

The Colby Echo.

VOL. VII.

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No. 5.

The Colby Echo.

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

COLBY UNIVERSITY.

EDITORS.

B. F. WRIGHT, '83.

HENRY KINGMAN, '84.

A. C. HINDS, '83.

J. C. KEITH, '84.

Managing Editor.

B. J. HINDS, '83.

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THE SANCTUM.

AGAIN, for the second time, the equilibrium of the board of ECHO editors has been disturbed by the loss of one of its members. By glancing at the list above, it will be noticed that the name of Mr. King has been dropped, and that of Henry Kingman inserted in its place. The disturbance is not great, as there are no changes to be made in the other departments; Kingman will simply take King's department so that no great inconvenience or delay will be occasioned. We regret very much that Mr. King's health would not allow him to stay with us and do his work on the ECHO. The exchange column was made quite interesting under his

care, and his work on the whole was more than satisfactory. In choosing Mr. Kingman to fill the vacancy they have chosen a person already well known as a good writer. Many of his articles have been published in the ECHO for the past three years. What he will do as a critic remains to be seen, yet we shall expect to see good work.

PROF. WARREN'S lecture on "Art" to the Seniors and Sophomores are becoming quite interesting. During the past year he has bestowed much attention and careful study to the subject, so that he is prepared to give a much more comprehensive view of it than he did last year. That being the first year that he had given lectures, he was obliged to prepare his lectures as he went, while this year he has the benefit of his last year's lectures and has had time to study ahead of his work. Last year he took up only Italian painting, while in this year's course he will take sculpture and architecture in addition to the painting. The present term has been devoted to architecture chiefly. On his recommendation, most of the students have provided themselves with text-books to be read in connection with his lectures. It is possible to obtain a very good idea of the subject from his lectures and the text-book. If we had a good collection of art, the benefits of the work would be very much increased.

EXAMINATIONS! yes, that is the word that rings in the ears of all of us as this issue comes forth. Our thoughts are turned towards them in spite of ourselves. Even those who have performed well their duty throughout the term and now consider themselves prepared for the final test consider them a grind and wish themselves through with the task. To every one, the three long, tedious hours seated before a bench, in a hard, wood chair, writing down what we are thoroughly conversant with, are irksome

indeed. But what must it be to the one who has passed lightly over the work of the term, who has, in addition to the common task, that of the necessary "plugging up" to enable him to pass? (Well, don't think from the manner in which we ask the question that we know nothing about it, for we do,) we have been there and could define the feeling with great accuracy. But we refrain, for the reason that it is not needed; for those who have experienced that feeling know very well what it is, and those who have not would fail to "catch on." Yet, to state it concisely, the dread of the one prepared, becomes to the other a positive terror. The three days of examination are days of agony to him, still he heeds not experience and will oftentimes be found in the same condition at the end of the next term.

THROUGH the exertion of Dr. Pepper, the students are blessed with a course of interesting lectures. Several gentlemen who have an interest in the advancement of the college have kindly promised to deliver lectures in the chapel free of charge. The men are persons of ability, who have gained the reputation of being excellent speakers. Two have already spoken; Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, January 3d, and Rev. Francis Bakeman, January 17th. Among the others are Gen. Chamberlain of Bowdoin, Hon. Josiah Drummond of Portland, and Rev. Mr. Hazlewood of Bangor. The students cannot fail to appreciate the kindness of these gentlemen and the efforts of our President. Mr. Hamlin took as his subject, "The Benefits of Extemporaneous Public Speaking." He said that the subject itself required an extemporaneous lecture from him and he gave one, using nothing to speak from except two or three headings. The lecture was brief and interesting, giving many good ideas upon the subject. He also related some of his experiences while in Spain. Among them was the custom of washing the feet. Each year the king and queen are accustomed to wash the feet of a number of the worthy poor of their realm and then to place before them a magnificent banquet. At the close he presented a portrait of Columbus to the college, which now hangs in the library. It is a copy of what is said to be the most correct likeness of the great discoverer now in

existence. Mr. Bakeman spoke upon the "Moral and Spiritual Element in Education." It was an exceedingly interesting and instructive discourse.

AFTER a long period of delay the catalogues for the year 1882-3 have been distributed. They have the usual neat appearance as is the case with all the work done at the *Journal* office. The contents differ but little from the preceding years. We notice in addition to the usual sketch of the buildings quite a full description of the observatory and its apparatus, which for reasons unknown has been omitted in former years. We see no reason why that important and useful piece of property should be ignored in an enumeration of the facilities of the college. To be sure the instruments are small, the "eminence" upon which it stands not very high, and what is worse, slowly crumbling away; yet it is the best we have and answers its purpose much better than none at all. We are glad that it has been recognized in this catalogue.

Another change, which was a surprise to all, and somewhat unpleasant to many, was that in the senior electives for the spring term. Last year there were four, and among them History of Philosophy. This Dr. Pepper omitted, because with the present arrangement of studies it would oblige him to meet the class twice a day which he thought would be undesirable. But as soon as he found that some of the students were not content, he asked Dr. Smith to hear those who desired to take that study. Prof. Smith kindly consented to do this, and now the little ripple of dissatisfaction which at first arose has entirely subsided. We are sure that many of the class would be disappointed if they were to lose this study, but we are also sure that they will be contented and pleased to take it under Dr. Smith.

ON New-Year's evening, a reception was given to the Senior class by Dr. and Mrs. Pepper at their home. A very pleasant time was expected and the expectations of all were fully realized. The professors and a few of the towns-people interested in the college were invited. Among these last were several young ladies; for who does not know that the happiness

of the ideal college boy is never complete upon such an occasion, without the company of the fair sex. But the class of '83 has the misfortune(?) to be destitute of this requisite for happiness.

The evening was spent in social conversation until the refreshments were announced, then the attention of all appeared to be directed in one direction, but the preparations were more than sufficient. One large cake passed the ordeal only to receive more severe punishment at the hands of the class the next day. Such social gatherings do not often occur at Colby, not so often as would, perhaps, be beneficial both to students and Faculty. We hope that this reception will be but a beginning and that more of a similar kind are in store for the future.

The idea that the students dislike to meet the professors outside of their classes is, we think, a mistaken one. The rigidity of discipline and the stern dignity which characterized the college professor of fifty or seventy-five years ago, tended to impress upon the mind of the student that he was an unpleasant personage and always to be avoided. But as times have changed, so have men. Students are not accustomed now to look upon their instructors with awe, but to regard them as persons whose duty is to instruct them, not to rule them.

In our case, it is neither the Faculty nor the students who are wholly at fault. It is, rather, a mutual misunderstanding that keeps them apart. The professors imagine that the students strive to avoid them, and not wishing to intrude hold themselves aloof; but it is this very desire to oblige that gives the student the wrong impression which he holds. Now if this mistake were rectified, and the student felt that the professor would willingly talk with him upon any subject, and *vice versa*, the relation between the instructor and the instructed would be more friendly, many acts on both sides which have seemed unjust, would be explained, and the hard feelings which have only too often been engendered would never have been aroused. We hope that this will be one of the reforms which the new administration will early inaugurate.

The next term will begin Wednesday evening, March 14th.

LITERARY.

REVERIE.

O fleeting Time! why cast a veil
O'er Mem'ry's sight, so prone to fail?
Why hush in silence, as of the tomb,
The sounds of years, now wrapped in gloom?

Why still the words of friends so true,
Whom now we think beyond the blue?
And youthful joys, untouched by care,
Why change for those, alas! less fair?

In life's gay morning, visions bright
Shed round the soul a mellow light:
With drawing years we tried to cope
To see each brightly painted hope.

But now they're past, and passing still
To ever do God's mystic will:—
So let us to the future turn,
And gather garlands for the urn.

ZETA PSI CONVENTION.

The thirty-sixth annual convention of the Zeta Psi Fraternity, was held at Young's Hotel, Boston, January 3d and 4th, under the auspices of the Kappa and Lambda Chapters. It was in all respects one of the most satisfactory sessions ever held by the Grand Chapter. Delegates present from nearly every chapter, from the parent Phi down to the newly established Alpha Psi of McGill University, represented at the same time, the various stages of the Fraternity's development, and all the phases of college life peculiar to the several portions of the continent. Here the New England student exchanged brotherly greetings with representatives from the South and West, from the Canadian universities, and even from California, the seat of the remote Iota.

The business of the convention was of considerable importance, and occupied two full days. The first evening of the session was devoted to the literary exercises, held before the visiting alumni and the members of the Grand Chapter. The orator of the occasion was Rev. Almon Gunnison, D.D., of Brooklyn, the poet Mr. W. H. McElroy, of the *New York Tribune*. Both the oration and poem, as well as the charge delivered to the chapters by the retiring *I. A.*, Mr. Augustus Van Wyck, were listened to with interest and pleasure.

Immediately following the exercises, a col-

lation was served by the entertaining chapters. During the second day the business of the session was finished, and the thirty-sixth convention adjourned to meet again with the Delta Chapter, at New York City, January 3d and 4th, 1884.

In the evening the usual Grand Chapter banquet was held in conjunction with the annual banquet of the New England Association. The *menu* was after Young's most approved style, and the enjoyment of the occasion was heightened by the interesting responses given by our alumni to the toasts of the evening, and by the telegrams of congratulation received from the alumni associations of the West.

THE BOOTLESS TRAIL.

At Colby the means of physical recreation were not always what they are at present. During the preceding decade, the gymnasium was poorly furnished, and many of the incitements, which now stimulate the athletic interests of the college, were wanting. Field Day is a recent institution; and it is only within the last two years that the brilliant successes of our nine, have offered to its members any inducements to physical culture. But students will always find some channel, into which to direct their irrepressible energies. If our "far-away" predecessors practiced the giant swing less, they took longer walks into the adjoining country; if they knew not of the excitement and glory of the base-ball field, they contrived to invest their rural rambles with enough perilous and romantic adventures, to satisfy that eternal craving of student hearts for excitement.

Among the most persistent of these old-time pedestrians were two Sophomores, named Clifton and Maybury. (Their names cannot be found in the Triennial, as a "hiatus," induced by "false orders," put an end to their classic careers.) Their excursions were very numerous, and, if we are to believe their own account, surpassingly eventful. Were we to judge all by the one which I am about to relate, it might be easier for a conscientious person to call them eventful, than interesting.

It was in early winter when Clifton and Maybury made the excursion to which I allude. The snow was about nine inches deep, but a period of fair weather, had allowed the roads to

come into fine condition for sleighing and walking. About nine o'clock the two excursionists started from the college. By half-past nine they had crossed the Seabiscok at the Fort and were well started into the country beyond. The peculiar style of their clothes (they wore knee breeches, as best adapted to walking,) attracted considerable attention from young and old; and in one neighborhood, through which they passed, all the Belindas, informed of the expected advent by a mounted farmer-boy, collected in the last house, in order that an agglomeration of feminine wit might aid in justly appreciating the event.

This galaxy of observers, however, did not call forth anything more than the casual remark from Clifton that the girls of the neighborhood did not seem to be very well distributed.

"They will be distributed enough by the time we are out of sight," was the remark of the more experienced Maybury; and without more comment they kept on down a hill and through the woods beyond. Every one knows how pleasant is a road winding through a snowy wood. At one place the firs, snow-shrouded to their tapering tops, stand the impersonations of self-reliant loneliness. They may stand in crowded groups, but yet they never fail, in winter at least, to suggest this idea of loneliness. Of a kindly, but melancholy and reflective disposition would be one who dwelt forever among these snowy saplings, nature's recluses, though not secluded, solitary, though not alone. But the bare branches of the hard wood growth further along, wholly dispels the feeling, allied to cosiness, which the overhanging firs have inspired. In this particular case, as they had no wrongs to avenge, our excursionists readily parted company with the dimly creaking maples and beeches. But they had not gone far, when they found an impersonation of the abstract loneliness suggested by the leafless trees.

Sitting by the roadside, with both hands clasping a shoeless foot, and crying piteously the while, was a little girl apparently about seven years old.

"Well, well, what's up!" was the simultaneous exclamation of both Clifton and Maybury.

The child still continued to cry, but finally managed to subdue her sobs enough to tell them how she had lost off, in the deep snow one of her boots, while she was coming across from the other road where "Uncle Ben," as she called

him, lived. But her cold foot did not seem to trouble her so much, as the reflection that the lost boot was not her own, but one of "Brother Charley's red-topped, birthday, presents."

Here was a dilemma. The child was too heavy to carry to the house which she pointed out as her home, and it would be cruel to leave her in her present situation. But happily, at this juncture, the sound of approaching bells was heard coming through the woods. Bidding the little girl to ask those in the team to carry her home, the pedestrians promised that, for their part, they would follow her track, and if they should find the boot, leave it at "Uncle Ben's." With this comforting assurance they crossed into the field, and were soon lost to sight behind the brow of a small hill.

The girl, with lightened heart, but eyes still tearful, waited in timid expectancy for the approaching team. She expected, perhaps, some chronic growler of a farmer, with face wearing a perpetual look of protest against the "poor duin'" or "bad spell of weather"; or it might be some tantalizing boys from the next district, who would make light of her misfortune; but the idea that two young ladies, either of whom, like Chaucer's *nonne*,

"Was so charitable and so pitous

She wolde weepe if that she saw a mous

Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde."

would show genuine womanly pity for her misfortune, had never entered her sorrow-vexed head.

Just at this point, a *bona fide* story teller would revel in a long description of the personal attractions of these compassionate fair ones; but for ourselves it is but honest to say that, while we do not deny the interest of the subject, we are totally incapable of describing the evanescent flashes of "beauty's matchless eye." It is enough for the purposes of our narrative to say that the little sufferer was immediately taken into the sleigh, and encouraged to give an account of her sufferings, nor was she prevented from enlarging gratefully upon the kindness of the two young gentlemen in "pantalets," as she termed their walking breeches. The interested ladies seemed to ignore wholly the connection of any young gentleman with the affair, but were especially interested to know the relative times occupied in walking across the fields to "Uncle Ben's, and in driving around

by the more circuitous road. The answers seemed satisfactory, for the dark-eyed questioner immediately turned to her fair companion with the somewhat irrelevant assertion:

"Time enough if we drive fast."

"Yes," was the equally irrelevant but perfectly understood answer.

They then proposed to their *protégé* that, instead of carrying her to her home which was just beyond on the hill, they should drive her around to "Uncle Ben's," where she could get her boot, and thank the *men* who had found it for her. The child saw the utility of this proposition, as well as some faint blushes which accompanied it, but, with the perverseness of childhood, treasured her inferences for a more convenient opportunity.

Meanwhile Clifton and Maybury had been prosecuting their search with infinitely more adventure than success. Back and forth that hapless child had wandered, making an exceedingly devious path, the object of whose windings was about as much a matter of speculation as are the reasons for that increase in the number of weekly recitations, so lately insisted upon by the sage trustees of this University. Finally, the track ended in a wood road in such a way as to lead one to suppose the wanderer had come along in exactly the opposite direction from what she really had. Thinking their path clear for a while, at least, they started on a run, and were soon following the road in its windings through a thick growth of bushes.

Now, as it happened, little Jaques Mirontabileau, whose father cooked in a neighboring logging camp, had been out to the store and there exchanged some rabbit skins for a scarf and a red bandanna handkerchief, which latter piece of property he had so disposed in one of his coat pockets, as to afford the best possible display—an arrangement which obtains among the gallants of our own day. Nor did innocent Jaques have the remotest idea that any one could ever mistake his cherished handkerchief for the red top of a lost boot. But the strangeness of facts often surpasses the most unexpected situations imagination can devise, and Jaques was soon in full flight pursued by two of the most completely deceived knights-errant of the century.

The chase was not successful. Jaques had a good start, and the camp was near, so that by the time Clifton and Maybury came up, Jaques'

honest father, a brawny cook, was on hand armed with a rolling-pin and fire-shovel, and, as it seemed to them, more inclined to wage offensive than defensive warfare.

"*Le diable!*" roared the cook.

"*Une erreur,*" stammered Clifton.

"*Une faute,*" gasped Maybury.

"*Le diable,*" again shouted the cook, but this time more in mirth than anger; and he immediately asked in very tolerable English what they meant by chasing his boy in such a fashion. A satisfactory explanation was of course given, and the alarmed aggressors were shown a path leading out to a house, by the appeased wielder of the rolling-pin.

Just as Clifton and Maybury were approaching the house to which they had been directed, a team containing three more of our acquaintances drove up to the door. There had been just about "time enough."

"By Jove! Clifton, there's Miss Landgrave and that other Institute girl that goes with her. They have picked up that bootless young one and brought her around here. See! the farmer is inviting them into the-house."

"Hang it! we must stop here to dinner. The food in our pockets is too cold to eat," was the exultant rejoinder.

"Well, after invitations from the farmer, supplemented by appeals from his wife, the principal actors in the day's tragedy were seated around the dinner table, much to the joy of all the children, and to the especial admiration of big Luke, the "hired help," who was in his way something of a sport, being famed all along the road as keen at copenhagen, and such allied divertisements.

The first thing of course was a general explanation. This passed off happily enough until the forlorn victim began to tell her story with every circumstance of veracity.

"You ought to be ashamed, Jennie, to make the kind young ladies bring you away round here," remonstrated the farmer's wife.

"Oh! I didn't, Auntie. They seemed to want to come when they heard that the boys with short pants were going to bring the boot here," said the guileless child, her face beaming with youthful simplicity.

The farmer smiled, auntie put on a compassionate look, and big Luke began to snicker, while the rest of the table did the best they

could. This was even worse than the "give away" perpetrated a short time after by one of the young ladies who, piqued at the ill-concealed triumph of Clifton and Maybury, summarily suppressed them by asking the farmer how his fall turkeys got along.

As they arose from dinner both the collegians began to limp, one affirming that his ankle seemed sprained, while the other advertised a wrenched knee. The shrewd farmer readily fell in with their views, and silenced his wife, who ventured to say she should suppose "a sprain would have shown itself sooner," by affirming that it sometimes took years for a sprained knee or ankle to become troublesome. But what worried our maimed heroes most, was how they should get back to Waterville. The farmer could carry them in next morning, but that wouldn't do for they must be at the college in time for prayers. They never missed prayers.

At this juncture the young ladies, with true womanly feeling, took pity on the suffering pedestrians, and offered to take them home in their own sleigh. They thought it would hold four under the circumstances. The farmer thought so too, and bringing the team around to the door, assisted the cripples and their fair charioteers to embark. There was plenty of room in the sleigh, although the farmer's wife had so little judgment as to remark that she "should think it would be hard on sprained ankles to ride in such shape." The sleigh drove off and every one looked relieved.

It is summer. The Messalonskee lies placid in the twilight. "Clara, tell me truly why you brought that little girl so far around when you could have carried her home so much easier?"

"I—I thought you might get your ankle sprained and need to be brought home."

The Swiss mountaineers have a legend that the chamois, closely pursued, and despairing of life, drags the hunter with her into the abyss.

MOOSALAMOO.

About eight miles from the sleepy village of Brandon, in the old "Green Mountain" State, is one of the innumerable little lakes for which New England is noted. The approach to this gem, set in the heights of the Green Mountains, is by a road somewhat rough and steep, though in places affording beautiful views of the country

below. A pleasant drive it is, winding up the mountain beneath the trees and through the open spaces. The lake itself, named Dunmore, for an English Lord of long ago, is only two or three miles across, but is a very smooth, open sheet of water.

On the east side of the "pond," as New Englanders say, is a beautiful little stretch of sand shelving out to the deep water very gradually, forming a clean, hard floor, on which the wavelets of the lake dash in mimic surf, drawing a long, white line of foam.

Directly back from this beach, and at no great distance, rises a perpendicular wall of rock five hundred feet high. It is the greatest eminence in that part of the Green Mountains, and is called Moos-ala-moo. The face of the cliff is so large and smooth, that at a certain point in the lake, a very clear, distinct echo may be heard from it. A sentence of ten or fifteen words will be sent back from the rock with the distinctness of the first utterance.

From the summit of this mountain the view on a clear summer's day is grand and beautiful indeed; but to gain this, like other heights, requires climbing.

Soon after setting out to make the ascent we come to a very pretty water-fall, called the "Lena Cascade." Here a mountain brook casts itself headlong down a trough in the solid rock, at an angle of forty-five degrees or so, and then, at the foot of the first descent, is turned at right angles down another pitch. Thence it dances over a bright, pebbly bottom to the lake. The beauty of the spot around the cascade is heightened by tall evergreen trees, and a high overhanging rock, from the top of which is a fine view of the fall.

Pushing on up the mountain, clambering over fallen-trees, leaping gullies, and struggling over rocks, one comes, after a long and toilsome course to the summit. But if the day is a clear one, all the labor in getting there is more than repaid; for a glorious view lies outspread beneath. Just below is the little lake sparkling like a crystal in its setting of living green. (Some miles distant is the long, narrow Lake Champlain, which we can see for a distance of fifteen miles each-way.) The courses of the steamboats on its bosom are marked by the small plumes of smoke slowly rising from them. Through the valley below, the railway train creeps with almost imperceptible motion. On all sides gleam with daz-

zling whiteness the hamlets and villages that are a characteristic of New England scenery. The eye can trace the rivers and brooks by their green-clad banks. What a delightful plan for studying geography! Views of life are broadened by thus having the horizon of the physical sight enlarged.

If one has ascended the mountain prepared to spend the night there, he has an opportunity for two most glorious sights, that of sunset, and of sunrise. The spectacle at evening, of the dark shadows creeping eastward with ever-quickening pace, while the hill-tops are all aglow with their own light and that which they catch on its way to the valleys beyond, silences shallow mirth. It awakens in the beholder a feeling of admiration and awe that lingers, reluctant to leave him even when the dusk of evening has shut out the view. Not in vain are such moments of mute wonder at nature's beauty and grandeur. They draw aside, as it were, the curtain and let us look into the depths of our own souls.

The sunrise is the reverse of the sunset. Now, the same hill-tops that were the last to give up the dying light of evening are the first to catch the new-born light of another day. Now, the shadows hasten to the covert of the woods. Life begins to stir in the valleys, and ere long another day of labor is ushered in. The solemnity of the sunset is gone. A sort of good-natured indolence creeps over one as he stretches in the sunshine on the mountain top. The mind willingly yields itself to day-dreams.

From these airy visions we are roused to make ready for the descent. This is marked by various ludicrous incidents; for all are in a mood to laugh after the season of restraint that comes over us while gazing from the mountain. Soon the lake is reached. The carriage is gotten ready, and away we go down the hilly road; our minds better fitted to bear the tension of every-day life, by the relaxation and readjustment they have undergone.

DISAPPOINTMENTS.

I've plucked the flowers with careful hand
While the diamond dew-drop hung,
But their beauty vanished and perfume fled
Long ere the setting sun.

I've dipped my cup in the Pierian spring
To quench my thirsty mind;
I've drank as deep as I could drink,
And yet no respite find.

I've built my castle with jasper walls
And decked them with purple and gold;
I've gathered the treasures from Orient's land,
But it crumbled like Athens of old.

I've eagerly sought for the world's richest crown,
For fame, for renown, and for glory,
She crowned me a monarch, but soon took the
crown,
'Twas a very short story.

So I long for the time which is not far away,
When these disappointments will cease,
When the Master shall take me where changes
are not,
Then will my heart be at peace.

F. G. C.

THE CAMPUS.

A skating rink,
A flush of chink,
A season card,
A gracious "pard,"

A speed iniquitous,
A "yag" ubiquitous,
An airy spring,
A headlong fling,

A skating rink,
No time to think,
A Soph. deranged,
A maid estranged.

"A cold spell."

Was it underscored?

Where do you canvass?

Only a little black dog.

Did you get an "excellent"?

Was the sidewalk too narrow?

The new catalogue is out at last.

At last we are to have some fire escapes.

The library now contains 18,300 volumes.

Professor Hamlin has lately visited the college
and town.

Of course you have a season ticket to the
skating rink?

A certain Freshman is so unfortunate as to
have a duplicate here in town.

It seems to be pretty generally known that '83
is accustomed to take the cake.

It is said that '86 has voted to do no hazing
next year. "This is too much."

A bear dance to the music of tin horns, is the
latest in the way of an æsthetic show.

Miss Pottle, '86, has been absent a greater
part of this term on account of ill health.

The Anti-Lingo League is flourishing. Its
members are rapidly becoming bloated bond-
holders.

Has any one an *Oracle* of '75 which it will
be possible to purchase? If so, please commu-
nicate with the Local Editor.

Berry, '85, Richardson, '86, and Condon, '86,
have become members of the Delta Upsilon
Fraternity during the present term.

Mr. King has been obliged by illness to resign
his place on the editorial board. His depart-
ment will be filled by Mr. Kingman, '84.

By the demonstrations of glee, during the
hours of recitation, we are led to infer that the
Profs. are getting more than usually brilliant.

Saturday evening, January 20th, the stu-
dents of Prof. Elder's Sabbath-school class were
received at Rev. Mr. Spencer's, by Mr. and Mrs.
Elder.

The reports from Freshman "excellents" are
as slow coming in, and as doubtful in their im-
port, as the returns from a republican county in
Mississippi.

No 1 of Vol. IV., and numbers 2 and 3 of
Vol. I., of the ECHO are wanted to complete a
file. Will any one having them to spare, please
communicate with us?

According to the new catalogue a Senior is
rooming with two Freshmen and a Sophomore.
The catalogue does not specify whether or not
this family keeps a dog.

It is said that the conditions most conducive to
a prosperous examination, are an upright posture
and a correct discrimination between the back
and front sides of a chair.

A. I. Noble, A. C. Hinds, and Chancey
Adams represented the Chi, at the Zeta Psi
Convention, held with the Kappa and Lambda
Chapters at Boston, January 4th and 5th.

The speakers chosen for the Junior Exhibi-
tion (original articles), which took place January
26th, were: Cummings, Dexter, Doe, Emerson,
Gray, Mathews, Stevens, Turner, and Miss
Bragg.

Not long ago a Freshman complained that
he could get no time to read, as it took all his

spare moments to get his lessons and play checkers. What will he do when he is a Sophomore?

According to the last catalogue, there are at present in college, thirty-one Seniors, twenty-seven Juniors, twenty-four Sophomores, and forty-two Freshmen, making a total of one hundred and twenty-four.

Next term the Seniors will be allowed to elect between Greek (Plato, Plutarch, New Testament), Latin (Horace's *Ars Poetica* or Terence), Mathematics (integral calculus), and History of Philosophy (to Prof. Smith).

A Senior lamed his right arm skating. It is understood that he was trying a not entirely new kind of fancy skating, known as "circling daisies"—a performance which differs materially from either the "grape vine" or "outer edge."

The new seats for the President's recitation room arrived some time since. They are made of ash, and are furnished with attachments for writing. In point of utility, comfort, and beauty, they are far superior to anything of the kind in the building.

'83 contemplates leaving in the library an album, containing the pictures of those graduating in the class, and perhaps of the Faculty, also. This is an established custom in some New England colleges, although it does not need precedent to recommend it.

One of the Professors lately made the complaint, that the Freshmen were doing their work in Latin after a juvenile fashion. We have heard some juvenile rackets in their quarters, but it never entered our heads that a Latin lesson was the occasion.

Two enterprising Juniors contemplate a lecturing tour during the coming vacation. They have equipped themselves with a magic lantern and views from the Holy Land, with which they expect to captivate the Sabbath-school scholars of the by-ways and hedges.

New-Year's day, the reading-room received from Prof. Hall a very appropriate present in the shape of a picture, representing the leading journals of America, with portraits of their editors. A picture of Thurlow Weed forms the center piece, around which are arranged the others.

The sequestration of the singing books is the latest bright idea. If these modern Goths had

only stolen the choir and organist, it would have been much more effective, besides affording some excitement. But it has been a long time since a college *marauder* has displayed any creative genius.

Hon. Hannibal Hamlin has lately presented to the library a portrait of Columbus, copied in oil from a painting in the Naval Museum, Madrid. The original is said to be the most authentic portrait of the famous discoverer, in existence. It was originally in the possession of the family of Columbus.

It is encouraging to see the young ladies again taking interest in the class exhibitions. It seemed one while, as if they were becoming too feminine in their aspirations for students who are compelled to pursue a course of study, especially arranged to meet the requirements of doctors, lawyers, ministers, and business men.

We like to see the Freshmen imitative. Especially do we like to see them apt in following out the examples set them in the chapel. But it is carrying things a little too far, when they get together in a room and sing Phi Chi songs over a peck of peanuts. These songs belong to our heroic past, and should be spared such desecration.

The reception which the President tendered to the Seniors, New-Year's eve, was a very pleasant affair. The presence of a large number of towns-people, to whom invitations had been extended, added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening by rendering impossible, the tediousness so inevitable under the old method of inviting students exclusively.

It is proposed to form an inter-collegiate base-ball league, to include the Maine college nines. The object of this league will be to arrange a schedule of games, frame a uniform system of rules, and attend to whatever other details may be necessary in order to insure system and fairness in the inter-collegiate contests. It is understood that the managers of the various college nines in the State will meet soon to consider this proposition.

During the present term, several lectures have been delivered in the chapel before the students and invited citizens from the town. The course was opened Wednesday evening, January 8d, by Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, who delivered a lecture on the "Value of Extempo-

aneous Speaking." At the close of the lecture he also made some interesting remarks on the manners and customs of Spain, especially of the Royal Court.

The second of the series of chapel lectures was delivered Wednesday evening, January 17th, by Rev. Francis Bakeman, '66. His subject was, "The Moral and Spiritual Element in Education." To say that he held the attention of his audience, would be doing the lecturer scant justice. The manly and reasonable sentiments which he enforced were expressed with a happiness of diction, which won the good will of all, and which deserved to gain from every student thoughtful consideration of the question presented. That character is the only thing which remains, after the successes and adversities of life have ceased to exalt and depress, is a truth which every fair-minded person must admit, but which too few realize.

The library of the university has recently received the following books on art: Prang's Illustrations of the History of Art, five volumes; Michael Angelo, by C. C. Black; Corregio, from the German of Julius Meyer; Life and Times of Titian, two volumes, by J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle; Raphael, His Life, Work, and Times, from the French of Eugene Muntz; History of Ancient, Early Christian, and Mediæval Painting, from the German of A. Woltmann and K. Woerman; Subject and Neighbor Lands of Venice, by E. A. Freeman; Masters of Genre Painting, by F. Wedmore; Lectures and Lessons on Art, by F. W. Moody; The Artist and His Mission, by W. M. Reilly; Manual of Sculpture, by G. Redford; Handbook of Architectural Styles, by A. Rosengarten.

Last summer the Trustees voted three hundred and seventy-five dollars for the purchase of a collection of minerals for the department of geology and mineralogy. With a portion of this money a collection has been lately purchased from the firm of Ward & Howell. It belongs to what is termed their "college series," and cost two hundred and fifty dollars. It contains two hundred and eighty specimens, besides a case of colored and polished gems, and illustrates very evenly the "whole field of systematic mineralogy." The native elements in metallic ores are very fully represented, some of the specimens, as that of meteoric iron, being very rare

and interesting. Silica and the silicates are represented by a large number of well-assorted specimens, of which the blood-stones and agates are especially noticeable. The specimens of carbonates and sulphates are numerous, as are also those of the hydro-carbons. The whole collection is very carefully mounted and labeled.

The following is a list of photographs recently added to the art collection of Colby University:

Giotto's Portrait of Danté.
Giotto's Christ Washing the Disciples' Feet.
Giotto's Marriage at Cana.
Giotto's Raising of Lazarus.
Fra Angelico's Madonna and Child with Saints.
Fra Angelico's Angel with Cymbals.
Fra Angelico's Angel Sounding the Bugle.
Archaic Bronze Head (two views).
Ægina Marbles, Western Pediment (three parts).
Olympian Sculptures, Hermes of Praxiteles, Apollo.
Olympian Sculptures, Head of Nymph, Unknown Head.
Parthenon Sculptures: Theseus, The Fates, Horse of Selene, The Frieze (five views), The Metopes (two views).
The Temple of Minerva at Corinth.
The Temple of Ægina.
The Temple of Nike Apteros.
The Caryatides of the Erechtheum.
The Arch of Hadrian.
The Mosque of St. Sophia.
The Madeleine.
Paris Cathedral (Notre Dame).
Rheines Cathedral.
Egyptian Views: The Pyramids (three views), The Sphinx, Cleopatra's Needle (original position), Temple of Karnac, Tomb at Beni Hasan, Statues of Memnon, Reliefs, Pompey's Pillar.

THE COLLEGE PRESS.

For I am nothing, if not critical.

—*Othello*, Act II., Scene I.

Few college exchanges are more ably edited, or better conducted generally than is the *Niagara Index*, and when it shall have either changed its dingy dress or hidden it by a respectable cover, and shall have substituted reasonably clear type for the microscopic characters that now adorn it, it will furnish an excellent example of a readable and spicy college journal. The last issue is, in some points, scarcely up to the average, though we admire the research which is conspicuously displayed by the author of one rather commonplace article on "Regulus." In it he forever sets at rest all uncertainty that may have hitherto existed as to the ultimate fate of that illustrious Roman, by accurately describing the manner of his death with a preciseness that admits of no dispute. But by far the

most ably conducted department of the paper is the exchange. It is unique, inasmuch as it is devoted not so much to the criticism as to the massacre of college journals. The bellicose exchange fiend appears to exult in the thought that his hand is against every man, and that every man's hand is against him. Naturally this makes the department interesting, but we are seriously inclined to wonder whether it is politic for a college paper of the present day to follow too closely the classic but doubtful methods of an *Eaton-sevill Gazette*.

A responsive chord in our bosom is touched at once as, upon opening the *Undergraduate*, our eye lights upon an editorial that begins as follows: "The temperature in the chapel has been nearly at freezing point for several mornings, and the students have in consequence been compelled to sit shivering in their ulsters during the exercises." A fellow-feeling with the editor springs up within us immediately, and we are moved to examine more carefully a paper whose editorials are as practical and pointed as those of the *Undergraduate* frequently are. Without boasting of an elaborate literary department, it yet possesses one which is generally interesting and seldom tedious,—too rare a feature in the paper of the day. It avoids long, dull essays and, without committing itself to the stories of transparent nonsense which sometimes adorn the columns of Eastern exchanges, it still succeeds in making the department readable. We think that it commits a grave mistake, however, in giving more space to the notices of the current reviews than to the local fun and campus items of the college. The whole department of "Reviews and Notices" contains nothing which might not be found in almost as many words in any one of several well-known newspapers.

Yes, we do like the *Berkeleyan*, but it is occasionally just a little too previous. If there is anything on which it piques itself, it is its humorous column, "Olla Podrida," and it is barely possible that the paper sometimes gives itself a little too much credit for this department. In one of its last issues, after giving examples of the college poetry of the day, it says: "The very latest style is the following (a poem of two cantos follows). It then remarks with cool complacency, "The above style was probably suggested by a poem that appeared in our 'Olla Podrida,' a few months ago and which has been extensively copied by our exchanges." We shrink from dispelling such fond illusions, but strict regard for the truth compels us to state that the poem which furnishes an example of the style so recently invented by the *Berkeleyan* appeared upwards of three years ago in a religious newspaper in the East, so that we are unable to free our mind from all lurking suspicions that said style *may* have been suggested by something else than the funny column of the *Berkeleyan*.

The *Kansas Review* comes to us this month, improved in appearance by the addition of a tasty cover which, as a rule, contributes more than anything else to render a college publication attractive to the eye. The *Review* may fairly be taken as one of the best ex-

amples of the Western journal, maintaining as it does a finely supported literary department, and aiming to furnish a solid diet of articles of real worth, rather than a light course of humorous stories. The last issue is rendered particularly noticeable by a short, but admirably written article on "Nantucket." It is a descriptive piece, written by one who has evidently known what it is to be storm-bound in a place where one's sole amusement must consist in watching the surf on the shore, or in contemplating the erratic movements of the weather-vane on the barn. It is a fascinating bit of skilful word painting and, by its presence, adds more to the interest of the paper than do the heavier and more studied essays that follow.

The *College Rambler*, from Illinois College, is a model of neatness typographically, but it is sadly lacking in good editorials. The rest of the paper, especially the local column, is well sustained. The last number contains an article which affords some astonishing information in regard to the relations between England and Egypt, the author being unreasonably prejudiced in his views, and the article being filled with gross misstatements and misleading assertions. Its wholesale abuse of England would be amusing but for the fact that there is a large class of those who, without independent investigation, are always ready to accept as truth any species of tirade against Great Britain and her foreign policy.

OTHER COLLEGES.

HARVARD.

Thirteen thousand volumes have been added to the library during the past year.

The Annex will hereafter be known as the Society for the Collegiate Education of Women.

Harvard is to have a new laboratory, which will cost over a hundred thousand dollars. It is to be started in the spring.

CO-EDUCATIONAL.

Nearly 200 of the 358 colleges of the United States favor and practice co-education.

The board of trustees of Columbia, with the exception of Pres. Barnard, are unanimous in their condemnation of the co-ed. system.

The Parliament of Norway has recently passed a law, which the king has signed, giving women the privilege of attending the universities and applying for degrees in all the arts and sciences.

President Woolsey is reported as having said: "When I was President of Yale College, I was asked if I would be willing to admit women students there. I replied that I would if Vassar College would admit young men. That ended the discussion."

THE WASTE-BASKET.

Only a Freshman cheeky,
Strolling along the path,
Auburn his moustache streaky;
Striking, the gall he bath.

Only a fem., most charming,
Meeting him face to face,
Only a smile alarming;
Handkerchief waved with grace.

Only a youthful tutor,
Hasting to find his wife;
Only a Freshman scooter,
Bitter and sad his life."—*Athenaeum*.

An old bachelor says that we are safe from ever having a woman for President, because not one of the sex would ever confess to being over thirty-five years of age.—*Illini*.

They say an alligator is incapable of nausea. At least, they fed one on bread made by a Vassar College girl, and his jaws were strong enough to bite it, and it didn't make him sick.—*Ex*.

Enthusiastic Prof. of Physics (discussing the organic and inorganic kingdoms)—"Now if I should shut my eyes—so,—and drop my head—so,—and should not move, you would say I was a clod. But I move, I leap, I run, then what do you call me." Voice from the rear—"A clod-hopper!" Class is dismissed.—*Vassar Miscellany*.

Geometry class room: Professor—"You do not seem to have studied this very carefully." Freshie (a little deaf, excitedly)—"Yes, sir, that is just what I am trying to prove."—*Ex*.

Railway car. Brakeman comes in and unlocks the stove door to stir the fire. Old Party (from the country)—"Wall, that's the first time I ever saw a stove door fastened with a reg'lar lock. I s'pose it's to keep other folks from gettin' into that are stove." Wag (sitting by)—"No, that's to keep the fire from going out." Adapted.

PERSONALS.

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

'47.—C. E. Hamlin, formerly a Professor at this college, now of Harvard, having been called to Augusta by the illness of his father, lately paid Colby a flying visit.

'49.—Rev. E. C. Mitchell, late principal of the Paris (France) Baptist Theological Seminary, spent a few days in Waterville, not long since.

'49.—Rev. A. K. P. Small, of Fall River, has received a call to the First Baptist church in Portland, Me.

'53.—Ex-Gov. H. M. Plaisted has purchased a third interest in the *Lewiston Gazette*. The firm name will be Plaisted, Calvert & Waldron.

'60.—J. Manchester Haynes, of Augusta, is speaker of the Maine House of Representatives.

'62.—N. A. Luce, formerly of '62, called at the college during the teachers' meetings the first of the month.

'62.—George A. Wilson, treasurer of the So. Paris Savings Bank, represents that town in the Legislature, this winter.

'63.—Nathaniel Meader, Esq., president of the Hubbard & Blake M'fg. Co., is now representing Waterville in the Legislature for the second time.

'65.—Henry M. Bearce, president of the Norway National Bank, is a member of the present Legislature.

'77.—C. F. Meserve, principal of the Rockland (Mass.) High School, spent Christmas in Waterville.

'79.—H. E. Hamlin has been admitted to the Bar at Ellsworth, Me., and will begin the practice of law at that place.

'79.—C. F. Warner, of Augusta, attended the meetings of the Kennebec Teachers' Association.

'79.—A. P. Soule, principal of the West Waterville High School, was present at the same meetings.

'81.—C. L. Judkins is now principal of the High School at Bolton, Mass.

'81.—C. B. Stetson has succeeded Dr. Lowell as principal of the High School at Ellsworth, Me.

'81.—J. M. Wyman, of Newton Theological Seminary, spent his holiday vacation at home in Waterville.

'82.—E. M. Collins is at the head of a surveying party in Southern Colorado.

'82.—W. H. Furber is associate principal of the Boston School of Languages, having charge of the branch of that school at Providence, R. I.

'82.—M. C. Marin, of Newton, passed his holiday recess with Waterville friends.

'82.—S. J. Nowell is teaching in Waldoboro.

'82.—Geo. D. Sanders, another Newton student, was in Waterville during the holidays.

'83.—H. M. Lord, formerly of '83, is now on the editorial staff of the *Rockland Courier-Gazette*, and is also conducting a school in Thomaston.

'83.—E. H. Rowell, formerly of '83, has gone to Yenasee, S. C., for his health.

'84.—D. W. Holman, formerly of '84, is now in partnership with his brother as editor and proprietor of the *Roxbury Advocate*, a young newspaper published at Boston Highlands, Mass.

'85.—J. H. Lord, formerly of '85, now of Brown, '85, has, in addition to his college work, been teaching an evening school in Providence, being aided by two assistants.