

The Colby Echo.

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No. 8.

The Colby Echo.

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

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THE SANCTUM.

THE pleasanter weather of spring has usually been greeted by us with the liveliest anticipations. The Freshmen, emboldened by their peaceful sojourn among us and experiencing, doubtless, some of the freer sensations of college life, have taken this season to throw down a gage which has rarely been refused. That the Freshmen will "come out with canes," is taken as a matter of course; and the Sophomores have usually laid their plans accordingly. But the present year marks an innovation. The Freshmen, by a series of movements which they consider masterly, have aroused in the breasts of the Sophomores such a tumult of indignation that they can

barely restrain themselves. Bound by the ties of home, a class of undoubted spirit is compelled to sit tamely by and receive a positive insult as well as slight a custom, which, however silly, is enjoined by class spirit and college tradition. The Faculty are probably right. It is the privilege of every American citizen to do as he pleases about carrying a cane; and a "rush" is doubtless a "relic of barbarism." Still, every student who has witnessed the accession of class and college spirit which follows a "cane rush" must admit that the little ill feeling of the time is far preferable to that cloud of discontented hatred, which lawyers' lore and printers' craft has only aggravated.

IT MIGHT be difficult to define accurately what is generally termed "college spirit." It is too often confounded with lawlessness; and the examples of some colleges would even indicate that rowdyism may be an essential element. But it is manifest to every one that a true college spirit,—such an one as will keep alive interest in our *Alma Mater*, after the judgment of maturer years shall have placed college pranks in their true light,—can depend on no lawlessness for its energy. Still, it is a noticeable fact that as discipline grows more rigid spirit languishes. Such seems to be the case with us. We have the reputation of being much more "civilized" than students in many of our sister colleges; but we are far behind in college spirit. There has been a noticeable decadence in this respect during the last few years and, unless something happens, the future student promises to be either an industrious aspirant for the "mighty X," or a phlegmatic colorer of meerschaums. One sign of this change is the decline of college singing. Nowadays, a song on the campus has the novel effect of alarming the Freshmen and attracting "yaggers" from far and near. Base-ball also suffers. The Association is in a continual state of weakness. The number of students who attend its meetings is barely sufficient to transact

business. Yet on the action of those meetings the success of our nine, in a great measure, depends. About Field Day we are still more apathetic. In order to get even a respectable number of entries, the directors are obliged to employ a tact and persistency which would shame a confirmed book agent. Now if stricter discipline is really undermining our college spirit, in what better way can we regain it than by giving a more enthusiastic support to our sports? The excellence of our records will not only give us pride, but will foster a healthy public spirit.

COMMUNICATION.

[We have received the following letter from the publishers of the "American College Song Book."]

CHICAGO, May 9, 1882.

To Editor of College Journal, Colby University,
Waterville, Me.:

DEAR SIR,—We desire to express, through the columns of your valuable paper, our sincere thanks to the students of Colby University for the hearty co-operation and support they have given the "American College Song Book." We have depended for the success of the work upon the efforts of the college world in its behalf. These have been put forth with energy and heartiness, and the result is a collection unsurpassed, as college songs, in variety and beauty. They appear as the best selections from the songs of each of fifty colleges. The book is full of jolly ringing songs, abounding in humor and fun, and yet among them there are not wanting songs of a more serious or meditative character. In fact, they represent every phase of college life,—the "Prep.," the "Fresh.," the "Soph.," the "Junior," and the dignified "Senior" are all duly characterized.

As we sing these songs we imagine ourselves "Neath the Elms of Old Trinity," and feel the majesty and beauty of the place; or again in

"The quiet glade, deep in the shade,
The noisy brook, the cozy nook,
The charming seat, just right for two,"

which is the "Good old way at Brown." We hear the Pennsylvania boys singing their "Adoratio" to their own "too, too." With the Vermont boys we "Glide over the moonlit

waters of the Lake Champlain," and "With laugh and song we float along" to the Colby boys merry song. When we sing of the "Handsome Dartmouth Student," we wonder if some other Dartmouthonians wouldn't like a "Corner" on that Fem. Sem. Sofa. The "Sleigh Song" of Boston University carries us back to many a starlight night; and in "Love, Linger no Longer," "Oh Eyes so Blue," and "Good Night, Farewell," we sing again our old serenades. The "Vocal Waltz" is enchanting, and as we sing "Bowdoin Crew" or "The Race" we feel ourselves thrilled with the spirit that inspires the gallant oarsmen on to victory.

The book contains 256 pages, on all of which are songs, and with few exceptions the music accompanies every song. We have used beautiful tinted paper, and the binding is elegant, being rich silk cloth.

On the cover is a handsome design in gilt, embodying the title "The American College Song Book."

We have given college students this term, the benefit of the publishers, the jobbers, and the bookseller's profits, and hence we have been able to furnish the books at such a remarkably low price.

Before putting them in the hands of the trade, we shall continue to sell them, for a short time, at \$1.30 per copy.

Yours very truly,

ORVILLE BREWER & Co.,
441 W. Washington Street, Chicago.

LITERARY.

HERO AND LEANDER.

Around the rocky heights of Abydos
The rising tempest sobbed and murmured low;
The gull's discordant scream arose above
The booming of the surf upon the shore;
The gray, white-crested billows, coming in
From the Ægean Gulf, went racing up
The Hellespont like hurrying flocks of
Frightened sheep. The driving clouds increased the
Gathering darkness and the cadence of the
Sighing winds rose as a prelude to the
Storm symphonies which soon would sweep the bay.
Leander, pacing back and forth upon
The sands, sought anon the sea horizon
With restless, anxious eye, then the distant
Heights of Sestos, dimly frowning through the
Intervening gloom. Then pausing quick, he
Murmured: "The hour is come when I must seek
My love. O'er the stormy main a vision
Comes of waiting, outstretched arms. What though the

Mountain billows roll between us! I have
Breasted many times the waves before, and
Though Charybdis yawned before me, yet would
I essay the waters when the love-lit
Torch should beckon from the shore. But see, the
Signal now arises from the night, and—
I come, sweet Hero. O Poseidon, be
Thou merciful and stay the raging tide,
And thou, O Aphrodite, sea-born queen,
Whose priestess fair I now do seek, sustain
And bear me safely to her waiting arms.”
Thus spake he, and leaping down the slippery
Rocks, unmindful of the plunging foam, he
Sprang far out beyond the breakers. Pausing
But to shake the dripping brine from flowing
Locks, he sought with swift strong strokes the distant
Shore, where still the dim red spark of Hero's
Beacon glimmered through the gloom.

Madly burst

The boisterous storm. The winds emerging from
Their rocky caverns, lashed the Hellespont
To fury and flung its spray among the
Clouds. The crashing thunders rolled continuous
Echoes from the crags and the seething main
Boiled like a mighty cauldron.

On Sestos'

Storm-lashed cliffs an anguish-stricken maiden
Stood and wildly gazed upon the angry
Waters. With outstretched arms and pallid face
Throughout the long and weary night did she
Importune the mighty gods. Vowing now
To offer sacrificial victims at
The sacred shrines, then looking seaward through
The blinding mists, beating now her bosom
White, in mute despair, she passed the long night
Watches, till the dim, gray light of morning
Stole around her, while the tempest and the
Waters fell. Before the morning sunlight,
Fled the sombre storm-clouds and all trace of
Wrathful tempest vanished in the dewy
Brightness of the glad new day, save the surf
Still highly dashing on the shore. Among
The floating sea-weed, a mass of golden
Hair is glinting in the sunbeams and a
White and upturned face appears a moment
In the billow's undulations. One shriek,
Born of agony, pent-up and dire, broke
From Hero's pallid lips and then she ceased.
Gazing toward the distant temple, where she
So long had ministered to mighty gods,
Then down among the sea-weed, serpentine,
Which coiled around the form beloved, she
Walked with slow, proud step adown the rugged
Pathway, and paused not at the ocean's marge.
Out to where the sleeper lay she moved and
As the hungry waters leaped around her,
She softly called his name and murmured thus:
“O, my love, so cold and still thou liest
In the sea, our bridal bed. Faithful still
Art thou in death and worthy of my love.
Without thee, life is weariness and pain.
Thou wilt never come again o'er waters
Wild to taste the sweets of love with me, but
I will haste me now to share thy slumbers
And to lay me down beside thee in the
Bosom of the sea.”

F. W. F.

THE AZTECS.

History, desert-like, has its oases; spots
where the weary reader forgets his toilsome
way, and wanders, charmed, amid inviting scenes.

Such a spot in American history is the story of
the Aztecs of Mexico, or the Incas of Peru.
We read with wonder of their splendid archi-
tectures, their calendar stones, their monoliths
and pyramids, their palaces and temples, now
crumbling into dust. Pictures of their graceful
cities built out upon the shallow lakes and basins
of their valleys, with their floating gardens and
luxuriant terraces, are tempting to the most ep-
icurian imagination. But our interest is height-
ened not a little by the dark back-ground of
barbarism which the other savages of the conti-
nents present. Among these the Aztecs and the
Incas stand pre-eminent in civilization and intelli-
gence, like the ancient Phœnicians in Asia or
the early Egyptians in Africa. And then the
countries, especially that of the Aztecs! What
could be a more romantic seat for a people than
the picturesque valley of Mexico, nestling high
up above the sea, in its rough environment of
mountains, dotted with sparkling lakes and rich
with trees and with flowers.

To this valley came the Aztecs at an early
day, but just when or whence we cannot know.
Some who would deprive them of their glory
trace their descent from the Indians farther
north, and for the sake of this hypothesis are
not slow to eliminate from the usual accounts
given of them, everything which might seem to
lift them above the level of their humble ances-
tors. They convert the Aztec empire into a
mere confederacy of Indian gens, phratries, and
tribes, their noble Montezuma into a savage war
chief, elected by the league, their palaces into
tenement-houses, their pueblas into marshy bogs.
It would seem, however, possible to entertain
this view without depriving them of that un-
doubted glory and ascendancy which they his-
torically hold at the time of the Spanish con-
quest.

Another view of their origin connects them
with a still earlier race, which, it is said, origi-
nally came from Phœnicia. Reminders of that
early race are found in the ruins of great and
beautiful cities buried in the heavy forests of
Southern Mexico and Central America. Of
these, two of the most interesting to American
Archæologists are Palenque and Copan, both of
which were unknown to the natives living in the
immediate neighborhood, until sometime after
the conquest. So dense and impenetrable are
the mighty forests which have wrapped up in

their growing darkness these treasures of the past,—and who can tell what secrets they still hold, what undiscovered cities yet are slumbering in their depths awaiting the time of their resurrection?

Their own traditions, found in their hieroglyphic paintings, assign the origin of the Aztecs to a country which they called Aztlan, in the far north, from which they migrated by a slow journey, consuming four hundred years. When they reached the valley of Mexico their eyes were gladdened by the auspicious sight of a beautiful eagle, of royal size, perched on a cactus tree, holding a serpent in his talons, with his broad wings spread to the rising sun. Hailing with reverence this token from their god, they set to work and founded upon the marshy border of the lake, that beautiful city, named by our own charming historian, "the Venice of the Western World." This legend has additional support in the device of the eagle and the cactus, which form the arms of the Mexican Republic of to-day.

Many are the interesting particulars which relate to this people, but our limits only allow us to notice one or two. In their measurement of time they showed marvelous precision and knowledge. Their civil year was adjusted by the solar, and was divided into eighteen months of twenty days each, and each month into four weeks of five days each. A week of five *unlucky* days, belonging to no month, was added, making the whole number three hundred and sixty-five for the year. Now appears the marvel. At the end of every fifty-two years, they intercalated twelve and one-half days, which by the difference of an almost inappreciable fraction, exactly accords with the demands of modern science.

Their knowledge in astronomical science is all the more incredible, it is so disproportioned to their advancement in other walks of civilization. Their acquaintance with the cause of eclipses is evident from their representations of the disc of the moon projected on that of the sun. The periods of the solstices and equinoxes they had learned with accuracy, as also the sun's transit across the zenith of Mexico. But whence could they have derived all this? Certainly not from their polished rivals in the Southern Continent, with whom they had no intercourse whatever, and if we seek a solution among the scien-

tific Asiatics, while we find more or less general points of resemblance, we have to overlook some discrepancies so great that many prefer to accede the claim of Aztec originality.

In 1790, there was exhumed from the ruins of the great temple of Mexico, an exceedingly interesting relic of this people called "the calendar stone." It is an immense circular block of porphyry, on which are carved hieroglyphics representing the months of the year. The mass weighs about fifty tons, and was brought from the mountains beyond Lake Chalco, over a rough country crossed by streams and canals, a distance of many leagues, to the capital. Latrobe ingeniously explains this feat of transportation by suggesting that they may have employed the mastodon, remains of which have been found in various parts of Mexico. This will do nicely for a pleasant speculation, but the fact is settled beyond doubt that the Aztecs first saw trained power of that description in the horses of the Spaniards. Tradition says that while crossing one of the bridges the great mass fell through into the canal, but it does not tell us how they raised it out again, thus leaving the mystery of transportation even greater than before. But though we may not guess the machinery which they employed, we are, at least, profoundly impressed with respect for a people which give such a proof of mechanical genius. E. P. B.

ON BURNING UP OLD LETTERS.

Up the chimney the sparks are flying,
In the grate the ashes are lying
Of pages all written o'er
In days that are no more.
Letters of friendship and youth,
Letters of love and truth.
"What have I done?" you say,
"Thrown so much love away?"

Up the chimney the sparks are fled;
The ashes, all charred and dead,
Lie in the grate, 'tis true.
"I have done wrong," say you?
Ah! 'twere done at too great a cost,
If aught of love were lost!
But whatever, whatever betides,
Love forever abides!

CLASSICAL STUDIES.

Practical men are inclined to be a little narrow in their views; they certainly are not always to be trusted as educational guides; but they are clever enough to see the point of a lucid argu-

ment, and intelligent enough to stop asking a question which has been fairly answered.

Probably there is no question which a college man, whether graduate or undergraduate, is called upon by his practical friends more often to answer than this: "why so much attention paid to the study of Greek and Latin in a college course?" Or "why not put the time upon studies that will be useful?" Now surely if this question could be easily and satisfactorily answered, our practical friends would less often ask it.

As a matter of fact, the study of Greek and Latin does occupy a very large portion of the time devoted to a liberal education, and there must be some reason for it, and such a reason, too, as shall satisfy not only ourselves, but our most practical of friends, else we shall be driven to ask of the doctors, "Why is this?"

Many things in the world exist as they do, simply because they *have* existed as they do. So we strongly suspect that the real reason why Greek and Latin hold so over-prominent a place in a college course is because they do. This reason, however, would hardly satisfy our practical friends. Had not the school-men of the middle ages filled their university courses so largely with the study of ancient languages, the modern college courses would undoubtedly be far more equally divided between such studies and the sciences. But were there good reasons for so extensive study of the classic authors during the middle ages, and do the same reasons apply with equal force at present? At the beginning of the remarkable intellectual awakening which has lasted until the present time, the only knowledge of philosophy, science, and law was contained in the writings of the Greeks and the Romans. These languages were the store-houses of nearly all written knowledge, hence an intimate acquaintance with them was essential to the scholar. And owing to this reason, doubtless, more than to any other, the curriculum of mediæval universities was made to consist very largely of classical studies. For the scholar of that time such studies contained his literature, science, and philosophy. Does the reason for incorporating classic studies so largely into a college curriculum, have equal weight for their retention? The recent progress in scientific research has been so rapid, and the results so extensive, that, so far as science is concerned, the ancient languages are well-nigh valueless.

With philosophy it is somewhat different, for many of the questions discussed by the ancient authors are living questions to-day, and the superiority of the moderns over the ancients in philosophy, is certainly not so marked as in science; but yet all the important works of ancient philosophers have been translated into modern languages, so that a student may become well versed in ancient philosophy, and know nothing of the original language.

In literature, however, the reason for incorporation is quite as strong for preservation. The sources of high, noble inspiration are none too many in the world. Truth bravely spoken, lives nobly lived, are always the richest legacies of the past; and nowhere in all literature, can be found truths more fitly spoken, lives more nobly lived than are bequeathed to us by the literature of Greece and Rome. And here the practical argument, that all that is best in ancient literature is translated into English, so that we have it all with far less trouble, has little force; for, while, the translation retains the truth of the original, the beauty, which is after all the true source of the inspiration, is lost. Again, to the practical argument it may well be replied, who would read the translations? Probably not one student in a hundred would read Plato or Demosthenes, Horace or Cicero, were he not brought into contact with them in the original; yet many a student will confess that the simple beauty of Socrates's words and life, has inspired him with a far higher ideal of manhood and loftier conception of truth. It is this bringing of young minds into contact with the masters of literature and philosophy, that gives to the study of ancient classic authors its greatest value.

Hardly inferior to this is the value of language studies as a means of mental discipline. And here the practical suggestion, that the study of the sciences trains the mental powers quite as well as the study of languages, besides giving in addition, knowledge of every-day usefulness, is again at fault. It has been fairly demonstrated by trial in the German universities, that, for powers of rigid analysis and for logical acumen, the mind trained by the study of languages is superior. But a mind to be symmetrically developed needs both methods, and both it finds in all modern colleges. The present tendency is to devote more time to the sciences and less to the languages; but that either will eventually super-

sede the other is extremely improbable as well as undesirable. As the time devoted to the study of languages is lessened, it is probable that greater attention will be paid to the study of the literature and subject matter of the authors, and less to grammatical distinctions; more to the beauty and truth of ideas, and less to the syntax of words. Thus an enthusiasm will be aroused in the student that will not be destroyed by grammatical drudgery, and so the highest aims of the study itself will be reached.

Briefly, then, while it is admitted that undue attention is sometimes given to the study of Greek and Latin, yet it is stoutly affirmed that as a source of inspiration to high, noble endeavor, and as a means of intellectual training, no study is equal to that of the ancient languages, properly taught.

MACAULAY.

The first year of the nineteenth century gave to England one who early became renowned not only among her scholars but also among her statesmen and historians. Though Macaulay's career covers a period which was rendered remarkable by the presence of many distinguished men; yet the fame won by him has, in no respect, been eclipsed by the brilliancy of his rivals or tarnished by the mad assaults of his enemies since his death. His works still remain as a lasting monument of his fame and are worthy of the careful attention of every student.

He who reads his "Life and Letters" cannot fail to admire the noble character of Macaulay. Cheerful, generous, and kind, he was greeted with pleasure by the young and the old. If he sought wealth, it was to render himself independent in his opinions, to assist his relatives, and to satisfy his generosity. If he was ambitious to obtain honor, it was to give pleasure to his father and sisters. He was willing to undergo the heat and dust of the race to obtain the laurel crown; and what he did he did with all his might. In habits he was simple; from vices he was singularly free. If the fifty-nine years of Macaulay's life are at all monotonous, it is on account of the repeated successes which crowned his efforts.

In early life Macaulay formed the habit of

persistent reading, a habit which he never relinquished. During his spare time, whether walking or sitting, he was busy with his books. His love for reading was of the more service to him, as it was accompanied by a wonderful memory. What he read he never forgot. Nor was his mind less retentive of principles than of facts. It is not strange, therefore, that from such a capacious store-house of knowledge there should issue productions so varied in their learning, so brilliant in their rhetoric, and so replete with valuable instruction as were his critical, historical, and biographical essays. His "Milton" startled England and announced the approach of a great mind. So many were its beauties and so pleasing were its very faults that it is not surprising that Jeffrey was unable "to conceive where he picked up that style." This essay was followed by many others, among the most popular of which are "Lord Bacon," "Samuel Johnson," "Warren Hastings," and "Frederic the Great."

It was in these essays that he began to form that bold and brilliant style, which is so inimitable. In his criticisms he was just, sometimes even severe; yet his works bear the tone of an honest purpose and not that of envy and jealousy. He believed what he said, and said what he believed to be true.

At the age of thirty Macaulay entered Parliament. Here he showed his resources as an orator and statesman. Possessing such an extensive knowledge, skilled in argument and illustration, and full of patriotic emotion, when roused, he hurled forth such torrents of eloquence that he seemed to scatter all opposition. He was listened to with pleasure; and the report that Macaulay was "up" brought hearers from every direction. He was not, however, always successful in carrying his point; for he had not the patience to search out the minute variations of evidence or to trace the subtle operations of slight causes, and this sometimes brought defeat to arguments which had been so consistent. Though, at one time, failing of election to Parliament on account of his independence, he was returned with additional favor and popularity. That his ability was here recognized is shown by the high positions which he held.

During all this time several poems had appeared from the pen of Macaulay, which,

though less numerous than his essays, are not less worthy of praise. They have the highest finish and, in some parts, are expressive of strong emotions. In his "Lays of Ancient Rome," he is filled with the bold spirit of Horatius; thoughtless, he runs along with the singing Virginia, or suddenly pours forth the burning eloquence of Icilius; and now he shouts the praises of Rome. All his poems have the same spirit and are not wanting in interest.

But Macaulay was pre-eminently a historian. He was thoroughly familiar with Tacitus, Herodotus, Thucydides, and every modern writer of note in this department. His extensive knowledge, his brilliant imagination, his wonderful command of language, and his varied experience as a public man had given him a very effective and popular style. His position in the Commons, in the Cabinet, and in the House of Lords, as well as in society, gave him access to the most valuable records and public documents, so that he had every means at his command that a writer of history could desire. His opinion, as to what history ought to be, had early been expressed in one of his essays, and he made every effort to conform to that opinion. That his "History" was a success is seen by the popularity with which the work, though unfinished, has been received. As fascinating as a novel it was found on the tables of drawing-rooms more frequently than the Waverley Novels or the work of Thackeray. The brilliancy of the descriptions, the clearness and rapidity of the narratives, the graphic delineation of the characters, and the skill with which the dry places were made interesting and the barren places attractive render it, as a work of art, difficult to surpass.

Though the "History" is written with such boldness and independence of style as almost to carry the reader along by force; yet it should not be taken alone as an authority. The partisanship of all historians, in a greater or less degree, cannot be denied. This fault in Macaulay is certainly less than in others; for he had no theory to maintain, and what he wrote he fully believed. His memory was not wholly an assistance to him; for it is not to be supposed that the love and hatred, formed in early life, for the characters of his "History" were to be changed very much by the lapse of years or by further

study. His admiration and contempt are intense, and many are the men who have fallen at his hands. As with individuals, so has he dealt with bodies or classes of men, winning alike their esteem or hatred. With William Penn and the Quakers he has dealt with unmerited severity. In degrading Ferguson, Oates, and others he has used, with rhetorical effect, a description of their personal appearance; as if one's deformities had anything to do with his character.

These few blemishes should not, however, detract too much from the great work. The perfect history has never been written, and it is on comparing Macaulay's with others that its merits are seen. Though twenty-two years have elapsed since the death of Macaulay; yet, as we glance back at his noble character and at his career so full of labor, let us believe, as is written on the lasting monument at Westminster Abbey, that

"His body is buried in peace
But his name liveth for evermore."

A. K.

THE CAMPUS.

Herzlichen Glückwunsch.

New foul flags.

Article in last Wed.?

"O thou that rollest above!"

Shailer bears away the palm for grit.

Sam says the Sophs. need thinning out.

Senior examination in electives, May 20th.

Best boat in town for sale. Who wants it?

The days of the organ man and monkey are here.

Coburn and Wyman, of '81, were in town recently.

Seniors have their final examination Monday, May 29th.

Musical festival at Bangor took away a few of the boys.

Rain prevented the game with the Bates last Saturday.

The Sophs. take a lively interest in the department of applied mathematics.

Bowdoin and Colby play their second game at Brunswick, the 31st of the present month.

Instructor Robertson arrived in town last Sunday morning.

Horse-back riding is the favorite occupation of the rich boys in college.

More improvements on the grounds between the campus and the station.

New suits for the Seniors and sad looking faces for the Waterville tailors.

Crawford, '82, has been elected marshal for Class Day in place of Perry, resigned.

It is rumored that Sam polished off a Freshman with the gloves last week.

Will the cause of the broken window in the reading room step up and settle the bills?

The "Beats" haven't had a supper for at least a month. What is the trouble?

The Elmwood has been newly carpeted, painted, and papered, and is looking immensely.

Prof. Small is to be referee, and Prof. Foster, with Instructor Doldt, judges for Field Day.

Boozy has at last had his picture taken, and Carleton says he is ready to retire from business.

A number of second prizes will be given Field Day, for just what contests has not yet been decided.

The men training for the jumps have worked so hard as to break one iron dumb-bell and lose another.

The practice of the Sophomores and Freshmen preparatory to their base-ball contest has been highly amusing.

Boating season again; flies, mosquitoes, and other (?) attractions will be afforded by the Messalonskee, as usual.

An old house stood in front of the campus all one night and nothing happened to it. Where is the Sophomore Class?

The Sophomore classes of Bowdoin and Colby are to play a match game of ball in Lewiston about the last of June.

The Faculty have contributed generously to the base-ball treasury; let the boys see that they do their part as well.

The sign in the window of 6 S. C., was placed there by somebody *not* an occupant of the room. It is fair to suppose it to be his property, though thus far he has not appeared to claim it.

"Varieties," given in the Town Hall lately, were a great success, audience and applause being furnished mostly by students.

"Oh! I was thinking of the *man*," said the Senior, and the applause which followed showed that her classmates appreciated the joke.

An enterprising Senior has discovered, within the covers of an old review, an original article delivered by one of the class of '79.

New rubber rings in the gymnasium, and the belt formerly adapted to the waist of Barnum's Fat Woman has been reduced to a rational size.

Prof. Doldt closes his work in the gymnasium this week. It is thought that the interest awakened and impetus given to sports will be maintained.

Some people (and we suggest nobody) are respectfully requested to desist from using the windows of the Boardman Missionary Room as blackboards for their *artistic* designs.

Now comes the bitter trial to the Senior's feelings when he has to step down to the photographers and pay twenty-five cents a head for the pictures of members of the Faculty.

The invitations of the Senior Class for Class Day and Commencement are very fine. The engraving is a special one from a design furnished by the chairman of the executive committee.

The saddest sign of depravity in the Freshman is to see him scull off the campus Sunday night after the church bells are through ringing, saying as he starts, "I guess t'would be a good plan to go to meeting after all."

An anonymous communication purporting (?) to be poetry, has been received by the editor-in-chief of the ECHO. If the writer will disclose the name or names, as it couldn't have been original with *one*, the boys will esteem it a favor.

Burt, '83, has been disabled and obliged to retire from base-ball. The nine for the season will be stationed as follows: Barton, '83, Doe, '84, Ryder, Bosworth, and Garland, '82, Woodcock, '83, Wright, '83, Andrews, '82, Emerson, '84, in the order their names call for. The practice of the nine has been good, and they play together well. In some points the nine is not as strong as formerly, but as a whole it has not been in better shape for some time.

The fine on overdue books is netting the library quite an income. Prof. Hall proposes to purchase books like the "Danger of Neglect," "Folly of Forgetting," "Evils of Procrastination," and so on, with the money.

Rev. Messrs. Burrage, of Portland, and Bake-man, of Auburn, of the visiting committee, have attended several college exercises during the past month. With one of these gentleman the secretary and treasurer of the Senior Class is a special favorite.

Attendance at Commencement this year promises to be large. Two classes, '57 and '79, are to have reunions. The members of the latter class will be present in force, so Allen, present instructor of youth in our sister city of West Waterville, informs us.

The Baptist sociable spoken of in the last issue as a thing of the past, was reported, as we fortunately found out later, incorrectly. Another one has brought gladness to the hearts of the citizens and students of Waterville, and tears to the eyes of the Seniors who attended for the last time.

Banquet of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity in Portland, last month, was a great success. E. F. Tompson, of '82, and King, of '83, represented the active members of the Colby chapter. Prof. A. W. Small, of Colby, was chosen poet for the regular meeting of the association next fall.

More entries for Field Day this year than ever before. One person can enter but three contests, a law made necessary from the fact that in years past one man has taken half of all the prizes. This plainly increases the average man's chances. Rules that govern athletic sports in general will this year be strictly enforced.

The American College Song Book was issued May 15th, and will soon be here. "Bar-carolle," "The Nose," "In Praise of *Alma Mater*," and "Old Colby Our Glory" are the titles of the four songs furnished by members of this college. Words for the first two were furnished by F. W. Farr, for the third by B. R. Wills, and for the last by Henry Dexter. Original music was furnished for the second by W. C. Philbrook, and for the third by W. C. Crawford. Already a good number of the books have been ordered here, and without doubt they will satisfy our hopes.

For the last two Saturdays the nine has played with the White Stars, the scores in the two games standing 12 to 7 and 20 to 1 in favor of Colby. The second game was by far the better of the two. Its special features were the pitching of the gentleman from Clinton and a hard running fly catch by Andrews. The batting of the nine was excellent; in this last Ryder leads. "Cleems" is the scorer for the season. He has all the modern improvements in his line.

The first ball game of the season between the college nines of the State was played Wednesday, the 17th inst., on the campus between our nine and the Bowdoins. The result is a matter of pride to all friends of Colby, and furnishes a first-rate send-off for our nine. The Bowdoins were beaten at every point. "Clackey" was a trifle nervous in the the first inning, but this wore away and for eight innings following not one of the Bowdoins crossed the home-plate. The features of the game were the pitching of Barton and Wright and the support given them behind the bat, and the fine double plays, one made by Doe and Garland when the bases were full, and the other made by Doe and Bosworth. Emerson deserves mention for fine base running. The fielding for Colby was done almost wholly by Woodcock and Ryder. The game was a steady one throughout, with very few errors, as the record shows. The good order observed on the grounds added greatly to the enjoyment of the spectators and the feelings of the players. The caps of the police present filled the yaggers with reverence and the boys with wonder. The result of the game has been to increase our confidence in the nine, and it makes the outlook for the future good. The following is the score:

COLBYS.										BOWDOINS.									
A.	B.	R.	1B.	T.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.	A.	B.	R.	1B.	T.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Doe, c.	5	1	2	2	13	2	1			Stetson, Sb.	2	1	0	0	1	0	0		
Andrews, c.f.	5	1	1	1	0	0	0			Wright, p.	4	1	1	1	0	12	2		
Wright, l. f.	5	0	0	0	1	0	0			Knapp, c.	4	0	1	1	11	3	2		
Ryder, lb.	5	0	1	1	6	0	0			Waterman, l. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0		
Garland, Sb.	4	0	0	0	4	0	0			Cook, s. s.	4	0	0	0	1	1	2		
Emerson, r. f.	3	1	0	0	0	0	0			Barton, c. f.	4	0	0	0	1	0	1		
Woodcock, s. s.	4	0	1	1	1	4	2			Packard, lb.	4	0	0	0	8	0	1		
Barton, p.	4	2	1	1	1	8	4			Torrey, 2b.	3	0	1	1	3	3	2		
Bosworth, 2b.	4	1	1	1	1	0	0			Phinney, r. f.	3	0	0	1	1	0	0		
Totals	30	6	7	7	27	14	7			Totals	31	2	3	3	26	19	10		

Runs Earned—0. First Base on Errors—Colbys 4, Bowdoins 2. First Base on Balls—Colbys 1, Bowdoins 3. Struck Out—Bowdoins 5, Colbys 6. Wild Pitches—Barton 1, Wright 1. Passed Balls—Knapp 1. Balls Called—On Barton 30, on Wright 64. Strikes Called—Off Barton 20, off Wright 12. Double Plays—Doe and Garland, Doe and Bosworth. Time—1 hour 35 minutes. Umpire—H. A. Dennison, '82. Scorers—Bowdoins, R. C. Washburn, '83; Colbys, W. K. Clement, '84.

* Doe out, being hit by a batted ball.

THE COLLEGE PRESS.

The *Northwestern* we class among our best exchanges, being not only well printed but being also well arranged and the contents of an interesting character. The article on the uses and abuses of college fraternities is valuable, not perhaps for beauty of style which is lacking, but for the plain, honest way in which facts are stated and both sides of the question discussed. But the writer has, like many others, left us at the close in exactly the same state of mind as at the beginning. The question is a troublesome one, and the best way to wrestle with it is to let it severely alone, for all who have grappled with it so far have been thrown.

The *Tech.* for April comes to hand with a supplement attached. The *Tech.* has improved greatly since its first appearance. It has a number of departments not found in our other exchanges but which are appropriate inasmuch as it is the publication of a Technological school. We find the present number very interesting.

We receive this month the *Collegian* from the College of the City of New York, and are more than pleased with its appearance. The contents, as a whole, are pleasing, but within, sad to relate, we find "a story from real life," entitled "Robert O'Dare," which represents a young collegian as taking an assumed name and courting two girls at the same time. Such nonsense is absolutely disgusting. A college student take an assumed name! This is indeed a wild flight of the imagination. He might take a "dead" or rob a hen roost, but to take an assumed name, never. And then again imagine a college boy courting two girls. Why, the idea is ridiculous. If he had said four girls we might possibly have given some little credence to his statements. Young man did you not know that a college student had at least a half dozen girls in the college town, and one or more in every town where he has ever taught? Away with such nonsense. The whole tale bears the stamp of falsity.

We find the *Wooster Collegian* a very interesting paper. It is published by the different societies of the college and contains a department devoted to fraternities and their work. We do not find a weak spot in the paper and our only suggestion would be to leave out some of the topics and enlarge those remaining. By means of this waste-basket arrangement we can get in a little of everything and not very much of anything. The editorials are all unusually good, and what is more are, with one exception, upon subjects pertaining to college life and college needs. This growing custom of using space, which should be devoted to college matters, for the discussion of the Monroe Doctrine and such other irrelevant questions, we consider a pernicious one and feel it our duty to protest against it. The object of a college paper is to give utterance to college thoughts and to treat of such things as enter into and go to make up college life. And just so far as a paper departs from this line of work to just that same extent it ceases to be a college paper.

The *Oberlin Review* is strictly a local paper and a very good one also. The *Review* informs us in one of its editorials that the spring days have come. Many thanks, friend *Review*, for your seasonable information which has removed a great and crushing load from our already too over-burdened shoulders. For three weeks we have been wavering between two opinions. When we sat by the fire and looked at the almanac we were inclined to the opinion that spring had indeed come; but when we sallied forth in a new spring overcoat to visit our best girl and was obliged to return for

our ulster and a pair of mittens, we inclined seriously to the opinion that we were in the midst of our Arctic winter. But thanks to you we know it is spring, warm, effulgent, cheering spring, and trusting implicitly in your word we will wear that spring overcoat or return it to the owner.

The *Lafayette College Journal* is an enigma. To a casual observer the paper appears to be well filled with reading matter, but on close examination this impression disappears, and we come to the conclusion that the paper contains very little good matter. Perhaps this may be owing to the arrangement, or perhaps to our own dullness in discerning worthy points. We do not wish to be hard upon the *Journal*, but merely state this as our impression. We do not enjoy making an unfavorable criticism, yet such a criticism is at times necessary.

The *College Transcript* is a very readable exchange, and one which contains a large amount of information. The paper has eleven editors, and what under the sun they can all find to do is a question we will not, in our present state of health, try to solve. The only ready solution we can arrive at is that half of them must be fighting editors. We have not as yet found it necessary to keep a standing army in the field.

Among all our exchanges there are none we dislike the appearance of so much as that of the *Niagara Index*. When we say appearance, we mean simply external appearance, typography, and arrangement. The *Index* itself is, on account of the excellence of its matter and the superior style in which it is conducted, one of our leading exchanges. It is printed upon dingy paper, and has such a cold, clammy, funereal appearance that one involuntarily thinks of tombstones and graveyards. Our first impulse is to take it out to the college pump and wash it, our next to throw it into the waste-basket, and our last, and the one which invariably prevails, is to read it carefully. Friend *Index*, if you will get clean, white paper, and send us a neat-looking paper, we will send you a picture of Lydia Pinkham enclosed in a highly-ornamented spruce frame, trimmed with lace insertion, and shirred at the back, which is alone worth the price of admission. The *Index* speaks favorably of holding a college editors convention, and extends a cordial invitation to the editors to have said convention held at Niagara, and recommending the 28th of June as a good time, since at that time the falls would be in session. Now, we are in favor of this convention, and are reluctant to throw any wet blanket upon such a worthy enterprise, but we really shall be unable to attend. We state this gently but firmly, and no amount of persuading can induce us to change our decision.

OTHER COLLEGES.

Harvard College has a temperance society.

A Canoe Club will probably be formed at Yale in the spring.

The average weight of the Harvard Freshman crew is now 159 3-8 pounds.

The new athletic grounds at Yale cover thirty acres, with tennis, archery, cricket, and foot-ball fields, three base-ball fields, and a rifle range. The college authorities bear half the expense.

One of the Chinese students recently recalled,

has been beheaded for writing a love letter to a girl in New Haven.—*Ex.* It is nothing unusual for a young man to lose his head on account of a young lady.—*Ed.*

Knox College has 321 students and two papers.

Students of Geneva College are required to attend Sabbath School.

Cornell has two representatives in the Assembly of the State of New York.

Mr. Thomas McGraw, of Poughkeepsie, has pledged \$50,000 for the permanent endowment of the president's chair at Amherst.

THE WASTE-BASKET.

They sat and looked at the comet,
And the wonderful tail that grew from it,
His hand struck a pin
Where it shouldn't have been,
As she slid from his knees he said domit.—*Ex.*

What is the difference between a blonde and a locomotive? The one has a light head and the other a head-light.—*Ex.*

Supposing a man that has nothing marries a girl that has nothing. Is her things his or his things hers, or his and hers his?—*Ex.*

It is now claimed that the first time the expression "Eureka" had been used, was when Socrates sat down on a tack for which he had been looking.

There was also a cuss they called Mac,
Who got kicked at the end of his back,
For sparking a girl
With a dizzy long curl.

N. B.—The old man watched through the crack.
—*Occident.*

It is said that even a shingle can turn the course of a cannon ball. It is also thought that the shingle has a great effect upon the bawl of early childhood.

Prof. (in Logic)—"What would you say of the argument represented by a cat chasing her tail?" Student—"She is feline her way to a categorical conclusion."

Washington scene: Deep-voiced Guzzler—"Hi, waiter! bring me three more schooners!" Awe-struck Spectators (whispering)—"That must be the new secretary of the navy."

At a neighboring educational institution for young ladies, the other day a rap was heard on one of the doors, upon opening which a seedy-looking tramp was brought to view. "Is this the college?" he asked. "Yes; what would you like?" "Have the students any old pants they would like to dispose of?" The interview was abruptly terminated by the speedy closing of the door. Fact.—*Student.*

See the Bee. It is a Bumble Bee.
It has pretty yellow spots on its wings and a Darning Needle in his tail. If any one will pat the Bee upon the tail we will give them nice a little whistle.

No, Impudence, you sha'n't have one!
How many times must I refuse?

Away!

I say!

Or else you'll sure my friendship lose!
I cannot bear such forward fun,
So quick! be gone! if not, I'll run!
Why, now I'll have to be severe—
No, not a kiss to you I'll give—

Take care!

I swear

I'll tell papa, as sure's I live!
I never saw a man so queer!
But—are you sure there's no one near?

Yale Courant.

PERSONALS.

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

'37.—Rev. G. W. Bosworth, D.D., Secretary of the Massachusetts Baptist Convention, has removed to Newton Centre, Mass.

'54.—Rev. H. A. Sawtelle, D.D., has lately presented twenty-five volumes to the library.

'63.—Augustus D. Small is New England agent for Appleton's school publication.

'68.—Rev. David W. Palmer is pastor at Adamsville, N. Y.

'75.—Rev. S. A. Read has accepted the pastorate of the Burke and Chateaugay churches, New York. Address, Thayer's Corner, Franklin County, N. Y.

'77.—George Weston Young has been teaching at Wiscasset.

'78.—C. A. Chase is not at the Land Island College Hospital as stated last month, but at the Long Island College Hospital.

'80.—John E. Case, of the Middle Class Newton Theological Institution, has been appointed a missionary of the American Baptist Missionary Union. He leaves next fall for Burmah. His work will be among the Shaus at Toungux.

'81.—Philo Steward has gone West to read law. He is in Minnesota.

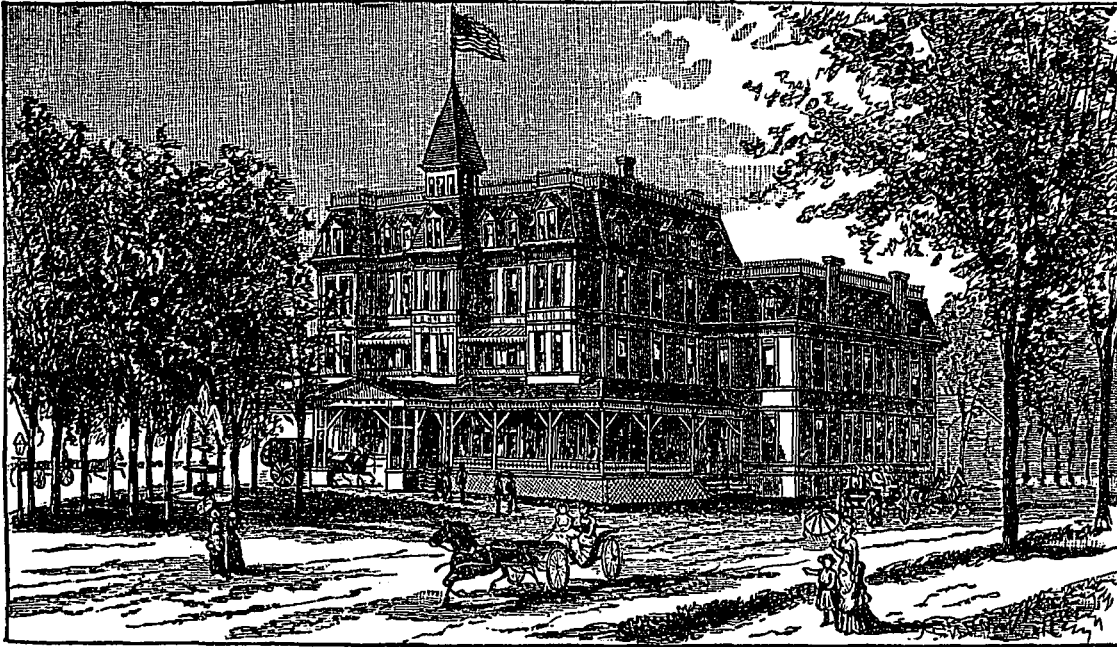
'81.—F. R. Rowell is studying law in the office of A. P. Gould, Thomaston, Me.

'82.—Frank A. Weld is teaching near St. Paul, Minn.

'82.—E. O. Silver, formerly of Colby, was chairman of the music committee at Brown on the American College Song Book.

'83.—H. M. Lord is teaching the High School at South Thomaston, Me.

'83.—Griffin is at present making up back work and will enter '84 next fall.



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This vicinity offers unusual attractions
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'82. COLBY UNIVERSITY '82.

COMMENCEMENT CONCERT

AT TOWN HALL,

Wednesday, June 28, at 8 o'clock P.M.

—BY—

THE SCHUBERT QUARTETTE GLEE CLUB, of Boston,

CONSISTING OF

Mrs. H. F. KNOWLES, Soprano.

Mr. L. H. CHUBBUCK, Tenor.

Miss ALTA PEASE, Contralto.

Mr. A. B. HITCHCOCK, Bass.

Mr. W. W. CLARK, Tenor.

Mr. D. M. BABCOCK, Bass.

—AND THE—

New York Philharmonic Club,

—COMPOSED OF—

RICHARD ARNOLD, Violin.

EMIL GRAM, Viola.

REINHARDT RICHTER, Violin.

CHARLES WERNER, Violoncello.

EUGENE WEINER, Flute.

LUDWIG E. MANOLI, Double Bass.

All Seats Reserved. Tickets 75 cents and \$1.00 according to location.

Sale of Tickets will begin Monday, June 10, at 10 o'clock A.M., at L. E. Thayer & Son's, Waterville; also at the usual places in Skowhegan, Fairfield, West Waterville, Vassalboro, Augusta, Hallowell, and Gardiner. Special trains, at half fare, will run where necessary. Persons from Gardiner and neighboring stations will come and return on regular trains, at half fares. Concert Tickets, for the best seats available at the time of the application, will be sent to any person sending the money to the Chairman of Committee. Those preferring Gallery Tickets will please mention it. For further information address

H. A. DENNISON, Box 36, Waterville, Me.