

The Colby Echo.

VOL. III.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, DECEMBER, 1878.

No. 3.

The Colby Echo.

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THE STUDENTS OF
COLBY UNIVERSITY.

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OBITUARY.

Our friend, William Neal Philbrook, has fallen asleep. Standing in the depth of the shadow which his death has cast over us, we look back upon the years which he spent in our midst, and see, through the abiding vision of that face as last looked upon in the pallor of death, the good work which he has accomplished.

Holding, as a scholar, a position which has been attained to in the College by perhaps no student during its whole history, he exerted a silent but marked influence of which no other man among our number is capable. His example was always one of honest manhood and

simple piety. Though his life was cut off in his youth, we cannot say what we all believed would be said of him when he died,—as much as can be said of our greatest men in the field of letters, yet we can not doubt that he has fulfilled his mission as completely as if our prophecies of his future had all come true, and he had lived to grapple for his weaker fellow-men with the great intellectual problems. Thinking of the various results possible to come from our loss, it might almost seem that the stronger had died for the weaker; that he had gone down for us.

We would not probe the wound, already too deep, which his death has inflicted upon family and friends; but would rather attempt to comfort them and ourselves with the thought that we know of no particular in which his life could have been better. A son, a brother, and a friend was not nourished for death but for life in the most perfect and simple faith, his own the root, ours beginning to be the offspring. We can have only thankfulness that he has lived. The foreign shores, where bleach the bones of many travelers straying from their native land, can not tell the tale of the anguish which rends the hearts of mothers, that their sons have laid down and died among strangers, nor of the comparative peace of mind which it would have given friends to minister to the last wants of their loved ones. His case was not so; the same friends who attended his first wants watched over the whole course of his quiet life and gave him consolation in his last moments.

The memory of him at his best is with us. This paper which he aided so much, the roads he walked, the very manner of another similar to his, all bring back before us the story of his life. They come as kindred souls to mourn with us.

"I climb the hill: from end to end
Of all the landscape underneath,
I find no place that does not breathe
Some gracious memory of my friend."

"I turn to go: my feet are set
To leave the pleasant fields and farms,
They mix in one another's arms
To one pure image of regret."

Resolutions passed by the students of Colby University upon the death of their fellow-student, W. N. Philbrook, of the Class of '79:

Whereas, In the ruling of an All-wise but inscrutable Providence, death has been permitted to take from our number, William Neal Philbrook, of the Senior class, therefore,

Resolved, That in his removal we are deprived of a kind and cheerful companion, a scholar of rare excellence, and an efficient Christian worker. A peculiar excellence of both mind and heart endeared him to all lovers of truth, and gave him high promise for the work of life upon which he was soon to enter.

Resolved, That we sympathize most deeply with the sorrowing family in this sore affliction; and we would desire to offer some consolation in the assurance that their son secured the affection and respect of his instructors and fellow-students.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the bereaved parents.

Waterville, Me., Oct. 18, 1878.

Resolutions adopted by the members of the Xi Chapter of the *A. K. E.* Fraternity upon the death of their brother, William Neal Philbrook, of the Class of '79:

Whereas, It has pleased the All-wise Father to afflict us sorely by the death of our most worthy and beloved brother, William N. Philbrook; therefore be it

Resolved, By the Xi Chapter of the *A. K. E.* Fraternity, that while we bow with humble submission to the will of the Most High, we do not the less mourn for our brother who has been taken from us.

Resolved, That by this event we meet with a loss which to us seems irreparable; for as a brother, he was foremost among us in ability and integrity, and was the brightest exemplar of the principles of our Fraternity.

Resolved, That we extend our heart-felt sympathy to the family and friends of the deceased, at the dispensation with which it has pleased Divine Providence to afflict them, and commend them for consolation to Him who orders all things for the best, and all whose chastisements are meant in mercy.

Resolved, That in token of respect for the memory of our brother, we drape our hall and badges.

W. H. LYFORD,
H. W. PAGE,
J. M. WYMAN, } Committee.

E. of *A. K. E.*

THE SANCTUM.

THE present number is the last appearance of the ECHO for this term. A vacation of ten weeks begins on the 26th. The next issue will be the March number.

DURING this year, when the atmosphere seems to have been tainted with poison, resulting in yellow fever in the South and typhus and diphtheria in the North, there has been an inquiry made as to the healthfulness of our loca-

tion. There have been but two severe cases of fever among the students, and examination by competent persons has shown that there is no local cause for the sickness. The College has always been noted for its pleasant and healthful location. There has never been an epidemic disease among the students since the Institution was founded. The swift current of the Kennebec flowing by our very doors, the cleanliness of the grounds and dormitories, and the purity of the water in our new well prevents all those disordered bodily conditions which arise from lack of care of surroundings.

THE College Library is an object of especial interest to students. Without a Library how many of us would be here? It is safe to say that the College could never attain to more than a score of students if there was no Library for them to use. Many colleges are scarcely anything but libraries and yet round them congregate large numbers of men and are well satisfied with the opportunity. It is worth while, then, for us to assist the Library all in our power. It may be said that we pay for our use of the books and that no more ought to be expected. But we do not pay for the advantage which the books give us; most certainly not by the mere money charged in our term bills. With our Library as it is at present there is scarcely any subject comes to our attention on which we can not find much aid among its volumes; but still a wider range in the books is necessary.

Students throughout their course should grasp every opportunity of adding to the number of books, and Seniors especially should make a point of leaving many volumes behind them to add to the advantages of their successors. This could be done as individuals or as a class, and would be of considerable assistance in a few years, even if each graduate should add only one book. Then it would not be unpleasant in future years to find volumes marked in the handwriting we all know so well, "Presented by the Class of '79," for instance. It is to be hoped that the present Senior class will not leave the Institution till they have established this custom.

THE claim which we have made to Mr. Butler's being an Alumnus of Colby has attracted

so much attention in the college papers that we feel bound to prove the reliability of our statement by the following quotation from the *Triennial*: "Benjamin Franklinus Butler, Mr., LL.D. 1862, et Guil. 1863, in Cong. Rerump. Fœd. Rep." The truth of our position must certainly defy contradiction with so clear a statement as witness. It is quite probable that the gentleman himself would not deny his *Alma Mater* if appealed to. It is true that his interest in the College has never been marked, and with the means which he has at hand for a fiat affection, it seems quite noticeable. However, it is a solemn truth that he is our brother in one respect. We will not deny the relationship but rather feel proud of it. His late defeat has pained some of us deeply, but we feel pleased at the mark of appreciation which the people of Massachusetts has given in casting so large a vote for him. His reputation as a lawyer, as a statesman, as a general, and above all as a kind and pleasant man, is well worthy of our approval and pride.

LITERARY.

EVENING.

Like an unworded thought, the landscape lay
 Blurred by the fog, and shifting formlessly;
 The great elms reached aloft and far away,
 And struck aerial roots into the sky;
 The village vanished with its Eastward vane,
 The pond became an ocean, and the fall
 Rumbled unseen; in wood and flowery plain
 The song birds and the bees were silent all.

MORNING.

Gilding the mist, the God-smile of the dawn
 Broke over field and flood; the glistening trees,
 Wind-swept, flung down their jewels on the lawn,
 Then raised their hands to greet the blithesome
 breeze;
 The new-mown fields lay all pavilioned white
 With shining spider webs by morn betrayed;
 The golden vapors vanished into light,
 And all the birds a glad-mouthed music made.

H. L. K.

AMERICAN ROMANCE.

It is a common opinion that America, who leads the world in the genius to form the delicately constructed yet ponderous engines, living ideas wrought from the senseless steel, must needs be deficient in the esthetic element of the human mind; and that the very character of

the Americans, a compound of good and ill of every type, excludes all conception of a high ideal romance.

The Republic, however, is not a land of action alone; the talents of the people are not devoted exclusively to the construction of improved machinery or to the development of her resources. There is a literature that merits attention if not praise, though scarcely a century has elapsed since Wieland was first published, and this novel marks the beginning of American fiction; as prior to the Revolution the colonies furnished no romancers, for the English dependents are, and ever have been, deficient in literature. But when America became a nation, and the different and varied elements began to be assimilated into one grand whole, there sprang up writers in every department of literature. Fiction, however, was of slow growth. The youthful state had hard, stern realities to contend with. The Indian was too near to seem picturesque. Debt and ruin occasioned by the war had to be removed before poet or novelist could find readers.

Moreover, romance as the outgrowth of poetry flourishes best among a poetical people, in a country that has a past,—a past rich in wars and legends, old castles and heroes. It must have lofty mountains, caves that have echoed the story of love or bloody hate, deep, dark specter haunted ravines, a state that seems the very antipode of our Republic, for here the very landscape smiles in the simplicity and freshness of a new land.

But America, and especially New England, is not devoid of romance. It has no dark past, to be sure, reeking in vice and civil feud; its history is but the struggle against wrong. The stern, massive character of the Puritans would seem opposed to the poetical; yet New England life is full of romance, and beauty. The hard struggle of the Pilgrim Fathers for right, nobler than the criminal contests of medieval knights to advance and uphold a usurping power, is full of pathos, and furnishes the material to be wrought by the hand of genius into the most ennobling works.

Her romance, however, can be said to belong to no distinct school; like the readers it is a mixture; the realistic novel of the English, and the versatile work of the French are alike the type of her products; not that her fiction is merely a blind imitation of foreign authors, with

the scenes transferred from the Old World to the New, but in the fruitfulness of her genius there have sprung up writers from every rank and condition in life. The romance of the scholar with every page rich in lore and feeling; the fashionable novel written to be sold; and lastly the story of the criminal with every paragraph steeped in vice and crime, skulking Indians, shining bowie-knives, ghastly murders, set forth in turgid rhetoric.

In this conglomeration of literature, the product of one century of independence, are found only a few works of merit, for it is to be feared that the greater part created with no permanent design but rather the offspring of a decade, and as such exhibiting all the faults and weaknesses of its time with little strength or beauty, as romances are failures.

But these are to be attributed as much to the character of the reader as to the writer; for the novel that sets forth fantastic improbability and impossible absurdities is naturally received with much favor in an age of communistic tendencies. This class, however, can not properly be included under American Romance. In this field is found the greatest of all romancers, if the romance can be distinguished from the novel, and if not, Hawthorne at least rivals Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, the favorite English novelists; if they excel him on their own grounds, he in turn is unapproachable on his, and embodies the grander and nobler points of American romance.

The stern old religious zeal of the Puritans survives and is potent in our literature. Their austere theology is manifest in our better fiction. Our nobler romances are of a psychological character; they probe into the human soul and lay bare the quivering heart. Whether is pictured the growth of mind in Donatello, or is related the story of that wild creature of the fancy Elsie Venner, the same morbid tendency of the New England mind is plain.

But the field wherein our novelists excel is description. The American mind, being sharper, more subtle, and less ponderous than the English, is quick to grasp and to communicate clearly the leading points whereon the accuracy and vividness of a scene depends. The theatre offered by the diversity of our country and the varieties of people commingled for the exhibition of this talent, has not been neglected. In

fact it is in action rather than in character that our writers surpass. The reader quickly tires of the female characters delineated by Cooper, but the maneuvers of his vessels in storm and fight are followed with bated breath.

And what is more remarkable, especially in a literature of so short a growth, for it is not yet a hundred years since Brown began to send forth his weird novels, created in the morbidness of a diseased mind, is the consummate beauty of style. The English language is nowhere used in prose with such purity and clearness as in American romance. Instead of the loose, harsh diction that could well be expected there is found the sweet melodious flow of well rounded periods. A simple style that can express truths as deep and views as broad as the harsh inversions of some English scholars. The sentences of Hawthorne are as musical as can be found in a lyric poem. The clear, pellucid style of Irving conceals and renders beautiful mediocrity.

Romance in this country is American and not British, however much the writers beyond the sea declare that our first writers only print in America; that they have no nationalities. But surely the best works, as "The Scarlet Letter" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin," deal with American subjects, in an American manner, on American grounds; they are not British in thought, word, or treatment, often dealing with incidents and characters little known and imperfectly understood by the English. It is, in a measure, their distinct American traits that keep Cooper's novels on file in the English book stores. The people here understand better the nature of the Indian, their natural bloodthirstiness penetrates the veil of romance that the author has thrown around the red man and recognize the picture as exaggerated if not false.

In America the poets are also romancers; they not only sing in musical verse, but write in hardly less musical prose. A purer romance cannot be found than the Hyperion of Longfellow; it is fanciful in style and form, a true poetical romance. The novels of Holmes and Holland, and the weird and awful tales of Poe, are the offsprings of minds better known from their verse than their prose.

Although the present may be the Elizabethan age of American poetry, the time has not yet come for this country to produce her best fiction; the past thus far has been but preparatory. If

the commingling of the different peoples, that have rushed to our shores, be so effected as to produce a race that can endure the climate, which has already exhausted two distinct and widely differing peoples, this Nation in literature and the fine arts should lead the world, as she now leads it in the mechanical arts.

"FOR THY NAME'S SAKE."

It is not yet two years since the readers of *Zion's Advocate* welcomed Minnie Colcord into the circle of their favorite poets; eight months ago she sang for them her last song; and now we have the fruits of these brief weeks of pain-inspired melody gathered into a handsome volume.* Here are those gentle poems, beginning with "*Another Year*," whose coming we watched for, as one watches for golden days in the late fall, hailing each with delight, but trembling lest it may be the last. For we knew the sad story of her sickness. The face at the opening of the volume recalls that of

"Chatterton, the marvelous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride."

We will not deny that this little book with its hundred pages has taken a very strong hold upon us; but the secret of its power is plain. The writer has woven into its verses her own heart history. And a very sweet and sad history it is. Just as she was about to begin her life work, the Master's hand withdrew her from among his laborers; but she made no murmuring, and, lo! out of her weakness came a strength unknown before. Blind Milton, sighing that his light was spent ere half his days, and his one talent lodged with him useless, had sought in his affliction the same consolation to which she now turned, and found peace therein. The thought that

"They also serve who only stand and wait," binds as with a golden thread the darker musings of her more plaintive songs. She is sometimes sad, but never despondent. It is touching to mark how her heart goes out to cheer others when one would suppose her to be so much in need of comfort herself. Sympathy for another's woes might enable the poet from an outside standing point to speak these thoughts,

* "For Thy Name's Sake," and other Poems, by Minnie Colcord, Portland, 1878. Hoyt, Fogg & Donham.

but the power to utter them from a sick bed, from which there was no hope of rising, could only have come from the presence of the Holy Spirit the Helper. What gives "*In Memoriam*" its mighty sway over the heart, is the fact that it is the record of a real sorrow; and the element of reality in Minnie Colcord's poems will make them felt when no tale of imaginary grief would be heeded. Her faith is not so much a trust as a confiding; for God seemed as actual to her as the book which told her of him. The pearl of great price, which was to have for her so brief an earthly setting, occupied her thoughts, and was the one inspiration of her song. She came to hold Nature, so dear to her before her sickness, valuable only as it spake directly of God. So she left its lighter lessons to others, and took its weightier teachings unto herself. Kept from pursuing on earth those studies which she loved, she has gone to join the assembly

"Of those who eye to eye shall look
On Knowledge."

Her work is done, and well done. She wrought like the Italian "*With the greatest love*," and, like him, gained that end which every artist of the beautiful seeks, the power of making others think his thoughts as from his own soul. What rank she would have taken in the literary world, had her life been spared, we will not try to guess; but her book shows that her powers were not fully developed. Let us not complain that she was given so short a stay among us, but, rather, let us be thankful that God has permitted us to listen even to a little of that music which He has judged worthy to be sounded henceforth in His presence. The beautiful city by the sea, already a holy place to the lovers of song, has now added one more name to the list of its chosen singers; it is the name of MINNIE COLCORD.

H. L. K.

DELTA KAPPA EPSILON CONVENTION.

The 32d Annual Convention of this largest of the College Secret Fraternities was held Oct. 23d and 24th with the Beta Chapter of Columbia College in New York. It was one of the largest and most interesting ever held, 27 of the 29 chapters being represented by nearly 125 delegates. Prominent among these were Mr. B. P. Wall, of California University, '79, the first representative from the Chapter established there

two years ago, whose presence made the Chapter roll complete from Maine to California, and Hon. Frank H. Hurd, Congressman-elect from Ohio, who was the delegate from the Chapter at Kenyon College.

As early as Monday, delegates began to arrive at the headquarters of the Reception Committee, Everett House, Union Square, from the roof of which floated the Fraternity flag.

The Convention met Wednesday morning in the new hall of Beta which had been elegantly decorated for the occasion, and, after a hearty welcome from the representative of that Chapter, proceeded to the permanent organization, which was as follows: President, W. J. Thompson of Beta; Vice President, C. B. Atwell of Phi Chi; Secretary, O. B. Rogers of Upsilon.

The sessions were devoted to the reception of Chapter reports and other Fraternity business, chiefly of a private nature. The reports from the various Chapters showed a year of prosperity unparalleled in the history of the Fraternity. Delegate after delegate reported success over "all opposing foes and cliques," and when the report from Theta Zeta had been made, the Convention broke into cheers loud and long protracted.

Among the business transactions were the refusal of applications for Chapters from Trinity College and University of Tennessee; the adoption of a new badge for graduate members; and the election of D. A. P. Barnard, LL.D., President of Columbia College, and Gen. T. H. Williams, of California, to Honorary Membership. Thursday noon the Convention adjourned to meet next year with the Pi Chapter. In the afternoon, through the courtesy of Beta, the delegates enjoyed a sail up the East River to the magnificent boat-house of the Columbia Club, returning around the Battery and up the Hudson for a considerable distance.

The Public Exercises were held in the evening in the Academy of Music, which was well filled by a large and fashionable audience. Whitelaw Reid, of Kappa Chapter, '56, presided, and welcomed the delegates to New York and Columbia, alluding to many of the prominent members of the Fraternity and paying an eloquent tribute to some of the deceased. After "Io Triumphe" by the delegates, the Orator of the evening, Alexander Winchell, LL.D., ex-Chancellor of Syracuse University, was introduced. His sub-

ject was "Modern Education," and was an expansion of this thought: "*That Education is most valuable which best qualifies a man to aid in the world's progress.*" The exercises were concluded by the Fraternity song, "Naught mars the bright household," and the "Delta Kappa Epsilon Grand March."

The Banquet, at Delmonico's directly after the oration, closed the festivities of the occasion. It was a most elaborate affair and lasted until an early hour in the morning, closing with the Fraternity cheers and "Laudamus":

"Oh! *A. K. E.* thy fame,
With gladness we proclaim
Be thou our pride:
Where'er thy sons be found,
With Might and Honor crowned,
Thy glories loud shall sound,
From every side."

The following resolution was passed by the Convention:

Whereas, In the Providence of God, this, the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity, has during the past year been bereaved by the loss of our well-beloved Brother, William N. Philbrook of the Xi Chapter;

Whereas, We deeply mourn the loss we have sustained in his death, as a noble man, true friend, and earnest laborer for the advancement of the interests of our Brotherhood:

Resolved, That we extend our heart-felt sympathy as a Fraternity to the afflicted Chapter, and we sincerely trust that the memory of this Brother, of his devotion, fidelity, and zeal, may ever prove an inspiration to renewed efforts to uphold the interests of Delta Kappa Epsilon.

—B. *ψ.* } Committee.
—N. }
—H. }

LITERARY FRATERNITY.

A few weeks ago the members of the Literary Fraternity met to consider the following resolutions:

Whereas, The meetings of the Literary Fraternity have not been well sustained for a number of years, and a large number of its members manifest but little interest in its welfare, therefore

Resolved: First, That the property of the Literary Fraternity, including the Library, be given over into the hands of the Faculty. Second, That the Literary Fraternity is hereby adjourned *sine die*.

In order to give ample time for a thorough discussion of the matter, this meeting was adjourned for three days. But the expediency of virtual dissolution was so evident to all, that

when the time came the resolutions were passed without any opposition.

Knowing the attachment which many of the Alumni have to the old Fraternity, some may think this step a rash one. But a view of the practical workings of the society for several years past, would disclose to such, the fact that the action of the members was merely a formal declaration of the inevitable result, a desertion of the stranded ship. We are not however to be without an open literary society. One has already been formed, and made a chapter of the *A. F. Fraternity*, which intends to offer to those who do not wish to join the secret societies, some such advantages as the old Fraternity used to give in the days of its prosperity.

THE CAMPUS.

It's cold.

Trask, '80, has returned.

The Freshmen are great ladies' men.

Examinations begin Saturday. Now cram.

The Bowdoin Faculty have been "drilling" their Sophomores.

Shaw, formerly of '80, hopes to come back next term into '81.

A new and deep well has been dug in the rear of Chaplin Hall.

The Janitor's work has been made lighter, by giving him an assistant.

Prof. — is to fill the chair of Elocution, established last Commencement.

There are rumors of a new high-toned boarding-house, to be opened here next term.

The Senior Exhibition will be held in the Baptist Church, on Monday evening, Nov. 25th.

The evangelist, Mr. Earle, commenced a series of meetings in Waterville last Saturday evening.

We wish the Railroad would change its train time, or the College its recitations. The two conflict.

In order that the Examining Committee may visit each class, in all of its studies, a special arrangement of recitations will probably be made for the closing days of the term.

Murray, of '79, was very unexpectedly called home on the 8th ult., by the sudden death of his sister.

Who will not excuse the honest pride with which the Sophs attract attention to their feet, in Chapel?

The suddenness with which the winter came upon us, caused most of the students to suffer with severe colds.

Woodcock, of '82, who has been so dangerously sick, is much better, and Dunning, also of '82, is again ready for work.

The Freshman sees the end of his first term approaching, and wonders if the Sophomore will throw as much water next term.

The Sophomores declaimed October 23d, and the Juniors exhibited November 6th. The Chapel was well filled on each occasion.

In every other town or city, the sidewalks are kept free from snow and ice, but not in Waterville. Would that we were as others.

E. F. King, '80, has been appointed Orderly Sergeant of the Colby Rifles; Thomas, '80, Second Sergeant; Stacy, '81, Third; and Eliot, '82, Fourth.

Schools for the winter vacation are scarce and quite a number of the most experienced teachers among our students have as yet failed to secure positions.

Why can not the Faculty arrange fixed dates when essays and declamations will be required? Some of us can not write a remarkably scholarly article at a week's notice.

The College Catalogues are being printed by Leger Bros., of Waterville, and will be out just before the term closes. According to them the number of students now enrolled is 153.

Messrs. Dunning, Turner, and Pulsifer, of '82, were initiated into the *A. F. E. Fraternity*, Friday, the 8th inst. That Society's delegation from the Freshman class now numbers twelve.

If the Trustees of the College could come and see our new Gymnasium, standing as it is, almost entirely unused and useless on account of its want of apparatus, perhaps they would make some appropriation for its equipment. Now that the cold weather puts an end to outdoor sports, there is nothing which we so much need, as apparatus for physical exercise.

At 7.20 A.M. a Senior, just starting for breakfast, thus soliloquizes: "Now I can read over the advance, going down, and the review, coming back, and check it on the re-review. That means 'Ex.'"

Nearly all of the books which belonged to the Literary Fraternity have been transferred to the College Library. Their room in South College will probably be changed into two for the occupancy of students.

A Freshman being examined as a teacher is reported to have bounded the State of Maine as follows: "Maine is bounded on the bottom by the infernal regions, and on the top by the blue etherial sky." He was engaged at once.

In one of the students' rooms hangs the following notice, "The use of tobacco, in any form, is strictly prohibited in any room or hall-way on this floor." The smoke, however, is generally so thick in that very room that the above card is read with difficulty.

We hear complaints against a few of the students who stand before South College and deliberately kick the foot-ball at the windows. To be sure it only hits the mark occasionally, but when it does, it goes through, and makes a room rather uncomfortable.

The following comes to us from the *artistic* scenes of Belgrade: "Do you know anything of that tall, dark-haired Junior, who once promenaded with me at a Baptist Sociable? My friends tell me I must look out for him." Poor fellow, we sympathize with him.

He was a Freshman and perhaps knew no better. If so we would inform him that even in a darkened room, when an audience is being entertained by sciopic views, the appearance of a broad dark band around the light waist of a young lady's dress, may attract attention.

In another column may be found the report of the 32d Annual Convention of the A. K. E. Fraternity, held in New York, with the Beta Chapter of Columbia College, Wednesday and Thursday, October 23d and 24th. The Xi Chapter at Colby was represented by Mr. Joy, of '79.

The members of the Faculty are daily adding to their stock of knowledge, even if some of the students are not equally industrious. Recently one of our instructors, in an illustration, spoke of "the stick" with which billiard balls are

propelled. The following day, we were surprised to hear him, without the least hesitation, call it "the cue." There is a moral but we desist.

On Monday evening the 6th inst., a number of the Faculty and students had the pleasure of listening to Hon. Wm. Parsons, in his celebrated lecture on "Michael Angelo." The orator's presentation of the great sculptor, painter, soldier, and architect, was most excellent and deserved a larger audience. All who did attend were delighted.

A few days ago one of our Seniors, in answer to a request for a winter school, received a letter of which the following is an exact copy: "Mr. Colby Sir I Received a few lines from yo to knight Saing that you wood like to have ower school but i have a teacher in gaged So you ar to late Respectfully — ——" We hope that no Colby student is responsible for that school agent's education.

Another Senior on his way to the Astronomy recitation, reads a very interesting letter just received, and under its peculiar influence, recites as follows: "Venus is the most conspicuous and beautiful object visible to us. She is very rarely seen before sunrise; occasionally under favorable circumstances she appears at midday; but in the evening she may be viewed in all her brilliancy and splendor. It is then that she is brightest and causes the appearance of shadows."

On Saturday, October 26th, a game of baseball was played on the Campus, between the Vassalboro club and the Colby second nine. On account of the darkness, the game was called at the close of the eighth inning, when the score stood 13 to 12 in favor of the second nine. On the following Saturday the tables were turned and the Vassalboros beat the second nine by a score of 16 to 6. Since the latter game it has been impossible to find any one who ever belonged to the second nine.

There are a number of students who make the Reading Room a loafing-place, chiefly for smoking and loud discussions, which greatly annoy those who wish to read. It is for this reason that the magazines and papers are carried away to our rooms, since it is impossible to read them where they are, without interruption. During the vacation, the officers of the Reading

Room intend to have it painted and carpeted, and they hope that when it becomes a parlor, the order of the parlor will be preserved, and then there will be no excuse for smuggling away what one wishes to read.

During the term seventy volumes have been added to the Library from the Colby Fund, exclusive of donations from other sources. Among the new works are Newcomb's Popular Astronomy, Lockyer's Stargazing, Choate's Orations, Stanley's Through the Dark Continent, Schlie-mann's Mycenæ, Thompson's Voyage of "The Challenger," Pierce's Life and Letters of Charles Sumner, Lecky's England in the 18th Century, Green's History of the English People, Hovey's Theology, Schaff's Creeds of Christendom, Shars-wood's Blackstone, Kent's Commentaries, and the eight volumes now issued of the Encyclo-pædia Britannica.

THE COLLEGE PRESS.

The *Berkeleyan*, is among our very best exchanges. It would not travel the width of this continent, and consign itself to the mercies of the cold-blooded, down-east critic, if it did not have considerable confidence in the power of its excellence. Notwithstanding its homely appearance it can boast of a lady on its Editorial Board. It opens with a lengthy discussion on the theme, "The End Justifies the Means." The arguments are clear, and if there is any fault it is in the abundance of illustrations. "The Captive Prince" is a narrative poem of rare merit. It is followed by an article on "Gantama Budda." One cannot read the title without feeling a itching for investigation; and a carefully written review of the great man's life is here found. Then comes another poem, "At Twilight," some of which is very good. The article on Chaucer is perhaps faulty in its lengthy introduction. We find also some sensible editorials, though we are surprised to find so much said against the lecture system in scientific study. Though we are not permitted to give our reasons here we may at least say that we cannot agree with the general conclusion. The local department is well furnished with news, its proper materials. But there is lack of spiciness. The exchanges seem to be justly managed.

The *Acta Columbiana*, naturally enough, has much to say about the glorious victory—the victory for Columbia and for America. We trust the editors will not let this transform their paper into a mere catalogue of sports, as some other papers have shown the danger of so doing. The editorials, as we like to see them, are

exhaustive and to the point. The locals are also good, and the exchange man is surely about his business. "Some Informal Papers" do not strike us very favorably. Perhaps we should find them more interesting if we were in the ring. "Poetry seems to be on the wane, both as to quantity and quality," is the language of the *exchange notes*. A glance at the rhymes of the *Acta* suggests that this may be taken as a well-timed confession.

The *Brunonian* opens with a little poem "To My Inkstand," which, considering the subject, is very good. It is followed by a very good statement of the evils of examinations. The author seems to have realized that the burden of proof rests upon him who would do away with an institution so firmly established, and yet he seems to have forgotten that it was necessary to offer some good substitute in order to make his arguments complete. The quaint and funny man appears this time "concerning chairs." Very good we admit, but you have missed the law of cause and effect, as a man who is dreaming. The article on "Bryant's Poetry" is good so far as it goes. The editorials are well written, the locals perhaps a trifle too much expanded, but the exchanges are exceptionally fine.

The *College Olio* has our approval of its new attire. The opening piece is a beautiful little poem on "October." Its equal for nice expression is rarely seen in college papers. The prize essay needs no comment from us. Prof. Watson's alleged discovery is admirably discussed. The scientific feeling of the *Olio* is very praiseworthy, and ought to be respected and imitated if possible, by all. It suggests a good theme for those papers who seem to have nothing to talk about except sports. We succeeded in finding our way through the devious paths of the editorials, by carefully following directions, though we were reminded of Mark Twain lost in the snow storm. The exchange editor does not thank his brother of the *Rambler* very heartily for his criticisms. We must, indeed, disagree with the latter in saying that the local is far ahead of the other departments of the *Olio*. They are well managed to be sure, but we venture to say, without desiring to appease the exchange editor, they are no better than the exchanges.

Four numbers of the *Dartmouth* are before us. There is much to find fault with in this paper. Most of its departments are carelessly managed. The editorials are too largely devoted to comments on the many lectures which the Dartmouth students enjoy. The locals show little system in their arrangement. The exchanges find fault with heavy literary departments, and show a lack of poetical taste. The one great theme which meets the approbation of this column seems to be "flirtation."

"Pretty little maiden
Olinging to his sleeve."

Such stuff as this is appreciated while anything of a solid nature is branded with infamy. In the column headed "Reviews" we are glad to find something of literary merit. It is, however, not sufficiently extended to redeem what goes before.

OTHER COLLEGES.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

The Senate has taken the necessary official action in reference to the admission of women to degrees. Female candidates will be admitted forthwith to the matriculation examination; and all such as have already passed the general examination for women, will be considered as having matriculated, and will be admissible (after the required interval) to the first degree examination in either of the faculties.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

The University is about to lose one of its most popular instructors, Prof. James C. Watson, who, as an astronomer, enjoys a world-wide reputation since his recent brilliant discovery of the planet Vulcan. Prof. Watson goes to the University of Wisconsin, and the change has caused no small stir in the feelings of the Ann Arbor students. The local editor of the *Chronicle* refers to the matter as follows: "Just as we go to press we hear definite news of Prof. Watson. News that ought to fill every citizen of Michigan with shame, that a little one-horse institution has succeeded in alluring him from us: disgust for the false spirit of economy that has guided those who ought to know better. Prof. Watson has been captured, as is perfectly natural, by a better salary and better opportunities for scientific investigation than he enjoys here. . . . Michigan could better afford to double the Professor's salary, out and out, than to lose such a man. It is to be hoped the regents will meet with that criticism from the State which they richly deserve."

OBERLIN.

Joseph Cook has been engaged to deliver a course of lectures on "Modern Materialistic Skepticism," before the Theological students. The Tremont Temple course of twenty lectures, will detain him in Boston until late, so that he will be in Oberlin about May 1st. He receives \$500, and admission will be charged those not in the Seminary.

A Theologue's private note-book was picked up the other day, and as the finder began to turn over its leaves he thought he had struck a secret record of a long list of flirtations, for he found the significant headings, "Gal. 1, Gal. 2,

Gal. 3, etc." Just as he had made up his mind that the Theologue was the heartless hero of a series of adventures, he discovered that the book contained only exegetical notes upon the book of Galatians, and in a sudden burst of virtuous intention decided that he had no use for it, and would leave it upon the sidewalk for the next comer.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Mrs. Bloomfield Moore has given ten thousand dollars to the University as a memorial of her late husband, to be called the "Bloomfield Moore Fund." The Trustees in accepting the gift say, "The income shall be perpetually applied to enable those women (not exceeding six in number in any one year) who are, or who propose to become teachers, to avail themselves, without cost to them, of the instruction which is now or hereafter may be given to women in the University, subject to such alterations, with this object in view, as the Board of Trustees may prescribe."

TRINITY.

Laborers are busily engaged in grading the land lying east of Seabury Hall, and the students are rejoicing in the removal of the several banks of earth which have so long detracted from the fine appearance of the buildings.

The work of pulling down the old buildings has been completed, and nothing now remains of them save a heap of debris. Many of the trees which once adorned the College grounds have been cut down, thus rendering the place of old Trinity almost unrecognizable. The Campus has been ploughed over, and the grading begun, that of the eastern approach to the Capitol having been already completed.

Several of the Alumni have made arrangements to have canes, articles of furniture, and other souvenirs made from the wood of the old buildings.

THE WASTE-BASKET.

It is said that some students, like the letter I, are always kept in anxiety after X.

The Juniors claim that they have been doing *sound* work in one department, if in no other; and further, they say that the work in that department has become especially *attractive* of late.

There must be some s(c)ell about that process of decomposing water.—*Junior Chemist.*

Song of the baker: "I knead thee every hour." The first note of the song is dough.—*Ex.*

A Fresh claims the right hand of fellowship with a Junior, because *he* belongs to '80 too.—*News Letter.*

Even where hazing is becoming a thing of the past, it is quite common to find a Freshman slightly *Sophed*.

When a long limbed fielder was told that he looked liked a spider, he replied: "Yes. I can catch a fly every time."

It has been aptly said, that too many of our office holders are held together by the cohesive power of public plunder.

A Junior was considerably annoyed the other day to find that he could not translate, at sight, "Pas de lieu Rhone que nous."

Said he, "Matilda, you are my dearest duck." Said she, "Augustus, you are trying to stuff me." She was too sage for him.—*Ex.*

Miss Miranda Gates, the handsome and accomplished belle of Niagara, is said to be a great scold. Beautiful Gates a jawer!!—*Ex.*

Prof. (to student hesitating before one of those epithets which Demosthenes flings at *Æschines*)—"Well, what's the matter now?" Student (trying to look wise)—"I can't recall the meaning of that *epitaph*."

ODE TO '82.

Plug on! yield not to ancient Greeks;
Climb on though Latin try your starch;
He flunks alone who lagging keeps;
He gains the X who dares to march.
Be thou a plugger! let thy mark
Make on each term bill clear its way;
And e'en through Olney's midnight dark,
Hew out a passage light as day.

Large numbers of the sheep population from the surrounding country are emigrating daily. In the sweet ba and ba they wool be quartered for superior service.—*Woodstock Press.* [As meek as any lamb, we would suggest that the *Press* must have felt a little sheepish inserting so ba(r)ba(r)ous a pun.—*Eds.*]

A Fresh says that there are only three classes of any note in college; and he accounts for his

remark in this way: "The Freshman class is noted for being 'sot on,' the Sophomore class for doing the 'sottin' on 'em,' the Senior class for its dignity, but the Junior class for nothing, as they are simply 'plugging up' to be Seniors next year."

The reflective habit, the knowledge of self, the love of nature, the ability to be alone, will bring to character modesty, patience, self-repression, and sweeter manners, and will impart to our crude American life a riper flavor and a mellower hue.—*Francis N. Zabriskie.*—*In the University Quarterly.*

Said a minister's wife, to her late wedded spouse,

"My dear I am out of yeast;

And I wish you would tell me where to go,

To get my stock increased."

And then she added, by way of jest:

"My love, where do you suppose,

That Adam and Eve got their yeast from?

I wonder if any one knows."

Hereat he answered his blushing dame,

In somewhat the following strain:

"I'm sure I can't tell, but they must have had some,

For they certainly raised Cain."

PERSONALS.

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

'25.—Benjamin Hobart is living at Edmunds, Maine.

'25.—John Hovey resides in Danbury, Mich.

'25.—Harison A. Smith lives in Winslow, Me.

'26.—George C. Getchell is in Waterville, in poor health.

'29.—Robert W. Wood, M.D., we believe, is a practicing physician at Jamaica Plains, Mass.

'30.—William H. Burrill makes his home at Belfast, Me.

'30.—Wilson C. Ryder, we understand, is a Baptist preacher at South Marleborough, Mass.

'32.—Hosen Quinby died October 11th, at Milton Falls, N. H.

'33.—Daniel F. Cook resides at Maumee, Ohio.

'33.—Josias Pillsbury is at Bowling Green, Ky.

'34.—Joseph C. Loring is a business man, in Boston, Mass.

'34.—Charles Nickerson was known to be some time ago at Edgefield Dist., N. C.

'35.—Oliver Emerson was recently preaching in Sabula, Jackson County, Iowa.

'35.—Jonathan G. Fellowes lives in Canton, Madison County, Miss.

'35.—Amarias Joy, after several years of ministerial work, settled in Joyfield, Mich., where he still lives. We have a volume of his sermons in the Library.

'35.—James Stone, M.D., is living in Salem.

'35.—Benj. Pierce, for sometime Professor of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy in Mercer University, now resides in Cambridge, Mass.

'35.—James Upham, D.D., was for a long time one of the editors of the *Watchman and Reflector*.

'35.—The *American Bookseller* recently contained the following announcement: "S. C. Griggs & Co. will bring out, about the 10th of November, 'Orators and Oratory,' by Wm. Mathews, LL.D. It will be uniform with his other books, which are still in great demand. The fortieth thousand of 'Getting on in the World,' and the fourteenth of 'Words' being now in press." If it were not for the statement of the Catalogue, we never should know that Mathews's books belong to the Library. It would take about a hundred copies of the new work to satisfy the first rush upon it.

'36.—Jonathan Dickerson was born in the town of Hill, N. H., instead of Waldo County, Me., as we were informed.

'36.—Isaac W. Comings, M.D., is a Physician in New York City.

'36.—James S. Wiley resides in Foxcroft, Maine.

'37.—Francis A. Gates is living in Massilon, Cedar County, Iowa.

'37.—Constantine B. Marston is a farmer living at West Waterville.

'39.—Nathaniel T. Fay was in 1873 at Prairie Depot, Ohio.

'39.—David Purington is at Muscatine, Iowa.

'39.—Thomas G. Wright lives at Westerly, R. I.

'49.—Stephen R. Dennen, D.D., one of the ablest preachers in the ranks of the Congregational ministry, is Pastor of a flourishing church in New Haven, Conn.

'62.—Rev. W. C. Barrows has accepted the pastorate of the Baptist Church in Rockland.

'62.—Rev. Alonzo Bunker, Missionary to the Karens of Burmah, has lately been giving an illustrative lecture on that country. While in Burmah he took a large number of photographs of towns, villages, mission stations, schools, idol houses, pagodas, and especially of the people, Burmese and Karens. The negatives of these photographs he has with him, and by means of a stereopticon the pictures are thrown on a large

screen, giving us faithful representations of scenes in that far-off land, illustrating the work in which our missionaries are engaged. Mr. Bunker is doing a great service in thus making our churches better acquainted with our mission work. All those who attend are greatly interested and profited by his lecture. He makes no charge for the lecture, but relies on the freewill offerings of those present to meet his expenses. What he receives above this is devoted to the support of a Karen boy, whom he has brought to this country to be educated.

'72.—Rev. E. B. Haskell is Pastor of a Baptist church which he has recently organized at Sauk Centre, Minn.

'72.—Rev. J. N. Barrows is now Pastor of the South Baptist Church, South Boston.

'75.—S. A. Read was recently ordained to the work of the Christian ministry at North Stratford, N. H.

'77.—C. D. Smith has lately returned to his home in Portland, from a term at Dartmouth Medical School. He intends to take a course of lectures at Brunswick the coming winter.

'77.—W. H. Brownson has received a position on the editorial staff of the *Portland Advertiser*.

'77.—J. H. Files, for the last year connected with the *Portland Advertiser*, has received the position of City Editor on the same paper.

'78.—William C. Burnham is Principal of the Clifton High School of Clifton, N. B.

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