

The Colby Echo.

VOL. IV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, MARCH, 1880.

No 4.

The Colby Echo.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, DURING THE COLLEGIATE YEAR, BY
THE STUDENTS OF

COLBY UNIVERSITY.

EDITORS.

J. T. MacDONALD, '80.

FRED M. PREBLE, '81.

H. W. PAGE, '80.

C. M. COBURN, '81.

H. L. KOOPMAN, '80.

F. RICE ROWELL, '81.

Managing Editor.

JAMES E. TRASK, '80.

TERMS.—\$1.00 per year, *in advance*. Single copies,
15 cents.

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

Communications should be handed to the Editors, or ad-
dressed to THE COLBY ECHO, Waterville, Me.

CONTENTS.

VOL. IV., No. 4.—MARCH, 1880.

THE SANCTUM.....	37
LITERARY :	
After Reading Joaquin Miller's Songs of the Sierras....	39
The Disadvantages of the Contemporary Historian....	39
A Picture (poem).....	40
Patriotism.....	41
MacLeod of Dare.....	41
Father McNamara.....	42
THE CAMPUS.....	43
Base-Ball.....	44
THE COLLEGE PRESS.....	45
OTHER COLLEGES.....	46
THE WASTE-BASKET.....	47
PERSONALS.....	48

THE SANCTUM.

WE take occasion to anticipate our readers, who will, as in previous years, express surprise at seeing us again; regarding us as an old friend risen from the dead. Now our first declaration to the world will be in the words of the immortal D. Webster, "We still live;" that is to say, we are not dead and never have been since we first drew the breath of life. That old joke, too, about our having been frozen up has now become a little too stale for reproduction. We admit that we live towards the extreme north-eastern confines of the Union, also that in this latitude during the winter months, the wind not unfre-

quently blows with a marked degree of freshness, and that the mercury often falls several degrees below the point of summer heat, yet, whether we are believed or not, we stoutly affirm upon honor, and vehemently protest that we have been neither hibernated, torpified, nor even "counted out." To such as may have missed us, we will say that, in compliance with the college calendar, we have been taking a ten weeks' vacation. To most of us it passed away all too quickly, and we found ourselves quite unwilling to once more quit a home life for one in college halls, but here we are again in our usual health and spirits, deriving not a small amount of pleasure from meeting old friends and renewing the attack upon the work before us. The Freshman is fat and happy, and why not with Olney deposed and Todhunter introduced? But wait until the end of the term,—you don't find Prof. Warren napping. The thoughtful Soph is on hand with a good pail in his room,—in case of fire or anything, you know. The Junior, following the direction of that bloody monster Huxley, winds a string tightly around the last joint of the middle finger and, with the cool determination of the midnight assassin, plunges a small dagger into the quivering flesh to obtain a few drops of blood for microscopic examination. The Seniors, in a very short time now will be right down on hard pan at last, where they make up their minds that they don't know anything at all. Thus being fairly into the work again, with the editorial machine wound up, we hope to greet our patrons regularly once a month until the close of the college year.

WHILE some may be disposed to find fault with the present arrangement of our terms, especially in the summer season, the other side of the case is not to be lost sight of. In very many of the New England colleges a considerable number of the students are obliged to pursue their courses with very restricted means of support, and Colby is no exception to the general

rule. It is customary for such students to seek employment as waiters in summer hotels during the long vacation, and often to spend a portion of the winter months in school teaching, to acquire the necessary funds to defray their expenses. But while in other colleges time spent in teaching must be taken directly from that of the college course, here at Colby such a necessity is entirely obviated by our arrangement of terms. With us those who desire to do so may teach a term of school, of the usual length, and lose but a very few days at the beginning of the spring term. Entirely neglecting the financial aspect of the case, the importance to a college student of the work of school teaching can scarcely be overestimated. As a general rule the schools taught by Colby students are in country villages throughout the State, and which, in the winter term, partake more of the character of a High School with pupils ranging from twelve to twenty years of age. The moment the teacher enters upon his work there settles upon him a peculiar responsibility and care, of which in college he knows absolutely nothing. He is now a part of the real and busy world, with certain interests at stake in common with every other man engaged in any legitimate business. The experiences of the school room can only be known and appreciated by those who have actually tried them. He who would successfully govern his school, must first learn to govern himself, a lesson of no small importance to any man. Then there are continually coming up cases which call forth the exercise of his very best judgment,—cases which no Normal School theories can cover, and for which no set rules have been learned. Whatever common sense he may have is put to its extreme test. In short, the exercise of successful school conduct and government has a tendency to bring out and strengthen the very best there is in a man. Then the fact that the teacher must himself be master of the branches taught, is an advantage not to be overlooked. The old saying of Horace, "*Qui docet, discit*," is a true one. The teacher is thus compelled to familiarize himself with the elements of an English education, in which college students not unfrequently show a disgraceful weakness. Upon the whole, we believe the advantages to be derived from teaching far outweigh the inconvenience of being obliged to study a few weeks in hot weather.

IN another column will be found the names of the Board of Editors for the next *Oracle*. It will be noticed that the Board is a peculiarly efficient one. With Mr. Kelley as the Business Manager, and Mr. Herrick as Literary Chief, the book can scarcely fail of being one of unusual excellence. In certain former years, by an unfortunate lack of judgment on the part of the editors, their work has terminated in serious embarrassment to themselves, while it has reflected but little credit upon the college at large. Now we believe it possible to publish an annual containing a review of the year, some literary matter perhaps, the different classes, the various organizations, etc., together with a generous supply of expressive cuts and illustrations, and also an abundance of true wit, without offending the most refined or even fastidious taste of any reader whatever. A cartoon may be superbly ridiculous without being immoral. A deserved satirical thrust may be keen and severe without partaking of insult; the discrimination between wit and invective is by no means difficult. Again, a stranger would naturally take the *tout ensemble* of the book as an exponent of general student life and character among us in the college as a whole, since the title-page tells him that it is "published by the students." A misrepresentation in this particular would, to say the least, be unjust. We feel assured that this year we shall get something which, from its general make-up and tone, we shall not be ashamed to send to our friends. We hope, then, that every man will feel public spirited enough to subscribe at once and make the work a perfect success.

THERE has recently been handed to us a copy of *The Watervillian*, an annual "published by the students of Waterville College," and bearing date of Nov., 1864. The editors greet their readers with a smile and eloquence of beauty which we poor, latter-day scribblers cannot attain. They casually remark that "swift winged time, upon its noiseless pinions, has bourne into the past beyond our farthest reach, another college year. . . . The shrill notes of the war trump have echoed through the land," etc. We had supposed these editors full grown, but they tell us, "We are yet fledglings, but we do not mean to attempt the upper heights with Icarian wings waxed on by a few popular catch-words and

empty ideas." Exactly;—at once modest and wise, it will be seen. The year 1864 must have been one of miraculous moral advancement in the college: "That excessive love of ornithology which has sometimes led its possessor to wend his way with soft and measured step to the poultry yards of neighboring farms has not manifested itself during the past year." How commendable! That heroic self denial which is capable of restraining men even from such a fascinating and high-toned diversion as that of robbing hen roosts, is indeed worthy of honorable mention. Apparently, the editors were not a success in prophecy. "Of the Boardman Missionary Society, we speak sadly as we always do of the dying, . . . there exists towards it a painful apathy that threatens its dissolution." Here and there in the catalogues of the various organizations appear a familiar name. "Fili-orum Epicuri Pi Eta Chapter," with the motto, "*Vivimus ut Edamus*, counted among its membership, G. M. Donham, Ye Faithful Steward; L. D. Carver, Ye Champion of Ye Bull Run; W. T. Chase, Ye Seceder; and J. D. Taylor, Ye Sedate Freshman. Prof. Taylor was also one of the Fifers in the "Orphean Orchestra." Of the "Eleventh R. I. Battery," C. V. Hanson was First Lieut., and W. H. Lambert, Swab. F. W. Bakeman was leader of the Jew's-harp Band, and R. Wesley Dunn was Poet of the Freshman class. We only hope that the pleasure we have taken in looking over the paper will be equalled by that of our successors sixteen years hence in reviewing our work.

THE Colby student intends to visit the post-office down town once a day at least. As soon as practicable after being dismissed from the half-past four recitation, he strikes out with an air of determination and real business, never once relaxing his pace until he mingles with the eager throng in quest of letters and papers. He fumbles his keys, opens his box and peers into—the usual vacuum. He then softly turns the key again with as much composure as the circumstances will permit. Although he is fully convinced that "the old gentleman at home" doesn't intend to send *that* at all; that the charming Rosabella has sent that little perfumed epistle to some other fellow; and that his old friends have forgotten him, yet it takes him just

five seconds to regain his usual equanimity, and he goes off happy as before. A place so intimately associated with our every-day life as is the post-office, claims our interest almost as much as though it were our own and situated upon the campus. And who does not recall his first impressions upon entering the place at the opening of the present term. A complete renovation has taken place. The whole interior has been admirably remodeled, with a view at once to greater convenience and a more pleasing appearance. New sets of boxes have been added and desks provided; while the clean and cheerful walls and newly painted finish make the whole interior pleasant and inviting. The growing popularity of Postmaster Dunn and his active clerks is re-echoed from The Bricks, from the fact that those officials understand how to be obliging to students as well as to citizens and to Freshmen as well as to Seniors.

LITERARY.

AFTER READING JOAQUIN MILLER'S

SONGS OF THE SIERRAS.

Hot blooded bard, whose dizzy, leaping thought
Sometimes will blind the eye that guides the hand;
Poet of Passion, thou, at whose command,
The hands clench and the cheeks are fever-fraught,
Or swift tears rush into the eyes unsought;
I list thy singing from a foreign strand,
And, listening, feel my landscape's walls expand,
And thank thee for the visions thou hast brought,
For, as I read thy book, before me blow
Black western pines bent by the mountain breeze;
Smoke-shrouded prairies, hot and wrathful, flow
In crackling floods, beneath white hills that freeze;
Gray canyons gloom, and, on a sudden, lo!
The twittering sheen of twinkling Tropic seas.

H. L. K.

THE DISADVANTAGES OF THE CONTEMPORARY HISTORIAN.

Every important era of history has its standard historian. Those are the most interesting eras which have the most interesting writers to record them. The qualities which go to make up an eminent historian are many and complex. But it is an established fact, and, at first sight, perhaps rather a strange fact that there has never been a standard historian of contemporary history. On closer examination, however, we

find that his relations to the events which he records, deprive him of the qualities necessary to an eminent historian.

In the first place he can never be just. The reader has never the resources at his hand nor the time to devote to examining all the evidence in any doubtful question, and must conform his opinion to the judgment of the historian. It is not, therefore, the province of the historian merely to state facts, and give lists of names and dates; his province is far deeper than this. The true historian writes both of visible events and of invisible changes. He records the growth and condition not of government only, but also of religion and social life. And in these the opinion of the contemporary historian is quite sure to be biased. The prejudices of party, sect, or class can never be overcome, and those who profess to be above them are very apt to be below them. As a single example, no man living can give a just account of the causes, circumstances, and results of our late civil war. And if such sudden changes as this cannot be justly treated by the contemporary writer, much less can the more gradual though not less potent changes of our social and religious life. All this is true without in the least disparaging the honest intention and critical ability of the historian.

In the second place the information of the contemporary historian must be necessarily limited. Æneas probably interested Dido with his account of the Trojan war and subsequent events, of which he says "*quorum pars magna fui*"; so the contemporary historian may interest us with his narrative, but it will be full of that which has concerned or interested him and lacking in other details not the less important. Whately quotes the familiar maxim, "The looker-on often sees more of the game than the players," in illustration of the advantage which the theorist has over the practical man. Now the contemporary historian is the practical man or player, while he who writes of the *past* is the theorist or looker-on.

Finally, the contemporary historian does not show what influence current events are to have upon the future. It is the knowledge of this chain of influences, of this unity of purpose, running through history, which we wish to obtain. Little care we for the names of the tribes and rulers that have existed in central

Africa for thousands of years, or for the wars which characterized the Gallic tribes before the Roman conquest. Nor is it comparatively recent history alone which has had its influence upon us. Actium did more for our civil freedom than Waterloo, and Marathon than either. Luther did more for our religious freedom than Roger Williams.

It belongs to the historian to point out these influences. Yet this most important part of his work the contemporary writer is utterly unable to perform. Heroditus could not show us what a boon to modern civilization was the victory of Marathon, by which western intelligence triumphed over eastern luxury; nor could he long for a second Marathon centuries later, which would have kept the Turk from Europe. When Tacitus, speaking of the early Christians, said "The author of this name Christus in the reign of Tiberius by the procurator Pontius Pilatus was executed," little did he know that the event was of greater moment to future ages than every thing else which he recorded. And, while we do not at all condemn the works of Heroditus or Tacitus, yet we cannot call them histories in that higher meaning, with which modern thought has clothed the term. They were rather chronicles of events. The average reader will get far more advantage from a perusal of Grote or Merivale or Gibbon.

These qualities, then, a right judgment of events, a right selection of events, and a right interpretation of events, the very qualities which make a standard historian, are the very qualities which a contemporary historian cannot possess. We cannot wonder, therefore, to return to our original statement, that no man has ever become a standard historian of contemporary history.

C. M. C.

A PICTURE.

The white mists came up out of the sea;
I watched them from our house on the hill;
The city lay under me, far and still,
Stretching between the mists and me.

And the mists came up and drowned the ships,
And drowned the pillars of swaying smoke,
And, ever climbing and drowning, broke
Above the gilded steeple-tips.

The city lamps, that were just alight,
Flared and blurred and faded away;

Till flat at my feet the city lay,
Vague and shifting and large and white.

The mists lay silent over the town,
The town beneath slept silently,
While, on a sudden, out of the sky,
Three yellow planets were looking down.

PATRIOTISM.

From the time of the early Greeks and Romans even down to the present day, patriotism has been the strength and stay of nations. The patriotism which led the Spartans to lay down life and wealth at the call of country, has traced itself down through the intervening ages, and, sometimes victorious, sometimes crushed into subjection, has shown itself in later years in the Revolution and the more recent Rebellion.

What is this patriotism which has been and still is the power and strength by which nations are upheld? It is love for one's country and devotion to one's country. Either the love or the devotion may be a virtue in itself, but the two must be so blended and united in a man's nature as to be a part of his very life, if he would be a true patriot. Beautiful foliage we admire, yet we rest satisfied only when the flower, the crowning loveliness and fragrance, is revealed. So we admire the eloquent words, the expressions of love for country, but if these are not coupled with the deeds arising from a loyal devotion, there is an incompleteness which destroys the power otherwise fraught with so much good.

Love for country includes much, for the word country includes much. Home and kindred, peace and prosperity, all inspire this feeling of love. A strong desire to see the nation rise to a place of honor not only among her own people, but among other nations; a true concern for her welfare, and one which no party spirit or personal interest can overthrow,—all these should inspire the love which enables men to set aside matters of less moment, in order that the common good may be advanced. But, as "faith without works" is of little avail, so love for country is comparatively useless unless combined with the devotion which leads, if necessary, to active service. The service may not always be required, but the devotion may be expressed in the mere willingness to be made an instrument of good.

Many people either have a mistaken idea of true patriotism, or, if their theory is correct they fail to put in practice that which they so strongly advocate. Many a man would wax eloquent over the patriots of "'76" and the brave men who fell in our late war. Far be it from any one to discourage this; but when the same man allows a feeling of party spirit or the prospect of some slight personal gain not only to keep him from adding his influence to the side of right but even to drag him into the very midst of so disgraceful a scheme as our own State has lately witnessed, we are forced, most emphatically to question his patriotism. When a woman eulogizes the heroic deeds of her ancestors and thinks how bravely she would have acted under like circumstances, we are filled with a sense of her becoming loyalty. Our enthusiasm wanes a little when we find her unable to tell the candidate for the governorship of her own State. Trifles oftentimes speak volumes.

It is not to be thought, however, that a mere dabbling in politics is the acme of patriotism, or that the man whose voice, raised in favor of his party, is most frequently heard wherever he can gain an audience, or the woman who cries out for "suffrage" is the most patriotic and loyal.

That love and devotion which is felt rather than seen is the power which saves a nation from the need of such a sacrifice of life and wealth as we are wont to honor with the name of patriotism, and he is as much a patriot who honors his country daily in thought and act, as he who lays down his life in her behalf.

MACLEOD OF DARE.

Ever since we read William Black's MacLeod of Dare, we have been perplexed with the question of its worth as a novel. In reading Othello lately, we were led to compare the two works, and so, as we think, to solve the difficulty. A writer in one of our magazines, in a complimentary review of the "MacLeod," says that the outcome of the plot, though painful, was inevitable, and that one who would complain of it, might as well ask why tragedy is written at all. Now, if we will put the novel alongside of the play, we shall see that such criticism is false, and why it is. In the first place, the ruling motive of the novel is love and spite; of the play, love and indignation. MacLeod we excuse on the

ground of his peculiar nature; Othello we justify by a reference to universal human nature. We love Desdemona more and more until the end. Gertrude we like at first, then get tired of her, and, finally, without having our love restored, are forced to pity her. MacLeod we admire after a fashion, all the way through; but at the end we have a shrinking from him, as from a madman. Othello never loses his judgment, and we admire and respect him always. The novel may have been taken from life; the play we know to be imaginary. Yet we feel that the play is the truer to nature. Truer, because its truth is of a higher kind; and, in the effect of such truth upon the mind, we find the use of tragedy. Black has wrought up a very beautiful story, but he fails in first conception, in greatness of plot. After reading the Othello we are filled with a deep sadness. We are not even angry with Iago. In our large sorrow we pity him; just as we should pity a child who had killed a playmate in a fit of passion. After reading the MacLeod of Dare we are mad with ourselves for having read the book; mad with the characters, and mad with the author, who uses his power over our feelings to pain them so unprofitably.

H. L. K.

FATHER McNAMARA.

Father McNamara, notices of whom probably all my readers have seen in the secular as well as the religious papers, was formerly a Roman Catholic priest. But he became convinced that the Romish Church was in error, especially in regard to the doctrine of Papal infallibility. He was, moreover, galled by the restraint upon freedom of conscience and speech, which was incident to his position. For these reasons, therefore, he withdrew from the Roman communion, and, having secured a place of worship in one of the poorer quarters of New York, he there acted as priest, independent of Rome, and knowing no other, carried on his services in the Catholic way. Happening into a Protestant prayer-meeting held near by, he there experienced the new birth, and since that time has been striving to lead his benighted countrymen out of the darkness of Romanism into the true Light.

In this purpose he has been joined by several other priests who, like himself, have shaken off the shackles which bound them, and, as free

men, fearlessly proclaim the truth. They have preached in many of the chief cities of the Union, and have apparently met with great success. They have experienced little difficulty in securing an audience, while in some instances they have been obliged to preach several times in immediate succession to the crowds which thronged to hear them. Of converts they have made not a few. But besides the good thus directly done, much more has been indirectly accomplished by opening the eyes of the Catholic people, so blinded by superstition and priestcraft, and by causing them to think for themselves.

It was the writer's good fortune, during the vacation, to listen to Father McNamara, the leader of this movement. A little above medium height and of powerful frame, he at once impresses himself upon the minds of his hearers. When he first came before his audience (of whom, it should be remembered, a considerable proportion were Catholics) he strove to gain their attention by an exhibition of rich Irish wit and humor. This was gradually laid aside, although occasional flashes of wit appeared throughout his speech. As he advanced he grew more and more earnest, holding his audience with marvelous success. Suddenly, having spoken a full hour and a half, he paused and began to excuse himself for the lateness of the hour. Immediately cries of "Go on," "Go on," came from all parts of the house, and he continued some time longer in response. Of his appearance on the stage, I can only say he was an intelligent Irishman, addressing his countrymen. His effort was not the intellectual treat furnished by the scholar, nor was it addressed to the learned, but it was an earnest appeal to the hearts of Irishmen, his Protestant hearers being either forgotten or entirely ignored. When conversing with a gentleman who had heard him at the Baptist Social Union, in Boston, where, of course, he had a different purpose and a different class of hearers, I was told that his speech was "evidently one of a scholar and a gentleman." In regard to his views, he is, as far as I can ascertain, Orthodox in our sense of the word. At any rate he has been admitted to the pulpits of many, if not all Protestant denominations. The importance of such a movement as he is instituting, can hardly be overestimated. Father McNamara should have the sympathies of all true patriots as well as all true Christians in our country. A. H. E.

THE CAMPUS.

[In the absence of our Local Editor, this Department for the present issue, has been collected from a variety of sources. Our thanks are especially due to Mr. Phillbrook, of '82, for many of the contributions.—Eds.]

Have you subscribed for the *Oracle*?

Richardson, formerly of '82, has returned and entered '83.

Thayer and Monroe, formerly of '81, have returned and entered '82.

Rich, of '81, has returned to Wesleyan and was yet there at latest accounts.

A Junior thinks that recitations ought to be suspended until a quorum are present.

Colby boasts of a man with such big feet that he has to buy his shoes at wholesale.

The managers of the *Oracle* have appointed MacDonald to write a history of the Senior Class.

At the opening of the term '82 showed the largest number of men on hand and ready for work.

Mr. Herbert M. Lord, of Rockland, enters the class of '83 this term, from the same class at Bates.

Sam remarked one frosty morning that this weather was "ter'ble bad for folks wid long noses."

Prof. Hall has been chosen Secretary of the Faculty, in place of Prof. Foster who declined serving longer.

The average Sophomore is now buying tinted paper "to write to the Supervisor of my last winter's school."

Sam says his "eighty-two" is the smartest one of the lot. Takes after the class which is its god-father we presume.

The stove has been put in the gymnasium and Sam says the room shall be comfortably warm. Go in, ye Gymnasts!

The dancing school down town "hath charms to sooth the savage breast," as is shown by the number of students who attend.

At the "exercise of Mediumship" at Town Hall the other night, we more than half expected to see the "baby born to Bowdoin boys" appear and desire to communicate. Probably the spirit of said "baby" remembered the uncongeniality of Waterville climate during its earth-life and so stayed away.

Elliott has been appointed to take charge of the Gymnasium for the rest of the year. He says he shall try to enforce Art. VII. of the By-Laws.

Elden has laid in a new stock of carpets and expects soon to sell a new pattern to every fellow whose room-mate attends the dancing school.

The Freshmen take Todhunter's Algebra instead of Olney's this term. Is Olney too much for them? "*Answers*" to Todhunter's problems can be obtained for \$2.60.

Boardman Hall, formerly of '82, now in the Boston University School of Law, has received from the Faculty of that institution the appointment of Orator for his class.

Scene, Prof. W.'s recitation room. Subject, general geometry. Prof.—"We will begin the discussion with the Lo-cus(s); Mr. S——rs, you may begin the recitation."

Poor, feeble Freshies! The *Odyssey* will not be undertaken by '83 until later in their course, as the considerate Professor thinks it is too hard for them to study now. Brace up, '83!

Near the close of last term a meeting was holden to elect editors for the *Oracle*, and the result was the choice of Herrick, Cochrane, Parshley, and Melcher, with Kelley as Business Manager.

We regret to learn that the condition of Prof. Elder's eyes is but very little improved. Although he is able to attend to his usual class room work, yet he is obliged to favor his sight as much as possible.

He is a Junior, and as he was coming out of church on Sunday night a feminine voice ejaculated, "Come here! I want to speak to ye." A long walk and chilled ears, but it is leap year and we must abide its attendant evils. Go in, girls!

We hear that one of our fellow students, who recently left Colby in order to enjoy fancied privileges in his favorite line of study at another college, has been so homesick in his new relations that he has entreated to be taken back to Colby. That is *rich*.

At the event of the President's marriage some two or three years ago, the "All Sorts" man of the *Boston Post* punned the following: "Prex Robins of Colby University has found

a lady in New Haven who would rather be one of the Robins than Nott."

A minister commenting in Sunday School on the passage, "whosoever shall say thou fool shall be in danger of hell fire," said: "Now, I have called my brother a fool, do any of you think that I am going to hell?" Bright little boy answers—"Yes." General consternation.

We learn that there is talk of putting up a new dormitory, and that plans are expected from Mr. Fassett's office. A new building is much needed for even now we have more students than can be accommodated with our present dormitories, and the number is increasing every year.

The humane element of charity was exercised by two of our worthy collegians, in response to an appeal from one of the *genus*, tramp, one cold day last week, and the twenty cents was sufficient to obtain attention from one of the police and a free lodging for poor "trampy."

One of our "pedagogues" came near being the object of scandal in the district where he taught this winter. He told a young Miss that as punishment for some offense she might stay after school one night. Her reply was that she did not wish to be kept after school "for people would talk so about it." (Fact.)

The New England Association of Zeta Psi held its annual reunion and banquet at the Revere House, in Boston, on the evening of the 13th inst. The meeting was one of great interest and of a large attendance. Ex-Gov. Connor of this State was elected President for the ensuing year. The undergraduates of the Chi were represented by Mr. Fred S. Herrick of the Senior class.

The renovation of the Commons House has been completed; and with its new dress of paint new roof, piazza, etc., it looks quite like a seaside hotel instead of the unsightly old building of former days. We understand that its proprietorship has passed into the hands of Mrs. Hersey, whose table down town has been known so long and favorably to many of the students. Being so near to the dormitories, base-ball grounds, gymnasium, etc., we have no doubt that it will become a very popular boarding place, especially upon the approach of warm weather.

A considerable number of the students attended the sociable in the vestry of the Baptist Church on the evening of the 13th inst. With a portion of the seats removed and the remainder re-arranged and tables introduced, covered with views, art journals, curiosities, etc., the place assumed quite the appearance of a large drawing room. The reception committee were indefatigable in their attention and kindness, while the genial face of the pastor bespoke a hearty welcome to all. An important feature in the evening's entertainment was the carrying out of a literary and musical programme immediately preceding the usual serving of refreshments. The fine singing of Miss Wyman is worthy of especial mention. These entertainments are coming to be very interesting, and one can well afford to take a couple of hours from study to attend them, and to respond to the cordiality always extended to students.

BASE-BALL.

While the snow is yet a foot deep on the Diamond it may seem, to some, rather out of time to be offering articles on the subject of Base-Ball, but the old men on the nine want to see better results during the coming season than have been attained lately by our club, and they are already talking of the necessity of gymnasium work during the present term if their hopes of good results are to be realized.

While we are not disposed to find fault at what the Base-Ball Club has done during past seasons, yet we feel that if they were willing to put forth better exertions, and by careful and persistent training, during the next three or four months, in the gymnasium, prepare themselves for the next season, that we may have a nine second to none in the State. There are men in the college who are capable of playing base-ball in a style equal, at least, to any students in either of the sister colleges in this State if they had gymnasium work enough to bring out their powers of endurance. But base-ball is no longer child's play and success awaits that club which feels the results of good, faithful work in the gymnasium, on which to build up a field practice. Last year we expected the Bowdoin nine would be weak and every one was surprised to find them in the best of condition. Every one, too, knows how that excellence was

reached by them. Their men not only were willing to work, but each felt that forfeiture of his place on the nine would be the sure result of lack of interest and laziness. Then too, our Field Day will be upon us in a few months and in order that we may make a success of that our men must be in good condition. It is certainly hoped, by those who have the interests of the Athletic Sports at heart, that our gymnasium will be frequented by all the students this term, or at all events by the men who expect to make up our University Nine for the coming season.

THE COLLEGE PRESS.

We find, awaiting our return, forty numbers of the *Harvard Echo*, one of the first attempts in the direction of a collegiate daily paper. The articles, though from the nature of the case, written with a running hand, show ability if not thought. The "Interviews" especially, have been excellent in the way of humor. As is to be expected, much of the local column is "padding," though the *Echo* sins no worse in this respect than most of its more pretentious brethren. Whether the daily occurrences at Harvard are numerous and important enough to make the *Echo* a permanent thing, we will not venture to say. However, while the *Echo* does see fit to visit us, we shall always be glad to see it, no less for its own sake than for the sake of daily news from Harvard.

The *Tablet* is one of our Grammar School exchanges, but seems to have as much brains as most of its collegiate brethren, even if now and then it does not know how to handle them so well. The *Tablet* excels in wit. When it attempts something heavier, as in the first article, it is apt to grow soggy. Editors should remember what so many ministers forget, that religious thoughts are not a call to preach. The long article, called "A School Reception,"—by the way the name of the town possessing such marvelous scholars should be given in full,—is one of the raciest things in the humorous line that we have seen for some weeks. The first part of it is the best. The article which follows it is not so good. It is too large a joke to hang on so slender a thread. The clippings are some of them a trifle old. On the whole the work in the *Tablet* seems to be conscientiously done, and in this, as in some other respects, many of our exchanges would do well to imitate it.

The *Concordiensis* is a handsome paper in its appearance and make-up, so handsome that we are a little disappointed when we come to read it. The literary department begins with a misty, meditative poem, called "The Watcher." It is long and loosely put together; looks, at a short distance, like Bryant or Tennyson; in fact is just such a poem as most people

look at and admire, and few have the courage to tackle. The writer has not yet learned to handle his thoughts; he sets down poetical words, too often, instead of poetical ideas. But then, the Laureate wrote no better when he was a Freshman. The article on "Incipient Profanity," albeit good enough in sentiment, is simply weak and unliterary from beginning to end. The editorial on the lecture system we really do not know what to make of. Certainly lectures have proved no lazy man's millenium with us. We should really like the pleasure of putting the writer of this article into Prof. E——'s lecture room for one week; we fancy that when he came out he would no longer feel like comparing himself to a lily of the field, unless indeed it were in point of limpness.

Was ever reader with such nonsense wooed?
Was ever reader with such nonsense won?

is our exclamation at every page of the *Niagara Index*, a paper coming to us from the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels. The assault is begun upon us by a soul-stricken poet, who chants a grewsome wailing,

"Entuned in his nose ful semely."

This is followed up in a still higher strain of catarrhal elocution, by half a dozen pages of guide-book history, classical gush, and addled homilies. The editors' pens are in a perfect flux of mediæval drivel. Ideas covered with the green mould of oblivion are fished out and held up before us as if they were really something new. No proof of the doom which awaits the Romish religion could be found, better than this paper. The Catholic goes to the wall. And yet these editors really seem to think that this consumptive twaddle is something like literature. But such a mixture of self-styled religion and reeking infidelity is a little confusing. On one page we have a genuflexion before the Most Holy Pope of Rome, Maker of Heaven and Earth, and on another a Bacchanalian sneer at the day of prayer for colleges, and at prayer and religion itself. Even the exchange editor follows the rest with an unsavory mess of maudlin invectives against learning in general and co-education in particular. Our Lady of Angels ought to make her bantlings do better than this. We would recommend to her motherly consideration a bottle of paregoric and a shingle,

The *Columbia Spectator*, published in the midst of examinations, asks our lenient criticism; and as our own work this month goes to press in a hurry, we shall try not to be too particular. Whatever interest the paper may have for its readers at home, it certainly has little that an outsider would care to read. The editorials stick closer to home matters than is judicious. We search in vain for anything like literary work in the paper. There are two poems it is true, but the first, a translation from the Greek, reads too much like a translation; the other is a weak attempt at wit on the worn-out subject of "Morning." Has the author read Hood's poem called "Morning Meditations"? That unlucky last word of his would seem to indicate that he had. The article about the "Baby Cup" should have been left out. The "Love-letter, a Tale of Vaca-

tion," by "Alphonse," is weak, ineffably and irredeemably weak. The exchanges are good, and very gracefully written. The exchange clippings are very point-
less and dry. But we are finding fault again. However, this number does not fairly represent the *Spectator*, and we trust that the next will come nearer to its former standard.

OTHER COLLEGES.

AMHERST.

Amherst has lately received gifts amounting to \$106,000.

Amherst claims to have the largest collection of casts in America. Her elective art course is said to be very popular.

The new tower of Williston Hall at Amherst is completed. The improvements in College Hall are nearly finished. The frescoing is done in panels, blue predominating. The wood-work is pale green, trimmed with red.—*Ex.*

The town of Amherst gave \$75,000 toward the Agricultural College, \$35,000 of which remains unpaid, and a town meeting was called for February 7, to see what action the town would take in regard to the recommendation of ex-Governor Talbot to unite the college with Amherst College. A petition has been sent to the Legislature requesting that the two colleges shall not be united.

COLUMBIA.

Columbia seems to be taking new interest in foot-ball.

A Zeta Psi Chapter has been founded at Columbia.

The new building of the Academic Department at Columbia was informally opened Jan. 5th, by the President.—*Daily Echo.*

DARTMOUTH.

The college is to have a Law Department.

The *Concord Monitor* says that a native of New Hampshire, but not a graduate of Dartmouth College, has indicated his purpose to give that institution the sum of \$50,000, between now and the first of April, without any other conditions than the naming of two persons to have charge of the gift, one of whom is to be Hon. George W. Nesmith of Franklin. The name of this generous friend of the college is not made public.

HARVARD.

Thirty members of '82 at Harvard, have been dropped for poor scholarship.—*Ex.*

The *Harvard Echo* says that it is a false idea going the rounds of the papers that eighty young ladies have applied for admission to that institution.—*Student.*

Since our last number was issued Harvard has begun the publication of a daily. This is the second on the list of dailies in college journalism. It has been named *The Harvard Echo*.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

Williams College has graduated thirty members of Congress, five Senators, sixteen Judges of the Supreme Court, thirty-two Presidents of colleges, and eight hundred and ninety-four clergymen.—*Ex.*

The Trustees of Williams College, in a recent appeal to the Alumni, present the need of an increase in the annual income of the college of \$11,550 for several objects which they specify, chiefly the establishment of three new professorships, and an increase in the present salaries of five professors. They also urge the erection of one or more new buildings for use as cabinets, art room, lecture rooms, and halls for the literary societies.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Smith has no preparatory department.

It costs \$142,000 a year to run Michigan University.

It is stated that over two hundred American colleges publish papers.

The University of Berne has 409 students; the University of Basle has 191; and the University of Zurich, 372. The medical school of the last named institution has twelve ladies studying in it.—*Echo.*

Yale has graduated 4 signers of the Declaration of Independence; 140 members of the U. S. House of Representatives; 44 U. S. Senators; 15 ambassadors to foreign courts; 16 cabinet officers, including Mr. Evarts; 16 lieutenant-governors, and 29 governors of states; our present chief justice; the lexicographers, Webster and Worcester; 4 presidents of theological seminaries; 65 presidents of colleges; and 252 professors in colleges and professional schools.—*Ex.*

THE WASTE-BASKET.

To ask amiss—to get the mitten.

Douglas Jerrold's definition of dogmatism:
"Grown-up puppyism."

The memory ought to be a storehouse, but many make it a lumber yard.

A Soph is guilty of the following: "Ought not a letter-writer to be called a ma(i)lefactor?" He ought to be punished.

General Grant, in his journey eastward around the world, has seen one more day than the rest of us mortals have.

He used to call his girl "Revenge,"
Cognomen rather neat,
For, when one asked him why, he'd say,
"You know revenge is sweet."—*Ex.*

One of the Freshmen says his room-mate is an *ex pounder* of the Gospel, because he formerly thumped to pieces one Bible every six months when he occupied a pulpit.—*College Transcript.*

Daniel Pratt can now exercise anew his powers of invective. The press has stolen his title of Great American Traveler, and bestowed it upon his rival for presidential honors, Gen. Grant.—*Ex.*

A college professor once tried to convince Horace Greeley of the value of classic languages. The professor said: "These languages are the conduits of the literary treasures of antiquity." Mr. Greeley replied: "I like Croton water very well, but it doesn't follow that I should eat a yard or two of lead pipe."

The following composition was executed in the school of a returned pedagogue, by one of his youngest pupils. The little fellow may make a very fine writer some day:

SAILORS.

Sailors have a good time very often and they go to all parts of the World and sometimes they are lost and very often they are taken sick and have to go to the hospittle most sailors you get out of boarding houses are foren men and are worst kind swedish men are as good as eny a sailers life is a Dogs life a grate meny are used very roughtly I dont think mutch of a man that likes to fite with sailors they have to go loft in Dark and stormy Nights to take in Salo. Wen they get in the gulf stream it is Warmer Weather this is a hard coast to come on in winter. We took a nigrow in the west indes and he culd not steer.

Talk about college *boys*, their midnight carousals, dissipation, etc., but the following from the *Magazine*, published at the Female Seminary, Rockford, Ill., speaks for itself:

An odor of sweetness pervaded the air
With butter and vinegar mingled,
For seven girls were on a tear
And the spoons and dishes jingled.

CHORUS: O, candy rich! O, candy rare!
For seven girls are on a tear,
For study hours they did not care.
Boil, candy, boil.

"Oh! girls, its boiling," the Senior cried,
"Get all your fingers buttered."
"We're glad to hear it," the Freshmen sighed,
While their hearts within them fluttered.

CHORUS: O, candy rich! O, candy rare!
We seven girls are on a tear,
For study hours we do not care.
Pull, girls, pull.

"O, girls! it sticks," the Junior said,
When suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping,
Rapping at their chamber door.

CHORUS: O, candy rich! O, candy rare!
We're caught, we're caught, I do declare,
For study hours we did not care.
Run, girls, run.

Pale and speechless every girl
Gently strode across the floor,
Double quick they gave a whirl,
Softly closed the closet door.

CHORUS: O, candy rich! O, candy rare!
The Roll of Honor, O, despair!
For study hours we did not care,
Hush, girls, hush.

Inquiring, there a teacher stood,
"Seems to me I heard a rumbling,
As if some one gently tumbling
Here within the clamber door."
"Surely not! only me and nothing more."

CHORUS: O, candy rich! O, candy rare!
In spite of all we'll have our tear
For study hours we do not care.
Eat, girls, eat.

The newspapers this month have been very much troubled because February has five Sundays this year. One says that neither we nor our children, nor our children's children shall ever see the like again; another, that it will occur in 1908; another that it occurs regularly every twenty-eight years; while others have been

studying the calendar and find that neither of these statements is correct. The fact is that there will not be another till 1920; then they will occur at regular intervals of twenty-eight years till 2088, when there will be another break in the rule, the next one being 2128, and then—but that will do for now. When the time approaches we will continue our calculation.

Logic: "Truth crushed to earth will rise again. But if truth be crushed to earth, it lies, and if it lies it cannot be truth; therefore cannot rise again."—*Ex.*

It was Herbert Spencer who made the following definition of evolution: "Evolution is a change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity, to a definite, coherent heterogeneity, through continuous differentiations and integrations," and it was the mathematician, Kirke-man, who translated the definition into plain English: "Evolution is a change from a nohow-ish, untalkaboutable, allalikeness, to a somehow-ish and in-general-talkaboutable, not-at-all-alikeness, by continuous somethingelseifications and sticktogetherations." — *Chemist and Druggist*. All of which is, as Mrs. Partington would say, clear, lucid, and ambiguous.

"Constitute Government how you please," said Burke, "infinitely the greater part of it must depend upon the exercise of powers which are left at large to the prudence and uprightness of ministers of state. Even all the use and potency of the laws depend upon them. Without them your Commonwealth is no better than a scheme upon paper; and not a living, active, effective constitution." In another place this same eminent statesman has said: "Whenever the people have a feeling, they commonly are in the right; they some times mistake the *physician*." Surely, one would think he had been in Maine!

PERSONALS.

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

'88.—Rev. Moses J. Kelley has retired from his position as Chaplain in the United States Army, and is preaching in Damariscotta.

'49.—Prof. Edward C. Mitchell, D.D., President of the Baptist Theological School of Paris, has presented to the library a copy of his revised American Edition of Davies' Hebrew and Chaldee Lexicon, recently published by W. F. Draper, Andover. A concise epitome of Hebrew Grammar by Dr. Mitchell is prefixed.

'54.—Samuel W. Matthews is editor of the *Aroostook Republican*, Caribou, Me.

'58.—The library has recently received from Hon. Everett W. Pattison, of St. Louis, volume third of his Digest of Missouri Reports.

'60.—Rev. J. F. Elder, D.D., pastor of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York, recently preached a sermon, after which \$70,000 were subscribed within a few minutes toward the erection of a new church edifice.

'62.—Ozias Whitman is Superintendent of Schools at Red Wing, Minn., and has been chosen President of the Minnesota State Educational Association. The *Journal of Education* recently published a sketch of his life and labors in the cause of education in Maine and Minnesota.

'68.—R. W. Dunn recently delivered a temperance lecture at Madison Bridge.

'69.—Rev. A. W. Jackson has again tendered his resignation to the Unitarian Society at Peterboro', N. H., and the society have again refused to part with their pastor.

'75.—C. F. Hall, Attorney and Councillor at Law, 82 Devonshire Street (Room 13), Boston, Mass.

'75.—Geo. B. Howard, M.D., Common St., Waterville.

'75.—Rev. Herbert Tilden has resigned his pastorate in Lamoine, to accept one at Bar Harbor, to which place he has already removed.

'76.—A. W. Small, son of Rev. A. K. P. Small, D.D. (class of '49), is a theological student in the University of Berlin.

'78.—D. T. Wyman, recently of the Newton Theological Institution, was ordained pastor of the Baptist Church in Spencer, Mass., on Jan. 20.

'79.—Everett Flood is in the Maine Medical School at Brunswick.

'79.—James Geddes has accepted a position in the office of the Silver Spring Bleaching and Dyeing Company, Providence, R. I.