

The Colby Echo.

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The Colby Echo.

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THE STUDENTS OF

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THE SANCTUM.

As what has been said and written concerning the recent collision of the Sophomores and Freshmen, seems to have conveyed the impression to the friends of the College that the amicable relations before existing between the two classes have been changed to feelings of antagonism, we wish to say, in justice to the best men of the classes, and for the quieting of the fears of those who are always sorry to see any evidences at Colby of the outbreaks which are so injurious to some colleges, that there is not the smallest feeling of enmity, at present, existing between the two parties. Their relations are,

at present, friendly, as they always have been when considering the two bodies as classes, and the men on both sides desire to perpetuate these friendly feelings.

IN the absence of communications, which it is your business to furnish, or else to consider yourselves bound not to complain at what we write, we venture to suggest to the members of the military company the importance of making a good appearance on Decoration Day. The Colby Rifles have usually been awarded the position of honor in the procession, and an escort, carrying arms as they do, will need to respond promptly to the demands of their officers in order to get the requisite drill. It will be remembered that the Rifles did not appear last year on Decoration Day, though they have done so before, and we hope to see more enterprise shown this season.

SHOULD the most illustrious of the school of the Socratici, aye, should the great founder himself stand before you and affirm in most impressive terms, in words rendered weighty by the passage of years, which must have worn away everything superfluous from the ideas of the originator, that a special care is necessary to be observed in the present term on account of the peculiar influences which tend to distract your minds and turn them from the drudgery of studies; should Gorgias the Leontine, or Hippias the Elean come and tell you that the languor of our almost Grecian summer will affect you to the joints and marrow of your bones unless you apply yourselves with more than your wonted vigor; should the brevity of Ast or the prolixity of Schliermachermann appeal to your critical, intellectual, and moral judgments; should even the most modern of the philosophers, who indite the concise wisdom of an Aristotle, or the quackish verbosity of any paper but your own, tell you of rank lowered and after regrets,

through the laxity of your conduct in this ever most indolent summer term, you would haul taut the stays of your ambition, summon your energies to the capstan of your interests to weigh the anchor of present indulgences and fix it firmly at the cat-head of rational determination, and, seizing the halyards of your opportunities, raise the banner of "Ex." to the masthead of public approval, and sail triumphant through the waves of temptation which beset you to a happy haven in the bosom of your families, and land at the quay of Commencement with fervent prayers of thanksgiving to your wise counselors. And yet, though the ECHO tells you this in its most impressive manner, and in the longest sentences at its command, it is certain that you will not understand it or think of its advice again. Such is the poor faith which you, as constituents, have in the wisdom of your representative.

To the majority of us who are only ordinary observers, it seems quite incredible that there are so many kinds of birds flying around our very heads as there really are. We have only to look up to see a robin, the hoarse caw of the crow is nearly always heard in one direction or another, and the innumerable sparrows and black-birds are always about; but we notice these birds because we know them, and it requires only a little more keenness of observation to see dozens of other kinds, and hundreds of each kind. During vacation flocks of cow-birds might have been seen any day in the vicinity of Memorial Hall, and even now, amid the bustle of so many students, they are occasional visitors. We already have about us great numbers of swallows, woodpeckers, pewees, king-birds, flycatchers, sparrows, and shall soon see as numerous the orioles, jays, bobolinks, and thrushes.

But these are not all we may see or have seen. The little indigo-birds are coming; the grosbeaks, the butcher-bird, not less than a dozen different colored warblers, the handsome brown thrasher, the blue-birds, the several creepers, the almost tropically gorgeous wax-wing will fly right before our eyes, most likely unseen, or at least unrecognized. We cannot pretend to enumerate all our northern birds, but we can readily believe that the South cannot claim all the birds, from even this partial notice,

and without having taken into account but one or two of the birds which have already gone further north, any of the water-birds, and only having mentioned a majority of the kinds, each of which has two or more different colored representatives; and many which, though not common, are yet seen occasionally.

FEARING that the editorial, which has been handed us for publication, on the natural tendencies of the term, may prove too much for the mediocre mind, without some further notice, we commend it to the careful attention of our readers as a piece of very good advice, and as the product of a pen from which we might expect better or at least more lucid thoughts.

LITERARY.

MY WORSHIP.

A Temple, that was not made with hands,
Roofed by the sky, and floored by the sands;
Upon whose wave-worn altar stone,
An awful white, the great Sun shone;
Wherein, all day, the boughs, that swang,
Of the mild-heart Christ an anthem sang,
And a sermon sounded, grand and sweet,
In the ocean's multitudinous beat,
And the white wings, flashing athwart the air,
Were the rippling robes of the Angel of Prayer,
And the Moon, that rose from the ocean's breast,
Was the outstretched hand of God that blest;—
Such is the spot from the world away,
Whereat I worshiped my God to-day.

H. L. K.

LOCKSLEY HALL.

This is one of Tennyson's earlier poems. It was first published in 1842, in a volume entitled "The English Idyls and Other Poems." It is in its nature a poem of love, and represents the feelings of anger, jealousy, hope, and despair, engendered by a disappointed affection.

The hero is a soldier who has returned, after a long absence, to his native land and to the scenes of his youth. All around him are the well-remembered objects of his earlier days. Before him rises Locksley Hall, and its sight brings to his mind memories of pleasure and of joy, memories of sorrow and of grief. There was the scene of his young love, soon crushed,

The style of the poem is beautiful throughout. Its metaphors are among the finest to be found in Tennyson. Where do we find such expressions as "When I dipt into the future," or the passage,

"Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight."

Or the passage,

"Thou shalt hear the 'Never, never,' whispered by the phantom years,
And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears."

Another beauty of the style is the manner in which repetitions are employed; as the lines beginning "In the Spring," or the lines above quoted:

"Love took up the glass of Time,—"

"Love took up the harp of Life.—"

There are many slighter repetitions also, which are very beautiful, as the stanza,

"Saying, 'I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong;'

Saying, 'Dost thou love me, Cousin?' weeping, 'I have loved thee long.'"

There may not, perhaps, be any one great thought running through the poem, yet it is not for that reason destitute of thought. It is, perhaps the more replete with thought for its rambling nature. It contains, indeed, more familiar quotations than any other of Tennyson's poems. The passage already quoted, "Woman is the lesser man," besides, as before stated, conveying the same thought as the line in Shakespeare, "Frailty, thy name is woman," reminds us very much of Virgil's expression, "*Varium et mutabile semper femina*." But the passage,

"This is truth the poet sings,

That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things,"

bears especial interest, since it is one of the few passages in his poems which Tennyson himself thinks as nearly perfect. In fact, there is not a line, from first to last, which does not express the feelings of every person in some condition of his life.

As to the merits of the poem, as compared with his other poetical works, we will venture no opinion. Some of his longer poems excite more interest on account of the charm of the story; and some of his shorter ones are regarded as nearer perfect than this. Without agreeing or disagreeing with any of these opinions, we

can say that, if Tennyson had never written another poem, he could justly have boasted with Horace:

"Exegi monumentum aere perennius,
Regalique situ pyramidum altius;
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series et fuga temporum."

C. M. C.

LINES ON SPRING.

The melting snow has fled the sunny hills
And weeps away beside the laughing rills;
Along the fences piled, the drifts remain
Or devious strown in streaks along the plain.
The o'erflown streams rush rippling through the glen,
Or leap the craggy precipices high,
Or clogging wind them slowly through the fen.
Spring comes to warm and cheer the hearts of men
And brings all gladness, but to me—a sigh.

March, from the South has come, and in her train
Come the warm sunshine and the solvent rain.
Her frosty mantle gleams at break of day,
Fades in the sun ere noon; and flies away.
Nature revives, as weeping o'er the ground
The April showers kiss the shooting blade,
And blesses every growing herb around.
Ah! Spring that breaks the fetters of the bound
Breaks not my bands—so all my pleasures fade.

The morning's dawn, the reddening of the East,
The tuneful birds awaken from their rest,
The blushing clouds, the hill-tops in a glow,
The sun's round disc just peeping from below,
The winged arrows of advancing day
That pierce the mantle of retreating night,
The meadows smiling, and the flocks at play,
Bring me no pleasure now, for oh, the sight
Recalls dark shadows of the far-away.

The song-finch pipes from every leafy grove
Her mellow notes, and sings her song of love;
The wood-thrush chants her sweet but shriller lay
At early morn and at the close of day;
The nimble robin skims along the sky,
Or from her perch carols her wonted song.
Only to me the hours drag slowly by;
To me they bring a sadness, and I sigh
That pleasure is so transient, pain so long.

No more sweet May brings pleasure to my breast,
No more its days of toil bring nightly rest,
No more I pluck the May-flower as I pass
Its beds of bloom, or sport upon the grass,
No more the tasseled willows, tawny green,
Bids me to sit beneath their spreading bough.
The rustling poplar shakes its leaves unseen;
Alas, O Spring! how fickle thou hast been,
Once thou wast gay, but all is dreary now.

FORT HALIFAX.

Among the many walks with which we are favored in the vicinity of Colby, none is more interesting than that to the "old fort" on the eastern side of the river, in the town of Winslow, about a mile and a half below the Colleges. It may not be uninteresting to those who indulge in a stroll to that locality, upon some of our delightful evenings, to be reminded of something of its history.

The block-house still standing formed but a part of a fort of considerable importance, built in the last century, at about the beginning of the French and Indian war. The boundaries between the English and French territories were yet but vaguely defined. News had been received in the English settlements on the Atlantic coast, that the French were establishing themselves upon the banks of the Chaudiere, whose headwaters are near those of the Kennebec; and also that they were making some friendly alliances with the Indians of Norridgewock, as well as with the Penobscots. The only known communication which the Penobscots had with the Kennebec River, and with the Norridgewocks, was through the Seabasticook; and the most commodious passage from Penobscot to Quebec was through the Kennebec to the River Chaudiere, so that a fort at the confluence of the Seabasticook and Kennebec would be the most effectual means of cutting off the Penobscots not only from the Norridgewocks but also from Quebec. The work of erecting such a fort was entrusted by Gov. Shirley, of Massachusetts Bay Province, to Gen. Winslow, who began the work in the spring of 1754, completing it the same year. With appropriate ceremony, it was named Fort Halifax, and bore a complimentary inscription in Latin, admitting of the following literal translation: "*For the benefit of the Massachusetts Province, William Shirley, her Governor, under the auspices of the most noble George Montague Duck, Earl of Halifax, the highly distinguished friend and patron of the British Provinces throughout America, has reared this fortress.—September 3, A.D. 1754.*"

The site which had been chosen was one of peculiar excellence and beauty, three-fourths of a mile below Ticonic Falls, and eighteen miles above Fort Western, at Cushnoc, now Augusta. Its exterior form was quadrangular, being about one hundred feet in length and forty in breadth,

constructed of hewn pine timber, and raised twenty feet in height, with flankers and block-houses, and spacious enough to contain four hundred men. The fort was garrisoned by Capt. William Lithgow with one hundred men, who seem to have been closely beset by the "redskins." One day a party of Indians fell upon six of the garrison, at work hauling logs near the fort, killing and scalping one man, and carrying away four more, one only escaping to the fort. The hardships endured by the brave Captain and his followers during the first winter at the fort, may be better understood by extracts from a letter to Gov. Shirley:

"JAN. YE 9, 1755.

"*May it pleas your Excellency:* The souldery of Fort Hallifax is in a most deplorable condition for want of shoes, bedding, and bodyly cloathing, &c., as I have signyfyed in my letter ye 20th Dec. and it is with ye greatest conserne that I am obliged farther to acquaint your Excellency that we have scarce thirty men in this fort that are capabell of cutting or halling wood for the suply of this fort, and it is with grate difficulty they can suply themselves with wood from day to day, the snow is so deep, it is three foot at this place, and haveing no snow-shoes, and our being in a manner naked, it is out of our power were we in healthe, to keep scoutes abroad, or even to sende a guarde with those men who halls wood, neither can they carry their armes with them, being harde put to it to wallow through the snow with their sled loades of wood, and it is harde service for those men to suply themselves and ye invallids with fireing which takes up the intier barricks. We have now but four weeks' allowance of bread in this fort, one barrell of rum, and one do. of molasses, and God knows how or when we shall be able to gitt any suplyes from Fort Western, on account of ye snow is so deep. . . . I should have now dismissed some worthless fellows, who does littel other duty than eates their allowance, could they have travelled home, for they will never do any service here, or anywhere else. This garrison I think has its full share of such creatures, that resembels men in nothing but ye humain shape, but such will do for forts where they have nothing to doe but eate and sleepe. . . . We want very much a sortment of herbs for ye sick, our doctor has left us, and we have no one here that knows ye use of our medisons. A grate many of our men has been sick, and continues so, but none of them have yet recovered to their former healthes, nor will do so, I believe, this winter. The men in general seems very low in spirits, which I impute to their wading so much in ye water in ye summer and fall, which I believe has very much hurt ye circulation of their blood and filled it full of gross humors, and what has added to their misfortunes, is their being much straightened for want of room, and bad lodgings. . . . I add no farther than that we will doe the best we can to subsist till we have more help. With submission I beg leave to subscribe myselfe,

"Your Excellency's most Dutiful Obedient Ser'vt,

"WILLIAM LITHGOW."

But the scenes and incidents of the colonial period have long since passed away, and with them the existence of Fort Halifax. One lone block-house, under the fostering care of the

Maine Historical Society, yet survives to mark its place, but all around is changed. The savage war-whoop has been supplanted by the whistle of the engines on the Maine Central Railroad, which run within a few feet of the old fort; and from the car window the passing stranger catches one quick glance at a spot famous in the history of Maine.

THE POET'S TREASURE.

The sky is a mine of gold to-night,
And none of its wealth is hid, I ween;
For, stuffed with curdled nuggets bright,
Is the whole broad stretch of the Heaven seen.

And men look heedless up, and say,
"The clouds are yellow and fair to see."
But the poet hears them not, for, away
Among those golden lumps, is he.

His hand bears neither mattock nor spade,
Nor a bag to put his gettings in.
From the spangled sky the bright clouds fade,
And the meadow mists fall gray and thin.

But the poet hath gotten him from the sky
Treasures that neither fade nor pall,
Which the gold of the rich man cannot buy;
For Heaven gives freely or not at all.

H. L. K.

THE DELPHIC RESPONSE.

In all departments of life there has come to be an established type, and though the typical man has himself held before himself an unattainable ideal, yet we venture to say that should a better man than Shakespeare rise in the drama, we would not award him the palm above our old favorite. Macaulay and Montaigne and Lamb and Carlisle and Emerson have not even trembled, therefore, in their present high positions, from anything which has appeared in the *Oracle* in the way of essay writing. Addison and Tilton still hold their place as handlers of popular subjects, and the glorious features of old Milton look calm yet and by no means anticipative of coming decline. *Quid dicemus?* The *Oracle*, in blue and green and brown, is before us. Are we pleased? The *Oracle* is good literature; we love good literature, hence we love the *Oracle*.

When Mr. Pickwick first saw the inside of the Fleet Prison, he sat for his picture. His photograph was taken in colors upon the retina

of the austere attendant. The operation of sitting for his picture then consisted in letting himself be stared at steadily for a short space of time. Mr. Pickwick plainly had the advantage over the members of our Faculty; Mr. Pickwick knew that at such an instant he was making an impression upon the visual organs of the grave man before him; Mr. Pickwick could compose his features and adopt his most becoming facial arrangement; Mr. Pickwick was viewed by a sober-minded, unimaginative fellow who would never distort the image as represented to him at first, through a vivid fancy. Our Faculty have enjoyed none of these advantages. They have been taken in their every-day clothes, by a man of violent imaginative powers, and put upon canvas to pass down to posterity in that form. The picture needs explanation; it should have a foot-note.

Samuel Osborne is our janitor, a worthy man, to be sure, and one endeared by ties of affection to us all; but is it exactly becoming to dedicate a work like the *Oracle* to a gentleman of his position? We cast no reproach upon the man whom the *Oracle* thus honors; but we merely ask, *Has* a becoming dedication been given to the work which is supposed to represent us all?

It is with pleasure that we come to speak of the Editorial and Year's Review. The work has been done by a careful hand; it shows keen analysis and a golden mean between excessive prolixity and undue conciseness. We are at once, and with no waste of time, put in possession of the facts we want to know in respect to the publication and the condition of the College throughout the past year. In short, it summarizes almost the whole work of the local department of the ECHO and puts it immediately before the eye, with no wearying prologue. Of the literary department, all we need to say to such as have read and possess fair literary culture, is that we agree with them in pronouncing this department done better than the corresponding part of any College annual that has yet come to our notice. In the poetry it is easy to recognize the hand of our brother editor, and saying so much is a sufficient guaranty for its quality; while in the prose we easily distinguish the characteristic features of two of our best College writers. It will be admitted that the cuts and jokes are tolerable, perhaps worthy of some slight commendation.

But we come to speak of another matter, and one which, after bestowing so much merited praise, it pains us deeply to undertake the handling of. We venture to introduce it at once. The Class History of '79, then, is a most remarkable production. It possesses one of the peculiarities of the Hindoo gods, in having as many faces as there are ways to approach it. It by no means answers the purpose of this paper, or states the truth, to call the composition in question a, in one sense, reliable statement. Vampa said that Danglars should go to bed; but he meant that he should repose in the dark recesses of the Catacombs, never to wake. Polyphemus affirmed stoutly that No One harmed him, but he meant as surely that some one was taking his very heart's blood. The hand-writing on the wall said "Tekel," but it meant, Thou art weighed in the scales and found sadly deficient. The writer of this history speaks fair words, but it is plain that behind his gentle and specious sentences lie the wounds of envy and the desire of revenge. The very first thing he does is to get a hit at '78, by referring obscurely to the famous and truly tasty "*ὁδὸν εὐρήσω ἢ ποιήσω.*" The sly meanness of the allusion to the class correspondence, and the covert insult to the Faculty in the reference to the dismissals and Junior Parts, must be apparent to the careful reader. Some enemy to the class has done this work, and imposed upon the simplicity of the Editors by the careful veiling of his scurrility and the prepose ambiguity of his polyhedrous sentences. If we can discover this much at the beginning of this history, what shall we expect further on? Expect what we may, in the way of low abuse, we shall not be disappointed. We only ask our readers to keep in mind that it was doubtless the purpose of the writer of this history to hide his intentions till his work was published, and then, by hints properly dropped, to give the clue to his meaning. We understand that this has already been done. Knowing this, we need not look twice to see how degraded a part a man can play to fling reproach upon his worthy instructors in the departments of Physics, Metaphysics, Latin, Greek, and especially German. We do not mean to blame the Editors of the *Oracle* for not detecting the design of their contributor and by that means admitting into their columns an article of so low a character; but we do consider it to have been their duty

to assign the writing of so important a paper as the Senior Class History to some responsible or, at least, gentlemanly hands, and not to allow the articles of previous *Oracles* to be thus supremely surpassed in insult, covert meanness, and demoralizing insubordination.

THE CAMPUS.

Field Day, June 20th.

Patients are recovering from the Gymnasium fever.

Our new First Baseman proves to be a valuable addition to the Nine.

The Summer Term opened with prayers Thursday morning, May 8th.

Lord, of '77, and Stetson, formerly of '79, were with us for a few days last week.

After the usual amount of raking and burning, our Campus again presents its customary attractiveness.

The Spring Term examinations were held Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday, April 26th, 28th, and 29th.

"Pinafore" was presented in Waterville, for the first time, on May 10th, and a large number of the students attended.

When the students returned at the opening of the term, most of them looked decidedly sleepy. Late hours probably.

Subscribers to the ECHO, in and out of College, who are in arrears, will please notice the slip on the first page of this issue.

Instrumental music for Commencement will be furnished by the Germania Band of Boston. The vocal music has not yet been decided upon.

The turf has been entirely removed from the in-field of our base-ball grounds, and they will be in better condition this year than ever before.

The first game of ball of the season was played on Fast Day, between the First and Second Nines. Score, 11 to 4 in favor of the First Nine.

During the vacation a game of ball was played on our grounds, between a nine made up from the few students in town, and a nine from the Institute. Score, 13 to 0 in favor of the College boys.

We are pleased to notice that C. F. Johnson, formerly of Colby, '78, but now a member of the Senior Class of Bowdoin College, has been chosen President of his class.

In behalf of the College, Prof. Elder acknowledges the gift of two engraved whale's teeth, by Mrs. Emeline Scates of Waterville. They may be seen in the Library.

The Seniors this term have only two recitations a day. Their final examinations will occur June 18th, and they will then be excused from all College exercises until Commencement.

A Senior offers to translate a Junior's "*Le Cid*" to him on condition that the Junior's Freshman chum be made to pay his debts. The French is read, but how about the debts?

After dinner the Junior remarks, "I go a riding." From the shouts of "Whoa!" and "Get up!" that issue from his room during the afternoon, one would judge that the "hoss" was not very well trained.

The order of recitations for this term is given in the following schedule:

	8 A.M.	11.30 A.M.	4.30 P.M.
Seniors.....	Am. Constitution.	Political Economy.	Otium cum dig.
Juniors.....	French and Latin.	Geology.	Greek.
Sophomores.....	Mechanics.	English Literature.	French.
Freshmen.....	Algebra.	Greek.	Latin.

According to a Senior, Horace says, "One from five leaves one-third." The Professor corrects the translation thus, "One from five leaves three." Poor Horace! We never knew before that the great poet was so deficient in Mathematics.

The representative of Bowdoin, '79, who passed through Waterville a few weeks ago with a promising baby in his arms, is anxious to make an explanation; he insists that the baby did not call him "Papa." Well, we *may* have been mistaken.

As the evenings grow warmer, the students find that the light of the study lamp becomes more and more injurious to their eyes, and they take every precaution which can lessen the exposure to its rays. The favorite safe-guard seems to be a moonlight ride on the water.

About twenty of the students spent their week of vacation in Waterville. A few were engaged making up back work, but the chief occupation was loafing. All wished that the vacation had continued a week longer, for we had just begun resting when we were obliged to return again to work.

According to newspaper report, the University will receive from the estate of Mr. Colby the munificent sum of One Hundred and Twenty Thousand Dollars. This princely benefaction renders possible the still further advance of the College in the path of progress upon which it has entered.

On Friday, May 9th, the boat-house of the Colby Boat Club, together with three boats and several sets of oars and other rigging, was entirely destroyed by fire. Loss \$175. The fire caught from a passing locomotive, and the Maine Central Railroad will be held responsible to repair the loss.

The most dangerous injury which has resulted this season from base-ball was received last Wednesday by Merriam, '79. While at the bat, a swift ball from the Pitcher struck him just above the left temple, and he fell like an ox under the axe. Fortunately the head was hard, and the next day the injured man was again on the field.

The Prize Declamation of the Sophomore Class occurred Wednesday evening, April 23d, at the Baptist Church. The selections were well rendered and the exercises passed off successfully, music being furnished by the Waterville Band. The committee appointed to award the prizes, gave the first prize to J. M. Wyman, and the second prize to F. A. Weld.

We hear that this year a date will be appointed at which the Senior and Junior articles for Commencement must be handed in to a Committee of the Faculty. The writers of the best of these articles will be the speakers at the graduating exercises and the Junior Exhibition. This arrangement will, at least, cause promptness, as no one will speak whose article is not ready at the given date.

Mr. Davis of Bowdoin, '79, was with us May 5th, making arrangements for a base-ball game between Bowdoin and Colby. The first game of the series, between the two colleges, will be played next Saturday, on our grounds. The Bowdoin Nine will be with us Thursday night; go to Skowhegan Friday morning, and play with the Skowhegan Reds in the afternoon; return to Waterville Saturday morning, and to Brunswick Saturday night. The first game of the series between Bates and Colby will be played in Waterville, May 31st.

We are glad to announce that the Rev. G. W. Samson, D.D., late President of Columbian University, Washington, D. C., will deliver the oration, and the Hon. Charles Thurber, of Brooklyn, N. Y., the poem, at the next Commencement. Mr. Thurber met Mr. Colby during his late visit to Europe, and was for a time a traveling companion, returning in the same steamer with him.

In another column will be found a criticism of the *Oracle*, which made its appearance at the opening of the term. It was the intention of the Editors to issue the *Oracle* before the close of last term, but back studies and other unavoidable difficulties delayed the work a week longer than was anticipated. The printing was done at the *Journal* Office, Lewiston, and as is usual with their work, gives perfect satisfaction.

The Senior Class gave their last Exhibition in the Chapel, Friday evening April 18th, and the articles presented were very well written. The audience was small on account of the rain. Music was furnished very acceptably by the College Choir. The evening was especially enjoyed by the students in view of the fact that all classes were to have a "cut" the following morning on account of the importance of the event.

It is now ten years since Mr. Colby made his first annual gift of \$500 for the purchase of books for the College Library. At that time the usefulness of the Library was quite limited. Only 135 volumes, including renewals, were loaned during the Spring Term of 1869. The Library records now show between 300 and 400 volumes in use constantly, and the total of issues for last term was 2025. In 1869 only 26 students, or about one-half of the whole number, patronized the Library. Last term every student present drew books from the Library. The number of volumes on the shelves has doubled in the decade.

At the request of the students, the Faculty have consented to give up the regular recitations on Friday, June 20th, and our Field Day exercises will occur at that date upon the base-ball grounds. The programme has not yet been fully decided upon, but the following contests will form a part of it: Throwing base-ball, throwing hammer, 1-2 mile walk, 5 mile walk, 100 yards dash, 1-2 mile run, three-legged race,

potato race, standing high jump, running high jump, standing broad jump, running broad jump, hop, skip, and jump, and a rope-pull. Field Day exercises will conclude on Saturday, the day following, with a game of base-ball between the University Nine and a visiting nine not yet decided upon.

The first "cane-rush" which our College has witnessed for several years, occurred Thursday morning, April 24th. A Freshman carried a cane into prayers and when he appeared on the Campus, after the exercises, he found most of the Sophomore Class in waiting to relieve him of it. A part of his own class undertook his defense, and the struggle was a long and hard one, resulting in favor of '81. The troublesome cane was broken and the pieces borne off by the Sophomores to their rooms. With but one or two exceptions good feeling was manifested on both sides throughout the struggle, and a few slight bruises were the only injuries received. Had the whole Freshman Class taken part, the result of the contest might have been different.

The Glee Club, assisted by Waterville's favorite contralto, Miss Ada Foster, will give a concert at the Town Hall, Wednesday evening, June 4th, for the benefit of our Base-Ball Association. The Glee Club, whose membership now numbers thirty-five, have been trained long and carefully with this concert in view, and it is certain that they will give a pleasing entertainment. The programme will be a varied one, with solos by Miss Foster, duets by Miss Foster and Mr. Philbrook, trios, quartettes, and choruses by the Club. The musicians of the College have always been willing and ready to sing on all occasions for the different churches and other organizations of Waterville, and we hope the people will take this opportunity to reciprocate and give us a large audience. Of course we shall expect the presence of all the students, as they are the ones who are interested most in the Base-Ball Association.

First Senior—"I don't know what is the trouble; but every evening after I go out to call, my knee is so lame I can hardly walk home. It must be rheumatism." Second Senior—"You ought to change knees, occasionally." First Senior—"What? Change—" then, as a thought strikes him, "oh, hum, yes. Let's take su'thin."—*Ariel*.

THE COLLEGE PRESS.

The *Cornell Review*, properly called a literary magazine, always contains something worth reading. The April number is particularly fine. It opens with a poem in memory of Charles Frederic Hartt, late Professor of Geology in Cornell University. As a work of art, this poem exhibits clear analysis and graceful diction; as a tribute of respect, it is both just and full of feeling. The article entitled "Popular Delusions" is carefully written, but rather too long. The nature of the subject would seem to require either brevity or, if length is necessary, great care to avoid tediousness. But we hasten to the last and best essay of the paper, which is "The Leaf." Here we find something extraordinary in the way of beauty of expression. The article is not remarkable at all, in point of originality in thought; for it is simply some of the common truths of science respecting the vegetable kingdom as epitomized in the leaf; and yet it is not common-place on account of its excellent language. We are glad to observe, too, that it comes from the guiding pen of the *Review*. The scientific department of this paper is a special feature, in harmony with the character of the institution, and also well sustained, so far as we are able to judge. The editorial department is not so extensive as might be expected, considering that much editorial matter must naturally be ready for the pen in such an institution as Cornell. The exchange column, however, is full of just criticism. News and fun are also furnished to make out the completeness of the paper. One thing more by way of fault-finding, and we have done our part. Our charge is carelessness in printing or proof-reading, if there was any, of the last number. We can endure a few misplaced commas, but when we have to remodel whole sentences, we think too much is required of us as readers.

Here is the *Archangel*. All the way from Oregon to Maine has been its flight, with occasional delays to ask for bread but to receive a stone, till at last, worn out by a long and disastrous passage, it flutters sadly into our Sanctum. It has just strength enough to chant a "Hymn to St. Joseph," and then wrapping around it its ragged robes of self-righteousness, it falls. We see no more of the *Archangel*. Sorrowfully we read among the scattered manuscripts it brought with it, such titles as "The Art of Novel Writing," "Lessons of Life," and, finally, "Modes of Burial." O prince of the angelic throng! Where is thy power! Where is thy loveliness! Where is thy immortality!

The *Bowdoin Orient*, as usual, presents, in the last number (May 7th) some excellent editorials. One especially, upon what should be the nature of articles contributed to the literary columns of the *Orient*, is well timed. Of course it advocates a judicious selection of themes, a careful, brief, and graceful treatment, and, in short, wishes for productions worthy to be styled *literary* articles. After a short editorial digression, we come to several illustrations of this thought. First, a translation of one of the odes of Horace, which

is of course short and good; second, some reminiscences of the early days of Bowdoin, which are given in a brief and therefore interesting form; then follows "An Unwritten Page," which is perhaps the best thing as yet; next, the conundrum, "Why Do Men Go to College?," which is, of course, unanswerable; and finally this array of literary (?) productions is concluded by a short essay upon the "Unjust Law"; not, however, referring to the law laid down in the above-mentioned editorial, but to one of the college laws. Here endeth the lesson; and we lay the paper aside, feeling that the proposition of the editorial has been proved.

"Has the cow an immortal soul?" is the subject for a symposium in the *University Herald*. Of the five writers, Mr. Roberts and Miss T. D. B. seem to us to have made the best arguments. None of them, however, fully realized the importance of the theme, if we may be permitted to draw inferences from the logical methods employed in this discussion, and they all merit the charge of superficiality, concealed in the supervestiture of supervacaneous words. After the denial of metempsychosis, and the declaration of the incontrovertibility of the scriptural revelation of man's immortality, these speculators, by the acceptance of the "green pastures" and the "land of milk and honey," as descriptions of indubitable entities of the New Jerusalem, make consequential the necessity of synchronous bovine existence; for manifestly inconceivable are celestial pastures without angelic cows. But aside from this special attraction the editorial and local departments of the *Herald* are exceptionally fine.

The *Southern Collegian* stands among the first of our good-looking visitors; and the inner beauties and graces of soul are well up to the outward promise. The paper is opened by a well-sustained literary department. The first production is entitled "A New Study." We beg to suggest tediousness as the prominent fault of this article. This was certainly our feeling in reading it. We read on and on for three pages, before we came to the stated "*object of this article*;" and then found four pages more awaiting our wandering and distracted thoughts; all this too, merely an inquiry as to the possibility of improving our educational system, without any plain statement of what could be substituted in place of the present state of things. The article upon "culture" is of the right stamp; short, and to the point. "The Joys of Life" are then beautifully set forth, in an essay whose greatest fault, if it is right thus to style it, is commonplaceness. We now come to the *collegian* part, strictly speaking; and of the editorials we cannot but express our approval. We would especially commend the discussion of "Theses." The "Dearth of 'Locals'" is manfully confessed. The exchange column, appropriately headed "By Mail," is well filled with just criticism. But the special feature yet remains; and that is the clippings, which department is, indeed, a "grave and gay" conclusion, the parting smile of this beautiful visitor.

OTHER COLLEGES.

HARVARD.

The statutes have been so amended that there will hereafter be four grades of degrees of B.A., two grades of degrees of B.L., and three grades of the degrees of Bachelor of Science and of Mining Engineer.

OBERLIN.

Oberlin has had a course of five lectures by Rev. Joseph Cook, for the benefit of the Theological Seminary. The *Review* says that the audience on the last evening was one of the largest ever assembled in the First Church at a paid entertainment. Double rows of chairs were placed in the aisles, and even the windows were sold as reserved seats. The special train from the west carried about two hundred and fifty passengers. As advertised, this lecture was of a popular nature, and held the close attention of the audience for over two hours. After paying all expenses, three hundred and forty dollars remained for the benefit of the Seminary Library.

OHIO WESLEYAN.

The Faculty are collecting statistics for the forthcoming catalogue relative to the expenses of the students, and have asked each man to report the amount paid by him for board and room-rent, and so far as possible to give an estimate of what his necessary incidental expenses are per term.

TUFTS.

A Freshman subscribes himself as "Fraternally Yours," in his petitions to the Faculty.

Singing in Chapel, which has been on the decline for the past three months, has at length died a natural death, and the books have been removed.

The President has determined to utilize about one hundred acres of land and give the products to the person who manages the students' boarding club, on condition that he furnishes satisfactory board at a reasonable price,—possibly \$2.50 per week.

UNION.

The Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., pastor of the Church of Strangers, New York City, and editor of Leslie's Sunday Magazine, has been selected to deliver the annual Baccalaureate sermon before the Senior Class, on the Sunday

evening before Commencement. Hon. John R. Porter, LL.D., will deliver the Chancellor's address.

WILLIAMS.

The bust of Charles Sumner, which has adorned the 'Logian Hall so long, became excited in a recent debate, and took the floor. It has since been sold at auction for fifty-six cents.

Scene on a Freshman surveying expedition: Freshman (*squinting through the theodolite; Professor, unseen by Fresh, comes up behind and adjusts the instrument*)—"Take your dirty paws off'n there."

Much work has been done on the College lawns, and they already present a fine appearance. The Village Improvement Society began the season's work on the first of May, by setting out a large number of trees.

Prof. John L. T. Phillips, Librarian of the College, died at Williamstown on the evening of April 4th. Prof. Phillips was an exact, scholarly person, of modest nature, living a singularly pure and blameless life; and his death will be everywhere regarded as a loss to the College.

THE WASTE-BASKET.

Base-ball—a drunken spree.

"To the pure all things are pure," says the milkman.

A man is well-bred when he is properly raised.—*Ex.*

When a school-boy was asked how he blistered his hand so, he replied: "That's where the stick comes in."

"Capital punishment," as the school-boy said, when the teacher seated him with the girls.—*Hesperian Record.*

"We old maids," remarked Miss Stebbins, "love cats because we have no husband, and cats are almost as treacherous as men."

When does the brakeman perform the office of parson besides that of judge? When he is engaged in coupling as well as in br(e)aking.

There are five hundred and thirty women doctors, sixty-eight women preachers, and forty women lawyers in the United States.

We never tried to spin afore
A yarn which had been spun afore;
But when we pun on Pinafore,
It seems we've heard the pun afore.

—*R. Gazette.*

They say that fast girls may be heard singing: Do you belong to the giddy-uns' band? Then here's my heart; oh! take my hand.

Why he preferred the study of medicine to painting: The mistakes of the painter are glaringly apparent; but those of the physician are buried.

A boy at school, on being asked to describe a kitten, said, "A kitten is remarkable for rushing like mad at nothing whatever, and stopping before it gets there."

A gentleman who was trying to think of the word Universalist, but could not get hold of it at the moment, exclaimed, "Why, he is one of those desulphurizers!"

Young husband (who can't find his hat) — "Well, I'm up a stump, if that hat is gone." Milder half (who has given it to a footless beggar) — "Then you are just where your hat is."

What city in France is a man about to visit when he goes to get married? He is going to Havre (have her). An old bachelor being asked the question, promptly replied, "to Rouen" (ruin).

The Junior who took a cotton sock instead of a pocket handkerchief, says, "If there is anything makes him mad, it's a girl who's always giggling at some little mistake." — [*University Reporter.*] That is a socker.

A Junior who has just returned, two days late — "Well, what Greek do we read this term?" Another Junior, who has tried it two days — "We are taking the — the — e Agony" (Antigone).

Professor, lecturing on psychology — "All phenomena are sensations. For instance, that leaf appears green to me. In other words, I have a sensation of greenness within me." Of course, no harm was meant, but still the class would laugh. — *Ex.*

In Brooklyn, there is a spring chicken that was raised by Washington's nurse. — [*N. Y. Herald.*] So Washington's nurse was a hen. That's a fowl saying, sir. — [*Ex.*] Especially so, since it necessarily suggests that our noble Washington was a hen-pecked man after all.

Scene in a tonsorial parlor: Junior (taking a chair) — "A clip, please." Barber — "Yes, sir; how'll you have it?" Junior — "Rather short, sir, over the posterior part of the occipito-frontalis, and medium over the superior auricular and aponeurotic covering." Barber (slightly contracting his superior's *alaequenas*) — "How! Call yourself something of a free knowledgist, don't you?" — *Brunonian.*

PERSONALS.

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

'26.—Rev. Ebenezer Mirick, after many years of ministerial labor, retired some time since from active service, and recently removed from Brooklin, Me., to Fitchburg, Mass., where he resides with one of his children.

'31.—FREDERICK LORD.—Concerning this *Alumnus* our indefatigable necrologist has been unable to discover any trace. Any one who can give information respecting him, after his graduation, is earnestly solicited to report to Prof. C. E. Hamlin, LL.D., Cambridge, Mass.

'33.—WALTER GOULD.—In March, 1877, information was received that Mr. Gould was living at the South,—in Alabama, it was supposed. Any one who can give information concerning him is requested to communicate as above.

'35.—Stephen B. Page, D.D., is living in Cleaveland, Ohio. It is thought that he is not at present pastor of any church.

'40.—Wm. F. Goldthwait, has been for many years a book-seller in New Orleans.

'41.—Calvin Bickford lives in Warren, Me. He has been long connected with educational work.

'41.—Alonzo Coburn resides in Skowhegan. Though a lawyer by profession, he gives most of his time to farming.

'43.—Jabez M. Waters has been a long time engaged in the manufacture of lumber in Cincinnati, Ohio.

'43.—Albert B. Wiggin is a teacher at Saugerties, N. Y.

'44.—Rev. Wm. Corthell resides in Eden, Me.

'44.—Rev. Samson Powers resides in Litchfield, Me.

'70.—Rev. E. M. Shaw has resigned the pastorate of the church in Antrim, N. H., on account of ill health. He will engage in business for the present, hoping to be able, at some time, to return to the ministry. His present address is Keene, N. H.

'75.—Edward A. Read is preaching at Readsboro, Vt.

'77.—J. H. Files, city editor of the *Portland Advertiser*, has been, for some weeks, dangerously sick with the cerebro-spinal meningitis. We are happy to report that he is recovering.

'78.—W. C. Burnham is Principal of the High School at Havelock, Kings County, New Brunswick.

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