

The Colby Echo.

VOL. V.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, APRIL, 1881.

No. 6.

The Colby Echo.

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

COLBY UNIVERSITY.

EDITORS.

C. M. COBURN, '81.

F. C. MORTIMER, '81.

L. H. OWEN, '82.

F. W. FARR, '82.

Managing Editor.

H. B. KNOX, '81.

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. V., No. 6.—APRIL, 1881.

THE SANCTUM.....	65
LITERARY :	
On a Photograph (poem).....	67
Agents of Civilization.....	68
Propriety of Graduation Honors (First Paper).....	69
Reminiscences of an Old Graduate.....	70
COMMUNICATION.....	71
THE CAMPUS.....	72
THE COLLEGE PRESS.....	74
OTHER COLLEGES.....	75
THE WASTE-BASKET.....	76
PERSONALS.....	76

THE SANCTUM.

AFTER a month's absence we again greet our readers at the opening of another term, the last one of the year, and to many of us the last one of the course. As we prophesied in our last number, the "sound of the grinding" is again heard, but this time the Senior is not in the mill. If our columns are not as full as usual of sighs and tears for the work we are obliged to do, and if we do not look with our usual longing for the term to be over, you must remember, readers, that half the Editorial Board are enjoying the sweets of Senioric dignity.

A CHANGE will be made in the Commencement programme this year. Contrary to the usual custom the Senior class has decided to

have no concert. On the merits of that decision members differ, and it is not our purpose to discuss it here.

A paragraph appeared in the *Bangor Whig* a few days ago from a correspondent, which is calculated to give the friends of the college a very erroneous impression in regard to the college in general, and the Senior class in particular. We quote a part of it:

"The custom of the graduating class giving a concert has come to be a very expensive affair, both to the students and their patrons. Last year the concert cost about \$1200, and every student connected with it had to put his hand deep into his or his father's pocket, not counting the tickets which he felt obliged to give to his friends and to use for himself and lady, for which he had to pay, like the public at large, \$1.00 a ticket. It is a matter of congratulation, and for which many a father denying himself to send his boy to college, and many a young man educating himself by assiduous toil, will be thankful, that the largest class Colby has ever given to the world had the moral courage to take a positive stand against this one of the many useless extravagances of college life."

The writer of the above paragraph boldly declares that "last year the concert cost about \$1200," and in another place calls the Commencement Concert "one of the many extravagances of college life." The latter statement is too absurd to consider, the former statement we declare to be false. The entire Commencement expenses last year, including printing, music Tuesday evening, music during Commencement Day, and the concert, did not amount to \$900. The cost of the concert itself was several hundred dollars less.

The ticket statement implies either a great scarcity of friends or uncalled-for extravagance on the part of the members of the class, neither of which is true.

In regard to the action of the present Senior class, the following are the facts: First, those who favored a concert did so on economic grounds. Secondly, a majority of the class were personally in favor of a concert. Thirdly, to avoid dissension the majority yielded and it was unanimously decided not to have a concert.

The moral courage theory is very fine, and none would be gladder to adopt it than ourselves. But as it is contrary to the facts of the case, and involves the accusation of gross extravagance against past classes generally, and the class of '80 in particular, as well as a general condemnation of the present customs of college life, we respectfully beg leave on our own behalf, and—unless we are very much mistaken—for the class also, to decline the honor.

SPRING is coming. The poet's heart rejoices, and his gushing effusions are flying through the mails. Let no one think that any of them are blown into *our* sanctum. We would they were; but unfortunately literary ambition is not so high on the campus as in the little world outside, and all that *we* get is drawn in by the constant use of the editorial suction pump. Yes, spring is coming, and with it leaves and flowers. Leaves and flowers—is that all?

We take a ramble along the river's bank, and in the rocks we see written the history of past ages. We look up into the evening sky, and we see worlds like our own revolving in infinite space. We open a book, and be it written in Greek or Latin, French or German, or in our mother tongue, we see behind its characters the thought of the author. We look into the faces of men, and we see there illustrated the principles of Psychology, and the laws of Political Economy and Ethics. These objects are more to us than mere stones, stars, books, faces. They are full of truths to those who have the key. Yet in the opening spring-time, when we walk in the fields, all that we see is leaves and flowers. Why have we not learned more?

That Botany is as interesting as Geology, Mineralogy, or Astronomy no one can doubt. That there is as much opportunity for making a pleasant use of our knowledge in Botany as in any of the natural sciences is also true. That the apparatus needed is fully as cheap, and that the time necessary is quite as short, as in the other sciences, cannot be denied. Yet in spite of all these facts, for four years at least no instruction in that science has been given. Where the trouble is we do not undertake to declare. But that the omission of such a study is a glaring defect in the curriculum we do assert. Let something be done.

BEFORE many days base-ball and other athletic sports will be in order. We are already beginning to hear the annual discussion on their advantages and disadvantages. It is popular among a certain class to deride colleges, to characterize them as places of indolence, whose standard of admission is athletic skill, and whose studies are confined to the scientific method of feathering an oar and the mathematical principles involved in curving a ball. That too much prominence is given to athletics in some colleges is doubtless true. But none we think would say that such is the case at Colby. The thorough work required in our curriculum and insisted on in the class-room prevents anything else from occupying too prominent a place.

On the other hand there is need of encouraging our athletic interests all we can. Especially is this true in regard to field day. Two years ago this custom was introduced into our college, and it has so far been very successful. Last year's record was especially good. This year an athletic association has been formed, under whose auspices the field day will be held. If a large number will enter the contests and begin their practice soon, there is no reason why last year's record may not be surpassed.

JUPITER, having been for six months a conspicuous object in the heavens, is fast fading in brilliancy and disappearing from the evening sky. It has been, next to Venus, the brightest of the luminaries, and until lately has been no mean rival of the queen of planets. During the first week in March the three planets, Jupiter, Venus, and Saturn, were near together, forming a new triangle every night, and when the moon passed through the group the scene was one of rare brilliancy. The past year has been unusually favorable for astronomical observations, and the class of '81 has had opportunities which will not occur again for a long time.

"The world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred eighty-one."

SUCH is the language of Mother Shipton's prophecy, and we are told with perfect gravity that the rest of her prophecy has been fulfilled. We have not the slightest doubt of it. On the contrary we believe that it was fulfilled long

before the prophecy was ever written. No one really thinks that our mundane sphere is in any special danger this year, yet many an one will feel a little easier when the year is gone. The manner in which this prophecy is considered by many persons, or rather the fact that it is considered at all, is significant. We live in a peculiar age, a transition state in our moral evolution. While having our practical intelligence highly differentiated, we possess many of the rudiments of a poetic past, among others a belief in signs. A horseshoe hung over the door will bring good luck. It is a bad sign to look at the new moon over the left shoulder. A piece of wedding cake under your pillow will make you dream of your future husband. These are but a few of a host of signs which are soberly told every day. They are not soberly believed, we grant. Yet a deference is paid to them. A horseshoe is hung over the door for the fun of it. It is just as well to look at the new moon over the right shoulder. It won't do any harm to put the wedding cake under the pillow, *i. e.*, not so much harm as to eat it. 'Tis no wonder, when we see this respect which is paid even in these days to so many signs, that Mother Shipton's prophecy should be feared just a little. It is not strange that it should be discussed with seriousness in our newspapers. Yet what a place for it to appear! How much more appropriate if scrawled on some ancient parchment by a monk who had lapsed into his second childhood!

As we entered the library for the first time this term we saw piled about on the tables and shelves a number of volumes which looked rather strange and bewildered. They seemed not to understand the presence of so many students, and acted on the whole rather like Freshmen. Our suspicions were at once aroused, and our excellent librarian, seeing our shy glances at them, kindly came to our assistance and gave us an introduction. We found that, instead of Freshmen, they were Seniors or rather post-graduates in library experience. They had in fact come from Prof. Mathews. They had passed the ordeal of an entrance examination and had been admitted to a full course in his excellent library, and had graduated with high honors.

Besides these we were shown a number of

beautifully illustrated works on art, the gift of Mr. G. D. B. Blanchard of Boston. These form a valuable addition to the works on that subject which Mr. Blanchard has previously presented. There is something fascinating in a book on art; perhaps it is the fancy price charged for it at the bookstores. At any rate art should not be neglected in even a college library, and the present works on that subject show that it is not.

In this connection we wish to say a few words in regard to our library. For practical use and convenience it is not surpassed by any library in the State. The room is light and convenient; the books are well arranged and catalogued. The library is very full in works of present interest. All this is due in large measure to the labor of our librarian, Prof. Hall. But while the library is in its present prosperous condition its needs are also great. The Colby Library Fund, which was given for ten years, has been expended. The regular fund is quite small, so that the library depends in large measure on voluntary contributions for its new books. There are two things which it especially needs—first, a sufficient endowment, and, secondly, plenty of friends like Dr. Magoon, Prof. Mathews, and Mr. Blanchard. While these are its immediate needs, we hope the time is not far distant when the college can afford to have a librarian who can give his entire services to the library.

LITERARY.

ON A PHOTOGRAPH.

"Who, pray, is this? Why 'tis a perfect fright.
No uglier maid, sure, ever met my sight.
Young? I should say so. But you well can see,
That blessed with beauty she will never be.
Just see those eyes! She's cross-eyed I declare.
Will age e'er change an imperfection there?
Her forehead low and narrow—I suppose
The pug upon her head will match her nose.
Her head she carries very much aloft.
But don't you think she looks—well, pretty soft?
And her expression!—Surely I should rule
She was as dull and stupid as a fool—
You?—seven years ago?—You don't mean that.
Ah!—Pardon me—Indeed!—Ah—Please, my hat?"

A. H. E.

AGENTS OF CIVILIZATION.

That "progress has been the universal law which has governed the human race," that "man is by his very nature both progressive and conservative," are sayings old as well as true. Wherever man has taken a step forward he has never fully lost it, and wherever he has been driven back his foot-prints remain to show what he had once attained. To credit any nation with the origin of civilization would be impossible. Its great current, like a river, did not begin its career as a full stream, but it may be traced to many and separate fountains, far apart perhaps, but each contributing to swell its flood.

Paradoxical as it may seem, war, which we consider a token of barbarity among the early tribes and nations, must be considered one of the leading agents in the work of civilization. In all the history of human progress war has been an essential factor in bringing about great results. It was unquestionably the early spirit of conquest that first raised man from his condition of primitive rudeness and simplicity. Through this influence one tribe was brought into contact with another. The old spirit of selfish isolation was exchanged for that of mutual help. This spirit of conquest, too, was the quickener of the cold, sluggish blood of the darker ages into the warmth of life and activity. It was the great nourisher of thought and enterprise. It was war that unlocked Babylon, Egypt, and India. Had it not been for the war between the Greeks and the Persians, Greece with her universal culture would never have become the highest teacher of art and philosophy. The crusades "gave vent to the rude energies of chivalry," and caused the overthrow of feudalism. It was war that founded the Chinese Empire. The settlement of states, bringing order out of chaos, in short the great political divisions of Europe, are results of the wars of Charlemagne. Our own Revolution proved to the world beyond a doubt that the United States were capable of self government, and were possessed of ability not only to establish but also to maintain their liberties.

War has been the inspiration of many of the masterpieces of ancient literature. It was war that aroused a Homer to chant his immortal song of the heroes Ajax and Achilles. Had it not been for war, Virgil's song of "Arms and the Hero" would never have been sung. In short war constitutes the basis of the history of every

nation, and a nation which has no wars to record, no victories to relate, is unworthy of a history. But war, although so potent in the past, can no longer be useful in the advancement of the nations of the world. For now all parts of the world are in constant communication without it. The energies of the people are directed to the ends of personal, social, and moral improvement. The great work of the future is to erect upon the foundation laid by the ancients the superstructure of a higher and broader civilization.

Thought, the second great factor in civilization, is a force which once set in motion continues ever active, and though nations may die, as has Rome, yet their literature, in which is enshrined so much that is true and beautiful, still lives. That of Rome is taken as the basis of our education to-day. We struggle with their mighty thoughts, we admire their beauty. From Rome we get our ideas of law. Our political institutions would not be possible had not those of Rome existed before them. It is thought that has made the brain of the American more capacious than that of the Australian who continues to follow his weird and wanton fancy. Could we teach Australians to think, the plains of Australia would become as fertile as the valley of the Mississippi. Thought regulates the social, political, and religious customs of a people, and by these customs we are able to read the thought of a nation. Thought is the key to the great universe of mysteries. It prepares the way for the reception of truth, and narrows the gulf between the divine and human.

In the work of civilization, that nation has been most successful which has best succeeded in throwing off the fetters that clogged its great industrial and moral enterprises. It is given to no nation to make real advances in civilization before it has achieved its own liberty. But something more is needed than freedom from external restraint. The worst form of bondage is that which is imposed by a people's own institutions. Italy, whose capital was once the light of the world, hampered in thought and action by the burdens imposed by an unscrupulous priesthood, with a population of sixteen millions who can neither read nor write, is a striking illustration of this fact. Spain, too, with her population of eleven millions, who, under the same oppressive system, can neither read nor write, furnishes

another illustration of the same fact. Ireland was once a happy nation, and enjoyed both civil and religious liberty. Intellectually she was once without an equal, and was the home of scholars and poets, the asylum of the oppressed and persecuted of all lands; but now, despoiled of her liberties, trodden into the dust under the iron heel of her despotic oppressors, the voices of her orators and poets have died away, her enterprise, her industry, her hope is gone, and nothing is heard save the swelling murmur of her just but unheeded complaints.

With the dawn of Christianity came an influence more potent than all others in polishing the rough granite of ancient civilization. The song of the angels, "Peace on earth, good will to men," proclaimed the advent of a Being before whom the darkness of heathenism has rapidly fled, and with whom the freedom of unshackled thought has come. With Him came into the world a power which, like the first rays of the sun that come floating over the hills, is now emerging into the full glory of day, a power which leads man step by step into a new vigor of thought, greater liberty in action, and into a higher and holier principle of conduct and life. These three—Thought, Liberty, and Christianity—form the trio that shall make our civilization immortal.

L. H. O.

PROPRIETY OF GRADUATION HONORS.

FIRST PAPER.

There is a notion too often advanced, and too often but feebly opposed by those who know better, that college honors, and graduation honors especially, are undesirable, or even worse, a nuisance to be abated. It would not be well for us to question the motives, much less the scholarship of those who are so ready to abolish such honors, but we may attempt to show some of the grounds on which the custom of bestowing them rests.

Surely the most strenuous opposer of the system under consideration will admit that there are differences and wide differences in the scholarship of those who annually appear as candidates for a degree. Such distinctions should be made, then, because such differences exist. The truth should be recognized. "But not always," it will be said; "sometimes its open declaration is uncalled for." "The truth, doubtless, should

be recognized," another will object, "but these distinctions do not indicate the truth; they are deceptive; they assign honor where it is not due, and withhold it where it is deserved; they bestow upon the mere mechanical recitationist the credit actually belonging to the man of brains." Poor powerful intellects, that know so much only they can't get it out! Mighty men of brains, that do not need to work! How misjudged and abused they are!

Before proceeding to answer these objections it is important that we should know what is meant—in this essay at least—by the term *scholarship*. What is high scholarship? Evidently not brains merely, for brains may be misused or used not at all. Nor, on the other hand, is scholarship labor with books and without the brains. But brains at work will produce scholarship, provided,—and the condition must not be overlooked,—the work is pursued in a wise way and in a legitimate direction. And just in proportion to the degree of ability, the amount of work and the wisdom of the method will be the excellence of the scholarship.

Taking up first the objection, that honors are unjust, because through partiality or errors in judgment they are unfairly bestowed and hence are deceptive and misleading, its plausibility is not to be denied. It appeals so directly to that natural inclination to take sides with the man that's down, that its confident assertion generally meets with credulous sympathy or unquestioning generosity, and herein lies about all its force. But unfortunately it is not supported by the facts. The most complete refutation to this charge that could be asked, and the most satisfactory that can be offered, is afforded by the subsequent career of men, who, while at college, stood high in their classes. It is, indeed, remarkable, how few college graduates who have become eminent in any sphere of life, failed while undergraduates to take high rank. Had we room we would like to insert here a few uncompromising statistics. But if any one question our assertion, we advise him to read, among other things, the chapter devoted to this subject in Thwing's "American Colleges." We await with composure the list of names, in rebuttal, of the men who never cared for and never took honors as students in college. But it won't do to decry college honors because some traditional college dunces have acquired world-wide celebrity, or

because leaders in college competitions now and then dwindle and disappear after graduation. It won't do to base an adverse opinion in this matter upon the unexpected stupidity of some personal acquaintance who was a valedictorian. It would be idle to maintain that college honors are never misplaced, since they are necessarily a matter of judgment on the part of college officers; and so long as human judgment remains as fallible as it is, so long in this matter, as in everything else, mistakes will occur. But we do maintain that the liability to mistake in this respect is greatly overestimated. It is possible that between two scholars of marked ability the fairer laurels may go to the less deserving man. It is possible that a man who is given a second part may be worthy of a first; but we are strongly inclined to think that the error will more frequently be the other way. And surely the student who just squeezes through by the skin of his teeth, gets more than he should in getting his degree at all, without being placed on an equality with those who have done credit and are likely to do greater credit to their *Alma Mater*.

There are various circumstances which tend to keep men of equal ability, also, from obtaining the same reward. There is, first, that mental inertia—laziness—a very common obstacle, for men as often use their brains too little as they esteem them too much. But however highly a man may rate his own powers, if he fails to use them, no one, surely, thinks of attributing as much credit to him as to the man who does his best. Few will doubt but that graduation distinctions afford a wholesome spur in such cases. Again, men of equal mental gifts may have unequal physical strength. Is it fair that continued ill health or temporary incapacity should debar faithful men, who would otherwise excel, from honorable recognition on the rank list? It is fair; for it must be remembered that honors are not given either in college or out of it for ability, nor for motives, nor even endeavors, but for *attainments*. The sick man cannot work and therefore cannot attain what the sound man can. For this misfortune of the sick man the college is not responsible and cannot make allowance, even though its officers as individuals may recognize the student's merit. On the same principle, if a man be compelled through lack of funds to miss a part of his course, it is

unfortunate yet just that he should miss also the credit which his presence and his work might have won him.

There is still another sort of man who thinks himself but indifferently appreciated—the man who works, but to suit himself and after his own fashion. Chief among this class is the omnivorous reader. He may or may not have ability. If he has, and his theory be correct, the benefit of his reading should show in the class-room, and so raise his standing. But whether he has or not, every college chooses a curriculum which it deems best adapted to make educated men. Those who pursue faithfully the course laid down deserve to have their fidelity recognized. Those who, wisely or foolishly, make reading the chief thing, may or may not get the good from it they expect. They certainly should not get nor expect special credit for the volumes with which they have crammed themselves, to the neglect of the regular course. B. R. W.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD GRADUATE.

It may not be uninteresting to the readers of the ECHO to know something of the ways and mode of life of those who have gone long before us in a college course. Some time ago it was our privilege to meet with an aged alumnus of our *Alma Mater*, who has kindly responded to our request to furnish some incidents of "ye olden time."

Rev. L. S. Tripp, or "Father Tripp," graduated with the class of 1829. After graduating he studied medicine at the Bowdoin Medical School, from which he received the degree of M.D. He engaged in the practice of medicine some years, and afterwards entered the ministry. Just where he began his labors as a preacher we do not know. For many years past he has been the pastor of the Baptist Church in Surry, Me. Here he has been not only a faithful minister, but has been identified with the public interests of the town as well. He rendered a long and judicious service as Supervisor of Schools, and we dare say that more than one of the Colby boys have gone before him for an examination and a certificate to teach. Recently he has moved to Blue Hill, Me., where he has two sons who are practicing law.

Father Tripp is still active and vigorous—a

hale old gentleman. When he told us that it had been more than fifty years since he graduated, we were led to stare at him as if to say, "What, so long ago, and yet alive and well!"

With the editors' permission we would like to have published the following communication from one of the oldest members of our common family:

My first residence at Waterville was in the summer of 1827, being the last term of my Sophomore year in college. There were then only two college buildings, the old South, as we called it, and the North, or new, College, now Chaplin Hall. Where Memorial Hall now stands, or very near, was the President's house, and not far below that was the house of Prof. Briggs, which now retains its old appearance, except the paint, and perhaps some other slight changes.

The two rooms on the first floor of the South College, numbers one and two, I think, were in one, and were the chapel. The bell hung in a small belfry on the top, and we used to say—

"I knew by the bell that so mournfully tolled
From the top of Old South that the Præses was near."

The basement of North College was used for a dining hall and kitchen. The steward's family rooms were on the first floor. Only the two lower stories of the north end of this building were finished, and these rooms were occupied by Prof. Chapin and family.

There were no recitation rooms, the recitations being in the students' rooms alternately. The only black-board was one less than three feet square, moved from room to room as it was needed. This large board was usually lost about the time of the term examinations; to the satisfaction of the students, *perhaps* to the vexation of the Faculty.

The grounds between the buildings and the river were thickly grown with brush, making some approach to an Eastern jungle, with here and there a narrow, crooked foot-path. On the campus were a few elms, the larger ones now standing there.

In the spring of 1828 a movement was made by Prof. Conant to ornament the grounds. A large number of elms were then set out, and many clumps of shrubbery. Shrubs were brought from Augusta, Hallowell, and Gardiner. Most of them seem to have been removed.

That same season a road was made to the bank of the river, and what are now called the Boardman willows were set out. Why called *Boardman* willows I know not, as the missionary had gone to India long before that time. There was also built that season a flight of steps on the bank, leading down to the water.

The Faculty in the summer of 1827 were: Rev. J. Chaplin, D.D., President; Rev. S. Chapin, D.D., Professor of Theology; Rev. Avery Briggs, A.M., Professor of Languages, Ephraim Tripp and Leonard Tobey, Tutors. At Commencement that year, Tutor Tripp left, and was succeeded by T. J. Conant as Professor of Languages, Prof. Briggs being appointed to the chair of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.

The discipline at that time was somewhat different

from the present. If a student wished to speak to an officer the hat must be removed, even out of doors. I do not recollect how it was in the case of rain, though it is commonly said that President Chaplin required it to be done even then, the student remaining uncovered. I remember that once he told me I had better put on my hat. In the fall of 1828, Dr. Pattison was elected Professor of Mathematics, and he was the first to salute a student with a pleasant *good morning*.

Of the recitations I can give no particular account. We were not expected to make blunders. In Latin and Greek, the only languages then studied, I think we were accustomed to pronounce the original, one or two words at a time, then give the translation; in the manner indicated in the story of him who translated a line of Virgil thus: "*Regina*, O Queen, *jubes*, thou commandest me, *renovare*, to change, *infandum dolorem*, a quarter of a dollar into a pistareen!"

Expenses then were far less than at present. We paid \$1.17 or \$1.25 per week for board in commons—good enough. The whole cost of music and printing at our Commencement was not over \$100, but we employed no band from Boston.

F. M. P.

COMMUNICATION.

[The following communication arrived too late for publication last term.—EDS.]

PASADENA, CAL., Jan. 6, 1881.

To the Editors of the Colby Echo:

As several of your readers wished me to give them what information I could gather about California schools, some facts on this subject may be of interest.

In each of the counties there is a board of education. Twice every year these boards examine all applicants for teachers' certificates. Without obtaining a certificate in this way, no one can teach in the public schools. It is said to be different in some other counties, but here one's college diploma or previous reputation as a teacher has no influence in helping him through the examination. The board is mostly composed of men who have spent their whole lives on the common school branches, and consequently have a sharpness developed in that direction, but no sympathy with a classical education.

Teachers are examined in Arithmetic, Grammar, Orthography, Geography, History, Penmanship, Rhetoric, and Music, for a second grade certificate; and besides these in Algebra, Theory and Practice of Teaching, Book-Keeping, Drawing, Constitution of the United States and of California, and Laws of California, Political

Economy, Physiology, Philosophy, Natural History, and Botany for a first grade certificate. You will readily see that the course at Colby doesn't specially fit one to pass in several of these studies. The examinations are often technical and full of catch questions. In Arithmetic they bring in examples requiring to know the difference between a dry and liquid quart, the number of inches in a gallon, etc. In Geography they required us to draw a map of California. One question in History was—"What Americans bore the following nicknames: 'Sage of Monticello,' 'Old Hickory,' 'Mill Bay of the Slashes'?" etc.

One must secure an average of eighty-five *per centum* in order to pass. In the recent Los Angeles city examination I was the only one to secure a first grade certificate; and it cost me a month of harder study than I ever knew at old Colby to get ready for it. After being ground seven hours for four successive days I reproached myself for ever having thought the college examinations severe.

But I think that the examination is the hardest part in getting started here as a teacher. The demand for teachers, and their pay, both seem rather better than in the East. On coming here last summer, though a district wanted me, I could not teach because one examination had just passed and there was not to be another until January. However, if I had been a Normal graduate, I might have had a temporary certificate. On this account one could do better as a teacher here, for a while at least, to take his last year at a Normal School or at the University of California. If any of the students think of coming here to teach they should plan to arrive in June or December, prepared to pass such an examination as I have described, or else bring a diploma from one of the schools I mentioned.

I should like to go into a description of the glorious country and climate in this "Region of the Sunset,"—how the grass is springing up, and one wants his coat off while out in the sun,—but as I have already taken up too much of your space, at present I must forbear.

Respectfully,

C. H. CASE.

During vacation a student heard at a prayer-meeting the following clear exposition of the nature of sin: "Sin is God's negative principle, just as heat is the absence of cold."

THE CAMPUS.

Solvetur acris hiems grata vice veris.

Whitney, formerly a member of '82, and who has been absent a year, has returned and entered '83.

One Soph asked another why he wore such low rubbers. "Low," said he, "I thought they were high; they cost me a dollar."

The Seniors will probably receive lectures in History during the present term, though it is not yet definitely settled who is to deliver them.

Mr. Robertson, the instructor in Elocution will return about the middle of the present term, in order to prepare the Seniors for Commencement.

The members of the Base-Ball Nine have commenced their spring work in the gymnasium, working there every afternoon from quarter-past one to quarter-past two.

That old and popular place of resort, "The Old Railroad," will be opened to the public next Sunday afternoon. The managers hope the generous patronage they have received in former years will be continued.

Owing to the large number of those absent last term, the rule requiring all deficiencies to be made up on the first Saturday of the term was set aside, and examinations were also held on the succeeding Wednesday and Saturday.

On account of the additional duties which have devolved upon Dr. Smith, owing to the absence of President Robins, Mr. Edwin F. Lyford, of '77, has been appointed instructor in Anglo-Saxon and English Literature, and Prof. Taylor has the Senior class in American Constitution.

We sat upon the schooner's rail,
And watching hook and line,
A happy thrill went thro' my soul
Her face was close to mine.

We leaned far o'er the rail to watch
The foam within our track,
Her little hand stole into mine,
I heard a "fishing smack."

Mr. Walter S. Bosworth, formerly of '80, was very severely crushed between a car and the station platform at Readfield, near the beginning of last vacation. He was at once brought to Waterville and carried to the Elmwood Hotel. His injuries were at first considered extremely

dangerous, but thanks to a good constitution and to the excellent care he received from two of his fellow-students, Collins of '82, and Mitchell of '84, he is now rapidly recovering.

C. C. King, of '80, pleasantly surprised his numerous friends by appearing on the campus a few days ago. He was on his way home from the Capitol, where he assisted in the Governor's inauguration, and in setting in motion the wheels of state for the new administration.

A Senior and Junior pensively recalling past experiences, discourse as follows: Junior—"Well, chum, we have had some awful good times in this room." Senior—"Yes, and some awful bad ones; the good times came at night and the bad ones in the morning when we were getting over it."

Dr. Robins is still at Jersey City. He is at present suffering from inflammation of the throat, but this is only temporary, and he is considered to be steadily recovering from his previous and more serious illness. He has abandoned the intention of traveling in Europe and will spend the spring months at Washington and in the South, and the summer at his cottage in South Hancock.

A number of specimens mounted for the microscope have lately been presented to the cabinet. Five of them, consisting of specimens to illustrate the Histology of the human body, are the gift of Rev. F. T. Hazlewood of Bangor. Four others were presented by Dr. Chas. D. Smith, who graduated from Colby in '77. These comprise a section of the epidermis of the whale; of the leaf of the *Shepherdia Canadensis*, and hairs of the bat and star-nosed mole. Alfred King, of '83, has presented a photograph of a section of a red oak showing a cut made by an ax, and afterward overlayed with wood.

Reports from various sources seem to indicate that base-ball interests are "looking up" this spring. Bates and Bowdoin both promise to put "the best nine they ever had" in the field this season. Orono is hard at work and expects to play a strong game, and the friends of our own nine are pleased to see our boys at work in the Gym. This is as it should be, and we hope to see some good games this year. There has been a lack of financial support for our nine in seasons past, but if there is sharp work done by the players, there will prob-

ably be money forthcoming from the Association and from other friends. We certainly have a good prospect if the members of the nine do *work* and not *play* in their games this spring.

The directors of the Athletic Association, at a meeting held on the 19th, drew up the following programme for Field Day, which will occur on the first Friday in June:

FORENOON—ON THE CAMPUS.

Base-ball.

AFTERNOON—AT THE DRIVING PARK.

1. Hurdle race, 120 yards, 6 hurdles.
2. One-mile walk.
3. One-hundred-yard dash.
4. Running high jump.
5. Hop, step, and jump.
6. Standing broad jump.
7. Running broad jump.
8. Quarter-mile run.
9. Throwing base-ball.
10. Potato race.
11. Throwing hammer.
12. Sack race.
13. Wheelbarrow race.

It will be seen that the programme varies in several particulars from that of last year. The five-mile run and putting the shot have been omitted, and other features have been substituted, which it is believed will add to the interest of the exercises.

In one of its late issues, the *Waterville Mail* expressed its opinion of an item published in the last number of the ECHO, under the somewhat emphatic heading, "stop that lie." This gentlemanly method of expressing dissent to a statement which a little care would have shown the editors of the *Mail* to be strictly true, does credit to their age and long experience in journalism. The ECHO regrets that it is not educated up to their lofty standard of excellence, and that its skill in retreating from an untenable position does not equal that lately shown by the *Mail*, which in one issue lauded Governor Plaisted's message in the highest, though, indeed, in somewhat equivocal terms, and then in its next, owing to the storm raised about its head by the other Republican papers of the State, with reasoning worthy of a Socrates, proceeded to show that it *meant* exactly the reverse of what it said. However, the ECHO, owing to youth and inexperience, despairs of imitating its eminent contemporary in the noble art of cray-fishing, and contents itself with stating that the item in

question, though somewhat hasty, and perhaps uncalled for, was in every respect true, and that one of our Professors *did* find it impossible to purchase alcohol for purposes of experiment, at the drug stores.

Our librarian spent a week in Boston during vacation, and since his return there has been a lively succession of boxes and parcels of books arriving at the library. Prof. Wm. Mathews, who has already made several valued gifts of books, has now added three hundred and seventy volumes of choice works from his own library. Among them are editions in fine bindings of the writings of Saint-Beuve, 21 vols.; Thiers' *Revolution Francaise*, 10 vols.; Brialmont's *Wellington*, 4 vols.; *The Spectator*, *Tatler*, and *Guardian*, 14 vols.; *Letters of Madam de Sévigné*, 6 vols.; the works of Fénelon, Bossuet, La Fontaine, Racine, Sir William Temple, Chillingworth, and many others. Also many volumes of English literature, history and biography, with a few select works of English theologians. A complete set of De Quincey is included, also Drake's *Essays*, and the best edition of Montaigne. Among the histories are Hume, in six octavo vols.; also complete sets of Bancroft, Mitford, and Rollins, together with volumes by Lecky, Craik, McCarthy, Draper, and others. The recent biographies of Dean Swift, by Forster, and of John Locke, by Bourne, are included, with a multitude of other books and authors. The genial Professor has our hearty thanks for this token of his love for *Alma Mater*.

Another noteworthy accession of books comes from Mr. G. D. B. Blanchard, of Malden, Mass., who last year sent some valuable additions to the library. Mr. Blanchard has now presented twenty-four of the handsomest quarto volumes in the library, and in a department where they were much needed. They comprise two volumes of illustrations of Flemish Art; vol. I of the *American Art Review*; 6 vols. of Osgood's *Heliotype Galleries*; *Keramic Art in Japan*; Delamotte's *Sketching from Nature*; Schliemann's *Ilios*; 4 vols. of Meehan's *Flowers and Ferns of the United States*; 3 vols. of Wilson's *Ornithology*; vol. 1 of the *Memorial History of Boston*, edited by Justin Winsor (3 others to follow when issued); volumes on *Art Methods*, *Learning to Draw*, and *Charcoal Draw-*

ing, together with a huge portfolio containing 26 large Rheotypes of famous pictures, and 5 charming views in Pompeii. The library tables on which these books are displayed are the centers of admiring groups during library hours. The praises of the donor are on every lip. Mr. Blanchard is a grandson of Rev. Sylvanus Boardman, one of the founders of Waterville College, and is a nephew of our first graduate, the missionary Boardman. We hope to receive a visit from him at our next Commencement.

THE COLLEGE PRESS.

Again we take the exchange man's chair and assume his air of superiority. We admit that it is an assumption simply out of courtesy to our brother editors; yet his position is really an exalted one. Moreover, for this assumption they should not be held responsible.

The exchanges really give indications of spring. The wit which remained frozen all winter has begun to thaw, and in some localities there are indications of floods, but we anticipate no danger in this direction. Indications have already been given of a fruitful season. On our return the post-office yielded such a crop of exchanges as we did not expect. We hasten to examine them and give our opinion according to our custom, *i. e.*, using as many words as possible and as few ideas.

We first draw from our heap of exchanges the *Lasell Leaves*. "*Dux femina facti.*" Our love of hash at once prejudices us in favor of this sheet. There may be some system in its arrangement, but we are unable to discover it. It contains several interesting communications to the "dear girls." "*Every-Day Life in Germany*" is a title which we notice. "It makes a difference how you look at things." How true, sister! Looking directly at this article and judging by the number of parentheses, quotation marks, and especially dashes, we at once pronounce it a dashing article. The editors evidently believe that "we go all wrong by too strenuous a resolution to go all right." The intermixture of editorials, literary articles, communications, personals, etc., are surely not suggestive of monotony.

The next to rise to the top is the March number of the *Brunonian*. This is not so large a paper as we have a right to expect from such an institution. It is large enough, however, to contain much more than it does. All the departments possess about the same degree of excellence, which in this number we are compelled to say is not very high. The literary department—where is it?

We turn to a happier subject—the *Amherst Student*. We have made no mistake. They have reached the "Elysian fields where the examination fiend rides on his raids no more." Life now wanders like an unfettered stream. Why shouldn't their paper be brilliant? They indulge in the luxury of a continued story, "The New

Endymion," and also print one of the testimonials which have already begun to come in, from which we make the following quotation: "Is the New Endymion by the same author as the original Endymion? If so, then it is a tremendous falling off. These writers never do seem to be able to write a second book. I really liked the first, but I can't see how you could insert such a weak and vapid story as the New Endymion in your otherwise interesting paper." This expresses our own views so nicely we will venture to make another quotation: "I would suggest that if the author of the New Endymion is a student he had better go back to his farm and milk cows." Leaving out this story the make-up of the paper pleases us much. The editorials are short and interesting. The column of college news is always well filled, and to it we are often indebted for facts with which to fill our own column.

The *Rockford Seminary Magazine* is a perfect little exclamation point, full of wonder, surprise, and—admiration of itself. In the make-up of this paper much credit is due to the printers, and the chief thought that suggests itself as we examine it is that the printers did nicely. The locals are good. The "Contributors' Department" is well filled. The first article, entitled a "Winter's Morning," tells us simply that the writer, wishing to see the sun rise once at least in her life, took advantage of a "winter's morning" to avoid the company of the noisy larks of course, and to enjoy the "vigorousness" of winter. The result is what we looked for. She gets inspired, and quotes poetry. "Jottings Along the Bosphorus" is the title of the last article, which, although last, is by no means least.

We read the *Campus* with interest. It shows a soundness of thought peculiarly attractive. The editorial column is especially interesting. The remarks to the fault-finders might be read with profit by students outside of Allegheny College. To find fault with any of the college organs, ball nines, or publications which they are unwilling to support by money or otherwise, is nearly as sensible as the wholesale condemnation of the pedagogues of the rural districts of Maine by a multitude of peevish children, clever men, and warlike women. The *Campus* is not a large paper, but what it attempts it does well, and deserves the appreciation and hearty support of the members of the college from which it comes.

OTHER COLLEGES.

HARVARD.

At Harvard last year the Chinese course cost \$4,062.15; the fees received amounted to \$30.

The authorities will send an examiner to San Francisco, Cal., next June, to examine applicants for admission to the college.

A meeting has just been held to organize a "Harvard Legislature," the object of which will be to discuss questions in a parliamentary form,

to obtain a knowledge of practical legislation, and to have some experience in committee work. There will be two officers, Speaker and Clerk, and every member will have a place on a committee. This is not a bad idea for a university of budding Senators.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

The Faculty last year thoroughly revised all the regulations. The principal improvements effected were the reduction in the number of enumerated offences and specific prohibitions; the striking out of all regulations which suggested that a certain number of failures, defaults, or transgressions would bring neither reproof nor loss; the modification of the penalty called "dropping"; the adoption of the theory of crediting the student with the work which he has done toward winning the degree, rather than charging him with his deficiencies; and the settlement upon a basis uniform for the whole college of the long-debated questions concerning compulsory or voluntary attendance.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dartmouth is soon to become a co-educational institution.

It is reported that two sons of President Garfield will enter Williams College next fall.

The Faculty at Wellesley have decreed that the societies must be suppressed after the present term.

Political economy is studied practically at Johns Hopkins University. It is said the class is now engaged upon the report for 1880 of the Secretary of the Treasury.

A library and art building, which will be finished in a short time, is being built for the University of California. The building will cost about \$50,000, of which half is contributed by Mr. Bacon and the other half by the State.

There has been considerable sickness at Brown University. A physician who was called to treat one of the patients is reported to have said that the rooms are not fit to live in, and that he would not live in one of them thirty days for a large sum of money.

Evidently the tone of Smith College is gradually improving. Last year the girls smashed in the stiff hats of the serenading Amherst Glee Club with oranges. This year they deluged the Yale Club, it is said, with molasses candy,

thereby saving the hats and showing an admirable spirit of economy.

There are at present 150 college papers published in the United States. Yale leads off with a daily, two bi-weeklies, and a monthly, besides the annual publications. The circulations of some of the leading college papers are as follows: *Courant*, 800; *Record*, 600; *Lit.*, 550; *News*, 350; *Harvard Crimson*, 500; *Harvard Advocate*, 475; *Princetonian*, 1,000; *Nassau Lit.*, 450; *Acta Columbiana*, 500. Twenty-six States and two Territories are represented, and no college paper has a circulation over 1,000. The circulation of the *Chronicle* is slightly over 1,000.

THE WASTE-BASKET.

Out of the emptiness of the head the mouth speaketh.

All things seem easy to the man who has never tried to do anything.

"Man is the only creature that laughs; angels do not, animals cannot, and devils will not."

The mind has more room in it than one would imagine, if you would only furnish the apartments.

Why is the Prof's blackboard like the earth? Because the children of men multiply upon the face of it.

A paper recently announcing the burning of an ice-house, stated that several thousand tons of ice were reduced to ashes.

There are some saloons, where this inscription is over the bar: "Matutinal Ocular Aperients and Gallinaceous Caudal Appendages."

Whenever young ladies learn so to stick a pin in their apron-strings that it won't scratch a fellow's wrist, there will be more marriages.

"What we want out here, boys," observed an old miner, "ar' men who don't have to stand in one place over half an hour to cast a shadder."

In some parts of the country this past winter the ground has frozen so deep that they say the roots of the tea-plants in China have been affected.

"Schpend someding less as vot you earns;
Pay all der notes ven dey comes due;
Don't you forget von half you learns,
Nor bite off dwice vot you can chew."

A prominent lumberman has had his coat of arms painted on the panels of his carriage, with the Latin motto, "*Vidi*," which is by interpretation, "I saw."

"Bridget, I cannot allow you to receive your lover in the kitchen any longer." "It's very kind of you, mum, but he's almost too bashful to come into the parlor."

It is an excellent thing for a young man to enter college early in life, so that he can get out in season to rustle round and find something to make a respectable living.

When you see a young promenading couple leaning up to each other like a pair of badly matched oxen, you can bet your bottom dollar that they are bent on consolidation.

A German was in a room with a dozen other lodgers trying to sleep, but was kept awake by their terrific snoring. At last one of the snorers, who had been shaking the building for half an hour, gave a snort and stopped short. "Tank Gott, von ish tead!" said the Dutchman.

PERSONALS.

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

'75.—G. W. Hall, who has been Secretary of the House Committee on Expenditures in the Post-Office Department during the 46th Congress, was recently admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the United States.

'77.—At Sonora, February 22d, 1881, to the wife of A. J. Sturtevant, a daughter. Call her Martha Washington, Jr.

'79.—Conant and Hamlin are attending the Law School of Columbian University, Washington, D. C. Conant has recently taken to himself a wife.

'79.—Warner is attending lectures at Bridgton.

'80.—E. F. King is teaching in Wayland Seminary, Washington, D. C., and attending Medical Lectures at Howard University.

'80.—J. T. MacDonald is Principal of the Livermore (Cal.) Grammar School and is assisted by four associate teachers. The *Livermore Herald* says that "he is giving most excellent satisfaction to the community and a marked change for the better is noticed in the conduct of the school." In October he refused a \$1200 salary as a teacher in the Sandwich Islands. He speaks in glowing terms of the climate in the vicinity of San Francisco.