

The Colby Echo.

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No. 7.

The Colby Echo.

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EDITORS.

F. E. DEWHURST, '78. E. FLOOD, '79.
C. H. SALSMAN, '78. N. HUNT, '79.
H. B. TILDEN, '78. W. N. PHILBROOK, '79.

Managing Editor.
C. A. CHASE, '78.

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CONTENTS.

VOL. II., No. 7.—JUNE, 1878.

THE SANCTUM.....	73
LITERARY :	
Parted	75
Faraday—Part II.....	75
Silent Years.....	77
Mars, His Doings—A Tragedy	78
Bells	79
Waterville in 1823.....	80
THE CAMPUS.....	80
THE COLLEGE PRESS.....	81
OTHER COLLEGES	82
THE WASTE-BASKET	83
PERSONALS.....	84

THE SANCTUM.

THE Summer Term is now fairly in progress. Indeed, it is remarkable how easily and quickly the ponderous machinery of a College is set in motion. The student receives a circular through the mail, imparting the very valuable information that, in accordance with the College Calendar, the next term will open upon such a day. The student reads, reflects, packs his trunk, bids his friends good-bye, and reports for duty. The College bell rings for the first Chapel; the schedule for the term is read, and then all is in motion—steam fully up, limited express to

the end of the route, with an occasional stop to “coal up.”

The present term differs in no respect from previous ones in the ease of getting under way. Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen are hard at work in their various departments. The Seniors are receiving the finishing touches of the curriculum, in Political Economy and U. S. Constitution, while visions of graduating theses dance in their heads. And, by the way, is it not nearly time to announce the method of Commencement appointments? The expedient resorted to at the last Commencement, demanded by the exigencies of the occasion, surely ought not to be held in continuance.

If selections are to be made from the classes the method of appointment should be announced and made permanent, and not decided by an *ex post facto* law nor by arbitrary selection. The difficulty of deciding upon a method which shall be practicable and fair, may justify the delay, but we hope that the announcement will soon be made.

IN accordance with the announcement in the March number of the Echo, Mr. A. H. Briggs, '39, of Boston, addressed the Faculty and students, with quite a large number of citizens, in the College Chapel, on the evening of April 26th. His subject was the Early History of the College, consisting mostly of reminiscences in the personal history of those who were early connected with the College as officers and students.

The address was delivered in a free and easy conversational manner, and was fully appreciated, as was attested by the frequent applause and the desire for the speaker to continue another hour, although he had already spoken an hour and a half. Mr. Briggs has a specially happy way of telling a story, and his anecdotes of former Professors and students were extremely enjoyable. His reminiscences of the life and death of our honored Boardman, were, perhaps, the most impressive and interesting portion of his address.

We hope that Mr. Briggs will remember his promise to come again and "finish up his talk." He may be sure of a welcome and an audience from the students.

At a recent Sunday evening service the preacher, in remarks upon "the survival of the fittest," propounded the following conundrums: "Did the Mastodon die content that the Elephant should take his place? Did the Megatherium lie down to pleasant dreams?"

Now, these are questions at once startling and suggestive. It is a matter of deep regret that no record has come down to us from those who stood at the couch of the Mastodon, when he breathed out, in feeble accents, his farewell messages. Even the Elephant, who, our author implies, has taken the place of the Mastodon, and who would be most likely to receive his dying blessing, absolutely refuses to give us any information; and so we are left to conjecture. We can almost fancy we see the Elephant bending over the bedside of the Mastodon, while the latter, with huge paw, but now weak and nerveless, tenderly lifts the external auricular of the Elephant that his feeble utterances may not be obstructed by that somewhat expansive organ, and whisper faintly: "Elphie—by the mysterious law of the survival of the fittest, you are destined to live, but I am doomed to die. You are strong—have been found fit,—but I—I am weak and must go to the wall. The law of the survival of the fittest has chosen you, but me it rejects. Heu me miserum! But it must be. When I am gone bury me beside the rippling waters of the stream where I so long have lived. Lay my bones beside those of the Machærodus and the Megaceros Hibernicus, the Nototherium, and the Diprotodon." But we draw the curtain upon this scene.

Did the Megatherium lie down to pleasant dreams? This is still more difficult to answer. It involves a more intimate acquaintance with the intellect and emotions of the Megatherium than our present limited knowledge permits. The Megatherium was a sloth-like animal—probably, therefore, he slept. But did he dream? And were those dreams pleasant dreams? As he lay in deep repose upon the sunny pampas of South America, did the vision ever flit across his troubled sleep that he, too, must go to the wall?

Poor Meggy! We can not tell. The skeletons left to us afford no revelation of your dreams.

But we must quit a theme too great for us to handle. Our speculations are useless. It may be that other facts shall be adduced, and ages after we, like streaks of morning cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past, other and loftier minds shall tell the world whether the Mastodon died content, and the Megatherium lay down to pleasant dreams.

Among the writings of Josh Billings we find this pleasing expression, "Ventilashun iz a good thing, but when a man kant lay down and sleep in a 10-aker lot without taking down lengths ov fence to let the wind in he is altogether too airish."

We are not sure but that some people may be over-fastidious with regard to the free ventilation of their rooms, but observation teaches us that the great majority of people show a great degree of carelessness in running to the opposite extreme. We presume that the readers of this periodical are so well versed in the laws of Hygiene that we need not enter upon any extended discussion on the importance of thorough ventilation. If life and health are of any value, then scholars certainly cannot have overlooked the laws by which they may be preserved.

These laws teach us that it is the oxygen of the air which sustains animal life; that when air is breathed out from the lungs, it has lost a certain amount of oxygen, and has gained a certain amount of carbonic acid gas from the system; that the presence of carbonic acid in the air renders it incapable of sustaining life, and so is in a certain degree and sense poisonous; and that the air is the more poisonous in proportion as it contains a greater amount of carbonic acid. Every breath, therefore, renders the air in a closed room more poisonous. It is also known that in addition to this carbonic acid there is in exhaled air a certain amount of free nitrogen, aqueous vapor, epithelial scales from the mouth and lungs, and a certain organic substance known to be a poisonous product in a concentrated form. From this it is plain that in occupied rooms some provision must be made for the introduction of pure air, or else the health of the occupants will be greatly impaired. There is every reason to believe that in very

many cases the loss of health and premature death are the results of breathing impure air, and that these things occur far more often than people suppose.

The object of this editorial is not to teach the laws of Hygiene, but rather to urge our readers to their practical application. We urge it first upon our Trustees and Faculty, and ask that every attention may be given to the thorough ventilation not only of the rooms in the dormitories, but also of our recitation rooms. If thirty, forty, and even fifty students are shut up in a room 20x30 for a whole hour without the introduction of any air from the outside, then they ought not to be blamed if their intellects are dull, and their recitation poorly made.

We urge it next upon the students. If you are troubled with a general feeling of weariness, with headaches, with sore eyes, or even with symptoms of consumption, don't be continually attributing it to the climate, to the coal gas, to the steam-heated rooms, or to over-work, but down with your windows, and open your ventilations and admit the pure air of heaven; you will find it a better remedy than can be concocted by the nine best physicians in Waterville.

Once more, let us urge these facts upon the pastors of our village churches. Oblige your sextons to ventilate freely before each service, and much less sleeping will be done by your congregations. When people are wide awake they will be much better capable of receiving the truth which you preach. We would say to all, "Don't neglect to ventilate, if you would live long and well."

LITERARY.

PARTED.

In a little quiet valley,
Down beside a silver stream,
Once there walked a lovely maiden —
Life to her seemed but a dream.

Dreaming over maiden fancies,
Singing of the days to be,
She would list the echoes answer
To her joyous melody.

But one day there came a message
From the land where angels dwell;
Those who bore it told the maiden
Tales that never mortals tell.

Told her of those heavenly mansions,
Of the dwellers robed in white,
How the streets of that fair city
Gleam with gold so dazzling bright.

Told the maiden she was numbered
There among the Heavenly band,
That the loved ones gone before her
Waited just across the strand.

Still the valley smiles in Spring-time,
Still the streamlet murmurs nigh,
But no maiden ever wanders
Now as in the days gone by.

ROSSA.

FARADAY.

PART II. — HIS CHARACTER.

In a previous article we considered the education of Faraday. Let us now examine the character of the man, which rendered him so justly beloved and respected by all who came in contact with him.

The distinguishing trait in the scientific character of Faraday was the confidence he had in facts. In one of his letters he says: "In early life I was a very lively, imaginative person, who could believe in the Arabian Nights as easily as in the Encyclopædia, but *facts* were important to me and saved me. I could trust a fact." In another place he says: "We are *sure* of facts, but our interpretations of facts we should doubt." This was characteristic of him through his whole life. The most clear and elaborate explanation of a new fact or theory in science he utterly failed to comprehend until he had performed the experiments for himself, and when he *saw* the fact then he understood its import. Theories and hypotheses were of no value to him, unless he could corroborate and establish them by facts. Hence his knowledge was chiefly derived from direct contact with Nature herself, and not second-hand from books. It was his ambition to discover the hidden laws of Nature, and so well did he succeed in one department of science that no truthful account of electricity can be written and omit the work of Faraday.

Another trait was the unbounded power of his imagination. He lived in thought at the farthest boundaries of science, and his eyes were ever turned toward the realm of the unknown and unexplored. Problems which others had endeavored to solve by patient reasoning, seemed to be revealed to the mind of Faraday by intui-

tion. None of his discoveries were accidental, nor obtained from residuums. On the contrary, he caught, as it were, a glimpse of some truth, then hastened to experiment and torture Nature until she revealed to him the secret.

Faraday was a true man of science, in that he did not work from a mercenary motive. His labor was not a means but an end of life. He never worked for mere pay. It was in his power to have a large yearly income, but his income never averaged over three hundred pounds a year. The most flattering positions were being constantly offered him by private corporations, institutions of learning, and the British Government, but he refused any and all offers which would hinder him in his work of discovery, and was content to remain during life in the Royal Institution. Like his master and teacher, Sir Humphrey, he devoted himself to science, because he loved her.

For money he cared not, so long as he could live in peace and comfort, as became a philosopher. Let it not be supposed that he confined himself to work in and for the Royal Institution alone, and refused to use his scientific knowledge for the general welfare. Far otherwise, for he was often at work in a public manner for the common benefit of his countrymen and of the world, but not for remuneration in money. No man took a livelier interest in, or did more toward the perfection of the electric lights, which throw their guiding rays out on the ocean, than Faraday. His talents and skill were always at the command of the Government when some noble scientific end was to be accomplished. In one of his letters to a government official he says, with reference to his work: "But in doing this I have always, as a good subject, held myself ready to assist the Government, if still in my power—not for pay, for, except in one instance, (and then only for the sake of the person joined with me) I refused to take it. I have had the honor and pleasure of applications, and that very recently, from the Admiralty, the Ordnance, the Home Office, the Woods, the Forests, and other Departments, all of which I have replied to, and will reply to as long as strength is left me." This was said late in life.

The character of Faraday, as a man, was highly esteemed by those who knew him. Few men have had more friends among those engaged in kindred pursuits. He had an extensive

acquaintance among scientific men, and those the most eminent of his day.

He was a man of noble character. Foremost among his qualities was his love of truth. His whole life was given to the search for truth, and he sought for it as for hid treasure. No man ever pursued it with greater energy. Furthermore, he was a kind man. His heart seemed overflowing with kindness, and he loved every one. It was his delight to work for the benefit of his friends. No trouble was considered burdensome which would enable him to assist another, hence it could not be otherwise than that he should have innumerable warm friends.

We come now to the most interesting feature in the character of Faraday. He was preëminently a Christian man. His Christian character grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength as a scientific man. Religion shed a strong and steady light upon his path through life. It made the man, whom princes delighted to honor, and whom learned men were wont to consult, as humble as a little child. He was a man who loved Nature ardently, but it was only because she revealed to him an all-wise, all-loving Creator. He did not worship *her*, but by an eye of faith he looked beyond Nature to Nature's God. Faraday did not become a Christian in early life, and when he became a man his love for God choked out by his love for science. At the age of thirty, in the full strength of manhood, Faraday embraced the truth as it is in Christ, and united with a little church of an obscure sect called the Sandemanian. He was a faithful member, and in course of time was elected an elder of the church. In consequence of his election to this position, it became his duty to preach every alternate Sabbath, and this he did with power for a goodly number of years. Thus, in an age when Science and Religion seem to be at war, and very many scientific men consider religion a mere superstitious system of belief, one of the greatest scientists of the day enrolls himself as a Christian. No clouds of unbelief darkened the faith of Faraday. To all who questioned whether a scientific man could be a Christian, he would reply, "Yet I am a Christian." Let us then look and see upon what grounds he founded his faith in Christ, and it cannot be better stated than in his own words. In a lecture

he delivered upon the "Education of the Judgment" he says: "High as man is placed above the creatures around him, there is a higher and far more exalted position within his view; and the ways are infinite in which he occupies his thoughts about the fears, or hopes, or expectations of a future life. I believe that the truth of that future cannot be brought to his knowledge by any exertion of his mental powers, however exalted they may be; that it is made known to him by other teaching than his own, and is received through simple belief of the testimony given." Thus he separated reason and faith, and pressed on his way. In his lectures he seldom alluded to religion except at times when his theme carried him on to contemplate in thought the Creator, then he gave strong testimony to his belief in a Divine Revelation. Though seldom intruding religious thoughts into his lectures, for he believed that the two things ought to be kept strictly separate, yet it was ever known that the Professor in Albemarle street was an earnest believer in the Saviour of the world.

SILENT YEARS.

There are periods in the lives of all that are unhistoric. They are passed in obscurity and for the world at large they have no language. The biographer finds but little to record of the early life of those he sketches: their birth and a few incidents of childhood are all that are within his power to obtain. We must leave it to imagination to fill out as best it may the outline of those years; and often the imagination can, from the character before us, trace with something of fullness the course of life during those obscure years. It can determine, with probable certainty, the habits formed and the principles adopted.

When we see a healthy growth in nature, we are sure that the process of development has been natural and unrestrained, but an abnormal product proves to us that the designed perfection has been in some way prevented. So, from the lives of men, we can decide how their early years were spent. Having the resultant given us, we can resolve it into its component forces. These silent years are an index of what the future must be. "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined." The bent given during these years

of silent youth to the youthful nature must appear in the mature man—the foundation of future success, if it ever comes, is laid in these seasons of obscurity. The sudden bursting into notice of some unheard-of man, may be attributed to "luck," but if the whole history could be known, it would appear that it is but the providential guidance of a mind to its proper place and work. The world applauds such success, but knows nothing of its source.

In the life of nations there are silent years—years that seem to be marked by no progress or improvement, but suddenly a revolution in thought and life takes place and the nation advances to a higher standing in the scale of civilization. Those years of seeming inactivity were not lost, they were silent in their passing, but loud-spoken in their results.

It is a law of Nature that there should be silent years. A period of time is required for the development of all kinds of life, vegetable, animal, and intellectual, and during this period we can not look for results; but a work is going on, the importance of which no one can measure; it can only be reached approximately in the result of after years. Many lives will be silent except within a narrow circle; all cannot be widely known, yet that the life is silent is no reason why it should not be *true*; no life is so obscure that it is without influence; no work so humble but that it ought to be done well.

We are not able to measure our weakest efforts. The mother, as she watches through weary and silent years, knows not what may be the character she is helping to form in her child; the inventor, as he patiently seeks to give birth to the idea within him, knows not how great may be the aid rendered to the world by his silent industry; the invalid, suffering through weary years in retirement, exerts an influence, for as the nightingale is said to sing when its breast is pressed with thorns, so from many a breast zoned with pain have come sweetest lessons of faith, in silent, uncomplaining suffering. Moses, for forty years, was removed from the busy scenes of the world in order to prepare him for the work given him to do. Christ needed thirty years of retirement to prepare him for his saving mission during the three years of his active ministry.

All the strong and majestic characters in the world's history have been formed by patient and

silent self-discipline. May it not appear, when the silent deeds and thoughts, when the little kindnesses and unselfish efforts for the good of others, are made known, that they have been more potent for the growth of truth and good of men than those that have been recognized by the world at large? '80.

MARS, HIS DOINGS—A TRAGEDY.

Bombomachides Cluninstaridysarchides Smoothbore was a monomaniac on the subject of gunnery. And no wonder; all his ancestors for five or six generations had been amateur Nimrods. His father, in fact, was such a devotee to the bellicose art, that he would read no books that did not have a bearing upon his favorite subject. Lighting one day upon the Miles Gloriosus of Plautus, he was so struck with the euphonious name of that hero's general, that he gave it to his son, the subject of our tale. But, alas! this dignified sesquipedalian appellation in the hands of his friends soon dwindled into the modest nickname of "Mac." I said before, that he was a monomaniac on the subject of gunnery; but this idiosyncrasy amounted to the mildest hallucination imaginable. True, there was a rather portentous look in the rows of ancient and modern arms with which his arsenal, as he called it, was lined. But they were there only for study. To tell the truth, he had conceived the project of inventing a gun which would shoot round the world. And, with this purpose in view, he had spent years in examining every kind of gun from the ancient matchlock and blunderbuss, down to the latest hair-trigger, telescope rifle.

One morning, after he had been closeted longer than usual in his sanctum, he was observed to come out and send several diagrams and closely written manuscripts to the Great Western Gun Works at Pittsburg. In about a fortnight there came to him by express a long and very heavy box, which he had brought to his room with great care. Then followed another spell of hermit-like confinement. And when, at last, he admitted a few friends into his laboratory they saw an odd looking engine, half rifle, half cannon, mounted on a heavy, brass pedestal, and aimed out of an eastern window. Let me say just here that his arsenal, or workshop, was

a small, brick building well supplied with windows, the most of which he kept closely curtained. "This," he said, patting the gun as if it were a live thing, "is what I have been seeking all my life. Its range is a little under twenty-five thousand miles." Here they noticed that there was a target on the breech of the gun, raised to bring it on a level with the muzzle, which would make it about the height of a man's head. Taking a long, steel slug very carefully from a drawer, he continued: "And this is the bullet. It is what you might call a 'nest' of shells growing continually smaller until the last is nothing but a cambric needle. There are 249 of them, so that, counting the charge in the gun, they must average about one hundred miles apiece. The first charge, however, is enough to carry the shot up fifty miles as well as forward one hundred; and, as at that height there is little air, there will be small friction, and so I have made the remaining charges very light. If you will be here at twelve o'clock to-morrow, you can see me fire the gun. And in just twenty-four hours from that time the needle will enter the window, and pierce the centre of the target."

The next day they came. Contrary to his wont he had all the windows open. He stood behind the gun with a chronometer in one hand and with the other upon the trigger. The bells of the neighboring village struck out the chime of twelve; but the delicate second hand showed that they were a quarter of a minute too early. Then, as the last second of the remaining fifteen ticked itself away, the rifle rang out a peal that shook the room; and, before the wretched gunner could withdraw his head from before the target, a needle struck the back of his neck, pierced the spinal cord, and he fell dead upon the instrument which he had spent all his life to invent. For, in going round the world from West to East, a body gains a day, and, therefore, if its own velocity was enough to carry it round in twenty-four hours, it would take it no time at all. But the imprudent man had not thought of this, and so fell a needless martyr in his devotion to that cause to which he had consecrated his talents. H. L. K.

The first prize at the Sophomore Declamation was awarded to J. E. Trask, the second to L. M. Nason.

BELLS.

Did you ever think, kind reader, how much significance there is in a bell? and what a variety of sentiments its tongue can express? Perhaps you have listened to some joyful holiday bell, whose sound thrilled you with gladness, and then perhaps you have listened to the same when its sound was transformed to one of sorrow, because it told of the departure of some friend from the earth. Often the same stroke produces joy to one heart and sorrow to some other. Did you ever think, again, of the variety of uses to which a bell may be put? On the church, it calls the worshipers; on the factory, it calls the workmen. The little child rings his bell for its pleasing sound; the engineer to warn of danger. The teacher rings the bell to call to the school the children; the fireman rings his bell to tell of a city wrapt in flames. There are harsh bells and soft bells; great bells and tiny bells; copper bells and silver bells, and each expresses its own sentiment, whether of pain or delight, danger or safety.

I have often thought of the significance of our own College bell (a bell which, by the way, bears a name renowned in story and song—Paul Revere). What a little narrative it might weave if its tongue could tell in words all that has transpired within the limit of its sound. How many it has rung in from the world to be governed by its daily voice, and how many, again, it has rung out into the world to toil for the welfare of mankind,—calling them to each task and dismissing them when the task was done. Sometimes it seems as though it watched the growth of the student in knowledge and discipline, as though it were some old drill-master training his soldiers for the march and for the battle; as if it watched the student as he came in, and took cognizance of each upward step until the last round were reached and he returned to fill a more elevated position in the world. In after years, it seems, we shall hear its echo reminding us of those pleasant days of college life and causing gratitude for ever having heard its sound. Let us so toil that in those after years we shall not have to regret a disregard of those lessons which it is now trying to teach.

Would you see the image of our nation's true glory? Then go some quiet Sabbath to some one of our New England villages. All

through the week the factory bell has called the workman to his toil; the bell of the school-teacher has called the children to the public school, and the bell of the town clock has marked the hours from quiet morning until quiet morning again. Now the whirl and the clatter of the mill-wheels have ceased; the hammer is laid aside; the plow stands in the furrow on the hillside. If you have been a dweller of cities, you are awed by the silence which seems everywhere to prevail. Suddenly the silence is broken. The bells of the village churches ring out the hour of service. Out from the dwellings come the villagers, as did the children at the call of the Pied Piper of Hamelin. They gather in their accustomed places of worship. Songs of praises inspire their hearts; the voice of prayer goes heavenward; the gospel of purity is proclaimed; and the worshipers go away strengthened, refreshed, sanctified. These peaceful, godly men make up the nation's pride. These undecorated Sabbaths produce that righteousness which exalteth a nation. These sweet Sabbath bells sing the song which lull the nation from strife and discord into tranquillity and harmony.

Never while he lives will the writer forget the sound of a chime of bells which were being rung when first he stepped upon the Centennial grounds at Philadelphia. Upon that, the nation's holiday, within seeing distance of the marvellous productions of the nation and the world, heard by men of almost every nation, it seemed to tell of a nation's mighty progress. By passing along a few streets to Independence Hall, you stood before another bell which long ago had proclaimed a nation's birth. In passing from the one to the other you seemed to leap back through the century and hear the old bell ring out its pæan for liberty. The old liberty bell was a joyous one; the bells of progress to-day were also joyous ones; and while the chime of bells rang their glad peal in 1876, it seemed like the long-lost echo of a sound which came from the bell of 1776. Other bells have been ringing through the century. The bell upon the college, the bell in the school-room, the bell of the village church, the bell of the railroad engine, and the bell of the factory; and these had altogether conspired to make up the chime of bells which rang out their glad sounds upon the nation's gala day.

WATERVILLE IN 1823.

From the files of the Waterville *Intelligencer* we condense the following account of the condition of the College in July, 1823. The writer was probably Dr. Chaplin, the first President of Waterville College:

"About three years have elapsed since the Seminary was invested with the powers of a College, and it is not even so long since its name was changed from 'Maine Literary and Theological Institution.' It commenced its operations under many and great disadvantages. Being almost entirely destitute of funds, it was dependent chiefly on individual patronage for support. The attempt to rear up a flourishing literary Institution has been attended by a degree of success equal to their highest expectations.

"In the Summer of 1819, the Trustees erected a dwelling-house for the President, and in the Summer of 1821, they built the brick edifice 80 by 40 feet and four stories high. Though this building was sufficient for the present to accommodate all the scholars, the Trustees felt under obligation to erect another similar building, since a sum of money for that purpose had been contributed by a few benevolent individuals of Providence, Boston and vicinity, on condition that it should be thus appropriated within one year. In the new building is a spacious dining-hall and suitable apartments for the Steward, and others designed for the use of the Professors are in a state of forwardness. The Executive Government and Board of Instructors consists of a President, two Professors, and a Tutor; besides whom, a young gentleman is employed as Preceptor of the Latin Grammar School connected with the College.

"The several Libraries to which the student has access, contain about fifteen hundred volumes, in general well-selected and valuable. A very handsome and valuable Philosophical Apparatus has been recently procured and presented to the College by one of its particular friends and distinguished patrons, Rev. Lucius Bolles, D.D., of Salem. Nearly all its articles were imported and examined by Dr. Prince, of Salem, who pronounced them to be very superior. Some valuable articles for a Chemical Laboratory have been procured and it is expected that an addition will be shortly made to them.

"The friends of the College are invited to forward articles to form a Cabinet of Curiosities, with specimens of mineral productions, and samples of inventions or improvements in the mechanical and useful arts.

"The necessary annual expense of a student, exclusive of books and clothing, is about eighty dollars. Board is afforded at the moderate price of one dollar and eight cents per week, if paid in advance, with an additional charge of twenty-five cents for washing and mending. The price of tuition is four dollars per quarter, and of room rent six dollars per annum. Wood, during the Winter season, is about \$1.25 per cord. The whole number of students now connected with the Institution is 47; of these nineteen belong to the College, six to the Theological Department, and the remainder are pursuing a course of studies preparatory to admission into College. The prospect of a speedy increase of scholars is flattering."

One of the most interesting games on the grounds this year was played on the 11th, between the first and second nines. The score stood 20 to 3 in favor of the first. No base hits off of Bosworth.

THE CAMPUS.

Summer Term.

Hot and dusty.

About time for that game between '80 and '81?

J. F. Rick, '81 of Wesleyan, has entered the Freshman Class.

Sargent and Perkins of Bates (formerly of '79), were in town on the 10th.

Dr. Robins preached before the Boardman Missionary Society Sunday, March 31st.

Freshman—"I have a fresh cold." Sophomore—"Before I'd have it, Fresh, I'd have it cured."

J. M. Wyman, who has been absent from College for a year on account of ill health, has returned and entered '81.

Will the one who has "Fowler's Deductive Logic," belonging to the Library, return the same to the Library or to 21 S. C.?

One of our Freshmen rules that a "base-hit is where the ball hits the ground before he gets to the first base, isn't it?"

The game which was anticipated with Bates, on last Saturday, had to be postponed on account of the condition of the grounds in Lewiston.

Regular conversation on the Telephone: "Jim! say Jim! How are you? Jim! Jim! Good night! Jim, let's dry up! Good night, Jim! good night."

Attention company! The Rifles have not come from Winter quarters yet. Surely it is time to be in drill. Capt. Mathews should show his company off.

The Literary Fraternity reelected its officers for the present term: H. M. Thompson, President; A. P. Soule, Vice President; E. C. Ryder, Corresponding Secretary.

What does the fact that we see the topmast of a vessel after the hull has sunk below the horizon prove? Junior (confidently)—"That the hull goes out of sight before the topmast."

We give the schedule of the recitations for the first half of the term: Seniors—American Constitution, Political Economy, English Constitution; Juniors—Astronomy, Geology, Greek; Sophomores—French, English Literature, Mechanics; Freshmen—Mathematics, Greek, Latin.

A tournament has been proposed in which the nines of Bowdoin, Bates, and Orono will be invited to participate. Hope some one has energy enough to carry the plan into execution.

The date of the organization of the Boardman Missionary Society is given in the Catalogue as 1820. As Boardman graduated in 1822, the Society could hardly have been established at that time, under that name. We have received the impression that a religious society called "The United Brethren," was the first of the kind in the College. The Boardman Missionary Society was instituted, as we have recently been informed, in 1832, mainly through the efforts of Rev. Amariah Joy, but did not actually come into successful operation till about two years later.

And now the lazy Senior stroketh his upper lip and smileth in his heart. He goeth forth in the dusk of eventide, and getteth a team. Beware, O ye innocent maids and maidens of beauty! The red sun lieth low in the West. Why veilest thou thine eye, O thou Light of Day? Why rise ye, O ye Little Clouds? He rideth down the shadowy lane. His eye catcheth a waving whiteness amid the darkness of the trees. He leapeth from the carriage. The fluttering whiteness disappears. A rattling of wheels. The sun goeth down, and the shades gather. Selah.

One of the literary curiosities in the University Library is the Chinese Dictionary in six quarto volumes, published by the East India Company in 1821. The author of this great work, Rev. Robert Morrison, D.D., was the first Protestant Missionary to China. Rev. A. Joy, of the class of 1835, while a student in College, had some correspondence on missionary matters with Dr. Morrison, and received from him an order on the publishers for a copy of the Dictionary. Mr. Joy presented the order to the College authorities, by whom the work was received in 1833, one year before the death of Dr. Morrison.

Wednesday evening, April 24th, is memorable in the annals of Colby and the Town. Much glory overshadowed the village, and '80 went forth to conquer. Her triumph was complete. Never before have these halls rung to such praises. They fought thusly:

1. Toussaint L'Ouverture.—Phillips. John E. Case.
2. Defence of Poets.—Lyons. Edgar H. Crosby.
3. War and Honor.—Channing. Carl C. King.

4. The Temperance Question.—Phillips. James E. Cochrane.
5. Woolsey to Cromwell.—Shakespeare. Harry L. Koopman.
6. Fate of European Kings.—Meagher. Herbert L. Kelley.
7. Consequences of Division.—Clay. Jonathan T. MacDonald.
8. The Wreck of Rivermouth.—Whittier. Minnie H. Mathews.
9. Incentives to duty.—Sumner. Laurentius M. Nason.
10. Young Men and the Temperance Cause.—Cuyler. Joshua L. Ingraham.
11. The Old South.—Phillips. Hartstein W. Page.
12. Barbarities of War.—Chalmers. Hugh R. Chaplin.
13. Plea in Behalf of Greece.—Clay. James E. Trask.

The following is the score of the first game played by the nine this season. The score shows the batting to be equal. Our boys were out-fielded. This game counts in the College scores, although Gibbs, '77, played:

COLBY.								
A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	L.	P.O.	A.	E.	
Walling, 3b.....5	0	1	1	0	4	1	1	
Gibbs, 1b.....4	1	2	3	2	7	0	1	
Bosworth, p.....4	0	1	1	2	0	9	3	
Barker, l. f.....4	0	0	0	0	2	0	1	
Weld, c. f.....4	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	
Worcester, c.....4	0	0	0	0	12	3	8	
Chaplin, r. f.....4	0	1	1	2	0	0	0	
Merriam, 2b.....4	0	1	1	0	1	1	0	
Mathews, s. s.....4	1	0	0	0	1	2	2	
Total	37	3	6	7	7	27	16	16

BOWDOIN.								
A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	L.	P.O.	A.	E.	
Jacobs, 3b.....5	3	2	2	0	2	1	2	
Record, c.....5	0	1	1	2	8	0	6	
Wilson, l. f.....5	1	2	3	1	2	2	0	
Smith, 2b.....4	0	1	1	1	4	2	0	
Swett, 1b.....4	1	0	0	0	8	0	1	
Phillips, p.....4	1	0	0	1	1	0	1	
Ring, c. f.....4	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	
Potter, r. f.....4	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	
Bourne, s. s.....4	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	
Total	39	6	6	7	6	27	9	12

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

THE COLLEGE PRESS.

The *Brunonian* is among the latest arrivals of our exchanges, and it comes wafted on the wings of music and song. What, in the name of Apollo and the Muses, has possessed our friends of Brown to publish a book of poems! Are they returning to that primitive stage of literature that displays itself in verse alone, or is it their intent to revolutionize the character of college journalism? Ah! yes—the editorial note explains it—that is, it apologizes for the length of the *Epic*. But why wouldn't it have been wise to have omitted the ode to those storied elms of which the *Brunonian* delights to boast [we're going to write about our elms sometime when we get short of matter], also the one to "My Study Chair," and to have divided the *Epic* into books and scattered it along through the Literary Department, interspersed

with a short prose article or two? However, the *Epic* is good. We take the *Brunonian's* word for it, for we haven't read it. The Junior Exhibition is quite well advertised, considering that three editorials and a communication are devoted to it. We heartily wish that the editorial note upon the mock schemes might have the desired effect. For, of all combinations of the vile and the insipid, we agree with the *Brunonian* that those alluded to in its present editorial are unparalleled. An editorial upon "College Honors" contains some very sensible and pertinent remarks. "S. in U. H. ! Ki-yi!!" says the *Brunonian* in "De Rebus." Phoebus and the Pythian priestess! What does that mean? We have wondered, with Mr. Pickwick at his antiquarian discovery, and after patient research we were enabled to determine that the inscription was simply, "Bill Stumps. His mark." But what is intended by "S. in U. H. ! Ki-yi!!" is beyond our ken. The local column also contains the list of Commencement appointments. The clean paper and clear typography of the *Brunonian* makes it always welcome to our exchange table, two elements which may often determine the fate of a paper in the hands of the Exchange Editor, for who cares to even open an exchange printed on poor paper with bad type, pages smirched with ink and uncut withal? The *Brunonian* avoids all these defects, and generally arranges its articles in a very readable way.

The opening article of the *Williams Athenæum* is, as we should expect to find a prize oration, very finely written. We think the editorial apology, for the space occupied by the article, quite uncalled for, and would be very glad to find more of the space of the paper occupied by matter of a similar character—even to the exclusion of much that is valuable when the object is to fill up, but which could be dispensed with to make room for matter of a higher order, without in any degree proving detrimental to the paper. The editorials abound with words of learned length and philosophic tone, being the thoughtful utterances of those who "but twelve months ago with resolute modesty" entered upon their official work. Let them be heeded.

The *Round Table* opens with sensible editorials; that upon the selections made by students in preparing for public exhibitions, is especially to the point, and accords with the opinion expressed by a great man, "That no writer or speaker should attempt to express himself, publicly, on any subject with which he had not a thorough acquaintance." The article entitled "The Chief Influence of Science Not Practical," is mature in thought and rich in beauty of expression, as should be the successful oration in a prize contest. "A Youth's Reverie" is charmingly written, and conducts the reader along from one degree of interest to another in a natural and easy manner, yet keeps him all the while in eager expectation of what is yet to come. Whatever may have been the object of the writer, he has certainly succeeded in giving pleasure. "Plans for the Future Essential to Future Success," is well written, and discusses an important thought. The following article is quite good, regarded simply as a piece of word painting, but otherwise has no particular merit. The writer of "Which Sphere of Life" is rather narrow and utilitarian in his views for one representing the higher education, if indeed he does. Such views of the object of education are by no means elevating and inspiring, and force us to the conclusion that they are expressions of one who has not yet entertained the true idea of collegiate training. A higher degree of culture and a broader intelligence would, we think, correct such views. The exchange column is unique and entertaining, and while amusing, is yet instructive; but then oracular responses should be apt and to the point.

The *Amherst Student* contains an editorial upon the disadvantages resulting to students in consequence of the lecture system, which ought to be reprinted in every college journal, and read by students and Professors. The lecture system, as conducted in our colleges, is, we believe, pernicious, and we are glad to see that the Editors of the *Amherst Student* have attacked it with such well-directed aim. The editorial upon the best method to be pursued in electing Editors is the best in theory, and, if carried into practice, would, we think, prove the best in its results of any that we have seen proposed. This editorial deserves to be carefully considered by all who have to do with the electing of editors for college papers; and the suggestion of the writer could be easily acted upon. The criticism on "Locksley Hall" is quite able, and shows that the ideas have not been thrown out at random, but that the subject has been carefully and thoughtfully considered, and a just conclusion reached. The author has not bestowed any unmerited praise upon the poet or his noble production, but has shown himself capable of appreciating the superior qualities of both, and expressing that appreciation in fitting terms. The Locals strike us as somewhat dry, but this may be owing to the fact that we are not familiar with the scenes and circumstances in which they originated, a fact too often lost sight of in passing judgment upon the locals of college papers. The exchange column is admirably conducted, and, while critical and unsparing in its observations, yet gives the impression of fairness and candor.

OTHER COLLEGES.

BELOIT.

Military Drill is the only organized out-door sport.

The red-ribbon reformers have begun work at Beloit.

The sum of \$35 has been raised to be given away in prizes for college songs.

The *Round Table* has reached the fourteenth number of its twenty-fourth volume.

The manner in which the Library is conducted occasions considerable growling.

The Astronomy class have added two new signs to the Zodiac: Scipio and Copernicus.

BATES.

The prizes at the Sophomore Exhibition, of March 20th, were awarded to D. W. Davis and H. M. Reynolds.

Bates begins to be more and more an object of interest to us not only from the advancement of the College itself but from the growth of its representative, the *Student*.

The cane-rush is pretty generally understood to have been not so bad as reported. The facts, briefly, are these: Three Freshmen carried canes to the Sophomore Exhibition. On leaving the church one of the canes was seized, a crowd of

COLUMBIA.

MISCELLANEOUS.

It was a bashful Fresh that stood before the class officer trying to excuse his many absences from classes. Prof. questions him closely. "You see, Professor, I have been sitting up with a friend down street." Prof.: "Is your friend in college?" "No sir." "Who is it then?" "It is a—a—a young—guess I'll take my demerits."

"Mr. D——n (not Dorn), what can you say of the difference between the red and white globules of the blood?" "They are flatter." "Which—the white?" "Yes, sir, the white." "What about the nucleated structure of the red or white cells?" "They are the only ones that are so." "Which—the white?" "Yes, sir, the white."

The following item was printed in the Boston *Herald* among other notices of the recent transit of Mercury. We anxiously await the results of Prof. Fullerton's observations: "At Lewiston, Me.—Professor Fullerton, of the Bates Theological School, made observations of the transit yesterday. In the forenoon it was unobserved, and in the afternoon clouds interfered."

A Sluggard, who had been advised to go to the Ant and consider her Ways and be wise, found her resting from domestic Toil, and wiping her heated Brow with her Antennæ. The Sluggard was filled with Admiration, saying: "I did not anticipate such a Sight. This is indeed wise;" and he went and did likewise. *Moral*: A good Antidote may be a poor Remedy.

Many years ago, while a young Mesozoic Worm was languidly dragging itself over the Jurassic Mud of the Connecticut valley, it was suddenly snapped up by an *Orthodactylus floriferous*, who, however, not liking the taste, immediately released it, saying bitterly: "When I'm looking for a *Unisuicus intermedius* don't try to put me off with a wretched little *Halysichnus laqueatus*." *Moral*: There is no disputing about tastes, but still we must make some distinctions.

Grant in Greece: He was escorted into the Piræus by three iron-clads, and has generally had a good time. The day after his arrival he received a deputation of Athenian statesmen, who waited on him to present him with an address of welcome. The distinguished guest listened respectfully to the remarks of the spokesman, and then nudged his accomplished son. "Jesse," he whispered, "tip 'em some of their own language. Where's all your Greek? Jump in." "I don't want to, father," pleaded the young man. "What did I pay for your education for, then?" was the angered parent's reply, "go along; don't you hear what the gentleman's saying to you—'Bonleuontain bibelauton bubel-omenai katseusomai kiphepsos peisileusthain—'" "Yes, papa," responded Jesse meekly, "but he's only fooling you."

PERSONALS.

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

'25.—The decease of Rev. Thomas W. Merrill, of Lansing, Mich., is announced. He was one of the founders and chief benefactors of Kalamazoo College.

'35.—Sixty-seven thousand copies of the works of Prof. Wm. Mathews have been sold, and editions have appeared in England, and Canada, and also in Sweden. A new book on "Orators and Oratory" will be issued soon.

'47.—Prof. Charles E. Hamlin, of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge, read a paper before the Apalachian Scientific Club, May 9th, on "Mount Katahdin," illustrating his remarks by a model of the mountain, which he had prepared to show the geological formation and peculiarities.

'49.—Prof. Edward C. Mitchell, D.D., of the Theological Seminary at Chicago, is now in Boston, giving the final revision to a volume which he will shortly publish.

'53.—G. W. Bartlett is practicing law at Eau Claire, Wis.

'53.—Rev. J. A. Lowell is pastor of the Free Baptist church of Danville, N. H.

'54.—S. W. Mathews is a lawyer of Hampden.

'55.—David F. Crane is practicing law in Boston.

'55.—Larkin Dunton is Superintendent of Boston Normal School.

'57.—H. A. Hart is a member of the prosperous firm of Hart & Co., Portland.

'60.—Hon. Almore Kennedy, of the Board of Trustees, is filling with great success the office of Judge of Probate for Lincoln county, to which he was elected some time since by the almost unanimous vote of the county.

'72.—Rev. H. W. Tilden sailed for Europe May 18th.

'77.—The School Committee of Rockland, Mass., in their late annual report, pay merited compliments to Mr. C. F. Meserve, and the High School of which he is Principal. They say he is doing excellent work, and that entire harmony and interest in study characterize the school. Mr. Meserve had established a good reputation as a teacher before he graduated from Colby.—*Waterville Mail*.