

The Colby Echo.

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No 3.

The Colby Echo.

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

COLBY UNIVERSITY.

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THE SANCTUM.

THAT ominous word "Claxton" still stares at us from the bill-boards. Its huge letters of black and flaming red are highly suggestive of burning hotels; then we imagine one of our dormitories in flames and thus immediately feel the need of a fire escape for each division. Suppose a fire should get well under way on the first floor during the night. The hall windows on each floor, open continuously, except perhaps in the very coldest weather, would furnish an abundant draught, and the flames would rush up our winding stairways like a blast furnace. Those

of us on the third and fourth floors would be reduced to the alternative of jumping out of a window or burning up. In the former instance, we should probably break every bone in our bodies, and suffer other damages beyond repairs; while in the second case, our friends would be put to great straits to complete a correct assortment of our bones, if indeed the few remaining phosphates would be worth bothering with at all. Now, a neat wrought-iron escape ladder for each division, extending from the fourth story downward, at least to the top of the doors, and accessible from the hall windows, would remove all danger in this direction, without marring the architectural finish of the buildings. We make the suggestion, believing it to be worthy the serious consideration of the college authorities.

AMONG the notices and criticisms of our paper and of college affairs in general, we have always regarded with special interest those of our venerable neighbor, the *Waterville Mail*, which is published by men who for years have lived within hearing of the college bell, have been intimately acquainted with the college in all its workings, who have seen class after class enter and graduate, and who have personally known a very large proportion of the students and have watched with interest their respective careers in after life. We are thus constrained to respect their judgment, even when they criticise us sharply, as they have never hesitated to do when it was deemed deserving. In addition to their complimenting the general make-up of our last issue, we confess that we were highly gratified with their indorsement of our views concerning the unjust principle of the General Average system, and we venture to quote in full:

"One writer in the ECHO utters an indignant protest against those mischievous students who damage college property at the expense of their more careful and law-abiding fellows. The authors of these reckless acts are generally known, but according to the code of college ethics, which has come down with little modification from a barbarous age, it is considered dishonorable for

a student to testify against the culprits, and so they are encouraged to continue so-called fun at the expense of others—than which anything meaner can hardly be imagined. The feeling which shields these offenders is akin to that which in society operates to protect the rumrunner in his nefarious traffic. As students shrink from doing their duty by the cry of 'faculty spy,' so citizens shirk theirs from fear of being branded with the name of 'informer,' and consequently both classes of wrong does too often go unmolested. We are glad to notice that the students are beginning to see things in a right light, and are righteously indignant over the injustice of being systematically made to suffer for the wrong doing of others."

To another article of ours, however, in the same issue, the *Mail* seems half inclined to take some mild exceptions in the following notice, which was copied also in the *Lewiston Evening Journal*:

"The ECHO earnestly endorses a suggestion made by one of the speakers at the late Commencement dinner, that the Christian code of morals should be made an element in college education. We have long thought that of the two moral codes, heathen and Christian, the Christian would upon trial be found preferable; but we have doubts whether any abrupt and radically revolutionary change would be advisable in a conservative institution. But possibly some minor experiments in the direction of a change would be safe enough, if the ECHO will distinctly point them out. We have not the decalogue at hand."

Our readers will remember that in the article in question we pointed to no "revolutionary change" whatever, but rather endeavored to show that the views of the gentleman referred to were in perfect harmony with a prevailing tone and sentiment already existing in the college, and finding expression and organization in the B. M. Society and Y. M. C. Association. We wrote as we did from the fact that a very large number of us are firm believers in the old orthodox notion that education embraces the development of the moral as well as the intellectual nature. We agree with the *Mail* in preferring the Christian to the heathen code. How we came to have such preferences, we do not know, but half suspect that they are the natural outcome of having been born and brought up in a Christian land. We have no intention of placing our own little convictions to the front, we are but school-boys at the best. But we lay very strong claims to being able to read, and so we take down our United States History and find that from the colonial period down, the entire system of higher education in this country rests

upon the fundamental principle and purpose of imbuing intellectual training with Christian morality. So far as the colleges of the country have failed to carry out this principle, just so far have the aims and purposes of their founders and benefactors been perverted.

In addition to the facts of history, we might also refer to the views of a host of the most eminent men. Suspecting that the views of denominational divines may be too narrow and "conservative," we pass them by and take, for instance, Horace Mann, one of the master minds of the early part of this century, and a leading educator and jurist. He says: "All intelligent thinkers upon the subject now utterly discard and repudiate the idea that reading and writing, with a knowledge of accounts, constitute education. The lowest claim which any intelligent man now prefers in its behalf is that its domain extends over the three-fold nature of man; over his body, . . . over his intellect, . . . and over his moral and religious susceptibilities also, dethroning selfishness, enthroning conscience, leading the affections outwardly in good will toward man, and upward in gratitude to God." Horace Mann was a liberal Unitarian, not an orthodox conservative, but here we have his views in his own words. Says Mr. Webster also: "Knowledge does not comprise all which is contained in the large term of education. The feelings are to be disciplined, the passions are to be restrained, true and worthy motives are to be inspired, a profound religious feeling is to be instilled, and a pure morality inculcated under all circumstances. All this is comprised in education."

So far as our limited experience and observations have extended, these are the precise sentiments of the benefactors and supporters of Colby. The ECHO believes them to be just, and would favor and heartily support any change, even though it were "abrupt and radically revolutionary," which would be conducive to carrying these sentiments the more fully into effect; but it is not within our province to "point out" any "experiments" whatever.

A SOCIAL event of more than ordinary interest in the form of an evening party, occurred on the 29th ult., at the home of Miss Sarah A. Allen, on Main Street. Nearly half the invited guests were Colby students who are only too glad to

have had an opportunity of spending so delightful an evening, and of forming so many new and pleasant acquaintances. While the citizens of Waterville have never been remiss in their attention and kindness in extending to us a hearty welcome to their respective societies, yet the unexpected and undeserved cordiality of throwing open to us the beautiful parlors of their homes is something so out of the usual order of things that it is deserving of special gratitude and lasting remembrance.

WE are startled to find ourselves so swiftly approaching the close of another term. Already, phantoms of a three days' examination rise before us to "harrow up" our guilty consciences. We might have done more faithful work, but the room for regret we fill with good resolutions for the future. There approaches a long vacation of ten weeks, which will be spent by many of the students in teaching. Even before many of our subscribers receive this paper, we shall be scattered. In another column, our exchange editor humorously gives a parting address to his brother red-skins of other college papers; and so, until the last of February, we unite in extending to our many readers, one and all, a reluctant good-bye.

LITERARY.

THE LION OF LUCERNE.

Motionless sufferer, rigid with the thrill
Of thine immortal anguish! Looking on thee,
Thine eye's slow glazing I can seem to see,
And seem to hear the thickening life blood spill
Out of that mighty heart fast waxing still;
While on thy brow is knit indelibly
The wrestle of the everlasting will
With overmastering might of agony.
O mother land: the swift years come and go;
But nevermore the glad sun's light again
Shall look on these whose names are writ below.
And yet, as sweet to them were sun and rain,
The west wind blithe, as unto us, whose gain
And glory is, that they have suffered so.

H. L. K.

THE SAILOR IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Since commerce passed from the Mediterranean, the Teutonic nations have ever been masters of the sea. There is in the wild, tumultuous ocean something congenial to their nature.

Their slow and massive character, under the rousing influence of the seething tempest, leaps to life and activity. The unseen dangers nourish and develop self-respect and independence. The shrinking slave of the despot makes no sailor. It is only the freeman, conscious of the power of his own strong right arm, that successfully dares the pathless unseen. Edicts and laws will create fleets and navies, but they cannot supply firm hearts to man them.

The accident that led the Spaniards to America, and poured into Philip's coffers the silver of Peru, did not secure to him the supremacy of the seas. The most powerful monarch of the age was bearded and insulted by the British sailor. Men of Devon and Cornwall, in their small vessels ribbed with oak, ventured to cross to the unknown world, and dispute its possession with the haughty despots of the continent. The realm of the Incas, that El Dorado of the Spanish, was not safe from these marauders. First to sail around the earth, it seemed as if their viking ancestors had returned once more. The old Norse spirit seemed revived. A Drake, a Hawkins, or a Raleigh, exhibited the same type of noble manhood that, in more humble and savage state, shone forth with such grandeur in Rollo, Lodbrog, and Knut.

The sixteenth century was a period of transition, an age of preternatural activity. All men were roused. The established church was rent in twain. Old governments weakened and fell; new powers rose. The musket took the place of pike and lance. Amid all these changes the sailor stands forth prominent. The best soldiers of Europe and of the world, backed by all the wealth of unlimited despotism, could not conquer the Beggars of the Sea. The people of the half-drowned provinces of Holland and Zealand, firm in their faith and staunch of heart, fleeing to the sea for protection as did the Northmen of old, became a race of seamen, whose admiral could sweep the Channel with a broom at his mast-head.

The sudden unfolding of a huge continent beyond the seas, revealing nations with fabulous and barbaric civilization, gave birth to weird and romantic legends, that appealed to all the credulous in men's minds. Before their heated imagination floated golden cities blazing with all the treasures of the Temple of the Sun. Nothing was too fabulous to be believed by the sailor of

the sixteenth century. To him Manoa was a reality. For the possession of its wealth no labor was too great, no daring too excessive. Deeds of heroic valor before unknown were performed. The staunch little English crafts, threading the unpiloted seas, intercepted the unwieldy galleons of Spain. Gold and silver were to be had for the taking. The British nation became a race of sailors. Religious bigotry and fanaticism appealed to all minds, and divided all nations. England, as the natural leader and defender of Protestantism, was opposed soul and body to the hirelings of Philip II. The victors of Lepanto found different mettle in the north. The best soldiers of the age fought the best sailors with all the bitterness and cruelty that hatred and bigotry could engender. But the Spanish found the rolling decks other than the fields of Pavia and Novara. Every English sailor, possessing a firm faith in God, and an undying hatred against pope and inquisition, made it a part of his religion to war against the realm of Philip. The men who, with Bible in one hand and boarding pike in the other, fought for home and liberty of conscience, believed in the personal existence of an Evil One, and that the Spaniards were his ministers. Is it surprising, then, that the treasure fleet required a strong guard against these licensed pirates? It was not merely for booty that the English sailor fought. It was a contest for life, honor, and home. His queen was insulted; her throne was bargained to another. The wealth of the Catholic world was poured forth to crush the heretic monarch. But the Armada was powerless against the valiant islanders. The slow moving pageant was of little service in a contest with a Howard or a Drake. The crescent-shaped fleet, sailing grandly up the channel, was attacked and re-attacked by the swift roving corsairs of England; and with the fall of the Armada triumphed Protestantism. The Spanish beard had not been singed in vain.

From this victory dates the maritime supremacy of England, and the confusion of fanaticism. Progress was rendered possible. The reformation was assured. All this was in a great measure, if not wholly, due to the valor of the English sailor. No undertaking was too great. No odds could daunt him. A Sir Richard Grenville, fighting single-handed against fifty huge Spanish galleons, shows the fool-hardy bravery that fearless fought for home and country. The sailors did

not destroy a civilization in their greed for gold; but they opened up to commerce and colonization a continent. For them no slave, fainting under the lash, toiled at the oar. Their small vessels were manned by freemen. It was such men as these that laid the sure foundation of England's greatness. Men of courage and resolution. A nation guarded by such loyal hearts as gathered around Queen Bess is invincible. Against them invasion, whether by Persian hordes or the Most Holy and Invincible Armada, is powerless. Their right becomes their might.

F. S. H.

"THE DESERTED HOUSE," BY
TENNYSON.

The poet, after a restless night, with weird and fanciful images continually flitting through his brain, having dreamed himself away to a scene in the East, where he gazes entranced on the floral and festive magnificence by which he finds himself surrounded, awakes to find that the beautiful and grand Eastern scenery, with its sweet odors, tinted foliage, and pillared palms, is but a dream caused by an overtaxed brain.

As he turns his feverish head to this side and to that of the heated pillow, and listens to the hum and noise and the jarring of heavy wheels on the rough cobble stones as morning life fills the marts, he resolves to away from the din and bustle of city life, and to spend a few days amidst the solitude of Nature. Accordingly we find him in a wood, far away from the sound of human voice, alone, walking in a ravine, paying no heed to the mighty oaks lifting their great arms toward heaven, and clasping their hands with every passing breeze. The whispering of the leaves as the summer winds played among them disturbed him not. The birds flitting from branch to branch, praising their Creator in their joyous songs, looked with wonder upon the solitary man encroaching upon their domains.

But on he went, up the aged path now bedded with leaves, his hands clasped at his back, and his eyes fixed on the ground. When lo! he stood at the door of a deserted house, from which, he tells us, "Life and thought have gone away, leaving door and window wide." Within he strives to look, the rotten sill crumbling as his knees pressed it, the chirping of the cricket the only sound that greets his ear. "All

The College Catalogue, printed at Lewiston, which will probably appear about the same time as this number of the ECHO, contains the Baccalaureate Address, Memorial of Gardner Colby, delivered by Pres. Robins last Commencement.

The old Commons House, which was moved to the northern extremity of the Campus some months ago, has been thoroughly remodeled and repaired inside and out. Its position is now more appropriate, and its appearance is no longer objectionable.

In another column will be found a report of the 33d Annual Convention of the A. K. E. Fraternity, held with the Pi Chapter of Dartmouth College, Thursday and Friday, October 23d and 24th. The Xi Chapter of Colby was represented by H. W. Page, '80.

A Senior, reciting on the probability of Venus being inhabited, proceeded for some time with becoming dignity; but then with evident impatience at the use of mild terms, broke out with more of the graphic than elegant: "It's so all-fired hot there you couldn't live."

As we approach the end of the term, and catch a glimpse of our long winter vacation, which means to most of us teaching two or three months, it becomes evident that this is not the time of year to advocate a change in the College Calendar. A large proportion of the students depend greatly upon this means of replenishing their scanty treasuries with the needful for another term or two.

During the Venus fever several of the Seniors, desirous of going up to the Observatory early one morning to make observations, engaged the Janitor, the night before, to call them at an early hour. The next morning, faithful to the letter, as usual, Sam trudged down, and after persistent efforts, succeeded in arousing them, while the rain was pouring down, and the sky was black as ink.

A Sophomore, defining a sphere, seemed determined to use the term body against the remonstrance of the Professor. At last the Professor insisted that the term was faulty, and hardly allowable in an abstract case. "Well," replied the Soph, "we have spiritual bodies, don't we?" After the Professor and class had recovered, the Professor said they would confine their attention to things terrestrial a while longer.

The Corresponding Secretary of the B. M. S. and Y. M. C. Association, in reply to an application from another institution, has prepared the following statement, which we think may be interesting to many of our readers: Whole number of students, 157; number of professed Christians, 90; number intending to enter the ministry, 25; number of meetings sustained by the Society each week, 3; and beside these there are several class prayer-meetings.

Seventy volumes have been added to the Library this term, among which are several valuable public documents. Thirty volumes have been added by binding numbers of the standard magazines which are taken. The Librarian informed us at the end of the eleventh week of the term, that the number of volumes taken from the Library had reached two thousand one hundred; and that, like his public statements of the circulation of the Library, means by *students only*.

We understand that the Trustees voted some time ago that we have the regular recitations Wednesday afternoon and Thursday morning. We do not like to question the wisdom of such bodies, but it does seem as if they could not know much about the amount of work that the large majority of the students are doing. The Wednesday and Saturday intermissions are the only hope for keeping abreast the work that is now required. We most earnestly hope that some power will continue to interpose in our behalf.

In our last number we noticed the work of Photographer Rideout of Portland, in obtaining photographs and views of objects of interest about the College. Those of the Memorial Lion, Milton Bust, and interior of Library are especially fine. Persons desiring to obtain them will find a stock at the College Library; and Prof. Hall will forward them post-paid to persons out of town, on receipt of price, twenty-five cents each for the cabinet photographs, or twenty cents each for the stereoscopic views. The proceeds go to the benefit of the Library.

By the constant effort of Prof. Elder, and the occasional assistance of the students and other friends of the College, the Cabinet is quite rapidly increasing in interest and value. Prof. Elder is now making a special effort to procure and arrange a collection of specimens which shall

represent the industries of our State. It is interesting to notice the progress already made in this direction, in the Granites, Slates, Limestones, and mineral ores from several of the quarries and mines. Additions to this collection in specimens and information will be most gladly received. Also any other specimens of the minerals of our section, or from localities more remote, as well as additions to the general Cabinet are always welcome. The Professor wishes to make grateful acknowledgment of the following which have been lately received :

Mexican Lizard, presented by Dr. Lewis W. Pendleton, Belfast, Me.

Tin Ore, Palermo, Me., presented by Gen. Tilton, Togus.

Silver Ore, Sullivan, Hancock, Me., presented by W. A. Joy, '79.

Chalcopyrite and Galena, Gouldsboro, Me.

Smoky Quartz, Little Duck Is.

Blonde and Galena, ———

Silver Ore, Woodstock, Me., F. A. Barker, '80.

Rose Quartz, Fayette, " "

Lepidolite, Paris, " "

Beryl, ——— " "

Copper Ores, Bluehill, Me., F. S. Herrick, '80.

Chalcopyrite, Bluehill, Me., " "

Marble, Deer Island, " "

Silver Ore, Sedgwick, " "

Limestones, Rockport, J. L. Ingraham, '80.

Dark Granite, Vinalhaven, J. T. MacDonald, '80.

Chalcopyrite, Peru, A. F. Palmer, '81.

Fossil Shells, Frenchman's Bay, Me.

Young Turtle, Winslow, E. C. Ryder, '81.

Native Silver, Colorado, E. M. Collins, '82.

Rose Quartz, Fayette, W. H. Wyman, '82.

THE COLLEGE PRESS.

The *Southern Collegian* comes to us, in the first number of its twelfth volume, with columns of very uneven merit. The general make-up of the paper is excellent. The first two articles are of a very high order ; but the "Recipe for Writing Essays," which follows, though easy reading, is not shaped after a very good standard of wit. The next article is a little jerky ; goes by what scientists call "paroxysms and catastrophes," and the common herd speak of as "fits and starts." It pushes the sublime to the verge of the ridiculous. The writer's conception evidently outran his embodiment of it. In the next contribution, entitled "Time and Tide Wait for No Man," the writer seems to have mistaken the meaning of that proverb. Tide here is used in its old sense of opportunity, golden moment. The tides of the ocean were so named, because they occur at regular intervals. In old English, any set, regular time is called a tide. This article contains a quotation that we will repeat for the sake of its utter iniquity. It is distorted almost enough to be original.

"Like the baseless fabric of a vision shall dissolve,
And faded, leave not a rack behind."

We should like to inquire what our Virginian friends mean by "taking calico," and why they take it so often. There is evidently something *embraced* here that we do not get. Perhaps there is a joke somewhere ; but we must confess that we cannot see anything *humerus* about it.

If the rest of the *Rochester Campus* was like the first poem, we should not care to see it very often ; but if the *Campus* would always be as good as it is this month, barring the poetry, we could wish it came weekly. The poem entitled, "The Water Mill," expresses a good enough thought ; but many stanzas of it would give one the hiccoughs. The accents nearly all come on unaccented syllables. We wish to keep the *Campus's* good opinion of us, and so should like to go on and point out the various excellencies of the articles, "Liberty vs. License," "Dickens and Thackeray," and "Fiction in Public Libraries ;" but our space will not permit us to quote them entire as we should have to. The editorials have a true manly ring. We like a little more space given to fun than the *Campus* allows ; but, to speak Carlyle-wise, perhaps the shadow of a Theological Seminary, etc. !——

The *Cornell Graphic* seems to excel in poetry as much as the last mentioned paper is deficient in it. Of the two poems we prefer the second, on the whole. The first prose article is rather long for a college paper ; but has much merit as a literary production. None of the paper falls below the average, and the Local Items are particularly interesting. For instance, the editor of this department advises us to read Deuteronomy xxiii. 24. Oh ! that the ubiquitous apple-beat would act upon this suggestion ! We learn that at Cornell the latest euphemism (?) for gossip is "gab-swapper."

Here we have a new visitor all the way from the "Old Dominion," the *Calliopean Clarion*. We were a little dainty at first about touching it, fearing that its peculiar complexion might be due to the scarlet fever. We concluded to run the risk, however, and, after reading the *Clarion*, confess ourselves much pleased with it. But do for mercy's sake, gentlemen of the *Calliopean*, contrive to give a less rose-bud bloom to your paper. Or, is it the blush of modesty that mantles your faces, on seeing yourselves for the first time in print ? But, you have no cause to blush, save from modesty. Your articles are all interesting, and your jokes (most of them), new. The attack on "Modern Poetry," though, strikes us as a little empty ; while the articles, "Power," and "Connecting Links," with all their real thought, are turgid in expression. What in the world does *dichotomy* mean ? The *Clarion* needs a better arrangement of matter, with more space devoted to local news, and also, some better provision for Alumni notes and editorials. Pardoning these defects as unavoidable in getting under way, we await the next issue of the *Clarion* with interest.

Like the most of our exchanges, the *Berkeleyan* begins its new volume with an altered standard of excellence. It stood second on our list last year, and we trust that under its present management we shall not have to lower our estimation of it. We find no fault

with the determination of the editors to give more space to matters of local interest. Only, let this not be done at the expense of literary excellence. Any poem written in the metre of "Fear and Faith," at once prejudices us against itself. It is one of the easiest of all metres to write in, and one of the hardest to write well in. The unrhymed trochaic pentameter may have its place in our language, though that is doubtful, but certainly the author of this poem has not discovered that place. The lines do not seem to have been written under a true inspiration. Among the prose articles, that entitled "Student Romance" is noteworthy. It expresses some of the subtlest truths concerning student life. Our brother of the exchange department starts in well; but we hardly like his way of calling Coleridge's *Christabel* "a very good article of its kind." This is rather tame praise for a production of which Field and Whipple say: "There is no poem in the whole range of English literature, which surpasses this in its wierd-like effect on the imagination." The principal fault that we have to find with the *Berk-eleyan* is that it is not printed on good enough paper. Its appearance otherwise is excellent, and we trust that its absorption of the *Oestrus* will be followed by some such changes as we have suggested.

Here we bid good-bye to our exchanges for ten long weeks. We leave our table to gather dust at its own sweet will, without check from the trousers of any lounging visitor; and we leave our ink-bottle to repose unvext by thirsty quill. We festoon our trophied scalps about the wall, and consign our tomahawk to the wood-box. Our scalping-knife, scraped of its clotted gore, bears so much resemblance to a paper-cutter, that we have thought safe to let it lie in the drawer along with the exchanges. We wash off our war-paint, and kindle the pipe of peace with the embers of our last copy. We doff our moccasins for more civilized foot-gear, and, as we plod along through the mud, with the key of the editorial room in our pocket, while wheezy Boreas whirls the brown leaves in a death-dance around us, we proffer our T. D. glowing with cubebs and reconciliation, to every brother exchange editor, and wish him a happy vacation.

OTHER COLLEGES.

AMHERST.

Prof. Mather has given the Seniors two lectures upon Italian art and Michel Angelo.

The faculty of Amherst College give the students one day each autumn for excursions, and general recreation.

Amherst is to have a course of lectures during the winter term. Among the lecturers are Dr. Merrill, of Andover, and J. T. Fields.

COLUMBIA.

Columbia has 1,400 students.

The prizes last Commencement amounted to \$3,650.

Columbia has the greatest endowment of any college in America.

It is reported that the trustees disapprove of co-education for Columbia.

One member of '79 declined the \$1,500 Fellowship in Letters, in order to enter the ministry.

DARTMOUTH.

At Dartmouth gymnasium exercise is compulsory.

Hon. C. C. Colby, class of '47, is a member of the Canadian Parliament, representing Stansted, P. Q.

A college park is to be laid out by the volunteer labor of the students. Nine-tenths of them pledge themselves to go to work when called upon.

LAFAYETTE.

Pardee Hall, which was destroyed by fire a few months ago, is being rebuilt.

The study of music has recently been added to the curriculum in Lafayette College, and Mr. Charles M. Carroll has been appointed professor of music.

MISCELLANEOUS.

There are three college weeklies.

The first college paper was published seventy-nine years ago.

Williams College has graduated thirty members of Congress.

About 250 colleges in this country publish college papers.—*Ex.*

Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., has nearly 600 men in the Methodist ministry.

Nearly \$5,000,000 are spent every year by American students in Europe for educational purposes.—*Ex.*

A royal commission in 1874 reported the external income of the colleges of Oxford to be £307,369, 17c, 2d, and of Cambridge £264,256, 17s, 10 1-2d.

THE WASTE-BASKET.

Ancient Greece—old butter.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again."
So will a "Jack in the box."

Modesty is to *merit* as shades to figures in a picture, giving it strength and beauty.—*La Bruyere.*

Dandy lines—the rows of young men on dress parade at the church door.

The muscles of the human jaw exert a force of 534 pounds. Think of that, young man, in choosing a partner for life.

We are pleased to learn from several of our exchanges that there is one lady student in attendance at Colby. Which one?

A physician has discovered yellow fever germs in ice. The safest way is to boil your ice before using it. This kills the germs.—*Ex.*

Prof. (in Latin to Freshman)—“Can you tell me what English word is derived from *bos*?” Fresh (after a moment's thought, answers)—“*Bossie*.”

A London chemist has named his five daughters respectively, Glycerine, Pepsine, Ethyl, Methyl, and Morphia. He calls their mother Dynamite.

Professor (looking at his watch)—“As we have a few moments, I should like to have any one ask questions if so disposed.” Student—“What time is it, please?”—*Oberlin Review*.

Our librarian has in his possession a volume which has been eaten through and through by book-worms. The title is *The Reformation of Luther*, but the inside, he says, is the diet of worms.

Prof.—“Mr. —, what is the last half of that equation going to give you?” Mr.—“I don't exactly know.” Prof.—“Well, it is going to give you away if you are not careful.”—*Vidette*.

In the gallery of the Louvre, before the statue of the “*Venus de Milo*.” Little Boy—“What did they cut her arms off for?” Mother—“Because she put her fingers in the sugar bowl.”—*Union*.

A colored political preacher once told his hearers that “publicans” were frequently mentioned in the New Testament, “but de hull Bible,” he added, “from one lid to tother, don't say Dimicrat wunst!”—*Boston Journal*. Unless our memory fails us, publicans and sinners are both mentioned.

Did you ever notice, says an exchange, the poor chap that stands in the front picture of an almanac with fish, and scorpions, and bulls, and

twins, etc., around him? Did you notice that he was naked and had nothing in his stomach? Well, that poor fellow used to edit a country paper, and take his pay in “I'll pay my subscription next week.”

PERSONALS.

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

'36.—I. M. Cummings, M.D., 68 East Broadway, New York. Residence, No. 354, 9th St., Brooklyn.

'42.—Rev. E. L. Magoon, D.D., of Philadelphia, says the *Chronicle and Examiner*, recently gave to Rochester University, 546 volumes from his own private library, rare and costly books, which have excited the admiration of everybody who has ever been permitted to inspect them. We trust that all graduates of Colby will remember that there is room for more in our College Library, when they feel like making presents in that line.

'43.—Rev. Lyman Chase of Kennebunkport preached at the Baptist Church, Oct. 26, before the Boardman Missionary Society.

'55.—J. G. Pettengill resides at Emporia, Lyon Co., Kansas.

'63.—Rev. S. L. B. Chase has resigned his pastorate of the Elm St. Baptist Church in Bath. The resignation is to take effect at the close of December. The church has increased largely in membership under the labors of Mr. Chase.

'77.—E. F. Lyford has been admitted an attorney in the S. J. Court, on motion of Hon. Reuben Foster, in whose office he has studied.

'71.—F. M. Wilson, M.D., formerly with Dr. Crosby, is located in Bridgeport, Conn., and is having a good practice.

'77.—C. D. Smith, M.D., is House Physician in the Maine General Hospital, not an attending physician in the State Hospital, as stated in the November number.

'78.—C. A. Chase has been retained for the ensuing year as Principal of the Derby Academy, Derby Center, Vt. Mr. Chase stands high as an instructor.

'79.—C. F. Warner is in a dry goods store in Hallowell, Me.

'79.—J. A. Walling is teaching in Harrington, Me.