

The Colby Echo.

VOL. III.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, APRIL, 1879.

No. 5.

The Colby Echo.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, DURING THE COLLEGIATE YEAR, BY
THE STUDENTS OF
COLBY UNIVERSITY.

EDITORS.

EVERETT FLOOD, '79. J. T. MACDONALD, '80.
WILL H. LYFORD, '79. H. W. PAGE, '80.
C. F. WARNER, '79. H. L. KOOPMAN, '80.

Managing Editor.

WILLIS A. JOY, '79.

TERMS.—\$1.50 per year, in advance. Single copies, 20 cents.

Subscribers will be considered permanent until notice of discontinuance is given and all arrearages paid.

Communications should be handed to the Editors, or addressed to THE COLBY ECHO, Waterville, Me.

CONTENTS.

VOL. III., No. 5.—APRIL, 1879.

THE SANCTUM.....	49
LITERARY:	
A Chapter on Skating.....	50
Child of the Northern Star (poem).....	52
The Concept.....	52
Career of an Author.....	54
Lauriger Horatius (poem).....	55
Moses Primrose.....	55
THE CAMPUS.....	55
THE COLLEGE PRESS.....	58
OTHER COLLEGES.....	58
THE WASTE-BASKET.....	59
PERSONALS.....	60

THE SANCTUM.

THE best example of tenacity of purpose that this generation has witnessed is that of the *Mail* in its efforts to have a fish-way constructed in the Augusta dam. Next to this comes the *ECHO* in its as yet vain pleadings for a bulletin-board to be placed in some convenient spot upon the College grounds.

In addition to the above we now propose to plead as earnestly for a Field Day. The material for a successful display in this direction is at hand. All that is necessary is a leader. Let some one undertake the matter in earnest and he will be sure of having plenty of supporters.

A Field Day will cost nothing, and, while it furnishes a pleasant recreation for the students who engage in it, it will add much to the attractions of Commencement season, and doubtless be the means of bringing some to the College another year.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a few remarks upon the character and habits of the frog, which are not wholly unscientific, since he speaks feelingly of the *rana palustris* and of the *rana pipiens*. He begins by quoting Aristophanes:

“Ενυδρον ἐν βυθῷ χορείαν,
Ἀιόλαν ἐφ’ ἑξάμεσθα
Πομφολυγοπαφλάσμασιν
Βρεχεχεχέξ, χοάξ, χοάξ.”

These beautiful verses bear a close resemblance to the original Frog language, and if pronounced with the head thrown slightly back and the proper depth given to the voice, will lure any frog on the continent from his hole by merely exciting his curiosity. Every small boy should commit them to memory if he wishes to become conversant with the genus *rana* and know how to talk back to them when they begin to get saucy in the spring. It was thoughtful in our correspondent to favor us with this treatise, and we are sorry it is too long to print. We especially regret that our paper is not an illustrated one, for the portrait which accompanies our contribution is so exactly like an old friend of ours, who used to put his nose out of water just far enough to present an aggravatingly small mark for inoffensive rocks, that we would like very much to present him to our readers. If our unknown contributor should happen to read this, we hope he will see nothing but kindness in our remarks, but we caution him not to let this come to the eye of any older person of his family than himself, for a less innocent eye than his might think they detected traces of unkind cuts and latent sarcasm, though nothing of the kind is intended, but only the most heartfelt gratitude that the subject comes so *seasonably* to hand.

It occurred to us the other day that it would be quite appropriate to have an engraving of the bust of Milton inserted in the college publications. It seems to us that a work of such high art deserves more than a mere mention of its presence here, though we believe that even this is denied it in the Catalogue. A first rate engraving of the bust itself might be prepared as a title-page vignette for the Catalogue and the *Oracle*, and perhaps might find a place on the first page of the ECHO; say between the two words of its name. A thing of this kind would give a certain tone to the College in the eyes of outsiders, and would add its weight, we are confident, to the attractions of the College for those who are about deciding where to go for an advanced education. In view of the æsthetic culture to be derived from the study of such a masterpiece of art, we do not hesitate to say that the presence of the Bust of Milton has just doubled the value of a four years' course here. But, as things are now, few know anything about the bust till they get here. It may be very pleasant to find one's self so happily disappointed as every one is on coming to Colby, but, in a business point of view, it cannot be very profitable to the College. We do not think much of "blowing" but we do believe in an honest advertising of one's merits.

It is apt to become habitual with students to neglect attending church. There are a number of causes which conspire to produce this habit. Perhaps one of these causes is the lack of novelty or even interest in the sermons presented, for of course some sermons will be uninteresting, and such a discourse loses many appreciative listeners for many really good and diverting addresses which may follow.

If a listener, who attends church only for what advantage in instruction and suggestion of thoughts he can acquire, and is bound to do so by no other reasons, is so unfortunate as to be bored by a dull sermon at any time, he will be more than likely to reason that he can find more advantage and pleasure in sitting quietly in his room, surrounded by his books, and reading the best works of the best authors. We do not mean to imply that the ministers are to blame for this, but merely wish to show that one ought to be reconciled to listen to a poor discourse now and then,

and that he ought to learn how to derive benefit from associating with the refined company which assembles in a church even if he finds that the sermon is not worth listening to. There are many advantages accruing to the regular attendant at church besides those which are sure to come at one time or another in a greater or less degree from the sermons heard. A man who feels perfectly satisfied with himself, of course needs to meet with those more learned than himself, with those persons who are attractive for their modest simplicity, and with better bred people than he is. A man who is almost morbidly sensitive is apt to find while at church a sort of balm for his injured feelings, and to probe his own thoughts far enough to find that he possesses the characteristic excellence of this class, a really sincere and manly nature. And all come from hearing even a mediocre sermon, possessed by nobler thoughts, a more contented disposition; and from hearing a good sermon, by a determination to visit that church again.

LITERARY.

A CHAPTER ON SKATING.

There had been considerable talk among certain of my acquaintances about the skating on the lake, and numerous pretty hints were given for me to bind the steel keels upon my dainty number ten French kips, and wing a light, semi-aerial, wholly sylphlike and mystic course along the surface of the ice. Throughout I had maintained a dignified silence, and left them to suppose me perfectly capable of such a maneuver if the inexorable demands for study would only let up ever so little. At length the request took more open form, and I was bluntly asked to accompany a skating party to the ice. Well, I hadn't any skates; they would provide them. I must work; nonsense. At any rate I must go with them and look on if I wouldn't skate. When we set out, a dozen or more strong, I must own that I alone, of all the party, was not in good spirits. Indeed my misgivings as to the result were many and oppressive, but as a preparatory movement toward final exemption from the awful trial, I managed to assume a tolerably genuine and painful limp as we walked along. Unfortunately, just as I was beginning to manage the

lameness quite perfectly and naturally, and was entertaining a hope for relief through its agency, a subject of conversation was started about which I had decided opinions to maintain, and that against a large majority. It was necessary for me to marshal all my mental resources, and I at once waxed eloquent and laid down my premises in true logical form, completed the syllogism and exultingly expanded the incontrovertible conclusions; but, *me miserable*, in the heat of debate I forgot my limp, and only when the laughing attention of the whole company was directed to my firm, even tread, did I become fully conscious of my disgrace. I was confronted with my perfidy, and forced to own to the baseness of my intentions. However, by judicious planning on my part, the conversation soon took another turn, though I was painfully conscious of what was in the minds of all.

We came to the shore of the lake, a broad sheet of ice gleaming in the brilliant rays of the sun, with a silvery radiance like the pathway to the moon, and the entire company, binding on their skates, glided away over the smooth surface, leaving me standing alone by the pile of cloaks and lunch baskets, and feeling the caustic pangs of my general disgrace. I sat down on the cloaks and indulged in an inspiring reverie. I thought I knew how to skate,—that I was the best skater in the world. Visions of my having spent years of winters upon the Dutch canals, or circling among the startled Scandinavians as they moved, at a comparatively plodding gait, upon their pristine "*Schaats*," flitted before my mind's eye. The winged Mercuries of Holland had taught me their art and been surpassed by their pupil. The words of Thomson rang in my ears, and I was there

"Where the Rhine
Branched out in many a long canal extends,
From every province swarming, void of care,
Batania rushes forth; and as they sweep,
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds along,
The then gay land is maddened all to joy;"

and among the gay throng I was the leader. In this sport, beloved of my life, even Richard Wade was not my equal. On skates I could do everything. * "I could spin spirals slow and spirals neck or nothing; I could pivot on one toe with the other foot cutting rings, inner and outer

* Slightly modified.

edge, forward and backward; I could skate on one foot better than anybody else could on both; I could run on my toes, slide on my heels, and cut up shines like a sunbeam on a bender; I swung as if I could fly, if I pleased, like a wing-footed Mercury; I glided as if will, not muscle, moved me; I tore about in frenzies, my pivoted leg standing firm, my balance leg flapping like a graceful pinion; I turned somersets; I jumped, whirling backwards as I went, over a platoon of boys laid flat on the ice," in short I was "U. P. (Unapproachable Podographer)."

Not one here on the ice knew of my attainments. How should I begin to show them what kind of a marvel they were slighting? Should I do it modestly and assure them of my forgiveness, while I cut my "grape vines" and showed them a section of the old "quadrille"; or should I draw my light runners out of my pocket, where fancy easily located them, and, binding them firmly upon my genteel feet, elevate my nose toward the azure vault of heaven in token of contempt, fold my arms and go down among them with a strong "Dutch roll," then, when all were looking, run through my list of spirals and eagle wings, dash off my best pirouettes with a speed that would dazzle the multitude, and, skimming away upon the wings of the swallow, vanish from their startled view beyond the far horizon? Should I do that? Yes, most assuredly.

But see, the company have been holding a consultation upon the ice, and they are all now coming toward me. The rosy cheeks and laughing eyes of the girls; the contemptuous, almost malicious, aspect of the most muscular of the boys, put to flight my gathering fancies, for they seemed to bode me the most terrible misfortune, so that strong tendencies to run almost overcame me. However I waited, like a startled steer, and suffered myself to be surrounded. I must lunch and then put on the skates. We lunched. A pair of the cold-blooded, inexorable steel keels were bound upon my vanquished feet, and I stood up in the snow. I was in no hurry to move. I begun to act as if I had as much time on hand as Joshua did when the sun was waiting for him. But it would not do. I was obliged to walk out upon the ice, reliably supported on starboard and port, and I found my skates most unaccountably slippery. I began to tremble violently, and the variety of degrees

of cold and heat which shot up and down my spine seemed to me to give me a scope for heat measuring adequate to the extremes of the sun's photosphere and to the icy air of the boreal pole. I was plainly a vast improvement, as far as capacity was concerned, on any invented thermometer. My worst fears were immediately realized, for, amid the shouts of the crowd, the two temporary props violently removed themselves and my feet, seized with independent ideas, began to investigate the two extremes of space. My disgrace was complete.

When I reached home that night, I related the circumstances to my chum and timidly asked his opinion. He spake thus relentlessly: "You lied to them, didn't you, and bragged on your skating, and then pretended lame?" I sorrowfully owned the truth of all this. "Then," said my chum, who is low-born and associates with very vulgar people, "it is my private opinion that you have been deservedly 'set on.'"

CHILD OF THE NORTHERN STAR.

Child of the Northern Star,
Rocked on the deep sea's breast,
Earth calleth from afar,
Leave now thy nest!
Come from thy cliff-built home,
Out of its frost and foam,
Child of the Northern Star
Like storm-bird, come!

Seest thou the splintered light,
Shot through the northern sky?—
Leaping of sword-blades bright,
In Valhall high.
There sit thy fathers old,
After toils manifold;
Child of the Northern Star,
Be thou as bold!

Let Winter's blight of doom
Bury earth from foot and eye,
Let Winter's awful bloom
Blaze in the sky;
Then let the Summer's glee
Glimmer on land and sea;
Child of the Northern Star,
'Tis not for thee!

Thy path to Southward lies,
Unto the lands of the Sun,
Where stricken Freedom cries,
Heeded by none.
Hence, haste to help her, go,
Smite down her dastard foe,
Child of the Northern Star,
Help! Southward, Ho!

H. L. K.

THE CONCEPT.

Words are the treasures of human thought. Secured within them and preserved from age to age is all the wisdom of ancient time. They come down to us laden with the discoveries of science and the achievements of art. They bear from soul to soul the mental imagery of the poet, and the magnetic power of the orator.

The word, I have said, is the treasury, but rob it of its thought and you have left an empty safe. The word is a casket—the thought the jewel. The word is the husk—the thought the kernel. Unless, then, we know what is contained within the word we can not apprehend the meaning of its author. The Christian, for example, declares his belief in God, so also does Herbert Spencer; but the word God to the Christian means A Spirit, A Father, A King, A Redeemer; while the God of Spencer is "unknown and unknowable force." When words, then, become so equivocal that a profession of belief in God is substantially atheism, what is to be our way of escape from the wilderness of confusion? Evidently we must pierce through the covering, and reach the souls of words. In short we must study what philosophers call the concept.

The simplest objects, as a grain of sand, or a ray of light, we find by observation to be distinguishable by a variety of characteristics, or attributes, as form, color, dimension, &c. By activities of the mind we contemplate these attributes, in connection with, or if we choose, apart from the objects themselves. Then gathering up, and binding together, in whole or in part, our ideas of these attributes we have the concept which we clothe in a word. The concept, then, is that assemblage of ideas which is suggested to the mind whenever attention is called to the word in which we have previously clothed those ideas.

Concepts, like words which clothe them, may be divided into two great classes. The individual and the general. In the process of formation, which we next consider, they are much the same, and may be studied in connection. There is no object or attribute, in power or act, that does not furnish material for the concept. We may take any object, as an apple: observe one by one its characteristics; its peculiar form, color, flavor, structure, and so on; store in memory the mental products of these observations;

and then, as by a process of addition, combine these ideas into an individual concept. Thus the individual concept collects into a unity *all* our ideas derived from the observed characteristics of the apple—the idea of its sweet taste, its red color, its spherical form, and so on until all are united in the individual concept of this apple—individual, since this concept is applicable to this particular apple and to no other.

But the general concept, though in its formation we proceed in a similar manner, involves other and higher activities of the mind. An additional work of comparison and discrimination is performed. Ideas of certain attributes are excluded. To illustrate, we may suppose apples of different varieties to be before the mind. As before we observe their characteristics, and store the ideas obtained in memory. On comparing these ideas we find certain ones which are applicable to every apple, as roundness, color, taste, &c.; others which will apply only to a particular apple, as perhaps redness or sweetness. Discriminating, then, between these two kinds of ideas, we discard those which apply to individuals alone, and fix the mind upon those which are common to all apples. Considering each of these ideas separately, we have simple concepts of qualities themselves—as the concept roundness which may be applied to all spherical objects—to the orange as well as to the apple. Again the simple concept taste, derived in the same way, is applicable to a vast number of different objects. Thus, one after another, simple concepts of all the attributes common to the apples in question may be formed.

But another step and we have the concept apple. These simple concepts, already formed from the separate common attributes, the mind grasps together into one and the concept apple is complete, for it is the precise thought which the word apple should convey to the mind. It is the abstract notion of the circumstance in which all apples are found to agree. Thus, we see that while the individual concept has to do with all the properties, attributes, and relations of an object, the general concept concerns itself with only those which are found to agree in a number of objects.

But it is natural to ask whether anything is gained by the formation of concepts? Hence we consider two chief purposes which the concept serves.

First, it enables us to classify objects. It is nature's own method of classification. Objects in nature are invariably individual. No two blades of grass without individual differences! No two men without peculiarities in feature, form, disposition, or habit! How then can this infinitude of nature be brought down to the very limited comprehension of man? Simply by this power of grasping together the similar attributes of objects.

Already we have seen how, when several objects, as apples for example, are before us similar attributes are grasped together into a concept which applies to every apple, thus grouping together a class of objects under the name apple. In the same way we reach the concept orange, or the concept pear, which also designate classes of objects. Again we are able to compare these classes—the apple, the orange, and the pear; and we find differences to be excluded and similarities to be grasped together into a unity more comprehensive than either of the constituent concepts. In this manner we may form the concept fruit. Nor is it necessary to stop here; but casting aside still other differences, and seizing upon the fewer similarities we go on to form still broader classes until we reach the great concept *being* comprehending all things. Having thus passed from the individual to the most general in the formation of classes, it is easy to see how, by a reverse process, we may descend again from the most general to the individual. Thus does the ability to form general concepts, that power which more clearly than any other perhaps differentiates the intellect of man from that of the brute, deliver us from bewilderment amid a multitude of objects which otherwise could have no general names of distinction.

In the second place, an important addition is supplied to our stock of knowledge by knowing in general concepts. We learn beings not merely as objects; but as objects having relation to other objects. In the individual concept we know man as an independent being. In the general we know him as a member of a race—as related to every other member of the human family. Under the still more general concept *animal* we know him as having some relations in common with the lower animals. Again under the concept *being* we know man as related in the single circumstance of existence to every other object.

If it were possible to imagine ourselves as destitute of any knowledge of our relations to God, to each other, and to the objects of sense and spirit beyond ourselves, we should then have a correct estimate of our condition without the power of forming general concepts.

C. E. O.

CAREER OF AN AUTHOR.

We had been thinking of ancient and modern writers who were notorious, and had pursued the train of thought so earnestly that we were in much the same condition as when a boy we went home from the circus and played the clown to a circle of admiring friends; in fact we resolved not to play the clown (?), but to try our hand at composing.

Already in imagination we see ourselves the center of a group of wondering associates, who succumb to the presence of great fame and renown. Each opinion that is uttered comes feebly as though it feared to intrude, and suddenly dies down or flames up accordingly as it is checked or favored by the ruling spirit. "This, then, is the power of an author," we exclaim, to hold dominion over the common mind, and to sway its feelings as the north wind of autumn sways the scarlet bough. How grand! With what complacency do we look down upon the vulgar herd. Oh, why have we not drunk of this pleasure before! But hold! Does this renown come without labor? Alas, no! like other pleasures of life it can be gained only by honest diligence. This thought somewhat dampens the ardor of the young aspirant for honor, but nothing dismayed we still press on determined to win the goal.

And now it behooves us to cast about for a vehicle on which to convey our thoughts to the outside world. After a careful search in this line, the ECHO seems to us to be the very thing to take our goods to market, for, we think, it is no more than just that *our paper* have the honor of bringing before the public the first production of an author who is to be an honor to his *Alma Mater*; and still another reason presents itself, which we are compelled to admit had a greater influence in causing us to decide on the ECHO.

As we were going to the Chapel one morning, recently, we heard something that caused us to think that an article, even though not very

bright, would come acceptable to the editors, since it would save *them* the trouble of filling the space it occupied. Such is man's want of confidence in himself that we felt safer on this account to choose as we did.

Having decided on our mode of conveyance, next comes the producing of the object to be conveyed. Here our course, hitherto as smooth as the deep river, is stayed. We must produce something that will be interesting to the distinguished readers of the ECHO; and no common production will suffice. What shall we write about? Man! Yes, that will be a good subject; one that would not fail to interest, if rightly handled. How shall we commence?

"The proper study of mankind is man," says Pope—Pope! There, we feel sure that had the great poet of that name never lived, the pages of this sheet would have contained an "Essay," such as the world has never seen. But as it is we will follow the Golden Rule and permit the author of the "Essay on Man" to rest secure on his laurels.

Autumn, with its many tints, presents itself as a subject; but, alas, though not creaked out annually by the festive hand-organ-man in company with her gentle sister, Spring, yet as a subject for an essay it is nearly worn out.

Things are becoming desperate. We lay down the quill, and with our eyes intently fixed on the soles of a pair of No. nine shoes across the table we begin to ruminate. A thousand subjects dance before our mind, but are not to be seized. We begin to get nervous. The table is abandoned, and we begin to pace the floor in a kind of mental agony. While in the midst of a brilliant thought we are politely requested, from below, to "stop that racket;" and as we meekly take our seat again, the thought vanishes and so is lost to the world forevermore.

We make a sudden dive at the inkstand, and its violet contents is finding its way to the floor over the knees of our pantaloons; we start up from the table with a half-smothered exclamation, and the back of our chair comes in violent contact with the floor. The owner of the No. nine mildly suggests that we "*preserve order*;" we favor the gentleman's suggestion, and at the same time mentally resolve that before we would *write* for a living we would buy up a lot of *damaged fly-paper* and peddle it through the country.

So perished our design to become an author;
and may we not truthfully say that by the single
misfortune of failing to find a *subject*, the nine-
teenth century lost one of its most *noted* writers?
R.

LAURIGER HORATIUS.

Laurel-bearing bard, we find
Thou wast right in saying,
That the storm-wind lags behind
Time the pleasure-slaying.

CHORUS.—Give us then youth's brimming cup
Filled with wine of honey;
Kisses, quarrels, making-up
With the maiden bonny!

Sweetly grows with age the grape,
Sweetly grows the maiden,
But the bard its grisly shape
Sees with terrors laden.

What availeth fame to man,
If it be not rightful
To get all the wine he can,
Likewise girls delightful?

H. L. K.

MOSES PRIMROSE.

Of all the characters to whom Goldsmith introduces us in his "Vicar of Wakefield," none is more true to life than the immortal Moses. He is the perfect type of an innocent boy reared in a moral atmosphere, such as surrounded the family of the good doctor. It is, perhaps, owing to this inexperience and boyishness that he has been laughed at, pitied, and honored by the readers of more than a century. In spite of the absurdity of the plot, with its unnatural and unreasonable coincidences, the story receives a charm from the quiet humor and peculiar tendencies which pervades the whole. But while the other characters are generally so unreal as to be unentertaining and soon forgotten, the very name of Moses has almost come to be the personification of inexperienced youth.

That he was a good boy, and was loved by his parents and sisters there is no doubt. By his mother especially he was considered decidedly clever in making a bargain; and, indeed, the father had some opinion of his son's prudence, as he himself admits that he had "designed him for business." But, in common with all other boys, Moses was destined to learn that the home circle is a poor place to discover the ways of the

world. The old adage, "experience is the best teacher," is a true one, and we may consider Moses's adventure at the Fair his first real practical lesson of life. We believe that the ludicrous termination of that eventful day contains a kernel of sober reality, recognized and appreciated by thousands of successful men to-day, who began life with an experience as inauspicious as that of Moses. It may safely be said that in some way or other, sooner or later, every man invests his three pounds five shillings and two pence in "a gross of green spectacles with silver rims and shagreen cases"; but in so doing he learns, for the correction of his indiscretion and folly, a lesson which can be obtained in no other way.

THE CAMPUS.

March 20th.

Middle of the term.

Who wants a "Field Day?"

Half term examinations this week.

Has any one heard of the Colby Rifles lately?

The Seniors are reading Quintilian instead of Catullus.

J. F. Rich, '81, has become a member of the Zeta Psi Fraternity.

The Seniors are writing the articles for their last "Exhibition" in Chapel.

Pay your ECHO subscription, and other term dues, before your money is all spent.

Our returning pedagogues find the transition from teacher to student, sudden and difficult.

Several sleighing parties have been enjoyed by different members of the College this term.

Boxing is becoming quite popular in the College, and considerable skill in the art is already manifested.

If a thermometer were hung where some of us sit during recitation, it would make some startling revelations.

The private telegraph line which connects several of the stores and residences in Waterville, might be extended to the College buildings with little expense, if any of the students are interested in it.

How many of the Seniors who returned late, have made up their German without "surreptitious aid"?

Ministers can be bought for fifteen cents, College Professors for twenty-five—at Carleton's photograph gallery.

The students have been unusually late in returning to their College work this term, but most of them are now here.

The Seniors have received several proposals for music for Commencement, but as yet no arrangements have been made.

Those were bold gentlemen who saw a runaway horse pass with a young lady alone in the sleigh, and offered her no assistance.

After he had devoured four dishes of preserved strawberries, he remarked to his landlady that her "cranberries" were very good.

It is no more than fair that the students should, as far as possible, patronize those gentlemen who advertise in our College papers.

The students need no longer carry their oil cans down town. Leave word with the Janitor and the oil will be delivered at your door.

For preserving a file of the ECHO we know of nothing better than the Emerson Binder, size No. 4, the one in use in the College Library.

A Freshman being asked in the Latin recitation to give a few English derivations from the verb "*bibo*," mentioned "biblical" as the first.

We would call the attention of the students, who may at any time wish to use a *live* horse, to the advertisement of J. W. Withee, in another column.

When a man has three bedsteads and two trunks placed before his door during the night, the Faculty should excuse his tardiness at the morning recitation.

When a man flunks and then is not called up to recite again for five weeks, the question is, what rank does he receive? Such was the case with a Soph last term.

The Sophomore class will begin French at the middle of the term, using the French Principia, recently published by the Harpers. To afford a better opportunity for each one to receive personal instruction, the class, which numbers about forty, will recite in two sections.

Instructor—"Why do we first consider the theories of Moralists in the subject before us?" Student—"That we may know what *other* wise men have thought about it."

The Chapel doors are closed and no one is allowed to enter after the bell-ringer has taken his seat. Accordingly a dozen of the Sophs observed prayers in the Library a few days ago.

For several weeks past the Kennebec, with a little artificial aid, has afforded excellent opportunities for skating, and a number of students have spent most of their leisure hours on the ice.

The Base-Ball Nine has gone into regular gymnastic training, in preparation for the coming season. Judging from present indications, we shall place a good Nine in the field this year.

A new advertiser, Mr. Clark, invites the attention of the students to his supply of books and stationery. The same may be said of our old advertisers, Messrs. Percival and Henrickson.

In behalf of the College, Prof. Elder wishes to acknowledge the gift, by Mrs. F. A. Pike, of Calais, of a valuable specimen of finely polished Red Granite, from the Red Beach Granite Works.

The Committee to whom were referred the articles for the Senior Exhibition last term, awarded the prize for excellence in composition to Mr. Owen, author of the essay, entitled "The Concept."

Student to Prof. who had criticised him, "I made up my mind that my translation was right when I got it out, but it may be that you are correct." It is needless to say he was a member of '81.

The water is allowed to drop from the roof before the various entrances of the College buildings, not to teach the students to swear, but that they may learn to control their swearing propensities.

The 32d Annual Convention of the Zeta Psi Fraternity was held at Troy, N. Y., Jan. 3d and 4th, 1879, nearly all of the chapters being represented. Severe snow storms prevented a few of the delegates from coming further than Buffalo, and on this account important business was necessarily carried over to the next Convention, which will be held with the Sigma Chapter at Philadelphia. The Chi Chapter was represented by H. E. Hamlin, '79.

The following new comers are with us this term: W. A. Lancaster, of Gardiner, Me., enters our Sophomore class from Dartmouth; W. W. Andrews, Paris, Me., enters '82; and E. Weeks, of Wakefield, N. H., takes a partial course.

Pres. Robins delivered his address, entitled "Character in Education," before the Maine Baptist Educational Society, at Augusta, Feb. 25th, and also before the Young Men's Christian Association of Auburn, on the 6th of March.

The Sophomores are busy making selections for their Prize Declamation, which, according to the Catalogue, will occur April 23d. Just forty-five first prizes will be required in order that none of the class may be disappointed.

The Professor in Natural Philosophy wanted some illuminating gas from the factory for experiments. The Janitor being sent for it with a light rubber bag, feared that the gas would be heavy, and therefore took a wheel-barrow in which to bring it up to the College.

The Baptist Church, which most of the students attend, have invited Rev. W. H. Spencer, formerly of Foxboro, Mass., to be their pastor. Mr. Spencer is a pleasant gentleman and an interesting and cultured speaker. He will enter upon his new duties April 2d.

Gardner Colby, Esq., has recently presented to the Library a case of books from his private collection, including twenty-four valuable works on America, and books of travels, among which is the original edition of the Voyages of Capt. Cook, eight volumes quarto, and folio volume of plates.

Several of our friends and several exchanges have quoted as an occurrence at Colby, the item in the "Waste Basket" of our last number about the Senior and lady, each of whom froze one ear while sleighing. Our Seniors deny the truth of the quotation, and insist that it occurred at Amherst.

A student who was attempting in one of our class-rooms to prove the consistency of that Maine politician, who on Saturday night made a Republican speech and on Monday morning endorsed Greenbackism, asked, "Could he not have been converted on Sunday?" The Professor thought he had heard of such cases.

15,735 is the number of the latest addition to the Library. It will be a pity if the number of volumes required to reach 16,000, is not secured before next Commencement. The Librarian has a long list of books which he desires to see added to the Library. A word to the graduating class is sufficient.

One of the students recently gave as an excuse for absence from recitation, "a homely face." This is the first time such an excuse has been rendered, at least since the opening of the college to young ladies. We hope there will not be any considerable number of excuses of this sort, the possibilities are too dreadful to contemplate.

In the archives of the defunct Literary Fraternity, letters have been discovered from Charles Sumner, Rufus Choate, Caleb Cushing, George Bancroft, H. W. Longfellow, Tristram Burgess, Wm. M. Rodman, John Pierpont, Richard H. Dana, Jr., Ray Palmer, Robert C. Winthrop, Robert Rantone, Jr., James Brooks, George Evans, and Isaac McLellan. These will be preserved in the Library.

At a meeting of students held February 17th, a "Glee Club" was organized with the following officers: President, W. H. Lyford, '79; Secretary and Treasurer, M. C. Marin, '82; Conductor, W. C. Philbrook, '82; Committee of Arrangements, Merriam, '79, Collins, '82, and Austin, '82. The Club meet to sing Monday and Friday evenings in the room formerly occupied by the Literary Fraternity, and, under the excellent directorship of Mr. Philbrook, they have every promise of success.

The students are preparing for the issue of their annual publication, *The Oracle*. Its object is to chronicle the interesting events of the College year, and present them to our friends in as pleasing a form as possible. In order that the work this year may be successful we need, and earnestly request, the assistance of the Alumni and all who are interested in the College. Will you aid us by remitting, as soon as convenient, the subscription price, fifty cents? Please address, "*Oracle*, Waterville, Me."

"There was a young fellow of Leicester,
Who a beautiful damsel did pecester,
But when'er he addrecoester,
She called him a jleicester;
So he fled to the wilds of Wecestecheicester."

THE COLLEGE PRESS.

The *College Message* presents its usual typography,
"Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born."

But, after as critical an examination of this apparently ancient manuscript as mere ordinary vision would allow, we take great comfort in saying,

"Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures."

The *Columbia Spectator*. The new Editorial Board promises to keep up the good reputation of this paper. It seems to be their aim to issue a semi-monthly representing the interests of Columbia College at large; to devote themselves to items of local importance; and to carefully subordinate to this last end, every attempt at literary excellence. In accordance with this rule, it is publishing "Only a Vassar Girl" ("A Tale of Moonshine, Mystery, and Misery"), and we need to add no comments. We would like to say something about the cartoons, but we forbear. On the whole we pronounce it an admirable paper.

The *Dartmouth*. This paper deals with local matter more extensively than any of our exchanges. The editorial, communicatory, and local columns furnish three different avenues for about the same kind of matter. This is commendable as it gives variety to what is interesting. The last number contained an exchange column, unusually fine. The space which is usually filled with quotations of rhymes from various college papers, was in this number given to criticism.

The *College Rambler* is again gladly admitted to the Sanctum. Our little list of acquaintances, so reluctantly draped with a black ink-mark in the region of this name, is immediately altered when we learn that the *Rambler* was not dead but merely sleeping. And especially are we glad to find the paper coming from its slumber so refreshed, and so elated over its prospects of returning strength. Now let "tired Nature's sweet Restorer" show its benefits in many improvements; in an extension of the strictly literary department, and a careful pruning of dry matter, even though it require a little contraction of the local column. *Perge recte*.

The *Lafayette College Journal* is welcomed. Its robe of indescribable pinkish lavender, if we may be permitted so to style its outward appearance, is found to cover a true editorial heart warmed with the vitalizing current of college spirit. We are almost ashamed to acknowledge that, for some time, we looked in vain for a single literary article; when closer inspection revealed the fact that there were no less than seven,—upon such themes as "Insanity," "Free, Yet Not Free," etc. The editors had kindly, though very modestly, treated us to seven finely wrought abstracts of articles delivered at a public exhibition, in place of the usual list of subjects.

The *Bates Student* opens with a very sensible article on "The Diffusion of Truth Hindered by Its Supposed Friends." We only wish it had been more exhaustive.

Mr. Nason's sonnet is a pleasing production, though the author has followed Cowper in the unfortunate rhyming of the last tercet. Couplets are rarely made to close sonnets. "The Song of the Fire" flashes and snaps as it ought, but lacks warmth. Little fault can be found with the "Editors' Portfolio." It is well filled; expanded perhaps a trifle too much to merit the praise of being concise, and too anxious to settle the question of college matrimony. We would especially commend the critical spirit of the exchange column. It shows an attention to business, which many college papers need to imitate.

The *Madisonensis* comes out with a ringing editorial upon "Literary Contests"; and it rings truth. The absurdity of denouncing the decision of the judges, especially through the pages of college papers, sounds extremely boyish, and such practice ought to call forth all the fires of editorial wrath. "We the People" is a solid article, whose greatest faults are brevity and obscurity. The description which follows is very good, though lacking in fullness. The locals of this paper show little or no artistic arrangement, though they are about as extensive as one could wish. The exchange column is too partial to the "Vassar Girl," and the department of clippings is, perhaps, most remarkable for its knowledge of antiquity.

The *Hobart Herald*. This child of college journalism lies before us for chrismation. Pardon this language, as we refer only to age, though the neat apparel and fresh life of this paper may be appealed to as sustaining our application of chrismal oil. Consistently with the stated object of the *Herald*, we find an abundance of local matter discussed not only in the editorials at full length, but also throughout the whole paper. We regret, however, the almost total omission of a column of local news, after the usual plan. "The New Spartacus" is very successful with us. Other parts of the paper are highly commendable, and we wish the *Herald* the best of success.

OTHER COLLEGES.

ACADIA.

The Seniors have bid a long, if not a sad good-bye, to Noah Porter. Immediately after the last examination on him, endured a few days ago, they gathered together in No. 9 and held high jubilee, closing with a lusty rendering of:

Should Noah Porter be forgot,
And ne'er remembered be?
Should Noah Porter be forgot,
And Psy-chol-o-gy?

Psy-chol-o-gy, my boys,
Psy-chol-o-gy,
We'll take a cup of Porter yet
For Psychology.

HARVARD.

Pach, the "Harvard Photographer," was in Washington last week, and succeeded in photographing the whole Cabinet in session, a feat which has never been accomplished before.

Mr. John Fiske has resigned his position as Assistant Librarian of the College Library, and Mr. Samuel H. Scudder is to be his successor. Mr. Scudder has been for several years connected with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and also with the Harvard Scientific School.

ROCHESTER.

Prof. Latimore was one of the Commissioners appointed by President Hayes to make the annual assay of the gold and silver coins manufactured in the various mints of the country. This Commission met at the Philadelphia mint last month, and Prof. Latimore was assigned to the Committee on Assaying.

A short time since, at the request of the students, Dr. Strong gave an address which he delivered last summer at Colby University. The address was a brief review of the philosophy of Herbert Spencer, with special reference to the questions,—does it furnish a satisfactory theory of life, and does it furnish a satisfactory theory of knowledge?

WISCONSIN.

The Regents of the University established, in January, three new professorships: One of Astronomy, to which Prof. Jas. C. Watson, of the University of Michigan, was appointed; a second professorship of Greek, to which Prof. A. H. Pattengall, also of Michigan University, was appointed; and one of Zoölogy, to which Edward A. Birge was appointed. They also re-filled two professorships: That of English Literature, by the appointment of Prof. J. C. Freeman, of the University of Chicago; and that of Engineering, by the appointment of Allen D. Conover.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Of the 375 members of Congress, 191 are college graduates.

Twenty-two American colleges use the Roman pronunciation of Latin.

There are 29 colleges in Pennsylvania, and 14 of them have twelve or more instructors.

In Italy there are twenty-one universities, the oldest at Bologna, founded in 1119.

In the Latin recitations, all questions, answers, and explanations are rendered in Latin at Trinity.

Two female universities have been recently established in Italy, one at Florence, and another at Rome.

The German universities cost the State \$2,500,000 per annum. There are 1300 professors, and 20,226 students.

The Seniors at Dartmouth have petitioned the Trustees of the College to limit the number of speakers on the Commencement stage this year to eight.

THE WASTE-BASKET.

Demosthenes, in his youth, evidently looked forward to a college course; for he tells us that he then attended the fitting schools.

New version of the Golden Rule: Let your due to others be as great as others' due to you.—*Ex.*

When does a bashful suitor resemble the earth? When he keeps revolving about the ax(s)is.

We have the following on good *Fresh* authority:

'Tis sweet to court, but oh how bitter!
To court a girl and then not git'er.

In the wonderful harmony of nature and the manifest fitness of things, how paradoxical is the case of the mule. His head is so much too heavy for the other extremity, that his hind feet fly up at the least jar.—*Ex.* Yes, and not unfrequently at a fellow's head.

A Chicago play-wright has produced "Ripe Apples"—a new mellon drama.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.* Such a play should provoke lots of encores.—*Norr. Herald.* Yes, and peels of laughter.—*Ashbury Monthly.* With rounds of applause, and a little side Ah! too.—*College Message.* [But as this jam is getting rather seedy, and cannot stem much more bruising, let's leave;—and if so we may as well go before the col-ic-lection is taken, even if some one does blow on us.—*EDS.*]

Scene in Dr. Krauth's room : Senior—"Professor, I read in the paper the other day that there was a woman in New York who has been unconscious for twenty years, and in that time has taken nothing ; do you think that is true?" Dr. K.—"O yes, sir ; the graveyards are full of them."—*University Magazine*.

PERSONALS.

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

'28.—Rev. E. C. Cummings, D.D., has published, with the title "A Ministry of Fifty Years," the semi-centennial discourse delivered by him before the last session of the Salisbury (N. H.) Association.

'39.—Rev. John Johnson is pastor of the Baptist Church at Sullivan, Me.

'40.—Martin B. Anderson, LL.D.—We would call attention to a lecture on "The Right Use of Wealth," delivered before the Evangelical Alliance, by Dr. Anderson. It is now published in book form, and we have several copies in the Library.

'49.—Rev. Edward C. Mitchell, D.D., at the annual meeting of the Trustees of Regent's Park College, London, made an address, which is reported in the London *Freeman* of Nov. 22.

'53.—H. W. Richardson, editor of the *Portland Advertiser*, has lately published a powerful pamphlet in favor of a sound currency, entitled "Paper Money."

'53.—Colonel Geo. W. Bradley died recently at Minneapolis, Minn. He was born in Bangor, Me.; lived on a farm in Charleston for some time, and fitted for college at Corinth Academy. He entered Colby University (then Waterville College) in 1848, at the age of 16 years. At the end of his second term he had to leave College on account of ill health. But entering the next lower class he was graduated in 1853. Three years later he removed to Minnesota, where he began the practice of law. He soon took a high stand in his profession, and had the honor of being the first Speaker of the House of Representatives of the new State. On the breaking out of the war he raised a company and joined one of the Minnesota regiments. At the surrender of Fort Morgan he was Lieutenant

Colonel in command of the regiment. He distinguished himself for bravery, and was more than once favorably noticed by his superior officers. When the war was ended he went back to the practice of his profession in Minneapolis. He died of apoplexy, at the age of 47. A local paper says, "We but echo the universal sentiment of this community in saying that, in George Bradley's death, Minneapolis lost one of her best and most valued citizens."

'62.—George Gifford, Esq., has been appointed Consul at Nantes, France. Prior to his departure from Paris, his fellow-clerks in the office of the U. S. Commissioner to the Exposition, presented him a fine gold watch in token of their high esteem.

'65.—The Annual Report of Augustus D. Small, Superintendent of Schools at Salem, Mass., is received at the Library.

'68.—T. M. Butler is settled in the ministry at Townshend, Vt.

'69.—J. K. Richardson, pastor of the Baptist Church at Rutland, Vt., sends us a kind and complimentary letter, in which he incloses a prospectus of *The Vermont Baptist*, a paper which he has just started. It is published monthly at the low price of fifty cents a year, and would seem to be standing well. We wish the new paper all success and bid it God speed.

'75.—Rev. Herbert Tilden, of the Lamoine Baptist Church, preached before the Boardman Missionary Society of the University, Sunday, Feb. 16th.

'76.—C. H. Hallowell appears in the list of recent graduates from the Boston Medical School.

'78.—Howard Tilden has taken charge of the Baptist Church at Presque Isle, which was supplied during the winter vacation by J. H. Parshley, of '81.

'78.—D. W. Pike is to have charge of the High School at Swanzey, N. H.

IRA C. STOCKBRIDGE, Music Publisher,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Sheet Music, Musical Instruments, Music Books, Strings, and Musical Merchandise, Pianos, Organs, Piano Cloths and Stools,

153 Exchange Street, Portland, Maine.

Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. Catalogues sent free.

Maine Lecture and Musical Agency.

6-70-1yr