

# The Colby Echo.

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No. 6.

## The Colby Echo.

PUBLISHED ON THE 30TH OF EACH MONTH, DURING THE COLLEGIATE YEAR, BY THE STUDENTS OF COLBY UNIVERSITY.

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## THE SANCTUM.

THIS issue of the ECHO finds us well started upon the second—the last—term of the year. Some have come from a vacation of hard work, others from six weeks of comparative idleness, but all glad that this is the spring term. During this session we have the pleasantest season of the college year. The coming of the birds, and the freshness and beauty of reawakening vegetable life, throws an influence,

sweet as it is subtle, over the most unpoetical and impassive nature.

With all the happy anticipations that rise before our mind's eye, there is one unpleasant reflection. It is the thought now, the reality later on, of sixteen weeks of continuous, hard study—technically called “grinding.” Officers and students agree that this is too long a stretch for good results. Professor and student are both worn out before the day of relaxation comes.

It is not the work nor its amount that is disagreeable. It is the long continuance of the work, hard enough in itself. Perhaps no better arrangement is practicable, but we are confident that the present system is not in all respects wise. Many of the students come back at the beginning of this term from schools that have claimed their time and thoughts since the first week of vacation, only to continue their mental exercise at the rate of fifteen recitations a week until the summer recess shall bring a respite. For those who were out a part of last term (and their number is not small) the case is even worse. With their back work in addition to the regular tasks of this term, they can look forward to none but a wearying, dragging struggle. Under this condition of things, Commencement finds a body of students thoroughly worn out, physically and mentally, at the time when it is expected that each is to appear at his best.

It seems as if there was an opportunity here for improvement. A break of but a week in this fatiguing period would afford a grateful rest, and not a little recuperation for wearied faculties.

IN various of our exchanges we notice from time to time, accounts of some member of the faculty entertaining the students or a portion of them, at his house. Invariably these social events are referred to with manifest pleasure on the part of the students.

The benefits are manifold and obvious. The meeting of professor and student on the same plane in society, affords a means of acquaintance and appreciation on both sides, such as can be

found in no other way. The intercourse of instructors and students as gentlemen and ladies, inspires a respect in each that the legal relations as teacher and pupil can never give. The more thorough acquaintance widens and deepens the influence of those whose characters should tell most for good.

To those students especially, who are not favored with a place in the local society, an evening spent at the home of one as cultured and intelligent as a member of the college faculty, is not only a treat but an immense benefit. There is a polish and ease of manner, as well as of mind, that comes only by mingling in the society of others. It is a real and well-recognized misfortune for a young man to shut himself in from his fellow-creatures for the four years that he spends in college. His education is defective to that extent.

It is with great pleasure that we note not only the willingness but the purpose on the part of the faculties of many of our colleges, to supply this unavoidable defect in college life, in so far as they are able.

OUR readers have hitherto been very reluctant to make use of the columns of the ECHO for the expression of their opinions upon matters pertaining to the college and its interests. The value of our paper as such a medium is hardly appreciated, we think. The "Sanctum" can give the views of students and alumni only as they are apprehended and guessed by the editors. Of necessity this precludes the breadth and thoroughness of consideration that the questions would receive if viewed from the standpoints of several readers.

Again, not seldom, subjects come up for discussion, with which the editors have little acquaintance. The course then is to ask an outsider to wield the editorial quill temporarily, and publish the result as the composition of the editor, or the latter may himself write what is necessarily a faulty notice of the question, and let that go as the opinion of the college. In either case there are grave objections. The editor receives unmerited censure or praise, or the college appears in an untrue light to the world at large.

Communications from competent and interested readers would obviate all the difficulty. This plan would insure a fairer discussion of many questions, and the discussions would

attract more attention inasmuch as they would be conducted by those outside the editorial board, and those better able to treat of the matter in hand. We will gladly publish suitable communications from those who have the good of our college at heart, though of course we shall claim the privilege of exercising our judgment in some degree regarding the insertion of the articles, and shall disclaim all responsibility for the ideas advanced.

WE would call the attention of the students to the necessity of getting ready for Field Day, if they would have a successful meeting this year. The event is as yet a long way off, but the matter should be thought over, and when the time for training and entry comes, let a goodly number begin a vigorous preparation for the various contests.

The records last year were good, some of them unusually so. This year we ought to make a better showing than ever before. The only way in which this can be done, is by thorough and intelligent training. The management of the association is in efficient and energetic hands, but the final outcome of the affair lies with the students themselves.

AMONG Western colleges there is a feature, due perhaps to that spirit of enterprise now proverbial of the West, which Eastern colleges wholly neglect. It is the custom of inter-collegiate oratorical contests. In Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and, we think, two or three other States, there are energetic organizations whose sole aim and effort is the promotion of good writing and speaking by means of these contests. Each college belonging to the association chooses, by means of a preliminary contest, a delegate and alternate to represent it at the general contest of all the colleges belonging to the league.

Is there any valid reason why we Maine students should not adopt some such plan? Our colleges are all easily accessible, and beside the gain in a literary and intellectual point of view, the good that would result from an annual meeting of the students of the different colleges is an item of no small account. We should be pleased to have an expression of the views of the students and college press of the State in regard to the matter.

## LITERARY.

## FORE-SONG TO BEOWULF.

What! we have learned of the Gar-Dane kings in  
the days of yore;  
Their deeds, and the glory thereby, which the noble  
athelings bore.  
Often, of scather kindreds, did Scyld the Scefing hurl  
Many a band from their mead-seats; great was their  
fear of the earl.  
So, after first men found him, an outcast, wrought he  
and strove,  
Thence looked for ease unto hardship, and waxed  
under welkin and throve,  
Till all men dwelling about him must over the whale-  
road bring  
Fees of gold and obeisance; that was a goodly king.  
Thereafter, young in his courts, a manchild to him was  
born;  
God sent him to gladden the people; He wist of the  
need forlorn,  
Aforetime which they had suffered, when a long while  
lordless they dwelt,  
Therefore the Glory-wielder earth's honor unto him  
dealt.  
Beowulf throve and was great, and the Seeden king-  
doms were filled  
With the far-heard tale of the welfare befallen the heir  
of Scyld.  
So should a wise man work with fees in his father's  
hall,  
That, after, when eld is upon him, liegemen may dwell  
at his call,  
To fight for his folk in the battle when come the evil  
days,  
For man in every kindred shall thrive by doeds of  
praise.  
Then went Scyld the toiler, when the shapen time had  
come,  
To enter into the promise and peace of his Master's  
home.  
And then it was that his liegemen bare to the water's  
brim  
The Scyldings' friend, as aforetime they had been bid-  
den of him,  
While yet their Hef lord's word-sway was mighty in  
the land.  
There at hythe stood ready a ring-stemmed ship on  
the strand,  
Ice-bright, meet for an atheling, into whose bosom, at  
last,  
They laid him, the ring-bestower, the mighty, down  
by the mast.  
Therein they brought great treasure of jewels from  
far away,  
Never of keel yet heard I more comely in array,  
With weapons and weeds of battle, with bills and with  
byrnes good,  
Gems lay thick on his bosom, the waiting prey of the  
flood,

Not less with treasure they decked him, a nation's  
gift, than did those,  
Who sent him at first o'er the waters, a child that  
wist not its woes,  
Moreover they brought in their homage an ensign,  
wroughten of gold,  
High over head they set it, then drew they forth from  
the hold,  
And gave the ship to the billows to bear him far from  
the shore,  
Sad were the hearts within them, mournful the mood  
they bore,  
And say forsooth can no men, though counsel-givers  
and great,  
Heroes under the heaven, who drew to land that  
freight.  
H. L. K., '80.

## IVAN TOURGUÉNEFF.

IT is a striking example of the irony of Fate  
that the land of all others where free thought  
and free speech are denied, should have given  
birth to the greatest advocate of human free-  
dom, the greatest novelist of our time. Tour-  
guéneff's position is the more surprising, and  
his genius the more pronounced, when we take  
into consideration the characteristics of his work.  
His characters are humble, scenes of the com-  
monest, coloring exclusively local. The quiet  
life of the Russian village, with its petty loves  
and ambitions; the oppression of some ragged,  
dirty toiler by a master as ignorant and brutal  
as himself; the ludicrously pathetic portrait of  
a petty lord, too poor to maintain his dignity  
respectably, and yet too noble to work—such  
are some of the scenes and figures that his superb  
simplicity and sublime pathos have ennobled,  
elevated, brought near to the innermost heart of  
humanity.

A genius so subtle, baffling, elusive, can  
never be conformed to rule. Among us he is  
misunderstood, unappreciated. A nature so  
brave and generous, a devotion to liberty and  
right so rare and unswerving, should have had  
a warmer welcome on Western shores. This  
feeling may be partially explained by the fact  
that but few of his works (and these not always  
his best) have been translated, and the transla-  
tion, even then, has been so wretchedly done or  
is so conscientiously wooden as to hopelessly  
disfigure and obscure that exquisite style, Tour-  
guéneff's chiefest charm. Rarely do we find an  
author so difficult, so hard to appreciate, till the  
reader has placed himself in cordial sympathy  
with the sentiments and scenes which he de-

picts. With the mind thus in accord with his, many of the qualities before so repellent, charm and attract.

He has been censured for that vein of sadness, ever deep and strong, running through and shaping every purpose, and yet but the natural outgrowth of the political movements of the day. Thoroughly pessimistic, as every thinker of necessity must be, and every educated Russian is in these stormy times, his bright, sunny nature is in large measure free from that cynicism and moroseness that so marred his master's life. He has been called a Nihilist, perhaps justly. He is no Nihilist in the vulgar acceptation of the term, enrolling himself in that vast army of fanatics who cling so blindly to the mad tenets of Bakounin. He gave to literature, it is true, the picture, beliefs, aims of its first Nihilist, but yet so plainly as to show beyond all question his own position. Not to that Nihilism, consecrated to murder, robbery, revenge, determined to overturn everything, no matter what may come to fill its place, but to the calmer, intellectual view, that, seeing the defects, would strive to reform them, gradually, peaceably, if possible, would Tourguéneff confess.

With that sad vision of the struggling millions, toiling patiently, hopelessly, in worse than Egyptian bondage, ever before his eyes; with that long line of the suspected and condemned ever journeying from Russian prisons to Siberian mines, it is not wonderful that he became from the first the apostle of the common people. With a purpose as noble as this, with a life consecrated ever to the emancipation and regeneration of the serf, his life, words, thoughts must be tinged with a sweet seriousness that would cast a shadow over all. In the hovel of the peasant, in the bands of servants on the great estates, he was to find his heroines, and exalt their plain, every-day lives into something infinitely noble and pathetic, almost sublime. In the rude, sluggish nature of the Russian bondman he was to find a wealth of poetry and pathos as peculiar as it was unknown. His work called into play his two great characteristics which alone raise above the generality of writers. The one who reads Tourguéneff for the first time, will find, if it be possible for him to feel, his soul pervaded with a pity and sympathy that will dim his eyes with tears. With a vein of tender pathos that is the mightier because it is felt, not seen, he

will clothe the commonest matter-of-fact theme with a dignity, an importance which humbler minds with even greater themes to inspire them, can never hope to gain. Be it humble submission to an overpowering destiny, the sacrifice of all the heart holds dear, the saddened, blighted life of one who sees life's fairest treasure torn from her,—every theme is as marvelously wrought out, as the landscape grows to beauty beneath the master's brush.

Tourguéneff's style is in itself the peculiar possession which no one else could gain. Plain, simple, clear as crystal, without the slightest tinge of rhetoric, it is something undefinable, indescribable. Many have tried to imitate it, and found that, though the form be there, the spirit, the life, is hopelessly lacking. The present is not the time to form forever an authoritative opinion of his work. There has as yet been no criticism written that will do him justice. All are in varying degrees superficial, incomplete. The Ages sit in judgment. To-morrow will confirm and strengthen the verdict of To-day. For his proper place and the attention that his genius demands, Tourguéneff can well afford to wait.

#### MAINE.

Let others sing of foreign scenes,  
Set off in language grand sublime:  
I will sing in humbler strain  
The grandeur of my native clime.

Old Pine Tree State! how dear to me!  
Every rock on thy rough shore,  
Every crag on thy mountains free,  
Through which the winds of winter roar.

Thy noble rivers winding free,  
Their banks by summer gaily drest:  
Or when in winter's garb, I see  
Them covered with the feathery drift.

Their country's weal and glory old  
Thy manly sons have well upheld  
By land and sea in battles bold,  
In deeds outvying knights of old.

From scenes of beauty painted bright  
By artists' touch or poets' pen,  
From deeds of more than manful might  
Which legends tell of old-time men:—

To thee, Old Pine Tree State, I look,  
No foreign shore so dear to me,  
No deeds of demigods I brook,  
Shall equal actions of the free.

## PORPHYRY PETERS, PEDAGOGUE.

[CONTINUED.]

DURING the second week of the term occurred the village sociable which Porphyry attended, not so much from personal preference as because of a consciousness that he had best make use of the opportunity to become acquainted with the fathers and mothers of Swathboro. Porphyry was shrewd enough to see that his success in Swathboro depended fully as much upon his making a good impression upon the parents as upon his teaching a good school; accordingly, while he did not intend to relax his efforts in the latter direction, he wisely determined that the former means should not remain unimproved.

The subdued whisper, "the Master's come," which passed round the room as he entered the house where the sociable was held, as well as the pompous manner in which Mr. Brunell performed the important duty which he took upon himself of introducing the teacher to the people, gave Porphyry inward amusement. They had completed the circuit of the kitchen, where were assembled a few of the older people and many of the school children, and had nearly finished the tour of the sitting-room when they came upon a group of young ladies who were anxiously, but with an air of unconcern, awaiting an introduction.

Mr. Brunell was evidently becoming somewhat tired of the work which he began with so much gusto and with an air of relief exclaimed, "There Miss Farnham I've introduced the Master to 'most all the folks, now you and the rest o'the girls take and entertain him as well as yer can. He sort of thinks he don't like sociables and we want to show him that all sociables haint like them in a college place, you know."

The position was not an enviable one. Porphyry tried to appear at his ease and as if it was a customary thing for him to entertain a half dozen young ladies at once, but he knew he was unsuccessful and, moreover, he felt sure that they knew he was acting a new rôle. He tried to answer extendedly their questions of how he liked Swathboro, his school, and the sociable, then he asked a few questions in return. He tried to make a pun or two but they fell to the ground unappreciated and this sufficed to check any further attempt in this

direction; and in a short time the young ladies, who found the position as trying as Porphyry, one by one moved away and sought the society of the bashful young men of the village who were eagerly waiting for them in the entry and corners of the room, and their voices and laughter soon told Porphyry that they had found more agreeable society.

Porphyry at the same time became engaged in a lively conversation with Miss Farnham, who, because of Mr. Brunell's words, perhaps, had remained near him while the others moved away. He found in her an interested listener as well as a ready converser, and her intelligence and quick wit quite inspired him, so that he became so much interested in the conversation that he was quite confused when some one came to ask them to join in the games, to find how long they had been talking.

Porphyry joined in a game of Logomachy, whose chief attraction was due to the quaint expressions of a simple-minded maiden lady of the village who unconsciously made herself the subject of many a good-humored joke; his thoughts, however, were more upon Miss Farnham than upon the game, and his eyes often sought out her graceful form from among the others,—too often in fact, for several pairs of sharp eyes were following him, and among the rest those of Mrs. Brunell. The result was that later in the evening Mr. Brunell came to ask Porphyry if he would not accompany Mrs. Brunell home at the close of the evening as he himself was obliged to go away.

On the way home Porphyry was entertained with an extended account of Miss Farnham's life and ancestry. Mrs. Brunell had known the Farnham's, root and branch, from old Eli Farnham, who died of a cancer, down to his granddaughter, whose mother died a few months ago, and who now kept house for her father, an old man who had just enough property to support himself and his daughter. Her pretty face was her only merit, and as for that there were lots of prettier girls in the village than Ella; "there's Mary Simpson, Mr. Brunell's sister's daughter, who's a sight handsomer, and smarter too, than she is, but the young men are always all carried away with Ella Farnham. But then," she added, as they reached the gate, "I don't suppose there's any need of my telling all this to you as long as you are engaged yourself; but I

couldn't help thinking as I saw you talking with her there to-night, and the way you looked at her afterwards, that it was the same way they all begin."

Porphyry thanked her for her information, and went to his room in a high state of exasperation at the state of society existing in so many small villages, and large ones too, where the simplest expressions of interest and politeness are interpreted as pointing directly to the most important steps in life. But after exhausting himself in this line he found his thoughts again turning back upon Miss Farnham; at last, calling himself a confounded idiot like all the rest, he fell asleep.

During the summer, previous to our introduction to her, Ella Farnham had graduated from a young ladies' seminary, and since her mother's death in the early fall, had, as Mrs. Brunell said, kept house for her father. The slight home cares she had found quite agreeable in connection with her reading and other work; and their quiet home in Swathboro pleased her quite as well as the whirl and excitement of society life, of which she had sometimes caught a glimpse while visiting at the city. Yet she was not lacking in life and vivacity, and the merry twinkle of her bright black eye told of something else than sedateness, while the thoughtful curve of the eyebrows and the firm but graceful mouth and chin fully explained the high regard in which she was held by all who knew her.

After the evening of the sociable, Porphyry somehow found it convenient often to call and consult her father's well-chosen library, and the change from the noisy, discordant Brunell kitchen to the quiet cheerful sitting-room of the Farnham's was very enjoyable and tended to make his calls longer than the mere examination of the books would require. Nor did they find his calls at all displeasing; he seemed to bring a fresh life and spirit into their home which was inspiring.

The village gossips, meanwhile, were elated with their new subject for discussion, and the idea that Mr. Peters, who had probably been engaged for several years, should now be paying such marked attention to Ella Farnham, seemed to them a sufficient reason for turning him out of the school. He was no fit person to have the training of their children in his hands,

and it was surprising that Ella should permit him to do as he did. These remarks did not fail sometimes to reach the ears of Porphyry himself, and he almost wished for Miss Farnham's sake that his foolishness had not led him to bring that picture here with him, since it seemed to place her in such an unpleasant position. But as she had never shown in any way that these reports had reached her ears he gave the matter little attention, hoping that she cared as little for the village gossip as did he. And he was finally rather glad of the free and unreserved position which he was able to assume towards her since the knowledge of the existence of the picture would prevent Miss Farnham from misconstruing his action.

*(To be continued.)*

#### IN A FRIEND'S ALBUM.

The page before thee lieth fair and spotless.  
It seemeth to thee beautiful. 'Tis well!  
A poet comes, sullies its snowy whiteness,  
Covers it over with ungainly scrawl,  
Yet writes thereon a thought eternal, peerless,  
Helpful to all.  
Is not the page more beautiful? Pray tell.

Beauteous the infant as it lies in slumber,  
Clasped, pure and holy, in its mother's arms.  
Time flies; Death comes; no longer pure and holy!  
Then, Virtue's wavering line, and Passion's blot!  
Yet in those wavering lines the purpose noble  
He would have wrought.  
Has not this picture, tell me, greater charm?"

A. H. E., '81.

#### SAID TOM'S FATHER:

"TOM!" Mr. Thomas Ellerton was sitting before the fire reading his evening paper, or rather, pretending to read it, for his eyes were fixed thoughtfully upon his son, Thomas Ellerton, Junior, who, leaning on the mantel, was knocking the ashes from his cigarette into the grate. Tom was just home from his first term in college, and was fearing that an explanation would be required for various charges in his cash account. He looked up apprehensively, for his father's voice prophesied expostulation.

"Tom, I've been looking over the papers you brought home, and I don't find your name under the Base-Ball, or Foot-Ball, or Athletic

Associations. Haven't you joined any societies at all?"

"Why, yes, I joined the Young Men's Christian Association and the Reading-Room and a secret society, but I had to draw the line somewhere, and really, it costs so much to join the others, I thought I couldn't afford it," and Tom's face beamed with conscious merit.

His father looked at him a minute in silence, and then remarked, with the slightest touch of sarcasm: "Well, it's terribly strange, then, that you could afford to pay so much for kerosene. How much was the bill for last term, fifteen dollars?" Tom held his peace—he didn't want to talk much about that kerosene bill.

"Now, Tom," continued his father, "don't flatter yourself with the delusion that you kept out of those associations on account of your poverty. You know you could have afforded it, but you preferred hanging around other fellows' rooms to training, and spending your money for tobacco and candy to paying it for fees. What, 'you couldn't spare the time from your studies'? Of course you could. A little exercise will make you study better. The harder one studies, the more does he need exercise; not necessarily work in the gymnasium, but something that will at once interest and tire."

"How's that?" as Tom again interrupted, "the best sort of fellows don't go into such things?" "Fush, fush, I don't believe it, or, rather, I believe you are mistaken. Look over your college, and see whether it is the dunce and the rake who are the most interested in sports. I tell you, a fool can't be any sort of an athlete, and the fast boy certainly won't be one long. When I was in college, the first fellow in my class was in the boat crew and the third fellow was captain of the eleven, while it was the poor chaps who hadn't brains enough to decline *mensa* who used to mope around the halls, wailing at the cost of athletics! Why, look here," and the old gentleman got up and paced the floor in his earnestness, "look here, isn't your body given you by God just as much as your brains are? If you are to live in this world, isn't it just as important that you should have a body as that you should have a soul? It's all very well to say the mind is the man, but, Tom, the mind is of no earthly use without a body to back it. How many are the noble intellects

which have been lost to the world from lack of physical support! A White, a Burns, a Keats, dying before their time, are examples of a class altogether too numerous to-day. I believe that the Creator holds a man responsible as much for his treatment of his body as for his treatment of his soul, and if it is one's duty to develop and strengthen his mind, so it is to develop and strengthen the body in which the mind is confined. From the nature of the union between soul and body, the one should grow as does the other. The time has come when the great mind in the puny body must yield to the great mind in the strong body. Endurance is the winner in to-day's race, and the weak body too soon yields to the terrible strain of its soul's struggles.

This philosophy of his father was more than Tom could stand. He was ignominiously retreating when his father stopped him—

"What do you wear that tall collar and that gay neck-tie for? To make yourself look well, of course. Now, isn't it just as important for one's good appearance that his body should be well developed and that his face should glow with health as that his clothes should fit well or that his hair should be banged? I'm tired and sick of looking at the boys growing up in this town—no bones, no muscles, nothing but pieces of adipose tissue decorated with gorgeous cravats and padded shoulders. And when there is one who is favored by nature with a good body, he must needs reduce himself to the state of his comrades, and from lack of exercise and abundance of cigarettes he soon succeeds. Even those boys who have no bad habits are too lazy to get by honest work the brawn and proportions which the tailor can so readily supply. But broad shoulders, of themselves, don't make an Adonis. Go to the mirror, and if you can withdraw your admiring gaze from your upper lip, look at your neck. What's the use to try to rest your chin on your collar? Why don't you hold your head where it was intended you should hold it, straight up over your shoulders? What do you walk like a partly closed jack-knife for? A stooping gait may betoken thought, but it certainly is not natural or graceful. Look at your knees when you—" But Tom had departed. The conversation was becoming too personal.

## THE CAMPUS.

"The vanished Spring, that slumbering bides  
Her own sweet time to waken bud and flower."

Is there to be a Field-Day ball?

How about the skating-rink under the hill?

Tennis at Colby will receive a decided impetus this spring.

It is rumored that Turner, '84, has petitioned the Faculty for a pump near South College.

The large fire of the year occurred as usual when the students were all absent from the town.

The usual flood of conversation on base-ball topics has already begun to spread over the campus.

Did you see the mannikins, and the Molly Maguire, and "the models imported from Paris at great cost"?

Considerable curiosity is felt to know whether work upon the new scientific building is to be begun this year.

The statistician of '84 is said to have prepared for publication an unusually rich and interesting mass of material.

"Who will not excuse the honest pride with which the Sophs. attract attention to their feet in chapel?"—*Colby Echo*, 1878.

'87 has received an accession to its numbers in Wilder Colby, who has entered as a specialist, taking mathematics and chemistry only.

Clement, '84, has lately had a slight attack of illness, superinduced it is believed by excessive consumption of chocolate drops and Chicago caramels.

Rev. J. F. Elder, D.D., of New York City, has accepted the invitation of the Y. M. C. A. to deliver before them the annual sermon on the evening of Commencement Sunday.

The marked disfavor with which the students regard the recently proposed resolutions restricting college athletics, is a sufficient guarantee that they will not be adopted by our Faculty.

The usual Sophomore declamation is expected to occur on the evening of the 9th of April next. The following is the list of the speakers who have been appointed: Brown, Bryant, Condon, Phenix, Richardson, Small, Smith, Trafton, Webber, Whitten.

If the opinion gains ground that it is safe to destroy what everybody has to share in paying for, we are likely to have a good sized "general average" by the end of the term.

It is already time to get into training for the Field-Day sports. Field Day ought not to suffer this year as it did last, because of the participants in the sports not beginning to train early enough in the term.

Smith, of '86, has decided to leave college at the end of the present term, probably that he may be able to investigate at his leisure certain phases of city life in which he has lately become interested.

The boating season on the Messalonskee commenced this year on the first day of the term, but was not inaugurated with any such cruel disaster as that which ushered in the season of the preceding year.

The two students who this winter ran the "tin-lantern-stove-pipe-illustrated lecture on Jerusalem," report "no end of fun," but are somewhat reticent concerning the amount of filthy lucre which it has added to their exchequer.

It did all very well for Bryant to sing:

"Thick the emerald blades shall grow,  
When first the March winds melt the snow;"

but a view of the campus during the present month would have been likely to shake his faith in even his own veracity.

Can we not have some respectable bulletin-boards on the campus? It is the same wail which has been heard every year past within memory, but it seems as though the time had come for it to cease. A small subscription taken up among ourselves would be abundantly sufficient to meet the demand.

From what has been witnessed upon the campus, we conclude that it would be superfluous to call the attention of the Faculty to the inconveniences arising from lack of drainage of the campus. Time, however, brings all things, whether it be gutters for the roofs, or drainage for the college grounds.

Another Baptist sociable has come and gone, marking another red-letter day in the lives of more Freshmen than a few. It is said to have been a success as usual, though heavily handicapped by the unpropitious phase of the moon



at the time, and by the fact that so large a number of the Sophomores were engaged in "making up."

A striking testimony to the value of "making up" was furnished the other day by a Sophomore who was unable to recollect that he had read the Agricola of Tacitus, until a friend reminded him that it was one of the studies he "made up," the winter previous.

A certain Senior was heard a short time ago complaining to a friend that he had the rheumatism in his right arm. The friend thought of how said Senior had been out calling till a late hour the night previous, and merely smiled an unsympathetic and suggestive smile.

Sam was interviewed the other day in regard to his views upon the Romish Priesthood. The substance of his belief was that priests, as meditators between God and man, were wholly unnecessary, since "every tub must stand on its own bottom, and every mouth declare."

The Sophomores are generally supposed to be able to keep the college well supplied with horn music on their own account, but when they are obliged to seek aid from the young ladies of the town in making night hideous, then — a doubtful precedent has been established.

The Seniors have divided among the electives for the present term as follows: Surveying,—Donnell, Dudley, Estes, Keith, McIntire, Moulton, Putnam; Greek,—Burtt, Clement, Dearing, Kingman, Mathews, Morrill, Robinson, Thayer, Turner. The remainder of the class have taken Latin.

The boys were unusually prompt this term in returning after the long vacation. There were a few exceptions, however, in the cases of those who, being snowed up in far away corners, were obliged to dig their way out, so to speak, putting in an appearance in consequence a day or two later than they had intended.

A Senior in the Greek class the other day, while vainly endeavoring to translate a passage from the Greek New Testament in other words than those of the authorized version, in a fit of desperation rendered the speech beginning with the words γεννηματα ἐχιδνῶν, by the blood-curdling expression, "Oh, tribe of snakes, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come."

The Seniors are in despair. The thought that they have withstood Noah Porter and survived Schwegler only to perish at the hands of Janet, is crushing. Psychology was unusual, Schwegler's History of Philosophy was maddening, but Moral Science—*hagel und sturm-welter*.

It was a Freshman who, when attending his first Baptist sociable, carried down with him to the church a pair of dancing pumps, under the fond delusion that he would have use for them there. By discreetly storing them under a settee, however, he escaped public exposure.

We would again call attention to the fact that there is in recitation hall and some other buildings on the campus apparently no provision made for means of extinguishing fire, and that any day may reveal too late the fact that the provision of fire extinguishers in the halls would have been a wise and economical precaution.

The following back numbers of the ECHO are wanted, to complete files; a liberal price will be paid for any copies that may be forwarded to the editors: Vol. I., '77: Nos. 1, 3, and 4, March, May, and June. Vol. II., '77 and '78: Nos. 4-9 inclusive, January to August, '78. Vol. III., '78 and '79: Nos. 1-8 inclusive, October, '78, to July, '79. Vol. V., '80 and '81: Nos. 2, 3, and 4.

The Freshman prize reading is to take place earlier this year than heretofore, being appointed for the 18th of April. Although some uncertainty seems to exist in the minds of the Freshmen as to the appointments, it has been ascertained from the Sophomores that the following members of '87 are to take part at the reading: S. C. Brooks, W. H. Brooks, Day, Farr, Goodwin, Harvey, Holmes, Kingsley, Mortimer, Pray, Small, Watson.

Class in Political Economy, discussing the nature of wealth and capital: Professor (to a student of well known social propensities)—"Mr. —, if you had a horse and carriage to use in driving for recreation, would that be capital?" Facetious Student (just to have a little joke on the Professor)—"It would depend on what I carried." Professor—"Well, then, provided you carried the one you would be most likely to, under the circumstances." (Facetious Student collapses in the midst of vociferous applause by the class at the thought of the well-known one.)

The reading-room is at last to be refitted, and its furniture reupholstered. It is to be hoped that this improvement of the furnishings of the room may be the signal for a more rational use of its privileges than has recently been customary. Nearly all are desirous of such a change, and a determined effort to see it brought about at the first of the term will create a public sentiment in its favor strong enough to maintain it to the close of the year.

We were to have had this month for publication in this department, a short poem on Spring. The author, however, having unfortunately been drowned on the campus, somewhere along the path from South College to the street, while in the very act of bringing the verses to the editor, their publication will necessarily be deferred till next month, by which time the waters will, it is thought, have subsided sufficiently to permit of the recovery of his body.

We regret to learn that Lord, of '84, will be unable to return to college until the latter part of the present term, on account of the sickness of the senior editor of the *Rockland Courier-Gazette*. He is to be retained as chief editor of the *Oracle*, although the actual supervision of the work will devolve upon the second literary editor. Clement, '84, has been associated with the editorial board, in consequence of the vacancy caused by Lord's absence.

Apropos of the scarcity of items this month, we were struck by the peculiar pertinency and force of the following from the *Cornell Era*: "See there, father; is that a rhinoceros?" "No, my son, that is a local editor." "Why does he look so wild, father? Is he hunting for anything?" "Yes, my son. He thought he had at last found an item for his paper, but it got lost in the recess of his brain. Come away; he might run at you, if he saw us looking at him."

And still we are obliged in rainy weather to leave our umbrellas in a promiscuous huddle in the halls of the different buildings, to drain and drip upon the floor, in painful reminder of the fact that we are still without some of the most simple and ordinary conveniences of life. Is it not possible to move the stony hearts of the prudential committee to spend some few dollars out of the incoming thousands to procure the umbrella stands which should have been

provided for each building within a week after it was first opened for occupation?

The following is the program of recitations for the first part of the present term:

8 A.M.	11.30 A.M.	4.30 P.M.
Seniors, Political Economy, Juniors, German, Sophomores, Anglo-Saxon, Freshmen, Greek,	Moral Science, Geology, Greek, Latin,	Electives. Political Economy. Mechanics. Algebra.

Prof. Eastty, of London, gave one of his entertaining readings before the college in the chapel last Saturday morning, for their enjoyment of which the boys extend to him their hearty thanks. The readings were excellent, Prof. Eastty's voice being of unusual power and richness, and his command of it in delivery being skillful and easy.

The nine went into training in the Gym on the 17th of the present month, with a very encouraging outlook for the season's campaign. According to present arrangements the positions of the men will be as follows: Doe, '84, pitcher and captain of the nine; Goodwin, '87, catcher; Emerson, '84, first base; Mathews, '84, second base; Boyd, '86, third base; Larrabee, '87, short-stop; Whitten, '86, left field; Putnam, '86, centre field; ———, right field. This latter position is to be filled by one of the following: Putnam, '84, Bickmore, '86, Wellington, '86.

The students have, for the last two weeks, been rioting in the blissful enjoyment of the gutters which have at last been placed upon all the college buildings not formerly so supplied. The thanks of all are due to the prudential committee for the long and uninterrupted revel of satisfaction which their action has produced. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that when one descending the steps of South College, lost in admiration at the triumph of man's art above his head, and with heart o'erflowing with gratitude to a benevolent Faculty, steps off into three or four inches of what Worcester defines as snow in a state of liquefaction—it must be admitted that at such times enthusiasm falters.

It seems of late to have been more and more devolving upon the "Campus" to gather up and give expressions to those grumblings among the students, which have, hitherto, formed the subjects of communications, or which have crept into the "Sanctum," or which else have been allowed to remain unnoticed. It is eminently proper that such grumblings, where they have

any reasonable cause, should find full expression in the college paper, which is, indeed, the only means open to the students for bringing certain matters before those who alone have it in their power to afford the needed remedy. Such matters as relate to the campus, at least, may with peculiar propriety be touched upon in the "Campus." The complaint which is most frequently heard to-day, and one which the Faculty also have good reason to appreciate, is concerning the campus walks. The fact, if indeed it be a fact, that they have been in the same inexcusably scandalous condition every spring for the last fifty years, is no reason why they should be allowed to remain so for the next fifty years. It is *not* the unavoidable penalty of living in such a climate as this that one should have to clamber through slush, mud, and water on the campus paths during a month or two out of each year. Nor is our responsibility in this direction lessened by the fact that, so far as slush is concerned, the campus paths are in rather better condition than the town sidewalks. Because these latter have been in a condition which is a disgrace to the town and a reproach to the householders before whose places they extend, there is obviously no reason why we should imitate this uninviting example. We ask for what are on graveled paths an absolute necessity in this climate—board walks. We sincerely hope that there is not in New England another institution of any size or pretensions, which compels its students to daily suffer serious annoyance and inconvenience from the execrable condition of the walks upon its own grounds,—certainly we know of none where, with equal need for their presence, board walks are not provided. They are necessary here, not only during the period when the melting snow renders the campus a very slough of despond, but during the long weeks in the spring when mud, mud, mud is the order of the day, and when it is necessary to have the agility of a kangaroo even to get from one college building to the other without well plastering your shoes with earth. Of what use is it to complain of trampled turf and ruined edgings when the paths are left practically impassable? Of what use is it to complain of dirty floors in halls and lecture-rooms, when no one can appear there with reasonably clean shoes, owing to the state in which the approaches to the halls are left? We ask simply

for that with which other similar institutions are almost without exception provided—board walks which, made in sections, may be stored during the summer and laid down early in the spring. We have a campus of which we all are proud, and justly so. The neatness and care with which it and its buildings are in general maintained is also a matter for self-congratulation. Can we not with reason look for a hitherto neglected yet necessary provision which will add to the causes for our satisfaction?

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## EXCHANGES.

### THE COLLEGE PRESS.

[NOTE.—Owing to press of other work, the Exchange Editor was unable to furnish the matter in time for the printer, so the column this month is the work of inexperienced hands, and hence, no doubt, faulty.]

The *Yale Courant* is a new exchange to us, and one that takes high rank among college papers. Its management is able, and the character of its contributed articles is above the average. While its pages are not closed against fun, it does not admit the insipid slush that disfigures so many of our college publications. The editorials are outspoken and readable; the locals are pithy and abundant. The literary articles all show care and finish, while in contents there is a pleasing variety manifested. In respect to its cover and typographical make-up it is surpassed by none of our exchanges.

Boston University is well represented in the college world by the *Beacon*, which comes to us in a new and very attractive dress. At first sight the cover impressed us as being one of the most tasty in design and neatest in finish of any paper received at our office. Our appreciation was not lessened by learning that the design was the work of a graduate of Colby—Mr. Denison of '82. One characteristic of the paper we wish to notice, viz.: the sensible and fearless criticism of exchanges. If there is to be an exchange column we believe it should be devoted to fair and impartial criticism, and not be made a playground for the display of the editor's wit. We appreciate criticism, whether favorable or adverse, if it is made in a spirit of fairness.

Our table finds a new adornment in the *Occident*, from the University of California. The arrangement and composition of the paper is superior to that of many of our western journals. If we may suggest a fault, it is that the "local" department receives too little space and attention, while in the literary articles there is rather too much that is intelligible to students of the college only. These are minor defects, however, upon which the opinions of editors differ.

The *Varsity*, a weekly from the University of Toronto, is perhaps the best of our Canadian exchanges. It is thoroughly devoted to the interests of its univer-

sity. The completeness of its reflection of the life of the college as effected in the locals, editorials, and reports, gives it an almost unique position among college papers. It advocates the discussion by college papers of some rather profound, and it seems to us irrelevant questions, and affords in its own columns a practical and creditable exemplification of its views.

In its management and tone of its contents the *Trinity Tablet* comes as near our ideal of a college paper as anything on our exchange list. Plain but neat in appearance, straightforward and progressive in all its departments, it declares throughout the wisdom and good judgment of its conductors.

A new enterprise, and we think a good one, is the publication at Nashville of a monthly journal in the interest of no college or society in particular, but in the name of all students. The paper is appropriately called the *Student World*. The first number or two has made a favorable impression, and we hope that the new undertaking will prove successful.

The ex. ed. of the *Swarthmore Phoenix* indulges in an unwarranted overflow of righteous indignation, in the February number, over a supposed plagiarism on the part of the ECHO. It is not always wise to assert more than can be proved. The ex. ed. in question has seen in the ECHO something which he claims was copied "almost word for word" from that excellent journal. Doubtless an article appeared in our columns that bore a more or less close resemblance to something published in the *Phoenix*, but it was not copied. Thus far we have always been able to fill our pages with original articles or properly credited clippings. We would fondly advise the excitable youth now serving as ex. ed. at Swarthmore to allow his "natural modesty to refrain" him from positing as facts his own guesses, however plausible they may seem.

#### OTHER COLLEGES.

Oxford, Cambridge, Durham, and London Universities have opened their doors to women.—*Dartmouth*.

Trinity College has obtained the map of America in 1522. It was made from the ideas of Columbus and first printed at Madrid.—*Ex.*

Dr. McCosh has issued a circular setting forth the demands for a course in Fine Arts as a part of the college curriculum at Princeton.—*Ex.*

A Bowdoin student is reported to have made some marked improvements in the spectroscope.—*Ex.*

At the Kansas University any student who attains a term grade of ninety is excused from examinations.—*Ex.*

Professor Sylvester, late of Johns Hopkins, expects to enter upon his duties as Savilian

Professor of Geometry, at Oxford, early in this year.—*Ex.*

The marking system is now the subject of serious discussion in some of our leading colleges. At Kenyon College students having a class standing of 75 per cent. or above, and not absent from more than one-tenth of their recitations, are allowed to pass without taking an examination. At the University of Pennsylvania a new system of ranking has been adopted.

Some months ago, the scientific world was surprised at the appearance, in scientific journals, of discussions on the discovery of a practical solution to the cubic equation—a problem, the practical solution of which had baffled the leading mathematicians of all countries for hundreds of years. So startling was such a discovery, that even the deepest thinkers on the subject of the Theory of Equations were skeptical as to the possibility of it, until a demonstration of the fact led to ultimate conviction. The discoverer of this solution is an alumnus of Wisconsin University.—*University Press.*

Cornell University has received an invitation, signed by the Duke of Argyle as chancellor, and Sir Stafford Northcote as rector, to send a representative to the 300th anniversary of the founding of the University of Edinburgh next Easter, this representative to be the guest of the Edinburgh authorities. The *Era* thus comments upon the matter: "Cornell is one of the few American universities invited to send a representative to the tri-centennial celebration of the founding of Edinburgh University. The delegating of James Russell Lowell for this duty will ensure the University a prominent position among the institutions represented. No better man could be found for Cornell's representative. As a non-resident professor in the University he is familiar with its workings; as minister to England and one, also, highly honored he will take the precedence that we all desire for Cornell's representative. The extension of invitations to several leading American colleges is significant in showing a tendency to place our institutions of learning on an equal footing with those of Great Britain. It is unusual to see British conservatism bend to anything more than to patronize in a soothing way everything American."

Amherst students are marked on gymnasium practice, as on any recitation. President Seelye

says of compulsory exercise in the gymnasium: "By close statistics, carefully kept for twenty years, it appears that the health of an Amherst College student is likely to grow better in each year of his college course. The average health of the Sophomore class is better than that of the Freshman, and of the Junior better than that of the Sophomore, and of the Senior best of all. This average is shown to come from an improvement in the physical condition of the individual student, and not from a dropping out of the course of those who might be too weak to complete it."—*Ex.*

### THE WASTE-BASKET.

We had just reached our room after a perilous passage upon the ferryboat, which, at this season of the year, conveys the resuscitated student from the railway station to this haunt of Arcadian simplicity, and had shaken off the blinding slush and the profanity of the descendant of Charon when the postman placed in our hands a corpulent communication from the sunny regions of the South. With eagerly palpitating fingers we rent its eperdemis and read:

ETHEREAL ANGEL CREEK, }  
Mar. 27, 1884. }

*Luminous beacon of my life:*

Here I sit in this blissful clime so redolent with the overwhelming sweetness of orange blossoms and the baleful breath of consumptives, gently parting, with a hand-saw, the shining locks of my pet alligator, which, softly crooning, lies upon the door-mat gazing with its tenderly expressive orbs upon the undevoured remnant of a book agent, who had, with his dying gasp, informed me that he was introducing a valuable work on Skating-Rink Etiquette, written by a member of your college, — Well, as I remarked, here I sit and ponder upon the joyless existence you are trying to wear away in the miry thoroughfares of the college town, comparing it with this radiant scene of tropical loveliness which expands before my enraptured vision. Would that you were my companion in this balmy zone where the lachrymal onion and the cramp producing melon abound in cloying satiety! And how goes the battle of books? Does some beardless Junior still aspire to sit by the hearth-stone of the Professor? Is the co-educational element as retiringly coy as it hitherto has been habitually accustomed to be wont? Does the department of vocal culture still retain its bucolic cast? But the rhythmic cadence of the canal boat paddle falls upon my ears and I must depart for St. Augustine.

Yours in visible emotion,

M'GINNIS.

Junior (translating *nunc ego omnino occidi*)  
—"Now I am all broken up,"—*Ex.*

A down-town landlady calls a boarder "Phoenix," because he rises from the hashes and flies.

The Ladies' Literary Society of Nebraska have adopted the following motto: "*Arma Virumque Cano.*"—*Ex.*

A stratum of solid, slippery ice;  
A stratum of slush so soft and nice;  
A stratum of water; over that  
A stratum of man in a new silk hat;  
Above, the startled air is blue  
With oath on oath a stratum or two.

—*Record.*

"Please write the subject of the examination at the head of the paper," said the professor, "we want something to show what the examination is about."—*Ex.*

### THE SOPHOMORE'S SOLILOQUY.

To ride or not to ride—that's the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and jokes of sarcastic professors,  
Or to take a horse against a sea of troubles,  
And, by riding, end them.  
To sleep, to ride—some more;  
And by a ride to say we end  
The headache, the burning of midnight oil,  
And the thousand difficult constructions  
That the student is heir to—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished.  
To ride, to sleep:—  
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;  
For in that sleep to dream that the professors have  
Tumbled to the racket,  
Must give us pain.

—*Ex.*

The late Professor Sophocles of Harvard was as eccentric in his teaching as in everything else that he did. He had much of the Socratic way of asking questions to show a pupil his ignorance, and then leaving him to help himself as best he could. He often asked a question, especially if a visitor was in his class-room, merely to open the way for a joke or a sarcasm. He once asked a question about a peculiar Greek accent entirely round a class, eliciting various crude guesses, and then dryly remarked: "It is a misprint." Many will remember his question as to what was done with the Persians who were killed at Thermopylæ. This called out various answers, to which he replied by a shake of his head; but when one hopeless Freshman replied that he did not know, he answered: "That is right; nobody knows." These anecdotes, with a thousand others, both historical and mythical, are very characteristic of his style of teaching, which did not always follow strictly scientific methods.—*The Nation.*

## PERSONALS.

[The alumni are earnestly solicited to furnish items for this column].

Prof. Butterfield has returned to resume his duties as instructor in elocution, and met with a warm reception by the students.

Prof. Smith has been occupying the pulpit of the Baptist church in Skowhegan.

'35.

In recognition of the ability and personal worth of the late Rev. William Lamson, D.D., a memorial volume has lately been issued from the Riverside Press.

'60.

Henry A. Kennedy, one of the most prominent citizens of Waldoboro, died March 9, 1884. He was born in Waldoboro, Nov. 6, 1834, and graduated from this college in 1860. He was appointed deputy collector of customs of the port of Boston, in 1863, holding this position until the resignation of Gen. James A. Hall, collector in 1881, when he was appointed, by President Garfield, collector of the port of Waldoboro. He was universally respected and highly esteemed for his integrity.

'61.

Rev. F. D. Blake has accepted a call to the Baptist church at Wickford, R. I.

'62.

Col. Richard C. Shannon is a law student at Columbia Law School during a vacation from his duties in Brazil.

'63.

Rev. W. R. Thompson is first selectman and member of School Committee at New Ipswich, N. H.

'65.

Rev. W. T. Chase, lately pastor of the Baptist church at Cambridgeport, Mass., has gone to Minneapolis, Minn., to fill the pulpit of the First Baptist church of that city. It is said that this church is one of the most successful and influential in the State.

'68.

Rev. W. O. Ayer has resigned his position in the pulpit of the Baptist church in Skowhegan and gone to fill a similar position in Everett, Mass.

'72.

Rev. T. G. Lyons has gone from Lisbon Falls to occupy the Baptist pulpit at Friendship.

'78.

C. A. Chase has graduated from the medical department of Howard University, Washington, D. C.

'80.

H. L. Koopman has given up the position of Cataloguer in the Cornell library to fill a similar position in the libraries of Columbia College. Address Cor. of Madison Ave. and 49th Street, N. Y. City.

Married.—At the residence of the bride's parents in this city, Mr. H. L. Kelley of Fairfield to Miss Cornelia A. Pulsifer.

'81.

Rev. F. M. Gardner has just received a unanimous call to the Baptist church of Lawrence, Mass.

C. C. King is in the Boston Law School.

E. M. Stacy is School Supervisor at Benton, Me.

A. H. Barton has entered the practice of law in company with Hon. Bartlett Tripp (formerly '61) at Yankton, Dakota.

James M. Sanborn (formerly '81) is member of the School Committee at Newport, Me.

'82.

G. L. Dunham is teacher of the Center Street Grammar School in Portland, Me.

L. H. Owen has resigned his position as teacher of the Fairfield High School.

W. C. Philbrook has opened a law office in this city.

'83.

G. M. Wadsworth, formerly of '83, now of Brown, '84, has been acting as captain of the Brown base-ball nine.

'84.

Robinson is member of School Committee at Windham, Me.

H. B. Gray, formerly of '84, now of Boston University, '84, is editor-in-chief of the *Beacon*, the Brown University monthly.

Dudley M. Holman (formerly '84) is editor of the *Advocate*, published at Roxbury, Mass.

'85.

James Monahan (formerly '85) has entered the class of '86 in Dartmouth College.

'86.

E. E. Parmenter has been elected Supervisor of Schools in China, Me.

C. S. Wilder has accepted a call to occupy the pulpit of the Congregationalist church at Bluehill, Me., for the coming six months.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

The papers that make up the April number of the *Atlantic* present an unusual variety of interesting subjects. Besides the new chapters of the two serial stories, "A Roman Singer," and "In War Time," there appears the second and last part of "Drifting Down Lost Creek," one of the most striking short stories recently published. Henry James has one of his entertaining sketches of Travel, and Prof. U. S. Shaler, of Harvard College, discusses "The Red Sunsets," and their probable causes. "Annina" is a story of a pretty Waldensian girl, by Charles Dunning. Oliver T. Morton, son of the late eminent Senator Morton, of Indiana, writes about "Presidential Nominations." Maria Louise Henry contributes a sketch of Madame de Longueville. Bradford Torrey has an interesting bird article, entitled "Phillida and Coridon," which is most gracefully written. There are poems by G. P. Lathrop and Helen Gray Cone; reviews of several noteworthy new books; and the Contributors' Club has some delightful extracts from a "Rhymed Letter" by James Russell Lowell, not included in his volumes. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The *Magazine of Art* for April is at hand, with its usual wealth of engravings and literary merit. The leading article is a continuation of the article on Algiers, which was begun with so much interest in the March number. An interesting article on "Battle and Travel," by Nicolas Sobkó, contains two of the finest engravings of the number. They are companion pictures, engraved from the original paintings by Basil Verestchagin. The first is "The Victors: The Turks at Telisch"; the second, "The Vanquished: The Russians at Telisch." A fine portrait of Verestchagin appears in connection with the article. Among other fine engravings in the number are "Burdens," from a painting by Charles Gregory; "The River," from a painting by Van Goyen; "The Mill," from Ruysdael, and "The Bravo," drawn by Enrique Serra. Among articles of especial interest we note the finely illustrated article on "The Country of Millet," "The Constantine Ionides Collection," and "Pictures of Japan." A true appreciation, however, of this excellent magazine can only be gained from personal examination, and we would heartily recommend it to all students of art as one of the best magazines of the sort which comes to our table. Published by Cassell & Co., 739 and 741 Broadway, New York. Terms, \$3.50 per year; single number, 35 cents.

The *Eclectic* for April comes, as usual, well filled with able and interesting selections. The first article is Cardinal Newman's statement of the Romish idea of the "Inspiration of Scripture." The interest of the subject and the eminence of the author, both give this article importance. This is not the only discussion in the number of a religious bearing. "The Christian Revolution," "Christianity and Politics," and a rather unusual paper, entitled "Thoughts About Apparitions" are quite in a religious line. Scientific readers will find an interest in Andrew Wilson's "Invitation

to Dinner," and "The Germ Theory of Zymotic Diseases." Two very timely articles regarding the Oriental complications, are "Tonquin and Anam," and "The Guide of Islam." Among other articles of merit are a sketch of "Mozart," the musician and composer, "The Wisdom of Goethe," by Prof. Blackie, "The Last Days of Heinrich Heine," and "Bears and Wolves," by Phil Robinson. Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond Street, New York. Terms, \$5 per year; single numbers, 45 cents; trial subscription for 3 months, \$1.

*Lippincott's Magazine* for April has for its leading article a finely written and well illustrated descriptive sketch, entitled "New Germantown and Chestnut Hill." Professor William F. Allen contributes this month the first of two most entertaining papers on "How the Roman Spent his Year," containing much that is of interest, especially to the classical student. There are two short sketches, "In the Kauri Forests of New Zealand," and "Glimpses of the Queen's Negroes," while the literary articles of the number are "A German Novel," by Horace M. Kennedy, and "Some New Anecdotes of Heine," by William R. Thayer. In the way of fiction, the continuation of "The Perfect Treasure," by F. C. Baylor, is exceedingly clever and entertaining, and the beginning of another short serial, "At Last," by Annie Porter, promises the interest of a strong plot and romantic incidents. "Her Lover," by Louise Stockton, is a very pleasing and well-contrived story, and "April Fish," by M. J. Barnett, is a Florentine sketch appropriate to the number. "Easter Customs and Traditions," and other short papers in the "Monthly Gossip" should not be overlooked. J. B. Lippincott & Co., 715 and 717 Market Street, Philadelphia. Terms, \$3 per year.

The *Manhattan* for April sets before its readers a number rich and varied in contents. The work of pen and pencil prove alike inviting. The frontispiece is a fine engraving of Edwin Booth. An ably written and well illustrated paper upon that great actor, from the pen of Henry C. Pedder, holds the first place. Under the caption, "Literature and Science," Matthew Arnold discusses the comparative value in education, of letters and the natural sciences. As we should expect, his preference lies on the side of polite learning, but the article is well worth the reading, whatever view one takes of the subject. A charming paper on foreign travel is the richly illustrated sketch, "Rottenburg in Bavaria," by Elizabeth E. Evans. W. H. Forman gives an appreciative story of the life and work of a little known but talented American artist and designer, Jasper F. Cropsey. The department of fiction is not overlooked. "An Autobiographical Romance," "An Easter Egg," and "Tinkling Cymbals," are pleasant reading in that field. There are several other articles of merit upon various topics. The editorial departments are well filled with matters interesting and important. The Manhattan Magazine Co., Temple Court, New York City. \$3.00 per year, 25 cents a number.

*Cassell's* for April has reached our table, and is re-

plete with good reading. It is surprising to us that the publishers can furnish a monthly of such excellence in matter and illustration at so trifling cost to the subscriber. For a frontispiece there is a full-page engraving that accompanies a little poem by Wetherly. Then follow four more chapters of J. Berwick Harwood's story "Within the Clasp." "How Coke is Made," "Our Garden in March," "The Preservation of Health," "Waverley Abbey," "The National Music of Scotland," and "Sights and Scenes of the New World," are but a few of the well-written and timely articles that fill the pages of this family journal. The editor in the "Gatherer" puts before his readers an account, brief but pithy, of the discoveries and inventions that have been made in all departments of science and industry during the last month. *Cassell's Family Magazine*, monthly, \$1.50 per year; single copy, 15 cents. Cassell & Co., 739 and 741 Broadway, New York.

The *Foreign Eclectic* is the name of a new monthly, one number of which we have received. It intends to cull the best articles from the French and German papers and reviews, and present them to us Americans in the original languages. For French or German speaking foreigners, or for Americans who have an interest in the study of French or German, this enterprise affords a fine opportunity for pleasant and helpful current reading in those tongues. The character of the articles in the first number is in keeping with the editor's promise that only the best of the best will be selected. The magazine, we think, will fully meet the wants of that steadily growing class of readers who wish to keep abreast of the native thought in French and German. Published by the Foreign Eclectic Co., P. O. Box 1800, Philadelphia. Three parts. Part I., French, \$2.50 per year; Part II., German, \$2.50 per year; and Part III., French and German, \$4.00 per year; single copies, Part I. or II., 25 cents; Part III., 35 cents.

The April number of *Outing and the Wheelman*, that delight of all lovers of out-door sports, comes to our table just before we go to press. On account of hurry we are unable to give it as careful reading as we should like, but are convinced by our hasty perusal that the high character hitherto maintained is still kept up. The current number opens with an elegant full-page wood engraving illustrative of bicycling delights. The "Wheelman's Song" is a spirited, cheery lyric by Will Carleton. Then follow two bright papers on out-door scenes: one, "Alaska Canoeing," the other, "Nova Scotia and the Islands Beyond." The serials, "Le Masq' Allonge Benedictite," and "Summer Sweethearts," present interesting continuations. A number of short, pleasant articles are scattered through the book. Part II. of the "Bicycle and Tricycle Racing Records" occupies two pages. The editorial departments, "Open Window," "Glances at Our Letter File," "Among the Books," etc., furnish in brief much of interest to the readers of the magazine. It will gratify the well wishers of this monthly to learn that with the April number an English issue is begun.

*Outing and the Wheelman*, \$2.00 a year; 20 cents a number. The Wheelman Company, 175 Tremont Street, Boston.

"Hints for Home Reading,"<sup>1</sup> one of Putnam's "handy book" series, has reached us from the publishers. The volume is edited by Dr. Lyman Abbott, and contains chapters bearing upon reading, by such authorities as Edward Everett Hale, Charles Dudley Warner, Henry Ward Beecher, Joseph Cook, and others of equal culture. Every one can find in the volume suggestions regarding books and reading that are helpful and practical. It is one of the best of its kind. Not the least valuable feature of the work, is the appended list of standard works for the library. This can be made of great service in selecting books.

"Health Notes for Students,"<sup>2</sup> by Burt G. Wilder, M.D., is a small, paper-covered book containing in concise and convenient form the substance of four lectures delivered before the Freshman class of Cornell University by the Professor of Physiology in that institution. The book is made up of suggestions and advice upon the various topics falling under the head of hygiene, which would be of particular interest and concern to college students. Thus it takes up in turn the subjects of food and drink, ventilation and heating, clothing, sleep, exercise, methods of study, care of eyes, etc., together with various other matters, an acquaintance with which is of the utmost importance to every young man in college. It is what every student ought to have in his memory, but as most of us are not thus blessed, this little manual is calculated to prove of great practical value to the reader. It is impossible to have too great a familiarity with the principles which it emphasizes, and it will be well worth the while of every student to give a careful reading to a book which is at once so valuable in its suggestions, and yet reasonable in price.

From the same house we have a little "Classical Dictionary,"<sup>3</sup> designed for those who have no time for long myths and descriptions, but wish the most information in the least space. The volume is compact and reliable, and will undoubtedly prove of great service to those in need of such a help.

NEW HAMPSHIRE. Sept. 14, 1881. — Webster's Unabridged Dictionary is a monument of learning and literary labor, of which every American scholar may well be proud. I should be glad to see a copy of the work in every school in the State.—J. W. PATTERSON, State Supt. Public Instruction.

<sup>1</sup> "Hints for Home Reading." Boards, 8 vo., pp. 147. Price 75 cents. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 27 and 29 West 23d Street, New York.

<sup>2</sup> "Health Notes for Students," by Burt G. Wilder, M.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 27 and 29 West 23d Street, New York. Price 15 cents.

<sup>3</sup> "A Classical Dictionary: For Ready Reference." Cloth, pp. 144. Price 75 cents. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 27 and 29 West 23d Street, New York.