

The Colby Echo.

VOL. VI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, JULY, 1882.

No. 9.

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 ad-
dressed to THE COLBY ECHO, Waterville, Me.

CONTENTS.

VOL. VI., No. 9.—JULY, 1882.

THE SANCTUM.....	97
LITERARY :	
De Profundis (poem).....	99
The Marriage of Maranway and Sarananda.....	100
The Maiden and the Bird (poem).....	102
A Temporal Transmigration.....	102
THE CAMPUS.....	104
Base-Ball.....	105
Commencement Program.....	107
THE COLLEGE PRESS.....	107
OTHER COLLEGES.....	108
THE WASTE-BASKET.....	109
PERSONALS.....	109

THE SANCTUM.

"And when, at last, we've climbed the rugged steeps,
And from the withered heights looked back,
Say, will it be a pleasure or a pain
To watch the fires that lit our youth burn dim
Down the long vista, years and years away?"

THE above question has been a puzzle during
all our editorial labors. The extreme uncer-
tainty of a literary department, the bother of
delinquent editors, have sometimes brought us
doubtful pleasure. During the winter two of the
four editors were absent. Their departments
must be filled, in some way, by the chief. As
far as he is concerned, he has managed the paper
as well as circumstances would allow; he has
done an amount of work appreciated best by
himself. He has had a little sip at the fountain

of honor, and is ready to state as his opinion, that
assisted by a full corps of editors and five or six
students, the task would be a pleasant one.

IN accordance with established custom the
Oracle makes its annual appearance in the halls
of Colby, and we greet it with exultation. Its
editors have said their little say and now we can
recite ours. Like the last man on the negative
of an argument we think we "have 'em" The
first thing, of course, is the cover, and herein is
a decided improvement over many we have seen.
Its color is faultless and its general tone very
pleasing. The frontispiece also, although the
idea was borrowed, is something original for
Colby, whose officers have never appeared on
the pages of the *Oracle*, save in caricatures. It
is but just that the college publication should
thus render tribute to the one who has served
the college so well.

We were somewhat surprised at the good
words spoken for several of the departments,
but too much cannot be said in favor of either
the sciences or the art lectures, nor can their
needs be presented too forcibly. When stu-
dents get so that they really beg for more of any
study, it must mean something, and it is high
time for the friends of the college to consider
their demands. They may not be taken that
way long, and it seems a shame not to satisfy
them when they really do want to learn some-
thing.

In regard to the Literary of the *Oracle* we
can only offer the same criticism that has ap-
peared before. The tendency of late years has
been to do away with it, and we hoped that with
the present issue it would disappear altogether,
as it seems out of place in a book of jokes.

As we read some of these jokes and songs we
feel like Miles Standish,

"Worn out with songs, and toasts, and speeches,
As long and flat as my old sword,
As threadbare as my breeches."

but then they have avoided abuse and scurrility,

and have thus gained a point that will recommend the book to all,—joker and joked alike.

The personals are none too personal, and there are just enough of them. Of course they are not all of the same merit, they never are.

The cuts, we believe, are all home talent, and they are well worthy our college pride. With but a single one can we find any fault, the one which stands above the Faculty. Its design is good but we cannot say the same for the execution; we always did hate to see anything in a drawing labeled. It savors too much of the small boy who draws his menagerie all alike, and can tell the beasts apart only by the label which he has fondly placed in a prominent position. So, in this case, there seems to be an insinuation that, were it not for the label, we should be in danger of mistaking the pepper-box for a nutmeg-grater, or an egg-beater. With this single exception the cuts are very good and they all seem to have some point, an advantage which is rarely attained. The general tone which pervades the *Oracle* is one of friendliness rather than invective, and taken as a whole it must be regarded as a good success.

IN some of those papers which count it their special prerogative to be continually harping away on students and student life in general, there have recently appeared two sentiments so utterly antagonistic it hardly seems possible that they should have both been advocated. The editors must have forgotten their own college course, if, indeed, they ever enjoyed one, or else they imagine that human nature has shared in the wonderful progress of the last thirty or forty years, till the present collegiate no more resembles the student of their day than the university curriculum resembles a country school.

The first of these sentiments is that a college course is a mere waste of time, the four best years of a man's life consumed in useless study, when he might be acquiring the knowledge of some profitable business; and he graduates at last with his ideas all afloat, fit for nothing but a teacher, the meanest of all professions in their estimation.

While it must be acknowledged that the student's ideas are often transitory, especially at his graduation, yet we would not for a moment consider that he has wasted his time, or that he

could have spent it more profitably. They seem to think that the general culture acquired at college should act as a sort of automatic machine. The student should be dropped in at one end, and, irrespective of his inclinations, his character should be first analyzed, and then he should be borne in among knives and rollers where this objectionable prominence could be lopped off, and that too full development in one corner of his brain could be squashed out into another corner where there might be a deficiency, and so he would come forth at last with all the angles and edges of his mind nicely rounded, the mountains worn away and filled into the valleys, cut, twisted, and moulded till his whole being was brought into full surrender to some one of the great departments of life. Well, perhaps this should be his condition, but it unfortunately happens that he can rarely attain it. Human nature is just the same now as it was then, and the very fact that college culture is *general*, tends to preclude all idea of specialty. Time was when the country school-master knew all things, and one man sufficed for doctor, lawyer, parson, selectman, town clerk, and church-sexton, but the same liberality is not accorded the candidate nowadays. He may be omniverous in the acquirement of knowledge, but if he would court success, one vocation must claim his attention, and one only. Happy may he be if he can successfully fill that. They cannot seem to grasp the idea that the present college course is only intended to supply that general and solid foundation which is indispensable to success in any direction. There is a vastly greater number of professions now than there were then, and success in some one of them is daily coming more and more within the grasp of all. Just because a student chooses to waste a year after leaving college, it is no sign that his time *in* college was wasted, though there are people, to be sure, on whom even twenty years' persistent drilling would be expended in vain.

The other sentiment, and one which is somewhat more zealously advocated than the first, is that, so far from having their ideas all afloat, the graduates have rather been developed into hobbyists. Now, prejudice is common to all men of all times, and manifests itself everywhere. "Eyes that are dimmed by prejudice behold objects strangely distorted," but on nothing do

they gaze oftener than on the unfortunate possessor of what the world terms a hobby. He is bandied and cuffed about among monomaniacs, kleptomaniacs and a host of other long-named fellows, who, after all, are only common sinners, cranks, and thieves. Let his ideas be ever so brilliant they are only a part of his hobby, and he must labor under a perpetual ban. Yet his condition is not deprived of all its panacea, for he often gets into good company, and associates with the scientific theorists, scientists generally, inventors and politicians.

The average student would willingly be classed with such men as these, but he is no more of a hobbyist than they are, not so much of a one as he should be, in fact, for he who has a hobby and rides it in a common-sense way is reasonably sure of success. Systematic arrangement and rational explanation are always admitted to be the essential precursors of prosperity, but they can never be attained without some judicious plan as a guide for action, call it what you please, principle, motive, or hobby.

Ask those grumblers whether Galileo, Stephenson, Napoleon, Franklin, Darwin, Emerson, or Carlyle ever had a hobby. "Oh no!" they exclaim, "these men never had a hobby. No! they were working out grand problems of human life." Whether, therefore, the thing is to be called a hobby or not, depends much on its success, and the possession of a hobby, instead of being a slander, should be regarded as a compliment, since the possessor, if he couple good management with energy and common sense, may fairly hope to be remembered among the great men of his age. Every student ought to have a hobby, and learn how to ride it sensibly, remembering that the world's prosperity is not absolutely, even though it be partially dependent on the immediate and continual expounding of that hobby.

LITERARY.

DE PROFUNDIS.

From the shades of sin eternal,
 From the home of flames infernal,
 Where the furnaces of Pluto, unassuaged do ever roar,
 I have come from hell to tell you
 Lost to thence the fiend should sell you
 And to warn you of the torments that are mine forevermore.

I'm the sole and single mortal
 E'er came back from Hades' portal,
 And escaped the midnight wandering on the lonely
 Stygian shore.

Ah! my soul, it grows abhorrent
 Of that fearful river's torrent,
 As through ghostly mists of ages its fiery waters pour.

I stood with doubt and fear and shiver,
 On the brink of death's dark river,
 Sadly waiting for the boatman who was soon to take
 me o'er.
 Out into the darkness peering,
 Doubting, hoping, grieving, fearing,
 Waiting for the ruthless boatman who would drag me
 from the shore.

Suddenly I heard the plashing,
 Near and nearer came the splashing,
 As the boiling, seething waters surged around his
 flashing oar.
 Oh! the moaning and the wailing!
 Oh! the cursing and the railing
 That I heard from out the darkness of the dim and
 distant shore.

Fast and faster I descended,
 Till the air with fire was blended
 Into dark and burning crypts from which my soul
 should never soar.
 Fiends fiery, leaped around me,
 With stinging thongs of torture bound me,
 And flung me in those molten waters, burning thus
 forevermore.

O, ye on earth whose souls are shriven,
 Who rejoice in sins forgiven,
 Who throughout the glad hereafter sigh and sorrow
 nevermore.
 Pray for those in sin and sorrow,
 For whom there never comes a morrow;
 For the lonely sinsick spirits wandering on the nightly
 shore.

When on earth I loved a mortal
 E'er I came to death's dark portal,
 The enchanting heavenly visions swept my raptured
 being o'er.
 She is now in fields Elysian,
 Borne from my sin-darkened vision
 Safe in that supernal home where barred for me is every
 door.

I may view celestial treasure,
 I may see all heavenly pleasure,
 But of one thought the remembrance thrills me to my
 bosom's core.
 Fills me with a fearful anguish
 Which makes all my soul to languish,
 That to taste those joys and pleasures, it is mine, ah,
 nevermore.

Back into the vale of sadness,
Back to where is naught but madness,
Where hell's bitter burning billows sweep my bur-
dened being o'er.

Where the fire so fiercely rages,
Where for ages upon ages,
The lost souls of the damned are doomed to writhe in
anguish sore;

Must I turn with lamentation,
And never see the glad salvation,
Which in high and haughty scorn I spurned so oft
before?

O, the sighing and the moaning!
O, the bitter, bitter groaning
Would make the hardest heart to quake and pierce it
to its deepest core.

There all sin and ill designing,
There all joy and good maligning
Thinks each soul such woeful thoughts he never
dreamed before.

O, then credit all I've told you,
Lest in his shape the fiend should mold you,
For my soul from out those torments that haunt the
dark eternal shore, shall be lifted nevermore.

F. W. F.

THE MARRIAGE OF MARANWAY AND SARANANDA.

It was noon-day in ancient Atlantis. The heat of a tropical sun, tempered by the kind influence of northern currents, shed a grateful warmth over the fair domains of Marantoa IV., king of Laroqua. But the rising beams of the morning's sun had called forth no sounds of labor, and as the day advanced, no peasant was seen driving his plow, nor did the shrill cry of the housewife summon the laborers from the field. But instead, the voices of playing children came floating from the groves, and the music of the reed solaced the idle rustic. Even the aged man, forgetful of his petty duties, sat idly in his porch, and to the soft accompaniment of insect hum, dreamily reviewed his life, now and then murmuring convulsively as his peaceful visions were interrupted by harsher memories of battle-field and midnight assault. But in the city of Holoa, this peaceful quiet gave place to the bustle of a popular celebration. For to this border city all the nobility of the land and all the peasantry of the region had crowded to celebrate the marriage of the princess Sarananda with Maranway, king of the neighboring Merauria.

And good cause have the people of Laroqua

to cease their labors and rejoice in rest and peace. Since the remote days of tradition there has been war between Laroqua and Merauria. A very ancient legend relates that Antalemon led a successful revolt against the Merauria and thereby established himself as the first king of Laroqua and founder of the present dynasty. Certain it is, that since the earliest authentic record the scions of the Antalemonian line have uniformly passed their youth in camps, and have only devoted themselves to the arts of peace when the terror of their names has rendered it easy, or the severity of their reverses has made it expedient. What wonder then, that the subjects of Marantoa greet with joy the auspicious day which promises an end to this ancient feud!

Considering the hatred created between the two nations by such wars, the attachment of Maranway and Sarananda was peculiar and slightly romantic. It was the outgrowth of an accident, and happened in this wise. Marantoa IV., feeling that the end of his reign was not far distant, chose as the place in which to spend his declining years, the city of Holoa, a strongly fortified town lying on the borders of Laroqua and Merauria, and overshadowing with its towers the waters of the river Laringola. The facility which its border position gave for overlooking the frontier legions was not the only advantage to recommend Holoa as a place of royal residence. The Laringola here flowed with a gentle, meandering course through many a fair interval and pleasant grove. The country, too, for miles about was noted through all Laroqua as a region of plentiful harvests and happy homes. In this city then, in the fiftieth year of his reign and the sixty-seventh of his life, Marantoa established his court. The staid and ancient streets of Holoa rang with the revelry of courtiers and nobles, and as the summer afternoons drew to a close, the ladies of the court strolled by the river bank, lending the music of their laughter to the gentle dashing of the waves. One day, while enjoying her walk unattended, the king's only child, Sarananda, fell into the river by some mishap, and was borne away by the current. As no help was near she must have perished, had it not been for a young Meraurian warrior, who, springing from a neighboring lurking place, succeeded in bringing the imperiled princess to land. The nature of existing warfare would have jus-

tified the warrior in taking the life of his helpless charge. But moved by the uncertain expressions of alarm and admiration which strove for mastery on the beautiful countenance of the maiden, or, perhaps, yielding to the impulses of a noble nature, the Meraurian spoke words of assurance and escorted her as far towards Holoa as safety would permit.

After this the princess, in her walks, frequently saw the young warrior gazing at her from the opposite shore. Finally, he became so bold as to venture over, regardless of the consequences which would follow were he seen by the Laroquian guards. But one day he was discovered and nearly captured by a *janishak*, or captain of foot. This officer, with a stolid indifference to the beauty and distress of the princess, persisted in reporting the whole affair to the king. Marantoa was not remarkable for the harshness of his disposition, but he hated a Meraurian as faithfully as any of his more warlike ancestors. In vain the fair culprit urged her angry parent to consider the service which the generous youth had rendered them both. Her declarations of love were received with cold indifference, and it only increased her father's rage to learn that the object of her affections was Maranway, heir to the Meraurian throne. Further acquaintance was forbidden, and the addition of more vigilant guards rendered disobedience impossible.

About a year after this parental edict, a rumor came to the royal court to the effect that the king of the Merauria was dead and Maranway had ascended the throne. Shortly a formal embassy arrived from the capitol of Merauria. It was from Maranway himself, who demanded that the princess Saranda be surrendered forthwith. The ambassadors also affirmed that unless this demand was granted the king had determined to appeal to the sword. But Marantoa was inexorable and sent the envoys home minus their ears.

No further negotiations were needed. Spurred on by the potent feelings of love and resentment, Maranway mustered all the resources of his warlike realm, and vowed by the sword of his ancestors to grant no peace until his demand was complied with. The valor and activity of the young chieftain swept everything before it. The armies of the Laroquians were dispersed, their villages burned, their fields laid

waste, and Holoa itself no longer rested in security. Finally, at the end of a most miserable year, the entreaties of his suffering people became so urgent that Marantoa was obliged to accede to the terms of the victorious suitor.

These terms were simple, but just. First of all Sarananda must be allowed to follow her own inclinations in selecting a husband. Then it was stipulated that peace should exist between Laroqua and Merauria until the death of Marantoa. Upon this event (and Maranway expressed the hope that it might be long delayed), the two nations should be united under a single sceptre, to be wielded eternally by the descendants of Maranway and Sarananda. It was arranged that the first clause of this treaty should be fulfilled at once. It is for this then that the husbandmen of Atlantis has forgotten his toil; and the maids and matrons have decorated themselves with the latest finery as is customary with their sex, even at this advanced stage of civilization. The shepherd boy, looking from the side of Mt. Laoa, over hill and valley impatiently beholds the towers and battlements of Holoa glittering in the far distance, with a splendor of banner and pennant, never before seen by him or his pastoral ancestors. In the city itself all is mirth and revelry. The high and noble of all Atlantis are here, besides hosts of peasants and disbanded soldiers. The inhabitants of each nation vie in forgetting past injuries, and it is only occasionally that the fire of ancient hate blazes in the dull eye of the plodding peasant as he sees at the side of some gay Meraurian noble the sword which doomed himself and his aged spouse to be the childless prey of age and poverty.

As the sun began its downward course, a vast multitude pressed toward the great square of the city, where, at the hour of sunset the ceremony of marriage was to be solemnized. In the square was placed a raised platform, some thirty spears lengths in width and twice as long. In the centre of this scaffolding the royal throne had been raised, and here Marantoa sat surrounded by all the circumstances of barbaric pomp and splendor. Beside the king sat Maranway and Sarananda, while next in order the nobles of Laroqua and Merauria formed a half circle, the ends of which terminated at the front corners of the platforms. Behind this semi-circle sat the lesser dignitaries of the realms, chief-

tains in helmets and greaves, judges in tall tiaras, and priests in flowing robes. In front of the king and his nobles a sacred fire was kept burning by the priest and attendants of Inol, goddess of peace.

The marriage ceremony itself was exceedingly simple and primitive. Two fishes broiled by the fire were given to the bride and bridegroom, and by them distributed in morsels to their friends and relatives. This done, they kneeled before the priest who sprinkled upon their heads ashes from the sacred fire. In this kneeling posture they continued until the sun cast its last ray over the forest-clad summit of distant Laoa. The priest then declared the ceremonies completed. In the gathering twilight the multitude dispersed, and each betook himself to his place of rest.

The plashing waves of the Lingola lulled to sleep the dwellers of Holoa as in the by-gone days of their fathers. Nor among all those scores of sleeping souls was there one wayward fancy to dream of that far distant day when Laroquan royalty should be unknown; when the waves of the Laringola should no longer lap the battlements of Holoa; when even Atlantis, with all its glory of martial exploit and pride of social achievement should be but a name, vague and indistinct as the flitting recollections of an unremembered dream.

A. C. H.

THE MAIDEN AND THE BIRD.

There wandered a maiden alone in a wood,
She stopped and listened and wondering stood;
Afar from the thick swaying branches is heard
The fate-burdened melody of a bird.
She listens and listens, yet cannot say
Whether the note is sad or gay,
So strangely is mingled in the bird's strain,
A joyous hope with regret and pain.

Ah, maid, thou art fair as fair can be,
While thy heart is thine own it is well with thee.
While thy heart is thine own thou canst only guess
At sorrow and grief and the soul's duress.
The note of the bird thou canst not understand,
To thee 'tis the tongue of an unknown land;
Oh, why does thy young heart foolishly yearn,
Too soon its meaning, too soon, thou must learn!

Forth wanders the maiden once again.
There comes to meet her a handsome swain.
She stops and listens full long to hear
The words of passion he pours in her ear.

Together, together they wander along,
And again she hears the far-away song.
She wonders now she had ever thought
With aught of sorrow that strain was fraught.

Once more she wanders, once more alone;
The passionate swain from her side is gone.
She stops and listens and longs to hear
His wooing voice. He does not appear.
Dost thou remember the day thou wert free,
Before thy lover had come to thee?
Dost thou think "Long ago I wondering stood
Only guessing at grief in this very wood?"

Ah, maiden, still fair as fair can be,
But thy heart is broken; ah, pity on thee!
Thy heart is broken, thy life is a tear.
But hark! the plaint of the bird thou canst hear,
But not as before does it sound to-day;
In sorrow to thee he is singing alway,
And now his note thou dost understand,
'Tis no more the tongue of an unknown land.

A TEMPORAL TRANSMIGRATION.

Whether or not it occurred because such experiences have become so common that a student who has not felt the benefit of one has almost lost a part of his education, I know not, but at all events occur it *did*, and here is the veracious account of the adventure, which I wrote out immediately afterwards.

It was when sitting in a recitation room, a few months ago, with but an indistinct idea of what was going on about me, that I was startled to see myself confronted by a figure, who without introduction or apology for his sudden appearance informed me that he was none other than Myself, and that with my leave he was about to take a journey to foreign lands for the purpose of calling on an old and intimate acquaintance. I could not suppress a momentary feeling of surprise at the announcement, but I at once perceived that what he said was reasonable, and followed my footsteps without further misgivings. And just at this point there is a little indistinctness in my recollections, for though there seemed during part of the time to be two of us, yet I could not determine to my satisfaction which was Myself, and if I was one, who the other was. The difficulty grows more perplexing as I ponder on it,—but it is a small matter and immaterial to the real value of the story.

Our course, as I remember it, was a tedious one, and we sometimes seemed like Satan,

"With lonely steps to tread,
The unfounded deep, and through the void immense
To search with wandering quest, a place foretold,"

where, as I discovered, we would probably fall in with the one whom we wished to interview—Father Time. What I saw upon the way, I cannot recall distinctly enough to describe, but I remember that at a certain point on our journey, when passing the spot where the motion of our globe has its source and regulation, I laughed outright to think how utterly mistaken were our great astronomers in their theories of the terrestrial movement, and though, as I have said, my recollections are not clear enough to enable me to state the true explanation of the familiar phenomenon, yet they *did* effectually destroy my interest in the rest of the winter's astronomy. But enough of this.

As I have already stated, the object of Myself was to pay my respects to Father Time, and here I must admit with shame that having been always somewhat skeptical as to the existence of this worthy in the precise form claimed for him, it was not without a degree of real surprise that I finally caught sight of the old gentleman skurrying through the gloom in front of us. No sooner did we catch up with him than all lingering doubts as to his identity vanished. He was in appearance very like the popular representation of him; in his accoutrements, only, I noted a slight change, and upon questioning him I found that he was contemplating still others. I learned that he had long ago discarded the historic hour-glass, and in its place he wore a watch of modern manufacture suspended from his neck in the manner of a locket. He still carried the scythe, with which as he himself confessed he was thoroughly dissatisfied; moreover in a sudden burst of confidence he intimated to me that it was his settled intention to procure at an early date some more modern instrument, that should perform the requisite work in an expeditious and satisfactory manner. He questioned me closely as to the cost and relative merits of several mowing machines, and though I discouraged his plan in so far as I was able, yet it was evident that at no late day the old fellow would probably double his facilities for business.

Emboldened by his apparent good humor, I now ventured to express and urge my long-cherished desire, that I might be allowed to ac-

company him for a time on his earthly travels. My suit was no sooner preferred than it met with a prompt refusal. He claimed that such a request was unusual, in fact unprecedented, and that he had neither the power nor the inclination to grant it. I remained silent in my disappointment, but not many minutes had elapsed before it became evident that the old gentleman was relenting, and hence it was without surprise that I heard him thus define his position:

"I am, and your ignorance can but assent, omnipresent, and in this my bodily manifestation never do I appear upon the earth, your home; for this reason is it that I am powerless to grant your request. But in a multiplicity of forms am I ever departed, present and departing throughout every nook and corner of your globe. I can permit you, therefore, not to accompany me on my earthly course, but only choosing some well-known spot on earth, there (speaking metaphorically) to sit on the fence and see me go by."

Overcome by his condescension I thanked him warmly, and on his asking me to name the spot which I would choose, I said that with his approval I would select as the most interesting place at which to note his progress, the college whence I had just come. He seemed pleased at my choice and giving me a few directions as to the shortest and easiest method of returning to the earth, my home, he bade me a tearful adieu and tore himself from my embraces. Closely following his directions, I found no difficulty in regaining the spot which I had left so short a time before, and when I had found a convenient resting place, I watched with pleasure or with sorrow the changes that came with every passing season—changes so numerous and so marked that their briefest description would claim a space greater than an article thus circumscribed can furnish.

Only five times had the campus changed its robe of green for a shroud of white when there came those long-looked-for improvements that can only follow a sudden accession of wealth. Meanwhile, new faces appeared as the familiar ones vanished, and as they increased in numbers year by year, I noticed that the disparity between the numbers of the ladies and of their accompanists was gradually lessening, until suddenly, to my bitter disappointment, the fair faces vanished and came no more. I heard various causes assigned for this, but it was the

general opinion that the girls at all events had not lost by the change, whatever it may have been, and that the boys, too, were far—here however, I remember that there was a marked difference of opinion. There came at last the fiftieth anniversary of my memorable departure from college, and on that day I purposed to gain some idea if possible of the internal changes in the college. With this end in view, I began the day by attending chapel exercises determined not to cut prayers that morning at least. I took my accustomed seat in the south-east corner of the hall, and had already, as of yore, puzzled half through the familiar inscription on the tablet to the memory of Jeremiae Chaplin, S.T.D., when services commenced. They were much as usual, but among those of the Faculty who were seated on the platform I saw only one old and well-known face—a face that had looked down upon me when I first entered the chapel as a humble Freshman; I thought, however, that in the imposing form of the one who was pointed out to me as the Professor of Greek, I recognized something familiar, but of this I am not certain. The only other face that I recognized was that of a tall, lank Professor of Gymnastics, who even in his old age held absolute sway in a new and finely provided gymnasium.

But it was my chief desire to attend the recitation corresponding to the one from which I had been hurried, fifty years ago that afternoon. I did so. There was almost no change, and as the first man was called up, he began, to my horror, on the first article of that last lesson which I had ever learned. So much did it seem like that fatal afternoon, that I trembled as I reflected that perhaps, through some mistake I might be called on, and a flunk stared me in the face as I vainly endeavored to recall the next topic. A man was called on; he flunked. A second, ditto. (How natural everything about me seemed.) “Mr. S——.” O horror! *my* name. Cold perspiration started out on my brow as I stared open mouthed at the professor, and as the man next me nudged me violently in the ribs a cruel thought stole upon me. Could time have played me false? Could he have gone back on me, and this actually be the recitation of fifty years ago? Another more violent nudge,—my indignation overcame me, and I started up to—“Will Mr. S—— please leave the room!” Time *had* played me false. —G.

THE CAMPUS.

Vale.

Our sporting number.

The campus is looking finely.

What has the *Bowdoin Orient* to say about base-ball?

A West Waterville man calls the *Oracle* the Jumbo of college annuals.

Many new features are in the class-day exercises of '82, and the day is expected to be most interesting.

The Sophomore classes of Bowdoin and Colby have a game of base-ball and a general racket at Augusta, the 25th.

False orders appeared at the Freshman reading, eulogizing the Faculty and advertising the Freshmen in the style peculiarly *sui generis* with the Sophomore.

The Junior speakers for their exercises on Monday evening of Commencement week are: Baker, Edmunds, Hinds, Hanson, King, Knowlton, Libby, Noble, and Trowbridge.

Readers at the Freshman exhibition were: Annis, Barton, Dudley, Edmunds, Fuller, Jewett, Silver, Snow, and Wightman. The first prize was awarded to Fuller, second to Silver.

The *Oracle* Eds. of the public would ask
(Let their praises henceforward be still),
“We couldn't be bad, so we had to be good,
'Twas a weakness of head, not of will.”

W. R. Whittle, '83, is president and manager of the nine for the ensuing year. A resolution, expressing the thanks of the association for the labor of the retiring manager, was unanimously adopted.

The Seniors were entertained by the ladies of their class at the house of our Maxham on Temple Street the evening following the last examination. It was one of the most pleasant affairs we have had during the last four years.

The new song books have come and gone. All copies sent were eagerly taken. The fact that we are not yet familiar with the music to which a large number of the songs have been written renders it difficult to pass, at present, an opinion upon it. But as an attempt to lift college music out of the old-time ruts and give it a living freshness, it is highly successful. Owing to the haste of publication very many errors have

crept into the music. For example, the entire introduction to one of our Colby songs was omitted, and what of the music was published was replete with errors. It is just to the publishers to state that this will be corrected when the book is re-issued. As a whole we consider the book very complimentary to the musical element in American colleges.

The fourth annual field day took place at the trotting park, Friday, June 2d. The pleasant skies and clear air gave us an almost perfect day, and brought out the largest audience ever seen at the exercises. Good order was preserved and the exercises went smoothly. The decisions of the judges were prompt and fair, satisfying every one interested. The records in the mile run, two hundred and twenty yards dash, and the hop, step, and jump were noticeably fine, while the novel feature of a horizontal bar contest added much interest to the program. Teams were flying, colors streaming, and style abroad everywhere. The ball at the Town Hall in the evening was not largely attended, but a splendid time was had by those who went. The prizes for the contests were the best we have thus far had and well worth striving for. Below are the contests, entries, and records:

Mile Run—Nowell, Trowbridge, and Wightman. Won by Nowell, '84, in 5 min. 10 sec.; Trowbridge, second.

Standing Long Jump (without weights)—Ryder, Robinson, and Lord. Won by Lord, '85, 9 ft. 3 in.

Pole Vault—True, Pulsifer, and Moulton. Tie between Pulsifer and True, '82; height jumped, 7 ft. 3 in.

Hop, Step, and Jump—Emerson and F. C. Barton. Won by Emerson, '84, 39 ft. 9 3-4 in.

Horizontal Bar Contest—Cambridge, Mathews, Fuller, Wightman. First prize; Cambridge, '83; second, Mathews, '84.

Running Broad Jump—Robinson, Emerson, Barton. Won by Barton, '85; 17 ft. 3 in.

Hurdle Race—Andrews, Doe, Wightman, Barton. Won by Wightman, '85; Doe, second.

Throwing Hammer—Garland, Ryder, Edmunds, Barton. Won by Ryder, '82; 74 ft. 6 in.

One Mile Walk—Moulton, Libby, Mathews. Won by Moulton, '84, 7 min. 25 sec.; Mathews, second.

One Hundred Yards Dash—Andrews, Nowell, Cambridge. Won by Andrews, '82, 11 sec.; Cambridge, second.

Running High Jump—True, Robinson, Deering, Adams. Won by Robinson, '83; 4 ft. 8 in.

Sack Race—Hanson, Annis. Won by Hanson.

Two Hundred and Twenty Yards Dash—Andrews, Nowell. Won by Andrews, '82, in 25 seconds.

BASE-BALL.

We present in this issue the most successful record ever made by a nine at Colby since base-ball became with us here a recognized college sport. As a natural result of the good playing, interest in the sport has increased among students and officers, and another year's work like the present one would assuredly cause the boys to send the nine out of the State. Thanks for this result are due to the fine practice and energy displayed by the nine, the college pride universally felt in base-ball success, and especially to the pushing interest and work of the manager, Mr. Sanders. For the men on the team, Andrews has captained the nine with complete success; his fielding has been brilliant; in batting he stands near the head of the list. Bosworth has played second better than it has been played before, as well as teaching the men on the diamond where to put a ball when captured. Emerson has run bases splendidly. The record of Doe, with but one passed ball for the season, and the pitching of Barton, the scores will show.

Memorial Day the nine played at Lewiston. Andrews appeared in a unique uniform. In the first inning the boys run in five scores through their good batting and the poor fielding of the Bates. The Bates followed suit in the sixth inning, and from that time the contest was thrilling, and when, at the end of the ninth the scores were the same, the excitement was intense. At the beginning of the tenth inning the Colbys were first at the bat. Emerson reached first, stole second, and came home on the failure of Tinkham to handle the ball from Woodcock's bat. Woodcock also scored. The Bates were again shut out when they came to the bat, and the contest was ended. The closing incident of the game was the catch of a hard liner by Emerson, with two men out and two on bases. The score was as follows:

COLBY.													BATES.												
A. B. R. I. B. T. B. P. O. A. E.													A. B. R. I. B. T. B. P. O. A. E.												
Doe, c.....	6	0	1	1	0	4	1						Merrill, s.s....	5	0	1	1	1	0	1					
Andrews, c.f....	6	0	1	2	2	2	0	0					Tinkham, 2b..	4	1	1	1	1	0	1					
Wright, l. f....	5	1	3	3	1	0	0						Sanford, c....	5	1	1	1	1	0	0	2				
Ryder, 1b....	5	1	0	0	10	0	1						Richards, c. f..	5	0	0	0	1	0	1					
Garland, 3b....	5	1	0	0	3	2	2						Hatch, r. f....	5	1	0	0	0	0	0					
Emerson, r. f..	5	2	1	1	1	0	0						Douglas, l. f..	5	1	1	1	1	0	0					
Woodcock, s. s.	5	1	1	1	0	3	4						Bartlett, 3b....	5	1	2	2	0	1	2					
Barton, p.....	5	0	0	0	0	4	1						Freligh, p.....	4	0	2	2	1	1	1					
Bosworth, 2b..	4	0	1	1	4	3	1						Atwood, 1b....	5	0	1	1	0	0	0					
Totals,	40	7	9	0	30	16	10						Totals,	43	5	9	9	20	13	8					
Colby.....	5	0	0	0	0	0	0						Colby.....	5	0	0	0	0	0	2					
Bates.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0						Bates.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	5					

Earned Runs—0. First Base on Balls—Colby, 1; Bates, 1. First Base on Errors—Colby, 5; Bates, 8. Struck Out—Colby, 5; Bates, 2. Balls Called—On Barton, 63; on Freligh, 60. Strikes called—Off Barton, 8; off Freligh, 8. Double Plays—Ryder, Woodcock, and Bosworth. Time—2 hours 40 minutes. Umpire—F. H. Wilber, Bates, '81. Scorers—Bates, W. F. Cowell, '83; Colby, W. K. Clement, '84. *Barton out for hitting the ball.

The game at Brunswick on the following day was an uninteresting one for Bowdoin and devoid of excitement for Colby. Twelve men of Colby crossed the home-plate before the Bowdoin scored. We are sorry to say that the umpire was very impolitely addressed and hampered in the discharge of his duties by some of our men. In the eighth inning, Andrews made a rousing three-base hit into the pines back of the delta, and in that same inning two runs were earned. Emerson and Ryder made a brilliant double play. The score was as follows:

COLBY.											BOWDOIN.										
A.	B.	R.	I.	B.	T.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.	A.	B.	R.	I.	B.	T.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Doe, c.....	6	1	1	1	6	0	1				Stetson, 3b....	4	0	1	1	1	0	1			
Andrews, c.f....	6	2	3	5	0	0	0				Wright, p....	4	1	1	1	3	11	0			
Wright, l.f....	6	1	2	2	3	0	1				Knapp, c.....	4	1	1	1	9	2	3			
Ryder, lb....	6	3	1	1	9	0	0				Waterman, *....	4	1	1	1	1	2	1			
Garland, 3b....	6	2	2	2	1	3					Cook, s. s. & l.f.	4	0	0	0	0	1	4			
Emerson, r.f....	6	3	2	3	2	1	0				Barton, c.f....	4	0	0	0	0	0	1			
Woodcock, s.s.	5	2	0	0	1	4	3				Packard, lb....	4	0	0	0	10	0	1			
Barton, p.....	6	1	2	2	1	7	0				Torrey, 2b....	3	0	0	0	2	2	2			
Bosworth, 2b....	5	2	2	2	3	2	1				Collins, r.f....	4	0	1	1	1	1	0			
Totals.....	52	17	15	18	27	15	9				Totals.....	35	3	5	5	27	19	13			
Colby.....	0	2	3	0	5	2	3														
Bowdoin.....	0	0	0	0	2	0	1														

Earned Runs—Colby, 2. Two-Base Hit—Emerson. Three-Base Hit—Andrews. First Base on Balls—Colby, 1; Bowdoin, 1. First Base on Errors—Colby, 11; Bowdoin, 7. Struck Out—Colby, 6; Bowdoin, 4. Balls Called—On Barton, 59; on Wright, 54. Strikes Called—Off Barton, 5; off Wright, 7. Double Play—Emerson and Ryder. Passed Balls—Knapp, 6. Time—1 hour 45 minutes. Umpire—H. S. Payson, Portland. Scorers—Bowdoin, R. O. Washburn, '83; Colby, W. K. Clement, '84.

* Left field and short stop.

Tufts evidently came to Maine to be beaten. They played us on the campus June 3d, in the presence of a large crowd. For the first three innings Tufts led, the score standing 5 to 2, but our men soon "got on" to their pitching and wound up the game as the score indicates. Andrews made a hard running fly-catch in this game.

COLBY.											TUFTS.										
A.	B.	R.	I.	B.	T.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.	A.	B.	R.	I.	B.	T.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Doe, c.....	6	1	3	3	10	3	0				F. H. Howe, r.f.	5	1	0	0	2	0	0			
Andrews, c.f....	6	1	2	2	2	0	0				Perry, s. s.....	6	1	1	2	0	3	0			
Wright, l.f....	6	3	1	1	2	0	0				Crosby, 3b....	4	2	2	2	4	1	1			
Ryder, lb....	5	1	1	1	8	0	0				Snow, p.....	5	1	3	3	0	7	1			
Garland, 3b....	5	2	3	4	2	1	1				Currier, l.f....	5	0	0	0	1	0	1			
Emerson, r.f....	5	2	3	3	0	0	0				Eddy, c.f.....	6	0	0	0	1	0	0			
Woodcock, s.s.	4	0	0	0	1	1	3				G. R. Howe, lb.	4	0	0	0	10	0	0			
Barton, p.....	5	2	2	2	0	10	12				Day, c.....	4	0	1	1	8	0	1			
Bosworth, 2b....	3	2	0	0	2	2	1				Farrell, 2b....	4	1	2	3	1	2	0			
Totals.....	45	14	15	16	27	17	27				Totals.....	41	6	9	11	27	13	4			
Colby.....	1	2	3	0	5	2	3														
Tufts.....	2	0	3	0	0	0	0														

Earned Runs—None. Two-Base Hits—Garland, Perry, Farrell. First Base on Balls—Colby, 3; Tufts, 1. First Base on Errors—Colby, 2; Tufts, 6. Struck Out—Colby, 2; Tufts, 7. Balls Called—On Barton, 93; on Snow, 99. Strikes Called—Off Barton, 9; off Snow, 9. Wild Pitches—Barton, 1; Snow, 8. Passed Balls—Day, 7. Time—2 hours 25 minutes. Umpire—H. A. Dennison, '82. Scorers—Tufts, I. W. Crosby, '85; Colby, W. K. Clement, '84.

The Orono games were picnics for Colby as the scores show. In the first one we made but six errors. Both games were played on our campus.

COLBY.											STATE COLLEGE.										
A.	B.	R.	I.	B.	T.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.	A.	B.	R.	I.	B.	T.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Doe, c.....	5	2	2	3	8	2	1				Gould, c. f....	4	0	1	1	3	2	1			
Andrews, c. f....	5	1	1	2	1	0	0				Patterson, p....	3	1	0	0	2	5	3			
Wright, l. f....	5	1	3	5	0	0	0				Burleigh, c....	4	0	1	1	0	0	0			
Ryder, lb....	5	1	2	2	8	0	1				Keith, 2b....	4	0	0	0	0	4	1			
Garland, 3b....	5	0	2	2	2	2	1				Howard, lb....	4	1	0	0	14	1	1			
Emerson, r. f....	5	0	0	0	0	1	0				Hill, l. f.....	4	1	1	1	1	0	0			
Merrill, s. s....	5	1	0	0	3	3	2				Hull, 3b.....	4	0	0	0	1	3	1			
Barton, p.....	4	1	1	1	1	7	0				Merrill, s. s....	3	0	0	0	0	3	3			
Bosworth, 2b....	4	2	2	2	4	0	1				Snow, r. f.....	3	0	2	2	0	0	0			
Totals.....	43	9	13	17	27	15	6				Totals.....	38	3	5	5	27	18	10			

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Colby.....	1	2	0	0	1	3	0	2	0—9
State College.....	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0—3

Earned Runs—Colby, 3. Two-Base Hits—Doe, Andrews. Three-Base Hit—Wright. First Base on Balls—State College, 1. First Base on Errors—Colby, 7; State College, 4. Struck Out—State College, 3. Balls Called—On Barton, 69; on Patterson, 50. Strikes Called—Off Barton, 17; off Patterson, 9. Double Play—Gould and Howard. Wild Pitches—Barton, 1; Patterson, 2. Passed Balls—Doe, 1; Burleigh, 5. Time—1 hour 45 minutes. Umpire—H. A. Dennison, '82. Scorers—State College, E. S. Abbott, '84; Colby, W. K. Clement, '84.

COLBY.											STATE COLLEGE.										
A.	B.	R.	I.	B.	T.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.	A.	B.	R.	I.	B.	T.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Doe, c.....	6	2	2	2	7	4	1				Gould, c. f....	5	1	0	0	0	0	1			
Andrews, c. f....	6	5	4	4	3	0	1				Patterson, p....	5	0	3	3	2	8	0			
Wright, l. f....	6	2	0	0	0	0	0				Burleigh, c....	5	1	0	0	5	1	0			
Ryder, lb....	5	3	3	3	10	0	1				Keith, 2b....	4	0	2	3	5	1	0			
Garland, 3b....	6	2	3	4	3	0	4				Howard, lb....	4	0	0	0	7	0	1			
Emerson, r. f....	6	2	3	4	0	0	0				Hill, l. f.....	4	0	0	0	2	1	1			
Merrill, s. s....	5	0	2	2	0	5	1				Hull, 3b.....	4	1	1	1	6	1	1			
Barton, p.....	6	0	0	0	1	6	1				Merrill, s. s....	4	1	0	0	0	0	3			
Bosworth, 2b....	6	2	2	3	3	4	1				Snow, r. f.....	4	1	2	2	0	0	1			
Totals.....	52	18	19	22	27	19	10				Totals.....	39	5	8	9	27	12	8			

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Colby.....	3	7	0	0	3	3	0	1	1—18
State College.....	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	2—5

Earned Runs—Colby, 2. Two-Base Hits—Garland, Emerson, Bosworth, Keith. First Base on Called Balls—Colby, 2. First Base on Errors—Colby, 5; State College, 6. Struck Out—Colby, 2; State College, 4. Balls Called—On Barton, 76; on Patterson, 74. Strikes Called—Off Barton, 15; off Patterson, 6. Double Play—Burleigh and Hull. Wild Pitches—Patterson, 1. Passed Balls—Burleigh, 5. Time—1 hour 50 minutes. Umpire—F. R. Woodcock, '83. Scorers—State College, E. S. Abbott, '84; Colby, W. K. Clement, '84.

The White Stars brag less loudly than they did; they came within an inch of being baulked for a whole game. An error in the last inning gave them two scores. We had but three errors.

The last game of the season was played on the campus with the Bates last Saturday. Those who had looked for a closely-contested game were disappointed; but those who looked for a somewhat exciting and interesting one were, for several reasons, satisfied. The game opened with the Colbys, as usual, at the bat. Doe, the first man to reach first base, tripped on the base and turned a complete somersault. Though injured he pluckily played throughout the game. Three close decisions of the umpire in the first half of this inning were a source of much discomfort to the Bates nine, their captain making himself especially obnoxious by the too frequent use of his tongue. Mr. Dennison, the umpire is to be commended for his sharp, honest decisions, and his firmness in adhering to them. In this inning we gained three scores and shut out the Bates when they came to the bat. It was but the beginning of the end. For three innings after this we made a like number of runs. Several bad errors of our men let the Bates score, and this was repeated in different innings making the score at the end of the eighth inning 12 to 6 in our favor. Wright, Bosworth, and Emerson divided honors in running bases, the first two making such clean steals to third as to call out ringing applause from the crowd. Some of the yaggers manifested a disposition to "chin" our men, but opportunities for this amusement were quite unfrequent. Ryder led at the bat with two two-basers and a single, and Doe made in turn a fine two-baser in the ninth inning. The game made a great change in the batting record of the nine for the season. Horns were loudly

blown, bells rung, and a general good time had by the boys, over the result. We hold, fair and undisputed, the championship of the State, with six straight games won from college nines. That base-ball will be popular hereafter goes without saying.

COLBY.										
A.	B.	R.	I.	B.	T.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Doe, c.....	6	3	3	4	8	4	3			
Andrews, c. f..	6	1	0	0	1	1	1			
Wright, l. f....	5	3	1	1	1	0	0			
Ryder, lb.....	5	1	3	5	11	0	1			
Garland, 3b....	5	0	0	0	0	1	0			
Emerson, r. f..	3	1	0	0	0	0	0			
Merrill, s. s....	5	0	0	0	1	3	2			
Barton, p.....	5	1	0	0	1	10	1			
Bosworth, 2b..	3	4	2	2	4	2	2			
Totals,	43	14	9	12	27	21	10			

BATES.										
A.	B.	R.	I.	B.	T.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Merrill, s. s..	4	0	0	0	1	2	3			
Tinkham, 2b..	4	0	0	0	1	1	4			
Sanford, c....	4	0	2	2	12	3	2			
Norcross, r. f..	4	0	0	0	0	0	1			
Richards, c. f..	4	2	1	1	1	0	1			
Douglass, l. f..	3	2	0	0	0	0	0			
Bartlett, 3b...	4	1	1	1	1	2	2			
Freligh, p.....	4	0	1	1	0	9	1			
Dorr, lb.....	4	1	1	1	11	1	1			
Totals,	35	6	6	6	27	18	15			

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Colby.....	3	3	0	3	2	1	0	0	2-14
Bates.....	0	2	0	2	0	0	2	0	0-6

Earned Runs—Colby, 2. Two-Base Hits—Doe, Ryder (2). First Base on Balls—Colby, 4; Bates, 1. First Base on Errors—Colby, 8; Bates, 5. Struck Out—Colby, 5; Bates, 5. Balls Called—On Barton, 54, on Freligh, 88. Strikes Called—Off Barton, 2; off Freligh, 18. Double Play—Barton and Bosworth. Wild Pitches—Barton, 1; Freligh, 5. Passed Ball—Sanford. Time—1 hour 55 minutes. Umpire—H. A. Dennison, '82. Scorers—Bates, W. F. Cowell, '83; Colby, W. K. Clement, '84.

The local editor has written for his department for this issue what he thought would be most interesting to the college; so base-ball claims front rank.

BATTING RECORD.

Fielding Record.	Games played.	Times at bat.	Runs.	Av. runs per game.	First base hits.	Average.	Times reached first base.	Percentage of times reached first base to times at bat.
Doe, c.	7	40	10	1.43	14	.350	18	.450
Bosworth, 2b. .	7	29	13	1.85	10	.344	20	.689
Andrews, c. f. .	7	40	12	1.71	13	.325	20	.500
Ryder, lb.	7	36	10	1.43	11	.305	22	.618
Garland, 3b.	7	36	7	1.00	10	.277	18	.500
Emerson, r. f. .	7	33	11	1.55	9	.272	21	.636
Wright, l. f.	7	38	11	1.55	10	.263	18	.473
Barton, p.	7	35	7	1.00	6	.171	10	.285
Merrill, s. s.	3	15	1	.33	2	.133	5	.333
Woodcock, s. s. .	4	18	3	.75	2	.111	7	.388
Totals,	7	320	85	12.14	87	.271	159	.497
Opponents	7	257	30	4.28	45	.175	100	.389

FIELDING RECORD.

	No. of Games played.	No. put out.	Assisted.	Fielding errors.	Total chances.	Percentage of chances accepted.
Emerson, r. f.	7	3	2	0	5	1.000
Ryder, lb.	7	62	0	4	66	.939
Doe, c.	7	61	19	9	80	.898
Wright, l. f.	7	6	0	1	9	.889
Andrews, c. f.	7	9	1	2	12	.833
Bosworth, 2b.	7	21	14	7	42	.833
Barton, p.	7	5	52	18	75	.760
Merrill, s. s.	3	4	9	5	18	.722
Garland, 3b.	7	16	7	11	34	.676
Woodcock, s. s.	4	3	12	12	27	.555
Totals	7	192	118	70	380	.815
Opponents	7	190	112	124	426	.708

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM.

Sunday, June 25.—Baccalaureate Sermon by Rev. A. Hovey, D.D., President Newton Theological Institute, Mass., at the Baptist Church, at 2.30 P.M. Annual sermon before the Boardman Missionary Society and Y. M. C. A., by Rev. Thomas Armitage, D.D., pastor Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York, at 7.30 P.M.

Monday, June 26.—Ivy Day exercises of the Junior Class, on the college campus at 3 P.M. Prize Declamation of original articles by members of the Junior Class, at the church at 8 P.M.

Tuesday, June 27.—Entrance Examination at Champlin Hall, at 8 A.M. Meeting of the Board of Trustees, at 9 A.M. Class Day Oration by W. C. Philbrook and Poem by F. W. Farr, at the church, at 10 A.M.; and Promenade Concert on the campus at 3 P.M. Annual meeting of the Alumni Association in the chapel, at 2 P.M., with Address in Memorial of the late President Champlin, by Rev. A. K. P. Small, D.D., of Fall River, Mass. Inaugural service and address of Rev. George D. B. Pepper, D.D., President elect, at the church, at 8 P.M. Society reunion after the inaugural.

Wednesday, June 28th.—Commencement Day, Graduation exercises and conferring of degrees, at the church, at 11 A.M. Procession forms at Memorial Hall, at 10.30 A.M. Commencement Dinner at Alumni Hall at 1.30 P.M. The Library and Cabinet of Natural History will be open from 4 to 6 P.M. Concert by Schubert Quartette Glee Club, of Boston, and Philharmonic Club of New York, at the Town Hall at 8 P.M.

THE COLLEGE PRESS.

With the present number of the ECHO, the present board of editors calmly wipe their editorial pens on their editorial pantaloons, and, making their little bow, retire from journalistic life. Our intercourse with the editors of other papers has been of the pleasantest description, and we really regret that such agreeable associations must be broken up. To those who have always treated us with courtesy we offer our grateful acknowledgments. To those who have not treated us courteously, we offer our heartfelt sympathy. One of our exchanges suggests that it would be a nice idea for the exchange editors to exchange photographs. The man is probably crazy. What under the sun could a poor mortal do with a lot of such soul-stirring pictures? We see ourselves admiring a picture of the *Index* man with a smooch of grime on his face, and going into rhapsodies over a photograph of the exchange editress of the *Vassar Miscellany*, who, six feet in height, and two hundred pounds in weight, and with hands like a windmill, annihilates one by the severity of her expression. We imagine ourselves gloating over a beautiful likeness of the exchange editress of the *Sunbeam*. O, no! you can't spring that trap on us, we are altogether too previous. Now, in conclusion, we would say to those whose feelings we may unintentionally have hurt, you have our forgiveness; and to all we would say, "O! river."

We give below a few of the notices which the ECHO has received, the past year, from other papers:

The holiday number of the COLBY ECHO is "a thing of beauty," and we only wish the handsome cover might be retained as a regular feature of the paper. The number before us is fully up to the high standard of the ECHO.—*Argo*.

Good paper, distinct type, and genuine literary merit are the recommendations of the COLBY ECHO to its readers. A manifest care is exhibited in the selection of items for publication. The qualifications of the exchange man for his position are superior. He is critical, but not offensive, and acts on the square. Yes, we like him, and are willing to shake.—*News Letter*.

The COLBY ECHO always presents an excellent typographical appearance, and its looks do not mislead as to its contents. Its literary department contains good material, and its local columns are full, but there is room for some improvement still in their quality.—*College Mercury*.

The holiday number of the COLBY ECHO is a nice affair. It appears with a nice tinted cover, and the contents are neatly arranged and of good quality. It is one of the neatest printed papers received.—*Wabash*.

The holiday number of the COLBY ECHO is neat and contains much valuable reading matter. The literary on the "Dramas of England and France," is of especial interest. The editorials are good. We don't think from the general tone of the ECHO that it keeps a fighting editor in training; if it does, he is kept in the back-ground.—*College Courier*.

The COLBY ECHO is a typographically neat paper, and contains twelve pages of reading matter. The literary department is almost too full, and contains articles that might better grace the pages of a country newspaper. Its editorials are healthy and to the point.—*Knox Student*.

In the COLBY ECHO we have one of the monthlies that adorn here and there the sphere of college journalism. It is a fairly interesting sheet, better indeed than we expected on seeing the first page taken up with a wood-cut of the college buildings, after the manner of some western fitting school. The locals and editorials please us more than the contributed matter, but on the whole, we think the editors are to be congratulated on their first number.—*Dartmouth*.

The COLBY ECHO contains an abundant matter of rich and curious information of inestimable value to the student of literary pursuits,—full of singular details, and not without attractions to the general reader.—*Beacon*.

OTHER COLLEGES.

The University of Michigan has a course of Sunday afternoon lectures.

Both Tennyson and Thackeray left Cambridge without a degree.—*Ex*.

A recent *World's* college chronicle, speaking at length of the new college song book, its scope and prospects, says that "the work promises to be a great success, over two thousand copies being already subscribed, and all the matter contributed has some special marks of excellence and will fitly represent the college life of to-day in song."

Sixty-two per cent. of Harvard's graduates last year are studying law.

Bowdoin will hold services in memory of Longfellow on Wednesday of Commencement Week.

The average heights, weights, and ages of the Harvard crew are as follows: height, 5 ft. 10 1-2 in.; weight, 179 lbs.; age, 22 1-2 years.

The retiring Senior editors of the *Vassar Miscellany* especially pride themselves upon the fact that they have published more marriage notices than any previous board.

There are 7,000 Americans now studying in the German schools and universities. The American Consul at Wurtemberg estimated that \$4,500,000 are thus annually expended in Germany.

There are men at Yale from Wales, Scotland, New Brunswick, Canada, Turkey, Chili, Japan, Norway, Honolulu, and thirty-six States of the Union.—*Ex*.

In his address on the 27th ult., before the Cornell Alumni, President White, in referring to the recent occasions of Sophomoric naughtiness, assured his hearers that the Sophomores are no worse than they used to be.—*Ex*.

With respect to the coming regatta at Lake George, the *Evening News* contains the following: The University of Pennsylvania has fully determined to send a crew to the Lake George regatta this year. The men to be sent will be chosen by Ellis Ward after the class races in May. On Lake George, the University boys will meet some of the best college crews in the country, and her only chance of winning is in making up in skill what she lacks in weight. She will probably have to compete with crews from Bowdoin, Connecticut Wesleyan University, Columbia, Cornell, Princeton, Marietta College, and possibly the University of Virginia. The majority of these crews are composed of excellent material, which is being well trained for the regatta, and each has determined to make a tremendous struggle for victory. Bowdoin is a stranger to the University boys, and bids fair to be a hard stranger to handle. Her crew this year is considered one of the best she has ever sent to a regatta. Wesleyan also has a strong crew, as has Cornell and Marietta. If the University boys this year do as well as the crew of last year did on Lake George, it has little to fear from the majority of the competitors.—*College Ohio*.

THE WASTE-BASKET.

A FACT.

Right gaily he rang the door-bell,
And asked for the charming Miss Tubbs.
"What? not in? too bad! my card if you please,"
And he passed out the Jack of Clubs.

It raised quite a fashionable scandal,
And left one heart wounded and sore,
For she was a minister's daughter,
And he—well he doesn't play cards any more.
—Burr.

It is calculated that in London a child is born every five minutes. A child that is born every five minutes must be a world of trouble and expense to its parents.

Neighbor's pretty daughter—"How much is this a yard!" Draper's son—"Only one kiss." "If it is so cheap I will take three yards, and grandma will pay you."—Ex.

Adolphus had just folded his arms about her. "Why," asked she, "am I like a well-made book?" He gave it up. "Because I am bound in calf!" The "binding" was hastily torn off.—Ex.

This is the way a West Pointer informed his parents that he had got the g. b.:

My Dear Father: Fatted calf for one.

Yours affectionately,

GEORGE.

Greek Recitation. Benevolent Professor (prompting)—"Now, then, *eipas*—" Sleepy Soph. (remembering last night's studies)—"I make it next." He goes it alone before the faculty.—Polytechnic.

Student translating the apology of Socrates: "I never did anything"—Prof.—"Ah, you wouldn't say 'did' would you?" Student (after reflection)—"Well, took anything." Class applaud Socrates' abstinence.

A man who had never heard of a bicycle, when he beheld a youth whirling along on one of those airy vehicles for the first time, broke out into soliloquy thus: "Golly, aint that queer! Who'd ever 'spect to see a man ridin' a hoop skirt."—Ex.

A tom-cat sits upon the garden fence,
And warbles wildly to its mate,—
"Oh! when the world has gone to bed,
I love to sit and mew-till-late."

But whilst that cat did sit and sing,
Up springs a boarder mad and bato,
Who shoots that cat to fiddle-strings;
He alsh loves to mu-til-ate. —Tech.

Who was the first dead-head on record? Leonidas, for he held a pass.—Ex.

Junior (rising with deeply meditative expression upon his face and translating Chaucer)—"Ful semely hire wympel i-pynched was." "Very tightly her waist was clasped." Class smile and Prof. reprovngly explains to Junior his misconception of the meaning of the passage.

PERSONALS.

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

'37.—Rev. O. B. Walker died at South Norridgewock, May 27th, aged 74 years 11 months.

'40.—A. F. Drinkwater died at Ellsworth, May 27th, aged 63 years.

'47.—Hon. John S. Baker died at Bath, April 27th. He was U. S. Provost Marshal 2d District during the war, and in 1867 member of the Governor's Council.

'49.—Andrew C. Phillips is now practicing law at Sioux Falls, Dakota Territory.

'56.—C. H. Smith, Bvt Maj. Gen. U. S. A., is stationed at Fort Brown, Texas.

'62.—Rev. George L. Hunt, D.D., is pastor at Hoboken, N. J.

'64.—H. C. Merriam, Lieut. Col. 2d Infantry, U. S. A., is stationed at Fort Colville, Washington Territory.

'67.—Missionary H. W. Hale and wife are visiting at Waterville.

'69.—G. C. Fisher, Supt. of Schools, Dover, N. H., has been tendered a similar position at Weymouth, Mass.

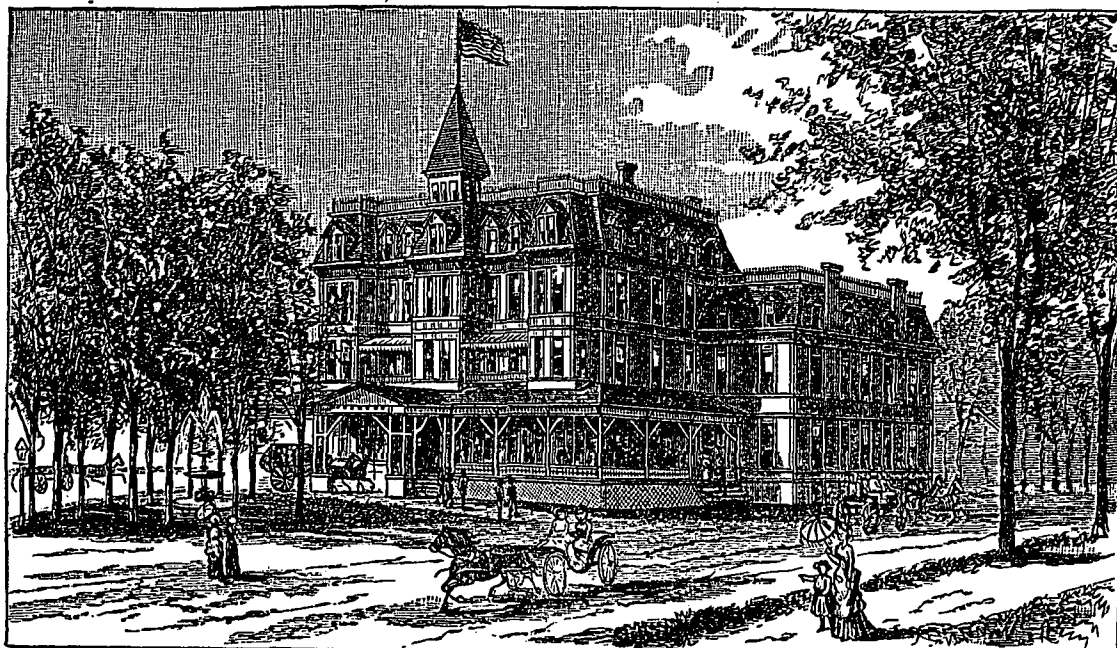
'71.—L. H. Blewett is having great success teaching. He is at present at the head of the schools of St. Louis.

'79.—J. A. Walling has received his M.D. at the Maine Medical School, Brunswick, Me.

'79.—Hannibal E. Hamlin has graduated from the Boston Law School and will soon sail for Europe.

'80.—J. T. McDonald is a student in the medical department of the University of California. He recently refused the offer of a principalship in Nevada, at a salary of \$200 per month.

'82.—L. H. Owen is principal of Fairfield High School.

**THE ELMWOOD,**

ORRIN FITZGERALD, JR., Prop'r,
WATERVILLE, MAINE,

One of the Finest and Best Located
Houses in New England.

Parties traveling for business or
pleasure will find here abundant fare,
pleasant sunny rooms, and every attention
will be paid to the wants of guests to make
their stay enjoyable.

As a Summer Resort

This vicinity offers unusual attractions
in the way of

Abundant Fishing Ground,

Delightful Drives, and

A Healthful Locality.

'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.

Miss ALTA PEASE, Contralto.

Mr. W. W. CLARK, Tenor.

Mr. L. H. CHUBBUCK, Tenor.

Mr. A. B. HITCHCOCK, Bass.

Mr. D. M. BABCOCK, Bass.

—AND THE—

New York Philharmonic Club,

—COMPOSED OF—

RICHARD ARNOLD, Violin.

REINHARDT RICHTER, Violin.

EUGENE WEINER, Flute.

EMIL GRAM, Viola.

CHARLES WERNER, Violoncello.

LUDWIG E. MANOLI, Double Bass.

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

Sale of Tickets will begin Monday, June 19, 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.