

The Colby Echo.

VOL. IV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, APRIL, 1880.

No. 5.

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 addressed to THE COLBY ECHO, Waterville, Me.

CONTENTS.

VOL. IV., No. 5.—APRIL, 1880.

THE SANCTUM.....	49
LITERARY :	
To a Friend (poem)	50
The Light of Asia	50
My Keepsake (poem).....	52
The Irony of Nature	53
A Scene in Athens	54
THE CAMPUS.....	56
THE COLLEGE PRESS.....	59
OTHER COLLEGES	59
THE WASTE-BASKET	60
PERSONALS.....	60

THE SANCTUM.

OUR readers will be glad to learn that Prof. Wm. Mathews, LL.D., of Chicago, has responded favorably to the invitation extended to him to deliver the oration at our next Commencement. Dr. Mathews is an Alumnus of Colby, of the class of '35, and in addition to his duties as Professor of History and English Literature in the University of Chicago, has, from time to time appeared before the public with great acceptance as an author. His "Getting on in the World," "Words; their Use and Abuse," "Hours with Men and Books," and "Orators and Oratory" have met with especial favor and are very extensively read. He has ever been a

close student, and is remarkable for his vast range of knowledge and his mastery of language. A vein of native humor pervading his books and speeches gives them a peculiar charm. His appearance on Tuesday evening of Commencement Week will be looked forward to with great interest.

ABOUT a year ago the gymnasium was furnished with an additional supply of apparatus to the value of \$500, the gift of "an unknown friend of the college." *The Watchman* has at last disclosed the secret, and the generous donor proves to be the Hon. J. Warren Merrill, of Cambridge, Mass., a prominent member of the Board of Trustees. As the result of some inquiries we learn that this is but a single expression of that gentleman's interest in the welfare of Colby, since he has, in a very quiet manner, from time to time during a number of years past, aided the college in various ways to the aggregate of thousands of dollars. While the students do not fail to appreciate the blessing of our new gymnasium building, it is a matter of no small satisfaction to us in our exercises, to know to whom we are indebted for the apparatus.

A FEW mornings since, the President took occasion to make some remarks at prayers upon the necessity of observing proper order during that exercise. He began by complimenting the students on their usual success in that respect, but stated that during the recent vacation, happening to attend chapel exercises one day at Yale, he was surprised to notice that the seven hundred and fifty students in attendance there were actually more quiet than we usually are. Now our chief remissness in decorum at prayers is during the five minutes of entering, when, in spite of those thrilling organ voluntaries, conversation of a trivial nature is indulged in to a considerable extent, although usually discontinued on the instant the bell ceases to toll. During the exercises we think the order will

compare very favorably with that observed in any ordinary church congregation even on the Sabbath. A little attention on the part of each one may correct even the slightest deviation from that character of deportment due to the place and the service. As suggested by the President, the few moments spent in this service should not be allowed to relapse into a general daily muster merely, but should ever retain their real significance and a spirit of true devotion.

WE are rapidly approaching the season for the usual spring term exhibitions of the different classes. Every morning immediately after prayers, the library receives into its solemn quiet an eager and busy throng. That classic anxiety depicted on the countenance only faintly reveals the intense struggling of mighty thoughts within. That look of desperation, that restless wandering from one alcove to another finds relief at last only in a confidential interview with Prof. Hall who immediately walks toward the coveted volume which may give direction to the cherished line of thought. The stately orotund from the direction of the chapel, noon and evening, tells us that rehearsals have already begun. We fancy that the bust of Henry Clay in the library, anxiously pricking up its ears, wonders what new rival the present age is producing, and longs for a body and limbs and a pair of fists. Soon the flaming posters on maple trees, billboards, and fences will announce to the good citizens of Waterville that all things for the "great moral show" are now ready. It is safe to predict that the usual large audiences will respond, and so the ECHO in its extreme officiousness is at hand, as usual, with a suggestion. Visitors have not unfrequently evinced a shrinking from entering the chapel to meet the gaze of the entire audience; and it is also well known that every exhibition is more or less disturbed by late arrivals. Both of these objections can be effectually removed by closing the usual entrance and throwing open the doors leading from the main corridor to the chapel in the rear. Then, with the aid of three or four good ushers, the audience can be seated much more conveniently and quietly than heretofore, and the speaker will suffer but little interruption.

A mis-take—an elopement.

LITERARY.

TO A FRIEND

ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR EUROPE.

While in foreign lands you wander,
Mid the relics of the past,
Where proud England's monarchs moulder,
Emblems sad of ruins vast;

Or, perchance, to Scotland turning,
Where the poet loved to tune
Harp-strings that fore'er shall echo
By the banks of "Bonnie Doon";

Or, for something grander yearning,
Switzer's cloud-capped heights you climb,
Where the soul, in transport, glory's
In the Alpine joys sublime;

As, in peace, you sail the river
Through the German Fatherland,
While the castled steep above you
Frown majestically grand;

Or, to sunnier lands repairing,
Seek you Italy and France—
One the seat of art and sculpture,
One of fashion and romance;

While these varied scenes enjoying,
As the sun shines brightly down,
Think of those it beamed on lately
When it blessed your native town.

And its train of golden beauty
Pleasant thoughts shall bring to me,
When it fills the West with glory,
As it sinks to shine on thee.

A. I. T.

THE LIGHT OF ASIA;

OR, THE GREAT RENUNCIATION.

The exquisite poem thus entitled, which, coming fresh from the publishers' hands this winter, has been a New Year's gift in many homes, has served to link together in a peculiar manner the Eastern and Western continents. Written by an Englishman, himself an enthusiastic admirer and lover of Indian letters and tradition, it is oriental in its imagery and spirit while bearing at the same time the stamp of Anglo-Saxon thought and taste. Musical and flowing in rhythm, and sumptuous in description, it reminds us of Moore's Lalla Rookh; but more delicately chaste in conception, and far nobler in tone, it rises often into the majesty of an epic, and is suggestive of Milton.

The story is that of Prince Gautama Siddârtha, the Buddha of Daniel's time, who according to the Indian faith, was to come in the fullness of time to save the race. He is the inheritor of the blood of the noblest line of kings, his

birth is supernaturally foretold and attended with portentous signs, his youth is guarded by the tenderest parental vigilance, caressed by luxury, and shielded from all contact with pain, woe, age, or death.

But in the midst of his life of luxurious seclusion, he has far-off visions of a destiny which will involve renunciation for himself and succor for a suffering race. The crown has no attractions for him. His vast compassionateness embraces the entire world, and he dreams of a wider realm and more numerous subjects than his father's sceptre sways.

At his earnest request he is allowed a glance at the outer world. He sees want; he is horror-stricken at the aspect of age; and a passing funeral cortège reveals to him the inevitable fate of man. He broods over the suggestions of pain, and knows within himself that it is he who is called to teach and to save.

To win him from his lonely meditations, his father is counseled to try the power of love upon him, and the hand of the beautiful Yasôdhara is sought and gained by him in a contest of martial and athletic games.

A pleasure palace is built, surrounded by delicious gardens, and an enchanting pavilion where the newly wedded pair enter upon a life of pleasure and indulgence, strangely in contrast with the solemnity of Siddârtha's visions of duty and the austerities of his future life. The description of the appointments of his gala court, and the pictures of its interior life are singularly vivid and beautiful. One hears the amorous song, and the silver chime of the ankle-bells of the nautch girls, catches the fragrance of oriental spices and perfumed lamps, and the eye rests upon the refreshing scenery of Himalây's soaring wall, while tropical bird and fruit and breeze make perpetual summer around.

In all these descriptions the classical scholar is reminded of Virgil,—the pastoral scenes recalling the agricultural beauty of the Eclogues, and the pictures of the enchanted palace, suggesting Dido's marble court at Carthage. The reader wonders if the classical and oriental are thus akin; or whether the English scholar, so versed in classic lore throws the Roman wand over his oriental studies.

But not all the beauty of this happy home could beguile Siddârtha from his dreams of a future work.

"Thus oft-times when he lay with gentle head
Lulled on the dark breasts of Yasôdhara,
Her fond hands fanning slow his sleeping lids,
He would start up and cry, 'My world! Oh!
World!

I hear! I know! I come!'"

At last the night comes in which he makes the Great Renunciation. This is, unquestionably, the most artistic chapter of the poem. It is like an exquisitely chiseled jewel. The beauty of the night scene, the parting from the bright and beautiful Yasôdhara, the start out into the starry night with his valiant steed Kantaka, and the miraculous attendance of the Suddha Devas, opening the five-barred gates and carpeting soft the ground under his horse's hoofs,—all combine to make this incident the most thrilling of the narrative. Yasôdhara, after having pathetically communicated to her lord three dreadful dreams of warning, had been comforted by his love, and sunk again to sleep.

"I will depart!" he spake: "the hour is come!
Thy tender lips, dear sleeper, summon me
To that which saves the earth but sunders us;
And in the silence of yon sky, I read
My fated message flashing. Unto this
Came I, and unto this all nights and days
Have led me, for I will not have that crown
Which may be mine."

Seven years pass away. They are spent in a search after truth in distant lands. A revelation comes to him under the sacred Bôdhi tree, of a system of ethics which he at once begins to teach, traveling as a mendicant, in which guise he reappears at his father's court and is restored to his wife and child.

Regarded as a work of imagination, the poem must rank among the choicest productions of English poesy. But evidently Mr. Arnold's aim does not stop here. The principles of the Buddhistic system—a system which begins with man and ends with man, renunciation for self and universal charity for others, are the principles of a philosophy which knows no God, no Heaven, no future. Mr. Arnold becomes the poetic champion of this subtle philosophy. He has done all that his magic wand can do to call to life the dead religion of the past, and give it a place by the side of that living Christianity whose radiance is piercing the shadows of the world's long night. He does not believe that "Great Pan is dead," and the ancient oracles dumb. With fertile invention he gives us the

legendary for the authentic, the shadow for the substance, fate for a personal God, a guileless but impotent aspiration of a human being for the majestic authority of Him who is the Resurrection and the Life, the Buddha for the Christ, the lotus flower for the cross, Nirvana for Heaven. The careful reader of the system of truth laid down in Buddha's teachings will see that it is sometimes strangely akin to Christianity. There is the spirit of the sermon on the mount; there is the golden rule; there is self-conquest and self-abnegation; there is charity and compassion. The relations of man to man are guarded by the purest morality and wisdom, but the veil which hides the eternal and the future, never lifts. There is sin, but no pardon; fate, but no Father; a Saviour, but no salvation; a King of Terrors, but no Prince of Life; a code of moral laws, but no motive for keeping it. The inexorable "law which moves to righteousness" is the only inspiration towards the attainment of a perfect character. The reward is Nirvana, and in the interpretation of this word, Mr. Arnold is as vague as any of the expounders of Buddhism.

"The aching craze to live ends, and life glides—
Lifeless—to nameless quiet, nameless joys,
Blessed NIRVANA, —sinless, stirless rest—
That change which never changes!"

To the believer in the "transmigration of souls," a changeless change may be bliss; if existence be a calamity, then a lifeless life is the highest enfranchisement; if a consciousness of a personal identity and a personal responsibility be not a treasured possession of the soul, then why not sink like a dew-drop "into the shining sea"?

But is it possible that the restless activity of this nineteenth century will seek solutions for the soul's problems in any such enervating, paralyzing doctrines as these? He who came to Jesus by night, wanted something more than the Golden Rule. The agitated jailor would have felt his plain question, "What shall I do to be saved?" unfairly answered had Paul replied, Enter upon the eight-fold path of virtue and you shall slip like a dew-drop into the shining sea. The religion that will satisfy the human soul, must give it a personal God to answer the consciousness of personal responsibility; it must furnish both a motive and an example for purity and self-sacrifice; it must meet the spirit's cry after immortality.

Buddhism takes away a personal God, and a personal existence; and, although it recognizes the intuition of the perfect and the right, it ignores the equally ineradicable instinct of life and the insatiable longing for conscious existence.

Among the most beautiful ideals of human attainment, and the most striking types of the one perfect man, Guatama stands pre-eminent. He looms up with transcendent glory, in an age of darkness and weary waiting for the truth. His patient feet trod the highest path that uninspired man had ever reached. But even of John the Baptist, the great forerunner of the Messiah, was it said, "The least in the Kingdom of God, is greater than he."

Notwithstanding all the glamour of life and beauty with which Mr. Arnold's fascinating muse has invested this prophet of old, it is like the sickly gleam of an expiring taper beside the glorious effulgence of that Gospel which has brought life and immortality to light.

MY KEEPSAKE.

In this world so bleak and dreary,
Man is often-times weary:
Weary of its strife and lore.
If he have not for him smiling
Some sweet face, his time beguiling,
He is sad, ah! evermore.

I've a face within my pocket,
Fast enclosed within a locket,
(May I keep it evermore),
As a keepsake to me given,
Of a love that, under heaven,
Shall diminish, nevermore.

Often on that face I ponder,
And as often, fondly wonder
If it knows me, evermore—
Wonder if my thoughts 'tis reading,
If my wishes it is heeding,
As I pace my chamber floor.

When the evening star is glistening,
When the zephyrs, shy, are listening,
Gaze I on it evermore;
When the morning light is breaking,
When from sleep I am awaking,
Look I on it, evermore.

O, that face, so kind and pleasant,
Fit for king or fit for peasant,
Fit for me, for evermore.
May I love, protect, and cherish!
Yes, and rather may I perish,
Than forget it, evermore.

Whose the face? O, gently whisper,
Lest, perchance, the evening vesper
Should repeat it o'er and o'er,
This sweet face within the locket,
Lying in my warm vest pocket,
Is—my watch face—nothing more.

F. D. B.

THE IRONY OF NATURE.

It has passed into a proverb, that we always see what we look for. The philosophy of this maxim lies in the fact, that the mind is active and not passive. The soul is not the mere recipient of outward impressions. Thought, though conditioned by its object, is not determined by it. So true is this, that the mind can see in an object at one time the exact opposite of what it saw at another. The soul is the true deductive philosopher; but, shrewder than the Aristotelian, it does not ignore conflicting facts but warps them to its purposes. Now it is not enough to know of a truth; it must be felt, and lived, before it can be really known. Such is pre-eminently the case with the great facts of human nature. He who has not met them face to face, has not yet known them. Truth intellectually conceived, bears no more likeness to practical truth than an object, known to a blind man through touch, bears to that object as seen by him when restored to sight. The two are well nigh incommensurable.

These principles are well illustrated by the effect upon the mind of what has been called the Irony of Nature. By this term is meant Nature's mockery of man's wants, whether bodily or spiritual. Not her failing to satisfy his wants, but her mockery of them. The shipwrecked seaman, parched with thirst, has to float day after day upon an ocean of *water*, from which he must not drink, though dying for a drop. And with a more refined, and utterly unneeded cruelty, Nature spreads out before the thirsty voyager of the desert's ocean of sand, an ever receding vision of blue lakes and moist palms. So on through all the wants of the body, Nature contrives to poison the wound she makes. But with a more subtle and exquisite sarcasm does Nature flout the spiritual cravings of man; ever giving a stone when asked for bread. Let us consider the working of the Irony of Nature in the spiritual realm, and notice how the soul grows up to a perception of this irony, and how it may triumph over it.

If a man has not mingled with the world, sin, vice, depravity are to him empty words. To such a one, man is the glorious creature of the poet's dream, still wearing the image of God; and Nature, corresponding, echoes back man's greatness with every voice. The sky, the wood, the green fields, "and, poured round all,

old ocean," but mirror the majesty and divinity of man. Sooner or later, however, this fond dream is broken. There comes a time in the life of every one, when he learns, under the rough hand of experience, that the world does not esteem virtue for virtue's sake; that purity and truth will not pass at their face values everywhere. This is one of the awful moments in the life of a human soul. Not with swifter flight dropped Icarus from the regions of the sun, than at this blow falls the soul from its ethereal heights of innocence. Henceforth for it "there hath passed away a glory from the earth." That this is no fanciful experience, may be seen from the frequency with which the poets make use of it. The deepest readers of the human heart, such as Shakespeare and Hawthorne, have often portrayed it.

The first impulse of one, who has been thus rudely awakened to a knowledge of evil in the world, is to rush away from man and be alone with Nature. But nature, so beautiful before, has in an hour lost its charm. Beautiful it still is, but with a mocking loveliness. Its beauty seems out of place, and, instead of luring the heart to forget its anguish, Nature's contrast but drives thought back the more unto the world it has fled from. Some awaken to a knowledge of evil so early as never to feel this phase of the Irony of Nature. They learn man's deformity first, and so never get a glimpse of the world in its primitive beauty. Nor is every one who has attained some mental growth before this awakening, thus driven forth to seek for the counterpart of his mental states in the world without. But whether it be to Nature, science, art, or literature, that he turns, the result is the same; and the soul, downcast, dazzled with too much light, sadly falls back again to its dealings with mankind. The perception of the Irony of Nature in this sense is common, and is not incompatible with religion. That sweetest of Christian lyrics, Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality," owes much of its charm to the expression of this feeling.

But the fruit of the tree of knowledge is still knowledge, and has within itself the principle of growth; and if the mind be let alone, it is not long before Nature takes on a new aspect. Its mask of beauty drops off and it is now seen to be, everywhere, but the mirror of man's doom. Death appears printed on leaf and

flower, across the blue sky, and upon the still bluer deep. The soul can discern in the landscape, misty with the spring-time's leafiness, only the Autumn's inevitable decay. The cheek of beauty is looked upon as but the perishing mask of a skeleton. This is the lowest sweep of the circle. It is also the longest stage of this experience, and many never pass out of it. In some such state of mind as this Hamlet is represented, when, in the graveyard seen, he picks up the skull, and says, "Get you to my lady's chamber and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come." Our lamented Poe seems to have passed much of his life under this dark shadow. The too ready yielding to the influence of Nature's Irony is one of the dangers of the intellectual life; as many a scholar and literary man of our day can testify. The objects in the universe remain the same, but the "jaundiced eye" "o'erinforms" them with its own sickly hue. The broad earth, with its warring myriads and universal decay, is beheld only as a grosser reflection of man's depravity and doom. The blue sky becomes a confining canopy, a prison dome, none the less restraining because vast. The moon's light has no longer any radiance of glory, for it only reveals the wreck of a once fair and populous world. The sun in all its splendor is a dying orb; and, in the glorious astronomical conception of the universe, the mind sees only the time when a black and rayless mass, the sole remnant of a shattered and ended creation, shall hang alone in eternal night.

It is a universal law that life has within itself the principle of its own propagation; and it is equally true that death is seldom final. Good is a circle, forever returning upon itself; evil is often like the curve of the parabola, that bends and runs off into its opposite. An overdose of poison defeats its own end. So, in this overmuch knowledge, this too sudden change from the ignorance of innocence, the evils following it are, in a healthy mind, their own best remedy. As the greatest darkness comes just before dawn, and the greatest cold, in the very van of the morning's warmth, so this darkest and death-cold state of the soul is itself the forerunner of a brighter day. The ruin was wrought by the intellect, and through the intellect comes the deliverance. The mind, which had been educated up to discerning a sham and hollowness in

Nature, now has acquired keenness enough to pierce through the hollowness of the sham, and catch the eternal realities of God's truth behind it. The circle of experience is complete. Nature is no longer an image of death; the likeness is found to have been only in seeming; and the soul wonders how it ever came to be so blinded. The grass is cut down and withers, but, below at its root, stands the new, next year's sprout, mocking the slaughter of the scythe with its undying perishableness. The immortality of man, before so dimly hoped for, now becomes a living reality. Man's death, with its ghastly array of horrors, is made a delusion and a mockery as cheap and empty as its own grinning skull, by the immortality which has outgrown its earthiness and leaves it behind, not as prey to a conqueror but as offal to the scavenger, death. The world is no longer out of joint. Religion descends from its shivering height, and becomes a part of the whole soul; fusing its faint hopes, trembling aspirations, and unwhispered longings into a divine, unbroken, everlasting faith,—the sure evidence of things not seen; the faith that was in the beginning with God, and shall last while God endures; that, quickened by Nature's teaching, shall wax vigorous through creation's prime, and flourish when the universe wanes, and, finally, light its torch of immortality at Nature's funeral pile.

H. L. K.

A SCENE IN ATHENS.

It was an hour before sunrise, on a clear day in Autumn, B.C. 330. Athens wore her least attractive aspect. Her streets were silent, and the contrast between the buildings, somber and gloomy as seen in the gray light of dawn, and the same when filled with the bustle and business of the day, was impressive. The last poor, drunken wretch had staggered along home under cover of the darkness; the last homeless vagrant, after wandering aimlessly all night, had found a place where he could remain for a time secure. It was yet too early for honest people to be seen abroad; so the streets were deserted save by the few whose business kept them up at night, and who welcomed the dawn as the herald of home and rest. An hour wears away; the tops of the more prominent buildings become tinged with the red glow of sunrise; the drowsy city is

fairly awakening; the hurry and tumult of the day has commenced. - Sleepy, yawning servants appear; merchandise begins to be displayed at the corners, ready for the day's trade. Men hasten along to their morning meal, whereupon we also, imitating them, drop into a tempting booth near at hand, and partake of a frugal breakfast in company with others. This over we again resort to the streets. How changed is the scene in the few moments we have spent.

Large numbers of people are congregating; knots of eager, excited citizens are engaged in animated discussions. Frequently the names of Demosthenes, Æschines, and Ctesiphon are heard; all is bustle and life. It is a motley crowd. Here a rich citizen, borne along in his sedan with gold banners, gold liveried bearers, and a servant in front to clear the way. By his side a poor slave trudges along, his toga in rags, his feet, destitute of sandals, torn and bleeding. A little farther and we meet a Metic apparently lost in thought. His tunic is made of costly fabrics embroidered with gold and precious stones; gold embroidered sandals adorn his feet, by his side hangs a jeweled sword hilt above a scabbard sparkling with gems; yet with all his wealth he has not half the liberty of this one just behind him, his servant it may be, a jovial faced man, who, though clad in the coarsest of raiment, has a happier heart and a lighter conscience than the former.

The throng moves slowly on toward an eminence where we catch sight of a large, massive structure, built of stone. We inquire as to the building, and the cause of this unusual gathering. We are told that to-day occurs one of the most interesting debates ever listened to in Athens. Her two greatest orators are to contend for their honor, and even for their lives; the struggle has been preparing for years, and we may expect one of the fiercest contests ever fought.

We are borne along with the crowd and enter the Pnyx, for such we ascertain to be the name of the building we had seen. It is semi-elliptical in shape; tiers of seats are ranged along the curved portion, while at the center is a place reserved for the judges, witnesses, etc., as also a cubical stone, ten or twelve feet on a side, from which the orators are accustomed to address the people. This, they inform us, is the bema. Early as we are we find that there is not a seat left; the greatest excitement prevails; the hum

of voices drowns every other sound, when suddenly the tumult ceases and a breathless silence follows. We see ascending the bema a man of noble frame, and haughty yet easy bearing. He pauses, turns towards the judges and addresses a few words to them, then facing the people he pours out the whole flood of his fiery eloquence, in a speech lasting several hours. The most intense quiet reigns, and in the intervals of his speech naught is heard save the acclamations of his adherents or the steady dropping of the clepsydra as it marks the allotted time. He brings accusation upon accusation against his opponent, till it seems as if he must be overwhelmed by the load. Witnesses are adduced and sworn, the people listening with interest to testimony. At length he finishes and retires leaving us under the impression that he has won the day beyond a doubt.

The throng now separate for their mid-day lunch, and the Pnyx is deserted save by those who have come from a distance, or who prefer to remain till after the trial. These are gathered in groups discussing the strength of the one party or the other. It is not long, however, before the people re-assemble and the Pnyx is crowded as before. Æschines enters and takes a seat near the bema. How eagerly do we await his opponent, who is the defendant in this case. He appears presently, and is greeted with applause as he steps upon the bema. He is a small, misshapen man, with a frame in strong contrast to that of his opponent. He also first addresses the judges and then turns toward the people and commences his defence. We find them paying close attention to him. He grows more and more eloquent; his whole soul shines forth in his face and mien, and it is a soul that burns for the welfare of Athens. The people applaud him eagerly. He attacks and demolishes the arguments of his opponent; he flings himself upon the mercy of the Athenians, and it is not in vain, for no sooner has he finished than the judges acquit him almost unanimously, his opponent not receiving enough votes to save him from disfranchisement.

Truly this has been a noble struggle, and nobly has it been won. Demosthenes' triumph is complete. Now he is safe from all further persecutions of his enemies, and the old democratic party of Athens has triumphed over the adherents of Philip.

C. B. W.

THE CAMPUS.

"Oysters, Mac?"

"I got to come in."

Are you all made up yet?

The Glee Club, oh where is it!

Did you see the occultation of Mars?

The half-term examinations past reminds us that we are on the home stretch.

Weld, '81, stays out a year to teach, intending to fall in with '82 at this time next year.

Dr. Mathews, of Chicago, has accepted the invitation to deliver the Commencement Oration this year.

He belongs to '80 and still translated *majores audire, minori dicere*, "hear the Seniors and teach the Juniors."

The Senior who rendered *pane secundo*, "Johnnie cake," was met by the Professor with the charge of anachronism.

President Robins delivered his address, entitled "Character in Education," at Skowhegan, Friday evening, Feb. 27th.

What mean those blocks of building stone on that triangular lot on College Street, just south of the R. R. crossing?

President Robins may be seen at his room in Champlin Hall directly after prayers, each morning, instead of at 2 P.M. as last term.

Barker, '80, who found employment in the South this winter vacation, has not returned and his class fear that they have lost him.

A Senior finds proof of the ancient use of the potato in the passage where Horace tells how his little farm "*opulentet pomis et pratis*."

The Seniors can give information concerning any of the leading schools of Law, Medicine, or Theology, or can furnish catalogues of the same.

Lord, Burt, King, and Trowbridge, all of '83, have formed a quartette, and have commenced rehearsals under Mr. Philbrook's instruction.

Mr. Smarty (of the Sophomore class) returning from dinner and walking between two companions, meets a little French boy: Mr. S.—"Hallo, boy! How are you? Where's your dog?" L. F. B.—"I'm all right; an' there's my dog 'tween 'em two men."

That robin which was heard by several of us on the campus on the 4th inst., must have experienced some weather since then not exactly balmy to say the least.

Silver, '82, who has just finished a very successful term of school at Claremont, N. H., has accepted the offer of a permanent position in the same school for the succeeding year.

The committee before whom the Senior essays were placed for examination, have awarded the prize to the one entitled "The Knower and the Known," by J. T. MacDonald.

We regret to learn that Mr. Lord of '83 is not to return to Bates. He will be missed in the musical and athletic circles of the college. We understand he goes to Colby to complete his course.—*Bates Student*.

Latin Professor asks a Freshman what English word comes from *bacca*. Freshman don't know. Prof. suggests that he will probably find out before he graduates. "Tobacco," confidently affirms the Freshman.

A Freshman who abbreviated a long homogeneous equation of the fourth degree, by reading it, "*a* fourth plus *b* fourth and so forth," could not see why the class should smile or the Professor frown till the point was pointed out to him.

Officers and students alike regret the necessity which compelled J. Frank Rich to change his college relations. He made a good record while he was here, and his loyalty to Colby now that he has left us is just what we should expect in his case.

Rev. Mr. Spencer, ever trying to minister to our social enjoyment, as well as spiritual welfare, has set aside the first Wednesday evening of each month as a special time to receive at his residence such of the students as would be pleased to call.

The following conundrums are from *The Comet*, published by the Baptist Sociable: What birds do the students most warmly welcome? The Robins. What kind of wine is preferred? Sparkling Elder wine. Why is the study of Greek found so agreeable? By reason of fostering care. Where do students prefer to assemble? At the pleasant Hall. What occupation is liked most? By some, that of a Taylor; by others, that of a Smith.

The Seniors are taking their last *recreations* in Latin this term. This arrangement, which places a little Latin near the end of the course, is quite peculiar to our curriculum, and provokes frequent remarks from students and others; but it is not without its advantages.

We recently enjoyed a call from Rev. C. C. Tilley who graduated from this college in the class of '76, and is now settled over the Baptist Church at Fairfield. We found him the same genial fellow as when he was a student with us, before we began his name with "Rev."

In reply to an anxious inquiry on the part of a Junior respecting the probable result of the investigations of a certain legislative committee, one of our sage Professors replied that the matter excited little attention on his part, as he expected the affair would be Whitewashed.

He had just returned from the Baptist Sociable. "O, chum! I got an introduction to her. She's immense. O—h! I'm up in the third heavens—nothing short of a dead flunk to-morrow morning will bring me down. O, I'm happy! Chum, let's sing the doxology. O—h!"

A Freshman informed us the other day, in a burst of confidence, that X and Y had a translation of the Apology; and then added with fraternal solicitude, "but don't tell anybody, because it is the only horse that can be got in town, and all the boys would be after it." We promised to keep mum.

The new Song Books which we recently welcomed to the chapel did not arrive too soon. The old ones were a standing testimony to the truth of the proverb, "Familiarity breeds contempt," and only a favored few could be supplied with them. Now we are furnished with a fine fresh book and a generous number.

At a temperance meeting down town this winter, one of the speakers remarked that he thought certain members of the Faculty had done wrong in buying cider from pedlars. When the speaker had finished, Sam arose and informed the meeting that he wished them to understand that he had not bought any cider.

We have been much interested in noticing the expression of the sentiment of the different colleges on the Presidential nomination question, so we give the result of our canvass: Blaine, 78;

Edmunds, 7; Tilden, 7; Grant, 5; Sherman, 2; Bayard, 2. A canvass on party preferences last term, resulted as follows: Republicans, 100; Democrats, 10; Greenbackers, 4.

Tennyson says that spring is the time when "A young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Our college poet puts it more subtly when he says in reference to that much-lauded season:

The maidens sit at their windows,
And gaze at the garden gate,
Which the old man stove to flinders,
By kicking a second too late.

A large company enjoyed a very pleasant evening at the Baptist Sociable, Friday evening, 12th inst. Besides the usual opportunity for the enjoyment of old acquaintances and the forming of new ones, a very entertaining Musical and Literary programme was presented. The *provision* for the wants of the inner man also should not be forgotten.

After the interest which we had manifested in the improvements made in the old Commons House, and the pains we had taken to notice its successive stages of progress, we were somewhat disappointed that our services, as special reporter, were not solicited for the "warming," which took place Wednesday evening, Feb. 25th. As it was we only saw from the street the brilliant illumination, and the not less brilliant company wending their way thither.

Suppose each student in college should return to the rightful owners all borrowed books in his possession, as well as many other articles which are frequently borrowed and seldom returned, thus putting to great inconvenience those who have a right to expect the pleasure of using their own property occasionally. We venture to say that most of us would have a chance to take part in such a movement, and if you doubt it, just look your shelves over.

Rev. E. Hutchinson, of New York, class of 1834, has presented to the library copies of his translation of Uhlemann's Syriac Grammar, and of his valuable and exhaustive work on the Music of the Bible. We learn that he is preparing another work for publication soon. The librarian welcomes with especial joy any additions to the already large collection of books and pamphlets which have been published by the Alumni. Undergraduates may also bear this in mind.

Quite a large number of the students, especially base-ball men and aspirants, are taking regular daily exercise in the gymnasium at an early morning hour. Our base-ball men seem to feel that what they do this year will depend upon the amount of real training done. It may be full as well for the nine to be inspired with that spirit, as to depend on the inspiration of the presence of one or two prodigies in the number, as has been too often the case in the past.

Our readers will of course be interested in the following notice of one of the pioneer editors of the ECHO. The *Portland Item* says: "J. H. Files, Esq., associate editor of *Portland Daily Advertiser*, is shortly to be married to one of Gorham's fairest daughters. Mr. F. will move to Portland and occupy house No. 215 Chestnut Street, which is undergoing thorough repairs.

"Single in this wide world of sin,
He's marched for many a mile;
He'll stop it now, to begin again,
But 'twill be in double File."

It seems very strange that no provision has ever been made to prevent the water from the eaves dropping directly before the five most frequented doors of our buildings. When it rains moderately, the water falls there powerfully; when it is too pleasant to carry umbrellas, and still large bodies of snow are melting on the roofs, it is very annoying to get so thoroughly sprinkled passing in or out; and we have also observed that the nuisance has no more respect for the Faculty and visitors than it has for the students.

Quite a number of the Glee Club members are in attendance upon the rehearsals of the Cantata of "Joseph," which is now being prepared by Messrs. Abbot & Chase of Waterville, and who propose to have it presented before the close of the present term. The success of these gentlemen in the presentation of the Cantata of "Esther," about a year ago, will insure them a good representation from The Bricks, as no one with the slightest appreciation of music will wish to miss such a treat as this entertainment promises to be.

A petition was recently sent to the Faculty by the Senior class asking for the privilege of taking both of the electives, German and Mineralogy this last half, instead of Latin and one of the electives just mentioned. The object of

this movement was not to secure easier work, nor was it intended as a reflection upon our very popular Professor in Latin; but to indicate the growing feeling of the desirableness of more German, but not at the sacrifice of Mineralogy, which nearly all of the class have expressed their intentions to take.

Time.—Wednesday evening, 17th inst., about 7 o'clock. Place.—Their orbits. Dramatis Personae. Mars, a brilliant planet; and Moon, the earth's satellite. Mars—"May I have the inestimable pleasure of escorting you down street this evening?" Moon—"No, thank you; I prefer to go alone." Mars—"You needn't get so mad over it, I only asked you to see what you would say."

The University Bookstore has changed proprietorship from C. W. Clark, '80, to F. F. Whittier, '81, who will continue those branches of business with which we have become so familiar, and which we have found so convenient during the last two years. Besides the usual complete assortment of stationery and text-books, will be found also the works of the standard authors, albums, etc. The new proprietor will send for any book which he cannot furnish on the moment, and in every other way is determined to accommodate and satisfy his patrons.

The library of the University has a thoughtful friend in Professor William Mathews. A second box of books containing fifty-three choice volumes, mostly new works, has lately been forwarded to the library, with a hint that more may follow. As a literary man and a life-long reader of good books, Professor Mathews has accumulated a choice collection, especially in the department of English Literature. The overflow of such a private library would be a welcome gift to any college library in the country. The example thus set we recommend to our Alumni generally.

Miss Norcross of the Junior class entertained a very pleasant company of her college and citizen friends at her home on Pleasant Street, on the evening of the 6th inst., the occasion being a *musical*, under the auspices of her pupils, assisted by other amateurs. The programme, of selections chosen and arranged with remarkable aptness, consisted of piano solos, duets, a trio, vocal duets, songs, etc., and was carried out with perfect success, to the great satisfaction and

pleasure of every one fortunate enough to be present. Among the performers were two piano soloists, Master Charlie Spencer and Miss Matie J. Robins, who, in consideration of their extreme youth and commendable playing, should receive special mention and praise as contributing a peculiar interest to the entertainment.

THE COLLEGE PRESS.

Out from the pile of college papers before us, papers white, brown, green, blue, red, yellow, pink, straw-colored, snuff-colored, nondescript; papers faintly tinted, papers glaringly positive, papers painfully neutral; papers large and lean, papers small and thick; papers with pictures, papers without; papers with covers, papers without covers; papers wise, deep, witty, bright, elegant, showy; papers silly, shallow, stupid, dull, coarse, homely; papers from the Hub; papers from the Golden Gate; papers from Blue-Nose Land; out of this motley mass we draw forth our handsome visitor, the *Hamilton Literary Monthly*, familiarly known as the *Hamilton Lit.* "Bryant and Poe" is the first subject, and one well treated,—even elegantly. The author's theme is the comparison of their characters as men. He has most to say on Poe; but his words are very fair, and we should have little to complain of, if he did not remind us, at the close, with a thrust of that ethereal tact which is the proverbial prerogative of men-folk, that enough has been said already about Poe, and now we should better let him rest. If there is any literary sin that is unpardonable in this world, whatever its chances may be in the next, that sin is to make a quotation needlessly wrong. Though in this quotation, even if it were correct, what would be the sense of saying that Poe's life, like his "bells" (the small "b" makes that word misleading), was sometimes "jangled, harsh, and out of tune"? The article on the "Literature of the West and Western Life" is grand, and we sympathize with every word of it. It would be worth while, though, to ask, just here, why Western and Southern authors sooner or later bring up at the East? Until the West gets some literary center, it will still be, for all its money, but the servant of New England. But if we go on in this way the *Lit.* will monopolize all our space. Let it be enough to say that this paper is ahead of forty-eight-fiftieths of our exchanges, even if it doesn't know the distinction between about and around.

Our trim visitor, the *Pennsylvania College Monthly*, emulous of the magazine form, forestalls our favor by its appearance. Its articles are racy and all on topics of the day. We notice here, as at home, a crying out for more "Bread and Butter Studies." The great question being, cannot we get mental training and learn something practical at the same time? The articles against co-education are very conclusive, granting their premises. But we hardly know whether to admire the assumption of the writers, or to pity their ignorance. The Muses do not seem to favor our Gettysburg friends. The "Local" man is rather too fond of italics, and in one place even these have not sufficed in emphasis. We learn that the politics of the college stand, for Blaine, 53; for Grant, 7.

We have hardly become wonted to the new dress of the *Acadia Athenæum*, but as we read its pages we find that it is our same old friend after all. We scarcely see why the *Athenæum* need copy from other papers to

fill up its literary department; its own articles are certainly as good as what it borrows. The translation from Virgil is beautiful. The Professor's account of the German lecture room is entertaining and instructive,—two adjectives which will equally well apply to the next article on the "Trap District of Nova Scotia." "Homes without Hands," is a sketch prettily wrought out. We are grateful to the editors for their notice of Prof. De Mille's life and writings. We remember how eagerly we used to follow the adventures of the "Brethren of the Order of the White Cross," and later, how much pleasure, if not advantage, we derived from reading that author's charming "Rhetoric." Though perhaps we should not have thought the book so charming if we had been made to study it. Besides what we have noticed, the paper contains news, jokes, discussions, and "elegant extracts," which do their part towards making this number of the *Athenæum* a very pleasant one.

We hate a large, thin paper like a delapidated flap-jack, and so we take up the slab-sided *College Journal* with a good deal of blood-thirstiness. We do not relent any when we see that the first subject is "Watts as a Poet." We get no satisfaction here, nor in the next article, on "Self-Dependence." The author of the latter seems to have depended on himself largely for his facts and his rhetoric. The article on Byron is well written, but poorly corrected from the press. What gaseous puerilities, or *puellaties*, are given us by "Our Neighbors"! The editors skip from politics to "boarding-house gossip" with the greatest ease imaginable. Evidently the air of Pittsburg isn't sooted to college journalism.

The *College Olio* looks as if it were in mourning for its own sins or somebody else's. Bating this sombre hue the paper is a very good one. The articles are carefully written, and sometimes quite brilliant. The editors make some very sensible remarks on college matters. The local column is a little weak and watery. Better give part of that space to regular literary work if the local editor cannot do better by it. The exchange notices are so prim and polished that when the editor attempts anything like slang we are quite shocked. The personals are full, but too carelessly worded.

OTHER COLLEGES.

BROWN UNIVERSITY.

A canvass of the university gives the following results; Republicans, 168; Democrats, 20; Independents, 6. For President, first choice: Grant, 60; Blaine, 46; Sherman, 43; Garfield, 16; Tilden, 4; others scattering. For second choice: Sherman, 53; Blaine, 50; Grant, 22; Garfield, 9; others scattering.

The annual catalogue shows that the university is in a very flourishing condition. The number of students, although the standard of admission has been raised, is larger than in former years. The following is a summary: Graduate students, 16; Seniors, 58; Juniors, 50; Sophomores, 65; Freshmen, 71; total, 260.

DARTMOUTH.

Mr. G. W. Morse, of Boston, has established two prizes of \$50 and \$75, to be given annually to the two students of the second class of the

Chadwick Scientific Department who shall prepare the best original declamations.—*Ex.*

President Bartlett, at a recent meeting of the Dartmouth Alumni, said that the college was in a good working condition, and capable of doing the best kind of educational work. He suggested, however, that its sphere of usefulness might be broadened, and that the Alumni should take some measures by which to endow a Webster Professorship of Latin and a Choate Professorship of Greek.

MAINE STATE COLLEGE.

The report of the Standing Committee on the State College of Agriculture has been presented to the Legislature. Accompanying the report was a bill urging that the course of study at the college shall be restricted to three years. It also specifies several studies which are to take the place of some that are not considered essential to the purpose for which the college was designed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Yale Glee Club made \$400 on their recent tour.

University College, London, has two hundred and eleven female students.

Josh Billings (Henry W. Shaw) graduated with the class of '37 at Hamilton College, N. Y.

Revivals of religion are reported in several colleges,—Wesleyan and Williams sharing most largely in the good work.

Voting for President is the popular thing just now. The result for eighteen colleges, as gathered from our exchanges is as follows. Total vote, 4,528. Of this Republican candidates receive 3,350, as follows: Blaine, 1,231; Grant, 923; Sherman, 697; Edmunds, 231; Hayes, 104; Garfield, 89; Washburn, 75. Democratic candidates receive 957, as follows: Bayard, 749; Tilden, 108. Scattering votes, 221.

THE WASTE-BASKET.

Among the causes of insanity must now be added 15.

Adolphus had just folded his arms about her. "Why" asked she, "am I like a well-made book?" He gave it up. "Because I am bound in calf." The "binding" was hastily torn off.

We clip the following for the benefit of the Freshmen:

"Anthon had a little horse,
Well clad in sheepskin coats.
Its name is Horace, very fat,
He keeps him stuffed with (n)oats."

Lesson in logic. Prof.—"What would you say of the argument represented by a cat chasing her tail?" Student—"She is feline her way to a categorical conclusion."—*Ex.* We should call it an *a posteriori* argument.

2 lovers sat beneath the shade,
And 1 un2 the other said:
"How 14 8 that you be 9
Hath smiled upon this suit of mine!
If 5 a heart it palps for you—
Thy voice is mu6 melody—
'Tis 7 to be thy loved 1, 2—
Say, O my nymph, wilt marry me?"
Then lisped she soft, "Why 13ly."—*Ex.*

PERSONALS.

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

'36.—Rev. Ahira Jones has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church, Jericho, Vt.

'42.—Henry McLellan, formerly a leather merchant in New York, died in Brooklyn, Sept. 19, 1879.

'44.—Hon. Edgar Whidden is Judge of the Municipal Court at Calais.

'45.—Rev. James W. Capen is rector of Grace Church, Binghamton, N. Y.

'55.—Rev. Charles F. Foster is Superintendent of Schools at Chester, Pa.

'55.—Charles J. Prescott is Principal of Public School No. 13, Jersey City, and resides at Orange, N. J.

'56.—Brevet Major General Charles H. Smith, U. S. Army, has his headquarters at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

'59.—Rev. S. C. Fletcher, of New London, N. H., recently preached in the Baptist Church at West Waterville.

'64.—Ira Waldron is Western Agent for Nasby's *Toledo Blade*, at St. Louis, Mo.

'67.—Information is desired concerning Albert Danforth.

'70.—Alfred E. Meigs, who has been employed on the editorial staff of the *Bangor Whig* for nearly eight years past, has severed his connection with that paper to assume the responsible position of night editor on the *New Haven Daily Palladium*.

'71.—Delwin A. Hamlin recently read a lecture on the optical principles of the microscope, before the sub-masters of the Boston Grammar Schools.

'71.—Fred M. Wilson, M.D., has settled in Bridgeport, Ct., where he gives special attention to diseases of the eye and ear. He has for some time had charge of a department in an Eye and Ear Infirmary in New York City which he visits several times weekly for the treatment of cases of diseased eyes.