

The Colby Echo.

VOL. VI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, JANUARY, 1882.

No. 4.

The Colby Echo.

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

COLBY UNIVERSITY.

EDITORS.

L. H. OWEN, '82.

H. M. LORD, '83.

C. A. TRUE, '82.

B. F. WRIGHT, '83.

Managing Editor.

F. N. FLETCHER, '82.

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. VI., No. 4.—JANUARY, 1882.

THE SANCTUM.....	37
LITERARY:	
Christmas Carol (poem)	39
Christmas Tide	39
The Dramas of England and France.....	40
The Death of Meg Merrilies	41
COMMUNICATION.....	43
THE CAMPUS.....	43
THE COLLEGE PRESS.....	45
OTHER COLLEGES	46
THE WASTE-BASKET	48
PERSONALS.....	48

THE SANCTUM.

By the new arrangement of terms the ECHO enjoys its second Christmas. In honor of this event it again puts on its "Sunday clothes" and wishes all a merry—etc.

THE proof-reading for the last two numbers of Vol. VI. has been necessarily hasty, in consequence of which quite a number of errors were overlooked. Although these errors have been either overlooked or kindly mentioned by our exchanges and subscribers, it is hoped that they may be avoided in the future as a matter of personal satisfaction.

THOSE vacant seats at chapel, especially in

the Junior row, suggest the propriety of giving the absent members a few words of encouragement, either positive or negative. Of the work lost by the members of the several classes who teach during the winter, none, as far as may be judged from an experience of three years, can exceed in importance that of the Juniors.

One of the most interesting and important studies of the term is the Physiology. Beside the direct information to be derived from the study, the study of language from Mr. Huxley's text is an item of no mean importance. Here as never before the student learns that words have a definite use and meaning. After a term's critical study of Huxley he is able as never before to detect in himself and others the constant misuse of terms. The beauties of the language, those who make up this work cannot stop to consider. Again the regular work in this department is not found solely in the text-book but consists of outside reading and such classroom talks as one can ill afford to lose. It is also an almost indispensable preparation for the study of Intellectual Science. Many of the misty problems of this science are readily solved by the study of the nervous system. The fact that Mrs. A. undoubtedly saw what she said she saw, once firmly fixed, lessens the work of the Senior year, inasmuch as is settled there the testimony of the senses and of consciousness.

The work in Latin is of great interest. As in the Physiology we have a drill of great value in the use of terms, so in the study of the Latin the use of words plays no small part. The particularly interesting feature of the work is the analysis of the subject read as a whole and by chapters. To make a clear analysis of the argument of each chapter, a thing which no one supposes the author, Cicero, to have done, not only cultivates the imagination but assists the student in one of his most difficult tasks, the proper analysis of a subject for writing. It is to be regretted that any are obliged to lose work of such interest and vast importance as comes in the winter term of the Junior year.

HAVE we an examining committee? The catalogue says we have, consisting of seven members. It was with no little interest that a visit of this committee was looked for by the students and officers during the closing week of our last term. It was expected that the newly chosen committee would magnify their office and appear all polished for the occasion, full of sharp questions, and fully prepared to appreciate our equally sharp replies and learned dissertations. We were, however, as usual doomed to disappointment. The natural conclusion that we arrive at is, that the salary of the committee is *not great and that it is quite as profitable to stay at home*. So long as a college pretends to have such a committee it ought to have a good one,—one that will attend promptly to its duties. Composed of business men or clergymen whose every-day thoughts are remote from our own, it is interested to attend the examinations only as a matter of curiosity. In the same spirit, a spirit of curiosity, the student looks for their coming. He is confident that he knows equally as much as the committee, and is, therefore, aroused to no special effort in preparation for their coming. Composed of the right material it ought to add much to the interest and zeal of both students and officers. To judge of the work in Intellectual Science there is need that the committee should be composed of men of high culture. The service of such a man as Noah Porter as a member of such a committee would be invaluable. The fact that such a man was to test our knowledge of his own book would be a stimulus to get a correct idea of the subjects studied, and to interpret correctly the thought of the author. Without doubt it would also be a source of satisfaction for the officer in charge to have the opinion of the author as to the manner in which he was teaching his book. Such a man would appreciate the work in all departments, whether of mathematics, languages, or the sciences. One man, a scientist and philosopher, would be of more value to the college, as an examining committee, than seven who are not particularly interested in our work, and who visit us once a year at most.

THE mention of an improvement generally carries with it the impression of uneasiness and dissatisfaction. Whenever changes that appear

desirable are mentioned in these columns, it is hoped that they are not made with any degree of blindness to the many advantages given us by our *Alma Mater*.

While we could not, if we would, exchange the quietude, high moral tone, and beautiful scenery of our village for the noise and bustle of a city, we can but help feeling that the advantages presented by a city, as a place for education are much greater than those offered by a rural village. If a college course means simply downright plugging, then the backwoods of Maine must present pre-eminent advantages. One might thus pursue a course prescribed by a college curriculum as well there as anywhere. It may be true that a village is better adapted to the pursuit of a college course, a city for professional studies, but there are many who go to college who are unable to take a professional course, either at a university or elsewhere. Such men especially feel the need of a judicious mixture of these advantages. A thorough knowledge of books and the mastery of principles must be considered of prime importance. But a personal acquaintance with men of culture must be of great assistance in this very thing. We can understand what a man means vastly better by hearing him talk than by reading his books. This is a single advantage presented by some cities, and it is by no means an imaginary one, since one great object in the study of books is to become acquainted with men.

In a city a lecture course is not an uncertain thing. New England villages are few, however, where such a thing is attempted. Where it is attempted the result is, as a general rule, a failure. Here, in the model village of Waterville, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Humpty Dumpty" are the standing entertainments. They are well patronized, too, while a lecture by Wendling, Tourgee, or Beecher command an audience similar to that of a country prayer-meeting on a rainy day,—few in numbers, but very select. The result is that it is very seldom that we have the pleasure of hearing such men. As a college, however, we need not be without a lecture course. A large number of the students are anxious to hear a course of lectures from our Faculty, and have great confidence in their ability to give such a course as will combine pleasure with much profit. It is hoped

that these desires may be realized, and that the beginning may be soon made in the lecture spoken of in our last issue.

LITERARY.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

The stars are shining brightly down
On peaceful Galilee;
On moor and mountain, vale and town,
From Sharon to the sea,
On Zion's hill, the sacred mount,
On lofty temple walls,
Alike on peasant's humble homes
And proud Herodian halls.
When suddenly from out their midst
There bursts a radiant star,
And flings its beams of mellow light
O'er Palestine afar.
The harbinger of new-born life,
A joyous, wondrous birth,
That brings salvation's blessings down
To all upon the earth.
More wonderful and glorious
Than seraphim or man
Have ever heard in heaven or earth,
Since heaven and earth began.
For down in lowly Bethlehem,
Out on the distant plain,
Immanuel draws the breath of life
With lowing cattle lain.
And lo! the Magi, bowing down
Before his infant feet,
Are spreading out their glittering hoard
Of costly presents meet.
While in the Virgin's face so fair
The dawning light appears
Of motherhood so grand and sweet,
Of travail born and tears.
Far out beyond the city walls
The faithful shepherds keep
Their nightly vigils long and dark,
Around the feeding sheep.
And now a wondrous melody
Bursts from the radiant skies,
And heavenward all the shepherds now
Do lift their startled eyes.
For with wings of snowy whiteness
Flashing through the arching blue,
Have come celestial messengers
With joyful tidings new.
And now with wildly throbbing harps
And happy voices choired,
They sing aloud to earth and sky
The joyful words inspired,
Ere with a swift and mighty rush
Of bright angelic wing,

And while the trembling echoes still
In heavenly arches ring,
They vanish as a passing dream
Up from the longing sight,
And leave once more in solitude
The watchers of the night.
E'en thus in earthly lowliness
Was Christ the Saviour born,
And thus in holy jubilee
Did break salvation's morn.

Glory! Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory be to God, most high!
O'er the mountains light is breaking,
Our redemption draweth nigh.
Swift and jubilant to meet Him,
Be thou, O, my weary soul,
Long hast thou for Him been waiting
As the flying seasons roll.
Praise Him, all ye people, praise Him,
Who hath rescued you from woe;
Praise our glorious King Immanuel,
Him, from whom all blessings flow.
Never ending is His kingdom
And His years shall never cease;
Praise the everlasting Father
And the mighty Prince of Peace.

F. W. F.

CHRISTMAS TIDE.

Christmas tide! What a bright, golden time it is! This season of all the rest, is the best, the gladdest and the happiest of the year. Now are none too poor to smile, none too sad to wish his neighbor "Merry Christmas." Joy and good will, which are the especial accompaniments of Christmas are never wanting on that day. Other festivals may come and go, and fail to bring their wonted sentiments of thanksgiving, patriotism, or even sorrow; but Christmas—joyous, happy Christmas, is forgotten and disregarded by none who have heard down through the ages the echo of that song voiced by the angel of the Lord, "For unto you is born this day——!"

The gayest sights and sounds greet us on every hand. Out on the clear morning air are heard chimes of bells, organ notes, and songs of children. The strong odor of Christmas trees, the bright berries and sprigs of mistletoe, all lend their peculiar charms to the season and help to make it one which shall be remembered all through the year.

But above this momentary pleasure and these symbols of friendship, the historian and

the philosopher see greater things. They see the consummation of plans, the working of laws, and the results of causes which are indebted for their existence to the birth of principles so startling, so beneficial, and so grand that their advent marks an era in the history of the world. It is not the birth of Christ we celebrate, it is the birth of the civilization which His teachings brought, whose anniversary we hail.

What has Christian civilization done for those lands where its influences are felt? It is a trite question, doubtless, but it may not be amiss to ponder upon it once a year at least. We need not, merely, from a theological point of view consider it, but from the high vantage ground gained by Christian countries looking out over that portion of the world which is still lying in the valley below, looking out from the hills smitten with the light of universal liberty, and the light of education, and the light of invention, and the light of social and intellectual improvement we may see that this civilization has brought blessings that those dwelling still in the valleys know not of.

There is another charm about Christmas, which, though more subtle, is none the less an offspring of the festival—it arises within the soul—and like all the deliverances of the soul reacts upon that which gave it birth. We experience on Christmas those peculiar emotions which tell us that another division of time has gone into eternity. A year has passed—we stand between the old and the new—we may look both ways, may feel what we have been, hope what we may be. This tendency to review the past and plan for the future, on such anniversary days, may not be easily explained, but it is not without its beneficial results.

We have learned that self-contemplation is a means of self-improvement. If then Christmas does no more for us than to set us thinking, the day may not be without its benefits, for the most careless must concede that it is well to be in some degree heedful of the lessons which the soul strives to teach on Christmas Day.

THE DRAMAS OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

At a comparatively early period, the dramatic literatures of England and France, exhibit an era of great and distinctive development.

These two eras are similar, in their respective positions in the literary development of the two countries, and are similar in many other respects; and yet, they offer many striking points of difference.

In England, we see just emerging from the barbarism of the middle ages, a nation young, strong, and hardy. Its veins throb and muscles quiver with intense life, and its brain is active with all the energy of newly-developed power. The country was occupied largely by yeomen, free and sturdy, and thickly scattered with residences of the inferior nobility, while many of the greater barons lived on their estates in friendly connection with their tenantry. The mass of the people were men who were strong of heart and hard of head,—men whose triumphs on land and sea garnished the English name with a glory even brighter than that won by the fair-haired Edwards and Harrys from the hands of reeling France.

The manners of the time were coarse and rough. Men's passions ran high, and swords were drawn upon the slightest provocation. Henry VIII. was violent and tyrannical, and his great daughter was hardly more gentle. It was a time when Nature, fierce and untamed, asserted everywhere her authority.

On the other hand, the state of society during the period of the French drama was far different. The France of that day had left the middle ages far behind. Her fields were tilled by a poor and miserable peasantry, and her nobles were all gathered about the glittering court of Louis XIV. It was an age of great achievement, but everything was artificial and subject to strict laws. Fashion was inexorable; the Academy ruled the language with arbitrary power; and war, even, was made a matter of science. Passions ran as high as ever, but even these were subjected to the conventionalities of the time. Swords were drawn on as slight provocation as before, but the duel was not the act of the angered animal, but that of the offended man of honor, and was regulated by a multitude of inflexible rules.

The literature of these periods was the natural outgrowth of the time. The English were men of active and vigorous imagination, and they required strong food for both brains and body. They were mostly wild young men, dependent on literature entirely for a living.

Rich and poverty-stricken by turns, they drained to the dregs the pleasures and the miseries of both conditions. Nearly all were men of the lower middle class, and but few even were of good character, while many passed their lives in the wildest excesses. Their errors, however, were almost entirely on the animal side of human nature, and were only evidences of that immense vitality which pervaded all their works.

The age demanded a literature which should sweep the whole range of human experience, and the dramatists resolutely determined to meet this want. In conception they were bold, in execution defiant of all rule. They simply strove to present human life as they saw it. They presented every phase of life, every type of character, and every shade of passion.

Their works were always executed in a style suited to the conception. At times they were coarse; at other times they were refined and noble, rising to heights of beauty which have never been surpassed. On account of this faithful agreement of style and subject, a charge of licentiousness and immorality has often been brought up, but such a charge is entirely unsupported by the facts. With a single exception, no one of the dramatists of this age ever wrote a play of immoral tendency. They may have used coarse language, but they wrote for ears accustomed to such things. They never represented vice as attractive or desirable, but on the contrary, they always exposed it as an object to be hated and shunned.

In the dramatic period of France we find productions of a vastly different nature. Artificial as everything was in the France of that day, nothing was more artificial than the drama. The writers of the time were men who lived quiet lives, who worked slowly and carefully, spending considerable time in the critical reading of the best authors, ancient and modern.

They relied greatly on the classics, made them their guides and models, and studied them carefully and lovingly. They were literary men writing for a society which had run mad after the "correct" in art; consequently they wrote according to rule, and from a careful consultation of the best models. They wrote for ears easily shocked, therefore they wrote with a constant view to proprieties.

The French dramatists sought to present, simply, embodiments of idealized passion and

sentiment. They represented no action at all; all the events of the drama took place unseen. Instead of acting before their spectators, their characters simply pose statuesquely and utter lofty declamation. The passion and sentiment they depict is of the very highest, and the representation of it is wonderfully vivid and powerful, considering the means at their disposal.

With this school, as with the other, the style and matter correspond. The French dramatists were careful observers of all unities. Their style was not only hampered by the thousand conventionalities of the classic school, but subjected to the requirements of one of the most arbitrary and exacting schemes of verse ever devised. Yet the works they have given to the world, in point of style, are the perfection of classic elegance and finished execution.

In each of the two schools the dramatic art reached the highest point it has ever attained in either country. The one was the drama of art, the other that of nature. The one was polished and beautiful, but cold and severely intellectual; the other was rough, but it went straight to the heart. The drama of nature, however, is capable of all the polish of the drama of art; while the latter can never attain the richness, variety, and power of the drama of nature. Another proof of the essential superiority of the drama of nature, is the fact that the Elizabethans founded a school which is now followed by the whole world, while the school followed by the French writers is to be studied only in their pages and those of their classic models.

D.

THE DEATH OF MEG MERRILIES.

All who have read Scott's *Guy Mannerling*, will doubtless remember the chapter in which occurs the denouement of the plot, as containing in the story of the death of Meg Merrilies, one of the most romantic and impressive incidents to be found in any of the *Waverley* novels. The weirdness of the scene described constitutes the chief interest of the sketch, and if the imagination be allowed free scope to bring the scene fully before one's mind, it will not soon be forgotten. We all know how greatly the enjoyment of reading a large portion of modern literature is increased by the possession of a strong imagination, and hence any moments

spent in cultivating this power are perhaps not wholly thrown away. It may not be without some purpose, therefore, if we endeavor to bring more vividly before our minds a full picture of the cave scene in Guy Mannering.

The villain of the plot, a smuggler captain, hunted down by officers of justice, was staying for concealment in a secret cave on the cliffs of the sea-coast, near the place where many of his crimes had been committed, and it was there that he was betrayed by the gypsy queen to those whom he had wronged. We can conceive the picture.

In a gloomy cave, hidden in the wildest part of the sea-coast of southern Scotland, we see the smuggler. In that place the violence of the wintry day without is made known only by the hoarse whistling of the sea wind, as it howls about the narrow entrance to the cavern, and by the uninterrupted moan of the surf on the cliffs below. Within, revealed by the red glare of a fire of glowing embers, we can make out the walls of the cavern stretching away into the gloom, and the man himself seated before the fire, his face being ever and anon lit up by the ruddy blaze proceeding from the dry brush which he occasionally placed upon the embers. As he gazes upon these, the remains perhaps of some luckless craft which had been wrecked upon these shores, his mind reverts to the time when his own vessel was driven upon this very coast, and to the scenes of blood and violence which followed.

Though in his bosom a feeling resembling remorse was something almost unknown, yet as he sits there alone, friendless, hunted down, and in danger of his life, his guilty mind trembles and his resolution almost gives way. Beyond him, in the black recesses of the cavern, is darkness impenetrable, which to him seems filled with phantom shapes which may at any time burst forth upon him. Huge shadows, thrown by the fitful glare of the fire, hover on the rocky walls like spectres, as if they were the reflections of those ghostly images and thoughts which come crowding in upon his guilt-convicted mind. He sees before his eyes the mangled body of the man, whom, years before, he had murdered near this very spot. As the cold, biting wind blowing from the foam-crested waves of the ocean shrieks around the mouth of his hiding place and through every fissure and cleft in its stony

vaults, he shudders, thinking he hears the shrieks of his victim for mercy, and in the roar of the breakers, lowered and disguised by its passage through the narrow windings of the entrance, he hears the groans of the dying man.

We see him, haunted by these memories of the past, start and grasp his weapons at the noise occasioned by the entrance of his old associate, Meg Merrilies, and of the avengers who, unknown to him, now lie concealed in the tortuous passage close at hand. We hear his harsh and grating voice as he addresses her, angered at the fear which her coming had inspired in his breast, and yet with a feeling of relief at the presence of any human being. Weird indeed is the picture. She, a giantess in height, wrapped in a red mantle, moves about the cave, sometimes almost hidden by a circling cloud of smoke, and then thrown into bold relief by the flames. There is something unearthly, too, in the scene, as her tall, gaunt figure—now standing out brightly, now almost lost in the gloom, stalks about the smuggler like one of the Furies of old Roman mythology.

But how suddenly the scene changes when Meg Merrilies gives the signal to the lyers-in-wait. Though to the desperado his betrayal and the sudden onset of his enemies was a surprise, yet the burning desire for vengeance on his betrayer, quicker than the movements of his foes, took form and spent itself ere he could be reached by them. One discharge of a pistol sufficed for his purpose. We see the stately form of the gypsy queen tremble, reel and fall; we hear the shouts of the struggle that ensues, and then we can almost feel the perfect silence that settles down throughout the cavern, following the departure of the victors for aid.

Soon they return and gently take up the dying form of Meg Merrilies. "I kenn'd it would be this way," she said, "and it's e'en this way that it should be." Then, indeed, they read the depth of love in her heart for the heir of Ellangowan, and very tenderly did they bear her to the open air and to her old hut on the heath, deserted for so many years. There they gather round her. The shouts that proclaim the accomplishment of her heart's desire, that the long lost though rightful heir, should be restored to his inheritance, seem to arouse her even when life is almost gone. Tremblingly

she raises herself on her elbow,—her lips move.
Listen. "Its a' ended now,

Pass breath,
Come death!"

And the scene is finished.

H. K.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editors of the Colby Echo:

The various and perplexing difficulties which arise when a new managing editor takes charge of the business department of the ECHO have suggested to the present manager a few changes that might prove beneficial in the management of the paper; and they are offered for the consideration of the members of the Publishing Association.

At the beginning of the present college year it was utterly impossible to ascertain from the books of the Association how much money, if any, there should be in the treasury. The same must have been true of every previous year; for so far as the books go to show, no account of expenses has been kept. Indeed the only book kept has been a ledger, and this seems to have been kept in turn by managing editor and treasurer.

The way out of this difficulty would be to appoint a managing editor and assistant, the managing editor to keep the books; also to have a journal accounting for every business transaction, without which the work of the auditing committee is simply a farce.

Again at the annual meeting of the Association the managing editor reports the actual financial condition of the paper at that time; and then would be the proper time for the management of the paper to pass into the hands of the incoming manager who could take the report of the former manager and know at once the condition of the treasury. He would also have the former manager to advise him as to his first issue of the paper which would be of great service. This would of course necessitate no change of literary editors.

The present method of appointing a managing editor has its disadvantages; for no manager can be elected without the combination of two of the college societies, hence the election has come to be a "machine," so to speak, of

college politics, and the office goes to each society in turn, the business qualifications of the candidate being of secondary consideration. As a remedy for this difficulty, it is offered as a suggestion that the appointment of a managing editor be left in the hands of the Faculty, who would have no other interest in making the appointment than the success of the paper.

Finally, by careful and economical management, the ECHO can be made a financial success. And if the trustees of the college, who ought to have the paper anyway, and the alumni, not already subscribers, would take interest enough in the paper to subscribe for it a considerable sum might be annually appropriated from the treasury of the Publishing Association to the library fund. F. N. F.

THE CAMPUS.

Who owns the Elmwood?

Ditto, the \$182 prize?

How many did they take, Ezra?

Catalogues have come out at last.

The haunted house in Winslow. How much boys?

"Exercuating hard," a Freshman calls his Greek.

Prof. Elder, it is hoped, will lecture next month.

Did you get honorable mention in the catalogue?

Articles on Political Economy due in a week! We smile.

S. Matthews, '84, deals out the books at 22 N. C., this term.

Over three hundred Oracles have been subscribed for at the bricks.

A perfect furor for historical reading has settled down on the Seniors.

"Starry wanderers" is the nickname won by our noble astronomy division.

Fisher Ames is the most popular writer on Political Economy just at present.

The little boys among us indulge in snow-fights,—yaggers and Sophs included.

The Seniors are the banner class in numbers this winter,—only six of the members out.

Prof. Foster will lecture before the Boardman Missionary Society, the first of next term.

The æsthetic wave has reached us. Some of the boys are already “too-too” with their hair.

Seniors give an intellectual treat to the people of Waterville, about the first week in January.

The electric light has been given up since the Elmwood people found we were using it to read by.

“Juveniles” from the upper classes have songs sung for their especial benefit when they are present at shows.

“Ever Haunts Me,” whether this refers to the X he *expected* last term, to his Dutch or extra Latin, is unknown.

“Music of the spheres, stability of the solar system,” he murmured half asleep. “Why didn’t I take Mineralogy.”

It looks as if Mexico would have to carry on internal improvements without the aid of any volunteers from Colby.

The concert next Monday night, by the Waterville Musical Association, will be one of the finest treats of the season.

Try-a-kiss (Triakis) Octahedron is the kind of a crystal for D—m. He says he is willing if the other party don’t object.

Have the morning recitation at six A.M.; it will suit those at the bricks and will be a good thing for those who room out.

The Senior class regret the absence of Mr. Furber, who has been obliged to give up his studies on account of ill health.

“You are my own, sweet, beautiful dove.

’Tis you that I care for, ’tis you that I love.”

And then he tried to put on the coal hod for a rubber. The boys retired to smile.

A cloudy night,
A fence in sight,
No dog about,
Nor soul to hinder,
A hand stretched out,
A flap of wings,
Another turkey, boys, by thunder!

The base-ball dues are needed, but then, never mind about paying them, boys, wait till next summer term when the bills come rolling in.

The “bass” has appeared once more. This time Castine was the place he selected in which to eat the Thanksgiving turkey and get a whiff of the sea air.

Fourteen of the Seniors *study* the science of Mineralogy, seven *read* the beautiful Dutch language, and five members of the class are *reading* Astronomy.

The toasts at the late Sophomore *supper* (term before used is erroneous) are said to have been very fine, especially the two on the “Turkeys,” and “My Freshman.”

Kansas City was simply a dream in the minds of those two fruit-tree sellers. The letters which they promised to write for the ECHO from that spot are not to appear.

A Hook and Ladder Co. is the name of the latest college organization. It thus far consists of only one member, and, strange to say, his room is marked by *lack* of fire always.

New regulations about rooms have gone into effect and will soon be printed. A little more attention is paid to the rights of the outgoing class than formerly. Let a gradation of prices come next.

The state of the President’s health has compelled him to give up his class, and Prof. Smith now has the Seniors in Political Economy. The President will still be present at the regular college prayer-meetings.

The Seniors have voted to have a class-day but the time is not yet known; it is necessary for the Juniors to give up a few of their sacred rights to make the thing successful, and thus far they have declined to do this.

A funny fit seized one of the college boys in a barber shop down street, a short time ago. Thinking he recognized a college “bummer” in the chair he reached over and gently tweaked his nose. Some 190 pounds of flesh and about six feet of form slowly rising from a recumbent position convinced him of his mistake. Man begins in French, *Quelque*, — collegian, breaking in and gesticulating wildly, *tout de suite—si’l vous plaît—pardonnez-moi*,—do you smoke? He took, the thing was settled.

The Friend's Glee Club, whose members belong exclusively to the Sophomore class, give daily concerts at 4.30 P.M.; dances, under the management of the same concern, occur on alternate evenings just as study hours begin.

He went into the high school at recess, and took a back seat with one of the "big girls." When the school was called to order the teacher changed the seat of said girl and, amid the mirth of the scholars, left Soph alone in his glory.

The *Waterville Mail* after their well-nigh mortal blow of Nov. 25, will devote an entire supplement to "crushing" again the present number of the ECHO. Tickle it, somebody, with a temperance speech, so that it shall smile once more.

A very aristocratic company (tickets ten cents) went to W. Waterville, some evenings ago, to hear a lecture on "George Stephenson." The spacious town hall was crowded with the culture, wit, and beauty of the place. The lecture was an immense success.

Now we are to be represented in a college song book. This college is to furnish two original tunes and words to four original songs. Mr. Dennison, our committee, reports that all the above are promised, and the copies that will fall to our lot all subscribed for.

Our heartiest thanks are due to the Trustees and Faculty for raising our standard of admission to an equality with the best. The course presents so many changes and improvements, notably in the electives of the last two years, that we could hardly reconcile it to the old one.

The new and efficient gymnasium superintendent has begun well by having alleys, apparatus, etc., put in shape. The cushions are less like sand bags than formerly. When the gymnasium shoes come it is hoped heels will not be allowed on them. Now enforce the rules, with particular reference to Freshmen, for they need it most.

There are forty-four instructors at the University of Pennsylvania.

The students at Cincinnati University have published a long statement, requesting the removal of their president.

THE COLLEGE PRESS.

We have among our exchanges the *Columbia Spectator*. It attracts our attention at first by its unique State Prison cover and afterwards by its general worth. It is one of the few exchanges we have which contain cuts and illustrations. These are all good and give the paper an inviting and attracting appearance. The editorial department is not well sustained and might as well be omitted. This absence of editorial matter, which, to us seems a deficiency, is not due to a lack of ability, for the appearance of the rest of the paper gives evidence of the ability of the editors. The paper is of a style differing from our other exchanges, and is probably printed in accordance with the ideas of the editors. We like independence and we like the paper, and while gently, but firmly pointing out the seeming fault would gladly give the *Spectator* a front seat among college journals.

The *Bowdoin Orient*, in our estimation, does not come up to its standard of last year. The editorial department comes the nearest to that standard, being well filled and very well sustained. The article on the recent unpleasantness is sensible and to the point. As the *Orient* remarks, the daily and weekly newspapers have not treated the matter fairly, all have been ready to condemn, but none have been willing to make an examination of the affair. The occurrence was surely reprehensible, but the whole college should not be blamed for the acts of a few, nor should individuals be censured and frowned upon unless we have proof of their guilt. The papers have been unanimous in their condemnation of the six students arrested. Now the question arises, did all of these six students throw the stone which injured the eye of their fellow-student, or is it certain that any one of these six students threw the stone? Answers solicited. The editor of the local department is certainly original. He informs us in the last number of the *Orient* that S. T. White, of Colby, '85, intended to leave Colby and go to Bowdoin. We would not endeavor to hinder Mr. White from leaving Colby, but instead, with tears in our eyes we would give him our blessing and tell him to go; but as there is no gentleman in college by the name of White, we shall be obliged to restrain our tears and save our blessing.

The *Argo* from Williams College is a model college paper. It is finely printed, well arranged, and the contents of a high order. Although a new publication and having a formidable rival in the *Athenæum*, it readily takes a leading place among college journals. The *Athenæum* will do well if it can compete successfully with so dangerous a rival. As it is, we must give the *Argo* the foremost place, which is saying a great deal, as we consider the *Athenæum* one of our best exchanges.

The *Haverfordian* is a paper which we sometimes are tempted to think valuable, but oftener consider valueless. The last number is void of anything worthy with the exception of a few sensible remarks by the exchange editor.

The *Campus*, the publication of Alleghany College, Pa., always surprises us. From its appearance one would invariably judge that it did not contain much, and this judgment always proves a wrong one. The paper is small, but is printed in old style bourgeois type, so that it contains a large amount of reading matter. The *Campus* is a good representative of a college paper.

We receive this month among our exchanges the *Tech.*, from the School of Technology, Boston, this being its first number. The editors call the attention of its readers to its prize cover, for the designing of which one of the students received a prize. There was no need of calling our attention to that cover; we noticed it; we gloated over it; we shed tears over it. It carried us back to the days of our youth, when we were thoughtless school children. We were accustomed in those halcyon days to draw prize designs on our slates. The prize design before us brings back to us so vividly one bright summer morning in school, when the birds without were singing and the boy who came late was wailing and we were drawing just such a design on our slate. But instead of filling the central place with cherubs, we, in our childish innocence, gave that prominent place to our instructor, and to make the design look symmetrical, gave him a pair of wings and a split hoof. The teacher, when he beheld our design, was very enthusiastic. He was even more enthusiastic than ourselves. It will be unnecessary to remark that we drew a prize.

OTHER COLLEGES.

COLUMBIA.

The college has a school in political science.

The endowment of the college is about \$5,000,000. The total income is \$321,917.

The annual rush between the Freshmen and Sophomores resulted in a draw, and it was decided to settle the question by a tug of war. In this the Sophomores were victorious.

LEHIGH.

Three Chinamen, formerly members of '88, have been called back to China.

The college has a new monthly paper called the *Burr*, and is soon to have a new gymnasium.

A dance is held after the athletic sports and during the evening the medals are presented to the winners by the President of the University.

MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY.

Boating is receiving more attention than ever before.

The University registers 1370 students.

The University is to have a new museum costing \$60,000.

The degree of "Master of Pharmacy" is to be given to those graduates of the first degree in the school of pharmacy who show especial ability in original research.

YALE.

The college has a bicycle rink.

Yale has the oldest college annual in existence.

There are about 154,500 volumes in the library.

The students are greatly troubled by thefts from their rooms.

The Faculty has forbidden any student to solicit contributions from a member of a class lower than his own.

The Faculty are putting in practice the hostage system of making one or more men responsible for the actions of their classmates.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Prayers at Harvard are voluntary.

Dartmouth and Hobart have done away with class days.

Six Bowdoin students have been arrested on the charge of hazing.

The University of Berlin has 215 professors, and during the past academic year 5,027 persons attended their lectures.

The Johns Hopkins University begins its fifth academic year with 142 students. Seventy-five being graduates, fifty-two matriculates.

It is announced that all prizes, honors, and degrees which the Royal University of Ireland can confer, are open to women as well as men.

The Board of Regents of Wisconsin State University have adopted a resolution expressing the opinion that positions at Commencement should not be based exclusively upon marks of scholarship and rank, but other things should be taken into consideration.

Dartmouth opens with smaller classes in the classical department, but with larger in the scientific. Rev. Francis Bowen, to whom the professorship in Greek was tendered, did not accept the position, whereupon a graduate of '69 was chosen as tutor.

Study hours have been abolished at Carleton College.

The University of Vermont has a Freshman class of 25.

\$10,000 has just been given to Beloit for an astronomical observatory.

Rev. Dr. Campbell, for twenty years president of Rutgers, has resigned.

Cornell registers 340 students in the university, 59 of whom are Seniors.

The University of Washington Territory has 137 pupils in all departments.

Dr. Helen W. Webster, Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Vassar, has resigned.

Nearly two hundred colleges in the United States favor and practice co-education.—*Ex.*

At the University of Minnesota seven professors have been removed on the ground of incompetency.

A new Methodist college has been established at Fort Worth, Texas, under the name of the Texas Wesleyan University.

The leader of the classes at Vassar College is a Japanese girl. She is the *elite* of Japanese society, and is both stylish and popular.—*Ex.*

The Rev. G. Campbell, recently of Minnesota State University, has been appointed to fill the chair vacated by Professor Ladd at Bowdoin College.

Victoria University, of Manchester, England, has decided to grant academical degrees without demanding a knowledge of Latin and Greek. What next?—*Ex.*

A statute in the Williams College laws, which is fortunately a dead letter, requires any member of college, when called upon, to give any information that may be required.

Drs. Agnew, Hamilton, Barnes, and Woodward, four of the six physicians who were in attendance upon President Garfield, were graduates of the medical department of the Pennsylvania University.

A number of the Ohio colleges have formed a State Oratorical Association, the purpose being to hold annual oratorical contests. Kenyon, Oberlin, Ohio Wesleyan, Western Reserve, Marietta, and Wooster are included in the organization.

In the present Congress thirty-four out of seventy-seven Senators, and one hundred and twenty-eight out of two hundred and ninety-three Representatives are college graduates.—*Berkeleyan.*

Mrs. A. T. Stewart, in accordance with provisions in her husband's will, is building a new college in New York, to cost \$4,000,000. It will be the largest in America, non-sectarian, co-educational, and expenses will be put at a very low figure.—*Ex.*

At the University of California, in the mathematical classes, each student is allowed to assign his own lesson; the only requirements being that he shall report his progress each day for recitation, and be ready for an examination at a certain time.—*Ex.*

The use of tobacco is denied the unfortunate students of the University of Notre Dame, with the exception of the members of the Senior class, to whom this privilege is extended, as it is to any one obtaining a written request from his parents to that effect.—*Ex.*

The Northwestern University at Evanston, Illinois, now has a college of liberal arts, a college of medicine, a college of law, a woman's college, a biblical institute, a college of music, and a preparatory school. Oliver Mussey, LL.D., is acting President.

A new scholarship has been founded at Brown University. The income from the sum of \$3,000 is to be annually paid to the student passing the best examination in the first, third, sixth, and twenty-fourth books of Homer's Iliad, or in the Oration of Demosthenes on the Crown.

Four students of Purdue University, Indiana, have been expelled for refusing to pledge themselves not to join a "Greek letter society" during their college course. The right of the Faculty to expel students on such grounds is disputed, and the case is to be carried into the courts.

It is announced by the Richmond (Va.) *Dispatch* that only \$5,000 is now wanting to secure to the University of Virginia the gift by Mr. McCormick of the finest telescope in the world, an observatory, and an ample endowment of the chair of astronomy, the whole valued at \$125,000.

THE WASTE-BASKET.

Lives of gobblers all remind us
That in Christmas pleasures lurk;
When the Turk is stuffed with dressing,
Then we stuff ourselves with Turk.—*Ex.*

The æsthètes are daily gaining strength and assurance. They now speak of hash as "a mosaic."

Professor of Physics—"What is Boyle's law?" Diligent (?) Junior—"Never trump your partner's ace."—*Ex.*

"All love is blind," and it is well known that lovers never seem to need any light.—From the funny department of the *Waterville Mail*.

Co-education—Prof.—"Who will see Mr. T. before next Monday?" Lady Student (blushing)—"I shall probably see him Sunday night."

A homely girl with a small foot takes ten per cent. more comfort in this world than a pretty faced girl who knows it is all day with her if she falls over a log.

A fashion item says gentlemen's cards are larger than last year. Those we have been playing with lately are the same old size, and just as hard as ever to give up both bowers and the ace.—*Ex.*

The Brooklyn doctors examined a man to see if he was insane, and as they found six letters from other men's wives concealed in the lining of his coat, where his own wife had never found them, concluded that he was able to transact business.

Terribly Sarcastic Father—"Now, I must bid you good-night, Mr. John, for I have an engagement. But, say, why don't you stop and take breakfast with us some morning? You always go away an hour or two before it is ready.—*Ex.*

"I cannot sing the old songs," shrieked an amateur soprano the other night, and while she took in breath for the next line a young man who had looked in for a moment, was heard to remark casually but emphatically, "You just bet you can't." It broke up the concert.—*Ex.*

There was a young lady of Vassar,
Who allowed no young fellow to sassar;
When she met any beaux,
She would turn up her neaux,
And thereby would cause them to passar.—*Ex.*

PERSONALS.

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

'79.—Everett Flood has a very desirable position in the Lunatic Asylum of Worcester, Mass.

'79.—C. F. Warner is teaching at Millbridge, Me.

'80.—C. B. Frye is teaching an evening school in Boston.

'80.—F. C. Mortimer is in the office of the *Democrat and Chronicle*, Rochester, N. Y.

'81.—George A. McIntire is studying law in the office of Hon. A. G. Emery of Skowhegan.

'81.—Monroe, formerly of '81, is teaching an evening school in Chicago.

The following are the addresses of the students who are teaching:

Seniors:

G. A. Andrews.....	West Camden.
W. S. Bosworth	Athens.
B. A. Pease.....	Clinton.
W. E. Jordan.....	East Deering.

Juniors:

A. A. Cambridge.....	is preaching at Franklin.
W. G. Chapman.....	East Monmouth.
C. D. Edmunds.....	Milo.
H. W. Harrub.....	Lubec.
A. C. Hinds	Williamsburg.
M. A. Johnson.....	Vinalhaven.
Alfred King	Portland.
G. W. H. Libby	North Gorham.
H. H. Manser.....	Waterboro.
P. I. Merrill.....	Rockland.
E. C. Robinson.....	Frankfort.
E. H. Rowell.....	Conway, N. H.
S. B. Shepard	Bar Mills.
C. E. Tilton.....	E. New Portland.
W. R. Whittle.....	Ellsworth.
F. R. Woodcock.....	Somerset Mills.

Sophomores:

Nellie A. Bragg	Lincolnton.
J. E. Cummings.....	Biddeford.
J. L. Dearing.....	South Hampton, N. H.
A. L. Doe	Sprague's Mills.
T. P. Putnam	Houlton.
R. G. Ricker.....	Sumner.
E. F. Robinson.....	West Buxton.
G. W. Singer	East Madison.

Freshmen:

Chancey Adams.....	North Anson.
C. Carroll.....	Livermore.
F. H. Edmunds	Corinth.
A. M. Foss.....	Charleston.
J. H. Lord.....	Biddeford Pool.
E. E. Silver.....	Claremont, N. H.