The Colby Echo.

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The Colby Echo.

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

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VOL. VI., NO. 2.—NOVEMBER, 1881.

THE SANCTUM.

TO SUBSCRIBERS. The subscribers of the ECHO would confer a favor upon the managing editor, if, whenever a change is made in their post-office address, they would inform him of the fact. It frequently happens that such changes are made and not reported. Consequently the paper is sent as before to the old address. There is a certain unpleasantness both to the subscriber and the manager to find, when the time of reckoning comes, that the paper for a year or more has been sent to the wrong place. In conducting the paper on strict business principles the editors ought not to be held responsible for the negligence. But as the paper is a sort of a family concern, supported in part by the loyalty of alumni, they are sometimes asked to take the responsibility, strange as it may seem. But very few of the last graduating class subscribed for the ECHO before going away, although they doubtless intended to do so. A copy was sent, however, to each one and it is hoped that all who did not leave their names with the present manager, will inform him of their place of residence and whether they wish the paper continued.

IT was the good fortune of some of the students to listen to the remarks of an eminent professor of one of our sister colleges at the opening of the college year, upon the true object of a college course. Remarks so full of wise suggestions made us wish more than ever to live over our college days that we might put into practice these suggestions so true to our experience, and so timely to the entering class.

It is our purpose to give as correctly as possible a few of his remarks which have never been so popular in districts farther east. He began with the voluntary acknowledgment that our valedictorians, the men who take the highest rank in college, as a general rule, gain the least prominence after graduation. He could give no better reasons for his belief than the results of his own observations. Such men, he said, acquire at the outset an intense love for the text-book, live in it and seldom get beyond it. It is all the world they have. They are simply "bookworms," and as such are confined to narrow limits. They acquire no love for reading, and consequently but a slight knowledge of English literature. If the object of a college course is to make us influential men in society, then they deprive themselves of one of the very first qualifications, a knowledge of society derived from literature. To pursue a course of study without acquiring a love for English literature must be considered a failure. As college *men*, do faithful work with the text-book. In this by no means let rank be an incentive. Do good work and rank will take care of itself. It

is a poor teacher, and one evidently unqualified for his position as governor and instructor, who displays the rank book as a stimulus to study or to secure gentlemanly deportment in the class-room. The tendency, also, on the part of college officers to put honors to the front as the objects to be sought, is narrowing in its results, and unworthy of the notice of a college man. "Plugging for rank" to avoid low graduation honors, the event of a single day, to be forgotten in a week, tends to narrow the student in his work and to put beyond his reach the very object which he is seeking. As men, seek a broad but not superficial culture; let honors follow if they will.

In an exchange we noticed a very sensible article upon college customs, which attracted attention to one custom which tradition, among her worthy gifts, has given to most colleges of the country, namely, "cane rushes." In the majority of New England colleges this custom is opposed; yet nearly every exchange, sooner or later, gives us an account of the "annual rush." At Dartmouth such opposition has been removed, and under proper conditions of time and place the Faculty will not interfere. For several reasons this example seems worthy of imitation. This places the custom on the same level with other class contests such as a "rope-pull," or a game of base-ball. Placed on a level with them it becomes as honorable as they. A law against rushes never has and probably never will accomplish its purpose. When the custom is opposed the Freshmen often take advantage of their imagined protection to challenge the Sophomores, by their conduct at least, to take their canes away. It leads, also, to little acts of meanness, such as petty cane thieving, which are always occurring. That rushing is a foolish manner of displaying class rivalry all admit, but a rush will occur somewhere, at some time, since both Freshmen and Sophomores look for it. A time and place appointed for such a contest gives all a chance to participate, removes in part the liability of accidents, and consequently makes it not only more honorable but more satisfactory to all.

The past year has given us a series of experiments, concerning the results of which there may be various opinions. The first experiment, that which affected the whole college, was the change of terms,—bringing the long vacation in the summer instead of the winter. Under the former arrangement every student who wished to do so had the privilege of teaching a term of ten weeks in the winter, and the generally conceded advantage of attending college the full year. Then nearly every student, rich or poor, availed himself of the opportunity of teaching. It rarely happened that a live student was without a school. The serious objection on the part of the students, to the old arrangement, was the "awful grind" of studying through the month of July.

The new arrangement is a very flattering one. It gives the student the privilege of earning his money either in the summer or winter, as he may choose. If he teaches, however, during the winter he is obliged to lose a whole term of college work. He has the long summer vacation to make up this work. This gives him the pleasure of studying not only through the month of July, but also the month of August,—the very thing which he wished to avoid. If he did not teach he deprived himself of at least one hundred dollars. And a good number usually earn one hundred and fifty dollars.

During the past summer you could find these same teachers on the farms, in the ship-yards, in the factories, firing locomotives, etc. They returned, some of them having earned ten dollars, and others, more fortunate, having reached as high as fifty. Which is the successful arrangement is simply to ask which is the better sum, fifty dollars or one hundred and fifty, two terms of college work per year or three, studying in the shade of the trees on the campus a single month of warm weather or working in the haying field, ship-yard, etc., for a very meager sum. We have looked at the question in a one-sided manner, it is true,—the teacher's side,—for the change was "*to be of special advantage to those students who are compelled to teach during the winter.*" "The wisdom of this change" we do "fail to see." We have often been asked to explain the propriety of the change by those contemplating a college course, but equally as often have we been obliged to confess our inability so to do. Is the change a success? One year ago, imagination said, Yes. To-day, the actual experience of the students says, emphatically, No.

Another experiment is that of alternate recitations. The result of this experiment, the work of the class-room and examination books too plainly tell. A peculiar and interesting feature in this experiment is that no officer has been known to acknowledge that the arrangement was made in his favor. We have heard them confess, however, that it was "decidedly unpleasant to preside every other day at a resurrection."

A third experiment is that of requiring no exhibition of the Sophomore class during the year, and but one of the Junior class. In preparing for the Commencement exhibition the Juniors felt most keenly the want of practice in writing suitable articles for such an exhibition, and as sensibly the difficulty of putting into practice in speaking the theories of a year's study.

LITERARY.

SINAI.

On Sinai's rugged mountain, stood the man
Annointed of the Lord to lead the host
Of wayward Hebrews to the promised land,
Moses, prophet, patriarch, and hero.
Above him towered the sun-kissed mountain peak,
Around him and beneath, the drifting clouds
Enwrapped the mountain side and flung a veil
Of vapor over precipice and gorge.
From his brow, careworn and furrowed, the wind
His silver hair did lift with frolicsome
Caress, as though gently wooing him to
Rest and peace. But the gloomy grandeur of
The lofty hills the prophet heeded not;
With outstretched arms and longing eyes he gazed
Above him, as though in the cloudless blue
He might somewhere perceive the face of God.
At length he lifted up his voice and spoke,
The voice which God had honored by response,
The voice which had so often plead with Him
To spare the thoughtless ones who broke His laws,
"O, thou invisible Almighty One
Who bearest long with men's infirmities,
Reveal to me Thy glory and let me
Once behold Thy face."
Thus the prophet spoke
And ceased. The mountains shook and trembled, as
When an earthquake jars its massive sides and
Rumbles at its base. From the clouds around
The thunder rolled and blinding lightning flashed
And then Jehovah spoke:
"Thou canst not see
My face, for that shall no man see and live.
But in the rifted rock thou mayest stand
And when my glory passeth by, thou then
Shalt catch one radiant glimpse and hear My name
And attributes proclaimed. Be thou content."
In the hollow cleft of the abiding
And primeval granite crouched the prophet
And awaited the trascendent vision.
The fiery Pillar crowned the mountain top
And glorified its hoary summit.
While
The human quailed abashed before the dread
And awful Presence, the whirling cloud swept
Adown the mountain side, the thunders crashed,
Again the red fires leaped in lurid light
And it was o'er. The prophet stood alone
Once more upon the mountain desolate,
But all the atmosphere diaphanous
And soft, still quivered with a joyful light
As though 'twere fanned by angels' snowy wings.
Then, his features beaming with unearthly
Peace and light, the Hebrew captain turned and
Sought the plain below.
Ah! Moses, had thy
Prayer been granted, and hadst thou but pierced with
Mortal eye the veil of clouded splendor
That hid the Presence from thy longing view,
Thou hadst beheld a face indeed, a face
Most beautiful and sweet, though sad and marred
For thee and other men, a face beneath
A crown of thorns, of wondrous purity,
Of pity infinite and love divine—
This thou wouldst have seen, and then have died.

F. W. F.

CARLYLE.

Grecian history gives as the record of one who stood pre-eminent above all others of his time. He was not a soldier, nor was he an orator. The world has not been most deeply moved by splendid conquest or brilliant oratory. Thought rules, and he who insists upon one mighty truth wins the crown of honor. In Greece, Socrates was the man who acquired for himself lasting greatness by his efforts to give to the world the truth that stirred his soul. The principle that gave the impulse to all his great activity, finds expression in the ancient and renowned motto, "Know thyself," and this same motto has been the watchward for centuries.

Eternally forget thyself, was the ruling thought of Mr. Carlyle, the man who at the present time holds the most prominent place in the thought of the literary world. And this was the first sound of a new voice in literature. Thinking men were gradually moved by the power of a new mind, possessed by an almost savage sincerity, not cruel, but wild, wrestling

with the naked truth of things. A writer differing so widely from any who had preceded him, was a puzzle which the world has been slow to comprehend. It is not difficult to discover the controlling spirit and character of the historian who attempts to give only an easy record of events. The philosopher of the nineteenth century, with his well defined theories and minute analyses, is soon understood and appreciated among men of philosophic minds. But it is not so with the writer whose subject is human character. He is much longer a mystery to us. It is for this reason that the novelist is so often an enigma to his readers. The subject or object of Mr. Carlyle's writings, whether he be considered a philosopher or a historian, is a living being, therefore he, like the novelist, but to a greater extent, attracts the attention of men, while he renders it difficult either to classify or to comprehend him.

Among the many criticisms passed upon a great man, none are more eagerly seized upon than those touching upon the peculiarities of his personal character. "The Crabbed old Marquis Merabeau," is an expression that solves Mr. Carlyle for a multitude of readers. But beneath the ugly billows of the ocean there lies a calm. Beneath Carlyle's scorn there is a deep and tender reverence, not only for those who could claim it by their intelligence and force of character, but for many whom we could expect him to despise. A more weighty criticism is that he has established no school of philosophy and has contributed no new facts to scientific investigation. Carlyle may not have been a builder, but he has torn down much that was old and false, and thus cleared the way for the progress of truth.

As a thinker it is easy to say and to feel that he was peculiar; but he was not altogether different from other men. He lived and thought as other men. He differed from them in that his thoughts and feelings were deeper and more intense than theirs. We may say of him as he says of the poet Dante, "He is world great, not because he is world wide but because he is world deep." He seemed as one who walked through the world with his eyes wide open, his sensibilities all alive and tuned in harmony with the rich, progressive melody of nature. The universe was his teacher. Compared with this every human teacher seemed insignificant. The harmony of the constellations in their silent courses, and the progress of nature everywhere was his great lesson. He sees everything and a judgment is instantly passed upon it, but nothing so attracts his attention as a human being. The sight always arouses the energies of his impetuous soul. He saw that the world had become conscious of the true or imagined greatness of past achievements, and that the eyes of all were fixed in wonder upon them. Here imagination had poured forth her richest treasures, and poetry, through Shakespeare, had risen to a newness of life. There history had registered in undying language the events of the world. Reason had unfolded many of the mysteries of the external world and of the mind. What more could be done? He, like the wise teacher, with a single dash of the brush would blot the beautiful painting, and turn the pupil from slumbering admiration to action. "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in you," was a paradox which he most heartily accepted. Here he has fully illustrated his thought by example, and given to labor a dignity that has blessed the world.

As a teacher, notwithstanding the greatness and truth of his teachings, he is not the world's ideal. He was too impatient to cast his bread upon the waters and wait for the harvest, nor was he content to make himself felt with the still small voice. In this respect we think that Homer, the father of poetry, surpassed him. Shakespeare, too, could live and write in the sixteenth century, and paint all things but himself. Like the ruling, creative power in nature he worked, but was himself invisible. Carlyle gave himself to his own generation, and we are all benefited by the results.

That he was a philosopher is evident, since he was an intense lover of nature, of the true, the beautiful, and the good. It is true that he has established no system of philosophy that can be adopted and used by the world. His philosophy was distinctively his own. His image is stamped upon it. He has a thought upon every subject and hurls it forth, freed from the burden of a logical process. He is accused of mysticism and error. Unfortunately this is a failing common to all men, but impurity is more apparent in the crystal than in the common rock. This much is evident, he would read Plato, but he

would never ask him for a principle of philosophy, nor Aristotle for a rule of rhetoric. He would admire a hero who had made himself such by honest, untiring action, but like the faithful servant he would cultivate his own talent and by no means conceal it in a napkin.

But Mr. Carlyle cannot be understood nor appreciated by attempting to classify him as a moral teacher, a philosopher, or a historian, although he may be considered all of these. He was pre-eminently a rhetorician. Considered in this light, much of his obscurity disappears, his exaggerations are softened, and his originality emerges with a new lustre. He found himself a great master of words. The more he experimented with them, the better he succeeded. The work evolved beneath his pen, like the painting beneath the magic touch of the artist. He combined the attractive power of the dramatist with the deep insight and fervor of the poet. He must therefore necessarily be as "chaotic and contradictory as nature" herself with her sunshine and her shadows, her golden harvest fields and her volcanoes.

The dramatic element appears everywhere. To display this biography was a good field. Goethe, Schiller, and Frederick were some of the subjects. As a biographer he studies a character as an actor does his part. He throws himself into the position of his hero, and instead of an author appears an actor in a passing drama. Unfortunately, however, his hero too often appears without his faults. The French Revolution was one of his largest and most successful fields. Here was an opportunity to completely unfold himself and to throw out showers of philosophic and moral truth. This part of history becomes full of meaning. The past becomes present. We see not only the acts but the surging throng of actors. The Revolution is re-enacted before us, and we catch the old feelings of love and hatred, hope and fear, as the mighty drama is unfolded. His deep, poetical nature appears vividly, as with language grand in its simplicity, tearful in its pathos, he searches far into some sad, neglected life, and there finds signs of nobleness, or when he dashes along with majestic sweep recounting the deeds of heroes.

That he has been a power that has moved the minds of men is evident from the tone of the press everywhere. He lived and acted for the present, and if renown is what he sought he reaps an early and rich reward. No man has influenced more the rhetoric of his times than he, nor received more of the attention of the thinking world. Men of his own generation, Tennyson, Arnold, Emerson of our own country, and a host of others, found in him a source of thought, and a living fountain of inspiration. "He has stood for scholars, for the chartist, and the pauper, fearlessly teaching scholars and nobles their lofty duties." He has stood out a magnificent figure in literature, a man of invincible spirit and superhuman energy. And now that he has departed, out of the "silences of eternity" of which he so often spoke, long will sound the tones of his voice: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

L. H. O.

THE AGE OF ELIZABETH.

The age of Elizabeth affords, perhaps, material for more profound and interesting study than any other period of modern history. Here the student of history pauses, surprised to find so great a field for historical research around the throne of that fortunate princess. Here dwells the lover of poetry, feeding with eager appetite upon the rich fruits of the poetical genius of that prolific age. Here, again, tarries the theologian, who sees in these times the successful introduction into England of the Protestant Reformation, in defiance of the power of the Pope and the threats of the Catholic Church. Authors, statesmen, warriors, and artists alike find in this golden age of English annals, the realization of their highest ideals and the most wholesome stimulus for their enthusiasm. Certain it is, however, that the success and glory of Elizabeth's reign were not due to any circumstantial advantages of her position, the zeal and ability of her ministers alone excepted. Her firm, Protestant faith, her unflinching courage, and her confidence in her own judgment, all contributed to render her reign a marked success, while a weaker sovereign would have converted it into an irreparable catastrophe.

The death of Henry the Eighth left England full of internal disorder and misery. This king despised the Pope, and the more he quarreled with him the greater the number of his subjects who were beheaded or burned at the stake.

The dark sway of Catholicism was still virtually supreme in England; its downfall, however, had been distinctly foreshadowed. Though Henry's subjects were forced to feign a belief in the new religion, yet, not till after his death, did that religion really capture the hearts of the people. It had been too often proved, long before the reign of this capricious monarch, that no torture, terror, or blood can force the soul to new convictions.

The two reigns which followed were, to use Dicken's phrase, only "a blot of blood and grease on the pages of English history." These reigns, the one devoted to feeding the pride of a haughty protector, the other to the execution of alleged usurpers, contributed little or nothing to the establishment of the reformed religion. And, hence, though the reformation in England is generally dated from the reign of Henry VIII., it was not until the firm and unflinching authority of Elizabeth was brought to counteract the papal influence, that the new religion was hailed as the unmistakable index of a new ecclesiastical age. In England the irrefutable arguments of Hooker, in Scotland the inspired eloquence of Knox, and in Germany the firmness and persistence of Luther's disciples, were establishing the Protestant religion and elevating it to a position above the reach of papal machination and treachery.

To Queen Elizabeth is due, in great part, the splendid success of this attempt in England. During her sister's reign she was obliged to maintain an appearance of conformity to the rites and practices of the church. But no sooner was she proclaimed Queen than her firm measures showed the attitude of her mind. She directed the English language to be used in the ritual service, confirmed the religious laws of Edward VI., and supported the Scottish reformers. This policy once assumed, the Queen, with her accustomed constancy and firmness, continued till her death. Thus the reformed religion, at its first introduction into England, was favored with the firm support of a long and energetic reign.

Such, thus briefly stated, was the religious condition of England at this period, and thus firmly insured was its future progress.

Nowhere in the world's history is the relation between religion and politics better illustrated than in the English annals of the seventeenth century. For it was only by the harmony and mutual support of the two that the reformed religion was successfully introduced on the one hand, and the rivalry with Spain brought to a successful issue on the other.

The political policy of England towards other courts was, during this reign, highly commendable, though sometimes it was materially affected by the personal relations of the Queen with some foreign prince or nobleman. The English ministers were an able corps. Their views were broad and comprehensive, their popularity wide-spread. The one great blot, however, on the reputation of this reign was to come. Parliament had long urged the Queen to put an end to all possibility of rebellion, by the execution of her sister Mary, and this finally was done, either by the express order or with the secret sanction of the Queen. Her apparent grief, after the bloody deed was accomplished, furnish no evidence of her innocence, as her whole career gives proof of a crafty character.

The government of Elizabeth was extremely popular throughout the country. The equity, the discretion, the caution, and yet the firmness displayed in its management were merits sure to enlist the support of its people. Sir William Cecil was the Prime Minister, and his wisdom and care, especially in dealing with the Catholics, was perhaps the principal cause of the success of England's policy. A very important event in this reign was the invasion of England by Phillip, of Spain, with his "invincible armada." This was completely destroyed by the celebrated Admiral Drake, assisted by the winds and waves, those ancient and unsubsidized allies of England. All through this period it is remarkable that, in every complication, the genius, which the occasion seemed to demand, was at hand and always strong enough for the emergency.

But this fact is principally illustrated by the revival of literature during this period. The greatest poets, philosophers, and moralists that the world has ever produced were contributors to the literature of the seventeenth century. Our readers, however, will by this time prefer that the discussion of this branch of our subject should be deferred to a subsequent number.

Texas is to establish a state university.

PRESCOTT AND AMERICAN LITERATURE.

The American of the present day finds in the progress of his countrymen abundant reasons for pride and gratification. Especially is he proud of the enviable positions held by Americans in the world of letters. With the masterpieces of American literature before him, the reader forgets how barren of literary achievement were the first decades of our Independence. The more fully he becomes convinced that Longfellow and Hawthorne will live in the praise of posterity, the harder it is to realize that past generations were unable to appreciate the beautiful verse of the former or the marvelous creations of the latter. The Revolution and the stirring times which followed, demanded and found men of deeds. When the struggle was over and our nationality ensured, the versality of our race found itself able to supply with equal readiness the disciples of literature and art.

Cultivated Europeans, while they wondered at our form of government, sneered at our early literary attempts. America, as they said, exported her wool and imported her ideas. Nor are they to be severely blamed for this hasty opinion. It must be admitted that the primitive Yankee, with his gaudy trade-mark of stars and spread-eagles, smacked rather of the wool merchant than the dreamy poet. But this activity, stimulated perhaps to a slightly unnatural development, is a marked characteristic of a race which has ever shown itself capable of the highest achievements in every department of civilization. The American branch was not destined to prove an exception. Literature had flourished in Old England; it could do the same in New England. The tender shoot, plucked from the parent stock during the vigor of the Elizabethan period, must sooner or later give evidence of its exalted extraction. Though Puritan prejudice had restricted its wayward growth, though wars and hardships had blighted its early buds, it still increased by slow and almost imperceptible growth until after half a century of free government it cast its shadow even by the wharves of commerce.

Among the first to show that American genius could adapt itself as well to the quiet of the study as the bustle of the mart, we may mention Prescott. His grandfather was a well-known soldier of the Revolution. The grandson has gained deserved fame by his brilliant and faithful accounts of the progressive age of Spain and the fall of the Aztecs. He first appeared before the public through his "Ferdinand and Isabella," published in 1838. The expressions of surprise and delight which greeted the appearance of this work on both sides of the Atlantic were evidences of merit and promises of lasting success.

Few are the historians who have made their first appearance under more favorable circumstances. The subject alone, comprising as it did a period unrivaled for varied and important events, was such as to recommend the work to every reader. The reign of Ferdinand and Isabella was the heroic age of Spain. It was the age when the fiery and chivalrous Spaniard changed from the subject of a feudal lord to the subject of a king. Upon a field of action thus enlarged, the subjects of Ferdinand and Isabella became the heroes of deeds celebrated throughout Europe.

With an imagination which has carried him into active sympathy with the times, Prescott has described those stirring and romantic deeds which are yet the pride of the Spanish nation. In a style attractive and brilliant, he has related the romantic events of the Moorish war, the exploits of the energetic Gonsalvo among the sleepy states of Italy, and above all, the effect produced upon a chivalrous and imaginative people by the discovery of a new world. Opening with those masterly chapters on the constitutions of Castile and Aragon, he has presented to the reader the characters, social institutions, and literature of the Spaniards, clothed in all the glowing colors which tinged the reflections of a people hardly yet free from the romance of chivalry.

The difficulty of Prescott's work must be manifest to every one. To truthfully depict the politic character of Ferdinand, the benevolent and pious nature of Isabella, and the imaginative discernment of Columbus is a task worthy of the most brilliant and versatile genius. That the labors of the historian have not in this respect been in vain, is shown by the esteem in which the work is held by the descendants of those same Spaniards who stormed Granada, or ventured life for treasure in the wars of Mexico and Peru.

The "Conquest of Mexico," as it is of a dif-

ferent nature, develops new resources on the part of the writer. He no longer deals with the extended policy of the crafty Ferdinand, but the daring plans of Cortez. The infidel is now the Aztec and the *teocalli* towers in the place of the Moorish minaret. The Barbaric splendors of the Aztecs and the almost fabulous deeds of the Conquerors stand without parallel. The subjects are few which give better opportunity for entertaining and instructive narrative. The ruins of Palenque and the mounds of the Mississippi valley show plainly that the barbarous redman was not the first inhabitant of this continent. But the Aztec is the only one of these semi-civilized races of which history preserves any record. To do justice to his subject, the historian must acknowledge the merits of a most extraordinary man, describe an expedition a little less than miraculous in its results, and illustrate the manners and customs of a people differing in many respects from any other known race. Prescott's treatment of the subject is all that we can desire. The genius of the leader, the endurance of the soldiers, and even the Catholic faith, with all its beauties and defects, are impressed upon us all the more forcibly, as they are momentarily removed from sight by glowing descriptions of natural scenery, or those unrivaled accounts of Aztec splendors, barbarity, and intelligence. What American can read that chapter on the republic of Tlascala, without feelings of deepest sympathy for those brave and generous, though semi-civilized patriots, who, first of all Americans, preferred death to the loss of independence? We linger over the account of their noble resistance to despotism with the half suppressed wish that the fertile valleys and rugged sides of the Sierra Tlascala could reclaim its long departed owners.

Prescott's labors did not cease here. Although partially blind, his remarkable diligence enabled him to firmly establish his reputation as a historian. Hampered by none of the disadvantages of the contemporary historian, he was still able to present to his readers events comparatively recent, and such as were from the associations of time and place of great interest. Though the lapse of time unquestionably vitiates the labors of the historian, it must be long before the intelligent reader can become impatient of the glowing narratives of the Conquests of Mexico and Peru.

A. C. H.

THE CAMPUS.

C-o-l-b-y, C-o-l-b-y, C-o-l-b-y, d-Rah for the Facul-tee.

Ask Cambridge who caught him wiggling the digits?

The latest comes from the *Waterville Mail*; they speak of a *western latitude.*

Who will take the $182 prize? Give it up; better divide it among the Freshmen.

The "Baptist Sociable of Five Years Ago," is the title of a book soon to be issued.

Hurrah for the finances of the college. (In explanation of this, consult W. C. C., of '82.)

Oh, Faculty, give us back the Thursday morning lectures; we sigh for "ye olden time."

Edmunds, Adams, Herrick, and Lindsey, of '85, joined the Zeta Psi Fraternity at their last initiation.

Silver and Wightman, of '85, joined the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity at their initiation, October 1st.

Sam went to Rockland last week, and is full of praises of that seaport town. Lots of pretty girls he says.

Julia Ella Winslow, of St. Albans, and John E. Cummings, of Saco, are members of the Sophomore class.

Mr. F. H. Hubbard, '84, in his capacity of civil engineer, has been surveying the town of W———e during the month.

A museum of natural history has been started on the "Flat," two diminutive frogs and a black bass are the leading features.

Fletcher and Farr were delegates from Delta Upsilon to the convention at Providence, on Wednesday and Thursday last.

Our instructor in elocution finished his labors for this term and left us last week. The Seniors view his departure with keen sorrow.

The carrier of fossils of the carboniferous period is warned against posting any imperious messages. Freshman still, remember.

Astronomy plus the observatory is a success. The genial Prof. has been winning golden opinions from '82 by his work on the hill.

A Freshman states the duties of a chairman as follows: "He must put the motion and declare the vote, and then say *contry-minded.*"

One of the Soph. girls calls her *chummie* (that's a pet name, you know) her better half, because of her taking that half all the time.

Don't be surprised if you see the Freshman girls at prayers Sunday mornings. They are working for honorable mention in the catalogue.

A charming and interesting Baptist sociable was held a few evening since. The usual number of Freshmen were present and acted *as usual.*

Base-ball on the Campus: Colby, 7; White Stars, 3. Game consisted of fancy pitching, by Bosworth; same kind of batting by the whole nine.

Recently, a local paper credited the Baptists of W——e with holding a service of a week's duration. We wish to correct the error; they never continue *as long as that.*

A clergyman of W——e it was who spoke of a conveyance in which he proposed being an occupant, as intending to go to the "Flower Garden" empty and come back *full.*

Elliott and Dunning represented Xi Chapter of Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity at the annual society convention held with the Tau Chapter at Hamilton the present week.

Wills, '82, represented the Boardman Missionary Society at the Inter-National Congress of the Y. M. C. Associations. He reports meetings of a very interesting character.

Scene on the "Flat:" Says Ezra—"Does that light always flicker that way?" Dutchy—"Yes, when it is lighted." Ezra—"Don't see how you study Astronomy by that lamp." Dutchy—"*I don't.*"

He said he wouldn't sell us a glass of cider, but offered to sell us five gallons. There were only two of us, but if there had been *one* more we would have told him to trot out his five gallons and see what kind of men we were out West.

The following were the speakers at the Junior Exhibition two weeks ago: Baker, F. H. Hanson, Chapman, Robinson, C. H. Hanson, Libby, Smith, Rowell, and Tilton. First prize was awarded to R. H. Baker; second to G. W. Smith.

The officers of the Junior class for the year are: President, W. R. Whittle; Vice President, C. E. Tilton; Secretary, Alfred King; Treasurer, H. C. Barton; Ivy Day Orator, H. W. Harrub; Poet, W. G. Chapman; Historian, D. W. Knowlton; Odist, E. H. Rowell; Awarder of Prizes, H. M. Lord; Marshal, A. I. Noble; Executive Committee, B. F. Wright, G. W. Hanson, B. I. Hinds.

Next to one of these mysterious, awe-inspiring Faculty meetings, comes one of the Freshman class; their last meeting was like an ordinary Faculty meeting in many respects. It would afford us the utmost pleasure to compare the two, but *prudence* forbids the attempt.

Well vouched for, comes to us the fact that one of the young ladies of the town was sweetly dreaming when a caller came; the gentleman was pleasantly interested by the lady of the house for about thirty minutes, when the young lady appeared, and blushing prettily, said: "Good morning."

Electricity and French are elective with the Juniors, and some of that class are wicked enough to say that each of the professors spoke *well* of their respective studies, to say the least. The scientific professor carried off the greater number, another indication of the practical tendencies of the present age.

Officers of the Freshman class are: Pres., E. T. Wightman; Vice-Pres., E. W. Merrill; Orator, F. E. Barton; Historian, F. A. Snow; Prophet, W. H. Snyder; Executive Committee, E. E. Silver, C. Adams, J. H. Lord; Toast Master, F. W. Herrick; Committee on Odes, Misses Gage, Morse, Soule, and Webber.

Officers of the Sophomore class are: Pres., H. Kingman; Vice-Pres., P. L. Lindsey; Orator, E. E. Dudley; Poet, F. B. Hubbard; Historian, Shailer Matthews; Sec., E. P. Burt; Treas., J. E. Cummings; Executive Committee, J. C. Keith, A. L. Doe, T. P. Putnam; Committee on Odes, H. F. Dexter, J. L. Dearing, C. W. Morrill.

The Senior Class officers for the year are: Pres., B. R. Wells; Vice-Pres., R. G. Frye; Sec. and Treas., S. F. Nowell; Orator, W. C. Philbrook; Poet, F. W. Farr; Historian, E. F. Elliott; Executive Com., H. A. Dennison, W. W. Andrews, W. S. Bosworth. Neither a concert or Class Day has thus far been decided upon.

He is *the* musician of the college and chairman of the committee having in hand arrangements for the coming musical convention, and

the other night, when one of the committee mentioned a man to lead the convention, said the chairman, "No; I don't like him; get Oscar Wilder." He subsided on being informed that said Wilder died about *six years ago*.

Thanks to the new laws. The Seniors are to have no exhibition until next term. An open air meeting was held by the class on the matter. We saw no way to escape from it, when *law* was suggested. We found out the law and, applying Faculty logic, saw they had no right "*to enter into a combination*" to break them. Hence, no exhibition.

Trow——e had an experience the other night. He had just retired at an *early* hour, when suddenly, with a wild yell of pain, he rose from a recumbent position. A light was struck, and his chum hastened to the rescue; nothing was discovered. An explanation of the circumstance may lie in the fact that he had but just returned from the Good Templars Sociable. The next day he brought in a *dead* wasp and put it in his bed. Now he claims that this insect caused the disturbance. Oh, no!

And now the joke is on the Sophs. One of that wily class took away (that is, *stole*), a Freshman's cane. It so chanced that the cane was an heir-loom, belonging to the Freshman's father, and he demanded his property. The Sophs. hesitated whether to give up the cane or leave college, but—they gave it up. Tied in numerous papers so as to look like an old army musket, they expressed it to Skowhegan, directing it on a dirty little card in a disguised hand, and *prepaid* the express. They will take away no more canes.

A Junior from the *vicinity* of Rockland, was entertaining a young lady in his room, the other day, and said young lady has an inveterate horror of card-playing. There is a knock. "Come in!" A Freshman opens the door three inches, just enough to disclose his face, and sings out: "Say, won't you come up to my room and make out a high-low-jack set? We have three and want another." Junior (noticing the expression of utter dismay on his fair companion's face)—"No, thanks, I,—I—don't play cards very often, and,—and—really I think I won't." Fresh—"You'd better come up, we are going to have some—" Junior (recklessly breaking in)—"No, I guess not!" The Freshman puzzled to know why he won't come, opens the door a little further and peers round the edge; he takes in the situation. "Oh, *I guess you won't!*" he says, and exits instanter.

The following are the members of the Freshman class at present in college; more are expected at the opening of another term.

Chancy Adams.....Anson.
Burleigh Smart Annis.....Wells.
Frederic Edgar Barton.....Sidney.
George Ricker Berry.....Sumner.
Charles Carroll.....Linneus.
Frederick George Chutter.....Waterville.
Wilbur Willis Cochrane.....Waterville.
Horace Davenport Dow.....Waterville.
Howard Channing Dudley.....East Vassalboro.
Frank Howard Edmunds.....East Corinth.
Benjamin Franklin Fish.....Brooklin.
Arthur Montgomery Foss.....Charleston.
Edward Fuller.....Skowhegan.
Frank Ware Herrick.....Winthrop.
Lillia Bertha Gage.....Waterville.
Harry Leland Jewett.....Sidney.
Charles Melzar Lindsey.....Norridgewock.
Joseph Haley Lord.....Wells Depot.
Schuyler Clark Lord.....Surry.
Herbert Gardner Mank.....Union.
Edward Wentworth Merrill.....Biddeford.
Gertrude Bray Morse.....Turner.
Mark Edwin Rowell.....South Thomaston.
Elmer Ellsworth Silver.....Derby, Vt.
Fred Albertis Sonw.....North Berwick.
William Henry Snyder.....Wayne.
Bertha Louise Soule.....Bath.
Amos Brown Townsend.....Waterville.
Frank Mabel Webber.....St. Albans.
Eugene Timothy Wightman.....Taunton, Mass.

THE COLLEGE PRESS.

The exchanges now come pouring into our sanctum, and the poor editor is to be found up to his ears in papers of all forms, sizes, and styles of print, striving in vain to evolve some brilliant thought or sharp criticism from a mind, the chaotic state of which is closely analagous to the litter and clutter around him.

We discover among our exchanges many new visitors to whom we extend our greeting. Among them is the *News Letter* published by the students of Iowa University. We like the appearance of it very much, and if the present copy is a fair sample of the paper we shall be disappointed if we do not receive it often. The first article in the paper, on "Progress," is good. The author writes in a very pleasing style, but sometimes we think he lays himself open to Whately's criticism of covering poverty of thought with tawdry magnificence of language. The exchange editor, we think, has about the right idea of the situation and we feel like shaking hands with him.

We next take up the *Dartmouth* and read the song on the first page, the chief excellence of which is the tune, and turn then for relief to the literary department which we find to be filled with articles written by mem-

bers of the Faculty, with the exception of the one entitled "Rufus Choate's Diary," which might have been omitted and not materially missed. The editorial and local departments are good, while the clippings contain some things that are new and some that are good, although the new things are not good and the good things not new.

At the beginning of the term we received a notification on a postal card, that the *Knox Student*, published by the students of Knox College, Ill., would be issued no longer, and that we must try and bear the heavy blow as best we could. We did our best, and had just settled down to a state of martyr-like resignation when we received the *Knox Student*, and a few days after the *Coup d'etat*, another publication from the same college. This we found to be the result of some trouble about the management of the paper. We, of course, cannot decide upon the truth or rights of either party of the students, but one thing is certain, fellow-students, you do not show sufficient literary ability to successfully support two papers. The best thing you can do is to bridge over the bloody chasm, and uniting your efforts, give us the good paper you are capable of producing. The two you now send us do not well represent you. Smooth over your difficulties, forget your injuries, shake each other by the hand, and we will hover [metaphysically] around you and smile [laugh].

The *Kansas Review* next claims our attention. It is a solid, substantial production which we peer into with a great deal of interest, for we always expect to see something good, and, as usual, we find our expectations realized. The *Review* always contains a large amount of literary matter, written by the students, all of which is good. We should judge from the looks of the paper that the literary ability of the students of Kansas University was far above the average. We always look for the *Review* with a great deal of interest.

We find the *Hobart Herald* among our exchanges. It is a very readable and attractive paper. The fault especially noticeable is the absence of literary articles. The whole make-up of the paper is good, otherwise, and if it were not for this one blemish we would not hesitate to give the *Herald* a prominent place in our list of exchanges.

We next devote our attention to the *Wabash*, and find it to be a healthy-looking sheet, the greater part of it being devoted to personals. The editorial department is good, the literary department passable, while the exchange man indulges in the ravings characteristic of a newly-fledged exchange editor.

We have among our exchanges the *New York World*, which contains a very interesting department devoted to college news, sports, and contests. Every Monday's issue of the *World* has its second page devoted to book reviews and college matters. The Monday's issue is sent separately at $1.50 per year. The college department is well conducted and should be patronized by college students.

One hundred and fifty college papers are published in the United States.

OTHER COLLEGES.

HARVARD.

The students are now obliged to pass forty per cent. instead of thirty-three and a third.

One donor has given $10,000 and another $250,000 towards the erection of the new law school building and physical laboratory.

The Greek play yielded a handsome profit, which will be devoted to founding a prize in the Greek department. A Latin play is contemplated.

Harvard carried off the laurels in the Mott Haven games, taking first in the 100-yards dash, running and standing high jump, 200-yards dash and half-mile run.

YALE.

The Revised Testament is used in the cha pe service.

Yale boasts the largest college orchestra in the world.

There were fifty applicants for vacancies in the Glee Glub.

The Freshmen are taking a course of Latin conversation, using the "Roman pronunciation."

Yale has sent out 9,202 alumni, of whom less than half are now living, and has conferred 11,909 regular degrees, and 923 honorary; 1707 was the date of the first conferred.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Freshman class at Amherst numbers exactly one hundred.

Cornell has a class in Arabic. The Saturday recitations have been given up.

It is estimated that nine-tenths of the college students in this country are republicans.

A poem of one hundred lines is required of each Senior before Commencement at Trinity.

Dr. Freeman, the well-known historian, is engaged to deliver ten lectures at Cornell during the winter.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart is building a new college in New York, to cost $4,000,000. It will be the largest in America, non-sectarian, co-educational, and expenses will be put at a very low figure.

Wesleyan University opens with 80 new students, several of whom are young ladies. The new course of electives has been increased by the addition of practical Physics, Italian, and Sanskrit.

THE WASTE-BASKET.

The latest substitute for "Empty is the cradle, baby's gone," is "Empty is the bottle, papa's full."

Travel improves superior wine, but spoils that which is inferior. It has the same effect on brains.—*Ex.*

"I have very little respect for the ties of this world," as the condemned man said when the rope was put around his neck.—*Ex.*

"What happy hours, sweet, I spend,"
He sighs, "alone with thee."
"It's all," she says, "you ever spend—"
"Good evening," says he.—*Ex.*

Pat (who is purchasing a stove)—"And ye say if I take this one, I'll save half the fuel? Bedad, sir, I'll take a pair of 'em and save it all."—*Ex.*

When your next door neighbor looks in and asks if you have a carpet on the floor of your room, why then it would be well to brush out a few bits.

Woman as well as man is fond of hitting the nail on the head, but when it happens to be her finger nail her enthusiasm becomes wild and incoherent.—*Ex.*

The degree of A. B., when applied to a young lady graduate, means After Bachelor. It implies that they are qualified to catch and tame animals of that species.

This is the latest: Do you wear a pad? No, but my cousin's dad, whose health was bad, ever since he was a lad, he wears a pad. Isn't it sad? Yes, it is, egad.—*Ex.*

An old lady on hearing somebody remark upon the hunting in the English Preserves, exclaimed. "Yes, that's just what our Johnnie does in my preserves!"

"Why dost thy soar, my love?" sings Celia Thaxter in an exchange. Probably it is because he has been trying to mount the fiery, untamed bicycle, Celia. It would make any man sore.—*Rockland Courier.*

"What are you looking for?" was the question asked of a Freshman who was intently scanning the papers in the reading-room. Freshman—"For the weather indications." Soph. (who knows)—"Well, Fresh., the Sophomores are the only reliable authority on that subject in this part of the country."

A Sophomore who was just coming home, rather late and a little off, on running against a newly painted fence, exclaimed: "Don't see the use 'n leaving a fence out in the street all night for fellahs to run 'gainst."

"As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying into its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection." Thus writes Washington Irving. But we'll bet that Washington had a woman looking over his shoulder when he wrote that little verse or it would have never appeared.

PERSONALS.

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

'32.—Hon. Albert W. Paine, of Bangor, has recently published "Paine Genealogy, Ipswich Branch," a handsome octavo of 184 pages.

'55.—Rev. S. K. Leavit, of Cincinnati, supplied the pulpit of the First Baptist church of Bangor during August.

'58.—Rev. B. F. Lawrence has accepted the pastorate of the Baptist church at Meriden, New Hampshire.

'75.—Married, in Beverly, Mass., Edward J. Colcord and Miss Carrie W. Hinkley, of Beverly. Mr. Colcord graduated last summer at Newton, and has accepted a call to the pastorate at Amherst, N. H.

'75.—Married, at Clermontville, O., Rev. Edw. A. Read of Needham, Mass., and Miss Eva Parker of Clermontville.

'77.—Mr. John M. Foster is with the Taylor Manufacturing Co., New Britain, Conn.

'79.—C. E. Owen has entered Newton Theological School.

'79.—W. W. Mayo is principal of the Hebron Academy.

'80.—H. L. Coopman has secured a position as assistant in the Astor Library, New York.

'81.—E. M. Stacy is teaching in Moweaqua, Illinois.

'81.—J. F. Davies is in Rockland.

'81.—F. D. Bullard is assistant at Houlton Academy.

'81.—C. B. Stetson is assistant at Bridgton.

'81.—J. R. Melcher is clerk in the office of the *Railway Herald.*