Sabbath School teacher. Truly,

"Pyramids are pyramids in vales."

In the strength of such examples as we have quoted, we assert that, whilst all those vulgar efforts to gain prominence which arise from self-love, mar, more than they serve the interests of the world, all character and all work which grow out of the love of truth and obedient service, constitute excellence; and

"What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent."

PILGRIM.

ABOUT TEACHING SCHOOL.

So many of us students teach school during vacation that this may properly be called our employment. I suppose that need of the root of all evil is the only inducement we have to teach school; and, such being the case, we need to have a care lest the community which we are among be defrauded of some of the services which it pays for. Though we find a diluted pleasure in the novelty of going to some strange town with an unknown result of our efforts before us, yet the prospect raised to view by the gossip and the criticism we hear on the night of our arrival, is often not pleasant. In my last school, when one day squinting up my mental eye trying to discover the improvement made by my pupils, I was impressed with the notion that it would be a great advantage to scholars if each one could have a teacher to himself. Reflecting upon the impossibility of this, the belief came that parents should be the only teachers of their children, for in this way the very plan suggested would be brought about in small families, and nearly compassed in larger ones. The knowledge, however, that the majority of persons in country places are incompetent to instruct their offspring, rather loosened

my belief in this mode of teaching, and my conviction was entirely dispersed that evening, while talking with a father. He showed great satisfaction in having his children attend school, and while he spoke not a word of censure of any of the teachers that had ever been in his district, he showed a decided preference for that class of instructors who are at some pains to put themselves in a pleasing relation to the children under their care, and who leave the impression on the mind that they are kind, honest, patient persons and possessed of a good deal of affection for their schools. The same man was present at the school one day, and I could not help noticing the expression of love and pleasure on his face as he saw his children happy and on good terms with their school-mates, and he seemed pleased, also, when his little boy spelled correctly a word which half the class had failed on; but he looked in no way disappointed when the same boy was surpassed by another in spelling the next word.

From many similar circumstances I have come to believe that all parents value highly the advantages accruing to their children from being with other boys and girls, and that those people who love their children most, prefer them to be under the instruction of some one who has no selfish love for small tyranny in taking away every right that scholars like and deserve to have, but who will kindly and firmly enforce the rules of his school, leaving his pupils to act naturally, and teach them to love their comrades and their hours of work as well as those of play.

C. J. S.

HOPE.

Hope on; though dark may be to-day,
There are brighter days to come;
Soon, like the sunshine's brightest ray,
'T will pierce unto thy home.

The darkest night will soon be o'er;
The darkest day be past;
The clouds which now so thickly lower,
Will not forever last.

Though dark and dreary be the day,
Though thou hast care and sorrow,
Light soon will glimmer on thy way,—
'T will all be bright to-morrow.

Hope on; let not the clouds of care
Obscure the sun's bright shining;

But learn, although some days are fair,
Each cloud has a silver lining.

Earth hath its mines of jewels rare,
And life hath hope, bright flower;
So hope and trust and ne'er despair,
E'en in the darkest hour.

GOD IN HISTORY.

It is generally conceded that the student of History, who would gain anything like an adequate conception of his subject, must approach it in a scientific spirit, prepared to exercise all the patience and exhaustive scrutiny which he would bring to any department of science; especially so inasmuch as the data exceed in complexity those of any other science.

Now and then there appears a writer who denies the possibility of a Science of History. One of the most prominent of this class bases his conclusions on the following, as he regards it, logical demonstration: "An induction to be sound must take in actually or virtually all the facts; History is unlike all other studies in this: that she can never have, actually or virtually, all the facts before her. Therefore a Science of History is impossible." But does it follow that because we cannot reach perfection in any science that we should not strive toward it? And, further, if all the facts of any science were known, where the need or the possibility of an induction? Is it not rather the duty of the scientist rigidly to examine all the facts before him, induce his law, and if new facts appear give them an impartial examination, and if they cannot be made to harmonize with the theory, to reject, not the facts, but the theory?

Now it does not follow, because the scroll of history is but partly unrolled, that we may not seize upon the facts already in our possession and form from them, if possible, a Science of History, provided that new facts as they appear shall not be ignored.

Now, then, granting that we are prepared to approach the subject in the attitude of a scientist, what will our examination reveal? First, we are struck with the *orderly succession of events* from the earliest to the most recent times, and so evidently do the phenomena bear marks of design that it is impossible for a moment to credit their occurrence to a chance coincidence. Is it an accident that the mighty march of life

and civilization has advanced uniformly from the East to the West, staying not at the yawning ocean in its onward course, but leaping it and spreading westward still over the new continent, as if in triumphant confirmation of the law of its progress? Is it an accident that nation after nation has successively waxed in strength, held almost universal sway, reached the zenith of its power, and sunk into lasting oblivion? Is there not a resistless logic in this wonderful succession of events?

There is further revealed to the patient student, the *unity of history*. The unity of man, the unity of language, the unity of traditions and customs all enter as factors into the manifold product, the unity of history. The wild savage on the isolated, sea-girt isle is so much like the cultured and civilized man in all that makes him a human being that no one will deny the affinity.

The succession and the unity of history and other facts which will not escape notice, grow upon the student as he extends his investigations until they seize and possess him as being the fundamental facts of his scientific study. Then, with these facts of universal observation, he reaches a law in history, and from the law he passes in thought to the law-giver, which can be nothing else than the Divine, Infinite Will. Thus starting with simple facts and following along the highway, from effect to cause, we are irresistibly led to the cause of all causes, and reach the grand, ultimate thought in our investigation—God in History. From this theistic view it is not difficult to give a definition of history, for it is simply the "actual course of events as they occur in the evolutions of the divine plan with reference to human destiny." From this view also it is not difficult to comprehend the meaning of "Christ, the central character in history."

Indeed, if our interpretation is correct and we once admit the necessity of a revelation of God incarnate, then it is impossible to conceive of any other condition than that this revelation should be the central idea in the development of the divine plan, and that the previous history of the world should be a preparation for this momentous event. If the religion which was to be the consequent outgrowth of this revelation was to reach the world, there must be some means for its diffusion. Could any intelligence have devised a more perfect preparation for this

end than that which welcomed the advent of Christianity, founded, as it was, at the time when the Roman Empire swayed by its scepter nearly the whole world, and at the time when it was at the very zenith of its power and grandeur, thus affording the most perfect facilities for the spread of the new religion. It was necessary, moreover, that the written revelation should reach men universally, and we find it written in the language which of all others had at that time the greatest degree of refinement and the most general diffusion.

Further, if the theistic conception of history is correct, and history is God's plan of development, then it is a natural inference that this development would be in part accomplished by means of the Christian religion. Now we have but to look about us and observe how potent a force is Christianity as a religion and a philosophy, to confirm us in our conception of the meaning of history. There is nothing that wields so mighty an influence as Christianity. The fiercest battles that are fought, are against it. The most triumphant victories that are won, are by it. Brahminism and Buddhism languish on the banks of the Ganges, where they once held potent sway. The crescent under which Mohammed led countless worshipers is trailing in the dust, while the red-cross banner floats over the mosques and pagodas of the East. Papacy, falsely sailing under Christian colors, was long ago bereft of temporal power, and must be crushed under the wheels of civilization and education, her deadliest foes. Thus, one by one these old religions are dropping out of history, while Christianity is gathering in force and might. We reiterate, then, that nothing is more strongly evident of the presence of God in History than this progressive force of the Christian religion.

Such are some of the evidences suggested by this subject, one which glows with interest to the lover of history. *God in History!* Man, then, is no longer the historian, but God is the great Historian, and man is but the interpreter of what is already written.

So then to the essential requirements already laid down, we would add another: that the man who would write history must approach it not only in a scientific, but in a profoundly religious spirit. It is said of Michael Angelo that he never attempted any great work of art

without previous communion with the great Artist. Those thrilling compositions of Mozart and Mendelssohn are the productions of souls attuned and inspired by prayer. Milton, with a true conception of his need, when he would attempt his great masterpiece, invokes not the aid of mythical muses but the assistance of the Divine Spirit. If, then, the artist, the musician, and the poet need this aid, how vastly more does he who enters into the council chamber of the Infinite and interprets to his fellow men the divine plan in reference to human destiny!

DERF.

A BUST OF MILTON.

WATERVILLE, Nov. 15.

A heavy box was received here yesterday, directed to Professor Hall, Librarian of Colby University, and containing a bust of John Milton, which, after many wanderings, has found a permanent resting-place under "the high embowed roof" of the College Library. The marble was unpacked yesterday afternoon, and set upon a temporary pedestal, to await the shaft of polished granite which is intended for its support. It is of heroic size, and will stand, when finally in place, upon a pedestal a little more than six feet high, in the centre of the apartment.

The bust is already famous. It was modelled twenty years ago, in Rome, by Paul Akers, whom Hawthorne then described as "a young American sculptor, of high promise and rapidly increasing celebrity." He had already modelled *Una* and the *Lion*, and the *Dead Pearl Diver*; the originality of this last conception and the perfection of its execution not only promised great things, but fulfilled the promise. The Milton had been the dream of years. Akers read and re-read the noble poems and the passionate prose in which Milton's soul is revealed; he learned all the biographies had to tell of the circumstances of his hero's life; then, having come to this intimacy with the man, he went to England to study the traditions of his outward semblance in such contemporary portraits as remain. All these traditions, so far as they are consistent, are faithfully followed in the Akers marble, but informed and dignified by the sculptor's better acquaintance with the poet. The portrait is therefore strictly historical, but also an ideal work.

This bust was in Akers' studio in 1858, and was seen by Hawthorne, who was then in Rome, sketching the romance of the *Marble Faun*. In that work the following paragraph occurs:

"In another style, there was a grand, calm head of Milton, not copied from any one bust or picture, yet more authentic than any of them, because all known representations of the poet had been profoundly studied and solved in the artist's mind. The bust over the tomb in Grey Friars Church, the original miniatures and pictures, wherever to be found, had mingled each its special truth in this one work; wherein, likewise, by long perusal and deep love of the *Paradise Lost*, the

Comus, the Lycidas, and L'Allegro, the sculptor had succeeded even better than he knew, in spiritualizing his marble with the poet's mighty genius. And this was a great thing to have achieved, such a length of time after the dry bones and dust of Milton were like those of any other dead man."

This is Hawthorne's judgment of the bust which now stands in the University Library. So long as the Marble Faun is read, this generous recognition of a worthy achievement will be remembered; and so long as the marble endures, it will be approved.

In the fall of 1858, the Pearl Diver and the Milton were both brought to this country, and the opinions of the public concurred with Hawthorne's earlier judgment, as he had anticipated. Akers died in 1861, and the bust was stored in Boston. At one of the dinners of the Colby Alumni, the suggestion was made that it would be in every way a fitting act to present this bust to the College; that Paul Akers was a Maine sculptor, and his work ought to find a home in his native State. It was found that the marble, valued by Akers, in his lifetime, at \$3,000, could be obtained for \$1,200. Hon. Henry W. Paine, President of the Boston Association of the Alumni, headed the list of subscriptions; and so, when the full amount was made up and paid over, the bust became the property of Colby University.—*Portland Advertiser*.

COMMUNICATIONS.

MESSRS EDITORS:

Your complimentary notice of the last annual Catalogue seems to call for a few words of explanation.

Your critic evidently mistakes the province of the catalogue. It is not a rival of publications like the Echo. It occupies a more humble place, among the almanacs and registers. The files of the catalogues of any college will show the same uniformity from year to year which has disturbed your critic. There is little beyond the names of the new students, and announcement of changes in the administration of the College, which can furnish variety for the table of contents of a College Catalogue.

Each edition of the annual Catalogue is distributed among many who have not seen the issue for the previous year, and is of course entirely new to this large class of its readers. The number taken by our own students is but a small part of the edition.

As to the disagreement between the "Calendar" and the "Terms and Vacations," it is confessed that there is a discrepancy, but it has been purposely made. The Fall term is, or

should be, fifteen weeks long, and until within a few years the date of the closing of the term has been given, in accordance with the laws, as occurring about the middle of December. Permission was granted to those teaching Winter schools, to leave College in season to begin their schools on the first Monday of December,—the rest of the students remaining until the prescribed date. But so large was the proportion of students obliged to leave College before the first of December, that the continuance of College exercises two weeks in that month was found to be unprofitable, and was abandoned. The length of the Fall term has never been changed by the Trustees. The statement in the Catalogue, that the Fall term is fifteen weeks long, is in accordance with the laws passed by the Trustees. The date of closing the term as given in the Calendar, gives the actual time of holding examinations, after which the students are excused for the remainder of the term. If the date given in the Calendar had been fifteen weeks from the opening of the term, your critic would have been more severe in his remarks.

The attention of the Trustees being now called to the matter by his criticism, we may expect that, at their next meeting, they will require the Faculty to retain in College, until the middle of December, those students who are not actually obliged to go to their schools at an earlier date. H.

THE CAMPUS.

"Spring Term."

"Zero coats" are in order.

Beecher was not a success in Waterville.

S. A. Read, '75, has been in town for a few days.

Now is the time to renew your subscriptions. "No chromos."

"How meek and lowly the thermometers have become!"—*Ex.*

The Reading Room is being furnished with new racks and reading-desks.

A Senior interprets "*libera vina*" in the *Ars Poetica* to mean—"free rum."

A system of telephones between Chaplin Hall and South College is contemplated.

The students are unusually prompt in returning. The term opened with only thirteen Seniors absent.

Wanted—A law to compel the clearing of Waterville pavements within thirty days after the close of a storm.

The Chapel has been cold of late. A cold exterior and devotional interior are generally inversely proportional.

Among the religious statistics of the College, it appears that fifty per cent. of the students are professed Christians.

We regret to chronicle the absence of Miss Koopman, '78, on account of serious illness. We wish for her a speedy recovery and return to her class.

Mr. A. H. Briggs, '38, of Boston, has been invited to deliver before the students, sometime during the present term, a lecture on the early history of the College.

Freshman Recitation Room: Prof.—“The means are related to the whole number of terms, how?” Student—“Yes, Sir.” Prof.—“How?” Student—“I think they are.”

Efforts are being made to establish a system of prizes by the aid of which deserving students, on certain conditions, may be enabled to pay their entire College expenses.

Coburn Hall has been provided with a new and larger furnace which heats comfortably the entire lower part of the building. Improvements are also being made in the Laboratory.

We extend our most heartfelt sympathy to our Acadia friends in their losses by fire. We are glad to learn that the Governors of the College have adopted prompt and active measures toward rebuilding.

Each of the bowling alleys has been furnished with two complete sets of pins and with new balls. With their heavy, leather-covered buffers and leather-lined return-trays, they are now in most excellent condition.

We print the following schedule, thinking it may be of service to students as a matter of reference:

	8 A.M.	11.30 A.M.	4.30 P.M.
Seniors:	German.	Ethics.	Latin.
Juniors:	Rhetoric.	Light.	Physiology.
Sophomores:	Gen. Geom.	Rhetoric.	Greek.
Freshmen:	Greek.	Latin.	Algebra.

“Ye Local Man” has not yet returned. Our readers will consequently pardon the inferior quality of local fare in the present number.

Prof. in Greek to Prof. in Latin (after seeing an experiment in sound)—“We have no machinery in our rooms.” Prof. in Latin to Prof. in Greek—“We are commonly reported to keep a grindstone.”

A Testament has been recently presented to the Boardman Missionary Society, by the only surviving classmate of the Missionary Boardman, accompanied by an interesting letter of reminiscence.

Daniel Pratt, on a previous visit to the College, called on Pres. Champlain, announcing himself as “The Great American Traveler.” “Ugh! ugh! let’s see you travel,” said the Doctor as he shut the door.

First Junior to Second Junior—“Say X., what have you been doing this Winter?” X. (who has spent the vacation in—well, let him tell)—“Oh, teaching school—evening school—one pupil—seven o’clock to twelve—just immense.”

Purchasers of the Reading Room papers for the vacation, who failed to receive their papers, will receive credit for the amount paid, by reporting the same to the Executive Committee. Periodicals should be returned to the Reading Room immediately.

Huxley’s Physiology, p. 65: “The best way to see the blood crystals is to take a little rat’s blood from which the fibrin has been removed, etc.” Senior’s rendering of the same at recitation: “We may best obtain the blood crystals by taking the *blood of a small rat*, etc.” *Vos plaudite.*

The Editors of the *Oracle* for this year are Getchell and Jones, '78; Joy and Warner, '79. We are glad the *Oracle* still lives. It holds an unique place in the College, which cannot be filled by the Echo. If it is properly conducted the friends of the University will obtain from it a better idea of what has really been done by the students during the past year, than they could get from any other printed source. We hope that the present Editors will aim at originality and not at copying past editors. If it is allowable to suggest an improvement—should not there be more illustrations? The cuts are

the life of a college annual. Of course the Editors will reply that they need more money if the *Oracle* is to be better illustrated. Let us all help them in this direction as well as by contributing to the literary department, that we may have a paper to be more than usually pleased with, this year.

Scene—Senior recitation room. Dramatis Personæ: Dr. R. and Senior who has returned a few days late at opening of term. Dr. R. to Senior approaching the desk at close of recitation in Ethics—"Mr. —, there are some grand thoughts connected with the discussion we have just taken up." Senior—"Yes—yes. But how much time will be allowed me to make up back work?"

Fact: Dr. W., not a thousand miles from here, riding to visit a sick patient; nears patient's house; meets friend K. returning from a canvassing trip for gravestone orders. Dialogue: K.—"How far you traveling, Dr.?" Dr.—"To the next house." K.—"Patient there?" Dr.—"Yes." K. (deliberately drawing order book from his pocket)—"Will you please give me the name, Dr.? I may as well take it now."

MARRIAGES.

In Waterville, Dec. 18th, by Rev. S. P. Merrill, Mr. Wm. Elder, Professor of Chemistry in Colby University, and Miss Carrie Scammon, daughter of Dea. S. Scammon, all of Waterville. —*Zion's Advocate*.

In Eden, Nov. 17th, 1877, by Rev. J. H. Taylor, Mr. A. F. Palmer, '80, and Miss Addie S. Rich of Eden.

THE COLLEGE PRESS.

Hamilton Literary Monthly.

"That gloomy outside, like a rusty chest,
Contains the shining treasure of a soul.
Resolved and brave."

Further in the beautiful language of the poet, "there is no new thing under the sun," truth being sacrificed for elegance of expression, for *The Vidette* is from Evanston, Ill., and it would certainly require a good degree of editorial cheatableness to consider it an old thing. It comes proud and happy on account of

the honors accruing from the success of its College's representatives at the Inter-Collegiate contest.

Vol. I., No. 1, of the *Student Life* is at hand. By the way, the Editors adopt a curious mode of securing a careful perusal for their paper. The Exchange Editor is obliged to read every word carefully and then find his sole source of information in the advertisements. Its contents are very pleasing and profitable, but please tell us your address.

The *University Magazine* and its kind words are very acceptable. We are informed on good authority that there once existed two giants, Antæus and Hercules.

College Rambler, a well-conducted paper, just beginning its fight with the fair and the unfair. "Be generous" is a very good principle for us all to adopt.

The College News Letter comes to us clean, neatly printed, and evenly folded. There is nothing which gives so favorable an impression to an Editor, on seeing a paper for the first time, as a plain and perfect print.

The University Quarterly has a tone of hearty cheerfulness that is enchanting. The article on "Winter's Return" can hardly be surpassed in fineness of expression. It carries the reader along with it in just such a manner as the rough winds of Winter hurry him over the ice. Reading such a piece you cannot help feeling good-natured, and a little honest admiration for the enterprising Editors will not lessen our own good humor nor take away from our own value, as is the too common belief.

The *Acta* advises the Alumni to undertake a "dramatic spree" for the purpose of raising money for boating and of encouraging the students to undertake something of the same kind. This suggests reverend gentlemen in tights dancing the can—anybody tell us "why there is this thushness?" The heads of the Editors are nearly turned by the exciting themes of boat races and balls; they pay little attention to the so-called "skull race," and less to the race of man with man. Their printers seem also to share the general dementation, for the numbering of the *Acta's* pages reminds us of a small boy's first attempt at counting, when he makes wild leaps from three to nine and then goes back to pick up the intervening numbers. Perhaps this is all right, perhaps there is no mistake; but "what seems so is transition."

OTHER COLLEGES.

The Inter-Collegiate Literary Contest took place in New York, Jan. 10th. Prizes for essays were awarded to Chas. W. Ames of Cornell, and Miss Lizzie R. Hunt of the Northwestern Univ. The other prizes were as follows: Greek, Louis Bevier of Rutgers; Latin, first prize, A. D.

Bingham of Madison; second, M. D. Rosenberg of University of New York City; Mathematics, Thomas G. Satterlee of the College of New York City; second, A. S. Hathaway of Cornell; Mental Science, A. T. Ormond of Princeton; second, J. T. Gordy of Wesleyan; Oratory, C. P. Mills of Williams; second, J. J. Grant, of Lafayette.

AMHERST.

'79 contains just seventy-nine men.

The fourteenth annual gymnastic exhibition was held Dec. 15th.

The Freshman Class has lately begun De Amicitia. It makes us feel sorry we hadn't taken our first year at Amherst.

Amherst has a Freshman who has solemnly promised his mother not to take the valedictory. The *Student* believes there will be only one other mother who has a son in '81 who will not be disappointed and surprised at the lack of penetration in the Faculty.

Prof. Neill has adopted an entirely new plan for teaching English Literature. A small room has been furnished with a number of miscellaneous volumes relating to the subject which the class is taking at the time, and the different sections of the class are assigned times to make use of the books. This must be of great assistance to many who are unable to purchase books of their own.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

The Faculty have formally announced to the Senior Class that Commencement appointments are finally abolished, and also issued the following decree:

"Whereas, the public exercises of class-day have frequently been made the occasion for discourteous allusions to officers of the University, and for boastful recitals of disorderly exploits on the part of students, the Faculty hereby announce that if, hereafter, any member of any graduating class shall upon class-day indulge in words or acts regarded by the Faculty as disrespectful to any officer of the University, or deemed of a nature to encourage misdemeanors in other students and to interfere with the good government of the University, the name of such offending person will not be presented to the Regents for graduation."

YALE.

The class in intellectual philosophy meets on Tuesdays and Fridays to spend an hour in conversation.

At a neighboring school, the Professor in charge of morning prayers suddenly remembered an omitted notice, when finishing a hymn, and said: "When we reach that heavenly shore,—All those who desire to settle their term bills will call at my office at three o'clock."—*Courant*. This reminds us of what the principal of a certain fitting-school said some years ago at evening prayers. He had just admonished one of the "shackles" not to repeat his disturbance, when he read from the Bible: "And Moses said—" (in a loud, angry voice) "I hear that noise again!"

THE WASTE-BASKET.

Bay windows are safe harbors at night for little smacks.—*Phila. Herald*.

Prof.—"A man can't move without first having an act of the will." Student—"How is it, Prof., when a man gets kicked out of the back door?"

Prof.—"Is the intensity of gravity greater at the Poles or at the Equator?" Soph.—"Yes, sir!" Prof.—"Which?" Soph.—"It's greater."—*University Magazine*.

Scene in church. Two students sitting together, one admiring the music, the other looking about. No. 1—"Oh! how beautiful! Nothing could be sweeter." No. 2—"Which, the *middle* one?"

We hear that "the young metaphysician from the South" is so thin that, when afflicted with a pain, he has difficulty in ascertaining whether it is the colic or the back-ache. [That's too thin.—*Eds.*]

This from the Juniors: Junior (reading)—"Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip." Prof.—"Will you explain that line, or give the modern equivalent?" Junior—"Now, infidel, I have thee where the hair is short."

An embryo theologian on being asked the meaning of the letters D. V., replied, "*Deus Volens*." "But," said the questioner, "how are you going to govern the nominative, Mr. W.?" To which our learned friend piously replied, "My dear sir, the Lord governs all things!"

A Soph translates—"Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus," "The mountains labored and produced a ridiculous muss."

Turned out. Fond Father—"Well, my son, how do you like college? *Alma Mater* has turned out some great men." Young Hopeful (just expelled)—"Yes, sir, she has just turned me out."

Scene—Old South Fair. Business-like young lady—"Won't you take a share in this sewing-machine?" Cheeky Senior—"Have you one that will sew on buttons?" Young lady (blushing)—"No sir."

How it makes one's blood tingle to see a gowned Freshman come sailing round the corner of the Chapel and all of a sudden sit down and meditate. Josh Billings says that it is one of the lost arts to sit down on a slippery sidewalk without swearing.

A newspaper says Boston has a colored man named Yale College. When he shall have a large family, imagine Mrs. College standing on the front porch and yelling to her offspring: "Now, see heah, Dartmouf, how many times mus' yo' po' mudder tell you ter frow dat base ball 'way an' stay in de house an' larn yo' A. B. C's? Cornell, quit dabblin' in dat watah, an' come heah dis instan! you ac' like a fisherman. An' you, Vassar, yo' de wors' nigger in de pack. Take dat chewin' gum out ob yo' mouf, or I'll choke yo' till yo're black in de face."—D.—*Derrick.*

The following curious rendition of the well-known line from Grey's *Elegy* may be of interest to those who delight in permutations and progressions:

The weary ploughman homeward plods his way.
The weary ploughman plods his homeward way.
The homeward ploughman plods his weary way.
The homeward ploughman, weary plods his way.
The homeward, weary ploughman plods his way.
The weary, homeward ploughman plods his way.
Homeward the weary ploughman plods his way.
Homeward, weary, the ploughman plods his way.
Homeward the ploughman plods his weary way.
Homeward the ploughman, weary, plods his way.
Weary, the homeward ploughman plods his way.
Weary, homeward the ploughman plods his way.
Weary, the ploughman plods his homeward way.
The ploughman plods his homeward weary way.
The ploughman plods his weary, homeward way.
The ploughman homeward, weary, plods his way.
The ploughman, weary, homeward plods his way.
The ploughman, weary, plods his homeward way.

Lady and gentleman arguing vigorously as to whether there are any female angels. He—"Well, I can prove from Scripture that there are no women angels." She—"Oh, no, you can't." He—"Yes; you must remember the passage, 'And there was silence in Heaven for the space of half an hour.'" She——

PERSONALS.

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

'38.—Gen. Benj. F. Butler is intellectually a credit to his *Alma Mater*, but we are sorry to notice that he supports the "Silver Bill."

'38.—Married, in Damariscotta, Feb. 7, by Rev. Henry Crocker, Rev. Moses J. Kelley, Chaplain U. S. A., and Miss Clara A. Weeks.

'40.—A. F. Drinkwater of Ellsworth is a member of the Maine Legislature.

'51.—Hon. Thomas B. Buck, Mayor of Stockton, Cal., made a brief visit to Waterville, a few weeks since.

'58-'68.—S. S. Brown and L. D. Carver have formed the Law firm of Brown & Carver, and have located at Waterville.

'62.—Geo. Gifford, Esq., holds an appointment in the U. S. Commission to the Paris Exposition.

'63.—W. P. Whitehouse has been appointed Judge of the Superior Court which has lately been established in Kennebec County.

'64.—H. M. Pratt has been elected Associate Principal of Fall River, Mass., High School.

'71.—W. F. Marston is Editor of the new daily paper at Hallowell—the *Hallowell Register*.

'72.—W. W. Perry, Editor of the *Camden Herald*, delivered the Essay before the annual meeting of the Maine Editors' and Publishers' Association, Jan. 18th.

'74.—Rev. T. F. White has accepted the call of the Baptist Church in Ellsworth.

'75.—J. H. Cox is pastor of the Baptist Church in Camden.

'75.—E. A. Read and S. A. Read are students at Newton Theological Seminary.

'75.—L. C. Cornish, of Winslow, is the youngest member of the Legislature.

'77.—J. M. Foster is teaching in Industry.