

The Colby Echo.

VOL. V.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, DECEMBER, 1880.

No. 3.

The Colby Echo.

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

COLBY UNIVERSITY.

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TERMS.—\$1.00 per year, *in advance*. Single copies, 15 cents.

Subscribers will be considered permanent until notice of discontinuance is given and all arrearages paid.

Communications should be handed to the Editors, or addressed to THE COLBY ECHO, Waterville, Me.

CONTENTS.

VOL. V., NO. 3.—DECEMBER, 1880.

THE SANCTUM.....	25
LITERARY :	
Sympathy (poem).....	28
The American Constitution	28
"The Slave's Dream," by Longfellow	30
The Inter-Collegiate Y. M. C. A. Convention.....	30
Delta Upsilon Convention	32
Delta Kappa Epsilon Convention.....	33
COMMUNICATION.....	33
THE CAMPUS.....	35
A Legend (poem).....	38
THE COLLEGE PRESS.....	38
OTHER COLLEGES	39
THE WASTE-BASKET	40
PERSONALS.....	40

THE SANCTUM.

A FEW more days and that peculiarly New England holiday, Thanksgiving, will be here. The average small boy has been looking forward to it for months, and is already commencing to fast, lest realization should not equal anticipation. The sons and daughters of New England, who, away from the homes of their childhood, have been seeking their fortunes or pursuing their education, are laying aside their work for their annual visit home. The fathers and mothers are preparing to show their good will in ways more substantial than words. These active premonitions are not wanting here in college. Soon

our last examination will be passed, and we also will be homeward bound.

There is something beautiful in this annual holiday which neither the festivities of Christmas nor the noisy demonstrations of Independence Day affords. If there is anything which characterizes our civilization, and which elevates it above every other, it is the sacredness of family ties. The sacredness of those ties must ever remain the true basis of every society. The noblest energies of man are called forth in their preservation. The love of country means nothing without them. "Strike—for your altars and your fires," said the Greek patriot. It is these family ties which make our Thanksgiving what it is.

As we scatter to our various homes we should not forget the manifold blessings for which we have reason to give thanks. We ourselves have been preserved, and allowed again to renew our home relations. Our State has been saved from the machinations of the wicked, and the sacredness of the ballot preserved. Our country has been prosperous, and is entering, we trust, a glorious future, with every prospect of an honest government, an honest currency, and an honest ballot. The world is realizing more fully the solid rock on which our institutions are based, and is coming, slowly but surely, to a government of the people founded upon Christian education. As a college we have reason to be thankful that the spirit of liberality, by which the college has grown so much in the last decade, is not to die out. These are but the more outward and public blessings for which we have reason to give thanks. There are others within the private experiences of each one of us, which demand no less our acknowledgment. Let us go home with the remembrance of these blessings. Let us have the best time we can, and come back renewed in body, mind, and spirit.

AMONG other excellent talks which Professor Elder gave us from time to time, when we were

studying Physiology, we remember a few words which he said to us on heating and ventilation. We wish that he could give a lecture on that subject to the Faculty, or Trustees, or whomever have charge of the heating of public rooms. Professor Elder's recitation room has always been a model room in respect to ventilation and temperature. But the same cannot be said of any other public room on the campus, with the exception of the library, which has had a number of new registers put in this term. We do not charge the professors with any neglect in regulating the temperature of their rooms. To make them comfortable throughout would be impossible with the present heating apparatus. The temperature in different rooms varies a great deal. In one room the students are often cold; in another it is generally too warm; while in a third the room is heated until those farthest from the stove are comfortable and those nearest are in perspiration, and then the door is opened. As soon as those nearest the stove are comfortable and those farthest away are chilled, the door is closed, and the process repeated. If stoves cannot be made to heat the rooms properly, let us have something that will. Then let every room be furnished with a thermometer, and we can pursue our studies without imperiling our health.

IN another place will be found an account of the New England Convention of the Inter-Collegiate Young Men's Christian Association. It will be especially interesting to those who desire to know what Christian work the different colleges of New England are doing. It is the desire of this Association to have, if possible, all the Christian organizations in the different colleges, united under one constitution and one name. That interchange of opinion between the different colleges is desirable, no one will deny. But that such a union between them as is intended would be for the best interests of all, is by no means so evident. The colleges differ so much in size and character, that the methods which are best for one college may not be suitable for another. Another objection to the plan is the changing of the local names of the organizations. There is far more in a name than we often think. With what fondness do old historic towns cling to their names! And well they may, since they are so intimately associated

with the memories of the past. Our Boardman Missionary Society is an old organization. It dates back to the early days of the college. It bears the name of one whose life cannot fail to be an inspiration to every Christian worker. It would not, perhaps, lose its usefulness if its name was changed, but its memories would fade away as new classes entered and old ones left. We trust the question will be candidly considered by all the members of the society. If it is thought best to unite with the other colleges, let it be done; but let us, if possible, retain the name of him, whose life was so closely identified with the early missionary cause, as well as with the early days of this college.

"Will you walk into my parlor?"
Said the Spider to the Fly."

WE assure you we haven't such sanguine desires as had the little animal who asked the above question; but with the best intention we would invite you to walk into our sanctum. An editor's sanctum! What a place! We remember with what curiosity and imagination in our earlier days we pictured to ourselves the parlor where the editorial spider spun his web of manuscript: an airy room, full of sunshine; easy chairs and lounges scattered about in luxurious profusion; mahogany desks and bookcases. We pictured to ourselves the spider, also, as he returned from his mid-day meal, laid aside his overcoat, which mysteriously hung itself upon its appropriate hook, pulled off his boots, which walked dutifully to their proper place in the corner, put on his dressing-gown and slippers, pulled his easy chair to the open fire-place, with its great brass andirons and enormous logs—no iron grates in those days—and gazing steadfastly into the coals, dreamed away the afternoon. When did he do his writing, you ask? Oh,—that—did itself. Why interrupt so beautiful a picture with a trivial question like this? But the spell is gone; the bubble is burst. Like Santa Claus and George Washington's hatchet, we must consign this ideal sanctum to the realm of tradition, and, having landed on *terra firma*, proceed to describe to you an editor's sanctum as it really is.

Where this sanctum was located, or when we saw it, for obvious reasons we will not say.

Up four flights of rickety stairs we climbed, and knocked at a door. Hearing a faint grunt

from within, we opened the door and entered. But what a feeling of disappointment came over us! It was a small, stifled-up room. A little old-fashioned window looked down on such a prospect as only a back street can give. At one end of the room, before a table bespattered with the ink of ages, sat a little, pale looking old man, who, in the absence of any other occupant, we supposed to be the editor. His large library lay upon the table,—consisting of three books, a dictionary, an almanac, and a directory. Under the table was a huge basket into which he threw the odes on spring and sonnets on autumn, which the thousands of deluded victims of the divine afflatus send in for publication. Beside him was an inkstand, which he used, as Luther did, to throw at the—professional bore. He bade us be seated, but took no farther notice of us. Day was fast fading away. The coal in the grate was turning to ashes. Weary with his toil, he bowed his head and fell asleep. O gentle sleep! thou friend of the weary and forsaken! He dreamed. Again he was in the home of his childhood. He was with his mother. With tears in her eyes, she asked him what terrible crime he had committed for which he was doomed to such a life as his. He fell upon his knees and—"More copy," came up through the speaking tube. He started up. He realized that he had been asleep. The stars were shining. The fire was out. It was dark in the room. He groped his way to the wall and was about to answer the summons, when he sank down in a swoon—never to wake. He had gone where the printers cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

It is a peculiarity of some men that they go about their work without really knowing what they intend to do. We know that success often lies in a different channel from the one in which our work was planned. Mark Twain once told a touching story and was surprised to see his audience convulsed with laughter. One of the greatest blessings which Englishmen enjoy, the liberty of the press, was secured by a mere accident, and it was not till years afterward that its value was appreciated. Columbus stumbled upon America in his search for a westward passage to India. Yet, in all these examples, the actors had a purpose, and that pur-

pose, though not accomplished, was the means of obtaining that advantage which did result. If Columbus had not been determined to find India, he would not have found America. So the rule holds good, that a special purpose in life is essential to success in life.

But it is not our intent to inculcate so general a principle, but to make a particular application of it. What is the purpose of a college paper? The *Harvard Advocate* answers the question as follows: "We students are here not only for our education but for something besides, and that something besides is the *raison d'être* of the college paper. . . . It is the business of the Faculty's catalogue and rank list, to show what we have to do and what we have done in our studies; it is the business of the college paper to show what we have to do and what we have done outside our studies." If by education is meant, as is stated in our catalogue, "the harmonious culture of our three-fold nature,—body, mind, and spirit," the *raison d'être* of a college paper rests on rather an insecure basis. If, however, by education is meant intellectual development, the object of the paper must be chiefly confined to base-ball, boating, etc.

In the first number of the ECHO the following was the editorial statement of the purpose of its publication: "That it should be an exponent of the college, an echo of the ideas, views, and opinions of the students, a conductor to dissipate the pent-up electricity of college intellect, without any disastrous explosion." This opinion comes nearer to our ideal. Language conveys thought. The object of a paper is to convey the thought of those it represents. If the students' interest is occupied with athletics chiefly, we must expect athletic news to fill their paper. If it is occupied chiefly with intellectual topics, we must expect their paper to be eminently literary. Despite the assertion of the *Harvard Advocate*, we think that they follow this view in practice, and that, if the truth were told, the "Faculty's rank list" would indicate as great a blank in intellectual attainments as the students' papers do. We believe that the object of education, as expressed in the catalogue, is carried out in this college, and so we believe that the ECHO should represent this three-fold life of the students. But in order to do this the aid of the students is necessary. The paper is divided into two parts, editorial

and literary. The former it is the duty of the editors to fill, but the latter devolves or should devolve on the students. In this department the purpose of the paper should be kept in view, *i. e.*, the articles should not all be on intellectual subjects, but moral and athletic topics should have their share. The articles, which generally appear, are not thus representative of college sentiment, nor are the number of contributors large enough properly to represent that sentiment. Here a great reform should be made, and might be made, if the students would do their share. According to the present custom students seldom contribute unless asked, and hence no such selection can be made, as could be, if a number of articles were offered to the editors. If the students will send in contributions they may be assured that nothing will be accepted unless its merits are sufficient to warrant its publication.

LITERARY.

SYMPATHY.

Misty index of the heart,
Pity's emblem, gently start;
Not 'mid harshly grating sobs
When the heart discordant throbs
For itself;

But in silence, dewy tear,
Damp the pall, and moist the bier;
Though another's friend be there
Yours it is his grief to share,
Fellow man.

Let thy heart with love o'erflow
Kindly sympathy to show
To thy brother in distress;
He is yours to love and bless
As yourself.

Such,—the law of life and love
Stronger than the spheres that move,
Subtler than the magnet's pow'r,—
Ruler of our hearts inspire
Within us.

Then thine image, we shall prove,
Dwells within our hearts in love;
Then, the best of man restored.—
The Maker by his work adored
Shall endless be.

A. I. T.

THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION.

The most common error of the student of the American Constitution arises from a misconception respecting the direct and immediate

application of its more popular elements. The common American idea of our constitution utterly ignores the existence of any checks upon the popular will, forgets that there are any inferior tribunals, and regards the people as the only and immediate court of appeal. In other words, our political philosophers would reduce our government to an absolutism, differing from other absolutisms only in responding to the unchecked will of a million, rather than to that of a single autocrat.

How far this idea is from the correct one it is not difficult to show. The ancient worshiper, who stood before the temple of Apollo at Delphi, saw chiseled in the pure white marble of that beautiful edifice, the two wisest sayings which the wisest thought of cultured and intellectual Greece could furnish. One was the famous maxim, "Know thyself"; the other was "*Μηδὲν ἄγαν*," "*extremes in nothing*."

This "*Μηδὲν ἄγαν*," extremes in nothing, has been the watchword of the ages. He who traces the line of success and of progress down through the centuries will find it everywhere avoiding the extremes and winding its golden thread over a middle ground, called from its presence the golden mean.

But not only has the golden mean been the vantage ground of success for men and measures, but history teaches nothing more clearly than that governmental extremes, whether autocratic or democratic, have always gone to the wall, making their existence remarkable by nothing so much as by the utter ruin of their fall. Hence our forefathers, when they had just finished a gallant struggle against hereditary despotism, did not propose to fly to the opposite extreme of popular absolutism. They saw clearly that to concentrate all the powers of the constitution in the same hands, is to constitute a despotic government, and that it is no alleviation for these powers to be exercised by a plurality of hands and not by a single one. Our early statesmen were fully convinced that as a body of men are governed by the aggregate of the laws and tendencies of the individuals composing it, so popular and autocratic tyranny can in no sense differ except as the former is the worse from being less responsible.

Nero was, indeed, a tyrant, yet Nero never dared order a proscription such as lends a ghastly horror to the triumph of the victorious party in

the civil wars of the Roman Republic. The autocratic Louis, indeed, directed the massacre of St. Bartholomew, but it was the French populace that originated and sustained the reign of terror.

An *elective despotism* was not, therefore, the government for which our sires fought the revolution, but they sought one which should not only be founded on free principles, but in which the various elements should be so combined and the different powers so distributed that absolutism could nowhere find a resting place. While acknowledging the people as the ultimate source of power and the final court of appeal, they chose to avoid extremes whether autocratic or popular, and gave us a government of checks and balances. In other words our fathers sought and found a governmental mean.

But while asserting our belief that the principles thus represented is the best possible upon which to found a constitution, we are yet conscious of serious defects which betray their presence in its practical application, defects arising from the very principle we most commend, the complete absence of any supreme controlling power. The natural tendency of a government thus composed of coördinate branches is to compromise both in men and measures, mediocrity will be its chief characteristic and its excellencies are inclined to be more of the negative than of the positive sort. A few examples will suffice. All governments are, and to a certain extent must be representative of the men who execute them; every polity must, therefore, stand and be judged by the ability it displays of attracting to its side and summoning to its execution the noblest and wisest of its supporters.

Now, how often in our history have our highest offices been filled by the ablest men in public life? Very seldom has this been the case. Nor is this a local peculiarity or the result of special causes; it is the necessary outcome of the very simplest act of a presidential government, the very fact of popular elections. We need hardly expect such men as Hamilton, Clay, or Webster to occupy the presidential chair, they are too positive, too aggressive, a compromise is made upon some obscure man, and we intrust our government to an unknown quantity. What proof of ability had John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, James K. Polk, Franklin Pierce, or Andrew Johnson, ever given before

their induction into the presidential office? Yet such is the natural working of the popular element in our government.

At no time, however, and at no point does the peculiar structure of our government betray its weakness more conspicuously than at a sudden crisis. In an absolute government of whatever kind, when an emergency arises, a leader can be chosen for the occasion, and different circumstances require in a leader different combinations of qualities. The sterner attributes, the resolute will, the terrible energy suitable for a great crisis, are not requisite in common times. A Hayes is far better in every-day politics than a Grant, but when the tempest strikes, you want to change your helmsman. At such a time the inflexible character of our government, its utter inability readily to adapt itself to changed circumstances and changed requirements, shows how far it is removed from any power which can immediately reach and effect it.

Such was the case at the breaking out of the civil war. James Buchanan neither had the courage nor the inclination to oppose the South; hence it was that before the man for the occasion could take his seat, rebellion was organized and prepared for resistance.

The same circumstances which brought to light the defect just described, will betray an allied but still more serious weakness, a lack of capacity for immediate, energetic action. Composed of coördinate branches as our government is, there *can* be no display of energy, except in their complete harmony. This harmony may and very frequently does not exist, and sometimes when threatened by external foes, and despairing of vigorous action by their government, our people will call to their rescue the strong hand of a dictator; and there may be the grave of the Republic inasmuch as every dictator is not a Cincinnatus.

In fact there is nothing which so weakens a constitution as a conflict among its members. Says Mill: "There ought to be no possibility of that deadlock in politics which would ensue upon a quarrel breaking out between a president and a legislative assembly, neither of whom during a period which might amount to years has any legal means of ridding itself of the other." Yet that has been the besetting evil of our government, and must be of any one equally free from any absolute controlling power.

In the winter of 1876 a revival occurred in Princeton College, in connection with the Day of Prayer for Colleges. The revival gave a great impulse to the religious activity of the religious association in the college; and another result was a deep conviction among the Christian men, of the great importance of the consecration of college students to higher Christian living, and earnest personal work in securing the salvation of their unconverted fellows. It was also thought that such a work could be most satisfactorily carried on if the colleges generally were united upon some common basis. Such thoughts led to the issuing of about two hundred circulars to different colleges, suggesting the benefits which would flow from the interchange of opinions in convention. In response to these circulars twenty-five students attended the International Convention, at Louisville, Ky., in June, 1877, and, after prayerful consideration, formed the plan of united effort, and intrusted the carrying out of the work to the International Committee. Such, in brief, was the origin of the Y. M. C. Association in colleges.

The object sought to be realized by this Association is the formation of Associations in the colleges throughout the United States and Canada, which shall carry out in a systematic manner the following Christian work: regular meetings for prayer, conference, and Bible study; individual effort by which Christian students at the commencement of their college life shall be led to take a stand for Christ, and be helped in maintaining it; that personal work which shall lead the unconverted to seek the Saviour while in college; such work as is necessary and possible in local missions, neighborhood prayer-meetings, and Sunday schools; the development and maintenance of a live interest in behalf of Home and Foreign Missions by means of regular missionary meetings.

There are, in the United States and Canada, exclusive of Roman Catholic institutions, 350 colleges, with 60,000 students. The number of professing Christians does not exceed 25,000, and of this number there are, possibly, 8,000 connected with the various kinds of religious societies. These facts indicate how vast a work there is to be done among college students, and also suggests the great importance of organized and systematic methods of work. Such considerations led the conference of students to

recommend the appointment of a Secretary, whose business it is to acquaint himself with individual colleges and college associations. Mr. Wishard, who at that time was a student at Princeton, was appointed College Secretary by the International Committee.

The Secretary has opened correspondence with about 350 colleges, and questions have been asked and answered concerning the work. Many colleges have corresponded with one another, and altogether nearly 3,000 letters have been written during the last two years. The *College Bulletin*, a four-page journal, is published monthly by the Secretary. This little sheet is designed to give the religious news among colleges, and offer suggestions in regard to methods of work. Since the organization of the movement the attendance of more than 300 students, from 60 different colleges, has been secured at 20 conventions. Another method adopted in the work is that of visitations by the Secretary. He has, in addition to attending 14 conventions, visited upwards of 50 colleges.

It is a very appropriate question, What has been accomplished by such an expenditure of time and effort? A glance at the results of the last three years' work of the Association will answer it in part. There are now Associations in 100 colleges, 72 of which have been organized since the inauguration of the work. More personal work is done than formerly,—an impulse has been given to Bible study. The interest in the behalf of missions has been greatly increased; revivals have occurred in many colleges as a result of Association work. We would be cautious in making a numerical estimate of revival work, but, for the encouragement of those who feel deeply in this movement among colleges, it can be graciously said that 1,200 conversions have been reported during the past two years, from colleges where Associations exist.

The question which should interest every college religious society is, Shall we belong to the Y. M. C. Association? To do so it is necessary to adopt a constitution and assume the name of the Association. There is a sort of conservatism in colleges to cling to old-time names and institutions. Often such names are full of pleasant and fond memories, and to give up the old names for new ones does not seem necessary to say the least. Why not, it is asked, keep our old name of "Circle of Inquiry," "Praying Circle," or

kindred terms, and take the constitution of the Inter-Collegiate Association? We must confess that we are hardly able to answer the question, and would be very loth to part with our name of "Boardman Missionary Society," which is sacred to our Missionary Boardman. Still, we can see where a complete uniformity in name and method of work, throughout the colleges of our land, would give a mutual interest to Christian work, which cannot be gained by our existing religious societies. There would be that fraternal feeling among Christian students, which now, from want of knowledge of each other, cannot be fully shared. It is the object of conventions, in the method of work, to bring colleges into more intimate relations through their representative Christian men, and we can all see how this is designed to accomplish this end.

It is hoped that our brethren, and those of other colleges, will seriously consider these questions. We believe that the time will come when the colleges of America will be mutually united in the work of saving their young men,—and may we not be of those who have a part in hastening that glorious time?

DELTA UPSILON CONVENTION.

The forty-sixth annual convention of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity was held October 27th and 28th, with the Amherst Chapter, at Amherst College, Amherst, Mass. This was one of the largest and most interesting conventions of the fraternity ever convened.

All the chapters were represented, except the chapter recently established at North Western University, Evanston, Ill. The delegates began to arrive on Tuesday; they were met at the depot by the reception committee, and, after a cordial greeting, were escorted to the Amherst House, where no pains were spared to entertain them in the best possible manner. There were five business sessions. The first, on Wednesday, was devoted to receiving credentials and to arranging the order of business for the convention at its successive sittings. At the afternoon session, the reports of the several chapters were received. These reports were of the most inspiring character. They showed that the fraternity is in a very flourishing condition, and demonstrated that its principles are such as commend themselves to all honorable and high-

minded men, and that, despite the opposition, and, in some cases the malignant persecution that, in its earlier history, beset this noble fraternity, it has now reached an enviable position among college societies. One thing especially noticeable during the convention was the absence of all wide-mouthed denunciation and flippant condemnation of other societies. In fact, the spirit of the principles of the fraternity pervaded the entire convention and manliness characterized its conduct throughout.

Among the reports of committees was an extremely interesting one from the Secretary of the Delta Upsilon Camping Association. This is a permanent organization and it has selected an island in picturesque Lake George as its place for summer resort. Soon there will appear in *Harper's* a description of the camp and its surroundings, illustrated with cuts.

Among the important business transactions was the election of Pres. Robinson of Brown University to honorary membership. Committees of alumni members were appointed to establish Alumni Chapters in the cities of Boston, New York, Albany, and Cincinnati. Also the following resolutions were passed:

Whereas, General James A. Garfield, the President of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity, is the nominee for the Presidency of the United States; and

Whereas, The Delta Upsilon Fraternity, in convention assembled, recognizes the purity and strength of his character and his statesmanlike career, therefore,

Resolved, That the Delta Upsilon Fraternity extend to him its hearty support in the coming Presidential election.

A vote taken in the convention for President of the United States resulted as follows: Garfield, 73; Hancock, 2.

The officers of the fraternity for the ensuing year are: Presidents, David A. Wells, Williams, '47, and Gov. Procter of Vermont; Vice President, F. C. Partridge, Amherst, '82; Secretary, F. L. Gamage, Brown, '82; Treasurer, H. M. W. Moore, Marietta, '82; Orator, Rev. E. B. Andrews, Brown, '70, Professor in Newton Theological Seminary; Alternate, E. L. Youman, Editor *Popular Science Monthly*.

The public exercises were held Thursday evening in College Hall. Rev. Thos. Armitage, D.D., of New York City, delivered a very interesting and appropriate oration upon "Christian Education."

The poet of the evening was Francis G. Burgess, Amherst, '79, who read a charming

poem, entitled "The Visit of Saul to the Witch of Endor."

Excellent music for the occasion was furnished by Coenen's Orchestra from Springfield, Mass.

After the exercises the delegates repaired to the spacious dining hall of the Amherst House, where a magnificent Banquet was served.

The entire night was passed in singing, in responses to toasts, and in the usual jovialities. It was with the greatest reluctance that the feast was ended. "Vive la Delta U." was sung with a will, farewells were said, and soon the delegates were on their rapid way to their respective chapters, their hearts full of love for Delta Upsilon and its noble work.

The next convention will be held with the Brown Chapter, at Brown University, Providence, R. I.

DELTA KAPPA EPSILON CONVENTION.

The Delta Kappa Epsilon Convention of 1880 was held with the baby and consequent pet of the fraternity, the Alpha Chi Chapter of Trinity, and a strong, bouncing baby, too, did we find this youngest member of the mystic brotherhood.

The fraternity was peculiarly fortunate in the selection of a place so centrally located, to say nothing of the attractiveness of one of the finest cities in New England, for certainly Connecticut has reason to be proud of the neatness and beauty of her capital.

The headquarters of the convention was indicated by an elegant fraternity banner floating over the Allyn House. The regular sessions began Wednesday forenoon, October 20, in the hall of the Charter Oak Lodge of the I. O. of O. F. After a permanent organization had been effected, reports were listened to from the various chapters, all of which spoke of great present prosperity and breathed high hopes for the future. During the remaining sessions, till Thursday afternoon, a great deal of very important business was transacted, affecting the general interests of the fraternity.

One of the most enjoyable incidents of our stay was a visit by the delegates in a body to Trinity College, followed by a ride over the city. Trinity College is finely located on an elevation outside of the city and, objectively, consists of a single brown stone edifice, under whose ample

roof are to be found faculty, students, recitation rooms, library, chapel, laboratory, cabinet, and dining hall. Another object of interest was the new State House, upon the steps of which the convention was photographed.

The work of the convention was concluded by public exercises in the Opera House, Thursday evening, which were most thoroughly enjoyed. Music was furnished by Colt's Band, and after an opening address by the Rt. Rev. Chas. F. Robertson, S.T.D., of Missouri, an oration on "The Ministry of Natural Beauty," was delivered by the Rev. E. P. Parker, D.D., of Hartford, followed by a poem, "Our Motto, *A. K. E.*," by the Hon. George A. Marden of Lowell, Mass., a peculiarly happy effort.

Immediately after the public exercises the delegates adjourned to the Allyn House, where, in the words of Mr. Swiveler, "the flame of conviviality was fanned by the wing of Friendship," till the hours were neither so very wee nor small.

The next convention is to be held with the Tau Chapter, Hamilton College.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editors of the Colby Echo:

There are reforms which all may endorse, examples which all may follow, but our object in the present case is not to tread in another's footsteps, nor to copy another's idea. To give a description of our division and its occupants, has long been our desire, but knowing the sensitive and excitable nature of the ECHO's readers, we have hesitated, fearing the result which would inevitably follow the sudden presentation of such a galaxy of genius, wit, and wisdom, as finds its congenial abode in the Southern Division of North College. Divining our perplexity, some person, whose soul is composed of the "stuff which makes the martyr," volunteered us relief, in the last number of the ECHO, by freely laying upon the altar of sacrifice his before unheard of division. Thus was the public mind educated up to the treat so long in store for it; thus in every great emergency is raised up some martyr, who sacrifices his little all, that the great cause for which he battles may not die.

Our rooms are not stocked with titled gentry; our windows do not bristle with the frouz-

led heads of innumerable presidents; gold-lace and tinsel are not our diet. Be it understood we do not intend to carp at our brother's failings, nor is it, on the other hand, our intention to imitate the egotistical laudations of one's surroundings, nor to indulge in any such puerile eccentricities as display themselves in a delight for gilded frames, second-hand pictures, and "Flat" sounding titles. We are content with Burns, to believe

"The rank is but the guinea stamp
The man's the gowd for a' that."

Indeed, *rank* of any kind has never been an object of very strenuous exertions on the part of the majority of the members of this division, but "for 'a that" no other part of the college has merited (or received) a greater share of the attention of the Faculty.

But "*Revenons à nos moutons.*" In a spirit of all candor, and with a stern determination "naught to extenuate, naught set down in malice," let us mount the southern steps of our objective point, North College, and enter its classic halls. The first floor is not flanked by any unsightly apartment, draped with rumpled papers and adorned with severe rows of dusty stools and angular settees, nor is there a glaring expanse of unrelieved wall which fittingly hides the silent resting place of a defunct fraternity. No "neat directory" hides the wall. It would be unnecessary. "Everybody knows us and we are all right." A directory would be as needless as a door-plate on the chapel.

Let us enter No. 1, after noting, (and heeding) the somewhat peremptory notice, "Wipe your feet," on the door. It is the home of two delegates from the seaboard parishes, a Senior and a Sophomore. The former is a man of giant intellect and (generally) long hair, who showed the "divine discontent" which prompts the noblest aspirations of men, even when a Freshman, by an attempt to improve on all existing Greek Grammars. Stacks of music, and various instruments for the exposition thereof, betray at once the proclivities of his room-mate. He is, in fact, one who can play on anything, from a clarinet to a maiden's heart, or a 2d base. He is, in addition, a gentle follower of the poet's art, so, at least, we judge from the fact that he has been chosen one of the Committee on Odes by his class.

No. 2 is the arsenal wherein our worthy

Othello stores his arms and munitions of war in the shape of brooms, dust-pans, etc., etc.

A tremendous racket draws us to the next door. It opens on a dignified (?) Senior and a lively Soph engaged in a boxing contest. We stop long enough to note the classic asseverations which emphasize their somewhat fragmentary conversation, and the skillful manœuvres by which they keep up their muscle during the months of *hiems glacialis*.

Across the entry is the pleasant abode of a Junior and Freshman. The former is an ECHO editor, class orator, and besides all this a somewhat ambitious, though Phantasiastic wooer of the Muses. His room-mate is the happy possessor of as extensive a moustache as a Freshman, and particularly one from Winslow, could expect.

An insinuating flight of stairs now insinuatingly invites an ascent. "Come in!" yells another dignified Senior in stentorian tones from No. 5, in answer to our gentle knock. We enter. It is a pleasant, sunny room, where friends are always welcome and peace and prosperity abide. The Senior, whose name betrays his descent from "the Scots wha ha' wi' Wallace bled," hails from one extremity of the M. C. R. R., and to good looks adds the nobler attribute of a generous heart. (We'll go down most any night, Mac.) The Sophomore sharer of this room is leader of the College Orchestra, and is *facile princeps* in awakening the melody which lies latent in the desiccated feline viscera.

No. 6 is at present unoccupied by its Junior proprietor, who, for a consideration, has consented to dispense of his learning to the Chinese.

No. 7 is occupied by a Senior and a Junior, who "advertise to have the best room in college." The Senior is a noted member of the "Nine," and is manager of the M. C. R. R. Notwithstanding a certain hiatus in his college course, he is still one of us, as '83 lately found to its cost. The Junior is Treasurer of the ECHO and handles the guitar in superior style. His favorite expression is, "Once there was a man out in Colorado."

Again we cross the hall, which, by the way, is unusually well supplied with trunks, boxes, ancient chairs, blacking brushes, and other *disjecta membra* of college life. Let us enter No. 8, the last room on this floor. Here we find two members of '81 whose union may be explained by the principle that opposites attract, for

one is large, very large, and one is small, very small. As we glance around we see that the room, unlike its nearest neighbor, boasts no sumptuous furniture or walls decorated with crimson hangings, but on the contrary resembles the Pyrrha sung by Horace, who was *simplex munditiis*. The smaller occupant is Class Treasurer and "Funny Man" of the ECHO. He has had a somewhat checkered career but now sees a peaceful end drawing nigh. The other is captain of the Base-Ball Nine and is especially susceptible to female influence, and beside an awful man for three basers. "Look out for that big chap."

Up another flight, and—tread lightly; here the great Euterpe reigns and spreads her influence even through the hall. In No. 9 a happy Senior and a Democratic Soph reside. The one has indications of a moustache, and the other is Class Poet, but forgive him, he is from Portland.

Through the open door of No. 10 we see a Senior and a Junior hard at work. The former is Class Poet and a frequent contributor to the ECHO, and his verses never fail to elicit the hearty commendation of the college press; he has a fine cabinet of minerals and an inordinate thirst for specimens. Among them we notice several slate arrow heads and some Indian pottery which looks to the uninitiated eye as though made of common hydraulic cement,—but this is a tender point and we forbear. The '83 man also has "poetic leanings" and is Class Odist.

But we must hasten. Next are representatives of '82 and '84. '82 is a sober-minded man, but *will* wear a cap. Like Silas Wegg, the Freshman occasionally "drops into poetry" and his class has therefore chosen him as their poet.

In No. 12 we find another pair, Junior and Sophomore. They are *good* boys and quiet. All is told.

"Excelsior," or as the primers have it, "Let us go up," and here we are on the fourth floor. '82 and '83 "hold the fort" in No. 13. One is the "Mr. Grewgious" of our division and the other is Class Toast Master, and from Boston, but both are thorough good boys.

Look well to your life insurance policy before you enter the next room. Skulls and marrow bones strew the floor, blood drips from the ceiling, and through a cloud of powder smoke we see the fierce countenance of two reckless Freshmen, who, taking their lives (and revolvers) in their hands, have come to seek glory and a lib-

eral education. The larger one is an eater of raw beef, and for three weeks after his arrival defied the college at large, and the Sophs in particular, but after the unaccountable loss of several parks of artillery and two sets of "carving tools" he took his beef to bind up an ankle sprained in combat, and now admits that "perhaps there is some difference between a Freshman and a Senior." Next we enter the lair of a solitary Senior, "a much driver of ye quill." Evidently Editor-in-Chief of the ECHO. Notwithstanding his exalted position he remains affable to his fellow-students, who, feeling his power over them, walk circumspectly when he is near.

And last of all, away up near to heaven, dwells an humble Freshman and a noisy Sophomore. They mean well, but they are young yet.

Our work is done. You have seen us engaged in our every-day occupation. Our modesty is well known; we need not blazon it abroad. Only those who have morbid apprehensions of not being appreciated, boast of achievements. The *reforms* which we have inaugurated (at the special request of the Faculty) are numerous, and will long hold a prominent place on the college records. We have cast no reflections on less fortunate divisions, and are sure that no spirit of boastfulness has crept in. The latch-string is always out. "When you come up, come down."

ONE (OR TWO) OF THE BOYS.

THE CAMPUS.

Did you vote?

A scientific Junior persists in dating his letters, "H₂O vilze."

Examinations commence Saturday, the 20th, the term closing on the 23d.

The Seniors are staggering along under the burden of two recitations a day.

Notice the changes in the college advertisement on the first page of the cover.

An impecunious Senior describes a Loan Exhibition as a show where you go *a-lone*.

The usual members of the Senior class will give an Exhibition of their oratorical powers, at the Baptist Church, on the evening of the 19th of this month.

A Junior wants to know how the construction of a 1st violin differs from that of a 2d violin.

A Junior lately in a moment of excitement, translated "*Ex nihilo nihil fit*:" "I am all broke up."

Students absent next term for the purpose of teaching, will, on making up their studies, be ranked as if present.

The present number of the ECHO is several pages larger than usual, owing to the convention reports.

In another column will be found a report of the Inter-Collegiate Y. M. C. A. Convention which Mr. F. M. Preble, of '81, lately attended.

F. A. Weld, formerly of '81, will continue his school at Machiasport during the winter. He will not return to college until spring.

The Delta Kappa Epsilon Convention voted for President as follows: Garfield, 44; Hancock, 6. By chapters the vote stood, Garfield, 23; Hancock, 2.

Professor of Astronomy—"What will be the result if the sun continues to give out heat at his present rate?" Senior—"The *heat* will give out also."

Mr. F. M. Gardner, '81, has been supplying the pulpit of the 2d Baptist Church at Bangor. A few Sabbaths ago the sum of \$500 was raised to pay a church debt.

A Senior recites for several minutes and then says—"I don't know whether that description applies to the Chromosphere or the Corona." Professor—"Nor I either."

After the Leap Year Ball: She—"Isn't Astronomy a very interesting study, Mr. —?" Collegian (condescendingly)—"Yes, very; that bright star up there is Juniper."

Professor Hall kindly furnishes several interesting items of college news. Similar favors from the other members of the Faculty would be very acceptable to the local editor.

The annual catalogue will not be issued until next session; the adjustment of the order of studies made necessary by the new arrangement of terms having not yet been completed.

Bullard, Gardner, Grimes, Knox, Marsh, Preble, Parshley, Shaw, and Wilson, have been selected to speak at the Senior Exhibition. The music will be furnished by Gilman's Orchestra.

The studies for the next term will be:

	8.00 A.M.	11.30 A.M.	4.30 P.M.
Seniors.	German or Mineralogy.	Political Economy.	Latin (Ars Poetica).
Juniors.	Rhetoric and Latin (De Amicitia).	Electricity.	Physiology.
Sophomores.	Calculus.	Rhetoric.	Greek (Lysias.)
Freshmen.	Latin (Horace).	Greek.	Algebra.

The chickens are rejoicing over the Republican victory. They know that no Republican will be satisfied with anything less than a ten pound turkey for next Thanksgiving, and hence their lives will be spared.

Why is the railing of the Elmwood piazza like a cathedral? Because it is a piece of *holy* architecture. Why is it not like a cathedral? Because its *holiness* is universally acknowledged. (Four of this style for one dollar.)

Several members of the Senior class are absent on account of illness. We are happy to announce that Miss Norcross, who has been suffering from a severe attack of typhoid fever, is now slowly recovering. We hope to see her among us again soon.

Dr. Robins has been prevented, by severe illness, from attending to his customary college duties for the past two weeks, and will not be able to resume them until next term. The state of his health renders his return even at that time somewhat doubtful.

Scene—the Astronomy recitation: Professor—"You may take up the next paragraph, Mr. E." Mr. E.—"I don't remember what one it is." Professor (kindly)—"It is the one at the top of the page." Mr. E. (sternly)—"That is not the way I learn my lessons, sir."

Knox, of '81, is again upon the campus. He reports the Delta Kappa Epsilon Convention, held with the Alpha Chi Chapter, of Trinity College, to have been one of the largest and most successful ever assembled by the Fraternity, and declares Hartford to be the finest city in New England.

Mr. B. J. Hinds, our last musical acquisition from Bates, has organized an amateur orchestra. The members are: Hinds, 1st violin; Grey, 2d violin; Philbrook, cornet; Knowlton, flute; Wright, clarinet; Crawford, bass. They practice diligently, and their unfortunate neighbors are reminded of the lines of the old poet Gower:

"Ye jangling crash of loud bassoon,
Ye wail of squeaking fyfe,
Sayeth butt too welle
That some of Helle
Comes in ye present lyfe."

At the 46th annual convention of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity, held Oct. 27 and 28, with the Amherst Chapter, Amherst College, a report of which will be found in another column, Colby Chapter was represented by Mr. John C. Ryder, treasurer of the convention, and Mr. F. B. Cushing, both of '81.

A Senior evolved the following after a class-mate had made a vain attempt to solve a knotty psychological problem :

The Doctor called him up,
And fuller was his cup,
Than he could bear;
He came the flunking feat,
Then sat down in his seat
And tore his hair.

A Senior soliloquy : "Guess I'll take a turn at that Psychology. I don't know, though. Let's see : that fourth sphere is too hard and long to learn ; no use wasting time on that. Those first two, I ought to know, so we will call those all right ; and the third sphere, well, guess I'll trust to luck on that one. Wan't to play cribbage, Jack ?"

Less than \$4000 remain to be subscribed to secure the \$25,000 which our Trustees voted to raise to increase the annual income of the University during the next five years. We hope nothing will prevent Dea. Balch, our soliciting agent, from securing the remainder needed. It is hinted that a bonus of \$5000 will be added by a friend of Colby as soon as the subscription is full.

Senior is called up in German, hesitates, and rises slowly ; has evidently lost the place. He finally commences two lines before the place where the last man stopped. The Prof. allows him to proceed a few lines and then says sarcastically—"Well, Mr. S., I suppose that is on the same principle as when a locomotive goes back a little ways in order to go through a snow-drift."

The library has received from Rev. E. L. Magoon, D.D., of Philadelphia, a fine present consisting of one hundred volumes in uniform morocco binding. It is highly gratifying to see Alma Mater thus remembered by her honored sons. Dr. Magoon when in college walked eighteen miles to Augusta to buy a copy of Shakespeare. Books have been his delight ever since, and "The Magoon Library" in its cozy corner overlooking the Kennebec, will be a delight to generations of students.

A new Society was formed on the evening of the 29th ult. The members have chosen the name of "The Doriani," as expressing in part the character and aims of the association, the object of the society being a more cultivated taste and keener appreciation of "beauty in its fairest shrine." The number of members is at present ten, but others will be admitted on application to the *Παναλοφιλες Πρώτος* after passing a satisfactory examination as to their esthetical tastes and culture.

The new catechism. Question—How many terms, O fellow-student, are there in our college year? Answer—Three. Q.—How many do the college laws say there are? A.—Two. Q.—What is the cause of this discrepancy? A.—Red tape. Q.—Then we shall have but two term bills to pay. Is not that the case? A.—No. Three. Q.—Why not? A.—That would be too much red tape. N. B.—The object of this catechism is to impress on the mind of the students the importance of the golden mean, for as Horace says :

"Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus."

The preparations for Field Day have already begun, a committee composed of Worcester, Marshall, Collins, King, and Emerson having been chosen to draw up a Constitution and By-Laws, for an Athletic Association, under whose auspices the exercises of Field Day will take place. The following are the most important points in the Constitution : all the students connected with the college shall be considered members of the association. The officers, president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer, are to be chosen one from each class, and a board of four directors chosen in the same manner. The directors will elect one of their number master of ceremonies. The election of officers took place on the 18th. The result will be given in our next issue.

A Sophomore who smokes cigarettes (borrowed ones mostly) deposes as follows : "Was over to Northport this summer,—lots of girls—(puff, puff,) one in particular, mighty *fine* girl from Bangor, (puff) asked me one day if I knew a fellow over here—in Senior class—name (puff, puff) kind of queer, couldn't remember exactly what,—began with M—(puff) thought 'twas *Masher*—saw him once when at Waterville on an excursion,—town boy she thought—said

(puff puff puff) he tried to talk to her, but (puff) didn't know how. 'Twas good while ago, though,—(puff) she hoped he'd improved as he grew older. I told her "yes, (puff) same man." Nice girl too, very much tone, (puff puff puff puff puff) ——— (various ejaculatory parts of speech). Got another match?"

Mr. Frederick C. Robertson has been engaged to give instruction in Elocution during one-third of the college year, meeting each of the classes twice a week. He will, also, give special training to those appointed to take part in public exhibitions. Mr. Robertson was trained for his profession by the late Dean of the Boston University School of Oratory, Lewis B. Monroe, who was second to no teacher in his department. He has taught with success in Boston, where he proposes to continue the work of private instruction when not engaged by his duties in the college. He gives special attention to physical and vocal training, in their application to reading, conversation, and public speaking, based upon physiological and hygienic laws. Mr. Robertson has, by his manifest superiority in his own line, already gained the respect of the students, and his pleasing manners render it certain that esteem will soon be added to respect.

Our nine played its last game of base-ball at Kent's Hill on the 16th inst., the result being a score of 5 to 4 in our favor. Considering the fact that the nine had supposed the base-ball season to be ended some time before, and that all practice had hence ceased, the game was an exceptionally fine one, there being only four errors on our side and seven on the other. Worcester opened the game with a three baser and his fielding record was up to his regular standard. Doe justified fully our assertion of last month that he is the right man in the right place. Andrews and Judkins filled their positions finely, both improving every opportunity, with no errors. The umpire, a Kent's Hill man, gave very poor satisfaction, at least to our side, and to his decisions, which were the reverse of impartial, to say the least of them, is due the fact that six of the Pine Trees went to first base on balls; the real character of Marshall's pitching being shown by the fact that they made only two base hits. The complete score is as follows:

COLBYS.	A.	B.	1B.	R.	A.	P.	O.	E.	PINE TREES.	A.	B.	1B.	R.	A.	P.	O.	E.
Worcester, 1b.....	4	3	1	0	9	1			Chase, 2b.....	5	1	0	2	1	1		
Doe, c.....	4	0	1	1	6	0			Cobb, c. f.....	4	0	0	0	0	1		
Andrews, c. f.....	4	1	1	0	5	0			Jones, r. f.....	4	0	0	0	0	0		
Marshall, p.....	4	0	0	4	1	0			Andrews, s. s.....	4	0	0	4	1	1		
Lord, 2b.....	4	1	1	1	2	1			Abbott, c.....	4	0	1	0	3	3		
Wadsworth, s. s.....	4	0	0	3	1	1			Pettingill, 1b.....	4	0	0	0	15	0		
Woodcock, 3b.....	4	0	0	5	0	1			Underwood, l. f.....	4	0	1	0	2	0		
Trowbridge, l. f.....	4	1	1	0	1	0			Nuts, p.....	4	0	1	0	2	0		
Judkins, r. f.....	4	0	0	0	2	0			Hunt, 3b.....	4	1	1	3	0	1		
	36	6	5	14	27	4				37	2	4	9	24	7		

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Colbys.....	3	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	—5
Pine Trees.....	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—4

Balls off Marshall, 92; off Nute, 70. Strikes off Marshall, 20; off Nute, 6. Wild pitch—Nute 1. Passed balls—Doe, 1; Abbott, 2. Reached 1b. on balls, Colby 4; Pine Trees, 6. Three-base hit, Worcester. Umpire, Mr. Soule. Time of game 1 hour and 45 minutes.

A LEGEND.

[From an ancient inscription on a railroad sleeper at Winthrop.]

Long years ago, beside a lake,
There dwelt a maid who "took the cake"

From all the maidens in those parts,
And from the boys she took—their hearts.

Fair as a lily by the brook,
'Tis strange yet true, her name was—Cook.

One afternoon in early fall,
Her mother from the door did call:

"Mirandy! go and get some wood,
And do it quick, just as you should."

She started off without a fear,
And noted not an Indian near,

Who, lurking there, did seize the miss
And planted on her cheek a kiss.

She seized a club—'twas laying round—
And felled the rascal to the ground,

Then took his scalp and hung the pelt
Upon her Russia leather belt.

The Indian—died, and 'neath the wave
That sparkled near, he found a grave.

The lake, from this adventure, took
Its present name—Miranda Cook.

THE COLLEGE PRESS.

We noticed in one of our exchanges a remark that the *Olio* contained a fine piece of poetry. Eager to see what might be called good poetry, we at once examined and found ourselves pleased both with the thought and expression. The *Olio* is by no means a dime novel, and yet the introduction of one of its leading articles: subject, "The Tongue," is as follows: "The evening was warm and the air had in it that drowsy haze that is peculiar to early autumn. I had nearly fallen to sleep over a volume of 'Half Hours with the Best Authors,' when my eye happened to light on a sermon on the government of the tongue. Too lazy to read, my mind once set to work, was soon busy with the thoughts of the tongues of many men and then of yours." The article is meta-

phorical in the extreme. Some of the expressions we are unable to appreciate. Here is one: "Thoughts of the tongues of many men." Another: "First, methought, you were one eager after knowledge, whose tongue was forever seeking some new thing." We do not understand the connection between these two clauses. But here is another still more original: "Your tongue has been trained to think." We would not be severe, but we can account for these expressions only on the author's confession that he was "too lazy to think" and so went to sleep burdened with too many warm biscuits that troubled his stomach and his conscience. More impressed are we that this is his condition by the fact that this thought comes to him in his dreams. "It is a fire, a world of iniquity, defiling the whole body, setting on fire the course of nature, and is itself set on fire of hell." The restless dreamer changes his position and again soliloquizes: "Never get off the track, i.e., do not lie. Lies are not black and white. If you have nothing to say, keep still. Think twice before you speak once." Is it possible that he did think *twice* before he wrote his dream and published it? It cannot be. The *Ohio* comes from Ohio, a distinguished State, and we expect much of it.

Not willing to see Ohio fall behind in college journalism, we find and examine another paper from the same State, the *College Transcript*. There is nothing small about the *Transcript*. Its broad sheets cover nearly one-half of our study table. It would look more tony in narrow gauge. It is now a little flabby. It presents sensible reading matter throughout. Evidently the paper is well manned and womaned. We get an idea from the *Transcript* that the college displays considerable gallantry. The presidents of the Senior and Sophomore classes are ladies. The ladies have a Garfield Club, and two, Lucy and Sallie, are on the editorial staff.

Although we are convinced that it is simply a waste of words to say that we are pleased with a paper without mentioning any improvement that might be made, we must, without suggestions, confess that we have a decided liking for the *Acadia Athenæum*. Those beautiful red covers! The article on mosquitoes, beg pardon, "Puny Pricking Pang Producing Pests," is not very instructive, but the author's experience is so vividly presented that our sympathy is at once enlisted. The *Athenæum* exhibits a vast amount of life. As we read the editorials we can almost hear the editor's voice. Not less are we impressed with his presence in the exchange column. After examining the paper we can say that the *Athenæum* lives, while in the case of many others we are obliged to say that they are dead. Oh, give us a resurrection.

The *College Mercury*, from Racine College, appears with an "enlarged space for reading matter." If so, why not give us something to read? At least one short literary article would have been welcome. The column of College Rhymes is well filled, and makes an attractive department, for those who are not familiar with the collection.

We cannot sympathize with the exchange editor of

the *Beacon* in his melancholy remarks as he looks out upon his year's work. The old axioms, "Sameness tires every sense," and "familiarity breeds contempt," come with considerable force to us all, even at this early period, but at present there should be no place for despair. Instead of this, in future numbers we hope to find in the *Beacon* that "atmosphere of learning and poetry" in which it professes to live. May despair, dryness, and baldness give place to genuine Methodist enthusiasm.

OTHER COLLEGES.

Rutgers College is one hundred and ten years old.

There are 170 colleges in the United States where both sexes are admitted as students.

James A. Garfield is a Delta U. from Williams College, Chester A. Arthur is a Psi U. from Union College.

Bowdoin College has received \$105,000 in gifts during the past four months, adding one-third to the working fund of the college.

Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, late of Boston University, has received the Volta Prize of the French Academy of \$10,000 for the invention of the telephone as "The best application of electricity."

Chrisman Hall, the new college for colored youth at Atlanta, has just been opened, and is already nearly filled with pupils. It has a president and five teachers, who are paid by the Freedman's Aid Society. Mrs. Chrisman, of Topeka, gave \$10,000 for the establishment of the college, and the rest of the \$40,000 which it cost came from the Freedman's Aid Society, and from Bishop Haven's efforts to get private subscriptions.

The conditions on which depends the removal of the Western Reserve College from Hudson, Ohio, to Cleveland, are stated as follows: New buildings are to be erected in Cleveland, for which the sum of \$100,000 has been received. The endowment is to be increased by \$400,000 by a generous donor; the present property at Hudson will be retained, and work there continued in the form of a classical and literary institution for business education and a preparatory department of the larger institution.

THE WASTE-BASKET.

A young lady may have *chic*, but it takes an old hen to have *chickens*.

I'd rather any day be an ill-bred originality, than a well-bred nonentity.—*Ouida*.

A paper recently headed an account of a double hanging, "Golden Slippers for Two."

"If an untruth is only a day old, it is called a lie; if it is a year old, it is called a falsehood; but if it is a century old, it is called a legend."

A man named his dog "Gosh," and once when the animal went to a picnic where some one stirred up a lot of hornets, he ran from one person to another as fast as his legs could carry him, to see what they wanted of him.

At dessert: Guests are telling anecdotes freely before the hosts' daughter. One says, "I heard a good thing the other day, but in the young lady's presence—" "Oh! never mind me. Pray go on," says the young lady graciously, "I'll shut my eyes."—*French Paper*.

The following rather curious piece of composition was recently placed upon the blackboard at a teachers' institute in Vermont, and a prize of a Webster's Dictionary offered to any person who could read it and pronounce every word correctly. The book was not carried off, as 12 was the lowest number of mistakes in pronunciation made: "A sacrilegious son of Belial, who has suffered from bronchitis, having exhausted his finances, in order to make good the deficit, resolved to ally himself with a comely, lenient, and docile young lady of the Malay or Caucasian race. He accordingly purchased a calliope and coral necklace of a chameleon hue, and securing a suite of rooms at a principal hotel, he engaged the head waiter as a coadjutor. He then dispatched a letter of the most unexceptional calligraphy extant, inviting the young lady to a matinee. She revolted at the idea, refused to consider herself sacrificable to his desires, and sent a polite note of refusal, on receiving which he procured a carbine and a bowie-knife, said that he would not forge fetters hymenial with the queen, went to an isolated spot, severed his jugular vein and discharged the contents of his carbine into his abdomen. The debris were removed by the coroner." We submit the same to the Faculty and students for experimental purposes.

PERSONALS.

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

'28.—The address of Rev. J. Chaplin, D.D., will be Newton Centre, Mass., after November.

'49.—Rev. Edward C. Mitchell, D.D., President of the Baptist Theological School, at Paris, France, has returned after a brief visit to New York, in the interest of his school.

'49.—J. S. Newell & Co., are Mechanical Engineers and Machinists, 71 Lincoln Street, Boston, Mass.

'49.—A. R. Brainerd is in Australia engaged in mining operations. His address is Royal Hyde Park Hotel, Sidney, New South Wales.

'68.—Rev. E. S. Small has accepted the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Livermore Falls.

'68.—Rev. H. M. Hopkinson, of West Wardsboro, Vt., has an exegetical paper in the *Baptist Review* for October.

'68.—Rev. E. F. Merriam, late of Livermore, is the assistant of Rev. I. N. Murdock, D.D., Secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Union and editor of the *Baptist Magazine*.

'69.—G. C. Fisher, Superintendent of Schools at Dover, N. H., has recently published a Teachers' Manual in Arithmetic.

'70.—Rev. F. H. Eveleth, of Burmah, has an article on the Buddhist Priesthood, in the *Baptist Review* for October.

'72.—Rev. H. R. Mitchell has resigned at Hinsdale, N. H., and accepted the pastorate at Conway, Mass.

'73.—Nathaniel Butler, Jr., is Principal of Highland Hall Boarding School for young ladies, at Highland Park, Ill.

'80.—C. C. King begins his school at Wilton, December 1st.

'80.—C. B. Frye is Assistant in the Waterville High School.

'81.—C. C. Spear has recovered from his illness, and is now Superintendent of Schools and teaching in Danbury, N. H.

'82.—W. A. Buxton, formerly of '82, has entered Brown University.

J. N. Buck, of Toledo, Ohio, says, "My father, before wearing the 'Only Lung Pad,' could not sleep nights on account of his violent coughing, since wearing it he has slept soundly every night." See advertisement.

Van Stone & Crosby, wholesale and retail druggists, Toledo, Ohio, say, "We have sold large quantities of the Excelsior Kidney Pad, and have been surprised at the unvarying satisfaction given by them." See adv.