

The Colby Echo.

VOL. VI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, FEBRUARY, 1882.

No. 5.

The Colby Echo.

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

COLBY UNIVERSITY.

EDITORS.

L. H. OWEN, '82.

H. M. LORD, '83.

C. A. TRUE, '82.

B. F. WRIGHT, '83.

Managing Editor.

F. N. FLETCHER, '82.

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

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

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

CONTENTS.

VOL. VI., No. 5.—FEBRUARY, 1882.

THE SANCTUM.....	49
LITERARY :	
The Prayer of Chryses (poem).....	51
Fort Halifax.....	51
Culture and Civilization of Spain Under the Arabs...	52
A Look of Hair (poem).....	55
A Philosophical Emperor.....	55
THE CAMPUS.....	56
THE COLLEGE PRESS.....	58
OTHER COLLEGES.....	59
THE WASTE-BASKET.....	60
PERSONALS.....	60

THE SANCTUM.

THIS is the last ECHO for the term. The next issue will be the April number. We now promise to give ourselves and our readers a "rest" of about two months.

THIS number of the ECHO will find us just emerging from the valley of the shadow of examinations. It is desirable that it may be in harmony with the general hilarity of the occasion. Whatever the character of the test papers and whatever the success in handling them, there is always a degree of exhilaration when they are completed. There is a vast difference in the character of the papers presented to us by the different officers. It occasionally happens

that a paper is given which furnishes an enjoyable three hours' work for a large majority of a class. In fact they are almost sorry when "the required three hours have expired." By other papers it would be judged that the required time of the test was three days instead of three hours. The fault in such a paper is not always in its great length, but in the character of its requirements. It would be manifestly improper to introduce into a paper on any of the languages, a problem in mathematics, but no more so than the introduction of other matter which has not been insisted upon as a part of the class-room work. Again, it is quite important in a test of three hours' length that the work required shall be taken up in the same manner as in the class-room, otherwise a large part of the time must be consumed in adjusting one's self to an entirely new attitude of thought. These examinations, whether pleasant or altogether unpleasant, are not without their advantages. Most students acquire something new from the process. In the fall and winter examinations one of the greatest acquisitions is a violent cold. If Experience is the excellent teacher that she professes to be, it must be judged quite impossible to so regulate the temperature of Memorial Hall as to prevent the extremes of roasting and freezing in different parts of the room. The temperature of the class-rooms it is possible to regulate, and as a matter of philanthropy it is hoped that they will sometime be used in examinations.

THE editors of the *Oracle*, our annual publication, were elected during the latter part of the fall term. The chief activity of the editorial board during the term just passed has been in the line of financial arrangements. As a rule the more money they have the better the production they are able to give. Doubtless enough has already been secured to insure an *Oracle* of some kind. The managing editor, Mr. Elliot, will be pleased to receive more subscriptions, at the usual price of fifty cents per copy. With proper

financial assistance, a superior *Oracle* may be expected. It is hoped that the old society cuts, the eating-house cuts, and the groups of baseball nines will disappear, and that their places will be filled with something modern and attractive.

ONE of the many blessings of college journalism has been its tendency to dispel from the minds of the outside world the depraved views concerning college men and college society. Those who are outside of the real workings of college, and look at them from a distance, can get but an extremely limited view. Formerly the rollicking songs on the street, the barbarous "Saw the Freshman's Leg Off," "Noah and His Petulant Youth," "Hide Away," etc., sent a thrill of awe through the unsophisticated community. Unfortunately the manners of a very few students, a single act or expression, served as a sufficient criterion for judging the whole. The perseverance necessary to the successful management of a college paper, in which any literary merit is attempted, has done much to place the judgment of college life on its proper basis, and to show that college men are by no means, as formerly considered, a "set of rattle-brained, peanut-headed, sons of royalty."

While it has done much to give people intelligent views of college men, there is much in college society that can be learned only by personal experience. A college is a world of itself. Here we find all the forces at work that influence the minds and actions of men in the broader world beyond our college walls. The success of ambitions, great and small, brings with it its brief exultations, while failure brings its more lasting gloom and disappointment. Petty rivalries and jealousies, hatred and distrust are no strangers. On the one hand we find noble aims and high ideals, on the other selfishness and mean motives. All these influences are at work in the narrow circle of college life as well as in the great world outside.

In college society are found men of every stamp. Every man is expected to know at least the members of his own class. In the classroom they meet on a level. By this association all the imagined distinctions of birth and wealth vanish with the usual verdancy of the Freshman year. Each one has his own way to make. If he would rise it must be through his own ex-

ertions. The democratic spirit of college society makes every man's standing depend upon his own efforts. Former reputation carries little weight with any but the friends who recognize the justice of it at the time when it was gained. Family connections can be relied upon no longer. One need not expect to be carried through on the reputation of a big brother who may have preceded him, or on the high position and big pocket-book of a father. Strange as it may seem, college men know little and care less about the immediate family connections of their companions, whether they are first cousins to a distinguished statesman, a millionaire, or a literary genius.

No society, however, is more ready to appreciate true worth where it exists. It is useless for a man to claim the admiration of his fellows without first proving to them that he has a right to claim it by virtue of some excellence within himself. A man must make himself felt in order to be appreciated. For a short time one may rise on the strength of a noisy, egotistical nature, but he at last finds his true position. On the other hand one may be assured that he will not be sought out and placed in important positions unless he proves his superiority as a scholar and a man. He must be judged, too, for what he is or according to what he lets others see of him. It is not the advantages a man has had but the use he has made of them that gives him a high position in college. College society is even more exacting in its requirements than that of the outside world. Scholarship is admired, notwithstanding prevailing impressions to the contrary. As a rule the moral men fill the more important positions. The soundness of Christian character is subject to the same tests as elsewhere. College religion is by no means a new variety; undue license simply passes for irreligion. No man within college walls is less respected than an inconsistent Christian. But notwithstanding the rigid exactions there is a lack of genuine positiveness, the absence of which is the bane of all society.

The Sophomore speakers at their declamations, the other evening, were: Burt, Clement, Dexter, Donald, Keith, Kingman, Morrill, and Turner. First prize was awarded to E. P. Burt; second, to Shailer Mathews.

LITERARY.

THE PRAYER OF CHRYSSES.

ILLIAD, BOOK I., LS. 37-52.

"Hear me, O thou bearer of the silver
Bow, who Chryses guardest, who in hallowed
Tenedos and Cilla most mightily
Dost rule. If ever, O Smintheus, around
Thy temple I most gracefully have hung
The twining wreaths; if ever unto thee
The rich, fat thighs of bulls acceptably
I've burned, hear this my prayer."

While he thus spoke
Beseeching, Phœbus Apollo heard, and
Down from Olympus, gliding rapidly,
He came enraged at heart. From his shoulders
Hung the bow and quiver filled with arrows,
And about the wrathful god the weapons
Clanged, as he moved like night along.

Afar

From the invading ships he then sat down,
And straightway sent a deadly shaft, while from
The Silver bow arose its awful twang.
First, the mules he smote; then, the nimble dogs;
Then, shooting fast the fatal darts against
The men themselves, he smote them, and burning
Ever were the crowded funeral pyres.

F. W. F.

FORT HALIFAX.

That old and time-stained building on the northern bank of the Sebesticook, in Winslow, old and time-stained as a whole, and yet partly new, suggests to a casual observer of its projecting upper story and apparent strength, simply an old house, built as all the houses were in the days of Indian war. Time and wind and weather have long toiled at it, softening its rough outline and covering it with many a deep furrow and scar, while modern art has robbed it of its harsh surroundings and encompassed it with her own wondrous productions instead, drawing nearer and nearer, till at last she has left her impress upon its very walls and roof. Its timbers of oak that were once so sound are beginning to show unmistakable signs of decay, and an ominous silence already pervades the place. Yet, could its tongue be loosened once again, we should hear many a strange tale of the olden time, and its walls would ring with the names of Winslow and Lithgow, Arnold and Aaron Burr. For of all the many buildings like itself reared in New England, previous to the revolution, it alone endures to-day a reminder to

us of hardship and danger in a warfare that has long since ceased, and the last remnant of the largest and strongest fortress in Maine during the eighteenth century. Its aspect has grown much less stern and martial than of yore, and we approach it boldly to see if we may not find something of interest amid the dust and silence of the place.

Strangely enough, over the intervening centuries come the voices of the Pilgrim Fathers, and we seem to hold converse with them, for all this land was theirs, granted to them soon after their arrival at Plymouth, and for forty years was the grand camping place of the Indians, as they journeyed to the coast to barter their furs with the Pilgrims. In 1661 the Pilgrims, as a company, sold their rights to four of their number, but these purchasers did nothing with the property, and for nearly ninety years more it lay unimproved and unused, save by the wandering bands of Indians, perpetually at war with one another or with the whites. In 1749, however, there was a general movement among the heirs, which resulted in the formation of the Plymouth Company. This company retained ownership of the land till 1771, when it was incorporated as a town. Thus, intimately do we find the Pilgrims associated with the ancestry of the place, and we shall find, too, that the same great principles which actuated them, had lost none of their potency, even in the posterity of the third generation.

The Sebesticook, as we have seen, formed a sort of country road for the Indians, and ran into the Kennebec as into a natural highway, for the Penobscot Indians came through a chain of ponds and streams to the head of the Sebesticook; down that river to the Kennebec, and thence joined by the Kennebec Indians, up and through the Chaudiere into the St. Lawrence; for they all acknowledged the civil and religious authorities at Quebec and held councils of war there. What place, then, could be more suitable for a fort than the junction of the two rivers first mentioned?

Now the Plymouth Company had long been desirous of pushing the settlement of their lands but had been deterred by the numerous Indian wars; to them, therefore, the State government made the following proposition: If they would build a store-house at Augusta, of suitable size and strength, they should be protected in their

labor by the militia, and a fort should be erected by government on the point between the Kennebec and Seabastcook. This proposal was at once accepted, and Gen. Winslow was accordingly commissioned by Gov. Shirley to superintend the construction of the fort after a plan of his own. As this fort, however, did not endure quite a year, and did not include the building that now remains, we feel but little interest in its form and fortification, but we linger long enough to catch the glimpse that history gives us of the mode of conveyance in those days. We learn that the cannon and other iron work about the fort were towed up the river in two large scows by the soldiers who had been sent to guard them, and we can scarcely imagine to-day the difficulty of the task, for they were obliged to wade those twenty miles, from Augusta to the fort, in the shallow water along the river bank, pulling continually at the scows, and careful alike of their footing and their scalps.

This first fort was completed September 3d, 1754, and dedicated with much ceremony by Gov. Shirley, who called it Fort Halifax, and commissioned William Lithgow as its commander. The first winter of its existence was a rough one, and its little garrison came near perishing from the cold and hunger, while it grew more and more evident that the fortress was wholly inadequate to meet the requirements made of it. It was so large and rambling that it could not be kept in repair. The frost played continual havoc among its palisades, and the whole structure seemed going to pieces before it was fairly finished. At a most opportune moment, Capt. Lithgow came forward with a new plan, which was put into execution at once, upon receiving the sanction of the Massachusetts legislature.

The exterior form of the new fort was quadrangular, one hundred feet, north and south, and sixty along the river bank. In the north-east corner stood the central building of the old fort, serving as a flanker for the new one; in the corner south of this was a small watch tower, and between the two a row of low barracks, while in the south-west corner was the building which stands to-day upon its ancient site, and is a fair sample of those already mentioned. In the remaining corner was a far more pretentious structure, as large as all the others, and boasting of windows composed of an incredible number of

small panes of glass. This was the officers' quarters, and in after years served as an inn or fort tavern. Upon the sand hill in the rear of the fort two redoubts were erected, one in a corner of the lot now occupied by the cemetery, and one just back of the lower brick-yard. Their walls were of oak, four feet and nine inches thick, and were considered impregnable against any ordinance that could be brought to bear upon them.

This, then, was Fort Halifax as it stood through the Revolution and the long Indian wars preceding that event. There is but little romance in its history, for its very strength struck terror into the hearts of its foes, and save for slight skirmishes now and then the Indians let it severely alone. And so the years came and went, each one leaving it the same as it found it, a little older, that was all; but in later times, as the tide of civilization has crept up the Kennebec, change after change has been wrought in the old structure. One by one its buildings have crumbled away, and a busy town has sprung from their ruins. The wilderness has yielded to the progress of man, and instead of the pathless forest, we now behold the open fields and clustered villages with long lines of road between. Through the very center of that grand old corner building of the fort runs a railway, whose track has effectually obliterated all trace of its foundations.

Capt. Lithgow wrote to Gov. Shirley in 1755 that the fort properly built would last a century. That century has passed and twenty-six years more have been added to it, and one building still remains; yet this, too, would have perished had it not been recently shingled and its decayed timbers replaced by new. But wind and weather have a chance to toil at it still, and it must soon crumble beneath their remorseless blows, unless surer precautions are taken for its preservation. It is the last of its kind in New England and deserves to be cherished as a relic of the bravery and hardihood of a past generation.

W., '81.

CULTURE AND CIVILIZATION OF SPAIN UNDER THE ARABS.

756-1081, A.D.

The period of Spanish history included between the middle of the eighth and that of the eleventh century, though but little known, is by

no means unworthy of our consideration. Spain, during this period, presents a striking and agreeable contrast to the rest of Europe. While the greater part of the western empire was tyrannized over, or its welfare entirely forgotten by three successive dynasties, the Merovingian, Karolingian, and Capitian, the Ommeyades held an almost undisputed sway in the peninsula. Religious bigotry and feudal pride, both the enemies of progress, were wanting, and thus, even when Arabia, the seat of learning, during the middle ages began to decline, Spain continued to gather materials, and with its own additions prepare them for the world's future.

The Koran, at once the religious and judicial guide of the new nations, must be taught to the followers of Islam. Schools, at first, connected with the Mosques, are at once established for the propagation of Mohammed doctrines.

Tribute or death were at first the only watchwords of the zealous Mussulmans; but soon the influence of education is felt. The taste for knowledge once aroused cannot be satisfied by the Koran, and the sons of former warriors in progress eastward and westward, begin to gather the relics of Grecian wisdom, Roman culture, and eastern genius and skill. Thus, Arabia became at once the store-house and preserver of the greater part of the learning surviving the wreck of the western empire, and of the products of the long, minute, and successful researches of the east.

The establishment of the Ommeyades dynasty in Spain, although withdrawing the peninsula from the sway of the east did not deprive it of the benefits which might be derived from this new source of enlightenment. The high, noble, and wealthy families, who, at the downfall of the Ommeyades in the east, had sought refuge in this distant province, came laden with the treasures of Arabian learning. They now surrounded Abd-er-Rahman, who at once set himself to lay a broad and strong foundation for his new kingdom.

Unlike the remaining governments of Europe, the Kaliphate thus auspiciously founded was virtually a constitutional monarchy. The Koran was at once the legal code, and the code of Islam, and thus, while on the one hand it supported the Mohammedan kalif, in his royal prerogatives, it condemned this same kalif, if by its measure he was found wanting.

All Mussulmans, being equal before their god and prophet, were considered equal before the law, hence, for the administration of this, the wisest and best, without reference to rank or wealth, were chosen. They even provided against the human weakness for gold, and in the language of one of their historians, "lest their poverty should induce them to covet the property of others and sell justice to the pleaders," they were with their appointment made rich.

The country thus ruled became the nursery of civilization. The impetus gained by an uninterrupted progress of over a hundred years could not be spent in a day, and the thirst for learning awakened by the Koran turned this impetus into a new direction.

The schools were multiplied and enlarged, the natural rivalry between the eastern and western kalifs, serving only to redouble their efforts, and while western monarchism was burying within the sombre walls of its cloisters, the culture and learning of former ages, the Spanish universities at Cordova, Serilla, Salamanca, and Soledo were scattering the seeds of progress, inviting the wise of every land and creed, and consequently gathering that golden fruit which made her "from the ninth to the eleventh century the world's centre of culture and the arbiter of national manners."

The first, and perhaps the highest result of this intellectual revival was made manifest in poetry. The warm blood, excitable heart, and fanciful imagination of the Arab, together with the languishing influence of climate and the richness of language, gave rise to their ever admired poetic effusions. Poetry, however, was not merely the vehicle of the emotions; grammar, rhetoric, history, theology, medicine, and chemistry were each and all, more or less taught in rhyme. Its influence was felt throughout southern Europe, and Chaucer, himself, must have found more than an accidental acquaintance with the dreamy idyls of the Spanish Arab. Their love of story telling also, and the social disposition of their character have left works, which, like the Arabian Nights, have in turn furnished the materials for the French "*chansons de geste*," and the lyrics of the troubadours. If to these traits of character we unite the tenacity of their memory, we can, without surprise, look upon their unrivaled and prolific contributions to history.

The still revered names of Averroes, Avempace, and others, bear witness to the success obtained by them in the field of psychological inquiry.

The basis of our present system of mathematics came, though indirectly from the Spanish Arabs. It was at the university of Cordova that Sylvester II. learned the Arabic system of notation and numerals, which was in turn taught by him in Italy, and thence spread over the rest of Europe. Algebra and geometry were pursued with zeal, and the additional impetus given by the belief in astrology, led to the establishment of astronomical observations at Serilla and Cordova. Says Mr. Copic, "in the palmy days of the Arabian dominion in Spain, the young student in their colleges had almost as complete a course in elementary mathematics as is taught in our colleges to-day." Their chemistry, though like that of centuries after partaking largely of the nature of alchemy, was nevertheless extremely useful to metallurgy and mining.

Their discoveries in the art of healing are even now exerting their beneficent influence upon us. At first, forbidden by the Koran from dissecting, which, in our day is the fundamental step for every medical student, they were obliged by observation and experiment alone to detect the disorder and discover the hidden virtues of plants. Thus, catalogues of diseases, with their exact symptoms and treatment, were compiled, which are of inestimable value even at the present time.

But we could scarcely be able to justify ourselves, if, while considering their progress in the several intellectual pursuits, we should pass over the more commonplace, yet not less important advancement in the matters pertaining to everyday life. Gunpowder, ascribed for a long time to Bacon, the English monk, was doubtless used by the Moors against the Christians in the peninsula, during the days of their decline. The properties of the magnetic needle, whose aid we may say was as yet uncalled for, were not unknown.

Manufactures of every kind were scattered over the entire peninsula. Paper made from rags, in reality the first step toward our modern system of printing, was not only *made*, but was in use during the tenth century. The leather of Cordova, the steel of Toledo, and the silk of Almeria were even then, as now, of world wide

renown, and while as yet the windows of feudal lord were covered over with sheep skin, or open alike to the inclemency of the weather, and the rays of the sun, the Spanish Arab was eating and drinking out of delicately fashioned vessels of glass, and walking over the beautifully glazed tiles called "azulejos."

We must pass over what may be at once the most striking, and to some, perhaps, the most delightful remains of the forgotten Moor, Arabian art in Spain. But we cannot so easily set aside what must always be looked upon as their immortal monument, the libraries. In the reign of Alhakem II., 976 A.D., the royal library at Cordova contained 600,000 works, to catalogue the titles of which, 44 volumes were needed. These works were gathered from every land, and represented the product of intellects of every calibre, no pains being spared in the search, no money in their purchase. The example set by this royal collector was followed by his subjects, and the possession of a fine library, of a unique or rare book, being a certain warrant to royal favor, immense and valuable libraries were formed at the houses of all the nobility. These storehouses of knowledge, the fruits of Roman, Greek, and forsooth of the whole ancient world's intellect and research, have suffered from the blind fanaticism and ignorance of Pagan and Christian alike; yet, in spite of the combined efforts of hatred and false pride, together with the destructive ravages of time and accidents, there still remains within the musty cellars of the Escorial 6000 volumes.

When false, national pride shall be set aside, and blind obedience to the edicts of a despotic church be a thing of the past, and these storehouses of knowledge are opened to the world, our faith will, no doubt, be substantiated by sight; a new light be thrown upon the history of the middle ages, even now surrounded by the clouds of uncertainty; lost arts and sciences, perhaps, be recovered; and last, but most important, justice be given to the Moor, the preserver and nourisher of the world's ancient wisdom through the middle ages,—the Moor, who, for eight centuries the highest type of civilization and culture, though unable directly against pious egotism to elevate the rest of Europe to the level of their high standard, finally did awaken the western world from its death-like lethargy, and gave it the impetus which has brought it to

its present and still advancing degree of civilization and progress.

DON.

A LOCK OF HAIR.

I've a treasure in my keeping
That I guard with jealous care;
Listen, and I'll whisper softly
What it is I cherish there.

Nestled in that cushioned casket
Is a tress of shining hair,
Severed from the raven ringlets
Of a maiden, bright and fair.

Round it lie, in sweet confusion,
Withered leaves of roses rare,
Flung by white and playful fingers,
Down in fragrant showers there.

Fragrant as the breath of summer
In the mild pellucid air,
Is the soft bewitching odor
Of that glossy tress of hair.

Neither pleasure, love, nor glory,
Nor of wealth a boundless share,
Could induce me to surrender
That shining plait of hair.

Of Cupid's keen and cunning arrows,
Of maidens all, do I beware,
For I'm waiting for the coming
Of one charming maiden fair.

Soon I'm going forth to seek her,
Every peril will I dare,
Till I find the beauteous maiden
With the long and shining hair.

F. W. F.

A PHILOSOPHICAL EMPEROR.

You have seen a giant oak standing in some solitary spot apart from its fellows. A storm perchance was rising. Darker, heavier grew the air; the wind moaned dismally through the branches. The noble tree bent and swayed at the touch of the coming tempest; its long arms were moving, reaching, as if, uncertain of the issue, it was throwing them out to gain some better hold, until it seemed in the gathering darkness like some living, human thing, and in your heart there was a mingled touch of pity and of sadness for it. Something akin to this, one feels in reading the plaintive "Meditations" of that great-hearted man who reigned at Rome in the latter part of the second century, A.D., M. Aurelius Antoninus, the noblest of Rome's

emperors, and the brightest ornament of the Stoic philosophy. Following the peaceful reigns of Hadrian and Antoninus Pius, he took the crown just when the storm-clouds were gathering. From the distant East the tidings came that the Parthians were in arms; Italy was scourged by flood, famine, and pestilence; the Catti were sweeping Germany with fire and sword; and Britain added to the list the news of insurrection. Then, too, there were the innumerable and vexatious cares of state, while his adoptive brother, Verus, associated with him on the throne, was alone trouble enough for forty philosophers. It is in the midst of such an environment that Aurelius seems at times to waver in his faith in the Stoic philosophy. And in fact through all his work there is a slight undertone of touching melancholy. You cannot trace it, but you feel it, and it thrills you with an indefinable influence. Your feeling is something more than sympathetic sadness; a sense of solitariness steals over you as you contemplate that great spirit, which, though moving in the midst of men, was yet alone, removed no less from others by the loftiness of his virtue than by the purple of his robe. Finding no affinity with those around him he spent much of his time in communion with his own noble heart. And in these seasons of lonely musing he penned those random thoughts, so pure and good, which have come down to us in the form of his "Meditations."

The philosophy of Antoninus mainly deals with Ethics. The two other departments, Physic and Logic, he almost wholly ignores. He even thanks the gods "that he did not fall into the hands of any Sophist, or waste any time in the resolution of syllogisms, or occupy himself about the investigations of appearances in the heavens." Philosophy with him is merely an aid to virtue. This exceedingly practical tendency in all his sayings constitutes a noticeable distinction between him and the earlier Stoics who held, especially Chrysippus, that knowledge was almost superior to virtue. They were idealists, and lived in the realm of speculation. They locked up the body and went up stairs to live in the mental story. Like the Greeks, their adoptive countrymen, they "spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or hear some new thing." Business, they had none; time, they had plenty; food, they asked

for but a morsel. They passed their time in extending their theories, reconciling inconsistencies, formulating systems, and compassing heaven and earth for materials to form some new, moral conundrum for others to solve. But Antoninus loudly disclaims such a use of philosophy. To him philosophy means nothing unless it is a help toward living more consistently with reason and in harmony with nature. He confidently believes that a true philosophy will be the anchor and cable to hold a man in place, no matter how passion may dash, and circumstances beat upon him. It would seem to follow from this that so long as a man has the right philosophy, it makes no difference what his outward surroundings are, whether he is among enemies or friends, whether beset with evil and trouble or free from both, whether in pain or pleasure,—the soul is secure. Nothing can harm it but its own thoughts. And this he indeed does say: "Things themselves touch not the soul, not in the least degree, nor have they any admission to the soul, nor can they turn or move the soul. But the soul turns and moves itself alone."—(iii. 10.) And "such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind."—(iii. 16.) His finest illustration of this whole thought, however, is the following: "If a man should stand by a limpid, pure spring and curse it, the spring never ceases sending up potable water. And if he should cast clay into it or filth, it will speedily disperse them and wash them out and will not be at all polluted."—(viii. 51.)

He makes a curious, although quite natural deduction from this principle, with reference to the attitude of the soul toward bodily pain. He claims that the soul may be serene even while the body is suffering; and on the other hand, that if the foot or the hand is called upon to endure any pain, it must bear its burden *alone*,—it must, in short, *foot* its own bills and not *hand* over any unsettled account to the mind.

This supposed ability of the soul to alienate itself from the senses, led many of the Stoics to exalt their ideal wise man to an equality with the Deity. Seneca goes even beyond this and says "that gods are so by the gift of nature, the philosopher, by his own will," thus virtually making the latter superior to the former.

Not so Aurelius. Far from that self-sufficiency of virtue, which made a man proud and

austere, far from that harsh justice which Stoicism had inherited from its parent Cynicism, the tendency of which was to make one unfeeling and un pitying,—far from these, Marcus Aurelius, the Emperor, was as humble and gentle as Epictetus, the slave. While he is terribly severe with himself, toward others he is extremely tender. By a more than Christian paradox, he condemns a sinful act in himself, as voluntary, the wrong doing of another he forgives, as involuntary. "It is peculiar," he says, "to man to love even those who do wrong," a wonderful quotation from one who never saw a Bible.

In a merely scientific, or rather speculative, sense, Antoninus cannot be ranked as a philosopher with Zeno, the founder of the school of the Porch, whose peculiar genius stamped it with his own image and superscription, nor with Chrysippus, who displayed his marvelous subtlety in its department of Logic, but he did do for Stoicism what neither of them could, and something far more valuable to any philosophy than finely-spun theories,—he produced a life in conformity to its precepts, at once so pure, so gentle, and so noble that the whole galaxy of pagan sages and philosophers from out its vast array of princely figures could not present another like him.

THE CAMPUS.

A committee-on-lessons young man,
A lover-of-music young man,
A *crystal* dissecting,
Stale joke resurrecting,
Forever *well meaning* young man.

Descriptive of a certain Senior.

"Squat on." Ask Don.

Thank fortune, examinations are over.

Sore throats and colds are in order now.

Where was "Roby" when the laugh went round?

Another sickness will settle the rest of the college.

Money *as such*; ask a Senior what this means?

It is rumored that Furber, of '82, will soon go South.

Event of the season last night.

Give us a law on the article question.

The weary student now takes a brief rest.

Wanted as an elective for next term, *nothing*.

Here's to the health of the ECHO and the end of the term!

Will the man who rings the bell please procure a new watch?

One of the Sophs was inquiring recently for the book of *Tophet*.

Old Sledge is gaining a great victory over Science at the college.

The Freshmen love Latin prose; they write out extra chapters of it.

"The world's to-morrow," not till then will a free trade policy prevail.

It is suggested that chapel be made elective during the summer term.

"Get a new joke for to-morrow afternoon, please," and Eddy subsided.

Our share of the work for the new College Song Book is nearly completed.

North college has banished all guitars and violins. South college please copy.

We like music, have a fine ear for it ourselves, but you suit us too well boys.

Now the keen-eyed *Oracle* editor hunts out old almanacs for jokes and original fun.

What about a tax of a cent a day on every library book kept out over three weeks?

The visiting committee suggested a long pole with a brad in the end of it for one class.

The "Bass" is in the express office, they say. Seems as if this would be its last resting place.

Why do we hear nothing about Algebra from the Freshmen? Smart class, great head.

Sophomores and Freshmen are respectfully requested to stop throwing snow-balls on the campus.

The electric light at the Elmwood is like some experiments we have seen, it don't seem to work.

Wadsworth will not be here until next fall. New captain for the nine wanted; let the best man be chosen to fill the vacancy.

A few free lectures from Sam, on the "Use of the Voice in Study Hours," have proved very effective.

A society for the prevention of merriment in any and all of its forms, is in working order at the college.

Those boys who canvass this winter are urgently requested to say they come from Bates instead of Colby.

Coburn, '81, made us a call the other day. He is soon to take a trip to the Bermudas to recuperate his health.

Quaternions is the elective for us next term. After looking out its definition in the Dictionary you will take no other.

"Mr. A. is at the *poor farm* in Winslow. Please send his letters there." Cruel to come along with a broken leg.

The late free trade vs. protection discussion by the Senior class was of the style, "Booh to you—pooh, pooh to you."

Mr. True, manager of the base-ball association resigned his office last Wednesday morning and has retired to private life.

The Art Lectures of Prof. Warren are very popular; Seniors in particular show their good taste by attending in full force.

Surprising growth of vocal power in the Sophomore class; why *can't* a man play a guitar without keeping time with his foot?

The idea of making those persons who destroy the gymnasium apparatus pay for the same, is meeting with favor among the boys.

A good number of students attended Rev. Mr. Spencer's New-Year's Eve Reception, and most thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

The Seniors who have been reading the *Andrea* with Prof. Taylor, call it as pleasant Latin as it was ever their fortune to read.

The ECHO announced an address to be given by Prof. Foster before the B. M. S. The announcement was premature. Prof. Foster has not decided so to do.

We commend to the person who passes a contribution box at a certain church in this village, the words of Prof. Gardner:

"Pass in the money-box to end of pew,
Then draw it slowly clear way through."

A very valuable lecture on the "Relation of Ethics to Political Economy" was given to the Senior class by the President a week ago.

Perry, '82, is teaching the high school at Cherryfield. We missed him last Friday night. When *will* he make up General Geometry?

The *Examiner and Chronicle* has, in the language of P. Green, thrown doubt upon the sex of one among us, and he demands justice.

George says that if any one would like to learn more about the "Apostle of Burmah," they can find it in Dr. Wayland's Life of Judson.

Oh, for a Baptist sociable! In vain is the lament of the Soph. or the wail of the Freshman. The term is over and no sociable has come.

At last the committee has come and gone, and still the college survives. We almost believed it a myth, but their weighty presence convinces us of its reality.

Instructor Robertson will be glad to render his assistance to any who may wish it, if they will communicate with him by letter; his address is 3 1-2 Beacon Street, Boston.

The Seniors attend with great promptness the 8 o'clock recitation; many of them are in receipt of letters from the President, calling attention to the fact in words of praise.

One class was completely upset in recitation by the very simple question, "What does *Geworden* mean? Nobody knew, and the poor fellow reciting was completely overcome.

We suggest the placing of a letter-box at the chapel door; it would be of advantage to those who now have to wait with their mail, and will also do away with loafers who now block up the entrance, mornings.

After a vast deal of training the Senior declamation came off last Friday night. An electrified audience testified to its success, and amply rewarded their arduous efforts. The music of the occasion was remarkably fine.

The members of the class of '81 have been writing each other postals, each separate card giving a complete history of the life of the writer since graduation. The cards are marvels of condensation, still we would suggest a three cent rate of postage as more consistent with their dignity.

Not an astronomer of the Senior class will risk his reputation on the question of whether the sun is a hollow bubble or a solid ball, they murmur something about the "stability of the universe," and avoid the question.

Article writing has been in vogue for the past week; reviews, pamphlets, everything has gone down before the attack of the Senior, and still the Prof. says that judging from the articles he never would have suspected it.

A church in this State, in need of a supply, offers the following liberal terms: "The candidate shall pay his own expenses going and coming, shall board himself after he gets there, furnish the singing, and give \$100 to the sinking fund." There's liberality for you.

One member of the college has a fondness for skating, also for company. In an attempt to gain the latter, one day not far distant, he plunged into icy water up to his neck. Not discouraged at all, he tried it a second time with a similar result. Moral is found in the words of the once popular song, "Then boys keep away from the girls, I say."

THE COLLEGE PRESS.

The *Chronicle*, published by the students of Ann Arbor, contains more good reading than any three of our other exchanges. The original matter is excellent, and the clippings are fresh, and not hackneyed and stale. The *Chronicle* is arranged in a manner different from the majority of our exchanges, and for that very reason we are pleased with it; for as the adage has it, "Variety is the changeability of life," or words to that effect. The paper has nine different departments, and although we think this too large a number, yet cannot justly find fault with any of them, for each department is well supported and finely conducted. In the literary department we notice particularly the article on Savonarola. Although disagreeing with the author in his estimate of the talented priest, and doubting the tenability of the ground he takes, we must confess that the writer handled his subject well. The article contains much valuable information, and to one who has read George Eliot's *Romola* with appreciation, it is full of interest, as bearing upon the life, actions, and motives of that wonderful character who plays such a prominent part in that splendid production.

The *Concordiensis* contains two articles which attract our attention. The first is entitled "Chronicles of Ouden," and a supplementary remark is added,

containing the information that these chronicles were discovered in the ruins of Oudamon. We read the article and most heartily wish it had been left in the ruins of Oudamon. The other article is one of Brer Remus' stories clipped from the *Argo*, and is a cheap imitation of the stories of the same name written by the funny man of the *Atlanta Constitution*. But, to quote from the *New York Sun*, "it is much easier to criticise readable nonsense than to write it. That this is true will be readily granted by all editors who have tried their pen at nonsense, and, like the majority of us, have failed to make our nonsense readable."

The *University Portfolio* is a paper which always attracts attention. It has the dimensions and shape of an ordinary bill board, and is enclosed in a bright green cover, which adds to the general unattractiveness of its appearance. But, overcoming our prejudice, we examine the contents, and come to this conclusion, viz., to make the following suggestions: In the first place, discard that terrible green cover. If you do not wish to give up that cover, if it is endeared to you by touching associations, if, in your opinion, it is indicative of the contents, why, don't give it up merely because we suggest it, but for our sake put a yellow stripe round it, and give us a change. In the second place, put your literary matter in a more prominent position, and give us more of it. In the present number you treat your literary matter as if you were ashamed of it, when there is not the slightest reason for such a feeling, for the article on Burke and the poem are both good, and deserving of better treatment. In the third place, keep antiquated and stale jokes out of your clippings. We merely throw out the above suggestions, and probably some of you will remark that it is the best thing we can do with them. But seriously, Brother Editors, we like the contents of your paper or we should not have paid so much attention to it. It is disagreeable and hard work to criticise a paper which has no merit. The process is similar to subtracting something from nothing, and the result about as satisfactory.

We don't want to say anything hard about the *University Magazine* or make any threats; but when an editor rakes a paper so unmercifully as the exchange editor of the *University Magazine* did the *ECHO*, the lion within us is aroused. At the sound of the tocsin we rush to arms (pistols, popguns, etc.) and wood (would) shed our last drop of ink in defense of our beloved *ECHO*. It is fortunate for that editor that he is not at hand, for we should certainly thrash him till there was nothing left of him but a wart and a misquoted quotation. We make this remark under the supposition that he is smaller than we are. We shall not attempt to detract from the merits of the *University Magazine* for two reasons: In the first place it would show a spirit of revenge and malice, and secondly it would involve a principle met with in Algebra, that of subtracting some definite quantity from zero and getting a minus result, viz.: Let 0 represent the merits of the *University Magazine* (as it does), and let x represent the criticisms to be made. Subtract-

ing x from 0 and we have $-x$, or what remains of the merits of the *University Magazine* after being criticised. We do not perform this problem simply to show off our proficiency in Algebra, or to set forth in a vain-glorious way the deep resources of our intellectual faculties, for it is not our nature and disposition to make ostentatious displays of our intellectual acquirements, but we solved the above abstruse problem to show why we do not, by sharp and logical criticisms, inflict condign punishment upon our daring contemporary. Let him lead on his serried columns, and blamed be he who first cries "hold," "let up."

OTHER COLLEGES.

CORNELL.

It is said that there are only twenty-five State students now in the University. The full number, who, by the charter of the University, are entitled to free tuition, if every district took advantage of its privilege, would be 512.

HARVARD.

Harvard scholarships amount to \$25,000 annually.—*Ex.*

About four per cent. of the students class themselves as agnostics or atheists.

Twenty-one thousand dollars has been subscribed as a retiring fund for Harvard professors.—*Ex.*

The Greek play has proved a financial success. The funds are to be used for founding a prize in the Greek department.

One of the performers on the horizontal bar at the summer circus in Paris, is a graduate of '76. And yet there are some who still maintain that a gymnasium is not a necessary appurtenance of a well regulated college.—*Ex.*

The University has 1,382 students in its several departments, which is 94 less than the number at the University of Michigan. There are now 164 elective studies open to undergraduates at Harvard, and more than 40 arranged with special reference to the wants of graduates.

YALE.

Nine per cent. of the graduates become clergymen.

Muscular attainments, as well as mental, are cultivated in Yale. This college holds the football, base-ball, and boating championships of American colleges.

There were 50 applicants for the vacancies in the Glee Club.

The Theological Faculty of the college has unanimously adopted the Revised New Testament "for morning prayers and other devotional services" in the Theological School.

The nine will not train in the gymnasium this winter. It is thought that the training does more harm than good. In past years, the *News* says, the nine have become, through constant training during the winter months, often over-trained and always tired of ball playing.

THE WASTE-BASKET.

Full many a maid has toyed with kerosene,
And sailed to glory in a gorgeous glare;
Full many a man has poked at glycerine,
And flown promiscuous through the desert air. —*Ex.*

A gamecock ought to be good eating. Does not the poet say, "The bravest are the tenderest." —*Ex.*

A young lady who was squeezed between two freight cars, says it felt just like trying on a pair of new corsets.

"However great my fall my spirit is unbroken," remarked the overturned bicyclist, feeling in his coat-tail pocket.

Entirely unintentional. Fair umpire at lawn tennis—"Only keep your head, Mr. Jones, and you are sure of a soft thing."

Ida Lewis has saved two members of a brass band from drowning. Ida's popularity is rapidly decreasing since this rash act. —*Ex.*

When a man keeps on talking to you after he has said "A word to the wise is sufficient," the time to take summary vengeance has arrived. —*Ex.*

Schoolmistress—"What is the dative of *Donum*?" "What? Well? Next! Next!" Dunce—"Do'no." Schoolmistress—"Correct, go to the head."

We learn that a German chemist has succeeded in making first-class brandy out of sawdust. We are friends of the temperance movement and wish it to succeed, but what chance will it have when a man can take a rip-saw and go out and get drunk with a fence rail? —*Student Life.*

Jennie told him "no," one night,
And straightway off he hied
To Mollie, who said "yes," on sight,
And he was "Mollie-fied."

—*Haverfordian.*

It is useless for physicians to argue against short-sleeved dresses. The constitution of the United States says: "The right to bear arms shall not be infringed."

"Were you ever in any engagement?" inquired an innocent rustic of a great military man. "Yes, one," replied that son of Mars, "but she went back on me."

"Mr. Smith," said a lady at a fair, "won't you please buy this bouquet to present to the lady you love?" "'Twouldn't be right," said Mr. Smith, "I'm a married man." —*Ex.*

"We all know," said a cockney school committeeman to the new teacher he was examining for her position, "that A, B, and C is vowels, but vot we want to know is vy they is so." —*Ex.*

After dinner speeches are usually disappointing affairs. The first speaker begins by remarking that he is "too full for utterance," and every other speaker is crushed at the loss of his only joke.

PERSONALS.

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

'78.—A. C. Getchell has received an appointment in the high school at Worcester, Mass.

'80.—C. B. Frye is teaching an evening school in Salem instead of Boston, as stated in the *ECHO* for January.

'81.—H. B. Knox has resigned his position as editor of the *Great Falls* (N. H.) *Free Press and Journal*, and has accepted the principalship of the high and grammar schools in Eastport, Maine.

'81.—Coburn has gone to Bermuda for his health.

'82.—Married in Waterboro, Dec. 28th, by Rev. H. M. Sawtelle, of Lebanon, Rev. C. B. Turner, of Derby, Vt.; now pastor of the Baptist Church of Barnston, P. Q., and Miss Olive E. Brock, of Waterboro.

'83.—Stover, formerly of '88, has been ordained pastor of the Baptist Church in East Limington, Me.