

The Colby Echo.

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The Colby Echo.

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THE SANCTUM.

THE following fragment from the unpublished dialogues of Socrates may be of interest to archæologists and admirers of the Socratic method of discussion.

"Are you aware, O Alcibiades," said Socrates one day at the close of an animated discussion upon the relative merits of the Athenian and barbarian methods of education, "are you aware that at the close of the academic year the triennial catalogue (*Τριετηριχὸς Κατάλογος*) will be again submitted to the Athenian people?"

Al.—Most assuredly do I know it, O Socrates!

Soc.—But can you tell me, Alcibiades, why it is that these catalogues are printed only in the barbarian dialect?

Al.—O Socrates, neither can I, nor as yet, in my opinion, any other Athenian tell the reason for this.

Soc.—You would say, Alcibiades, that there is an appropriateness in all things, and that in everything simplicity should rule?

Al.—I do not understand you, Socrates.

Soc.—What I mean, Alcibiades, is this: You would say that the sheep has wool because it is most appropriate, and that for a sheep to be covered with feathers would be by no means proper, nor yet useful?

Al.—Most certainly, O Socrates.

Soc.—And you would also agree that that which has the design of usefulness should be divested as much as possible of complexity and ornament, which obstruct the usefulness?

Al.—Explain, O Socrates.

Soc.—What I mean, Alcibiades, is this: that if you give five hundred golden drachmae to fit out a trireme you will not supply it with marble decks, fountains, and fooleries, such as abound too much in Athens already, but you will fit it with strong oars and sturdy rowers, and all such things as will make it the best and most useful of triremes?

Al.—Most certainly you are right, O Socrates!

Soc.—Then you will agree with me that the *Τριετηριχὸς Κατάλογος*, since it is intended for the eyes of the Athenian people and not the barbarians, should be printed in the Athenian dialect, since that best subserves the desired end of appropriateness and utility?

Al.—By Zeus, you are right, O Socrates, and I think that the whole Athenian people will not say it is otherwise than as you affirm.

Soc.—Now, Alcibiades, you need feel no perplexity on this subject, for you not only think you know it, but actually do; so when you next

come before the ecclesia, who have the decision of this matter, you can urge them with your eloquence, O Alcibiades, to hereafter employ the Athenian and not the barbarian dialect.

SINCE it is a matter in which students are more or less interested and active, it may not be misapropos for the editorial spinning-jack to spin a short thread on the matter of debate: not as to its necessity and importance to the student—although a fruitful sermon might be preached upon that text—but just now would we discourse on its nature. Most of the students, perhaps, avail themselves of the opportunities afforded for debate; but tell me, good friend—you, for instance, who are bulletined for the debate at the next Literary Fraternity—tell me what is debate? Extemporaneous discussion of course. Yes; but what is extemporaneous discussion or discourse? Is it to take a cursory glance at the subject given; to slap down a few hastily read, half-digested notes, which perhaps do and perhaps do not bear upon the subject, and then to rise and pour out upon your auditors whatever may occur to you at the moment? In a word, does extemporaneous mean impromptu speaking? Beg pardon—we won't wait for you to answer, but ask permission to emphatically insist that no greater error was ever made than to suppose that "extemporaneous" and "impromptu" are synonymous. Extemporaneous discourse of any kind implies a thorough conception and mastery, and a keen analysis of the subject; earnest and faithful study of it in all its bearings and throughout its scope; a careful arrangement of the arguments to be employed, and of the method and order in which they shall be introduced, and finally, of the language to be used which will produce the best rhetorical effect. With such a preparation one is ready to come before his auditors in the role of an extempore speaker.

Says Webster, "No man is really inspired with the occasion," and the practice of our most eminent statesmen and orators corroborates the truth of his assertion. Webster's best efforts were always the result of assiduous study and preparation, and a careful attention to the details.

The elaborate preparation by Sumner, of his speeches, is well known. Similar methods and

habits may be affirmed of any one who has attained any degree of excellence in this art. It is by no means an easy thing to speak extemporaneously. Indeed, it is the most difficult of all oratorical efforts. To read from manuscript or to repeat from memory is comparatively easy. To speak extemporaneously is the perfection of the art.

'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true, that there is in the College an amazing lack of literary interest. Not literary ability, bear in mind, but literary interest and enthusiasm. 'Tis very seldom that we hear students discussing matters of literary importance outside of the class-rooms, although within them they may display quite an extensive literary knowledge. But the moment the dismissal bell rings, it is a general signal to observe the most profound silence and profess the most utter ignorance concerning anything which has the remotest connection with study. And for one to so overstep the bounds of propriety as to attempt to introduce literary conversation at the table—bless us, this is a heinous offence and deserves the condemnation of all lovers of truth and order.

This state of affairs is undoubtedly not confined to our own or any one college. It's a sort of general distemper among students, as a class, and may be accounted for on various grounds which will readily suggest themselves to any one who takes the matter into consideration. But from whatever source and for whatever reasons the indifference exists, the fact is deplorable, and one which we should seek to rectify as far as possible.

By this indifference we are depriving ourselves of the inestimable privileges and opportunities for literary culture afforded during our College course. Very few of us, perhaps, will, after we leave College, have access to so large and excellent a Library as we have now. Yet we venture to affirm that very few know what are the standard authorities in the various departments of literature, or can tell whether or not they are in the Library. Perhaps it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the student who, with a copy of standard poetry in his hand, asked the Librarian if he thought it would be a waste of time to read the same, is an epitome of a large class.

We have rare opportunities in College to cultivate a taste for literature, and it is not the part of wise men to neglect the opportunities. One can accomplish much by himself, but the progress is far more rapid, and the study far more profitable and interesting, when we can have a mutual attrition of ideas from a large number, equally interested.

Our table-talk and chit-chat on the street and on the Campus and in our rooms, which is too often made up of vapid trifles, might be made a valuable medium in the right direction.

Those who have the leisure could profitably spend one evening a week, in groups of two or three, in the discussion and examination of the best writers and their works. Various other methods might be suggested. The end in view is indisputably a desirable one, and can be reached to some extent by any one who is willing to put forth the effort. The means will best suggest themselves to the individual according to his tastes and inclinations.

WAR and rumors of war from Princeton again. Our sister college seems to have some difficulty in reaching a satisfactory settlement of the respective rights and privileges of Sophomore and Freshman. Our first impression, on hearing of the recent barbarities, and connecting them with previous similar occurrences, was that Princeton must be totally depraved, or that their sense of honor and morality was based upon a curious and complicated standard. But no! that can't be, for here is a file of the *Princetonians* before us, than which none of our exchanges is more manly in its utterances of truth and right, and denunciation of all sorts of wrong. No, indeed! Princeton is not totally depraved by any means. In behalf of the better element of Princeton we ask of you, fellow students, that you won't estimate the college by the few, hot-headed *boys* who are the cause of the recent disturbance. We are glad to notice that our exchanges are almost unanimous in denunciation of the disgraceful proceedings. It is indicative of an elevation in the tone of college morals. We are anxious to learn what the *Princetonian* itself has to say upon the matter. It has not arrived as we go to press, but we are sure that it will maintain its manly character.

We hope that the day is not very far in the future when the students in all our colleges will recognize no distinction between gown and town, between on and off the Campus, between the college and the world, as respects the right and the wrong.

Isn't it glorious to live in free America? Isn't it gratifying to gaze upon all the citizens of our mighty Union and know that all men have equal rights? No black! No white! No bond! No free! No restrictions! No nothing! "Blow, bugle, blow!" Thou eagle of the Republic, spread thy wings in protective love over all this mighty nation; fly to the North and the South and the East and the West, place in the hands of every man the ballot, and "tell him to be free!" Tell him he holds a mighty power and must use it aright.

Oh! it's glorious to be free! It's glorious to extend the suffrage to universal man! But have you witnessed the recent municipal elections? Did you see a long file of men wending their way to the ballot-box? And did you know that perhaps two-thirds of those citizens could not read the names upon their ballots? And did you know that the man most generous in his bestowal of whiskey and tobacco was the most likely to win their votes? And did you see that on votes by acclamation, this living mass of ignorant humanity would follow the beck and nod of their leader? His will, their law!

Oh, yes! It's grand to sit in the cheerful library, its walls lined with treatises on Republics and Universal Liberty and Rights of Man, and write with fervent pathos on Universal Suffrage. But lay aside your pen; doff your dressing-gown and slippers; put on your hat and coat and boots, and step out into the real world; go and cast your ballot with the rest. What is it that so dampens your ardor? Ah! there's a dark side to the shield!

Miss Lowell, who has recently been giving Lessons in Elocution in Brunswick, has come to town and formed classes in the several schools of the place. A class of about fifty College students has been started. The Freshmen are especially interested in this movement.

LITERARY.

SLEEP AND AWAKING.

"Go, Soul, the body's guest."—RALEIGH.

Out of the kingdom of Forgetfulness,
The realm of unremembered consciousness,
Across the narrow strait of Dreamfulness,
The Soul, within its spirit bark,
Sails through the disappearing dark,
Attended by wonderful shapes and weird,
By fanciful forms to be loved or feared,
Into the sunny land of Wakefulness.

O thou mysterious midnight voyager,
Who stealest from us without sound or stir—
Thou undisclosing wonderland traveller!
Why is it that thou dost not bring
Some token, some remembering
Of what thou hast tasted and heard and seen
Afar in the regions where thou hast been,
Thou silent, secret, foreign wanderer?

Ah! we should hear if we could understand;
The frozen dweller by the Baltic strand
Can never know the date's taste, till his hand
Has lifted to his lips the fruit.
And such are we, that thou art mute,
And, still recollecting, dost not reveal—
However this be, in our hearts we feel,
He knoweth most, who best does God's command!

But there will come a time when thou wilt lay
Thy finger on the tired heart, and say:
"Take now thy rest, who did so long obey!"
And then from Earth arising free
For all the centuries to be,
Wilt hie thee away to the Dreamland shore,
Whence earthly awakings will call no more,
And in the light of God is endless day.

H. L. K.

UNSOLVED PROBLEMS.

It is a common failing of mankind to prate loudly of what they have but an imperfect knowledge of, and to maintain a guarded and studied silence in respect to the unknown or the uncomprehended.

This is especially true of the professional man. In a vast majority of cases, he who occupies the position of teacher, either to the general reading public or to a stated number of students, feels impelled straightway to don the garb of literary infallibility, not less positive than that of Pope Leo XIII. That man who should acknowledge his own error, or inability to comprehend anything, however difficult, would be a

hero of no less merit than Leonidas of old. Yet it will be admitted by all that this claim to unlimited knowledge is a gross, an inexcusable error—it matters not by whom it is made. The man is practically the wisest who best knows his own ignorance. A claim that grasps after omniscience must reveal stupidity. It is very popular to declaim about the general diffusion of knowledge, but it would be nearer the truth to tell of the general diffusion of ignorance. This may seem exaggerated; but it vindicates itself when we reflect that we are not conscious of our ignorance of what is entirely unknown; so that ignorance in any given direction is conscious only where there is at least a partial knowledge.

Mental darkness confronts every man—dogs his steps from the rising till the setting of the sun, day after day, year after year, till on his death-bed it taunts him with entering an unknown and untried future.

If this is true of the man who makes the whole purpose of his life to accumulate knowledge, it is trebly true of the man who carefully avoids anything that takes the shape of learning. The poor collier delves in perpetual night, with no means of knowing, or desire to know the nature of the mysteries and beauties he is constantly meeting. The plowman follows in the steps of his father, not only ignorant of the laws by which so many wonderful changes are wrought by nature on every hand, but actually scorning to know. There is hardly a sailor that crosses the ocean who can tell why his ship is driven before the wind, or of what the liquid over which he sails is composed, any more than his commander can tell why it is that the piece of magnetized steel can guide him through the darkness of night and storm. The representative merchant knows really nothing of that little living machine which spins his coveted silk texture, and, if possible, cares less than he knows. In every vocation of life, not requiring the highest scientific skill, the vast majority are woefully ignorant and stupid.

Nor is this truth confined to so small a class. It is too often true that the most successful teachers are the men who, though they can explain the easy problems, are the most skillful in concealing their ignorance on every difficult point. Like Columbus, they can explain the variations of the magnetic needle to the satis-

faction of their pupils, but not to their own; and if this trait alone constituted a Columbus, all the Isabellas in Christendom would long since have bartered their jewels in aid of explorers.

If it were possible to trace the different workings of the mind to the motion of different kinds of so-called atoms; if the pleasure of music could be traced to some beautiful orbit of certain kinds of matter within the brain; if the solution of a mathematical problem could be read in the chronometer-like motion of these particles; if pain could be proved to be a devastating storm of brain matter,—then we should come somewhat nearer to the “ultimate facts in nature.” But it would be an exceedingly confident man who should attempt such a task.

We meet, every day, not only giants with whom we dare not wrestle, but pigmies that elude our most confident grasp. There are many things too minute to be detected, as well as others too vast to be comprehended; yet the incomprehensible holds a thousand charms. It is the incomprehended that we reverence most in friends, and perhaps it is all we fear in foes.

Noble as has been the work of these representative scientists, one can hardly suppress a smile as he sees a Tyndall vainly striving to breathe animation into brass, or a Darwin reverently embracing his ancestral ape.

In order to solve new problems, the solution of old ones must be carefully regarded; the seeker for additional facts must be conversant with previous discoveries. Great is the chagrin of that explorer who, amid scorching sands and ravenous beasts, exposes his life to penetrate some remote interior, but who finds that his discoveries were, long since, published to the whole world. Ninety-nine out of every hundred difficult problems need nothing but ordinary intelligence combined with extraordinary patience.

Now, the trouble is, not that there are so many unsolved problems, but there is so little disposition, on the part of the rising generation especially, to solve them. The average college student throughout New England will put forth a greater effort to shirk a task than would be required to perform it; but he who has the opportunity and will not burn midnight oil, endure hunger and rags, if need be, that he may possess the keys which unlock the treasures of the literary and scientific world, is an object of *contemptuous pity*. The time has come when the

ignoramus will find himself compelled to match his physical strength against the power of the steam engine; and the unlettered man must not complain if he finds himself harnessed beside the horse.

A PAGE FROM PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Omitted by a mistake of the printer from the author's last revised edition.

Now, not long after Christian had left the Interpreter's house, there came by that way one Thoughtful, a pilgrim, who, finding it near sunset, was minded to stop there all night. So he gave a knock at the door, and the Interpreter coming out, asked, “Who is there?” Then answered he, “I am Thoughtful, a pilgrim, who am come from the town of Man's-wisdom, and am on my way to the Heavenly City. My name, before I met the Evangelist, was Doubter.” Then spoke the Interpreter, “Welcome right gladly; for we have heard of thee.” So he took him by the hand, and led him in. After a time spent in sweet and profitable discourse, Thoughtful, for he was somewhat weary, having journeyed far that day, was led to the same room where Christian had slept, and where he also was to pass the night. The next morning, when the household had spent an hour in prayer and singing, he was shown, of the Interpreter, all the rare and profitable things of the house, which I have spoken of before; and, after he had seen them all, the Interpreter said, “There is a new painting just made at our Master's orders, which I would have you see.” So he led him into a well-lighted room, and bade him cast his eyes upon the wall; and Thoughtful, looking thereon, saw a very grim one, with a scythe in his hand, mowing down thistles. And there were certain behind him, who did despitefully trample upon them, and cast them into a fire. Now Thoughtful gazed a long time upon the picture, without being able to guess its meaning. Then said the Interpreter unto him, “Canst thou not riddle it?” and he answered, “No.” Then said the other, “I will interpret it unto thee.

“Him thou seest with the scythe, that is Death. The thistles that fall under his blows are an image of the elect (for surely they are as thistles and evil weeds unto him); the men behind him, who cast the thistles into the fire, are the servants of Death who do his bidding.”

"I had imagined as much," quoth Thoughtful. "But thou hast lost the very marrow of the whole, if thou seest nothing more," said the Interpreter. "Now mark, that, as the scythe strikes the thistles, its blow sets free the seeds, which spread their fans, and, blowing away, take root in other fields beyond his reach, so that his labor is worse than for naught. Even so, Death, when he strikes at the body, sets free the soul which is his chief desire, and it flies away and blooms in other fields, where he can no more get at it; and where by its presence it forever mocks his fruitless pains." "Truly a brave picture," said Thoughtful. So he renewed his journey refreshed, and, as he went, he sang:

"The jarring blow, that strikes the thistly weed,
Defeats itself by freeing the winged seed:
So, by the blow Death meant should cut us down,
He finds the white-winged spirit freed and flown."

RESTORER.

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

The pleasures we experience through the exercise of memory, make up a large proportion of the sum total of our enjoyment. The present is ever becoming the past. Pleasurable emotions glide through the mind and leave impressions by means of which memory produces pleasure in after time.

We are unable to retain the joyous sensations which we experience, and make them permanent possessions; and from our very nature and the character of these sensations, they can be only of short duration. But memory, by reproducing the occasion and the circumstances that gave rise to them, enables the mind to dwell upon them and repeat the former pleasurable experience. In after life memory recalls the days and scenes of childhood, visits those places once so dear to the childish heart, sings again the merry songs of youth, listens to the sweet notes of birds that warbled in some well-known grove, pictures the homestead in all its old-time attractiveness,—and, for the time, makes all seem real.

And this exercise of the memory can take place again and again, and can also be prolonged, so that we may, when we wish, reproduce those emotions that, when first experienced, we could retain but for a brief period. When years have flown and friends have departed, memory recalls those forms and faces so loved and admired,

clothes them again with the same familiar appearance and expression, revisits with them olden places, communes with them as in days gone by, and seems almost to grasp the friendly hand, so real do they appear.

The mother fondly recalls the sweet babe that nestled for a while in her bosom and then was buried away from her sight. The child remembers the parent who watched over his youth. The wife recalls the husband, and in her solitude finds a secret pleasure in the memory of departed days. The husband finds a quiet joy in dwelling thoughtfully upon those scenes that still are present in memory.

In the most forlorn condition of life the pleasures of memory come like angel messengers to soothe the sorrowing soul and afford an enjoyment that is independent of surrounding circumstances.

M. C. R. R. GILES.

Many can run around the country viewing its natural beauties and the adornments of art; more continually remain ready to start on a tour of exploration at their very first opportunity, but are obliged meanwhile to satisfy their curiosity on such points as they chance to be interested in, with the accounts of travelers; but the majority continue rambling round home and have no inclination to disturb their domestic tranquillity by frequent departures to lauded points of the country. Of the last class was stout John Giles. An honest farmer, he always stayed at home and, as was his boast, minded his own business. Nothing extraordinary ever happened to John, and readers who are looking for excitement should turn at once to the advertisements, for this account is wholly devoid of adventure.

A man of almost giant stature, he was quiet and reasonable when left to himself and when none of his long-established principles were interfered with. On ordinary occasions he had no humor, but when his own sayings raised the laugh, the accident at once assumed the appearance in his eyes of a most carefully prepared and long-meditated witticism. If his anger was aroused he was as strong and unreasonable as a giant, and in this condition he could hit out straighter from the shoulder and repeat the operation, with a given force, oftener than any man

in the county. An intelligent man as far as town, and even country affairs which were of interest to him went, and one of the leading farmers in the community, he nevertheless had very little of the knowledge obtained from books. He was one of the celebrated race of the Abnakis, though if the strange name had been applied to him by some over-wise and incautious person the stout arm of John would have followed the defiance of his giant voice in swift and awful revenge upon the person of the supposed blasphemer.

His voice was almost terrible to hear. When he talked to his team in his balmy tones, the voice of the trader in his store and of the teacher in his school was drowned in the tide of his expressions; but when, in the worry of rough roads, the horses ran away with his young hired man, whose weight was really not so very slight, being in the near vicinity of a couple of hundred pounds, the wrath of John was more than fairly represented by his awful roars. He belabored the man for his stupidity, and for his weakness in not being able to quell the frightened steeds with whip and rein, and shouted for the animals to stop till the very hills reverberated the mighty concussions, and the horses brought themselves to a sudden halt and stood trembling in their tracks, as if the last trump had sounded its notes in their ears. If he had resided in this community, and had exercised his powers in public declamation, the roofs of buildings would only have found safety in a construction like that at the summit of Mt. Washington. He had none of the too common reverence for big words; they, on the contrary, incited him to the most violent anger. A very Boythorn in simplicity and honesty, he knew no long words himself, and thought people used them merely for the purpose of demonstrating a fancied superiority. A magniloquent epithet would set him off into a rage at the slender youth who pronounced it; while the sonorous sounding structure of an entire sentence wherein many descriptive adjectives were interpolated, raised his wrath to a boiling pitch in an instant. Nobody ever tried the effects of "glosso-pharyngeal" upon him; if one had, the result must inevitably have been the annihilation of a considerable portion of the community.

He was a great horse-jockey, though an honest man in other respects, and, from the many

colts racing round his buildings, had once been called M. C. R. R. Giles, an epithet which stuck to him forever after, and one which caused him often to be associated with a railroad in his vicinity. He was, however, a little proud of the distinguishing title (he had a brother, an effeminate man), and continued to merit it no less than Ready Money Jack of Bracebridge Hall celebrity, deserved his.

He was no hero, and died in as ordinary and quiet a way as a weaker man, or a man with less individuality, might have done. It is not because he was an extraordinary person that this incomplete sketch of his character has been written (by which he would certainly feel himself flattered if he could see it), but because his son hopes his strong character, rough though it was, will suggest to each mind some person like him.

W. GILES.

COMMUNICATIONS.

WATERVILLE, March 20, 1878.

To the Editors of the Colby Echo:

I am glad to notice the energetic manner in which you are conducting the ECHO, and I think you have reason to congratulate yourselves that it represents so well the character of our College. It is especially gratifying to notice the changes that are continually being suggested and made, changes which we all must regard as improvements. There is one arrangement, however, which I think you have not noticed, and which might be altered for the better.

For a long time it has been customary to appoint a Marshal for Commencement, the choice being made hap-hazard from the Junior Class. The results of this method of appointment have not always been satisfactory, but in past times no better way could be suggested. But now we have a military company, and nothing, it seems to me, could be more proper than that the Marshal should be one of its officers. The plan that I would propose for the future is briefly this: That the highest officer in the Rifles (outside of the graduating class of course) be ex-officio Marshal for Commencement. It is to be presumed that this officer will be the best suited of any of the men available to marshal and conduct in a proper manner the several processions

of the day. Should this process of selection be carried out we shall agreeably miss the unseasonable blunders and the cracked voices that have sometimes marred the solemnity of the occasion.

A STUDENT.

WATERVILLE, March 18, 1878.

To the Editors of the Colby Echo:

A few words in your columns, concerning the relation of the students to the citizens of Waterville, may not be out of place. It is of vast importance that a student while in college should have good society. His future success among men depends in a great degree upon it. It is too often the case that what little culture one has acquired previous to a college course disappears, and rudeness and lack of ease characterize him. "How can this be prevented?" is often asked. The reply is, seek amid the people of the town for good, genial associates. But from first to last, from Academy and College ascends the plaintive wail of injured feelings, "High-toned; Aristocratic; Cold; Formal."

This is a great mistake. The fact is, the citizens of Waterville are very many of them genial, intelligent, cultured, and I may safely add, sensible people. And if such are to be termed "high-toned," then well and good. Scarcely is there a town of this size in which there is a college, where more homes are accessible to the student. The people are glad to make the acquaintance of the boys, and take pleasure in rendering their sojourn in Waterville a pleasant one. We have, as students, foes in town, and they have good reasons for being such; since, in the past, the privileges of guests have been abused, and the kindness proffered has been employed as a tool for some disgraceful deed.

But our friends are more numerous than our enemies. If we show ourselves worthy of their friendship, they will not withhold it from us. As I said, the people of Waterville are sensible. And they are too sensible to run after and pet every one who looks like a student, lest he may think that he is slighted. Shut yourselves up to your books; avoid all social gatherings; give none a chance to make your acquaintance, grumble about the slights of citizens, hate the very town for the sake of its people; and be

assured the people of Waterville will leave you alone in your glory. But leave your books occasionally and mingle in society as you have opportunity. Do not wait to be sought for and fondled before you appear, but step forth as a social being amid the social, and establish just claim for acquaintance with your fellow-beings. Your right will be respected; and you will not leave this town at the end of your course without having made, not one, but many pleasant acquaintances. At all events, do not charge the people of the town with lack of interest in you, until you have at least made the attempt to find friends among them.

SCHU.

THE CAMPUS.

Grist.

Straggling pedagogues still come in.

O, Sir! Miss not the good chance!

The Rink is gone from the Campus.

Student: "Frogs and all other kinds of herbs were used by her."

Thayer, of '81, has been giving readings in the adjoining towns.

Plato: "What a strange thing is that which men call the Soul (e)!"

The Junior Declamation will be given in the Chapel on next Wednesday (the 27th).

We print this joke by request: A member of '81 added two minus signs and got a plus.

Dewhurst and Philbrook have a telephone in successful operation between North and South College.

Half-term examinations in German, Light, Rhetoric, and Anglo-Saxon occur on the 19th and 20th.

The Seniors have engaged Miss Cary and the Germania Band, of Boston, for their Commencement concert.

There is urgent need of more hat hooks in Recitation Hall. One gets tired of hanging his hat on the floor.

Fresh, who reads war news: "If I were a Turkey, as I am an American, I would gird up my lions, take my thorax in my hand, and go out against the enemy to die or to perish in the attempt."

Dr. Robins has been invited to preach before the Boardman Missionary Society, some time during this term.

Psi Gamma has a new grate for her stove.—*College Olio*. Is that so! Our Reading Room has a new stove-poker.

We notice that A. M. Thomas, '80, has been appointed orator to the Alumni Association of the Hallowell Classical School.

The Juniors complain that Prof. Smith's favorite process with respect to their articles for declamation is the *Reductio ad Absurdum*.

Arrangements are being made to secure the piano which has so long been needed when Declamations are given in the College Chapel.

The Colby Lion sleeps over prayers every morning.—*Bowdoin Orient*. Yes! and the Lamb stops in the Reading Room—and it is "All right!"

We-er learn that-er a member of-er our choir has-er, after breaking more-er hearts than-er one, at last retired-er to a quiet little mead-er, where peace will ever reign-er.

One of the Juniors always takes the same subject for his declamations. When asked what he has written on he always says, "Oh, go 'long.'" He writes about twenty pages.

The "Dories" of Bowdoin gave a very pleasing entertainment in this village a few weeks since. We are sorry that the stormy weather prevented many from going.

And this is the way a recitation was closed: "I hope soon to see some signs of a declamation.—That is sufficient. (Extending a compo.) Mr. A., come and take your thing."

The Freshman class was unusually large, and when they were assembled for the first time at prayers, the Doctor opened to the third Psalm, and read, "Lord! how are they increased that trouble me!"

We are sorry to learn that Perkins, '80, has taken his dismissal from College. He is going to Sing Sing, not the prison, but the fitting school for West Point. He will enter the latter Academy next Fall.

Dr. A. H. Strong, President of Rochester Theological Seminary, has accepted our invitation to deliver the Commencement Oration next Summer. Rev. S. D. Phelps, D.D., of Hartford, Conn., is to be the Poet.

Hon. Benj. Butler has supplied this College with silver-money speeches which were read with interest. Our thanks are due him; but the general sentiment of the College is strongly against the recent bill.

Si quid tamen olim

Scripseris in Maeci, descendat iudicis aures

Et patris et nostras, nonumque prematur in annum,

a Senior renders as follows: If, hereafter, you shall write anything let it *descend into the ears* of the critic Maecus and your father's and mine, and *let it remain there nine years*.

Horace, Book II., Carmen VIII.—"O Varine, if you should become less attractive by a black tooth or a discolored nail (*ungui*). Student—"I didn't get a very exact translation for *ungui*. Will 'talon' do?" The young ladies are immensely flattered.

Apropos of the new plan of paying the entire expenses of worthy and industrious students provided they submit to certain conditions, Prof. — says that before long it will be necessary to pay \$1 a day in addition to all expenses to induce men to go to college.

We heard a story with a moral: A young man was on the scaffold. A weeping maiden sought his life. The magistrate, moved by her tears, granted it on condition that they marry. The youth went to look at the girl, for they had never seen each other before. He took one good look; then turned sorrowfully away, saying: "Let Justice have her perfect work."

One of the Juniors contributed to the advance of learning by the declaration that "the body is completely covered by the *pericardium*." But another made a more important discovery. While looking at a window-sash with the spectroscope he requested the Prof. to "come and see these *sun crystals*!"

The following epitaph is to be seen in the old graveyard across the river:

Here lies the body of RICHARD THOMAS,

An inglishman by birth.

A whig of '76,

By occupation a cooper

Now food for worms,

Like an old rumpuncheon

marked, numbered and shooked,

He will be raised again

and finished by his creator.

he died sept 28, 1824; aged 75

America my adopted country,

My best advice to you is this

take care of your liberties.

1st Student—Soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2d Student—A delicate odor!

1st Student—As ever hit my nostril; so—snuff it up—
Oh you most potent gods! what's here? a ——!

Garments defiled by a pole-cat, it is said, may be cleansed in the following manner: Take a quantity of common vinegar and pour it upon a hot stove; hold the clothing in the steam or vapor arising, and within five minutes all odors will disappear.—*Boston Journal*.

Nearly two hundred volumes have been added to the College Library since last term. Seventy volumes have been acquired by exchange of duplicates with other libraries. The most important acquisition by exchange is a set of The Naturalist's Library, edited by Sir Wm. Jardine, in 40 vols., with several hundred colored plates, besides an engraved portrait and sketch of some distinguished naturalist in each volume. By gifts from Hon. H. Hamlin, Lord Lindsay, Gov. Dingley, Hon. J. S. Pike, F. M. Wilson, M.D., and others, 35 volumes have been contributed. Among the purchases from the Colby Fund are critical editions of Martial, Terence, Plautus, and Virgil; Bowen's Modern Philosophy and Shields' Final Philosophy, Woolsey's Political Science, Kitchin's History of France, Ihne's Rome, Van Laun's French Literature, Browne's Roman Literature, Sellar's Roman Poets, and the Life of Whately. Thirty-six volumes of periodicals have been bound.

Erratum.—By mistake, the Devil [the Editor-in-Chief wrote the Locals of last issue] made E. A. Read read S. A. Read.

THE COLLEGE PRESS.

The ——* is received. Typography good. Editorials brief and to the point. Literary matter excellent. Locals full, but not too full. Hope to see you again.

* Our exchanges will please fill the blank with their own names.

OTHER COLLEGES.

The Agricultural College, at Orono, is in hot water. It is alleged that it is not doing the work for which it was designed, and a proposition has even been made to withdraw its charter

and divide its permanent fund among the three remaining colleges of the State. The institution will probably, however, drag out another year of its wearisome existence.—*Orient*.

AMHERST.

The *Student* can see no reason for a student in college using translations, even judiciously.

The choir having their pay (the right to have a certain number of excused absences more than other students) cut off, rebelled and, not affected by lectures on selfishness, discontinued opening pieces. Faculty alarmed, and offer them, when the time of graduation shall come, their parchments free of the usual five dollar tax. Choir indignant, hence no voluntaries on Sundays.

Amherst has received a rare addition to its art gallery in a complete set of casts of the well-known bronze doors modeled by Crawford for the Capitol at Washington. They were the last work of this distinguished sculptor, and what adds to their value is the fact that they never can be copied, since the original models were long since destroyed. The doors were cast at the Ames Co.'s Works, at Chicopee, and are pronounced one of the finest specimens of bronze work in the world. The doors are fourteen feet high and of proportionate width, and are divided into ten panels in high relief, each panel illustrating some important event in Revolutionary history.—*Student*.

BATES.

President Cheney is to deliver an address on the twenty-third of June, upon the history of the late Benj. E. Bates, Esq., of Boston, and his connection with the College.

A new organ has been recently placed in the chapel, and the independent efforts to "start the tune" will now be changed to a grand harmonious pull all-together.

"Gen. Average" has made a recent visit to Bates and created some dissatisfaction among the students at the taxes assessed for repairs.

CORNELL.

The baby is taking up its little oars.

"The class of '80 had the largest class-supper every enjoyed at Cornell. The table was graced by twelve young ladies."—*Acta*.

A communication to the *Era* complains of the lack of college spirit, and goes on to tell us that this last named commodity suffers because

the lager-beer saloons are not frequented so much as formerly by the students, and because of the difficulty in raising a crowd at short notice for a procession, a rush, etc. As a remedy for this evil the institution known as the Yale Fence is offered. We understand here what this medicine is. The cry of "heads out!" will be about as embarrassing to a passer-by on our grounds as the Yale Fence is to the pedestrian at New Haven. Whether this latter represents the disposition of any number of the students greater than one, we can not tell.

PRINCETON.

'78 has lost more than sixty men since it entered College.

Students are charged sixteen dollars for coal, and the same amount for light for the present term of fourteen weeks.

There are in attendance a large number of post-graduates this year. Thirty are attending Dr. McCosh's lectures on Philosophy.

The recent hazing affair is deplorable in the extreme. It has not only thrown discredit upon Princeton, but to a certain extent strengthened the prejudice already existing in the minds of a certain class against all colleges. It is certain that the College itself is not to blame for what has happened. The occurrence was as likely to be at one place as another. Hazing is going out of date, and it is expedient that persons who were never connected with colleges should understand the fact. In most colleges a Freshman who is gentlemanly is as much respected as men in higher classes, and we are apt of late years to think when we hear of a Freshman being disciplined that he is the kind of person who needs a little instruction in decorum. In this case the first assault is reported to have been made by Freshmen, the Sophomores attempted to retaliate and one of them was shot by a valiant boy. The justice of the thing is in suspending the Sophomore class for the offences of their inferior brethren.

THE WASTE-BASKET.

A Sunday-school boy, upon being asked what made the tower of Pisa lean, replied, "Because of the famine in the land."

Too many peas in the broth: A pickpocket picking a pickpocket's pocket.

Every well-regulated college will have to be provided with an army and navy hereafter.

Swallow tails never go out of fashion; but it seems to us that newspaper readers don't swallow tales as they used to.

Said Mrs. Partington: "What is all this fuss about the rheumatizing silver and this demand for the plumbago of our fathers?"

I sot me down in thought profound, this maxim wise I drew: It's easier for you to love a gal than to make a gal love you.—*Josh Billings.*

A correspondent writes, asking for a "remedy for an apple tree worm." How can we prescribe until we know what is the matter with the worm?

Josh Billings says he knows people who are so fond of argument they will stop and "dispute with a guide-board about the distance to the next town."

"Master at home?" "No, sir, he's out."
"Mistress at home?" "No, sir, she's out."
"Then I'll step in and sit by the fire." "That's out too, sir."

"Doff thine Æonian crown," elegantly says Bayard Taylor in his centennial ode. "Shoot the hat," says the bad boy of the street. Thus education softens and weakens expression.

Scene: Physiology class room. Professor—"Miss M., give the number of teeth and their names." Student—"Really, Professor, I have them all at my tongue's end, but I can't give them."

Squabbles, an old bachelor, showed his stocking, which he had just darned, to a maiden lady, who contemptuously remarked: "Pretty good for a man darner." And Squabbles remarked: "Yes, good enough for a woman, darn her."

As year after year rolls into the great sea of the past, and man draws nearer and nearer the great port of death, he becomes more and more sadly convinced that red flannel wrappers will shrink in spite of the best efforts of the washer-woman. This is why it is so difficult to distinguish a last year's wrapper from a coral necklace.

"I'm ashamed of the age in which we live!" said a Lowell maiden of thirty-eight. "You may be ashamed of yours but I'm not of mine," replied a nineteen-year-old companion. And it wasn't much of a nose that went up, either.

Art received an awkward criticism from a free and easy young man who recently met a sculptor in a social, and addressed him thus, "Er—er—so you are the man—er—that makes—er—mud heads." And this was the artist's reply, "Er—er—not all of 'em; I didn't make yours."

Outside the meetin'-house. Deacon Norwood (to Elder Tompkins)—"Yes, sir; a man with hope and without no faith is just like a young man in a row-boat, who ain't got only one oar, and rows round and round in a circle and don't get nowhere." Small Boy (at a safe distance)—"If he warn't a darned fool he'd scull."

The Excise bill is dead. Now for the Moffat bell-punch:

Punch, brothers, punch with care,
Punch in the presence of the barkeepaire;
A one-cent clip for a lager baire,
A two-cent nip for a whiskey squaire,
A quarter 'f a dollar for a regular taire,
Punch, brothers, punch with care,
Punch in the presence of the customaire.

One day as Horace was walking down Via Sacra, he dropped into a saloon to get a glass of beer, when one of the bummers accosted him with the following conundrum: "Flaccus," said he, pointing to a lazy dog that was following Horace, "why is your dog like a sheet of paper?" "Give it up," said Q. H. F. "Because it is a slow pup." Further demonstration showed the analogy. A sheet of paper is an ink-lined plane, and an inclined plane is a slope up. Whereupon Horace set 'em up.

PERSONALS.

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

'40.—The Governor has made another excellent appointment—that of Hon. Arthur F. Drinkwater, of Ellsworth, Honorary Commissioner to the International Industrial Exposition in Paris, to be held the coming summer. Mr. Drinkwater is at present the able Representative of his City in the Legislature. He is a native of Kennebec County, having been born in Mt.

Vernon, and is fifty-six years of age. He graduated at Waterville College in the class of 1840. Was a member of the Board of Education from 1847 to 1852, Judge of Municipal Court of Ellsworth, and Collector of Internal Revenue of the Fifth District of Maine. He is also connected with the editorial staff of the *Ellsworth American*.—*Kennebec Journal*.

'43.—Prof. Moses Lyford contemplates going to Europe the coming Summer, if circumstances permit. Arrangements can be made by which he will be enabled to complete his duties as teacher, for the present college year, before he starts. He will sail from New York June 29th, and arrive in Boston, on his return, Sept 1st. The excursion is the one planned by Dr. Tourjee of Boston.

'57.—Gen. R. B. Shephard has been appointed a member of the Governor's Council.

'65.—Rev. W. T. Chase, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Lewiston, has recently had a very urgent call from a Baptist Church in Philadelphia. Mr. Chase has refused a very tempting financial offer, and unselfishly decided to remain at his old post of duty at Lewiston, where he has been so eminently successful.

'67.—Rev. J. S. Dore is so ill that doubts of his recovery are entertained.

'71.—F. M. Wilson, M. D., is taking a special course in Surgery at the Harvard Medical School. He is under the special instruction of Dr. Beach of Boston.

'75.—E. J. Colcord is Principal of the Beverly, Mass., High School.

'75.—C. F. Hall is Instructor in Chemistry and Physics at Westbrook Seminary.

'75.—Wm. Goldthwait is Principal of the High School of Warner, N. H.

'75.—G. W. Hall is practicing law in Bangor.

'76.—C. A. Russell is studying law at Boston University.

'76.—C. H. Hallowell is a student in the Medical Department of Boston University.

'77.—Miss Louise H. Coburn, of Skowhegan, has been spending a few days in Waterville.

'77.—H. N. Haynes, who had studied law before entering College, and who has, since graduating, been studying at Greeley, Col., has lately been admitted to the bar.

'77.—E. F. Lyford, who is studying law in the office of Foster & Stewart, intends to go to Europe this Summer.