

# The Colby Echo.

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## 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.

SINCE the building of our pleasant and commodious gymnasium, the customary approach to it has been by an irregular and uneven path. A level, dry walk could be very easily provided for the use of all passing to and fro

between the colleges and the gymnasium, and at the same time afford securer and more direct access to the well, located midway the distance.

Besides its utility (and this would not be inconsiderable, for in wet weather the present path is decidedly slippery), such a walk, well graveled and neatly trimmed, would add greatly to the appearance of that part of the campus. To one, unfamiliar with our grounds and buildings, the straggling course of turfless soil that now leads our feet to the gymnasium, is a very indefinite and dubious pathway.

THE matter of ranking is at present undergoing a complete revolution in many American colleges. The subject is a perplexing one at best, but none the less should the surest method of ensuring justice to the student, be earnestly sought. In a number of colleges, examinations are made optional with all who attain a certain grade during the term, the per cent. varying from 75 to 90. Clearly, much can be said in favor of a system that puts a premium upon steady, thorough work from day to day. The knowledge gained in this way alone, will stay.

The processes in vogue here at Colby for determining the standing to which a student is entitled, are good in their way, but possibly a better method may be discovered. There are objections on both sides of the question, we frankly admit, but wish a fair consideration of the *pros* and *cons*, and then an intelligent opinion may be reached.

Our method brings a long, tedious test of the student's acquirements, at the end of the term when all are weary. It offers to shirk the chance of gaining a fair rank without solid work. Many a student has, by cramming for examination, redeemed on the college register, a term of idleness and neglect. The vicious tendency of such a course is self-evident. Moreover, it keeps students in greater or less uncertainty as to the result of their work, until the last examination is past. If one is taken ill, or is called out of college during examination time,

the term's work must all be reviewed before he dare venture on making up. Another disadvantage is, that the student's rank cannot be made out in any case until vacation, prolonging the work of professors, and delaying the receipt of term letters by the students.

On the other hand, the optional plan is a great incentive to faithful, honest work. Almost any student will apply himself more zealously to his studies if he is persuaded that by so doing he will escape the three hours' bore of an examination at the end of the term. It reduces the number of those to be examined, to the minimum, thus lightening very greatly the work of the professors, and allows the diligent student time for doing those annoying last things that invariably present themselves at the end of the term.

The foregoing is but an imperfect discussion of the question, but we hope that it will arouse thought in regard to the matter. We do not mention the new plan merely for the sake of a change, but because we think it presents advantages far in excess of the method now in use here.

IN one of our exchanges we noticed the other day, the remark that inside college walls nothing was so potent in determining what should and what should not be done, as custom. There is indeed much—far too much—truth in the saying. If a practice is good, let it be kept up. But because a thing is customary is not sufficient reason for its continuance, whether it be good or bad. College students are slow to learn this truth, however. If a class departs from the stereotyped course, *somebody* immediately raises the cry that the class of—has committed a great offense against the college, in that it has despised the moss-grown traditions of its predecessors.

It is further noticeable that the questionable, or positively vicious customs are most certain of perpetuation. The folly of such a course was very forcibly illustrated in the case of "false orders," lately issued for the enlightenment of the community at large, regarding the Faculty and the class of '87. The "gutter snipe" that did service this year as the customary false order, was an outrage upon decency. It lacked even the salt of wit to redeem its putridity, and was justly condemned and repudiated by the

students in general, immediately upon its appearance. While we somewhat question the entire wisdom of the course taken by the college authorities to prevent the issue of a mock order, we do not in the least palliate or excuse the indecency of the sheet that came out. It is a gratifying evidence of the character of Colby, that among the students we have not heard one word of approval of this latest journalistic venture.

It is devoutly to be hoped that ere long a class will come forward that will have the moral courage and stamina to prevent any of its members from indulging in the violation of propriety of which this year has brought the culmination.

FINALLY, after many days, the question, "who is to be our Professor of Physics" can be definitely answered. At a meeting of the trustees of the college, on the 18th inst., a successor to Professor Lyford, was formally elected. The new comer is from the Normal School at Cortland, N. Y. Prof. Capen will receive a sincere welcome from all connected with Colby, but for all that, critical eyes will be upon him. His predecessor has ably filled the position to which he comes, and whoever essays to take up that task, laid down after a long period of service, must be one of no mean ability. Our new instructor comes with the highest recommendations of fitness for the place, and with the coöperation of the students and authorities of the college, we hope to see the department in his charge, pushed to even greater efficiency than it has attained in the past, and we have confidence to believe that our hopes will be realized.

AGAIN would we jog the memory of every able-bodied student, in reference to Field Day. If we believe in athletics, let us show our belief by our works. The only way to make the contests interesting, is to secure a large number of entries for the various feats, and then have the contestants go through a course of rigorous training. In addition to the usual features, can we not have a fair, well-contested walking match? Could there not also be a little novelty introduced? A bicycle race, or an exhibition of bow shooting, would infuse a little variety into the somewhat monotonous program of late years. At all events, it is of vital impor-

tance that the students heartily second the efforts of the management, if we are to have a profitable meeting this year.

AFTER some hesitation and a great deal of discussion, '84 has decided that there shall be a commencement concert this year. We cannot but feel gratified at the decision of the class to celebrate the completion of their course by a fitting entertainment. From the report of the committee having the matter in charge, it seems that the proposed concert will be one such as will please all lovers of good music. The musicians are each and all artists in their special parts, and will doubtless present a program, excellent alike in selection and execution.

We hope that this will prove to be a permanent revival of a pleasant custom, that had, in a degree, lapsed into disuse.

THERE is apparently innate in mankind, especially *young* mankind, a tendency to destroy. It is popularly supposed that this destructive disposition is confined chiefly to boyhood; but not seldom, distinct traces of it are evident in professed young men. In college it manifests itself in wanton breaking of glass, abuse of gymnasium apparatus, and general disregard of the property rights of the college. That this sort of behavior is foolish as well as wrong, seems too evident to need argument. The damage is usually wrought by a few who are surcharged with jollity and animal spirits, whose conduct must be guided by a wholesome public opinion.

Soon the charms of out-door beauty will tempt the average student to exchange the classic shade of his room for the more delightful if less mysterious, shade of the campus trees. It has been customary hitherto, to sacrifice one or two settees in the course of a season, to a morbid desire on the part of a few students to whittle. We protest in the interest of the college as a whole, against this needless waste. To disfigure and destroy, thus, the comforts provided for the common use, is simply vandalism. It is unworthy of a boy even, not to say a man. We have no doubt the college authorities would provide permanent seats on the campus if there was any assurance that they would survive one year's service, but it would be monumental cheek to ask the favor, with the confused ideas of property rights now held by some of the students.

## LITERARY.

### ISLE AU HAUT.

Highland island of the deep,  
Isle au Haut!  
Where the storm-winds wailing sweep,  
And the breakers flash and leap,  
All a-row,  
Echoing up thy rocky steep,  
Isle au Haut.

Thee we watch from far away,  
Isle au Haut,  
Giant guardian of the bay,  
Bidding ocean's onset stay,  
Heedless, though  
Deep thy woods are drenched with spray,  
Isle au Haut.

Utmost outpost of the land,  
Isle au Haut,  
Mountain-walled on every hand,  
With thy frothed and broken strand,  
White as snow,  
And thy lake the fairies planned,  
Isle au Haut.

Miles away I see thee shine,  
Isle au Haut,  
Sunset on those cliffs of thine,  
Rosy flushed thy darkling pine,  
While, below,  
Ship-lights glimmer on the brine,  
Isle au Haut!

H. L. K., '80.

### SPRING.

YES, for this, the oldest of themes, is new again once more, and vernal breezes bid us welcome once again the latest arrival in the cycle of years. Spring extends astronomically from the middle of March, the vernal equinox, to the middle of June, the summer solstice. Popularly, however, it ends with the first of the latter month, but the summer tide continues to rise till after the solstice, and not till then do the buds and tender shoots begin to harden or the grass to lose its greenness.

March is always boisterous and deceptive. The flood tide may have commenced, and, indeed, during pleasant days in March we always look for the first signs of budding vegetation, but there are so many counter currents of the winter's ebb yet left, that they render these endeavors abortive, and the month is persistent in nothing save its variableness.

Sturdy old Boreas and the gentle South Wind wage continual warfare, the one sweeping down

across the Canadas, fresh from regions of perpetual ice and snow, the other up from the Gulf of Mexico, laden with the warmth and richness of the tropics, gentle but sure to be victorious. But its ascendancy is very limited at first, and results in a negative blessing, giving us the slosh, the mud, and the mire so characteristic of the month.

It is not all thus, for there are many pleasant days in March, when one longs to be out of doors, if only to watch the breaking up of the ice, crystal by crystal, or the tiny rivulets in their journey seaward. This is the surface-water month, and furnishes a golden opportunity for the study of the erosive power of water. Now is the time to search in these rivulets for channel and flood-plain, rapid, fall, and cañon, for they are each perfect miniatures of those larger rivers which figure so prominently in the earth's physiography.

Here are the cañons of the Colorado, with all their intricate windings and side cañons, better for purposes of study than even the originals themselves, because embraced in the space of a few yards, and yonder is a miniature Niagara, pouring its turbid flood down through rapids above into the pool below, and eating its way slowly backward hour by hour and inch by inch.

After watching these little streamlets, it does not seem so incredible, nor indeed so wonderful that the mighty river can wear its way century after century into the solid rock till it has made for itself a chasm whose precipitous sides rise 5,000 or 6,000 feet above the swollen flood.

This is the period, too, which marks the return of the birds, with whose first utterance the spell of winter is broken. Each stage of the advancing season gives prominence to a certain species of plant and bird life, and we are naturally led to associate the two. In warm southern exposures, during the last few days in March, may often be found the hepaticas, whose delicate blossoms inaugurate vernal vegetation, and whose coming has been heralded several days earlier by the robin, himself the pioneer of his race. Next appear the nodding bells of the adder's tongue, proclaiming the arrival of the song-sparrow, whose winning strains soon gladden our hearts.

With the phoebe-bird come the white starred flowers of the blood-root, while the trillium does not associate with the bird, from which it derives

its popular name of wake-robin, but rather with the bluebird.

But now March has gone and April is at hand, pre-eminently the month of birds. And they are all engaged from early dawn till dark in an unceasing warfare on everything insectile that lives upon the earth, burrows in the soil beneath, or flies in the air above it. In this pursuit they all prove themselves arithmetical and physiological wonders. The robin, for instance, so universally reviled by horticulturists, but if the truth were known their greatest auxiliary, weighs usually about three and a half troy ounces. Yet he both can and does eat more than that weight of insect food every day, and to crown all he actually weighs less when he has finished than the food he has eaten. Impossible as such a feat may seem it has been proved by careful experiment again and again till it has lost some of its original novelty, but it still remains as an authentic phenomenon, setting at defiance all known laws of addition and subtraction.

April is a busy month, for there is the whole of the summer machinery to set in motion. Every invisible agent of Nature is silently weaving a drapery of verdure for the months that are to come. The first faint odors of spring greet us the latter part of the month, from the unfolding buds. Those of the balm of Gilead, when the scales fall from them at this season, afford most grateful fragrance, and are, perhaps, the most characteristic part of the peculiar increase of spring.

And so April with its famous variety of sunshine and shower, like a lingering extension of the dayspring of life, ushers us at last into May, the flower and color month of the year.

To the lover of nature, the ever changing aspect of the woods is always a delight, and at no period of the year is it better displayed than in May. Autumn has more varied tints, more gorgeous combinations, but is all overshadowed and darkened by melancholy,—the decay of the year being suggestive of the decline of life.

Not so the merry month of May, for the unfolding of the leaves, and the consequent ripening hues of the landscapes, are suggestive rather of powers yet to come, than of powers that have been.

May opens with the few flowers already mentioned, but after May-day every night-fall

of dew leaves the earth greener than it found it, and every morning sun witnesses the unfolding of a host of new blossoms. As the foliage ripens the various shades of green become blended into one uniform tint, but before this is thoroughly accomplished the fruit trees have blossomed. Apple, and pear, and cherry trees, with their white blossoms enveloped in tufts of foliage, persuade us that the hopes of spring, so long delayed, have been at length fulfilled. Though the color month of the year, the prevailing tints are delicate, the prominent colors being green, yellow, and white, with the lighter shades of blue, purple, and lilac. Scarlet is seldom seen till after midsummer.

Odors and sights and sounds, have now become so grateful and tranquilizing in their effect on the mind, that we can no longer regard them as the mere pleasures of sense, but rather as benisons of Nature, freely given in her spring-tide of life, and suggestive of all the bright period of youth.

C. B. W., '81.

#### MURMURS FROM MUTTON HILL.

MUTTON HILL,—that is, the town of Mutton Hill, differs from Rome of old. (The reader should be careful and not confound ancient Rome with modern Rome, an adjoining town.) There are just six hills difference, a circumstance which all true hearted, loyal, and patriotic Mutton Hillers (care should also be taken not to give *i*, in this word, the sound of *e*), regard as an exceedingly singular coincidence. So much for a description of the town. The ECHO reporter ascended last week, for the purpose of making professional observations by way of interviews and the like, the result to be given to the public through the literary columns. He dined at the Metropolitan Hotel, going through with all the fashionable courses, from mutton soup down to hulled corn, after which he wended his way down the avenue to the second selectman's office, hoping to gain an interview. He found him in, and at the same time, very loquacious, as will be seen. After making known his business, he asked about the present prosperity and future prospects of Mutton Hill. The "second on the board," who was rather a portly gentleman but rather pale, owing to the close confinement caused by the arduous duties of his office, went over to the town safe,

unlocked the time lock by his watch, pulled out a paper bag, and offered the scribe a cigar, remarking at the time, something about last fall's cabbage crop. He then seated himself and began:

"Wall, neighbor, the present prosperity of Mutton Hill is dew to a rather curus combination of sarcumstances. In th' fust place, her citizens is loyal and united, and the harmony which co-exists between each and every man on this 'ere lofty eminence, is somethin' of which we feel proud; somethin' that yer don't read so much about in these days of municipo-political quarrels. Why every man up here lives not for his own agrandizement, but for his neighbor's. This is our patent motto, an' we've got it posted in every public place on the Hill, 'Every man for his feller, an' all fer Mutton Hill.' Why, friend, we cal'late that we is jest outshinin' our neighboring towns, in a manner that would make the sun look pale—metaphorically speaking, ye know. Now thar's Rome, look at her!—Rome was all right once, ye know. Why, Ben Butler said in one of his great speeches, 'to be a Roman in that later day, was greater than to be a King.' But things is changed and Rome ain't what she was; she's below Mutton Hill in more senses of th' word than one. And there's Belgrade. Why, she ain't nowhere, now. One of our senators says once, when some mean little office was offered him,—'Gentlemen, I'd rather be third selectman in the town of Belgrade than take this office.' Yes, friend Belgrade, with Rome, has fallen into the shadow of Mutton Hill. Our futer prospects is indeed bright (and he arose to his feet and burst into a flood of eloquence). The star of Mutton Hill is in the ascendancy, and while I do not wish to build up our future greatness upon the ruins of Belgrade and Rome, yit I *dew* hope, and sincerely trust, that at no distant day that star may flash forth an' show th' world that Mutton Hill is the center of civilization, intelligence, morality, and wealth. Mutton Hill, my friend, Mutton Hill, forever! May she long—long may she—but try another cigar, ma'be that's tew strong fer ye"

The reporter allowed that there wasn't the least shadow of a doubt in his mind as to the quality of last year's cabbage crop, but he guessed he wouldn't smoke any more just then, and he inquired about the improvements of the town.



"Wall thar, neighb', if thar's one thing we Hillers is proud of, its our numerous introductions of modern improvements. We've gut the telephone, the electric light, and above all things we is proud of our pavements. They ain't gut the regularity 'bout 'em that them's gut over to Smithfield, but there's somethin' peculiar 'bout our pavements that makes 'em noted all over the State. And then ther's our elevated railroad, the most elevated of any in New England, exceptin', perhaps, that on the White Hills. Why, we've gut a fire department that wakes up by electricity, runs to the fire by electricity, and puts it out by electricity—wonderful is the power of electricity. And thar's our base-ball club that's cleaned out the Hornvilles, the Smithfields, the House P'inters, and the North Belgrades. But thar's one thing I'm glad to say we ain't up to, and that's skatin' rinks. I can stan' most anything, but jest as soon as a skatin' rink moves onto this hill, thar'll be a vacancy on the board of selectmen.

"Enterprisin? wall, I should say we was. Look about and see the stir and bustle, such as is consistent alone with an enterprisin' place. Don't yer see that factory down thar? Wall, they cure sheep skins thar for college diplomas. They've gut a process that they put 'em through and they come out all writ and signed. Big demand for 'em every summer." Look at the newspapers we support, and all on 'em with a big circulation. Thar's the *Mutton Hill Muttterer*, our leadin' daily; thar's the *Sheep Shearers' Review*, devoted to the wool growing interests; the *Rambler*, devoted to sheep raisin'. Thar's the *Lampoon*, the funny paper, and the *Little Lamb*, the children's paper. Then thar's the *Camp Meetin' Chronicle*, our"—

"What are the political preferences," broke in the reporter, "and how does the Hill stand on the presidential question?"

"Wall, I'll tell yer, and as a representative of the Mutton Hill aristocrasey, I speak with no small amount of confidence. If Solon Chase would only accept, and Mutton Hill had the whole say, he'd tie up 'them steers' in the White House barn next fall, or else I don't know the feelin's of the old Mutton Hill ring. I think the second choice of the Hill is Ben Butler. Thar was a man up here who declared himself for Blaine, but they took him down to the Insane Asylum, last week."

"What is the predominating religious society in town?" was the next question.

"The what?"

"Is the Hill strictly orthodox, or does it use some freedom in its interpretation of Biblical doctrines and ecclesiastical dogmas?"

"What! want another cheroot?"

"Which church has the largest congregation: the Unitarian, the Baptist, the Episcopal, the Methodist, or the Congregationalist?"

"Wall, we was speakin' 'bout politics, ye know"—

"Do you ever have any *prayer-meetings* up here?"

"Wall, ya'as—that is—camp meetin's would come under that head, wouldn't they? Wall, they have camp meetin's down to the corner every other summer, and then I heered that they held spirit meetin's into some of the houses once in a while, but—but"—

At this point, the reporter relieved the gentleman, by calling a herdic and departing.

### THE FOUNT.

Sweet the pearly spring is breathing  
Odors from the flowers that, wreathing  
Garlands all so gracefully entwining,  
Deck a case of gems full gleaming  
With the golden sunlight streaming,  
Captivating every claim of Art's divining.

All around the leaves are hovering  
And the sky, an azure covering,  
Nestles o'er the water's fair outlining;  
Whilst the woodland warblers, perching  
'Mid the branches, slyly searching  
Cosy bowers a future home defining.

As the crystal fountain, springing  
Fresh from beds of blossoms, bringing  
Cheer and comfort from fair radiance glowing,  
Be our lives in likeness casting  
Fair reflections, true and lasting,  
On Time's mirrored water's ceaseless flowing.

### PORPHYRY PETERS, PEDAGOGUE.

[CONCLUDED.]

"IT does beat all how Mr. Peters makes them children learn this winter," said the widow Barstow to Mr. Brunell one day, as she met him in the post-office. "I never see the like of it. Why, there's my Tom, I thought he never would get through fractions, and now

he's way over in interest, doing sums that I can't begin to do, and he brings his books home every night and studies as if he'd kill himself. He says he never did like to go to school so well before in his life."

"Well, I knew when I engaged him that he'd keep us a good school," said Mr. Brunell, straightening up and looking around at those who were waiting for their mail. "I saw it in him when I hired him. I can tell a man that's fit to teach our school, as soon as I see him, every time."

It was rumored that Mr. Brunell wished to be school agent the next year, and it is possible that he raised the tone of his voice when he made this statement, with the intention of convincing others beside the widow Barstow that he possessed exceptional qualifications for the office.

It was true that Porphyry was succeeding well in his school. His government had been good and he had succeeded at the same time in winning and keeping the good-will of his pupils. He liked teaching, and the work of directing and managing the affairs of a school just suited him. At the same time, he had not failed to note and appreciate the laughable and humorous whenever it presented itself in connection with the school work. He had, for example, found a deal of sport in the discomfiture which he produced in the minds of some of his large boys when he found occasion to bend over or to sit beside certain of the large girls in order to assist them in their work, and he sometimes made those periods of assistance even longer than was necessary, so keen was his appreciation of the fun.

And thus the weeks went by. The Christmas holidays had come and gone. Porphyry had received at Christmas the regulation number of pen-wipers and book-marks from the girls of the school, and of jumping-jacks and china images from the boys. There was no disrespect to Porphyry intended in these gifts, but it was merely one of the opportunities which the boys of Swathboro always used to play a good-humored joke on the teacher.

A beautiful Christmas card which had come to Porphyry through the mail had occasioned much curiosity on the part of the people. The postmaster had studied the wrapper carefully and decided that the address was in a young

lady's writing, but the postmark he could not make out. If it was a young lady's writing, of course every one knew who the young lady was without a doubt; and Porphyry was so incensed at the inquisitiveness and impertinence of the people that he would not gratify a single one by telling them the simple fact that the gift was from none other than his sister.

Since, to use the words of Mrs. Brunell, there wasn't much going on at Swathboro that winter, Porphyry fell into the habit of attending nearly all the village gatherings in the shape of sociables, pound parties, singing school, donations, and prayer-meetings. He liked to go somewhere for a change, he told himself, and he liked to study the people. But after a while he was compelled to acknowledge to himself that there was another reason back of that; he found himself disgusted with the evening wherever it was spent, if all the people were not there whom he hoped to see. The whispering of the gossips about Ella Farnham kept increasing, and there really did seem, at times, to be some ground for it. Porphyry found himself looking with a growing dislike at the picture on his dressing-case, and he grew more and more vexed at the fix it had got him into. The scowls and ejaculations which were directed towards the poor, innocent picture became very frequent and numerous.

Oh, if we could only know what becomes of those pictures of ourselves which we scatter so freely among our friends and chance acquaintances; if we could only overhear a small part of the remarks which are made regarding them and ourselves, we would hesitate more than we do to send them forth. And if this is true in the ordinary case, much more so is it true of the picture of a young lady which falls into the hands of a college boy.

Porphyry's calls at Mr. Farnham's became more and more frequent. He always seemed to be welcomed, and the free, kindly bearing which Miss Farnham ever maintained towards him continued unchanged. No reference was ever made to the picture, however, or to the prevailing opinion in Swathboro regarding it. Porphyry had several times resolved to disclose the truth regarding the matter, but the habit of deception which he had practiced so long held him back, as also did his fear that Miss Farnham's attitude towards him would be greatly changed

when the truth was known. He was enjoying himself now; if the truth was disclosed, he feared for the result.

It was one evening in the middle of February when Porphyry, after thinking the matter over for the five hundredth time, resolved that come what would, he would not occupy a false position any longer, and made preparations to call at the Farnham's, with the determination of explaining the whole matter. He was received with cordial greetings, and the evening was passing so pleasantly that Porphyry half decided to postpone to another time the object of his call. Finally, however, he said with some hesitation that he had an explanation to make which he supposed would occasion Miss Farnham considerable surprise, but which he felt that truth required him to make; and then followed the whole story of the picture, why he had brought it to Swathboro, and the deception which he had practiced upon her and all the rest of the people.

When he had finished and turned toward Miss Farnham, imagine his astonishment to find her with difficulty suppressing her laughter. "And now, Mr. Peters," said she, as soon as she could control her voice, "I will make an explanation also, since you have set such a good example. A few days after you came to Swathboro I happened to call at Mrs. Brunell's, and Sally brought down the picture from your room and showed it to me, telling me her opinion regarding it. I, however, instantly recognized in it the features of a young lady with whom I became acquainted at Bar Harbor two summers ago, and whom I know to be now married and happily settled. I suspected your joke, however, and so said nothing, and I think I have enjoyed my secret fully as much as you have yours."

Porphyry's school closed successfully the following week, and he has returned to college. His chum tells us that he often has a sort of dreamy, far-away look which is new to him. No one has been able to get a direct answer from him as to how he liked Swathboro, but when unexpectedly questioned about it he blushes, laughs, and says something about its being a fair sort of a place, and quickly begins talking about something else. The velvet frame may still be seen in his room, but the picture it contains is not the one which it held at Swathboro.

## THE CAMPUS.

"Men feel the influence of spring,  
It makes them whistle, it makes them sing."

Suspense > suspension.

The old railroad track is ready for the summer campaign.

Putnam, '84, will play right field on the nine during the coming season.

The  $\Sigma$  chapter of the  $\Delta K E$  fraternity had an initiation and banquet on the night of April 4th, Mr. Fred G. Dunn, '86, being received into the society at that time.

Cannot the now dead and dying pine trees which were set out last year on the south side of the campus, be replaced by others, before it grows too late for transplanting?

The transition stage from winter to spring is past, and the board walks have laid away their long battery of squirt guns, and no longer remind the pedestrian of the moisture-laden clam flats.

A certain Senior, possessed of a keen appreciation of the plain, unvarnished truth, while reciting in Political Economy, classed the support of a wife under the head of "comforts and luxuries."

Prof. Warren has laid in a new stock of surveying apparatus, and the procession of embryo surveyors, armed with barber pole and tripod, now marcheth down past the campus, to the sound of horn music.

It is necessary for those men who last year appeared on the campus in the rôle of "The Jibbenainosy," to be practicing up again on their little speech, which they were wont to use on such occasions.

The rivalry for the best sites for tennis courts is becoming fast and furious. An '85 club has secured the site just east of the chapel and is having the grounds graded and returfed at the expense of the college.

What makes one smile is to see the so-called theological division burst out of Prof. Foster's room in the afternoon, and join in the triumphant chorus of "I'm a rambling rake of poverty, and the son of a gambolier."

The ORACLE will, in all human probability, be out on the 10th of May. It promises to be the spiciest, as it will be the most elaborate



publication ever issued at Colby. The *Lewiston Journal* office, where it is printed, declares that it will be the finest piece of such workmanship that has ever left their hands.

The cabinet has just received the gift of some rare carboniferous fossils, sent by two Scotchmen, as a mark of gratitude for a service rendered them in the New Brunswick woods last summer by Prof. Elder.

The majority of the Seniors have had their pictures taken by the Portland photographer, Hearn. He succeeded in arousing the bitter jealousy of the entire class, however, by his thoughtless remarks concerning Estes. q. v.

By a change made in accordance with their own desire, the Seniors will have Political Economy throughout the entire term, instead of devoting the last six weeks to the catalogue course of lectures on Constitutional History.

The view of the river in the rear of the colleges was particularly fine this year at the time when the ice was going out. An ice-dam formed a short distance below the campus, and when finally it broke, the rush of water and solid ice that followed was magnificent.

The Seniors have voted to have a class concert on the Wednesday evening of commencement week, as has been the custom in years past. Musical talent of the highest grade has already been secured, and a concert may be expected more than usually attractive in certain of its features.

A fine painting of the Rev. James T. Champ-  
lin, D.D., who was Professor of Greek and Latin at Colby from 1841 to 1858, and President of the college from 1857 to 1873, has lately been presented to the University by Mrs. Champlin. The painting is the work of F. B. Skeelee, and is said by those qualified to judge to be an excellent likeness of Dr. Champlin.

The old-time custom of class receptions seems to have been discarded for the more novel method of extending receptions to members from all four of the classes. The last of a series of three of these Wednesday evening receptions by the President was given on the evening of April 23d. It is hardly necessary to say that the kindness and hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. Pepper is not unappreciated by the students.

A Freshman was heard, the other day, inquiring if recitations were suspended on May-day.

A pleasing and much-needed innovation has been made in the morning chapel services, by the introduction of a cornet to aid in the leading of the singing. Bickmore, of '86, is the cornetist. It is to be hoped that this addition may be a permanent one, and that the college may at no time in the future be without a player to take the place of his predecessor.

At the time of the inquest upon the incinerated Frenchman, at the town hall, the Freshmen received a severe rebuff in the person of one of the members of their class. He was endeavoring to gain admittance to the hall in company with some upper-class men, when the door-keeper, singling him out as a member of '87, stolidly remarked, "Boys not allowed," and dropped him just outside the door.

At a meeting of the trustees, held on the 18th of the present month, Prof. F. W. Capen, a graduate of Rochester University, '68, was elected to fill the chair of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy, left vacant by the resignation of Prof. Lyford. Prof. Capen has had growing success as a teacher, first of the Classics and then of Mathematics, and has for the last five years held the position of Professor of Mathematics in the Normal School at Cortland, N. Y. He will probably take charge of his department in the coming fall.

It has been reserved for one of the Faculty to perpetrate the most undilutedly rich joke of the season. It was when he was walking down town in company with a Sophomore. He had been discussing one or two recent occurrences upon the campus in a manner that showed his knowledge of the circumstances to be more correct than the students could have supposed. Moved by the revelation, the student exclaimed: "Well, I'd like to know how all these things get to the knowledge of the Faculty." "Ah!" replied the Professor, "you must remember that the Faculty have long ears."

A certain Freshman was endeavoring, the other day, in Prof. Warren's recitation room, to demonstrate a proposition, by means of a somewhat shaky figure upon the board. He had been tentatively feeling his way along for

some minutes, until finally coming to a complete halt which threatened to be his last, he remarked despairingly, "I am hung up, Professor." "Very well, you may hang there awhile," was the reply. It will be scarcely necessary for the professor in question to repeat his statement that he does not relish the use of slang expressions in the class-room.

It was expected that General Chamberlain would deliver an address before the college on the evening of April 7th, but an accident to the train in which he was coming to Waterville prevented him from filling his engagement. Dr. Larkin Dunton, the well-known educationist, was paying a visit to his *Alma Mater* at the time, and kindly consented to address the audience which had assembled. The lecture was an interesting and highly practical address upon "The Science of Education," and was delivered with special reference to those students who had taught or who intended teaching school.

The sugar-camp in Winslow has this year drawn to itself an unusual number of enthusiastic students. The Seniors were so overcome by the reports that reached their ears of its attractions, that hearing of the ancient custom of granting a cut to the students that they might visit the sugar-camps in the neighborhood, they, with one accord, sent their president to Dr. Pepper to beg a renewal of this forgotten custom. It is a significant fact that no effort has been made to ascertain the answer of the Faculty, but it is understood that upon Prof. Elder's assurance that excellent sugar made of glucose could probably be obtained in town, the Faculty voted to disregard the petition of the class.

There is nothing about an institution of this kind in which the students justly take more pride than in a naturally beautiful and well-kept campus. We have the naturally beautiful campus, but so far as we have any share in its proper keeping no attempt is made upon the part of most of us to maintain it in even decent condition. Papers are thrown down or strewn about on the grass, orange peels are carelessly tossed upon the walks, and sardine cans and bottles are thrown from the windows, without a thought that they must be picked up by some one, and that until picked up they must remain

an eye-sore to the passers by, and a rebuke to those who have thus disregarded its appearance. We can all afford to put ourselves to an occasional slight inconvenience, in order that this abuse may become a thing of the past.

The Sophmore prize declamation took place in the Baptist Church, on Wednesday evening, April 9th, the following program being presented:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Republicanism.—Garfield.	Charles C. Brown.
Washington.—Lothrop.	Judson B. Bryant.
The Volunteer Soldier.—Ingersoll.	Randall J. Condon.
The Boston Mob.—Wendell Phillips.	George P. Phenix.

MUSIC.

Banishment.—R. C. Trench.	Albert M. Richardson.
Tent Scene between Brutus and Cassius.—Shakespeare.	Charles P. Small.

Eulogy on Wendell Phillips.—Joseph Cook.	Appleton W. Smith.
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MUSIC.

Address at Yorktown.—Winthrop.	Herbert W. Trafton.
The Diver.—Schiller.	Stephen E. Webber.
A Description of Webster's Reply to Hayne.—March.	W. Wilberforce Whitten.

MUSIC.

The music for the occasion was furnished by the college trio. The first prize was awarded to Mr. Condon, the second to Mr. Phenix, while honorable mention was given to Mr. Small. Like the former exhibition of the same class the declamation was of a high grade of excellence.

The following document was unearthed the other day from the archives of the college. It is an agreement between the prudential committee of Waterville College and the proprietor of the Commons House, as to the fare that should be furnished the students at a stipulated price.

BILL OF FARE.

For Breakfast.—Coffee, with Molasses and Milk, and Bread and Butter.

For Dinner.—Meat, served up in various forms, as best convenes the Steward; except once a week, Beans, once a week, Fish, and occasionally Puddings, with Cold Water.

For Supper.—Tea, with Sugar and Milk, Bread and Butter, and occasionally Cheese, Apple Sauce, or Pies.

The Steward is to furnish the above fare at one dollar per week, when paid in advance, in sums not less than six dollars at each payment. When not paid in advance, the sum of one dollar twenty-five cents per week will be charged.

Signed:—

PRUDENTIAL COM. OF WATERVILLE COLLEGE.  
Waterville, April 7, 1835.

A new chapter of a secret Greek-letter fraternity was established at Colby, on the night of Tuesday, April 1st, through the instrumen-

tality of Mr. C. P. Bassett of Lafayette College, Easton, Pa. The fraternity is the Phi Delta Theta, and the new chapter will be known as the Maine Alpha Chapter of the Alpha province. It is the second chapter of this fraternity established in New England, the other being at the University of Vermont. Phi Delta Theta is especially strong in the West and South, but it is at present making an endeavor to obtain a foot-hold in the Eastern colleges. Its chapter roll embraces over 50 chapters, and about 3,400 members. The fraternity organ is called the *Scroll*, and has been issued as a monthly since 1878. The badge consists of a shield with an eye in the upper part of the field, and a scroll bearing the letters " $\Phi \Delta \Theta$ " in the lower part. From the nombril point, attached by a chain, is a sword. The colors are white and blue. The members of the Colby chapter are 14 in number, the names being as follows: Dudley and Moulton, '84, Barton, Carroll, and Fuller, '85, Bruce, Frentz, Googins, Metcalf, and H. A. Smith, '86, and Bradbury, P. N. Burleigh, Farr, and Watson, '87.

The Freshman Prize Reading occurred on Wednesday evening, April 16th, at the Baptist church. The following is the program:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.	
Hervé Riel.—Robert Browning.	Samuel C. Brooks.
The Famine.—Longfellow.	Holman F. Day.
The Lamp on the Prairie.—Carey.	Winifred H. Brooks.
The Story of Some Bells.—Anon.	Walter B. Farr.
MUSIC.	
Morte D'Arthur.—Tennyson.	Edward F. Goodwin.
Mother and Poet.—Mrs. Browning.	Maud E. Kingsley.
The Polish Boy.—Stevens.	Roscoe W. Harvey.
King David's Lament.—Willis.	Stanley H. Holmes.
MUSIC.	
The Lady of Shalott.—Tennyson.	Bessie A. Mortimer.
The Painter of Seville.—Wilson.	Maurice H. Small.
Jephtha's Daughter.—Willis.	Mary E. Pray.
At the Smithy.—C. F. Woolson.	William F. Watson.
MUSIC.	

The exhibition did not belie the reputation that the Freshman reading has always borne for being the most interesting public college exercise that takes place during the course. An exceptional interest was given to the present reading by the fact that all of the four young ladies of the class participated in the exercise. The audience was large, and with the single exception that there was nothing whatsoever upon the program to enable one a year from now to tell what class gave the exhibition or when it occurred, the arrangements were well conducted. The first prize, for the ladies, was awarded to Miss Kingsley, the second to Miss Pray. Of the gentlemen, Mr. Watson received the first prize, Mr. Small the second.

The repetition, in one of the rooms of south college, of a frequently recurring accident, ought to be a sufficient warning to the trustees, or the prudential committee, or whoever else are concerned, that the provision for extinguishing fire in the college buildings is wholly inadequate for the purpose. In the room in question, an open grate stove was left for some time with all the drafts open, the owner of the room being absent. When he returned, the stove was at a white heat, the paint near by was burned entirely off the wood-work, and the heat was so intense that a pair of wax candles on the other side of the room were melted. This same thing has occurred a number of times, in one or two cases the door being burst open from without by those who could smell the burning wood. In the present case, had the fire continued a little longer so that the wood-work about the chimney could have caught, or had the grate-bars melted out, letting the coals down upon the thin bottom of the stove, or had a spark of fire in any way reached the floor or the wood-work, the room heated to such a pitch would have been ablaze in an instant. It is taken for granted by those who know nothing whatsoever about the matter that there is always plenty of water in the rooms—it would be more likely than not, however, that in all the occupied rooms of the division together there would not be more than two or three pailfuls of water available, and this amount would in such a case be almost useless. It is argued that the students have no right to clamor for "conveniences." We leave it to those who are interested to decide whether, in view of the facts as stated above, a fire-extinguisher in the divisions or a set of the newly invented glass hand-grenades, should be regarded as a convenience or a necessity.

### COLBY vs. SKOWHEGAN.

Colby 32, Skowhegan 13.

The nine opened the season, April 26th, with a highly creditable game with the Skowhegans. Goodwin and H. L. Putnam led the batting, while Mathews, Larrabee, and T. P. Putnam did fine work in the field. The base running of the entire team deserves the highest praise. The score:

#### COLBY.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Doe, p., . . . . .	6	5	1	1	3	5	2
S. Mathews, 2b. and c., . . .	7	3	2	2	3	3	0

Emerson, 1b.,	7	5	3	3	11	0	2
H. L. Putnam, c. f.,	7	2	4	6	0	0	0
Whitten, l. f.,	7	2	2	2	0	0	1
T. P. Putnam, r. f.,	7	2	3	4	0	2	0
Larrabee, s. s.,	7	4	3	3	1	6	1
E. F. Goodwin, c. and 2b.,	7	5	5	5	3	3	1
Boyd, 3b.,	6	4	1	1	1	0	0
Totals,	61	32	24	27	27	19	7

## .. SKOWHEGAN.

	A.B.	R.	1b.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	R.
W. Mathews, 2b.,	5	1	1	3	3	3	2
Peters, c. and s. s.,	5	4	3	4	7	0	2
Dugan, 3b. and l. f.,	2	2	0	0	1	1	4
King, p. and 3b.,	5	0	0	0	1	8	2
W. Goodwin, s. s. and c.,	4	1	1	1	3	0	2
Additon, l. f. and p.,	3	2	1	2	0	1	0
Patten, r. f.,	5	2	1	1	3	1	2
Lumsdied, 1b.,	5	1	1	1	8	2	2
Simpson, c. f.,	5	0	1	1	1	1	0
Totals,	39	13	10	13	27	17	18

Earned runs—Colby, 3; Skowhegan, 1. Three-base hits—H. L. Putnam, W. Mathews. Two-base hits—T. P. Putnam, Peters. First base on errors—Colby, 9; Skowhegan, 4. First base on called balls—Colby, 4; Skowhegan, 6. Balls called—on Doe, 110; on King, 85; on Additon, 8. Strikes called—off Doe, 9; off King, 10; off Additon, 1. Struck out—Colby, 4; Skowhegan, 2. Passed balls—E. F. Goodwin, 6; Mathews, 3; Peters, 2; W. Goodwin, 2. Wild pitches—Doe, 4; King, 5; Double play—Patten and King. Time—2 hours, 18 minutes. Umpire—E. P. Burt.

## SCORE BY INNINGS:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Colby,	2	5	0	4	4	4	8	3	2—32
Skowhegan,	2	0	0	0	3	2	2	4	0—13

At Columbia, it is reported that it has been found necessary to appoint officers to remain on watch continually in the library, to prevent the students from mutilating and otherwise damaging the books.

It was a somewhat noticeable fact, that, after the recent fatal accident to one of the students in the Yale gymnasium, the editorial columns of the daily papers were not filled with the customary invectives against athletics. But it may be that they are waiting for the base-ball and boating season to open.

All the college teams that are included in the Inter-collegiate Base-Ball Association, except Harvard, have obtained professional trainers for their preliminary exercise and practice. All except Harvard, have arranged to open the season by games with various league professional clubs. Yale opens the season at Philadelphia.

Washington, Jackson, Van Buren, Taylor, Fillmore, Lincoln and Johnson did not go to college. Jefferson and Monroe entered William and Mary College, but did not graduate. Grant was educated at West Point. Madison graduated at Princeton, Polk at the University of Carolina, the Adamses at Harvard, Harrison at Hampden, Sidney College, Pierce at Bowdoin, Buchanan at Dickinson, Hayes at Kenyon College, Garfield at Williams, and Arthur at Union. Polk, Buchanan, and Hayes graduated with first honors.

## EXCHANGES.

## THE COLLEGE PRESS.

During the vacation, a number of new exchanges made their appearance, and among the rest, we particularly notice *The Oxford and Cambridge Undergraduates' Journal*. It comes from across the water, as its name indicates, and for that reason we hardly dare to offer comments; for what, in England, may be a paper which comes up to the average college boy's idea of what a paper should be, may, to the American student, be a somewhat uninteresting publication. This conclusion we do not draw from a reading of the *Journal*; we simply state what might be the case, not what is, in this instance, the case. We mark a distinction, a pre-eminently noticeable distinction between this and the American college papers in the character of the advertisements. Our foreign friend is very profuse in advertising bar rooms and other convenient places where students may obtain all kinds of liquors. This is something that we all know is omitted in the college papers of this country, especially in Maine. But then, there may be a reason for our making such omissions. It may be that such advertising in the papers of most colleges of America would be rather superfluous. The *Journal* in its general make-up is business-like, and from a rapid glance at the cover, one would judge it to be a publication devoted entirely to the interests of mercantile pursuits. But to look within, one would see at once that it is decidedly college-like. Instead of long, literary articles, its columns are filled with short editorials, and a large number of short items of college interest, and then the rest of the paper is devoted exclusively to sports. It is an active paper, and a little more devoted—at least fully as much—to its own college interests as the college publications on this side of the Atlantic.

But among our old exchanges, we particularly notice our misguided contemporary and neighbor the *Bowdoin Orient*. Since the well-nigh mortal blow we received at its hands last fall, we have hardly dared to look at that sheet. But last week we summoned the fortitude to read the following editorial:

"The schedule of ball games of last year proved so eminently satisfactory that a similar schedule should be made out for this coming season. Until last year the result of the summer's work on the diamond was always left in uncertainty. While the State championship was not decided as we had hoped it would be, yet it was much more preferable to know where it did belong."

We do not presume to correct what to us is bad grammar, for possibly the B. O. man may be governed by different rules. But it is the sentiment of the above that especially attracts our attention. If there is one topic above all others concerning which the B. O.—strange as it may seem—is and always has been loquacious, it is base-ball. And it is a subject about which we, up here, like to talk also. We agree with our fellow-scribe; the schedule of last year's games was eminently satisfactory. But we are sorry, very sorry that he should have remained in ignorance so

long, as to where the championship belonged the season previous. However much in doubt he may be as to where the championship *did* belong, we are quite sure that there can't be the least shadow of an uncertainty as to where it *didn't* belong.

Our Baptist brother, the *Brunonian*, seems to really think that the ECHO editors have offered the two prizes—twenty-five and fifteen cents—for the best two literary articles, as was stated in the local columns of our February issue. For his edification we will say that the offer has been withdrawn; the two amounts could not be raised, and the project was abandoned.

### OTHER COLLEGES.

Dr. Haanel, of Victoria University, has made a wonderful discovery in blow-pipe analysis. Instead of dirty charcoal, plaster of paris tablets are used in the work of assaying.

A preliminary vote in the Harvard Faculty on the question of keeping Greek among the requirements for admission, is said to have resulted 21 to 18 in favor of some change.

The will of the late President H. E. Packer, of the Lehigh Valley Road, leaves the bulk of his property to his wife. At her death twenty twenty-thirds of it goes to the Lehigh University at Bethlehem, which was built and liberally endowed by his father. The estate is estimated at over \$4,000,000. Lehigh University bids fair to be the wealthiest college in the country, outranking Columbia.—*Ex.*

Dr. Charles Walderstein, a member of the Junior year of the class of 1883 at Columbia College, is the newly-elected director of the Fitzwilliam Art Museum, Cambridge University, England. There were six competitors for the place left vacant by Professor Sydney Calvin's transfer to the British Museum, and the cry against the choice of a foreigner was raised in this case as with Mr. Lowell.—*McGill University Gazette.*

By the death of Wendell Phillips, Harvard loses another of those great men, of an older generation of graduates, to which Emerson and Sumner belonged. Mr. Phillips was a member of the class of 1831. He is said to have been the best scholar and best general athlete in college.

Although our elective system is in its infancy, it is already tending to confound class distinctions; several Juniors recite with the Seniors, and some of the latter take French with '85, while one, at least, proposes to begin German with the Sophomores,

### THE WASTE-BASKET.

The ECHO board had convened in the manager's room, to confer upon mutual interests and consider the work of the year thus far. Manager smiled in a placid manner as he rolled the leaves of his ledger between his fingers, and his bright eyes danced as he murmured, "Treasury is in a healthy condition, and we shall get out of this all whole as far as finances are concerned." "Well, that's good," said Sanctum; "a clean financial record is fine, but how about us poor fellows who have to shed our intellectual blood for the rabble to feed upon—we're getting faint." "By Jeems!" exclaimed the ex-ed. "I'm glad I have my rations provided for me; Post-Office box is a first-class soup-plate, a regular interminable hash-hopper." Campus was meditating. Some one had dropped a monosyllable—merely a single word—about "Perk," and he was evolving from this mustard-seed, a luxuriant, half-column article. But where were *we* meanwhile. No opportunity to moralize on college politics—no local hit to work up—no P. O. box belching forth material for two columns, no—nothing. We were in the Slough of Despond. But succor came to the despondent. A bouncing step was heard upon the stair, the door quickly opened, and a merry voice exclaimed: "Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!" "What, M'Ginnis!" And for the moment confusion reigned supreme. Yes, it was the same old boy, come back again to complete the few remaining weeks of his P. G. course. Toughened and bronzed by his visit to the balmy South, freed from all consumptive indications, he was with us again, and we of the seats within the *penetralia*, enjoyed a rich repast of laughable and interesting tales and spicy comments, of which you, dear reader, may soon receive an extract.

Church music is sold by the choir. Drum music and much of the piano kind, comes by the pound.—*Ex.* Midnight serenades generally come by the yard. Street music comes by the foot.—*Phoenix.* But the sweetest of all—fiddling—comes by the stick.

"Greek? do I undershtandt Greek?" said a jolly German. "Vell, I schoost can schmile. Vy, ven I vas leedle boy, I always svim in dot greek inshteadt of dot riffer."—*Ex.*



## PERSONALS.

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

At a special meeting of the Board of Trustees, held at the Elmwood Hotel on Friday, the 18th inst., there were present seventeen members: Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, Hon. J. H. Drummond, Rev. Drs. G. D. B. Pepper, Joseph Ricker, G. W. Bosworth, N. Butler, B. F. Shaw, and A. K. P. Small, Rev. F. W. Bakeman, C. V. Hanson, Prof. C. E. Hamlin, Dr. J. H. Hanson, Hon. Percival Bonney, Moses Giddings, William Wilson, and E. F. Webb. Mr. Frank S. Capen was unanimously elected as Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy, to succeed Prof. Lyford on the first day of July next. Prof. Capen is a graduate of Rochester University, and for several years past has been teacher of the above branches in the State Normal School at Cortland, N. Y.

'25.

Jeremiah Chaplin, son of the first President of this University, is preparing a volume of family reminiscences.

'35.

Dr. Mathews is writing a series of articles for *The Watchman*, entitled "London Preachers."

'37.

Rev. Franklin Morrison is now pastor at Bow, N. H.

Died—At his home in Lowell, Charles Morrill, for many years Superintendent of Schools in that city.

'38.

Rev. M. J. Kelley has recently settled at St. James, Minn.

'43.

Rev. Lyman Chase, M.D., has resigned his pastorate at Kennebunkport, on account of failing health.

'49.

Rev. John Rounds has resigned his pastorate at Northfield, Minn.

Dr. Mitchell has delivered a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute, Boston, Mass.

'59.

A. E. Buck is delegate-at-large from Alabama to the Republican Convention at Chicago.

'62.

George A. Wilson of South Paris, has been appointed by the Governor to the position of Judge of Probate for Oxford County, Me.

'63.

Rev. S. L. B. Chase has recently left Freehold, N. J., and is now settled at Methuen, Mass.

George Gifford has been appointed U. S. Consul at Basle, Switzerland.

Charles Dana Thomas occupies a responsible position in the large publishing house of Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co., Cincinnati.

'64.

Harrison M. Pratt is teaching in the High School at Lewiston, Me.

Ira Waldron occupies an excellent position on the *Toledo Blade*.

'65.

Henry M. Bearce is President of the Norway National Bank.

'66.

Rev. F. W. Bakeman of Auburn has resigned his pastorate there to accept a call to the pulpit of the First Baptist church of Chelsea, Mass.

'68.

Rev. E. F. Merriam of the Missionary Union is preparing a history of the Baptist foreign missions.

'72.

Rev. E. B. Haskell returns from Dakota to a pastorate at Hope Valley, R. I.

Rev. Horace W. Tilden has resigned the pastorate at Augusta.

'77.

Charles D. Smith is City Physician of Portland, Me.

W. H. Looney has been re-elected City Solicitor of Portland, Me.

'80.

L. M. Nason has graduated from the Jefferson Medical College with the highest honors.

'81.

J. H. Parshley has resigned from the Baptist pulpit at Westboro, Mass.

Susie B. Dennison died at her home in Portland, on Saturday, April 19, 1884.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

*The Continent* for May has as a frontispiece an elegant engraving of the Hon. Jos. R. Hawley. Mr. McCook continues his delightful entomological papers, "Tenants of an Old Farm," some of the illustrations of which are ludicrous in the extreme. The serial, "Dorcas, the Daughter of Faustina," receives generous additions. Helen M. Campbell's story, "The What-To-Do Club," is concluded in this number. The large number of short articles are diverse and attractive in character. Among the pieces in verse, "The Lamp of St. Just" is the longest and best, though the shorter ones are good. The departments, a really valuable feature of the magazine, are of the usual interest. *The Continent*, single number 35 cents; \$4.00 a year. Our Continent Publishing Co., 27 Park Row, New York.

<sup>1</sup>To their already large and excellent list of Latin text-books, Eldridge & Brother have added a grammar by President Chase. The book is meeting with marked favor wherever used. It is more concise in statement than most of the grammars in use, and embodies the latest results of philological research. The author's aim at compression is particularly evident in the space devoted to syntax. In some particulars the treatment of the subject is new, and it seems to us, improved.

<sup>2</sup>From Ginn & Heath we have a neat little volume entitled "Latin Grammar and Exercises." The book is designed especially for beginners in the language, though the principles stated are numerous and explicit enough to guide a student through the usual college course. The great feature of the work is the surprising condensation and precision of statement.

The May number of the *Magazine of Art* is considerably above the April number in point of interest. The frontispiece, "Home, Sweet Home," from a painting by Phil Morris, is a fine conception and well executed. Our attention was especially drawn to "A Silent Colloquy," from a picture by Paul Stade. The picture represents the interior of a German student's room, in which a jovial student with jaunty air and irreverent posture, is interrogating a skeleton. His manner indicates that he has just returned from a carouse, and wishes for the moment to amuse himself with philosophy. The skeleton apparently has no horror for him, but he does not seem to get further than his text, which is evidently *cogito ergo sum*. The volumes tumbled around him do not aid him any more than does the skeleton grinning before him. Other illustrations of especial note are, "By the Fireside," representing the interior of a Dutch dwelling, by J. H. Melis; "Paddy's Mark," by Erskine Nicol; "Green Leaves among the Sere," by Geo. H. Boughton; and "Return from Sport," by J. S. Noble. Among articles of interest in this number are an illus-

trated article on "The Lower Thames," by Aaron Watson, and "Pictures at Leeds." Published by Cassell & Co., 739 and 741 Broadway, New York. Terms, \$3.50 per year; single number, 35 cents.

The article in the *Atlantic* for May which will perhaps attract more attention than any other is "The Anatomizing of William Shakespeare," by Richard Grant White. The article is an interesting study of what the author claims are the facts regarding Shakespeare's life, and is intended to dissipate some of the illusions which extreme Shakespeare worshipers have created. An article of especial interest to scholars is on "Linguistic Palæontology," by Prof. E. P. Evans. Miss Harriet W. Preston has an interesting essay on "Matthew Arnold as a Poet." Henry Cabot Lodge writes of "William H. Seward," and Dr. Geo. Ellis contributes a paper on "Gov. Thomas Hutchinson." E. W. Bellamy has a pleasing short story, entitled "At Bent's Hotel." The serials are continued with increasing interest. The poems of the number are by T. B. Aldrich, H. H., and Edith M. Thomas. Several important books are reviewed, and the Contributors' Club is a fitting conclusion to this welcomed magazine. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass. Terms, \$4.00 per year; single number, 35 cents.

*Lippincott's Magazine* for May, opens with an illustrated article on "The Hill Suburbs of Cincinnati." Though chiefly descriptive and historical, the article throws some light on some of the questions suggested by recent events. The illustrations are very good. Another timely article is an account of a journey from Berber to Suakim, extracted from the diary of an English officer, who was the last European to travel this route, closed shortly after by the revolt of the Arabs, under El Mahdi. "Shakespeare's Tragedies on the Stage" is the first of two papers, of which the present gives the writer's views as to the style of acting most appropriate to Shakespeare's plays. Prof. Wm. F. Allen concludes his interesting article on "How the Roman Spent His Year." Among the stories of the number are "The Perfect Treasure," by F. C. Baylor; "At Last," by Annie Porter; "Retaliation," by Lina Redwood Fairfax, and "The Rev. Nahum," by M. R. Francis. The other departments will be found interesting as usual. J. B. Lippincott & Co., 715 and 717 Market Street, Philadelphia, Penn. Terms, \$3.00 per year; single number, 25 cents.

We turn with pleasure to the May number of *The Manhattan*. Although this magazine has not yet completed its third volume, it is rapidly winning for itself a high place among our leading magazines. The frontispiece of the number is an illustration of "Trajan," the new novel, which begins in this number, and which bids fair to be of considerable interest. The leading article is a finely illustrated paper on "The Gunnison Country," by Ernest Ingersoll. A paper by Appleton Morgan, entitled "Whose Sonnets?" will be read with interest by Shakespeare scholars, since it is a critical attempt to prove that the sonnets commonly attributed to Shakespeare, were not written by him. "Children in Fiction," is an interesting article, by Mrs. Schuyler

<sup>1</sup>A Latin Grammar. Thomas Chase, LL.D. Cloth, pp. 313. Eldridge & Brother, 17 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

<sup>2</sup>The Essentials of Latin Grammar. F. A. Blackburn, pp. 146. Latin Exercises, Introductory to Cæsar's Gallic War. F. A. Blackburn, pp. 114. Cloth; the two bound in one. Price \$1.10. Ginn, Heath & Co., Boston, Mass.

Van Renselaer. A short, but appreciative, illustrated article on "Ulric Zwingli," is by Charles H. Hall. "The Latest News About Keats" is a gossip, but interesting paper, by Joel Benton. Alfred Ashton has a finely illustrated article on "Rimivi and the Nalatestos." Chapters XII. and XIII. of Edgar Fawcett's story, "Tinkling Cymbals," continue the story with unabated interest. The number is enriched by numerous short poems, and "Salmagundi" is as attractive as ever. The Manhattan Magazine Co., Temple Court, New York City. Terms, \$3.00 per year; single number 25 cents.

The May number of *Cassell's* presents the varied and excellent table of contents that we have come to expect in that monthly. The frontispiece is an artistic engraving: "Simply Sweet." There are long and interesting installments of the serials, "Within the Clasp," and "Witness My Hand," besides several short, complete bits of fiction. "Healthful Recreations" contains some excellent practical suggestions regarding the recruiting of wearied minds and bodies. The article deserves more than a cursory reading. It should be thought of, and its hints acted upon. "Our Garden in April" does not meet fully the wants of the average horticulturist of this latitude in America. The writer of that department gives up nearly the whole space to the treatment of one flower, and that a hot-house denizen. "The Family Parliament" is a new feature and one that we think will become popular. It is for the discussion of questions of practical bearing by the readers of the magazine. The question this month is: "Ought the State to provide healthy homes for the poor?" Cassell & Co.; limited. 739 & 741 Broadway, New York. 15 cents monthly; \$1.50 per year.

The *Eclectic* for May comes with a wisely culled assortment of reading. The number opens with an extreme article, entitled "The Ghost of Religion," in which the author, Mr. Frederick Harrison, both criticises and lauds a late essay, by Herbert Spencer, which was the agnostic ultimatum on the question of the origin and development of religion. Mr. Harrison gives the Positivist view of the matter. A very timely paper is "Chinese Gordon," the review of a recent life of that veteran campaigner, from *All the Year Round*. The Nihilists have an opportunity to give their views of the present and future of government, in "Terrorism in Russia and Terrorism in Europe." Sir Lefel Griffin pays his respects to our political system, in an article entitled "The Harvest of Democracy." Among other articles of note are "Mr. Hayward," a biographical sketch by T. H. S. Escott; "The Literature of Introspection"; "About Old and New Novels"; "Platform Women," and "Italian Studies." The other articles are interesting and valuable, each in its way. Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond Street, New York. Single numbers, 45 cents. Yearly subscription, \$5.

<sup>3</sup> From that indefatigable publisher of good and, at the same time, cheap books, John B. Alden, we have received three daintily printed volumes of Ruskin's works. They are "Ethics of the Dust," "Sesame and

Lilies," and "Crown of Wild Olives." All of them are made up of lectures delivered by the celebrated critic and author, and are so well known as to require no review from us. We would, however, call the attention of our readers to the excellence of this new edition.

The *Foreign Eclectic* for May contains a variety of short and interesting reprints from the French and German periodical literature of the day. Its contents consist chiefly of light reading, in the way of stories or entertaining character sketches. The French part of the present number opens with the concluding chapter of a serial story, "Le Docteur Marchand." It is intensely French in its character, and ends in the most approved style of a French love story. There follows a short article from Michelet, ostensibly written in the way of a review of a lately published volume of his memoirs, and in addition to several bits of poetry and an entertaining romance, a curious story "Le Chat de Grétry," taken from the *Figaro*. The German part of the *Eclectic* has, as its main article, a long, but intensely interesting chapter of a novel by Zimmermann, "Die Hoffnung von Stavö." It contains also two literary articles, the one on "Goethe and Heine," and the other an extract from the *Deutsche Rundschau*, devoted to "Personal Recollections of Edward Lasker." The German part, like the French, has also a sprinkling of poetry, and concludes with a miscellaneous column upon various matters of current interest. The *Foreign Eclectic* monthly in three parts—Part I., French, \$2.50 per year; Part II., German, \$2.50 per year; Part III., French and German, \$4.00 per year. Single copies, Parts I. or II., 25 cents; Part III., 35 cents. Foreign Eclectic Company, post-office box 1800, Philadelphia.

"What and Why" is a finely printed and unique little pamphlet upon 'cycling matters. The contents are made up of information which is of special interest to wheelmen, and within the pages is an "ocean of matter in a bucket." "Some Common Questions" are concisely answered in a way that gives one a complete history of 'cycling, its growth, usefulness, and popularity. A chapter entitled "Legal Lifts," cites all bicycle cases that have ever been brought before the courts, and explains the rights of wheelmen. Besides all this, many hints are given to the 'cyclist in other chapters, and the comparative best records in walking, running, rowing, skating, trotting, tricycling, and bicycling. In short, it is a little volume full of interest to any sportsman.

MASSACHUSETTS. Aug. 17, 1881.—I deem it very desirable that every public school in the Commonwealth shall be supplied with a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, to be used as a book of reference both by teachers and pupils.—J. W. Dickinson, Secretary State Board of Education.

<sup>1</sup> "Ethics of the Dust," pp. 158.

<sup>2</sup> "Sesame and Lilies," pp. 87.

<sup>3</sup> "Crown of Wild Olives," pp. 102. John Ruskin, M.A. Uniform binding in embossed cloth, burnished edges. Price twenty-five cents each. J. B. Alden, New York.