

# The Colby Echo.

VOL. III.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, MARCH, 1879.

No. 4.

## The Colby Echo.

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

### COLBY UNIVERSITY.

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## THE SANCTUM.

“Gegrüset seid mir, edle herr’n,  
Gegrüßt ihr, schöne damen!”

IN our last we confidently prophesied a vaca-  
tion of ten weeks; our words have been veri-  
fied. Our statement that the next issue of the  
ECHO would be the March number, will of  
course now represent itself to our readers as a  
thoroughly reliable one. By these facts let our  
questioned veracity be re-established, and may no  
glamour linger before the eyes of our indulgent  
subscribers, which, by its distorting agency, may  
lead them to suspect us of being anything but  
honest in our complimentary salutation at the  
head of this paragraph. We would not draw  
superabundantly on the sympathies of friends,

but much less would we be the cause of the  
agony which must follow from an omission, un-  
heard of in the records of college journalism, of  
what follows: We are glad once more to take  
up the pen in the interest of the community.  
We wept when we laid it down; we smile, and  
think of the emptiness of things editorial and  
earthly, as we take it up. The pedagogical  
birch has already begun to decay, and its dreaded  
gyrations have lost their unity. Schools and  
teachers are beginning to be free from their  
annual bore. The remembrances of poor food  
and poorer lodgings, haunts those of us who  
have returned from our penance, only as empty  
unrealities. The monied bondholders of our  
little community, on the other hand, have no  
relish for study. The pleasing wiles of society  
still linger as pleasant recollections in their  
memories, and in hope of speedy release, alone  
do they find comfort for their present captivity,  
and a delusive supplement to the vivid pictures  
of past joys, which makes application to study  
tolerable. Time alone can wear off the trouble-  
some corners for both poor and rich, and in the  
full belief that we shall speedily get to work  
with a will, we end as we began: To all ye  
noble lords, and fair ladies, we extend the right  
hand of friendship, and hope to be received once  
more into your favor.

OUR Managing Editor informs us that in a  
few days he will send to subscribers of the  
“ECHO,” bills for their subscriptions for the  
ensuing year. Our rule has been *strictly in  
advance*, but has not been enforced in the past.  
However, arrangements have been made with  
the publishers for the payment of their bills on  
receipt of the papers, and in order to do this,  
payment of subscriptions in advance will be  
necessary. Those whose subscriptions begin  
with the March number will receive their bills  
made out to March, 1880, and those whose sub-  
scriptions begin with the September number, to  
September, 1879. We hope that all who re-

ceive the notifications will remit the amounts stated therein as promptly as circumstances and pocket-books will allow.

IN looking over the College Catalogue, an investigation prompted partly by curiosity, we discover that of the thirty gentlemen who compose our Honorable Board of Trustees but eleven are subscribers to the ECHO; and of the eighteen upon the Board of Visitors only four appear upon our books as such. Now we do not wish to be importunate in soliciting subscribers, nor to make ourselves appear to be in a very impecunious condition, but we believe that an attentive reading of the columns of the ECHO during the year will give all of these gentlemen a much better idea of what we are and what we are doing here, than the annual meeting of the Trustees or a periodic visit to the College during term time can possibly afford. "A hog can look at a king" and we can —.

DURING the vacation a special meeting of the Board of Trustees was held in Portland. The President made a report setting forth the needs of the College, made imperative by its recent rapid progress. The Trustees appointed a committee to report a plan for raising an addition to the endowment of \$100,000.

They also voted to raise a subscription of \$5000 to cover any excess of expenditures over receipts which may at present be necessary. Of this sum \$3825.00 have been already subscribed.

A friend of the College, who modestly desires that his name should not be known in connection with his gift, authorized the President to draw on him for \$500 to supply additional furnishing for the Gymnasium. A contract will be made with Mr. Wood, Superintendent of the Gymnasium connected with the Young Men's Christian Association in the city of New York, to furnish the most approved apparatus for physical culture. Mr. Wood's long experience as an instructor in gymnastics; and manufacturer of this class of goods, makes it certain that we shall be supplied with the best and most modern apparatus.

After the Gymnasium has received its new furnishing, the Gymnasium Association will be reorganized under new regulations.

THE reports of the many ingenious and interesting devices of students, by which to draw off their surplus energy and eliminate their oppressively abundant moments, used to come from the colleges to the world's people like news from the foreign lands. The exaggerations characteristic of the minstrels who went about in disguise of instructors of unsorted children, and sung of the wonders of cloisteral life, gave to some the indelible impression that a college must begin operations by setting out a private burial ground, and to others the firm belief that, by a special interposition of Divine Providence alone, the college walls and grounds were kept from being hung and strewn with the cadaveric relics of frequent fatal conflicts.

As an example, think of the thrill of awe that must have gone shivering through the veins of an unsophisticated community on hearing the cold-blooded refrain, "Saw the Freshman's leg off." As the awfulness of great State questions vanishes by the ventilation which the tri-colored newspapers give them, so the unreal has been winnowed from the real by the wind of college journalism; and, though a great deal of the chaff still blows into the public eye, yet the popular impression of students' recreation is coming to be reckoned as for the most part consisting of a "wooding up," following the professorial circumlocution in assigning the asinine appellation to a student.

The college papers are without exception, or perhaps with one *scylla* reservation, in a state of quiet subjection to the rule of decency, and the majority aspire and really attain to considerable literary merit. So that whenever a paragraph from the college papers, that shows to good advantage the mildness of the students' temper and the sharpness of the students' retort, is adopted by the news columns of the day, the papers all take a fatherly interest in it and seem to have no objection to treating it as their own offspring. Under the influence of the free airing which is given to the most trivial occurrences and the scarcity of any but inconsiderable events, we are beginning to take a new character before the public and to be looked upon more as boys in search of the wily *x* and word roots, than as deeply plotting and bloody-minded land sharks educated to long for human prey. As to the instruments themselves, which have set us at such an enviable advance of former time,

they are pretty well understood as they come completed to the public hand; but of their course and method of construction little is generally known, and we are not the men to reveal the secrets of the league. The stilted and wrenching style of the editorial pen needs no further illustration than what is at hand. The literary work has already been commended to your critical eye as somewhat worthy of attention. The local columns, as furnishing the material from which the whole body of current stories and sayings are drawn, are the most important means of setting college characteristics of the most peculiar and original stamp before the world. A good story once started will go the rounds for months. The local editor hears of a laughable occurrence and eagerly searches out the man who knows about it. He does not need much information, the idea is his aim, and armed with this he revolves it in his mind till it comes out of the mill a choice and finely wrought witicism. He did not create it, but it bears marks of his hand. Convulsed with laughter, he commits it to the columns of his pet paper; in a few days it comes to him again printed in an exchange. He is pleased at that and gives the editors of the other paper credit for great penetration, then all will perhaps be quiet for weeks, but so sure as his joke is a good one it will begin to rage at length. It will come to him from all quarters; it will circle down upon him from every conceivable direction; it will begin to haunt his dreams and flit before his wearied, waking mind like an ugly vision; he will repent his rashness in starting such a completely foolish idea, and if he straightens up most vigorously to the invader and, disclaiming ownership, casts the joke upon the tempestuous sea of orphan paragraphs, by ascribing it to the omniscient "Ex.," he may weather the storm and come out mentally sound from among the invading billows of his regret.

Once escaped from his torment the lesson is lost upon him and he will repeat the operation, and may even have less fact for groundwork than in the former case.

A review of college journals, to which an editor of each journal should be a contributor and critic of his own paper, would be of vast interest to the public and of great value to the college editors. The origin of this and that; the provocation of such a literary article; the

weeks it had lain in obscurity, and then how it was dragged forth to appease the voracity of the printer; the hastily written, characteristic essay; the struggles for a good arrangement of matter, and a thousand other things that, rightly treated, would be of interest and worth, might figure in the publication mentioned and form important points for discussion; and their publicity would make the languid editors sit down to work as earnestly as if composing a magazine article or writing a State proclamation.

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## LITERARY.

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### HAWTHORNE.

The cell, wherein so long abode  
The wizard conjuror,  
Is open to the eyes of men,  
A thing of dread no more.

The door lies crumbling where it fell,  
The roof is rent in twain,  
And, through the many openings,  
Come sun and wind and rain.

With warping parchments, darkly writ,  
The rocky walls are hung,  
And, housed within the fireplace, crawl  
A lizard and her young.

Mysterious circles, ring in ring,  
Are on the table drawn;  
Within them, shapes of old belief,  
The Centaur and the Faun.

Bits of a crucible, that some force  
Has burst, are strewn around;  
An hour-glass, fallen from its niche,  
Lies broken on the ground.

Moth-eaten lies the Wizard's robe,  
Half covered up with dust;  
Near by his wand, no longer feared,  
Sheds feeble flakes of dust.

Vials of liquids, that have long  
Ceased into air to ebb,  
Cover a shelf, the moth of each,  
Closed with a spider web.

Whatever prompts the cringing breath  
To hush itself in fear,  
Whatever makes the stillness dread,  
All this, and more, is here.

Within this dungeon two score years  
The seer dwelt apart,  
Tracing God's thoughts in earth and sky  
And in the human heart.

Knowledge and beauty from the sky,  
Spirits of Heavenly fame,  
Drawn down by his most potent power,  
His ministers became.

Attended by these spirits twain,  
He searched all mysteries,  
Beheld the ill wrapped up in good,  
The good in ill that lies;

The cankering growth of sin concealed,  
The awful doom of hate,  
The spell of good unrecognized,  
The ruthlessness of fate;

The struggle of the clouded soul  
Into the light of God,  
The helplessness of wealth to stay  
The great Avenger's rod;

The final triumph of the good,  
The bad at last crushed out,  
The blessedness of trustfulness,  
The misery of doubt.

At length, grown old with years and toil,  
He craved one restful draught  
Of that Elixir which restored  
Youth unto him who quaffed.

O, for a life without an end!  
Youth came back at the thought.  
That living water must be his,  
However dearly bought.

He made contribute to this end  
All climes beneath the sun,  
And all his might of mystic lore,  
And, lo! the task was done.

Within a goblet's crystal bowl  
A golden liquor shone,  
Gleaming as with an inward light,—  
Now life was all his own!

He raised the potion to his lips,  
Paused, drank,—a sound was heard  
As of a spirit, freed from Earth,  
Departing Heavenward;

His robe dropped empty on the floor,  
His wand beside it fell,  
Knowledge and Beauty, at the sight,  
Fled straightway from the cell;

They fled, and now through all the Earth  
Their light and glory is;  
But he who called them from the sky,—  
Eternal Youth *was* his!

H. L. K.

### THE VENETIAN.

Though the true story which I am about to relate belongs properly to myself, since I was the prime actor in it, I shall relate it as if of a third person, and that from pure principles of modesty. I ought also to mention, lest you search the houses of Venice in vain, that I purposely give assumed names to the buildings and persons by which a nearer clue to the secrets which I am pledged not to reveal, could be obtained.

On an evening of the middle of July, 18—, when the sun was just sinking behind the hills of Lombardy, and the city of Venice was just arousing into something of its pristine activity, a gondola was working slowly up the Rialto in the direction of Trieste. In it was seated a single individual of commanding figure, and as he handled the scull leisurely he set off to the best advantage his superbly aristocratic person. This individual you will, of course, understand from my slight hints was no other than myself, but from excessive timidity I shall continue to speak of him in the third person. Upon his noble brow sat a shade of vexation. The beautiful Susianno had offered him a slight, and his sensitive nature could not brook the insult. He was seated upon one of the benches in the Square of St. Marks; Susianno sat beside him, her brown curls falling over his shoulder and her eyes looking dreamily away across the inclosure. Suddenly a stranger in a broad-brimmed, slouching hat, wearing also a belt of white leather in which gleamed the handles of a richly mounted revolver and a handsome bowie, crossed the pavement from the direction of Campo San Bartolomeo, and going hastily under the portico of Theodoro, passed on to the Rialto Bridge. As he emerged from the shadow of St. Marks he came just in range of the vacant stare of Susianno's handsome eyes. Her gaze came quickly back from its distant, happy view and dwelt upon the stranger for a single instant, while alarm was expressed in every feature. Then, uttering a suppressed, agonizing cry, Susianno broke away from her lover and ran down the steps to her own little pleasure boat which waited for her there and, bidding the gondolier to cross quickly, she disappeared behind the protruding balcony of the Canalazzo and left her lover, Henrico, standing upon the little stone steps with anger depicted in every feature. He, too, had observed the handsome, richly dressed stranger, and had noticed that his dear Susianno's sudden alarm and flight was occasioned by the sight of him. Henrico did not long hesitate; but rightly conjecturing that where the stranger was there would be Susianno, he bounded quickly along the bridge in pursuit of the strange man. He came into view of him just as he passed off the bridge and stepped upon the land of the large island Guidecca. The stranger passed along, closely followed by Henrico, to the

eastern extremity and looked about himself cautiously for an instant. Then, hurrying along the bridge over the Lido Canal, he came out upon San Giorgio Maggiore and hastened into the outer porch of Palladio's Church. Scarcely had Henrico taken a position in one of the suppliant's balconies and carefully concealed himself, so as to see and not be seen, when Susianno rushed up from the side toward the tomb of San Morosini, and going up to the stranger threw her arms about his neck and rained passionate kisses upon his forehead. The stranger pushed her roughly from him and she knelt suppliantly before him with her hands raised and clasped, and her head bowed down. The stranger was seen by Henrico (now almost frenzied by varying emotions) to thrust out his foot spurning her, and to lay his hand upon the hilt of his dagger in a threatening manner. Henrico's blood boiled in his veins, but restraining his passion he watched narrowly the progress of events. Susianno had raised herself from the ground and now stood at the distance of a few steps from the handsome stranger looking upon the ground and plowing the toe of her dainty little shoe into the sand of Guidecca.

The stranger looked at her intently for a moment and then turned to go. She raised her hand and seemed about to speak. The stranger halted, but as she uttered no word he turned on the toe of his polished leather boot and walked off with rapid, angry strides. Susianno cast one tearful look after him, and then puckering her rosy mouth into a resolute rosebud of defiance tripped off to her boat which still waited at the quay of the Lattere. Without heeding her movements, Henrico walked gloomily about the city and pondered deeply upon the scene he had witnessed. At length he betook himself to his gondola and was rowing toward Trieste with movements slow and thoughtful, when our story opens.

This, then, was the subject of the cogitations of the noble youth whom we have described in the first chapter of this work. As has been said the sun was just sinking behind the hills of Lombardy. The beauty of the Italian sunset, where

"The light aerial gallery, golden railed  
Burnt like a fringe of fire,"

was all unheeded by him. His Susianno, the loved of his manhood, the light of his soul was in

secret communication with a man whom nobody had ever seen before; what could it mean? He asked himself the question over and over. Did this man have some secret power over her? Perhaps he was her husband. There was agony in the thought. He buried his face in his hands and the gondola floated down the Rialto unheeded. The shades of night gathered around closer and closer. The distance of the boat from the city's bustle was rapidly increasing but Henrico raised not his head.

An hour, two hours, three hours passed by and still the boat, with its unmindful occupant, floated on the ebbing and flowing tide of the lagoon. Meanwhile the tide had turned and prevented the boat from floating out on the Adriatic. It now beat lazily with the light ripple of the waves against the foot of an old palace at the lower end of Guidecca. An unwonted plowing of the water close at hand roused Henrico from his reverie, and looking up he saw the black prow of a large gondola, such as are used for transporting vegetables to the city from the adjacent gardens, looming up close beside and bearing rapidly down upon him. He sprang to his oar to prevent a collision, but as his own boat swung round, the bow of the other gondola followed and still bore close upon him.

"Seize him!" uttered a soft voice in low tones, remarkably like those of his beloved Susianno, and the tall, dark forms of three stout men sprang upon his light craft. The shock shook his little boat and almost overturned it in the water. From the sudden, violent, and unexpected character of the assault, Henrico had no time to collect his scattered faculties before he found himself held tightly in their grasp, and his hands and feet firmly bound together. Perceiving the uselessness of struggling he lay still and was lifted quickly into the larger boat and followed by all the men. He could just see in the darkness of the night a slight figure, dressed in the uniform of the officers of the Venetian government, sitting in the boat to which he had been removed. This officer now spoke angrily to the men and ordered two of them to take charge of the prisoner's boat and row round to the quay in front of St. Marks. To this order there seemed to be some demur, for the men did not obey at once, and the boat left alone floated some distance from them.

"You, Clementin and Chapulo, take charge



of that boat and do as I bid," said the soft voice of the officer, angrily. "And what will Rosalba Carrera say to that?" said one of the men. "He gave us strict orders to look after this man ourselves, and we were doing so when you came up with us and gave us his note of authority putting you in charge of the company." "Do as I tell you," repeated the officer. "Do you want to raise a mob by coming into the city in this way? four of us with a bound man. It will look more like a private abduction than a capture by the government. Chizzoti and I will look after the man. He shall die rather than escape." Without further argument the men rowed up to the small boat, and two of them getting in hastened away toward St. Marks.

The boat in which Henrico now lay was urged swiftly along in the opposite direction by the stalwart oarsman, while the officer sitting behind busied himself, silently, with the ropes that bound the prisoner. At first they were loosened and then in a few minutes slipped altogether from his feet. At this instant the oarsman turned sharply around and looked at him. "He had got his bands loose when I discovered him," said the officer. "He is fast now." The oarsman once more plied his paddle, and the bands around Henrico's wrists began also to be loosed by the deft hand of the slight officer of the Venetian government. It was not long before they, too, dropped off and Henrico lay unbound but quiet, for he did not know to what turn of fortune to ascribe his capture, nor the mysterious movements of his captor who had so unceremoniously dismissed two of his men and now had unbound his prisoner. He was not long in doubt. The officer bent over him and the warm breath met his cheek, as he whispered to Henrico, "I am Susianno; strike with me for liberty!" Raising the heavy cudgel which lay beside her, Susianno, with an arm nerved by the need of the time, swung it above her head and brought it down upon the arm of the oarsman with a strong swinging blow. The man sprang from his seat; but before he could gain a footing Henrico was upon him and bore him down, while the gentle Susianno firmly bound his wrists and ankles with the thongs which but a few moments before had been upon Henrico's own limbs. Susianno embraced her lover, and, seating him upon the boat's chair, she related the course of events.

While sitting that afternoon with him in St.

Marks Square she had seen her brother, who was a man high in authority under the Venetian government, cross the inclosure and look threateningly upon her and her lover. Recollecting that he had tried to coerce her into a marriage with a brother officer, whose wealth and influence was even greater than his own, and also recalling his threat to get Henrico cast into the Dungeons of the old Doge if he should observe her with him again, she had broken from her lover without explanation, and hastened to Palladio's Church, in Guidecca, where his headquarters were, to intercept her brother and plead with him to spare her lover. His power, she well knew, in the loose rule of Venice, was sufficient to throw a man unaccused into prison for life. She had besought his mercy, but he would have no mercy. She must consent to a marriage with Morania, his brother officer. In that position wealth and ease would be hers even beyond her present expectations, and power almost unlimited in Venice would be his. She would not yield and he had gone away in anger, declaring that Henrico should rot in the dungeons. Susianno had procured the dress of a Venetian officer, by bribing a valet, and, intercepting the three men sent to follow Henrico, who had been watched as his boat floated from place to place, unheeded by him, presented them with a forged paper purporting to be from her brother, Rosalba Carrera, and putting her in command of the party. They had accepted her without suspicion; and Henrico knew the rest.

Henrico, under the command of Susianno, now propelled the gondola under the heavy, arching windows of a palace in the Rialto, and, casting the boat adrift with the bound government officer, they entered the house together. Henrico, being an American and possessing vast estates in Virginia, cared nothing for the bounty of Susianno, but she, more watchful for her own independence, collected her notes, mortgages, and jewels, and, writing a letter of instruction to her business agent, they both embarked in a handsome and swift-going gondola, propelled by four of Susianno's servants, and, in a few hours, landed at Trieste.

Here Susianno dismissed her servants with rich rewards of money, and with instructions as to the care of her palace; and then, having gained a promise from Henrico not to betray the wickedness of her brother, she and her lover

hastened on board the steam cars for the upper part of Lombardy. Going on without delay, they came, by steam and horse, to the coast of France in four days, and stopping only long enough for the priest to pronounce them man and wife, they went on board the steamer and came, right merrily, to the green shores of America, where they have lived happily up to the present day.

### WORLD EATING.

"Walk in Cap'n Flea, glad to see you, take a seat," said my father, as the door opened one summer evening, and our next door neighbor stepped in. "No, no, keep your sitting, can't stop but a minute," was the response. "You see, Gus is laid up with a cut thumb, and you know he always did my writing for me, so I have come up to see if you will let the boy go to Boston with me to-morrow night. They say he's a master good hand with a pen." As I was the "boy" referred to, and as Boston had always been the goal of all my youthful longings, I had but one feeling when my father answered, with a glance at me, "Certainly, he can go as well as not." "Much obliged," said the Captain. "Well, let him be on board to-morrow night by nine. I want to drop down river with the tide, and, if we have a fair wind, I hope to be in Boston by the next forenoon." So saying, he went his way.

Promptly at half past seven the next evening, I stepped on the wharf, too excited to wait till later, and much rejoicing in the possession of fifty cents given to me for spending money by my indulgent grandmother. Phlebotomy Q. Spun-yarn, Shipmaster, was the "Cap'n Flea" whom I was to meet. He and his younger brother, Æsophagus I., were the owners of a small coasting schooner that made irregular trips between my native town and Boston. The skipper was on board when I came, busy with stowing and making fast, and I soon found myself much out of place in the small fuss and bustle of getting under way. Three long, dragging hours went by before we cast off. Hours in which all my big enthusiasm oozed away. But it came back a little when we were fairly out of the river, and the schooner began to trip along more swiftly over the waters that stretched limitless before it. Soon the little craft settled

down to her work, the shore wound off its lessening line of blackness, the dim islands shifted with a drowsy monotony, the chill night air began to work through the folds of my overcoat, and I realized that I was both hungry and sleepy. I had taken an early supper, and it was now long past my bedtime. The captain told me I had better go below, but I was too proud to go yet awhile. So I curled up against the quarter railing, and watched the foaming wake. One mile on the water is much like another, and, being but a landsman after all, I began to wish we were at our journey's end. I grew impatient at the slowness of our sailing, I was just going to ask the captain if we could not go faster, we had both topsails down, when he turned to me suddenly and said, "Well, have your own way and take the consequences." And at the word the speed of the schooner began to increase until the waves became a gray blank. Instead of laboring more, she gradually rose out of the water. She was now going so fast that the curvature of the earth was appreciable. At last, with a leap she sprang out of the water. The earth sank astern. It was day and the schooner was nowhere to be seen. I found myself on a broad way paved with broken crockery. Following this along, I came to a large building made in the shape of a colossal cooking stove, and bearing on its front the words "Eating House." I was too hungry to feel bashful about going in, so I entered and took my seat at a table. Soon a waiter appeared and said, with many apologies, that the regular time for the morning guests had gone by, and that the breakfast was cold, but if I would wait a moment I might have a planetary dumpling. I ventured to ask the price; "Fifty cents." Just my store; yes, he might bring it on. In about ten minutes he came in with a steaming lump on a plate, and gave it to me with these words, "The world, to be swallowed whole." I thrust in my fork with the haste of hunger, and with a gulp, bolted the mass. How delicious! All flavors of pleasantness seemed to be blended in that one taste. I sat some time enjoying the lingering sweetness that yet remained in my mouth. Then I thought what I had done, and a change came. Visions of all the wriggling, squirming things on the earth rose before me. Then came the dizzy crazing thought—I had swallowed myself, too. Poor

prince of gourmands, that was the most unkindest thought of all! A sick shiver ran over me; I started in horror from my seat and—awoke. I was still on the schooner which was bowling along, with Cape Ann on the starboard bow. But my sickness was not a dream. However, I lived to reach Boston, and when once ashore got well so fast that I was put out with myself. I have never been sea sick since, but in spite of that I have sighed for no more worlds.

H. L. K.

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## THE CAMPUS.

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How are you?

Glad to see you back!

Hope you enjoyed a pleasant vacation.

We returned to Colby to find ourselves nearly buried in snow.

James Geddes, '79, has become a member of the A. K. E. Fraternity.

Sam says his '82 is the fattest and healthiest child he ever owned.

The Spring Term opened with Chapel exercises, Thursday morning, Feb. 6th.

Boardman Hall, '82, has entered the Law Department of Boston University.

The steam heating arrangements of North College have been greatly improved during the vacation.

Conant, '79, occupied his room in South College during the entire vacation. He was engaged in reading.

"There was a time in Virginia when a liquor seller would have been executed within an inch of his life."—Sam.

We hear that Waterville was visited with a great deal of sickness during the vacation, and several deaths occurred.

We are glad to see that Whitney, '82, has recovered from his severe illness of last term and returned to his college work.

Several coats of paint on the wood-work and a supply of matting for the floor, have improved the Reading Room very decidedly.

The pitcher on the University Nine passed the vacation very successfully, as Principal of the High School at Riverside, *this State*.

Had a stranger attended prayers the first morning of the term, he would have thought "Colby University" a rather presuming title.

By request the President delivered his address, entitled "Character in Education," before the Eastern State Normal School, on the 14th of February.

Senior (illustrating a question in Ethics)—"I could not steal without feeling that I had done a wrong thing." Instructor (with hesitation)—"Well, I don't know."

It is for the interest of the legal profession to procure schools for the members of '82 to teach next winter. No less than three law suits resulted from their work during the past ten weeks.

Among the Editorials may be found an interesting account of the meeting of Trustees, held in Portland, Nov. 23th. They evidently accomplished more than at their Commencement meeting.

If our readers will consider that the term began on Thursday, and the Echo went into the printer's hands the following Monday, they will, perhaps, excuse any deficiencies in this number.

Those of the students who intended to board at the "St. James" this term, were surprised to learn that that restaurant closed its doors the day before the term opened. Cause, financial embarrassment.

On account of the interest that was taken in the meetings conducted in Waterville by Mr. Earle, the Senior Exhibition which should have occurred at the close of last term, was indefinitely postponed.

It is suggested that a few dozen new hooks, placed in the upper hall of the recitation building, would make a more convenient hat-rack than the floor, which has for so many years served in that capacity.

Married, at Oxford, Maine, Feb. 2d, 1879, C. H. French, of '81, and Miss Augusta F. Swift, of Oxford. In behalf of the students we take pleasure in extending congratulations to the happy couple, and hope that the present good fortune of our friend may follow him through a useful life. Mr. and Mrs. French will make their home in Waterville, till the former completes his college course.



Calculation of chances is at a discount just now. So few of the students have returned that all must expect to be called upon at each recitation. It is sad to see this department of Mathematics so neglected.

Next Saturday will be Washington's Birthday, and according to the precedent established three years ago, all classes hope to be excused on that day from the morning recitation. It would be cruel to disappoint them.

Through the efforts of an enterprising citizen, a sheet of ice in the southern part of the town has been flooded and is kept in a suitable condition for skating. Many of the students are availing themselves of the exercise and pleasure which this sport affords.

During the vacation, one of the editors had the pleasure of meeting Rev. Avery Briggs, who, in 1819, came to our Institution as one of its earliest Professors, and obtained the first charter which made it a College. He is now living with his son-in-law in Chicago.

Where one of the students has been boarding, the bill of fare consisted of graham rolls twenty-one times a week; meat once in six weeks, and all the delicacies in their season (though this was not the season). Still the fastidious fellow complains of poor board.

A. F. Palmer who entered with the class of '80, and has for the past eighteen months occupied the pulpit of the Baptist Church at Eden, Mt. Desert, returns this term to '81. His efforts as a Pastor have been very successful, and forty-one were added to his church during his stay at Eden.

A lordly Freshman just entered on a "special course," refuses to speak to a Junior who has politely taken the trouble to call upon him, but turns to his chum with an air of insulted dignity, "If you please, Mr. G., I will be introduced to *this man*." We predict a damp future for the stranger.

A Junior who spent the winter at Sidney, was in the habit of sleeping near an open window. His fair admirers, of whom it seems there were several, became anxious in his behalf, and fearing that this nightly exposure would injure his health, they publicly presented him with fifteen night-caps as a Christmas gift. That case should be remembered as an example of feminine thoughtfulness.

A Soph was in the habit of leaving his textbooks around on letter-boxes and in the Reading Room. Some one wrote on the fly-leaf of one, "The only living specimen of the American eagle half-hatched," and other similarly descriptive epithets. The owner seeing this, inscribed underneath, "If any other fool can't hold in, he may write here also," and signed his own name.

At a meeting of the students held Nov. 19th, it was voted that we publish an *Oracle* this year, and the following officers were elected: Managing Editor, W. H. Lyford, '79; Literary Editors, W. W. Mayo and G. E. Murray, of '79; L. M. Nason and J. E. Case, of '80. The different departments of the work were assigned to the different Editors before they separated for the vacation, and we trust the efforts of each will prove successful.

When the Gymnasium has been furnished with its new apparatus, no one will be allowed the use of it unless he be a member of the Gymnasium Association, by order of President Robins. Since signing the Constitution and obedience to the By-Laws will be the only requisites for membership, every member of the College should become a member of this Association and enjoy its privileges. More physical exercise would be beneficial to all of us.

A member of '82, who taught in a neighboring town, had some trouble with the School Supervisor. The latter, by ungentlemanly conduct while visiting the school, disturbed its order, and then discharged '82 on the ground that he had not sufficient control over his scholars. Our Freshman in turn, sued the Supervisor for disturbing his school, and had he not compromised would have won his case. We wish he had carried it through, for such insolence on the part of a public servant ought to be punished.

The Departments of Science and Mechanical Arts in the University of California, have received valuable acquisitions to their apparatus. Mr. W. T. Garratt has furnished these departments with the various parts of the hydraulic ram, as well as sections and portions of other machinery. In the mechanical studies these gifts will be found very useful in illustrating, and as models for drawing.

## THE COLLEGE PRESS.

We are glad to see that our friends have not forgotten us in our long absence. Vain men might think themselves highly flattered by such a universal greeting as we received on our arrival; but all such feelings are effectually stifled when sheer necessity compels us to lift our exalted heads to an unusual height, in order to avoid being buried in the piles of exchanges which crowd about us on all sides. We see, indeed, no escape; and, therefore, renewing the vows of the brotherhood, and blowing the dust from the old pen, we deliberately set down to our task.

The *Round Table* claims our first notice. Four numbers are before us, and have repaid careful reading. The good sense of the editorials will commend them to all readers. We are bound to praise especially the meaning put upon "Class Feeling" and the discussion of "Commencement Orations." But the excellence of the editorials is not kept up throughout the paper. The literary articles do not seem to be selected with a view to interest and inform the reader, so much as to please him. We like to see solid reading in the columns designed to show the literary talent of the college. The exchanges seem to be managed with the utmost fairness, though there are more comments on the trifling incidents of the "Meeting," than reporters are usually allowed to make. The local column is literally stuffed with news. The "misunderstanding" which caused the omission of local matter from one of the numbers, ought to occur every month.

The *Tuftonian* always comes to us clothed in neat plumage, and borne on the wings of poetry and of song. Few college papers are able to produce anything which can bear comparison to the opening pages of the *Tuftonian*. "The blossom and fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions," as Coleridge defines poetry, ought to give grace and beauty to our college papers. We all need to think of this. "Rubaiat of Omar Khayyam" is an interesting theme and is here well handled. All the editorial departments of this paper seem to be guided by good sense and sound judgment.

The *Ariel* opens with a poem, "Midnight Musings," which might have been called "The Death of the Old Year." It is very good however. Following the poem is a Literary Critique, "Sidney Carton." It is a defense of Dickens, and a careful analysis of one of his great living characters. Passing over the extensive "communications," which, of course, do not interest us, we come to the editorials. These seem to be a trifle too diffuse. The locals are well chosen. We are glad to see that the operetta, entitled "The Squelched Petition," was not admitted into the literary columns. Perhaps we don't appreciate the joke, if there is any, but we feel in duty bound to disapprove of its publication. The exchanges offer a fine general criticism by way of introduction, but cannot resist the temptation to quote.

The *University Magazine* is very fortunate in being able to treat its readers to an article from the pen of the distinguished writer, Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

It is entitled "The Inter-Collegiate Literary Association: Its History, Aims, and Results." It is interesting not only to the students of the University of Pennsylvania who are about to join the Association, but also to all who desire to see inter-collegiate contests in scholarship and literary strength, as well as competitive displays of physical power. We find all the editorial departments of this paper well managed, excepting the locals, which, if a little slang be pardoned, are altogether "too thin."

The *Chronicle*. It does not seem to be the aim of this paper to have much to do with what is purely literary; and viewing it in this light we pronounce its management good. "Various Topics" throw out some very valuable hints, and wherever the paper speaks editorially we notice a commendable determination to be fair, frank, and free. The translations from German are very fine, but, we venture to say, not equal to Longfellow's. We confess a little surprise at the amount of matter collected in a single number of this paper. But perhaps it is one of the phenomena of the West. It would, indeed, seem quite natural that a country of enormous harvests and enormous snow-drifts, the veritable land of bulk, should produce an unweildy college paper.

The *Packer Quarterly* is one of the brightest of our exchanges. We only wish it came oftener. As we glance over the Table of Contents we find a wide range of subjects, most of them stated in that happy way which cannot fail to awaken interest. Who could help reading the article on "A Literary Chinaman," or "Concerning the Virtue of Conceit"? The clear style and graceful diction of all the articles are a great advance upon the careless composition of many papers. Those publications with high sounding names, and weak literary columns, may find here something to guide them. As its aim is eminently literary, the *Quarterly* contains little local matter. What there is, is arranged in a narrative style, as "Doings at Packer," and has the merit of originality, though it falls of the spiciness of the usual manner of presenting local items. The exchanges are guided by good judgment, wherein lies the superior strength of the gentler sex.

Has it come to this, *Bowdoin Orient*? Must Colby turn to thee, as dying Cæsar to Brutus, and gasp "*et tu quoque mei amice?*" But it may not be the noble Brutus, who now plies the dagger in the cause of Liberty; unless, peradventure, there be justice in "Hazing" and truth in the assertion that Colby is overrun by a horde of "lawless Freshmen, sixty strong, who rule the establishment, duck the Seniors as well as the Sophs, and commit what other 'irregularities' they choose." Your thrust, however, was not under the fifth rib, and your victim will easily recover. No ghost will trouble you with, "Thy evil spirit, Brutus." "Thou shalt see me at Philippi"; though the fact that Colby's Freshmen cheerfully acknowledge the merited superiority of upper-classmen, and soon lose their unbecoming "cheek" under a very mild reign of terror, will furnish the author of "Hazing" a good subject for meditation. He couldn't have chosen an illustration more detrimental to his theme.

## OTHER COLLEGES.

## AMHERST.

Prof. E. S. Crowell has been elected to the Legislature. His public duties will not materially interfere with his college work.

Prof. W. S. Clark's resignation from the Presidency of the Agricultural College, in anticipation of his projected tour round the world, in charge of the Woodruff Expedition, has been accepted.

The other evening a Senior and one of his lady friends went out to try the fine sleighing. On their return it was discovered that the right ear of the Senior, and the left of his companion, were badly frost bitten, while the other two ears were untouched. Conundrum, "How could it have happened?"

## CALIFORNIA.

An excellent portrait of the late Regent, and ex-Governor, H. H. Haight, by W. Coggsell, of Oakland, has been secured for the University, and will be placed in the Assembly Hall. It is peculiarly fitting that some such mark of remembrance of this gentleman should have been secured, as he, perhaps, above all others, by his kindly aid and friendly counsel, during the early years of the life of the University, has endeared himself to all by the ties of undying gratitude and esteem.

A Law School has been added to the University by the gift of \$100,000 from Q. Clinton Hastings, one of its Alumni. It will be called the Hastings Law School.

## CORNELL.

The Botanical Department recently received from Dr. Vesey, the Government Botanist at Washington, a donation of about four hundred species of plants, and fifty specimens of woods, duplicates from the Government collection. The woods were from the Argentine Republic, while the herbarium specimens were mostly from the United States and Germany, including fifty species of Southern and Rocky Mountain ferns.

Jesse R. Grant, son of Ulysses, is a Cornell Junior.

## DARTMOUTH.

The Seniors have petitioned the Trustees of the College to limit the number of speakers on the Commencement stage this year, to eight.

During vacation, all the books relating to art, which could be discovered in the Library, have been gathered together, and placed in an alcove of the College Department. The collection numbers some 350 volumes.

## HARVARD.

No class will graduate from the Harvard Law School this year, on account of the lengthening of the course.

## MICHIGAN.

A machine for indicating the abrasion resistance of metals, has lately been invented by Prof. Langley. Heretofore, the best method for such investigations has been by the use of the file,—a method susceptible of many errors. By the use of his invention, Prof. Langley has obtained results both accurate and capable of being depended upon. At a meeting of the Ann Arbor Scientific Association, held Dec. 11th, Prof. Langley gave a graphic and interesting description of his machine.

A petition is to be made to the present Legislature for an appropriation for the School of Mines. This will include that for the School of Architecture and Design. An appropriation for this purpose was defeated in the last Legislature.

The law students have decided to celebrate Washington's birth-day, by inviting Hon. Z. Chandler to make an address at Ann Arbor, on that day. The *Chronicle* says, "We can assure Mr. Chandler of a demonstrative audience, and a large one."

## PRINCETON.

Prof. McCosh is to hold a series of Library Meetings this year for philosophical discussions. At the first, a paper on "The Relations of Modern Mathematics to Metaphysics and Logic," was read.

The Gymnasium is receiving extensive improvements, in the way of alterations in its interior arrangements.

## TRINITY.

The Library contains 18,275 volumes.

The issue of the *Tablet* for November 16th, was suspended on account of the action of the Faculty which required all papers issued by the students to be submitted to the inspection of the critical eye of the Professor of English Literature, before publication. Under such a gag-law, the *Tablet* decided to suspend, but the restriction has since been removed.

## THE WASTE-BASKET.

In the absence of the editor of this department, the other aiders and abettors of the paper feel it their duty to maintain the column at any cost. Accordingly, after examining the corresponding columns in the exchanges, they have come to the conclusion that the essential things are a judicious pruning of exchange locals, and the insertion of one or two pithy sentences from the best authors to give general tone and backbone to the jokes. As most of the small chunks of wisdom are getting to be rather trite, we shall be forced to leave out the back-bone, and beg pardon for presenting what might be called an

### EXOSSATED WASTE-BASKET.

Master Sammy Smalls will go to the black-board and write a triple poetic pun. Sammy:

Something, 'tis that greenswards gather;  
Something, 'tis escaped by few;  
Something, 'tis that's sad at parting;  
'Tis a dew, a duo, adieu.—*Ex.*

"Come into the βουλή Maud,  
For an hour's steady grind,  
With a pony leaf for reference,  
And a crib tacked on behind.  
For the popular opinion is  
That tutors must be blind;  
So come into the βουλή, Maud,  
And grind, and grind, and grind."—*Acta.*

"Oh, the song of the Soph, has no musical rule,  
As he howls in the chemical hall;  
It is louder by half than the bray of the mule,  
Interspersed with a thundering bawl.  
What a shaking of the roof as they clatter with their  
hoofs!  
What a bellowing sound, as they grin!  
But they stop—short—never to go again  
When the Prof. comes in."—*Acta.*

A Seymour, Indiana, man picked up a stick of cord-wood, the other night, and chased a cat across the back yard. He didn't catch the cat, but he caught the clothes line with his teeth, and now when he smiles the corners of his mouth pass each other at the back of his neck.—*Hawkeye.*

Miss Kellogg says: "Newspaper men are just like lemons—fit only to be squeezed as much as possible, then tossed aside." You just keep your distance, Clara Kellogg. Police! Police!—*Ex.*

It must be gratifying to parents to know that their sons at college are acquiring such a knowledge of Latin as to enable them to converse in that language. We recently saw two Freshies furiously snow-balling each other, when an excited Soph exclaimed, "Soc et tuum, Romeo."—*Ex.*

Young ladies who receive the degree of A.B. have a decided advantage over the gentlemen. We know one who was M.A. in less than a year from her graduation.—*Ex.*

"See, mama!" exclaimed a little one, as puss, with arching spine and elevated rudder, strutted around the table, "see, kittie's eat so much she can't shut her tail down."—*Ex.*

Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise; but early to ryes, and tardy to bed, makes a man's nose turn cardinal red.—*Ex.*

This last is so near to being wisdom that, in order to maintain our determination to present a boneless column, it must be considered as a sort of cartilaginous vertebra.

## PERSONALS.

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

'37.—George W. Bosworth, D.D., has resigned the pastorate of the First Baptist Church, in Haverhill, Mass., to accept the Secretaryship of the Massachusetts Baptist Convention.

'49.—Edward C. Mitchell, D.D.—Hebrew and Chaldee Lexicon to the Old Testament, with an English-Hebrew Index, by Benjamin Davies, Ph.D., LL.D., carefully revised, with a concise statement of the principles of Hebrew Grammar, by Edward C. Mitchell, D.D.—*American Book-seller.*

'62.—M. C. Mitchell, who was in the Chapel the other morning, has removed the Family School for Boys, which he has had at Martha's Vineyard, to Billerica, Mass., eighteen miles from Boston.

'71.—Fred M. Wilson, M.D., formerly of Waterville, is now settled as practicing physician at Bridgeport, Conn.

'73.—Lieut. J. H. Philbrick, U. S. A., is at his home in Waterville, on a furlough of two months. His regiment is at Fort Bennet, Dakota.

'74.—Rev. T. F. White has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church, in Ellsworth, in order to devote himself to Theological study.

'77.—John M. Foster is spending the winter at Brooklyn, N. Y.

'77.—Married, in Waterville, Dec. 19th, at the house of Mrs. Adam Wilson, by Joseph Ricker, D.D., Mr. Charles F. Meserve and Miss Abbie F. Whittier, of Waterville.

'78.—Fred E. Dewhurst, of the Connecticut Literary Institution, of Suffield, Conn., has been licensed to preach.

'78.—Geo. F. Youngman is Principal of Hartland Academy.