

The Colby Echo.

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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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THE SANCTUM.

We, who are about to go, salute you.

THE Sanctum horologe beats very slowly. Once, twice, thrice to eight has it already struck and even now the alarm feebly indicates the ninth and final stroke. Then the beating pendulum will cease to vibrate till our successors shall rewind it for another year.

Volume II. is before you. What is written is written beyond recall. It has been our aim to make the ECHO a faithful exponent of College interests and of her best literary and moral culture. To praise what was praiseworthy and to criticise candidly what called for criticism in

the governing and the governed. How far we have succeeded it is for you to judge.

With this number we must say good-bye to our readers, our exchanges, and to all our friends who have interested themselves in the ECHO, and have extended to us encouragement and help.

We leave the Board with the assurance that the ECHO will be sustained by those who shall follow us, and with the hope that it will hold an increasing interest with every one who loves the College and her interests.

The first stroke of the ninth peal is upon us, and with a hasty and final adieu we step down and out of the Editorial Chair.

IN nearly all the reports of College Commencements we see some reference to Phi Beta Kappa. The annual meetings and exercises of this old and honorable organization are among the most interesting features of some of the Commencements, and elections to it among the most coveted of under-graduate honors. It is a stimulus on the part of the students to intellectual work, and is vastly superior to the ordinary prize system, since all can compete, and one's own efforts determine the result and not the penny-toss of a Committee more or less competent to perform these duties.

We wish that the Faculty and Trustees might take into consideration the propriety and advantage of founding a Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa in our own College. Anything that will promote the efficiency of the College and the zeal of the students, if just and honorable, surely deserves consideration from those who have the control of affairs, and it is hardly necessary to do more than suggest the advantages offered by this organization in order to claim such consideration.

THERE are also various other matters which it may not be inappropriate to suggest for the

consideration of the Trustees at their annual meeting, and which, among the countless items of their budget, might be overlooked; matters, however, which are topics of discussion and comment more or less earnest among the students. There's the Gymnasium—a beautiful structure within and without—exactly adapted to our needs, just as the pure, fresh water all about Tantalus and the golden fruit above his head were adapted to his needs, but he couldn't get them. We come here for intellectual training, and the Faculty and the Library and Laboratories assist and inspire us. We come here (we ought to) for physical training. "There's the Gymnasium. Go it for yourselves." We submit, how much mental culture could we get without our instructors and our books? Can we any more get physical training under the present systemless arrangement? We recommend to your notice the propriety of making gymnasium drill compulsory, of providing suitable apparatus, and competent instructors. A complete education demands it. It might, indeed, be safer in the end to give more to the physical, at the expense of the mental, than to dwarf the former so terribly. "*Mens sanus in sano corpore*" is a truth too important to be overlooked.

Of less urgency, except perhaps from an æsthetic point of view, is the demand for a new College fence. It may be well to adhere to old landmarks and customs that cluster around the early memories of the College. We will try to be as conservative and as respectful toward such venerable relics as possible. But the old generations must pass away sometime. The College fence is on the verge of the grave. Those who so fondly cling to it might carry away splinters from the old rails and corners chipped from the granite posts, and specimens might even be preserved in the Library and the Museum; but the beauty of the Campus and the College buildings cry out for a new fence.

It is to be hoped furthermore that the Trustees will take some definite and final action in reference to the change of terms. Rumors are constantly afloat, and as constantly contradicted, that there will be a change of terms at the next Commencement, and the students are consequently in perpetual doubt and perplexity in reference to their plans for the Winter vacation ahead. Some decisive action would be exceedingly gratifying.

It would be easy to continue suggestions, but a moderate supply may command more careful attention. We venture to hope that the Trustees will regard these suggestions as by no means fanciful but as actual needs and claims of the College, and that they will give to them the consideration which is due.

"PICTURES of to-day," says the *Graphic* every day at the head of a brief explanation of its illustrations. "Pictures of to-day," says the ECHO. Nothing very new in the line of art this month; barring the semi-illustrated advertisements, we have to present only the frontispiece which has, undoubtedly, by this time become familiar to all the readers of the ECHO. Persons who have never seen the College accept without hesitation the statement that the cut is a view of the College buildings and grounds. Those to whom these halls have become familiar haunts accept it with somewhat of doubt and after a considerable draught upon their faith. It is only just to the engraver to say that the individual buildings bear a close resemblance to the original. It is only just to the College to say that this huddled up and crowded group have very little resemblance to the *tout ensemble* of the buildings and grounds. Some hydraulic press of the engraver has so jammed and squeezed them together that they have a marked resemblance to a railroad train after a collision. And then the trees! What magnificent elms which begin to branch just at the roof of a four story building, and continue to tower aloft to the height of four stories more—but that's only the "projection," necessary of course to show the buildings. The artist, however, after planting the eighteen trees carefully about the Campus, might have suggested in a foot-note that there were a *few* more on the actual Campus. Then off in the distance, some half mile apparently, between Coburn and Chaplin Halls you get a glimpse of the Gymnasium, or rather you don't, for the one you see is the old one, replaced by a new and better which does not appear in the cut—but that of course is not the artist's fault.

The grouping of figures is magnificent and highly appropriate. One would instantly recognize the left hand figure of the group of three at the extreme right, as a Freshman. The man-

ner in which he holds his cane betrays him at once. He is apparently on the point of escorting his or some one's sister about the College. The two youths in the left foreground are Sophomores, probably just returning from Murry's.

On the whole the cut by no means does justice to the original, as indeed very few woodcuts do. The foreshortening was demanded, as the real proportions would extend the length of the cut beyond the limits required for its use.

We have called attention to some of the marked defects in order that those who have never seen the College will not judge its appearance from the frontispiece of the ECHO.

LITERARY.

AT MY NORTHERN WINDOW.

32 C. H.

The Sun in Winter never deigns
To light my northern window panes.
But, here the revelling storm-winds throw
Their carnival salutes of snow;
And hither, from his polar home,
Comes, brush in hand, the painter gnome;
His icy palette frost inlaid,
And, deftly blending light and shade,
He brings upon the frescoed pane
The Summer's foliage back again.
The pines are white, the willows gray,
The shrubs fantastically gay,
The snow lies crusted on the fields,
The stream its unsung harvest yields,
The shivering day is early gone,
The Bear keeps vigil until morn.

But, when the New Year's bridal white
Is doffed for Spring-time's household hue,
My window grants a milder view,
An outlook less unkindly bright.
O! sweet in winsome April days
Across the valley-land to gaze,
And strive to mark the viewless line
Where blue and meadow brown combine!
To right the steady waters roll,
Like the unwinding of a scroll
With runic letters writ upon,—
The logs the current hurries on.

In Summer time the listless trees
Make amorous dalliance with the breeze,
The scaling swallows mount so high,
They seem imprinted on the sky,
The grasses wave, the daisies nod,
The flowers throw kisses at the sod.
Such sights my window shows by day,

But, when the night has frayed away
The day-time gloss, it only brings
A softer loveliness to things.
The stars look out in grave surprise,
Like cradled children's wakeful eyes;
Light-lured, unto my window's height
The beetle spins its winding flight;
Along the river flowing black
The fire-fly's beacon flashes back;
And lo! far off upon its course,
The night train burrowing through the dark,
And flinging back in flame and spark
The blackness into which it bores!

Shy, russet Autumn, Indian maid,
With rubies on thy forehead laid,
Who dost the fickle brooklet teach
Thy low melodious foreign speech,
And, Huntress, chasest bow in hand
The song-birds to the Southern land;
I see thy footprints, hear the rush
Thy trailing garments make, the hush
That follows when thou passest by,
But thou art viewless to mine eye.
My window shows where thou hast been,
But thou thyself art never seen.
O Northern Landscape, studied long
In storm and sun, in light and shade;
Take this poor gift of grateful song,
And make the giver overpaid!

H. L. K.

THE DESOLATE MAN.

Tony.—"I'll tell you more, there was a fish taken,
A monstrous fish, with a sword by his side—a long sword,
A pike in 's neck, and a gun in 's nose—a huge gun,
And letters of mark in 's mouth from the Duke of Florence."
Cleanthes.—"This is a monstrous lie."

Tony.—"I do confess it.
Do you think I'd tell you truths?"

—*Wife for a Month.*

This century and I began life together.
You see, then, we are now seventy-eight
years old; almost eighty, and for one of us
still no hope. I live without enjoyment, and
have lived so for almost sixty years. I will tell
you the story—though my old hand can scarcely
guide my pen, I will tell you. At twenty I was
in college, a well-made, handsome-enough youth,
with plenty of good health and friends. In
those days there was pleasure in living. I think
I did not deceive myself then when I was
pleased with what has no charm for me now. It
was surely right for me to find enjoyment in
fields and sky, in falling rain and flashing sun-
beam, in my own vigorous tread, in the radiant
faces of children, and in thoughts of good I was
to do. All this is passed. No one of my hopes
has been realized, and to-day I sit writing in a

miserable room, in shabby dress, without a friend, and desperate. More than fifty years ago I became acquainted with a most singular boy; he was my friend and I meant to be his,—how miserably I deceived him! He came as I was finishing my college course, sensitive and modest, and a most wonderfully handsome youth. His cheeks were like the crimson skies when white-winged, fleecy clouds glance across them, his hair of sunny brown, his form god-like, of springing step, merry smile, and affectionate heart. It is no wonder I loved him. With my more advanced standing, I found many times when I could help him; but my kind offices, however secretly performed, were sure to meet a threefold return. He had many friends, though none so close as I, but still I was jealous of his popularity. My love for him, though very selfish, at length came to be the ruling power of my life. I was half crazed with love. I did not want him to speak to any but myself; I claimed all his time. There seemed to be some secret that he kept back from me; at nightfall he disappeared, and was rarely seen after the sun had set. I pondered long upon this circumstance, and viewed it with suspicion. I grew morose and sad while I watched him, almost in silence, with the keen eye of selfish affection. Where did he go at night? I asked him, but it was long before he spoke. At length, when my peevishness had driven him to the determination, he took my arm and led me away to a quiet spot and told me all. He was of almost immortal mould, he said; for a hundred centuries he had had his being. He had dwelt among the stars, and looked upon our earth when it was only a dot in the sky. He had longed to visit this bright speck and make his home upon it. No star seemed half so fair as this distant world. He pined to live upon it. At length the master had dismissed him and bade him speed to his wished-for abode. After a thousand years he could return, but should he ever do evil his existence would be blotted out; and after the expiration of a thousand years, if he was looked upon by mortal eyes when neither sun nor moon was above our earth's horizon, he would vanish as he came into existence, and be no more. He dwelt in a rich cavern of the earth, and always went to it as a moonless night was drawing on. Could I love him now, and be his friend as before? I looked at him in silent wonder; I

could not credit what he had said, but yet I glanced almost involuntarily at the distance of the sun above the horizon. I arose and left him seated upon the grassy bank; his look was sorrowful as I went away. I wandered far and pondered long. Deep agony came upon my soul; but there was no clear conviction for me. I returned home slowly and painfully; my companions passed me unnoticed. I stood in my dark room and thought till the strokes of midnight sounded upon my ear, and the beams of the rising moon rested upon my forehead. At the instant my friend was with me. He put his arms about my neck and kissed me tenderly, but there was no peace for my soul. He talked to me of long years spent among men; of occupations followed; of happiness, supported by virtue and truth, surpassing all in his former existence; of my friendship, dearer to him than all else, and looked beseechingly in my face. Could I trust him now? I did not answer; fiendish thoughts chased away belief. I would look upon him in his night retreat—where was it? He told me readily and so trustfully. Then he spoke of wonderful things—of men of old whom he had known; of the ashes of sacred men that he had cared for; of his removal of the remains of Moses to a secret resting place; of many more wonderful things—of his care for the bones of beloved St. Mark; of Venetian wrangles that had disturbed him till he had taken the remains of his loved saint far from their strife and laid them to rest under a hillside of the Western world; of swift, invisible flights into the deep azure vault of heaven; of happiness sometimes dimmed but mostly bright; and of his finding joy most complete among the young of men, where he should live till the world was no more. I listened, but did not hear; I looked upon him, but did not see. Many days I kept by myself; but at last I was ready to prove my loved friend's words to be false. I set about it with my blood boiling savagely in my veins, and with love corroded to jealousy urging me on. At sunset I went out under a cloudless sky beneath the blue heavens. My path was well marked; my friend had been true to me in what he had said of that. I came upon him lying among treasures rare and beautiful. I looked upon him and he was not affected. The blood of a madman was aroused within me, and I leaped for joy because my friend was false. He

showed me all kindness then, looked fondly upon me and trusted me. Among the secrets of that place, rich in jewels and warm with soft things, there was not one he did not show me. At the end he led me kindly away, and dismissed me at the beginning of the upper world. I came out from among the trees and saw the moon swinging in the heavens. I was back in the shadow in an instant. Long I waited, for it was near morning when the moon sent its last rays across the land and sunk below the horizon. Quickly I sped down the subterranean channel and stood in the apartment of my friend. He gazed speechless at me with a look of love and such sadness. The next instant he was gone, and I stood without shaken in mind and sore in body. I wander, a second Cain, up and down this bleak earth, dying a thousand deaths and ever bemoaning my fate. Let those, who think that a short act of sin cannot meet with an everlasting punishment, consider my story. By the act of an hour, I called upon myself a punishment terrible as life can endure. I am ready, yes longing, to die. I wish to explore the dark precincts of that other shore, and rid myself of these horrible visions of a vanishing form. He lived long and his soul died; but I suffer the torments of two souls sunk to the lowest depths of ruin, and groaning amid the everlasting tortures of an eternal perdition.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

The man of musical culture is often inclined to divide all mankind into two great classes; the one includes only those who have a thorough appreciation of music, together with a certain amount of skill in its performance; while the other embraces all other men, and these are looked upon as unfortunates,—the deformed and pitiable, or, at best, the *profanum vulgus*. While such an ultra view is a little too strongly tinted with a certain coloring of conceit, it is not wholly groundless. He who fails to understand and feel the elevating power of music, most assuredly is, in a certain degree, of a lower order of creation. He is, acoustically, a cripple whose soul is not wafted well-nigh half way to heaven by the vigor of Handel or the magic charm of Beethoven. Such pleasure is of the highest order that our senses can furnish; now, a simple and

sweet strain delights and soothes the mind; then, there rolls up huge ocean billows of harmony that fill the listener with wonder and awe; again, comes the passionate grief of a stricken heart, followed by the consolation of sympathetic voices; anger and love alternate; in short, every emotion that the heart can feel, and vastly more than the tongue can express, arise at the bidding of the performer.

Music and poetry are twin sisters; the former is the more generally charming, while the latter is especially intellectual; the one arouses thought by means of the emotions, while the other arouses emotions by means of thought; yet the interval between music and poetry is much greater than that between poetry and the commonest every-day conversation. Of all the emanations of creative genius, none, in our opinion, can compare with those of the great musician. The orator may convince, but only as he gives valid and tangible reasons; the novelist may delight, but only as he succeeds in forcing you to receive as a reality what you know to be the purest fiction; yet the musician can convince without reason, and delight without the least apparent effort.

The appreciative man is never so completely and thoroughly convinced of the never-dying destiny of the soul, as when he listens to the skillful performance of the master pieces of Mendelssohn or Mozart. In one sense, Annie Louise Cary is a more powerful orator than Wendell Phillips, and a more delightful artist than James Walker. Then it is when the soul gains the mastery over the body, and almost longs to be free from it. The emotions awakened are the purest, only. He would be almost a demon who should cherish evil thoughts while listening to a skillful rendition of "Sweet Home,"—little as it has directly to do with good or bad.

Patriotism gains its profoundest inspirations from song. Strange as it may seem, I question whether we could ever have had a Benedict Arnold, if there had then been a "Star Spangled Banner," also. The only genuine sentiments of patriotism that many Englishmen feel, are those inspired by "God Save the Queen." The Frenchmen never gesticulates so wildly as when listening to the "Marseillaise."

Next to the preaching of the gospel, the most powerful weapon the revivalist can wield

is the touching strains of music, as we have seen in the great religious movements of the last few years. Moody, without Sankey, is an engine without an engineer, or rather an engine without fuel. Unlike most of the fine arts, music can be enjoyed in a greater or less degree, by the high and low, the rich and poor. It is the water of life that all may partake of.

To the weary sufferer, the lingering sweetness of the nocturne speaks of the rest only a little way off; for the stubborn deliver the mysteries of thought, the sonata and symphony unearth the brightest gems, glittering in the most attractive hues; to the searcher for truths concerning the life to come, the simple yet grand notes of a "Bethany" grant more real and living satisfaction, than the commentaries and wordy wisdom of all the learned divines of every age. Music has well been styled the dialectic of the emotions.

Sculpture leads us to the temples, where sit in outlined dignity the heroes of past and present times; painting commemorates in various-hued languages the myths and realities of every clime, but music overwhelms us in a tide of thought, permeated with emotions, that give birth to the purest activities and loftiest purposes of life. Our baser cares, our personal ambitions, our disgraceful hates and envies are scattered before this potent magician like chaff before the hurricane.

Delightful harmony will give sufficient inspiration in a few short moments, to propel through the drudgery of years. Music, as an angel from heaven, comes down and dwells on earth to lift us above the clods of toil and senses into a more perfect manhood.

COLLEGE FALLACIES.

College life is said to be a little world of its own. Therefore, like that larger world into which the student, who has lengthened his name by the first two letters of the alphabet, flatters himself so well fitted to enter, it has its vagaries and illusions. But these are of a kind peculiar for the most part to itself. Beginning from the time when first he determined upon a liberal education, the student is surrounded and more or less influenced by the delusions of college life, until he is ejected into the "world," as it is

called, where he is at once forcibly impressed with the fact of his own insignificance, and finds that instead of a place waiting, into which he has only to step, he has got to wait until he can make a place himself. The idea is too general among college students, at least in the first part of their course, that a man has only to graduate from college to ensure him a successful life. Deluded by this happy idea, happy because it agrees so well with their inclination, they make it their great study to get through college with the least practicable amount of work, saving their strength for the glorious possibilities that are to come after. In their judgment college is a sort of machine for turning out successful men. As at the United States mints the precious metals are received, purified, polished, stamped, and sent forth in their new character of useful money, so the college is a sort of mint in which, by some process, men are to be powdered, polished, and stamped into geniuses, and then sent forth to pass current as such. They forget that the value of the coin depends upon the metal, and that if a head should be made of wood it would only be a wooden head after all. •

Leaving the ambitious but lazy student, we find that college influence is apt to mislead even the diligent, sincere, and earnest student. True education is the development of man in his threefold nature, physical, mental, and moral. No one of these can be trained to the neglect of either of the others, save at the cost of symmetry and danger of an unbalanced character in the individual. Of physical training it is unnecessary to speak. Its importance has been iterated and reiterated until it is a truism. Yet, for all that, each student seems to think that Nature's laws will not touch him, and regards time taken from needed recreation and applied to books as so much gained. He forgets that a healthful body conceals itself, leaving the mind free to act, but that an unsound one distorts the mind, until, through impaired eyesight, enfeebled digestion, or slow circulation, he begins to think himself all eyes, all stomach, all body, and to find that the mind can only with difficulty be made to apply itself to anything else.

The mistakes of the student, however, are not all of this negative kind. There are methods pursued in the culture of the mind which are most fallacious, and their influence, although unseen, is direct and positive, resulting

in the defeat of the very end sought. Of this nature is that cramming process by which the student hopes to store his mind with the treasures of the past in the least possible time. He takes a great many books from the library, reads a good many of them, and portions of others. He reverses the maxim, "*Multum quàm multa.*" His mind has no time to act upon and assimilate its food, but the stuffing process is continued until the digestive power is ruined, and the thinker is lost in the book-worm.

On the other hand, application to the pages of the text-book, and facility in rehearsing the lessons given therein, is not always the test of true scholarship. And right here we find that the system of "marking" is fallacious, whatever may be its advantages in other respects, here it is not merely a failure, but a positive injury. It offers a premium to the man who can recite most fluently, and so the student mistakes rank for scholarship, and in the struggle for this, the six hours he spends in committing and the three in reciting leave but little strength or inclination for anything else. But this is discipline, they cry! True, but is it the best? It holds up to the student, rank as his immediate end, and this ought not to be, nor does it necessarily follow, they reply.

But it does follow. Hard, indeed, is it for the student who is even moderately ambitious to apply himself to the culture of his mind in the broadest sense, while he sees himself surpassed in special studies by those to whom he feels himself in no way inferior. Further, ranking has a tendency to specialize the man, rendering him conversant with a few particular branches, but wholly unable to trace the connection and interrelations of the different branches, while with difficulty he makes practical application of what he has learned. True culture consists not in the amount of knowledge but in the amount of discipline, which will enable him to control and make use of his knowledge. "Universal experience," says Blackie, "has proved that the general scholar will, in the long run, beat the special man on his own favorite ground."

And now, having dwelt upon the fallacies of the student in respect to his physical and mental training, it remains to speak of his moral culture. Here again he is sadly negligent. Perhaps he shares this fault in common with the world in general. But he is accustomed to satisfy him-

self by the most fallacious reasoning, as if the fact that he is preparing himself for life's duties would warrant him in neglecting the essential factor to a successful and pleasant life.

The great end of our life is the service of the Divine Rule in preparation for the life which is to come. How vital the error, then, by which the student defeats the accomplishment of his own mission in life in the very preparation for that life! If he knowingly neglects to establish himself on sound moral principles in the present, there is little hope that he will do so in the future.

CONCORD, MASS.

No town in New England possesses more historic and literary interest than old Concord. It was the first inland town settled in the State, and was incorporated in 1635. Its name celebrates the peaceful manner in which it was obtained from the Indians. The famous Concord grape was so named because it was first produced by an enterprising farmer of this place.

The town has an interest for the patriot, because here in 1774 the Provincial Congress assembled, and in 1775 the first forcible resistance to the tyranny of England was made. The battle ground is about half a mile from the centre of the village, and is approached from the main road through a beautiful avenue, lined on either side with two rows of wide-spreading trees. The interlacing branches make a pleasant vista, at the end of which rise the two monuments on either bank of the Concord River. The first monument is of granite, and has the following inscription:

"Here, on the 19th of April, 1775, was made the first forcible resistance to British aggression. On the opposite bank stood the American militia. Here stood the invading army; and on this spot the first of the enemy fell in the War of the Revolution, which gave independence to these United States. In gratitude to God, and in the love of freedom, this monument was erected A.D. 1836."

Crossing the rustic bridge which arched the placid river I saw the second monument, which is surmounted with the famous bronze statue of the Minute Man. This monument commemorates the first centennial of the battle, and is a beautiful work of art. The right hand of the

Minute Man grasps his gun, while the left rests lightly upon the plow abandoned in its furrow. On the eastern side of the granite base is inscribed the well-known stanza of Emerson:

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flags to April breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

This historic spot is worthy of a visit from all who love their country, and who wish to fire the blood which has become chilled in peace.

To the student and man of letters, Concord also has great attractions. Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Alcott, father and daughter, Channing, Curtis, and other names of wide repute are at once suggested by the mention of the place. There are three houses here, which, from their associations, may greatly interest your readers. The first is the "Old Manse," made famous by Hawthorne's residence after his return from his English consulate. This is remote from the village, and so near to the woods as to be within sound of the chirp of the squirrel. There is nothing peculiar in the house except a square cupola or tower which surmounts it, in defiance of any established law of architecture. The house is painted dark brown, and shows signs of dinginess and neglect. It is a rambling structure, and has nothing about it of special interest apart from its associations. It is shadowed on nearly all sides by evergreens planted by Hawthorne himself. Here President Pierce came to visit his old college chum, whom he remembered with the gift of a lucrative consulate in England.

Adjoining the "Old Manse," but separated from it by a row of larches, is, or rather was, the home of the Alcott's. The house is situated about one hundred feet from the road, and is shaded by two large elms in front. Between these and the road some large spruces sentinel the approach to the house. The building is much like the "Old Manse," and has little about it to attract the notice of strangers. You look in vain to see some "old-fashioned girls" and "little women" about the door, and to hear their merry laugh, for the quiet of the bright November day is broken only by the distant sound of the woodman's ax. But the old house is no longer the residence of the Alcott's, and on this account has lost somewhat of its charm.

Nearer the village is the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson. He has given this brief de-

scription of his residence, "My house stands on low ground, with limited outlook, and on the skirt of the village." The house is a large, two story building, and is painted a light slate color. A row of "Solemn" pines shields the house on the north, while in front two maples, flanked by two elms, guard the walk that leads to the main entrance. His study is in the north-western corner of the house, and on the lower floor. The old-fashioned white shutters screen the "Sage of Concord" from the curious gaze of your correspondent, and force him to be content with the outside prospect. A generous wood pile is heaped up in the yard, and in passing one might regard the place as the residence of a substantial farmer. There is no attempt at display, no "shrubbery which Shenstone might have envied," and no marks which would designate the spot as the home of a philosopher. A resident of the town informed me that there was a noticeable decay in Mr. Emerson's powers of memory, but his recent article in the June number of the *North American*, on "The Sovereignty of Ethics," would indicate the full possession of his mental vigor.

About a mile from the village is Walden Pond, on the shore of which Henry D. Thoreau, "the poet naturalist," built his simple hut. Here in voluntary seclusion, enlivened at times by the visits of his literary friends, Thoreau gratified his love of nature apart from the restraints of civilized life. A new interest has been awakened in Thoreau by the biography of his friend, W. E. Channing, published first, years since, and by the more recent work of Henry A. Page, the English biographer of Thomas De Quincy. These two volumes are the best sources of information concerning this gifted but erratic genius, whose name is indissolubly linked with our American woodlands.

But this sketch is already too long for the columns of the ECHO, and I will close with the expression of the wish that the students of Colby may enjoy a visit to this historic town, which has done so much to kindle the patriotism and enrich the culture of our land.

C. V. H.

A considerable number of the students desire a change in the terms; but a majority of them, a large majority, probably, are very strongly opposed to it.

THE CAMPUS.

Adieu!

Farewell, Seniors!

Voted: Freshman Exit at Augusta.

Very sorry to lose Miss Dennison of '81.

How are you going to spend the vacation?

Ivy-Day Exercises on Tuesday at 3 o'clock.

Bosworth, '80, pitched in Houlton on the 4th.

The class of '68 will have a reunion this year.

Alumni and friends of the Institution begin to appear.

The Boat Club has secured another very fine boat.

Prospects for the next Freshman class unusually good.

Whittier, '81, has left us for the Harvard Medical School.

We expect an unusually good Commencement Concert this season.

Trask, '80, has been appointed Assistant Marshal for Commencement.

The First Nine and the Manager have had their pictures taken by Carleton.

Society men coming to town this year will be cordially welcomed after the Oration and Poem.

The dark and mysterious ways of the Faculty at the close of each year are wholly inscrutable.

Hope that '81 will choose to study Botany. One of them tried to open a lily bud by blowing through the stem.

Prof. Elder has made many improvements in his lecture room this term, especially in the apparatus for projecting.

Our thanks are due Prof. Hall for the very efficient and obliging manner in which he has conducted the Library this year.

Mr. J. Edwin Sherman, of Boston, has recently given one hundred dollars for the purchase of books for the University Library.

Geddes and Philbrook, '79, are making a local collection of Insects for the College. It consists now of about 300 specimens.

The election of Reading Room Officers resulted in the choice of Joy, President; Mer-

riam, Vice President; Thomas, Secretary; Marsh, Treasurer.

The officers of the Literary Fraternity of next term are: President, Merriam; Vice President, Herrick; Recording Secretary, Coburn; Treasurer, J. Case.

The prizes at the Hamlin Prize Reading of the Freshmen were awarded as follows: First prize to Miss Dennison, second to Miss Norcross, for the ladies; first to Thayer, and second to Wyman, for the gentlemen.

The great time of change has come. The Freshman eggs are hatching into crawly caterpillars. The Sophomore caterpillars are rapidly turning chrysalids. And haven't you noticed how the Juniors are bursting their chrysalids and coming out glorious butterflies?

The annual meeting of the Colbiensis Publishing Association was held on the 2d ult. It resulted in the choice of W. A. Joy, '79, for Managing Editor; L. M. Nason for Treasurer; B. R. Wills for Secretary; Flood, Mayo, and Stetson for Auditors; and Hamlin for Committee of Finance.

The future of the Echo is very bright; we congratulate the incoming Board on their prospects of success. For the ensuing year Flood, '79, is Editor-in-Chief; Philbrook, '79, will have charge of the Locals; Warner, '79, of the Exchanges; MacDonald, '80, of Other Colleges; Page, '80, Waste-Basket; Koopman, '80, Personals.

In behalf of the College, Prof. Elder wishes to acknowledge the gift of some fine specimens of Bog Iron Ore, by E. H. Crosby; also a specimen of granite with vein of segregation, and some very fine nodular and concretionary flint, presented by C. F. Warner, '79. A. M. Thomas, '80, has given an alligator, from Jacksonville, Fla., which was put in alcohol in 1854.

The Senior pictures, photographed by Crosby of Lewiston, have given the best of satisfaction. For uniformity of work, throughout the whole, the artist has been surprisingly successful. This, added to the easy and natural positions, the clearness of the features, and the affable and courteous treatment of the class by Mr. Crosby and his assistants, makes the work doubly satisfactory. We hope that Mr. Crosby will receive the patronage of future classes.

The Order of Exercises of the graduating class will be as follows:

1. Oration—Public Opinion. Wm. G. Mann.
2. English Oration. *G. F. Youngman.
3. Oration—National Integrity. D. W. Pike.
4. Dissertation. *W. C. Burnham.
5. English Oration—Words. C. H. Salsman.

MUSIC.

6. English Oration—The Morals of Heathendom. F. J. Jones.
7. Oration. *C. A. Chase.
8. English Oration—Laws of Force. A. C. Getchell.
9. Dissertation. *W. H. Mathews.
10. Oration—Prometheus as a Type of the Heroic in Human Character. Miss E. P. Meader.

MUSIC.

11. English Oration—Light by Darkness. H. B. Tilden.
12. Oration. *D. T. Wyman.
13. Oration. *W. I. Davis.
14. English Oration—The Idea of the State. H. M. Thompson.
15. English Oration—Communism. F. E. Dewhurst.

MUSIC.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

MUSIC.

* Excused.

Below we give the Programme for the Junior Prize Declamations in the Baptist Church, on Monday evening:

MUSIC.

- The Effects of our Late Civil War in Europe. Allen P. Soule.
- The Office of the Historian. Edwin C. Whittemore.
- Milton as a Statesman. George E. Murray.

MUSIC.

- Chas. Kingsley. James Geddes.
- The Old South and the New. Willis A. Joy.
- Sacred Oratory. Charles E. Owen.

MUSIC.

- Labor and Capital. Will H. Lyford.
- John Stuart Mill. William N. Philbrook.
- The Relation of the Beautiful to Culture. William W. Mayo.

MUSIC.

BASE-BALL.

The following is the report of the game with the Bowdoins, and a statement of our prospects as given by our Manager:

Colbys 4, Bowdoins 12.

The third game of the series was played on the Bath Driving Park, June 22d. It opened well, but on the second innings the Bowdoins secured two runs through errors, and further increased their lead on the fourth, seventh, and eighth. The fielding of our nine was far below their usual playing and this lost us the game as our batting was good, although not what was expected considering what we have done in former games against Phillips. Walling and Barker were particularly successful at the bat, while Chaplin in the right field made some very pretty plays, being almost the only man who played his usual fielding game. Below is the full score:

COLBYS.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	TB.	L.	P.O.	A.	E.
Bosworth, p.....	5	0	1	1	1	0	10	4
Walling, 3b.....	5	2	3	3	1	1	0	2
Barker, l.f.....	5	0	3	4	4	1	0	1
Weld, c.f.....	5	0	0	0	1	0	0	0
Worcester, c.....	4	0	0	0	0	12	3	8
Merriam, 2b.....	4	0	0	0	0	1	2	2
Pierce, 1b.....	4	1	1	1	1	12	1	1
Chaplin, r.f.....	4	1	0	0	0	0	3	0
Mathews, s.s.....	4	0	0	0	1	0	1	1
Totals.....	40	4	8	9	9	27	20	19

BOWDOINS.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	TB.	L.	P.O.	A.	E.
Jacobs, 2b.....	5	0	1	1	0	2	1	2
Record, c.....	6	3	1	2	0	7	1	2
Wilson, l.f.....	6	3	1	2	3	4	0	0
Smith, s.s.....	5	0	2	2	3	1	2	1
Phillips, p.....	5	0	0	0	0	0	9	0
Swett, 1b.....	5	0	0	0	0	9	0	2
Ring, c.f.....	5	1	2	2	1	3	0	1
Call, r.f.....	5	3	2	2	0	0	1	1
Bourne, 3b.....	4	2	0	0	0	1	1	1
Totals.....	45	12	9	11	7	27	15	10

SUMMARY.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Colbys.....	0	0	1	1	0	0	1	0	1—4
Bowdoins.....	1	2	1	2	0	1	2	3	0—12

Two-base hits—Barker, Record, Wilson. Umpire—O. B. Clason, Bates, '77.

The series with the Bowdoins, and a game with the Augusta Reds, are all that the Nine have played this season. Appended are the totals of these:

	R.	1B.	A.	E.
Colbys.....	23	27	67	51
Opponents.....	25	25	62	62

No games with Bates have been played because of our lack of funds. Even our third game with Bowdoin could not have been played

had it not been for the generosity of Mr. Drummond, last year's Captain. During the past year no games have been played here which have infringed upon study hours, nor have the Nine been absent from town at such times as to cause their absence from Class or College exercises, a statement which hardly another College Nine can truthfully make.

The prospects for next year are encouraging, provided the nine is well supported by the College. We shall lose but one man, Mathews; the Bowdoin lose a number of their best men, while Bates retains nearly all of this year's Nine. Thus, with proper practice and a fair support from the students, there is no reason to doubt but that our chances for the College championship of the State are unusually good. In conclusion, I have to thank the Nine and the members of the Association for the generous assistance rendered me in my efforts to further the interests of Base-Ball in the College, and to secure a Nine which would do credit to the Association and College.

WILLIS A. JOY, *Manager for '78.*

The game, on the 22d of June, between the Second Nine of the College and the Pine Trees of Hallowell, was, next to the game between Bowdoin and Colby, the most interesting on our grounds this year. The Nines were fairly matched. The Pine Trees surpassed their opponents in throwing; but the Second Nine had the better pitching. One feature of the game, as pleasing as it is uncommon, was the entire absence of "chinning" and growling.

SECOND NINE.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	L.	E.
McIntire, 1b.....	6	3	1	1	13	0	0	1
Thayer, 2b.....	5	2	2	2	0	3	1	2
Judkins, 3b.....	5	1	0	0	3	3	1	2
Warren, c.....	5	0	1	1	8	2	1	5
Parshley, l.f.....	5	1	0	0	2	0	1	0
French, c.f.....	5	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Shaw, r.f.....	5	2	1	1	1	1	0	0
Thomas, s.s.....	5	1	1	1	0	1	1	0
Lyford, p.....	5	2	1	1	0	2	0	0
Totals.....	46	14	7	7	27	11	5	10

PINE TREES.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	L.	E.
Chase, 3b.....	5	1	0	0	1	3	0	3
Pattison, 1b.....	5	3	1	3	7	1	1	5
Porter, c.f.....	5	0	1	1	1	0	1	0
Washburn, p.....	4	0	0	0	2	3	0	0
Dunning, 2b.....	4	0	0	0	7	1	1	2
Nichols, s.s.....	3	1	0	0	2	3	0	0
Stinson, l.f.....	3	1	0	0	1	0	0	1
Smith, r.f.....	4	1	0	0	0	0	0	1
Stetson, c.....	4	2	1	1	1	0	0	6
Totals.....	37	9	3	5	27	11	3	18

SUMMARY.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Second Nine.....	1	4	0	0	3	2	4	0	0—14
Pine Trees.....	1	0	0	0	0	4	0	1	3—9

Umpire—C. F. Warner, '79. Scorers—Colby, R. S. Baker; Pine Trees, F. E. Sawtelle.

THE COLLEGE PRESS.

The last number of the *Chronicle* is almost exclusively devoted to the Class Day Exercises and history of the class of '78. The exercises, as given in the order in which they occurred, would, doubtless, possess for us more interest were we acquainted with the circumstances attending them; yet there are certain parts which strangers as well as acquaintances and friends can appreciate. "Class Day Oration" is an able and scholarly production, replete with good sense and practical suggestions. The oration is an admirable exposition of the truth that the harmonious development of all the powers and capacities of the soul is the great end of human life, and the object at which every man should aim. Upon first glancing over the poem we mentally gave the decision that it was painfully long, and secretly sympathized with those who we supposed were so unfortunate as to endure its recital, but upon closer inspection we were inclined to pardon the great length and admire the depth and scope of thought displayed. The poem, though open to criticism as a piece of poetical composition, is a production of no ordinary merit, and can lay claim to a good degree of original thought. The elaborate and scholarly treatment and high moral tone are prominent features of this poem, and commend it especially to those who seek, in poetry, not merely a rhythmical flow of words but the expression of lofty thought and true poetic feeling. We would suggest to all who may have the opportunity to read and then decide for themselves. The class history is very full and long drawn out, and special attention is given to minute matters of detail. It would be unjust in a reviewer to pass an unqualified criticism upon an article of such character as that of the history of a class must necessarily be. There are a variety of circumstances and occurrences connected with the course of a class in college which are of peculiar interest and pleasure to those immediately concerned, and also to such as become acquainted with them by common report, which are tame and spiritless, when presented simply as facts of class history, to those who are not in a condition to appreciate them. The prophecy falls far below the standard attained in the oration and poem, and besides being poor in construction is very feeble and light in conception.

The *Crimson* comes overflowing with sporting news. The first three pages are occupied with self-congratulatory accounts of boats, boat-clubs, and boat-racing. After reading such glowing and enthusiastic descriptions of these popular contests we are almost in doubt as to whether the mind is superior to the body;

whether mental culture is superior to muscular development. But then such questions are ill-timed in such an advanced and cultured age as this. The object of boating and ball-playing among college students is, perhaps, not so much for the purpose of muscular development, considered merely as such, as to preserve over-intellectual students from the serious effects resulting from intellectual application. In addition to these negative advantages certain of a positive character are secured, such as the awakening and fostering of public spirit among the students, etc. A pleasing account of Class Day Exercises follows the somewhat lengthy description of boat-crews and boat-racing, and affords one a relief from the weariness occasioned by an excessive amount of sporting matter. The remaining part of the paper is occupied chiefly with elaborate descriptions of base-ball games, in which the Harvard nine were victorious. If it be true that victory is harder to bear than defeat, Harvard has a difficult task before her, but she will doubtless prove equal to the task, since with her to strive is to succeed.

The *Volante* opens with sensible and spirited editorials; that upon the condition of the University has the true ring, and we hope that in the future all may be realized which is there anticipated. There is a remarkable sameness about all articles written upon the Homeric poems, and this which we find in the *Volante* resembles all others in this particular. An interesting account is given of Junior Exhibition, followed by a very entertaining description of Class Day proceedings. The account of Commencement Exercises is written in a pleasing style, and gives the reader a very definite idea of the speakers and their manner of treating the various subjects chosen as the themes for graduating addresses.

THE WASTE-BASKET.

We make our annual pertinent quotation from Josh Billings: "Darn a fli!"

The Greeks kept no cats, and wore no boots; hence they had no use for boot-jacks.

A Wisconsin base-ball player took a hot liner on his nose, and now he smells through his ears.

A Cincinnati paper says: "The latest thing in hose—the feet." Does the man put on his stockings over his head?

The man who dreamt he dwelt in marble halls woke up to find that the clothes had been pulled off from him by his wife.

As they passed a gentleman whose optics were terribly on the bias, little Dot murmured: "Ma, he's got one eye that don't go."

This town needs either more gunsmith shops or fewer book agents.

Scene in Logic class: Juniors (modestly)—"Professor, in that case would A embrace U?" Prof.—"No, I would embrace U."

Up-town Yachtsman—"I say there skipper!" Skipper—"Aye, aye, sir!" Up-town Y.—"'Ows the wind?" Skipper—"A little north of north sir."

The English members of the European Congress are the only ones who do not wear decorations. The others don't know better than to wear their garters and things outside their trousers.

At the marriage of an Alabama widower, one of the servants was asked if his master would take a bridal tour. "Dunno, sah; when ole missis's alive he tuk a paddle to 'er; dunno if he take a bridle to de new one or not."

A magazine writer says there is a language of the hair. Don't doubt it in the least. At any rate we have heard of tolerably well authenticated cases where a single auburn hair on a dark coat collar could talk plainer than a guide board, and furnish the material for a whole course of lectures.

PERSONALS.

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

'26.—Hon. Albert G. Jewett is practicing law at Belfast.

'28.—Rev. N. Medbury died in Dover, Mass., May 30th, aged 78 years. He was settled in Middleboro, Watertown, and Newburyport, Mass., and was for many years City Missionary in Portsmouth, N. H. He walked from Providence, R. I., to Waterville, a distance of 230 miles, in order to enter college, and that, too, when the snow was deep. For the past few years he has been laid aside from active ministerial work.

'28.—Hon. Abram Sanborn is practicing law at Bangor.

'29.—Rev. Leander S. Tripp is pastor of the Baptist Church at Surry.

'80.—Hon. Henry W. Paine, of Boston, is spending his Summer vacation at the old homestead in Winslow.

'32.—Hon. Albert W. Paine is practicing law at Bangor.

'32.—Rev. C. A. Thomas, D.D., after serving the Baptist Church at Brandon, Vt., as pastor for many years, is now residing in that town.

'33.—William M. Stratton, Esq., has for many years served as Clerk of Courts for Kennebec County.

'35.—Rev. William Lamson, D.D., after long service as pastor of the Baptist Church at Brookline, is now recruiting his health at Salem, Mass.

'36.—Hon. J. G. Dickerson, of Belfast, has been for sixteen years an Associate Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Maine.

'36.—Hon. J. S. Wiley, formerly a Member of Congress from this State, is practicing law at Dover.

'36.—Hon. W. E. Wording, a member of the Board of Trustees and a liberal friend of the College, is at present residing at Chicago.

'37.—Rev. G. W. Bosworth, D.D., is pastor of a Baptist Church, in Haverhill, Mass.

'37.—E. L. Getchell, Esq., is cashier of the Waterville National Bank, and the popular Treasurer of the University.

'37.—Rev. Franklin Merriam is pastor of the Baptist Church at Danbury, N. H.

'37.—Charles Morrill, Esq., has for many years been Superintendent of Schools at Lowell, Mass.

'37.—Rev. B. F. Shaw, D.D., has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Fairfield, and is now residing at Waterville.

'37.—Rev. O. B. Walker resides at Norridgewock.

'37.—Rev. N. M. Williams, D.D., has become a resident of Lowell, Mass., and supplies the Baptist Church in Andover.

'38.—Rev. Edgar H. Gray, D.D., after a long service as pastor in Washington, and as Chaplain of the United States Senate, is now preaching in New York City.

'38.—Crosby Hinds, Esq., is a lawyer at Benton.

'38.—Danford Thomas is Professor of Latin in Georgetown College, Ky.

'39.—Rev. S. L. Caldwell, D.D., is Professor of Church History at Newton.

'39.—Hon. Stephen Coburn, formerly a Member of Congress, is practicing law at Skowhegan.

'39.—Rev. A. H. Granger, D.D., for many years pastor in Providence, R. I., has moved to Franklin, Mass., and has no pastoral charge.

'40.—Martin B. Anderson, LL.D., is the popular President of Rochester University.

'40.—Barnabas Freeman, Esq., is a lawyer at Yarmouth.

'40.—Rev. Lewis Holmes resides at Plymouth, Mass. He preaches quite often, but is without a pastoral charge.

'40.—Rev. O. S. Stearns, D.D., is Professor of Sacred Literature at Newton.

'40.—Rev. Wm Tilley is pastor at Jefferson.

'41.—John W. Colcord resides at Portland.

'42.—Rev. Nathaniel Butler, D.D., is supplying the pulpit of the Baptist Church at North Vassalboro.

'42.—Rev. H. V. Dexter, D.D., has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Baldwinville, Mass.

'42.—James H. Hanson is Principal of the Waterville Classical Institute.

'42.—Volney A. Sprague is practicing law at Dexter.

'44.—Rev. John B. Wheelwright is pastor of the Congregational Church at Scarborough.

'44.—Edgar Whidden is a merchant at Calais.

'47.—Rev. H. C. Estes is pastor of the Baptist Church at Paris.

'47.—Abner Oakes, Esq., is a lawyer at South Berwick.

'47.—Moses Woolson resides at Concord, N. H.

'47.—Rev. H. R. Wilbur resides at Andover, Mass., and is not settled.

'48.—Rev. J. H. Seaver resides in Salem, Mass.

'49.—Hon. Mark H. Dunnell has for eight years been a Member of Congress from Minnesota.

'49.—George A. Pierce is a physician at Providence, R. I.

'49.—Rev. John Rounds is preaching at Kennebunk.

'49.—Rev. A. K. P. Small is pastor of the Baptist Church at Fall River, Mass.

'50.—John A. Blanchard is a lawyer in Oldtown.

'51.—Thos. H. Garnsey is a lawyer in New York City.

'51.—Wm. G. Lord has for many years been Principal of the Academy at Limington.

'51.—A. A. Plaisted is cashier of Ticonic Bank, Waterville.

'52.—Rev. Richard M. Nott resides in Wakefield, Mass.

'52.—Rev. G. M. Preston is preaching in Aroostook County.

'53.—Jotham F. Baldwin is practicing law in Cincinnati.

'53.—Rev. Geo. Bullen is pastor of the First Baptist Church, Pawtucket, R. I.

'53.—Rev. Alfred Owen, D.D., is preaching in Chicago.

'53.—Chas. H. Davis resides at Worcester, Mass.

'53.—Gen. H. M. Plaisted is practicing law in Bangor.

'53.—H. W. Richardson is editor of the *Portland Advertiser*.

'55.—Rev. C. F. Foster is at Chicopee, Mass.

'55.—Charles J. Prescott is teaching in Orange, N. J.

'56.—Rev. A. R. Crane is pastor of the Baptist Church, East Winthrop.

'56.—Charles H. Smith is Colonel in the Regular Army.

'57.—J. Q. Barton is a Paymaster in the Navy.

'57.—Zenas P. Hanson is a physician in Chicago.

'57.—G. M. P. King is Principal of the Wayland Seminary, Washington, D. C.

'57.—Charles F. Vent is a publisher in Cincinnati.

'58.—Rev. I. S. Hamblen is pastor of the Baptist Church in Winchendon, Mass.

'58.—Rev. R. F. Lawrence is pastor of the Baptist Church in Groton, Mass.

'58.—Amos L. Hinds resides in Benton.

'58.—Everett W. Pattison is practicing law in St. Louis, Mo.

'58.—Charles H. Rowe has just been installed pastor of the Baptist Church, Cambridge, Mass.

'59.—Rev. S. C. Fletcher is pastor of the Baptist Church, New London, N. H.

'60.—Geo. B. Buzelle resides in Portland.

'60.—Rev. Jos. F. Elder, D.D., is pastor of Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York City.

'60.—John H. Jackson is a physician at Fall River, Mass.

'60.—Henry A. Kenedy is Deputy Collector at Waldoboro.

'60.—Ransom Norton is Clerk of Courts for Aroostook County.

'61.—Rev. Fred D. Blake is pastor of the Baptist Church, Cherryfield.

'61.—A. M. Jackson is a physician at Fall River, Mass.

'61.—A. P. Marble is Superintendent of Schools, Worcester, Mass.

'62.—Rev. W. C. Barrows is pastor of the Baptist Church at Biddeford.

'62.—Frank Bodfish is a physician and druggist at North Anson.

'62.—Elias Brookings is teaching at Springfield, Mass.

'62.—Alonzo Bunker has returned from Burmah, where he has been laboring for thirteen years as a Missionary.

'62.—Whiting S. Clark is practicing law at Bangor.

'62.—Rev. G. L. Hunt, D.D., is pastor of the Baptist Church at Mystic River, Conn.

'62.—John F. Liscomb holds a responsible position in connection with the Portland Steam Packet Company.

'62.—Albert Q. Marshall is practicing medicine at New Gloucester.

'62.—Moses C. Mitchell has charge of a Boy's Boarding School at West Tisbury, Mass.

'62.—Ozias Whitman is teaching at Red Wing, Minn.

'62.—George A. Wilson is practicing law at South Paris.

'62.—Z. A. Smith is one of the editors of the *Boston Journal*.

'63.—J. O. Marble is physician in Worcester, Mass.

'63.—Rev. W. R. Thompson is settled over the Baptist Church in West Townsend, Mass.

'64.—H. J. Cushing is a physician at Amesbury, Mass.

'64.—Cyrus G. Richardson is a lawyer at Denver, Colorado.

'65.—Rev. Geo. W. Clowe resides in White Plains, N. Y.

'65.—G. M. Donham resides in Portland, and is a member of the firm of Hoyt, Fogg & Donham.

'65.—William H. Lambert, Principal of the Fall River High School, is spending a few days in Waterville.

'65.—A. D. Small is Superintendent of Schools at Salem, Mass.

'66.—Rev. H. P. McKusick is teaching in California.

'67.—L. H. Cobb is one of the editors of the *Portland Press*.

'67.—J. F. Moody leaves Hebron to take charge of Bridgton Academy at the opening of the Fall Term.

'67.—Stanley T. Pullen is editor of the *Portland Press*.

'68.—William H. Clark is pastor of the Baptist Church at Norridgewock.

'68.—Rev. Geo. W. Davis is pastor of the Baptist Church in Orange, Mass.

'68.—Henry C. Hallowell is teaching at Gloucester, Mass.

'69.—Justin K. Richardson is preaching at Rutland, Vt.

'70.—Charles R. Whidden is editor of the *Calais Advertiser*.

'71.—D. A. Hamlin is teaching in Boston.

'73.—Clarence P. Weston is practicing law in Boston.

'76.—Married at Charleston, Me., May 24th, by Rev. John H. Higgings, Rev. E. C. Long and Miss Vira Moore.