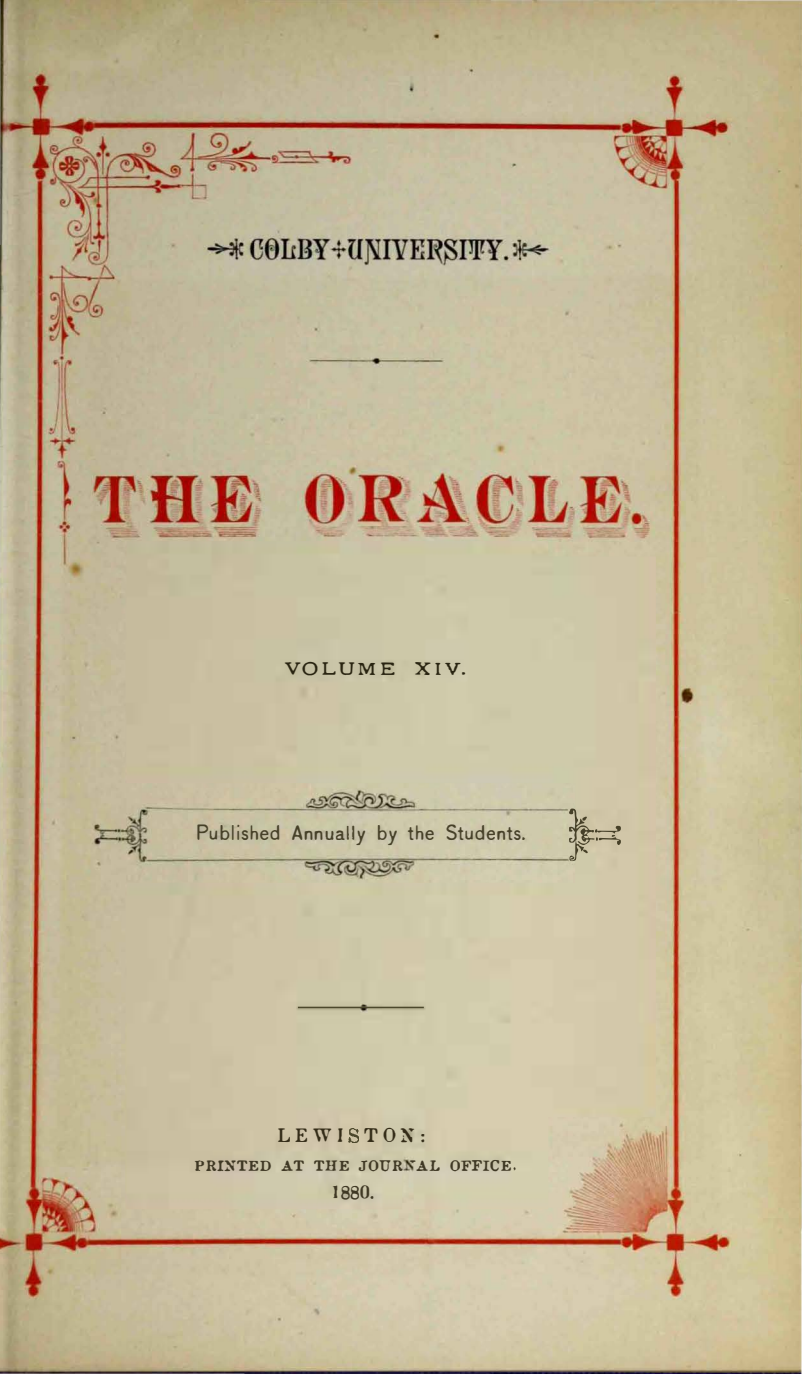


THE  
COLBY ORACLE  
BO



Wm Lutz  
Gardner Colby



→\* COLBY + UNIVERSITY. \*←

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# THE ORACLE.

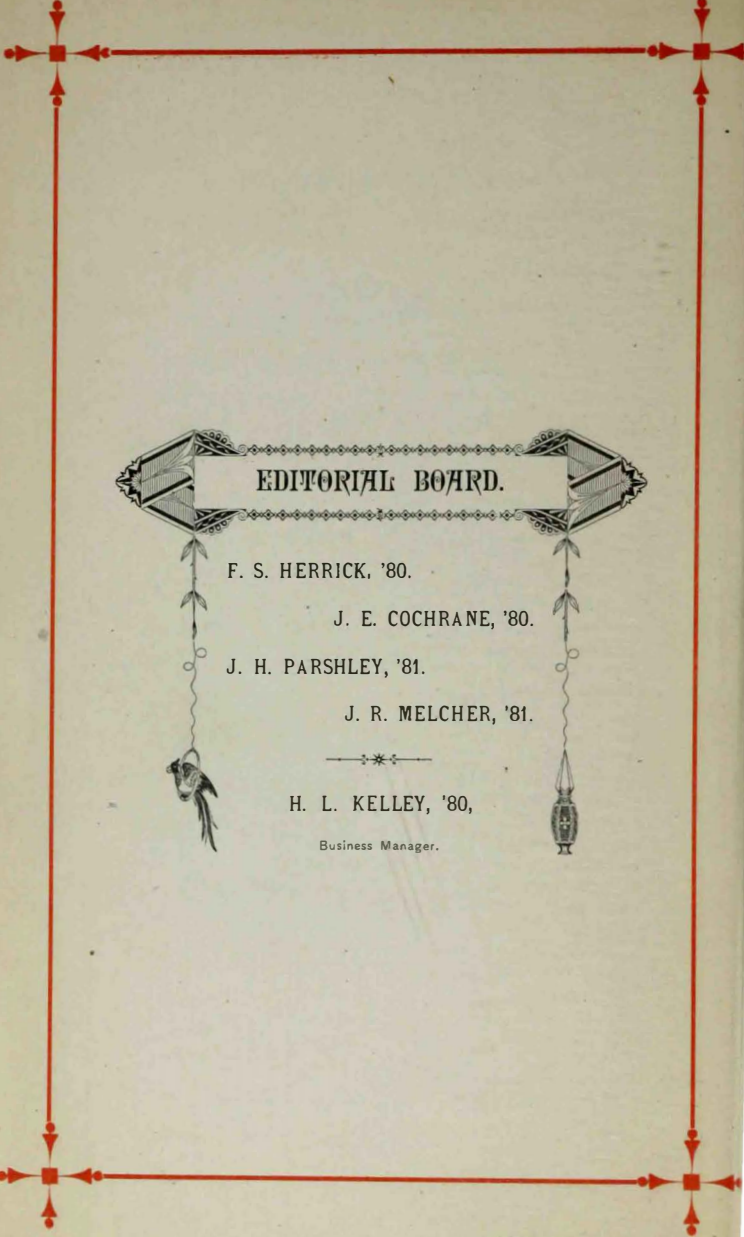
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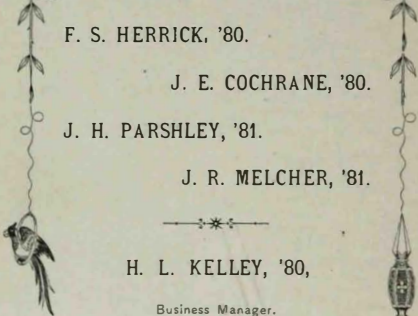
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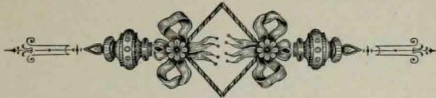
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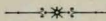
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❖ **TABLE OF CONTENTS.** ❖



	PAGE.
Portrait of Gardner Colby.....	Frontispiece.
Title Page.....	1
Editorial Board.....	2
Table of Contents.....	3
Editorial.....	5
Review of the Year.....	7
<b>LITERARY:</b>	
The Gauntlet (poem).....	13
Gardner Colby.....	13
Eldorado (poem).....	16
My Freshman.....	17
Love's Faltering (poem).....	20
Corporation.....	22
Association of Alumni.....	24
Faculty.....	25
Senior Class.....	27
Junior Class.....	33
Sophomore Class.....	36
Freshman Class.....	39
Secret Societies.....	43
Non-Secret Society.....	48
<i>Φ. X.</i> Society.....	50
Local Society.....	52
Boardman Missionary Society.....	54
In Memoriam.....	56
Athenæum.....	57
The Colby Echo.....	58
College Awards.....	59
Musical Department.....	60
Colby Boat Club.....	63
Colby Rifles.....	65
Base-Ball.....	66
Foot-Ball.....	68

Chess Clubs, etc. ....	69
Field Day .....	71
Rope Pull .....	72
Gymnasium .....	72
Colby Ivy Day .....	73
" Arma, Virumque Can(e)o "	75
" Alias " .....	78
Eating Clubs .....	79
Lore-Masters .....	81
H. M. S. P. ....	82
The Taffy Club .....	82
Embryo Moustache Club .....	83
Book Notices .....	84
Oracular Responses .....	86
Historical .....	88
College Calendar .....	92
Notice .....	93

ADVERTISEMENTS.

L. E. Thayer & Son .....	94
Redington & Kimball .....	95
Boston Clothing House .....	96
Isaac Sanborn .....	96
Hodson & Loud .....	96
University Book Store .....	97
J. G. Darrah & Co. ....	97
C. G. Carleton .....	97
Samuel Covel .....	98
The Colby Echo .....	98
Wm. Duncan .....	98
Mitchell & Co. ....	99
Dinsmore Brothers .....	99
A. O. Smith .....	99
Fred H. Fales .....	99
Journal Office, Lewiston .....	100





## —‡ EDITORIAL. ‡—



THE ORACLE intends to represent the student's idea of Colby life, to set forth his views upon the working of the college mechanism. It does not claim to be an exponent of his literary abilities,—this we think is amply accomplished by the *Echo*. It aims, as far as it can consistently with the laws of the University, to give our friends some slight conception of our opinion of the doings upon the campus. If anything has occurred during the year that to us seems inconsistent with the right, we claim the same privilege of free speech concerning it that would be granted were we other than students. Colby, as a University, is not perfect. Neither are its students. Deeds are done that were better left undone. Yet it is far from our purpose to offer any insult to the Government of the College, to make unfavorable comparisons between the various departments, or in any way to injure the college. Our design is rather to improve it as much as we can, to draw the attention of the friends of the college to those defects, which, in our opinion, should be remedied, as well as to notice the excellencies which we already find in its management.

The course of the editors, at the best, is beset by many difficulties. In avoiding Scylla they are borne unexpectedly



upon some unknown Charybdean law. They try to set forth some simple occurrence of little importance or consequence, as they think, when, like Thor in Jötunheim, they are struggling with the world-encircling serpent, until in despair they are ready, like the same Scandinavian God on another occasion, to hurl their Miölner from them.

The ORACLE, as a college publication, has *never* been supported by the students as it deserves. The editors are hampered by lack of funds. The last issue failed to cover expenses. Yet all are ready to criticise its columns, to complain of the fewness of the cuts, forgetting that they themselves alone are to blame, that the main cause of its inferiority is their refusal to give it their support.

The usual plan of preceding ORACLES has been followed, such changes being introduced as seem required. Not judging the time ripe for the omission of all literary matter, we have yet endeavored to bring it within narrower limits.

We most cordially thank Mr. Dennison, of the class of '82, for the designs so generously furnished, and we feel it due to him to say that if there are any defects of execution noticed in the cuts, they should be ascribed to the fault of the engraver.

Our thanks are also due to Mr. MacDonald, who, at our request, kindly consented to write the history of the class of '80, and to H. L. K., for his characteristic contributions.

In a publication like this it is impossible to meet the wishes of all. Wit verges upon personality. Flatness results from avoiding all mention of the peculiarities of student life. While endeavoring to follow the mean, we cannot hope to escape censure,

“ But what is writ, is writ,—  
Would it were worthier.”





## ❖ REVIEW OF THE YEAR. ❖

**T**HE beginning of another decade finds Colby in advance of its position ten years ago. Then it was recovering from the effects of the war, and laying a strong foundation for subsequent enlargement. During this period its progress has been slow but steady. New buildings have been erected, new departments of study opened, additional professors added to the old corps, and other indications given that the institution is in possession of the elements of growth and usefulness. And yet the even tenor of this prosperity is such that it does not furnish items of especial interest. The past year has been even more monotonously dull than some of its predecessors. Few events of note have occurred of which we, as undergraduates, keeping in mind the principles of college government, could becomingly treat.

The last entering class was somewhat smaller than the two preceding. But the number of students connected with the college is as great as the present arrangement can well accommodate. The same efficient officers give instruction now as when the class of '80 first became connected with the institution. During the past year the curriculum has not been altered. The Seniors have pursued with especial advantage the studies of Psychology and Ethics. In these recitations mere memorizing is not admitted. A clear conception of the principles involved is required, and these principles are freely and thoroughly discussed. The various

schemes of philosophy are compared with each other, their errors refuted, and a correct system evolved.

Rhetoric and Logic have been studied with diligence. Dry text-books are even rendered acceptable when supplemented by clear and succinct explanations.

The little time the college devotes to the sciences becomes more and more profitable. Much pains is taken in this department to render the course agreeable, and what is more, beneficial. A large majority of those who enter upon these studies would prefer an extension rather than a curtailment of this course.

The department of Mathematics becomes more interesting to mathematical minded underclassmen, and an ever increasing terror to lazy students. During the past season Olney's text-books have been exchanged for Todhunter's, much to the chagrin of '83, it must be confessed.

The Trustees, to meet the growing needs of the time, recently established a Professorship of Elocution. But nothing further was done save the bare mentioning of the department in the catalogue. This is not as it should be. Instruction in speaking must now be given by professors, who, in addition to their regular services, are unjustly required to take upon themselves the extra and arduous labor of drilling the several classes in elocution. But this most essential requisite for young men fitting for public life cannot thus be successfully tagged to the skirts of another and distinct department. The short-sighted policy that refuses properly to endow a Chair of Elocution cannot fail to injure the college. And we would urge the Trustees to make every effort to secure the services of a professional teacher in this department.

The usual courses of study have been pursued in the various other departments with the usual success. Some changes, perhaps, might have rendered the work more beneficial. Though in the main the reward has been commensurate with the labor.

The college library each year becomes more serviceable. The dry, musty, semi-theological tomes, that once in solitude collected the dust upon their expansive backs, have been



supplemented by more modern works upon all topics of interest to the college student. The number of volumes taken out each term speaks well for the amount of reading done, and evinces a constantly increasing interest in general literature. Yet there is, beyond doubt, room in Colby for a higher literary culture, for a more liberal study of literature for its own sake.

During the past year especial attention has been given to athletic sports. With a base-ball ground, and a gymnasium among the best in the State, there is no reason why Colby should not make a better show in this direction than hitherto. During June last was held the first annual Field Day. Want of room upon the campus compelled the managers to hold the exercises, except the base-ball matches, in the agricultural park. Under favoring conditions of the weather the contests were all that could be desired. The class of '81, through Mr. Worcester, carried off more prizes than any other. The trials of skill and strength showed that vigor had not entirely deserted these classic halls. The occasion demands an annual repetition. The base-ball team has been in the main successful. A new uniform was purchased during the season, the grounds changed and improved. In the winter the nine was quite unfortunate in losing three of its best men. But under the present efficient management it bids fair to surpass its previous efforts. In all its undertakings the nine have the sympathy of the entire college; for the time has come when athletics are recognized as a regular part even of Colby life. Foot-ball has not received the attention it deserves, and no system has yet been employed for its regulation. As to the martial spirit, it seems to have deserted these halls. The Colby Rifles appear to be among the things that were.

The Reading Room has been in the main well conducted. The officers were hampered by the debt contracted by preceding managers, but have done the best in their power to supply the needed reading matter.

The Boardman Missionary Society has maintained its usual standing. Its influence upon its members is undoubt-

edly strong and beneficial, but upon the non-professing element its hold is not so firm as could be desired.

The Delta Kappa Epsilon, Zeta Psi, Sigma Kappa, Delta Upsilon Fraternities, have, throughout the year, cultivated amicable relations with each other, amid unimpeded prosperity. Invidious calumnies have fortunately ceased to be in vogue. Friendly rivalry best keeps alive college and society spirit, and drives away *ennui*.

The Glee Club has practiced quite regularly throughout the year, and has given very acceptable concerts. The Weber Quartette has contributed still further to raise the musical standard, and has the honor of being among the few college associations that give entertainments of value throughout the State.

The usual programme of Commencement was rendered more interesting last July by the Ivy Day exercises of '80, and the Class Day of '79.

The increased facilities, for the accommodation of visitors in town, cannot fail to give a large attendance at the coming Commencement. All who have read "GETTING ON IN THE WORLD," will make every effort to hear the oration on Tuesday evening. The Ivy will be planted by the Juniors, '80 will have no Class Day; but the week, as usual, will be crowded with instructive and interesting exercises.

The False Orders at the last Freshman Prize Reading, lacking the wit and literary merit of their immediate predecessors, were rightly received with general disapprobation. College spirit and class pride are legitimate and praiseworthy, and might well be stronger. But when they descend to low ribaldry and vulgar assault, it is time that they were abated as unpopular nuisances.

The class of '82, desiring to re-introduce a regular college custom, began preparations for a cremation. But out of respect to the wishes of the Faculty the design was abandoned. So '77 is still the last class that has had such an exercise.

It is with especial pleasure that we have noticed the increasing care bestowed upon the campus. Broken limbs have been trimmed from the trees, and even the trees

themselves, when interfering with the comfort of the students, have been removed. And there are even intimations that the turf will be kept trimmed during the coming season. The old Commons House has been moved from its too close proximity to Coburn Hall to the rear of the baseball grounds. There in its new position it has been so thoroughly renovated, that one can scarcely recognize in its altered proportions the unsightly hulk that formerly disgraced the campus. And yet it may be questioned, even now, whether the thing would not better have been removed from the grounds. There is great need, as every preceding ORACLE has urged, that these grounds should be carefully graded, and kept free from all unseemly encumbrances.

The present arrangement of recitations requires all rehearsals directly after a meal. At such a time a speaker cannot, of course, do himself justice. Hurried by his walk to town he is forced to go through the form of rehearsal while quite unfitted for the exercise. We do not ourselves quite see how a change can be effected. The student will still very likely be set to solve the difficult problem of showing how the digestive and oratorical processes can both be carried on successfully at the same time.

During each winter since we have been connected with this institution the insufficient heating of the chapel has been among the noticeable realities of college life. Hardly is there a morning in cold weather, when it would be comfortable or even politic to remain there over a half-hour. The meagre heating contrivances for Memorial Hall fail entirely to produce an adequate degree of warmth; and often an examination is followed by a severe cold, and the health of the students is endangered.

The curriculum of the college remains much the same as it was twenty years ago. There is the same generous allowance of Greek and Latin, the same pittance of modern languages. And what is quite as unsatisfactory to the students, the Greek and Latin are scattered here and there throughout the whole course. Just when one of these dead languages has been omitted long enough for a thick rind of rust to accumulate on his mental apparatus, the



student is confronted with a new installment of this ancient course, tougher and more unsavory than anything he has yet encountered. The Senior, whose mental digestion has become somewhat impaired by the excesses of former years, complains most bitterly of this arrangement. He has been sighing through three long years for a little relief, and at last when he thinks himself near the hour of deliverance, in the very middle of his last year, the same old dose of grammar, lexicon, and barbaric thought is crammed down his unwilling gullet. This is too bad. It is unendurable. We entreat the powers that be to come to our help. If the same amount of Greek and Latin is to be retained, let it be put in the first part of the course. Pour it out upon the unconscious, unresisting Freshmen, and the all-conscious, all-sufficient Sophomores, but spare, we entreat you in the interest of all coming time, spare the Juniors, and especially the Seniors, who are absolutely barred by their previous experiences from deriving any benefit from these studies, however beneficial they may be when pursued in an earlier part of the course.

Thus much we find in looking back over the past year. Though it seem trifling to our friends outside of the "Bricks," it is nevertheless the record of a year of hard study and little play; a period of preparation for realities, when the present is of value chiefly in its reference to the future.





—\* LITERARY, \*—

THE GAUNTLET.

(A GORGE IN NORTHERN MAINE.)

**B**ATTLE ground, where gods and fiends made war,  
In the old days of mystery and night,  
Gouged out with trampling of the furious fight,  
And strown with hill-tops hurled down from afar,  
The battle's hasty weapons; an old scar  
Upon the brow of this fair land bedight  
With Summer's beauty. Oh! it is a sight,  
First among those that unforgotten are.  
But earth is kind, for, now a froth-white stream  
Is poured along the glen, striving for aye  
To wash the war-stains off. Each rift and seam  
Blue matted berries cover from the day.  
Only, by night the weeting, white stars seem  
Above the pines to draw measurelessly away.

5/13/52  
GARDNER COLBY.

**B**Y the generous favor of a friend of the college,  
whose name we are not permitted to give, we have  
the pleasure of presenting to our friends with this  
number of the ORACLE an excellent likeness of the  
benefactor whose name the college bears.

As students in an institution which owes so much to him  
we are glad to avail ourselves of this opportunity of express-  
ing, as is certainly fitting, our appreciation of the liberal  
gifts of which we are daily receiving the advantage. We  
can add nothing to the tributes to his memory which have  
been gathered in the memorial volume, edited by the Rev.

Henry F. Colby, of Dayton, Ohio. In reading this volume we scarcely know which to admire the more, the graceful reticence of the son in speaking of the virtues of his father, or the worthiness of the father of the filial reverence and affection of such a son, and of the respect of such men as bear their willing testimony to the eminent excellence of his character. It is certainly an inspiration to those of us who must—and a majority of us must—begin the task of life with a hand to hand fight with poverty, to see, in the example of the patron of our college, that eminence so high and usefulness so signal may be achieved without the adventitious aids of wealth and social position. Mr. Colby was self-made in the best sense. His opportunities for mental training at school were of the most meagre kind. Compelled by the straightened circumstances of his parents, he was accustomed to labor from his earliest childhood. This gave him a self-reliance which was of vast advantage to him in subsequent years. His quick observation compensated in part for the lack of school instruction. Entering with high aims and indomitable courage upon the work of life, by unwearied industry, by the strictest economy, by extraordinary sagacity he pushed his way forward until he was recognized as one of the merchant princes of the capital of New England.

Unlike many self-made men, however, who, lacking early literary advantages, affect to despise them, Mr. Colby showed his high appreciation of them by devoting a part of the fruit of his sagacity and toil to secure for us, and those who shall come after us, the privileges of intellectual culture which were denied to him. There was a nobility in this which no "Colby" boy who is worthy of the training here received will ever forget. It impresses with the eloquence of a living illustration the lesson that a man is truly great only in proportion as he serves his fellow-men. "No man is a man who does not make himself so much a man as to be needed by his fellow-men":—this was an exclamation often upon Mr. Colby's lips, and reveals the grand purpose of his life.

In the memorial volume to which we have alluded the circumstances attending his first great gift to the college are



narrated. Inasmuch as this tribute to Mr. Colby's memory will come into the hands of but few of the readers of the ORACLE we take the liberty of transcribing as follows:

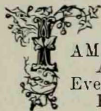
"In 1864 he made his notable gift to Waterville College in Maine. The occasion of his first forming the generous purpose is interesting, and illustrates the method of Divine Providence in using the brief words of men for producing important results, and of causing seed-truth to germinate years after it has been cast into the ground. It was the evening of the day of prayer for colleges. The late Dr. Samuel B. Swaim was present at the prayer-meeting, and related, as in harmony with the thought of the hour, an incident which occurred in his early ministry at Portland. As he entered, he said, the house of one of his parishioners for a pastoral call, he met Dr. Chaplin, then President of Waterville College, just about to leave it, evidently an unsuccessful solicitor for aid in behalf of the college. As he stood there, hat in hand, he groaned out, 'God help Waterville College!' The picture of the self-denying and earnest servant of Christ, standing in that doorway and thus giving vent to his over-burdened heart, had remained indelible in the memory of Dr. Swaim; and, of course, he described it with earnest feeling. Mr. Colby was present at the prayer-meeting and heard the story and its application. That night, meditating upon his bed, as he was wont to do, sleepless and restless, he finally said to his wife, 'Suppose I give fifty thousand dollars to Waterville College.' Always ready to encourage him in any noble purpose, she gave her approval to his thought. He continued as the days rolled by, to think of the matter. He considered what might be the results of the gift, and what would probably be the sad results unless he or some one else, should come to the rescue of that seat of learning. He had been acquainted with its history. He was a native of Maine. As a boy he had lived at Waterville, and the President, Dr. Chaplin of whom Dr. Swaim spoke, had early befriended his mother in her struggles. He was interested in the cause of Christ in that portion of the country, and in the growth of the State in power and culture. He believed that it furnished some

of the best material for useful, educated men. He had learned to regard with esteem some of the graduates of Waterville with whom he had become acquainted at Newton, and it was a pleasant thought to him, that he might not only relieve a useful school from a dangerous financial embarrassment, but in doing so confer a great benefit upon many worthy, poor young men, such as he himself once was. The more he thought and prayed over it, the clearer the conviction became that God called upon him to do it; and the next August the gift was made."

"Mr. Colby's benefactions did not stop here; but in each of two subscriptions, one to complete the payment for the Memorial Hall and increase the general funds, and the other to erect Coburn Hall, he gave ten thousand dollars, besides five hundred dollars a year to the Library for ten years."

The aggregate of his gifts while he was living, amounted to more than \$75,000. By his will he bequeathed \$100,000 for the general funds, and \$20,000 for the aid of students.

## ELDORADO.



A poor among my neighbors,  
And the rich look down on me,  
Even friends, who long have known me,  
Pity me my poverty.

But, although for me too quickly  
Winter follows after Fall,  
Though my food is coarse and scanty,  
I am richer than they all.

They, perchance, the wealthiest of them,  
Build them ships or buy them land,  
Rear them houses; I have castles,  
Kingdoms, fleets at my command.

They have households, I have nations;  
They have gold in boarded piles,  
I have diamond mountain ranges,  
Lakes of pearl that stretch for miles;

Ruby rivers, skies of sapphire,  
Jasper meadows, emerald trees;  
And uncounted bands of yeomen  
Placed in keeping over these.

But, alas! my brave possessions  
Are a wonderland in Spain;  
And, of all my ships sent thither,  
Not one has come back again.

Have they all been stranded, sunken,  
Lured to death by siren charms?  
Have the ghostly, gliding icebergs  
Clutched and crushed them in their arms?

Tempest-tost or fog-bewildered  
Whatever fate was theirs,  
Nothing know I, and, unknowing,  
Still have hope amid my fears;

Often fancying at morning,  
As I gaze upon the sea,  
That the white sails seen afar off,  
Are my ships come back to me;

Often fancying at evening,  
When the light strikes broad and low,  
That within the eastern shadows,  
I behold my banners blow.

And, though often faint with watching,  
Sick with fears that will not rest,  
Still I launch and send my vessels  
On their unreturning quest;

Longing, hoping, praying, trusting,  
Through my bitterness of pain,  
That they all, a grand Armada,  
One day will come back from Spain;

And, returning, bear me with them,  
Whither all my treasures are,  
In the land of youth eternal,  
Underneath the morning star.

### MY FRESHMAN.



NOT that I possessed him in any worldly sense, nor that I had any partnership in his existence or business. It was essentially an æsthetic relationship, a union of kindred spirits, a companionship of *souls* rather than bodies; and the most surprising part of it was, that the knowledge of such connection was held only by himself. He was not aware of it. This I knew.



But my own satisfaction was not less keen. Indeed, I was but happier on this account.

When he first entered college he was located, by some kind friend, in the room directly beneath my own. Naturally I felt an interest in the lad, although I hardly considered it necessary to converse with him. For the Freshman must learn his place. But, though I never spoke to him or even looked him square in the eye, yet when all was still at night, when it was too late to study, but just about the right time to build air-castles, to plan for the future, to gaze at the moon and wonder if it was shining in like that at a window you know of, and if somebody you know was looking out and—and—and so forth, *then*, quick as a flash my thoughts would drop to the room below. I would see its occupant seated at his table, digging away at dry old texts we had almost forgotten, or, wearied and disgusted with the drudgery, leaning back in his chair, with dreamy eyes fixed on the ceiling.

I knew he must have dreamy eyes. What mattered it if I had heard him consigning his laundry man to the "torrid" regions? Laundry men are *always* provoking, and dreamy-eyed folks *can* get mad. Or of what account were the reports I so often heard about his remarkable ability to conceal provisions? Must we not all "eat to live"? and of course he was *human*.

Then hadn't I heard him, sometimes, humming low, plaintive melodies, and one day, as if in very proof of my theory, didn't I pick up under his window a bit of paper on which was scribbled a few faint lines!

Never before did I enjoy the pleasure that I took in deciphering those hurried, tear-stained verses:

"I would I were a Senior chap,  
With nothing else to do  
Than to play croquet  
Two-thirds of the day,  
And buzz the ladies, too.  
Yum! Yum!

"But, alas! how different is my fate,  
How dreadful is my lot,  
For 'tis Latin and Greek

The livelong week,  
And never an easy spot.  
Oh, dear!

“But I will hie from these noisy walls  
With my books to the river’s side,  
And there like a man  
I’ll plug if I can  
But rather than flunk, I’ll *ride*,  
By time!”

“Didn’t I tell you so?” shouted I as I finished the last line. “Tell me what?” growled my chum (a good fellow, by the way, but not at all æsthetic). “Ah!” thought I, for it was no use to talk to chum about such matters. “Ah! here is a *poet*. He, indeed, has caught that true poetic spirit which so long has slumbered. Let Tennyson look well to his laurels! Let Longfellow beware! How graceful the opening verse, how clearly expressed that longing, that reaching-out after better things, and its closing line, how sweet its cadences fall upon the ear! How tender, how refined! How gently, in the next verse, does he draw aside the veil and offer to our view a glimpse of that gloomy picture, that slough of black despair, the Freshman year! What a manly tone the last verse bears, what a noble resolve it records, and how, by the most sacred of oaths, by the past, the present, the future of eternity, that vow was sealed! Oh! I *knew* he had dreamy eyes.”

One night while indulging in my evening cigar (for a Senior must smoke) I caught the sound of a murmuring voice below. “Ah!” thought I, “here is a chance to become acquainted with the inner workings of this giant intellect.” Cautiously I inclined my head and listened. “Hog,” “steer,” “garden” were the words I caught. Never could he have descended to such base topics. “I would I were even a *dog* in my dear one’s garden,” was what he must have said. What else could it have been? How very imprudent of him, though, to give vent to such tender emotions beside an open window! But there; I forgive him; we all were Freshmen once. But, hark! he speaks again. With a reckless determination to hear certainly *this* time I thrust my head far out of the window-

casing. "And if the old man don't get them sheep in from the back paster, he'll lose some of 'em." I could not suppress a prolonged whistle. A confused rustling is heard below, a rocking chair begins to creak mournfully, and through the tobacco-laden air arose to my startled ears, "A cosecant is a large body of water entirely surrounded by land."

### LOVE'S FALTERING.

**W**ITH bright prow parting the waters wan,  
Love sailed from shore in the morning gray,  
Its white sails taut with the damps of dawn,  
Its white decks spattered with spirting spray,  
Its banners blowing above the mist,  
And flushed with a faint forefeeling glow  
Of the rosy warmth, in the reddening East,  
From the sun of its yearning so far below.

And ever the wake span out astern  
Its thread that whitened and frayed away,  
And ever the banners did brightlier burn,  
And the mists waxed thinner and rosier aye;  
And Love leaped laughing to see how fast  
The far shore sank, and laughed to behold  
The red light glinting above the mast,  
And the low clouds blazing purple and gold.

And ever crisping and curling spring  
Twin sheaves of white athwart the prow,  
That, lifting ever and shattering, fling  
Their foam-fruit over the decks of snow;  
The sky is throbbing with white and red,  
And gilded is every green wave's crest;  
But Love looks back and sees with dread  
The low shore sunk in the kindling West.

The shore hath sunk in the kindling West,  
But still the sunlight is not yet;  
And, strangely chilling on cheek and breast,  
The breezes come from the land that is set;  
And, strangely blinding, out of the dawn  
A thousand blazing splendors leap;  
And Love, with pallid lips withdrawn,  
Sails fearfully down that blossoming deep.

O happy Love, thou art all alone,  
Thou art sailing alone on a wide, white sea;  
And the sunlight's warmth is about thee thrown,  
And the sunlight's beauty is over thee!





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— OF THE —

# Officers and Students

— FOR THE —

\* ACADEMICAL YEAR. 1879-80. \*





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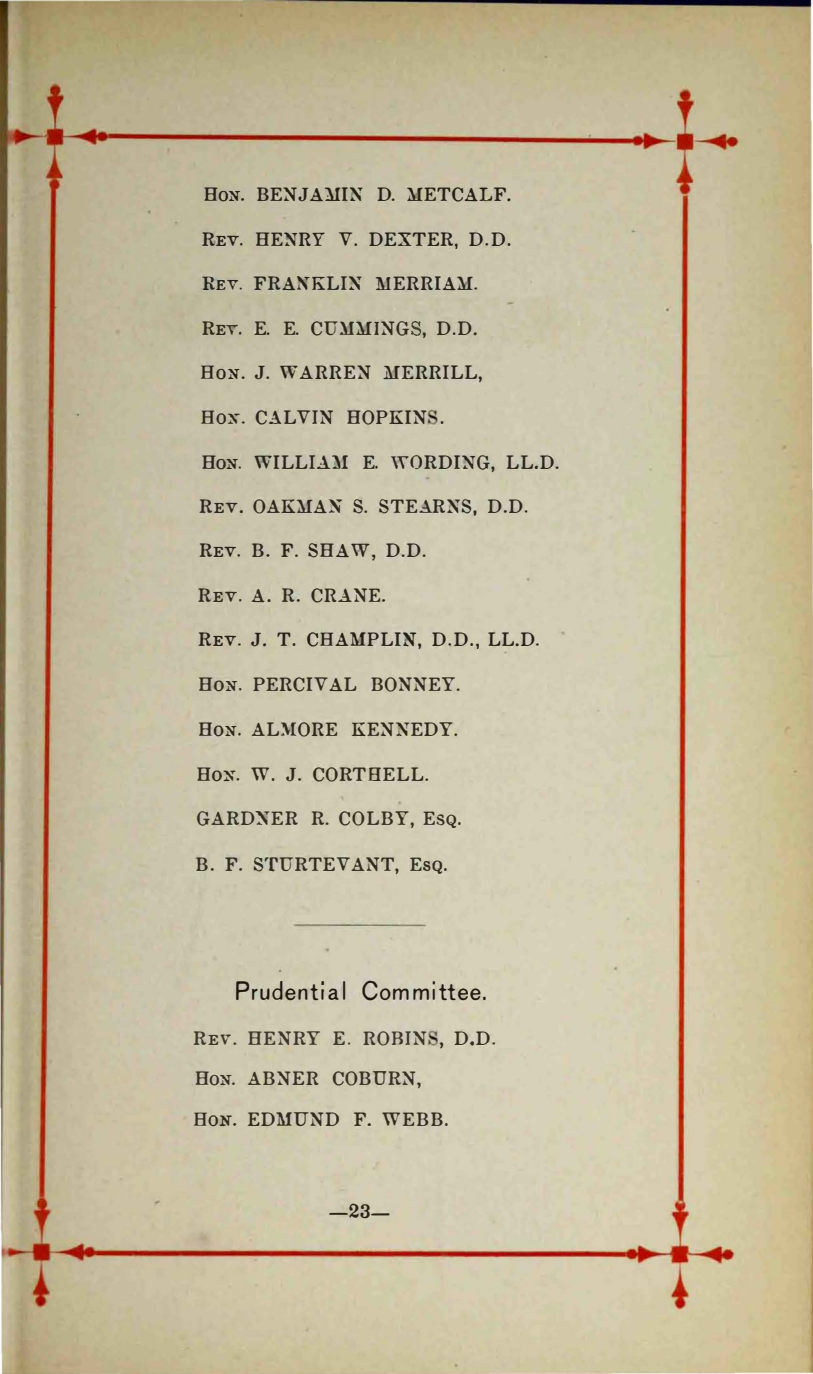
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'80.

---

CLASS COLOR.....SEAL BROWN.

---

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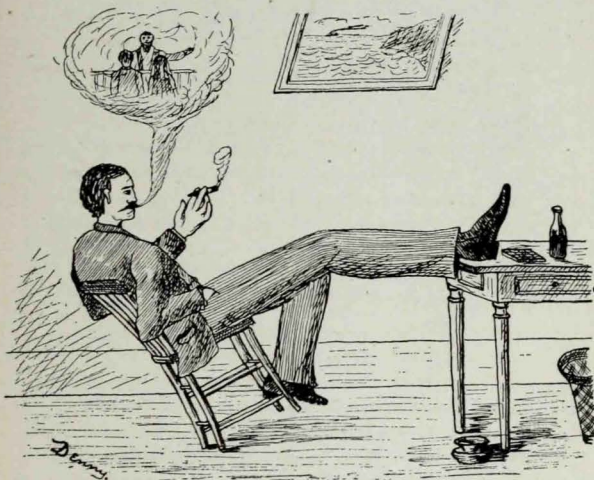
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Hartstein Wendell Page .....	Rockport.
Arthur Milton Thomas .....	Hallowell.
James Elisha Trask .....	New Sharon.

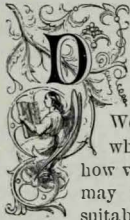
21







## History of the Class of '80.



R. THOMAS ARNOLD has said that "most readers find it almost impossible to impress on their memory a mere abridgment of history."

We accept the truth of the remark with sadness when we remember how limited is our space and how vast are our resources. We trust that the world may not suffer in consequence of not having been suitably impressed with details so important as those in the history of the class of '80.

The year in which this remarkable career was begun will be long remembered. The single magic word "Centennial" expresses the whole. "On to Philadelphia" was the watchword of the *vulgus profanum*, but we were content with Waterville. What was the Main Building, in all its conceded grandeur, to our own Memorial Hall, "built of stone and surmounted with a tower eighty feet in height?" The many attractions to the great show offered but a slight temptation, for we were Colby Freshmen.

We began Livy with the very preface, to see whether the author was "about to do anything worth while or not," and let a note be made of the fact that no other class has read that preface since. We were also led to wonder by what possible arguments (τίσι ποτὲ λόγοις) the accusers of Socrates persuaded the Athenians that he was worthy of death from the state. In mathematics, however, our full powers were at first somewhat restricted for want of sufficient black-board area, but this difficulty was subsequently overcome by an enlargement of the recitation room.

Class histories not unfrequently assume a boastful tone, but the beautiful modesty of '80, even evincing itself in its motto, *Μή δόξαν ἀλλὰ τελειότητα*, utterly precludes such a course in this connection as being altogether incongruous to the character of the class; nevertheless there are a few facts worthy of mention which may speak for themselves. No sooner were we fairly at work than the Faculty and Trustees saw that such intellectual labor must be supplemented by better facilities for physical exercise, and up went a new gymnasium. The members of '77, with that commendable sagacity so characteristic of Seniors, recognizing the impending need of some literary safety valve, began the publication of a college paper, *The Colby Echo*. Some minor events also were not without their significance. Some of the Alumni were moved upon to adorn the library with a beautiful and costly bust of Milton; many improvements were made upon the campus, and finally, when the Faculty found that the next incoming class would be unusually large, a new well was dug just back of Champlin Hall. To say that we were profoundly grateful for all these indications of kind consideration and esteem in our behalf, but feebly expresses the fact. Exit Day came at last; and at 2 P.M., on the 20th of July, 1877, there was in waiting at the M. C. depot, a special train which conveyed us to the State Capital, where, at the Augusta House, the "oration," poem, history, songs, banquet, speeches, and general merry-making, afforded an occasion to be remembered for a lifetime.

We have thus dwelt at length upon Freshman year, because its events and experiences, by their very novelty, especially impressed themselves upon our memories. As Sophomores we reached that proud condition of self-complacency attained by us neither before nor since. We were full of business. There was that motley crowd of Freshmen to be disciplined, their ardor to be "frequently moistened" by cooling showers from the third and fourth story windows. There were also organ-grinders, old clo'men, French boys, Instituters, tramps, and yaggers to be shown the propriety of coming up our walks with due circumspection. There were other pressing duties incumbent upon us which, alas, were often sadly neglected. But the Faculty alone are to blame; they kept us right down to steady, hard work, even filling in the chinks of time with lectures, declamations, compositions, etc., so that each could truthfully say with Mr. Mantalini in *Nicholas Nickleby*, "My life is one demd horrid grind."

We look back upon our Junior year as one of great pleasure and profit, and whenever our thoughts shall revert to it, they will place us first in Coburn Hall, or at least in surroundings made familiar to us by the study of physical science. The tendency of the latter part of our curriculum has been to open up fields of investigation and research whose very existence we had not even dreamed of before, and of which, either one alone could easily furnish life-long work to the best intellect. Especially is this true in the realm of metaphysics to which we were introduced upon becoming Seniors. Here was presented a new, world of thought and study which in its unbounded vastness, forces the most self-assured into a just appreciation of his weakness and ignorance.

Our ranks have been greatly thinned since entering college. A very few have gone to other institutions of learning, while several, through various circumstances, have abandoned a course of collegiate training altogether. Fortunately not one of the original number has died, hence we add our testimony to the veracity of the college catalogue which declares that "Waterville is one of the most healthful villages in Maine." But, while our numbers have been preserved intact from death, matrimony, which also loves a shining mark, early claimed a victim. To the malady contracted in the preparatory school, the susceptible nature unable to rally, succumbed early in the Sophomore year.

We are startled to find ourselves nearing the end of our course, so pleasantly and quickly have the four years passed away. Already that certain jolly vivacity of college life yields to sober realities. In looking back we only regret that we have not performed our part as faithfully as our officers have theirs; that we have not made a better use of our golden opportunities. In looking forward into life, we half suspect that men are right when they tell us that the world will assay *us*, not our diplomas; but if we have here formed characters which will abide the test, if we have cultivated an intense longing for truth and have increased our powers for its acquisition, if we have become immovably bent toward lives of usefulness, then our college days have had a wonderful significance, and their fruits will be lasting as eternity.



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'81.

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\* Special Course.

41

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'82.

CLASS COLOR.....CHERRY RED.

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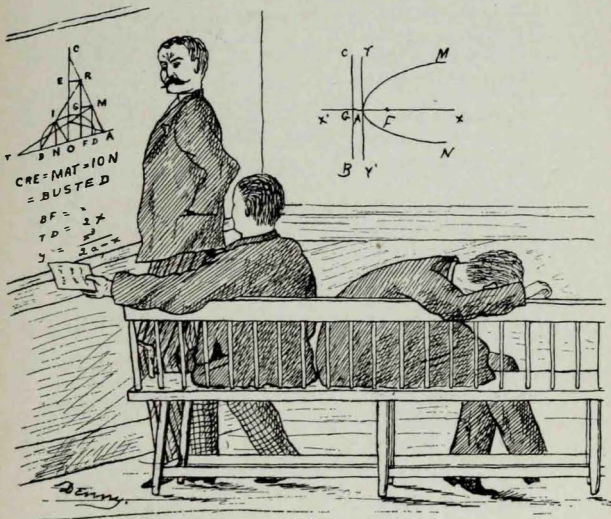
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\* Deceased.

41

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'83.

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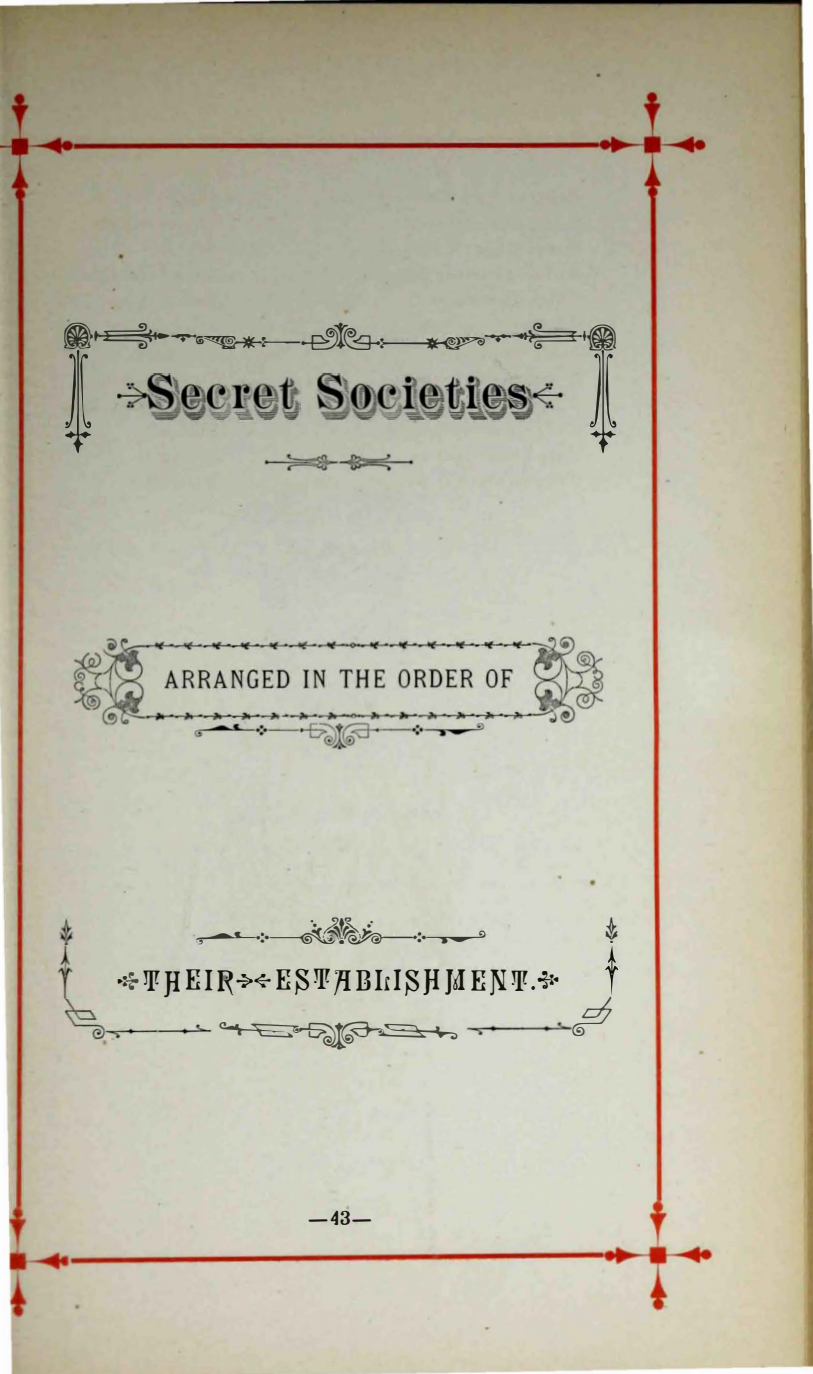
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Edward Earle Cates.....	East Vassalboro.
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Asher Crosby Hinds.....	Benton.
Jennie Paine Howard.....	Winslow.
Charles Herbert Jennings.....	Bangor.
Arno Warren King.....	Lamoine.
Alfred King.....	Portland.
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Henry Harrison Manser.....	Everett, Mass.
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Henry Trowbridge .....	Thomaston.
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Walter Richards Whittle .....	Ellsworth.
Frank Ross Woodcock .....	Belfast.
Benjamin Franklin Wright .....	Waterville.

43

\*Special Course.





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• THEIR ESTABLISHMENT. •

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Established 1845.



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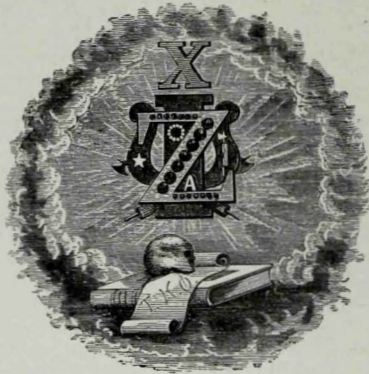
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E. Franklin Elliot,	Edward F. Tompson,
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Zeta Psi.



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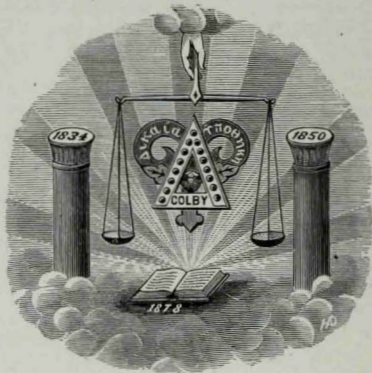
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Robie G. Frye,	Bertis O. Pease,
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NON-SECRET SOCIETY.

DELTA Upsilon FRATERNITY.



Established at Williams College in 1834.



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Established 1850. Re-established 1878.

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George L. Dunham,	Samuel J. Nowell,
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* Arthur E. Fish,	Alfred I. Thayer,
Herbert S. Weaver.	

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Charles H. Hanson,	Charles S. Richardson,
George W. Hanson,	Henry Trowbridge,
George M. Wadsworth.	

\* Deceased.

[REDACTED]

# PHI CHI.

→\* ВЕТА·СНАРТЕР.\*←



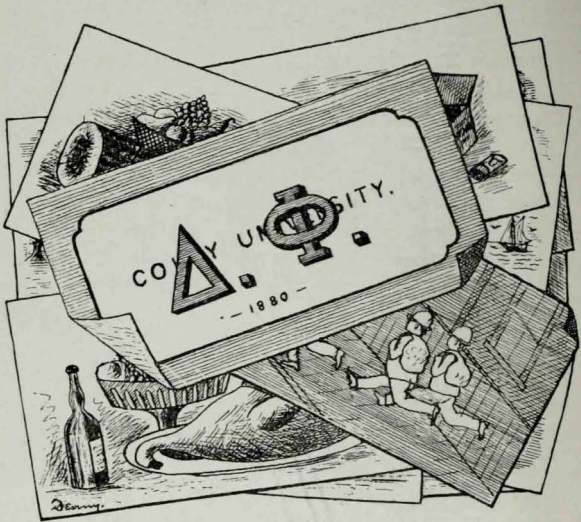
*Born Nov. 1, 1878.*

*Assassinated Oct., 1879.*

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# Delta Phi.



## ❖ PASS-WORD. ❖

ΛεπὰδοτεμᾶγοσελᾶχογᾶλεοκρανιολεϊψᾶνοδερρινποτρίμιᾶτοσιλΦιοπᾶρα  
 ὕμελίτοκᾶτᾶκχεγυριενοχιγλεπίκοσσῦΦοΨαττοπεριστερᾶλεχτρῦδονοπτ  
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PERSAPIEUS PHILOSOPHUS.....	E. F. Tompson.
HILARIS JOCLATOR.....	H. S. Weaver.
PRIMARIUS COQUNS ET LOTER AMPULLARUM,	E. J. Stone.

---

SEPO.... "Who threw the broom?"  
DUTCHY.... "Who played that hearts?"  
DENNY.... "By thunder! What a catastrophe!"  
TRUE.... Emblem of inconstancy.  
SCRAB I.... Appetite comes with eating.  
FORCE.... "I don't ker' o' seein' that happen again."  
SCRAB III.... The man who "hawks" the ladies.  
TOMMY.... "I prefer a sitting waltz."





*Boardman* *Missionary* *Society*

AND

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS.

President.....	J. E. COCHRANE.
Vice President.....	J. H. PARSHLEY.
Corresponding Secretary.....	J. L. INGRAHAM.
Recording Secretary.....	E. B. AUSTIN.
Treasurer.....	R. H. BAKER.

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J. T. MacDonald,            D. J. Bailey,            L. H. Owen.

*Prudential Committee.*

J. E. Case, F. M. Preble, W. E. Perry, G. M. Wadsworth.

MEMBERS.

*Class of '80.*

C. H. Case,	J. E. Cochrane,	H. L. Koopman,
J. E. Case,	J. L. Ingraham,	J. T. MacDonald,
C. W. Clark,	E. F. King,	L. M. Nason,
	H. W. Page.	

D. J. Bailey,  
F. J. Bullard,  
C. M. Coburn,  
F. B. Cushing,  
J. F. Davies,  
A. H. Evans,  
F. M. Gardner,  
I. W. Grimes,  
H. B. Knox,  
S. K. Marsh,

*Class of '81.*

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G. N. Merrill,  
W. H. Monroe,  
A. T. Palmer,  
J. H. Parshley,  
F. M. Preble,  
J. F. Rich,  
E. C. Ryder,  
J. C. Ryder,  
F. H. Shaw,

C. C. Spear,  
E. M. Stacy,  
C. B. Stetson,  
P. Steward,  
A. I. Thayer,  
F. A. Weld,  
F. F. Whittier,  
B. R. Wills,  
C. B. Wilson,  
J. M. Wyman.

W. R. Aldrich,  
G. A. Andrews,  
E. B. Austin,  
F. S. Barrows,  
W. A. Burton,  
G. L. Dunham,  
E. F. Elliot,  
F. W. Farr,

*Class of '82.*

\* A. E. Fish,  
J. G. Gardner,  
A. P. Leighton,  
M. C. Marin,  
S. J. Nowell,  
L. H. Owen,  
E. W. Phillips,  
E. M. Pope,

G. D. Sanders,  
E. O. Silver,  
G. W. Smith,  
E. F. Tompson,  
C. A. True,  
C. B. Turner,  
H. S. Weaver,  
W. H. Wyman.

R. H. Baker,  
E. P. Burt,  
A. A. Cambridge,  
E. E. Cates,  
F. W. Gookin,

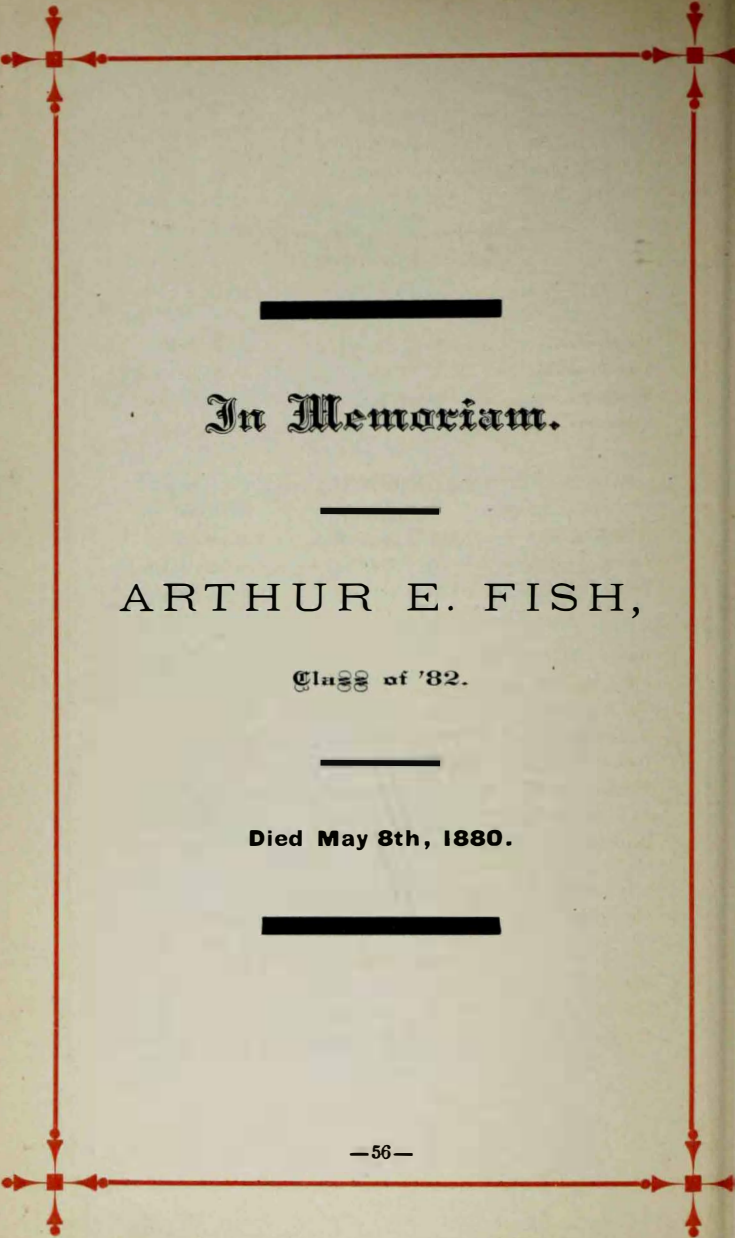
*Class of '83.*

G. H. Gould,  
C. H. Hanson,  
G. W. Hanson,  
W. A. Hill,  
A. W. King,  
G. M. Wadsworth.

H. M. Lord,  
H. H. Manser,  
E. C. Robinson,  
E. C. Stover,  
H. Trowbridge,

\*Deceased.





---

In Memoriam.

---

ARTHUR E. FISH,

Class of '82.

---

Died May 8th, 1880.

---



# ATHENAEUM

President..... J. E. CASE.  
 Vice President..... F. S. HERRICK.  
 Secretary..... S. K. MARSH.  
 Treasurer..... L. H. OWEN.

## \* PERIODICALS \*

### Dailies.

N. Y. Graphic,	Springfield Republican,	Eastern Argus,
Boston Journal,	Portland Press,	Lewiston Journal,
Poston Post,	Portland Advertiser,	Bangor Whig.

### Weeklies.

Harper's Weekley,	Boston Advertiser,	Maine Standard,
Frank Leslie's,	Journal of Education,	Zion's Advocate,
The Watchman,	Scientific American,	Zion's Herald,
N. Y. Times,	Ellsworth American,	Oxford Democrat.
Detroit Free Press,	The National Baptist,	Camden Herald,
Waterville Mail,	Greenback Labor Chronicle,	Somerset Reporter,
N. Y. World,	Phillips Phonograph,	N. Y. Clipper,
Portland Transcript,	Great Falls Free Press,	Gospel Banner.

### Semi-Monthlies.

The Literary World,	Dwight's Journal of Music.
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### Monthlies.

Harper's,	The Contemporary Review,	Eclectic,
Scribner's,	Baptist Missionary Magazine,	Atlantic,
Popular Science,	Foreign Missionary Magazine,	Vermont Baptist.



## ❖ THE COLBY ECHO, ❖

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, DURING THE COLLEGIATE YEAR, BY THE STUDENTS OF COLBY UNIVERSITY.

### ❖ EDITORIAL BOARD. ❖

#### LITERARY EDITORS.

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James E. Trask, '80.

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



# College Awards.

## Class of '80.

ENTRANCE PRIZE....Miss Minnie H. Mathews.

HAMLIN PRIZES IN READING....First, L. M. Nason; Second, C. W. Clark.

SOPHOMORE DECLAMATIONS....First, J. E. Trask; Second, L. M. Nason.

\* JUNIOR PARTS....H. R. Chaplin, J. E. Cochrane, F. S. Herrick, Miss Minnie H. Mathews.

JUNIOR PRIZE DECLAMATIONS....First, J. T. MacDonald; Second, J. E. Trask.

SENIOR PRIZE FOR EXCELLENCE IN COMPOSITION....J. T. MacDonald.

## Class of '81.

ENTRANCE PRIZE....No award.

HAMLIN PRIZES IN READING....First (for gentlemen), A. I. Thayer; Second, J. M. Wyman. First (for ladies), Miss Susie S. Dennison; Second, Miss Kate E. Norcross.

SOPHOMORE DECLAMATIONS....First, J. M. Wyman; Second, F. A. Weld.

\* JUNIOR PARTS....C. M. Coburn, A. H. Evans, Miss Jennie M. Smith, C. B. Wilson.

## Class of '82.

ENTRANCE PRIZE....For best of not less than six from the same school, B. E. Gage.

HAMLIN PRIZES IN READING....First, W. C. Philbrook; Second, L. H. Owen.

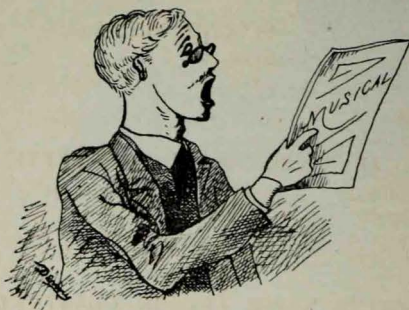
SOPHOMORE DECLAMATIONS....First, W. C. Philbrook; Second, A. I. Thayer.

## Class of '83.

ENTRANCE PRIZE....No award.

\* The names of those to whom Junior Parts were awarded are arranged in alphabetic order.

# MUSICAL DEPARTMENT



## WEBER QUARTETTE.

W. C. Philbrook.....1st Tenor.	L. M. Nason.....1st Bass.
J. E. Trask.....2d Tenor.	H. A. Dennison.....2d Bass.

## COLBY GLEE CLUB.

Director .....	W. C. PHILBROOK.
President .....	E. F. KING.
Secretary and Treasurer .....	_____
Committee of Arrangements .....	_____

### FIRST TENOR.

W. S. Bosworth,	C. W. Clark,	G. A. McIntire,
H. R. Chaplin,	C. P. Marshall,	F. M. Preble.
	H. M. Lord,	

### SECOND TENOR.

A. M. Thomas,	J. E. Trask,	M. C. Marin,
F. W. Farr,	J. C. Ryder,	E. M. Collins,
C. B. Stetson,		E. P. Burt.

### FIRST BASS.

E. F. King,	E. O. Silver,	B. E. Gage,
G. W. Smith,	E. B. Austin,	D. W. Knowlton,
R. H. Baker,	H. W. Harrub,	H. Trowbridge.
L. M. Nason,	F. H. Hanson,	

### SECOND BASS.

H. A. Dennison,	E. F. Tompson,	J. H. Parsbley,
J. T. MacDonald,	J. R. Melcher,	L. H. Owen,
A. W. King,	G. A. Andrews,	A. A. Cambridge.



## COLLEGE CHOIR.

J. E. Trask .....	Soprano.		W. C. Philbrook .....	Tenor.
L. M. Nason .....	Contralto.		H. A. Dennison .....	Bass.
B. E. Gage .....				Organist.

## "SECOND NINE."

F. M. Preble .....	Soprano.		A. W. King .....	Contralto.
R. H. Baker .....	Tenor.		J. H. Parsbley .....	Bass.
F. M. Gardner .....				Organist.

## ZETA PSI DOUBLE QUARTETTE.

W. C. Philbrook .....	1st Tenor.		J. T. MacDonald .....	1st Bass.
H. R. Chaplin .....	1st Tenor.		L. M. Nason .....	1st Bass.
J. E. Trask .....	2d Tenor.		L. H. Owen .....	2d Bass.
G. A. McIntire .....	2d Tenor.		E. B. Austin .....	2d Bass.

## DELTA KAPPA EPSILON QUARTETTE.

C. B. Stetson .....	1st Tenor.		J. M. Wyman .....	1st Bass.
A. M. Thomas .....	2d Tenor.		A. W. King .....	2d Bass.

## DELTA UPSILON QUARTETTE.

F. M. Preble .....	1st Tenor.		D. W. Knowlton .....	1st Bass.
E. P. Burt .....	2d Tenor.		H. A. Dennison .....	2d Bass.

## COLBY "TROUBADOURS."

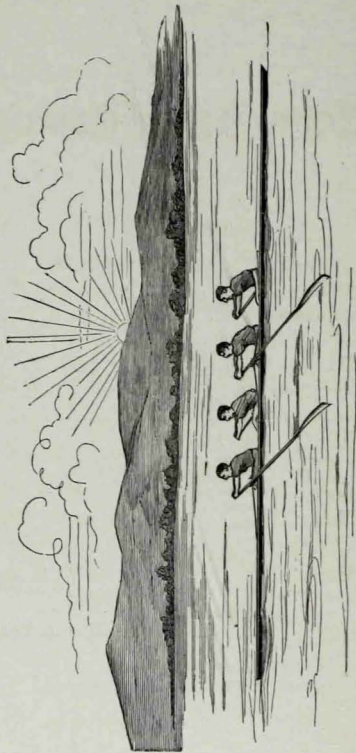
"Let's not play that again."

"Oh! no matter, we're going down another street."

C. P. Marshall .....	1st Violin.		J. E. Trask .....	Cornet.
A. M. Thomas .....	2d Violin.		D. W. Knowlton .....	Clarinet.
H. R. Chaplin .....	1st Flute.		G. A. McIntire .....	Bass.
E. F. King .....	2d Flute.		J. R. Melcher .....	Piano.
Guitars .....	E. M. Collins, F. C. Mortimer, A. H. Barton.			

Our favorite tune is "Whiskey Sling,"

But we can play most anything.



# COLBY BOAT CLUB

## OFFICERS.

President ..... J. E. TRASK.  
Vice President ..... C. W. CLARK.  
Secretary and Treasurer ..... A. H. BARTON.

## DIRECTORS.

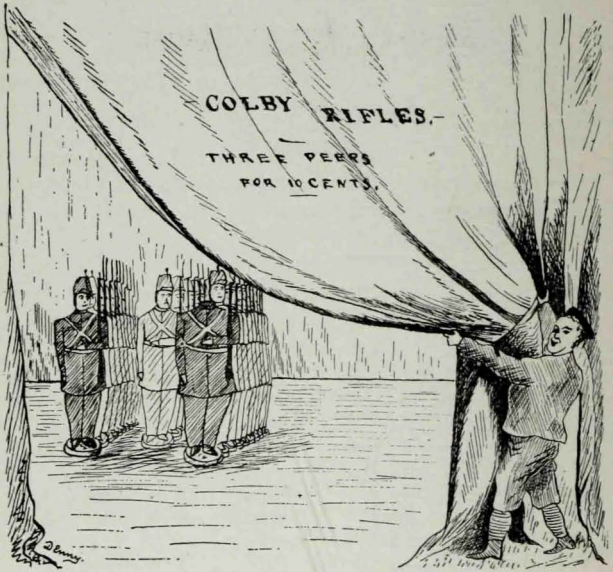
J. E. TRASK,                      H. W. PAGE,                      A. H. BARTON.

## MEMBERS.

Class of '80.  
C. H. Case,                      H. W. Page,  
C. W. Clark,                      J. E. Trask.

Class of '81.  
A. H. Barton,                      W. H. Monroe.

Class of '82.  
F. W. Farr,                      A. I. Thayer.





# COLBY RIFLES.

## OFFICERS.

Captain,  
1st Lieut.,  
2d Lieut.,  
Orderly Sergt.,  
2d Sergt.,  
3d Sergt.,  
4th Sergt.,  
1st Corp.,  
2d Corp.,  
3d Corp.,

..... H. R. CHAPLIN.

## DESERTERS.

R. H. Baker,  
H. C. Barton,  
E. B. Burtt,  
A. A. Cambridge,  
E. E. Cates,  
H. G. Cates,  
W. G. Chapman,  
J. E. Dinsmore,  
C. D. Edmunds,  
G. H. Gould,  
C. H. Hanson,  
G. W. Hanson,

F. H. Hanson,  
H. W. Harrub,  
W. A. Hill,  
A. C. Hinds,  
C. H. Jennings,  
A. W. King,  
A. King,  
D. W. Knowlton,  
G. W. H. Libby,  
H. H. Manser,  
P. I. Merrill,  
A. I. Noble,

C. G. Richardson,  
E. C. Robinson,  
E. H. Rowell,  
S. B. Shepard,  
H. L. Taylor,  
C. E. Tilton,  
H. Trowbridge,  
E. C. Verrill,  
G. M. Wadsworth,  
W. R. Whittle,  
F. R. Woodcock.

## VIVANDIERES.

Jennie P. Howard,

Addie F. Merrill,

Louisa C. Merrill.



# Colby Base-Ball Association.

—\*—

## OFFICERS.

President and Manager.....	W. C. PHILBROOK.
Vice President .....	G. A. MCINTIRE.
Treasurer.....	H. A. DENNISON.
Secretary.....	C. A. TRUE.
Scorer.....	E. F. KING.
Directors.....	W. C. PHILBROOK, C. C. KING, C. P. MARSHALL.

## University Nine.

H. R. CHAPLIN, Captain.....	2d B.
C. P. Marshall..... P.	J. C. Ryder..... S. S.
G. M. Wadsworth..... C.	H. M. Lord..... L. F.
J. C. Worcester..... 1st B.	W. W. Andrews..... C. F.
H. Trowbridge..... 3d B.	C. L. Judkins..... R. F.

## Second Nine.

J. H. PARSHLEY, Captain.....	2d B.
E. F. Tompson..... P.	P. I. Merrill..... S. S.
C. E. Tilton..... C.	B. M. Lawrence..... L. F.
E. P. Burt..... 1st B.	H. C. Barton..... C. F.
F. R. Woodcock..... 3d B.	B. F. Wright..... R. F.

### Senior Nine.

H. L. KOOPMAN, Captain.....	P.		
F. S. Herrick.....	C.	J. T. MacDonald.....	S. S.
J. Case.....	1st B.	C. W. Clark.....	L. F.
J. L. Ingraham.....	2d B.	J. E. Cochrane.....	C. F.
H. L. Kelley.....	3d B.	E. H. Crosby.....	R. F.

### Junior Nine.

"PREB," Captain.....	P.		
"Freddy".....	C.	"General".....	S. S.
"Philo".....	1st B.	"Mrs. F. B. C.".....	L. F.
"Ashur".....	2d B.	"Whist".....	C. F.
"Charley R.".....	3d B.	"Mose".....	R. F.

### Sophomore Nine.

M. C. MARIN, Captain.....	P.		
G. L. Dunham.....	C.	F. W. Farr.....	S. S.
E. F. Elliot.....	1st B.	G. D. Saunders.....	L. F.
J. G. Gardner.....	2d B.	B. E. Gage.....	C. F.
C. B. Turner.....	3d B.	C. A. True.....	R. F.

### Freshman Nine.

C. D. EDMUNDS, Captain.....	P.		
R. H. Baker.....	C.	H. H. Manser.....	S. S.
E. C. Robinson.....	1st B.	H. L. Taylor.....	L. F.
A. C. Hinds.....	2d B.	D. W. Knowlton.....	C. F.
E. E. Cates.....	3d B.	F. H. Hanson.....	R. F.

### D. K. E. Nine.

A. M. THOMAS, Captain.....	2d B.		
E. F. Tompson.....	P.	F. K. Shaw.....	S. S.
F. R. Woodcock.....	C.	A. W. King.....	L. F.
W. W. Andrews.....	1st B.	W. M. Pulsifer.....	C. F.
C. B. Stetson.....	3d B.	J. H. Parsbley.....	R. F.

### Zeta Psi Nine.

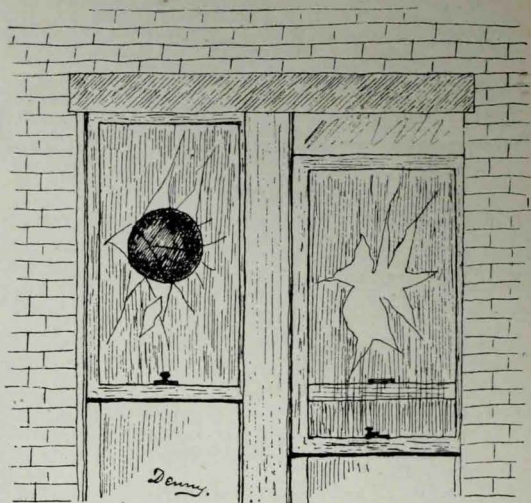
H. R. CHAPLIN, Captain.....	P.		
L. H. Owen.....	C.	P. I. Merrill.....	S. S.
A. I. Noble.....	1st B.	E. H. Crosby.....	L. F.
G. A. McIntire.....	2d B.	S. K. Marsh.....	C. F.
C. B. Wilson.....	3d B.	L. M. Nason.....	R. F.

### Delta Upsilon Nine.

F. W. FARR, Captain.....	R. F.		
A. I. Thayer.....	P.	H. S. Weaver.....	3d B.
G. M. Wadsworth.....	C.	E. P. Burt.....	S. S.
H. A. Dennison.....	1st B.	F. M. Preble.....	L. F.
F. N. Fletcher.....	2d B.	D. W. Knowlton.....	C. F.

### Asi-Nine.

E. M. ST-CY, Captain.....	P.		
G. L. D-h-m.....	C.	J. G. G-rd-r.....	S. S.
John G-f-n.....	1st B.	A. H. E-us.....	L. F.
S. B. Sh-p-d.....	2d B.	J. F. D-v-es.....	C. F.
C. L. J-k-ns.....	3d B.	H. L. T-y-r.....	R. F.



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Vice President.....	A. M. THOMAS.
Secretary and Treasurer.....	A. H. BARTON.
Manager.....	C. C. KING.

### UNIVERSITY ELEVEN.

A. H. Barton,	A. H. Evans,	H. Dunning,
J. E. Case,	C. L. Judkins,	* A. E. Fish,
E. H. Crosby,	G. A. McIntire,	C. E. Tilton.
H. L. Kelley,	W. W. Andrews,	

\* Deceased.



## Zeta Psi Chess Club.

President.....E. H. CROSBY.  
Business Manager.....H. R. CHAPLIN.  
Treasurer.....R. G. FRYE.

### MEMBERS.

H. R. Chaplin, '80.  
E. H. Crosby, '80.  
H. L. Koopman, '80.  
C. B. Wilson, '81.  
W. C. Philbrook, '82.  
R. G. Frye, '82.

## Senior Chess Club.

### MEMBERS.

E. F. King,  
H. L. Kelley,  
H. R. Chaplin,  
E. H. Crosby,  
C. B. Frye.

"We can clean out the college."

## Junior Chess Club.

A. H. Evans—(C. Ross).  
"A host in himself."

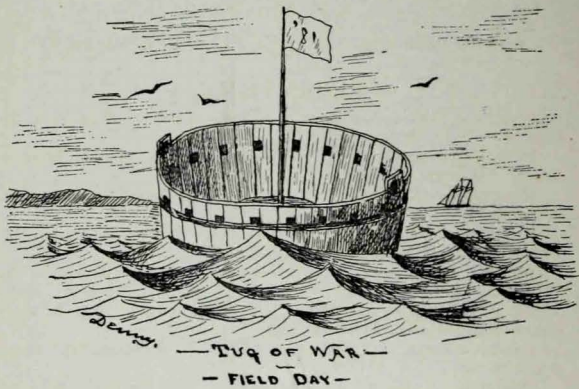
## G. W. W. C.

'80.

Bangor, Caribou, Boosey, Ernie.

### HONORARY MEMBERS.

Doc, '80. Hawk'em, '81. Mort, '82. The Freshman, '83.



# FIELD DAY.

Trotting Park, June 20, 1879.

## OFFICERS.

DIRECTORS.

W. H. Lyford, '79.

W. S. Bosworth, '80.

G. Merriam, '79.

J. H. Parsshley, '81.

E. M. Collins, '82.

Master of Ceremonies.....H. E. Hamlin, '79.

## PROGRAMME.

FIVE-MILE GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE.....Three entries. Won by J. E. Case, '80. Time, 35 min. 14 sec.

PUTTING SHOT (WT. 34 LBS.).....Eight entries. Won by Worcester, '81. Distance, 18 ft. 2½ in.

HOP, SKIP, AND JUMP.....Two entries. Won by Collins, '82. Distance, 37 ft. 3 in.

STANDING LONG JUMP.....Four entries. Won by Worcester, '81. Distance, 10 ft. 4½ in.

RUNNING LONG JUMP.....Three entries. Won by Worcester, '81. Distance, 15 ft. 11 in.

THREE STANDING LONG JUMPS.....Three entries. Won by Worcester, '81. Distance, 29 ft. 7 in.

ONE-MILE WALK.....Three entries. Won by Clark, '80. Time, 9 min. 23 sec.

THROWING HAMMER (WT. 13 LBS.).....Ten entries. Won by Bailey, '81. Distance, 62 ft. 10 in.

ONE HUNDRED-YARDS DASH.....Four entries. Won by Bosworth, '80. Time, 10½ sec.

STANDING HIGH JUMP.....Four entries. Won by Geo. Andrews, '82. Height, 4 ft. 5 in.

RUNNING HIGH JUMP.....Three entries. Won by Geo. Andrews, '82. Height, 4 ft. 7½ in.

ONE-QUARTER MILE RUN.....Four entries. Won by Phillips, '82. Time, 1 min. 2 sec.

THROWING BASE-BALL.....Four entries. Won by Judkins, '81. Distance, 287 ft. 3 in.

THREE-LEGGED RACE (100 YDS.).....Four entries. Won by Crawford and Dennison, '82. Time, 15 sec.

POTATO RACE (20 POTATOES 5 FT. APART).....Three entries. Won by Worcester, '81. Time not taken.

Prizes awarded by W. H. Lyford, '79.

→\* ROPE PULL.\*←

College Campus, Sept. 10, 1879.

'82 VS. '83.

Presented by  
'80  
To commemorate the  
victory of  
'82 over '83,  
in the  
**ROPE PULL,**  
Sept. 10, 1879.

→\*COLBY.\*←  
—  
VESTIGIA NULLA  
RETRORSUM.  
1877.

*Gymnasium Association.*

President ..... C. C. KING.  
Vice President ..... W. C. PHILBROOK.  
Secretary and Treasurer ..... E. P. BURTT.  
Superintendent ..... E. F. ELLIOT.  
Cerberus ..... SAM.

\*MEMBERS.\*

Instituters and Freshmen.



# COLBY IVY DAY.

## '80.

*Exercises at College Chapel, Tuesday, July 22, 1879.*

### OFFICERS.

President .....	C. C. KING.
Marshal .....	H. R. CHAPLIN.
Odist .....	H. L. KOOPMAN.
Committee .....	TRASK. PAGE. KELLEY.

### ORDER OF EXERCISES.

#### Opening Ode.

In the fables we're told  
Of the strong man of old,  
Who had twelve labors sent him to do;  
And, like him of old,  
We are also compelled,  
Twelve labors, twelve terms, to go through.

But, labors like these,  
The renowned Hercules  
Never yet on his shoulders had laid;  
Under burdens like ours,  
His redoubtable powers  
Would a rather poor figure have played.

He had to go forth  
To the ends of the earth,  
To accomplish his daring emprise;  
But we have done more,  
For we've had to explore,  
Not merely the earth, but the skies.

Nine labors are done;  
And, before going on  
To the three more that wait us here,  
We've met here to-day,  
To look back on our way,  
And mingle thanksgiving and cheer.

*Oration* ..... *James E. Cochrane.*

**Music.**

*Poem* ..... *H. L. Koopman.*

PLANTING THE IVY.

**Ivy Ode.**

Here we meet to pledge together  
Friendship nevermore to end;  
True affection, that shall weather  
Every storm that life may send.

So we plant the Ivy, clinging,  
Ever climbing to the skies;  
And the friendship that we're singing,  
Let the Ivy symbolize.

And, that men may not forget it,  
This high pledge that we make now,  
Lo! this tablet,—we have set it  
As a seal upon our vow.

And when we behold this granite,  
After years have passed away;  
Class of '80, may we scan it  
Proudly as we do to-day.

*Class Chronicles* ..... *A. M. Thomas.*

**Music.**

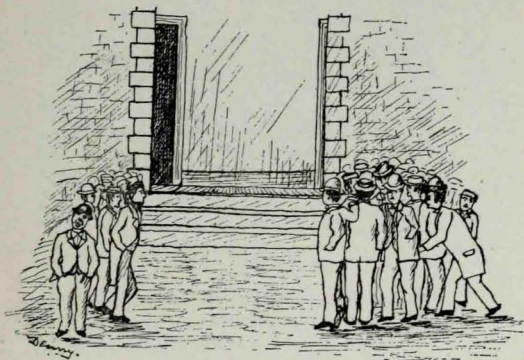
*Presentation Addresses* ..... *J. T. MacDonald.*

AWARDS.

To the Handsome Man, a Mirror.....INGRAHAM.  
To the Greatest Talker, Spun Yarn.....BOSWORTH.  
To the Prying Man, a Crowbar.....CASE I.  
To Each Pedestrian, a Pony.  
To the Jolliest Man, N<sub>2</sub> O.....FRYE.  
To the Weary Man, an Easy Chair.....KING I.  
To the Married Man, a Dunce-Cap.....COCHRANE.  
To the Greatest Dig, a Spade.....PAGE.  
To the Best Moustache, Wax.....N<sub>AS</sub>ON.  
To the Ladies' Man, a Doll.....KELLEY.  
To the Faculty, Earth and Water.

## "Arma, Virumque, Can(e)o."

April 24, 1879.



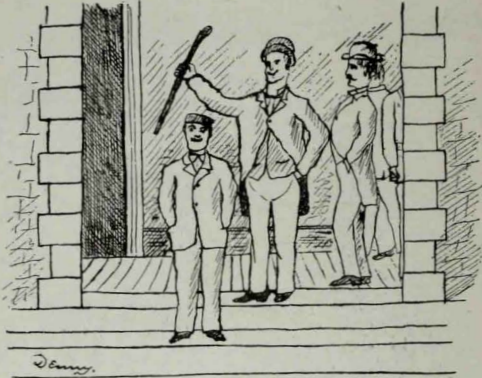
There stood outside the chapel door  
A little waiting crowd,  
From which there rose upon the air  
Fierce growls and threat'nings loud.

And Sam stood back and chuckled,  
And "lowed dar'd be some fun,  
Kase dose young men outside de dor  
Am de class ob eighty-one."

But, hark! for now abroad is heard  
The tramp of mighty feet,  
As of a troop of cavalry  
A-charging down the street.

And now the entry full is filled  
With a hustling, motley crew,  
Whose eyeballs start, and hearts loud beat,  
As the Sophies meet their view.

But down the steps they trembling come,  
And as the ground they gain,



A chap is seen among them  
Who bears a big, big cane.

\* \* \* \* \*

Who first "let slip the dogs of war" ?  
Or laid aside his gown ?  
Who tore the first apparel ?  
But a veil of dust draws down.

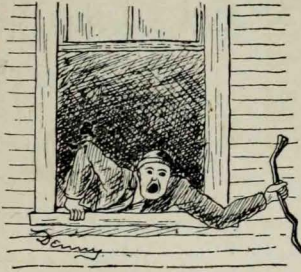


A tumult wild and terrible ;  
Three Profs have fainted dead,



And Sam has disappeared complete,  
For camphor gone, 'tis said.

Behold! the curtain rises.  
The scene has changed again,  
And a Soph waves from a window  
The fragments of a cane.



While from the gathered throng below  
Loud shoutings rise anew,  
Three mighty cheers for '81,  
Three groans for '82.

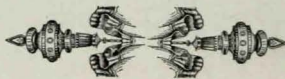
And the Prex smiled on the Sophomores  
(As Prexes often (?) do)  
"But 'twas a *very* wicked thing,"  
Said weeping eighty-two.  
"Nay, nay, my little child," quoth he,  
"It was a famous victory."

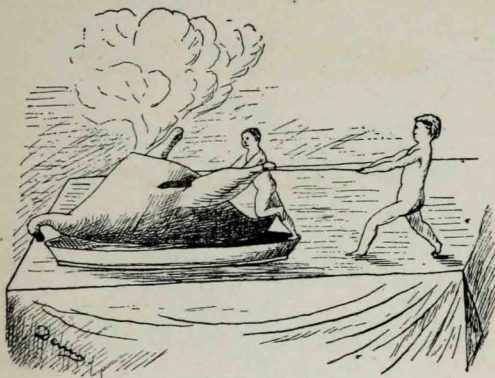




## “ALIAS.”

Rossie.....	H. R. C-n.	Rowley.....	F. R. R-l.
Docksie.....	E. H. C-y.	Prof.....	F. K. S-w.
Cabel.....	C. B. F-e.	Mose.....	E. M. S-y.
Ernie.....	E. F. K-g.	Beecher.....	C. B. S-n.
Charlie.....	C. C. K-g.	Whit.....	F. F. W-r.
Mac.....	{ J. T. MacD-d.	Deacon.....	C. B. W-n.
	{ G. A. McI-e.	Jack.....	J. C. W-r.
Hartie.....	H. W. P-e.	Andy.....	G. A. A-s.
Artie.....	A. M. T-s.	Mort.....	E. M. C-s.
Blackstone.....	J. F. D-s.	Denny.....	H. A. D-n.
Boulevard.....	F. D. B-d.	Esau.....	F. W. F-r.
Charlie.....	A. H. E-s.	Slimmy.....	J. G. G-r.
Ike.....	I. W. G-s.	Fatty.....	M. H. L-f-d.
Jo Cook.....	F. M. G-r.	Rusty.....	G. E. G-d.
Sofe.....	S. M. H-n.	Bacchus.....	W. E. J-n.
Juddy.....	C. L. J-s.	Don.....	M. C. M-n.
Daniel.....	H. B. K-x.	Phil.....	W. C. P-k.
Sigma.....	S. K. M-b.	Tommy.....	E. F. T-n.
Jigger.....	C. P. M-l.	Stub.....	C. B. T-r.
Hosey.....	J. R. M-r.	Dave.....	D. W. K-n.
Hackett.....	F. C. M-r.	Cupid.....	E. H. R-l.
Preb.....	F. M. P-e.	Chuckey.....	C. A. T-e.





## EATING CLUBS.

### McFADDEN'S SERENADERS. Center Street.

General Managers.....PA AND MA.  
Deputy Hash Slinger.....CYNTHIA.

#### Members.

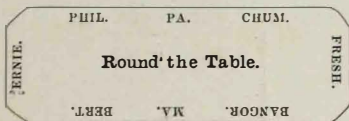
a H. R. Chaplin,  
b E. F. King,

c L. M. Nason,  
d H. L. Kelley.

e W. C. Philbrook, '82.

f D. W. Knowlton, '83.

- a "Tomatoes, but no beans."  
b "Don't ask me, set it right down, I take everything."  
c "Coffee? Yes, just *one* more cup, please."  
d "Now look here, stranger, I want it distinctly understood that this establishment furnishes hash!"  
e "Appetite comes with eating."  
f "A little (?) more of that, please."  
All—"Freshman, pour that water!"



*D. K. E. CLUB.*

Wit, Wisdom, and Oddities.

Ladler—(to himself) ..... W(U)Y MAN!  
Chin-Chin ..... MONROE.

**Privates.**

\* Ingraham,  
† Bates,  
‖ Coburn,

\* Page,  
‡ Gardner,  
¶ Parshley.

\* "Late, late, so late,  
*Let's clear the table off.*"

† "Who'd think that in a pod so small,  
*He'd hold more beefsteak than we all.*"

‡ "At his left hand I'll sit,  
And choose the nicest bit."

‖ "No room for Falstaff with his stomach round,  
He'd soon be carried starved from the ground."

¶ "His tongue so long, his words so fine,  
He'd eat of flapjacks forty-nine."

*COMMONS HOUSE GRUB CLUB:*

MOTTO—"Give us more grog, they cried, for it will be all one an hour hence."

**Officers.**

Vegetable Hash Disintegrator ..... P. STEWARD.  
Pie Annihilator ..... S. B. SHEPARD.  
Ille, qui cevae uber sugit ..... S. K. MARSH.

**Inferiores.**

(x) B. A. Pease, (x) E. C. Verrill,  
(1) W. E. Jordan, (1) G. N. Merrill,  
(2) C. B. Stetson, (y) F. C. Mortimer,  
(3) G. A. McIntire, (z) D. J. Bailey,

(x) "He drinks pea soup as tho' it were his beer."

(1) "It seems, at times, as tho' he were a sponge."

(2) "Although his pod is far from wide,  
What piles of forage he can hide!"

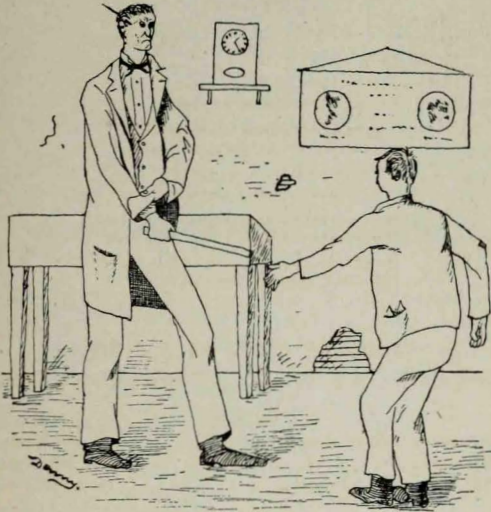
(3) "More beef!!!"

(y) "Some bald-headed hash i n mine, please!"

(z) "'Tis not for grub alone, he visits there."



## LORE-MASTERS.



Right careful is ye Pedagogue,  
To teach to read and spell,  
To keep the big girls after school  
And hug the damsels well.

C. B. ST-N. . . . He came, he stooped (at that point), he conquered.

E. M. C-L-NS. . . . Prefers to begin *his* school before the term closes.

C. P. M-R-L. . . . Corn(ville) fed girls are to my taste.

F. K. SH-W. . . . "My heart is in the Highlands."

H. B. . . . Knox on the hides of the boys, at the hearts of the girls.

J. T. MACD-D. . . . "Of narrow brain, yet of a narrower soul,  
Pomposus holds them in his harsh control."

J. C. W-C-T-R. . . . Wants it understood that *he* won't teach,  
except where school-marms and spelling-  
schools are plenty.

# H(enry's) M(ammoth) S(chooner) P(inafore).

After an immense amount of preparation and expense, the management have decided to present this *entirely new* opera with the following powerful cast:

Josephine .....	J. D. T—R.
Little Buttercup (a Portsmouth Bun-boat woman) ..	S. K. S—TH.
Hebe .....	J. B. F—R.
Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B. ....	W. E—R.
Captain Corcoran .....	H. E. R—NS.
Dick Deadeye .....	M. H. L—D.
Ralph Rackstraw .....	L. E. W—N.
Boatswain .....	E. W. H—L.

(Late of the Comédie Française.)

Bill Bobstay .....	S. OSBORNE.
Sisters, Cousins, Aunts, and Sailors by a Corps of well-known <i>auxiliaries.</i>	

DEADEYE—Kind Captain I've important information,  
And I beg you give attention to my tears,  
About a certain wicked combination  
In "the worst class that we've had for twenty years."

## THE TAFFY CLUB.

MOTTO—What 're yer givin' us?—*Taffy?*  
"Many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out."

### OFFICERS.

Great Spoon .....	E. F. K—G.
Lob Sticks .....	{ C. A. TR—E. A. H. E—NS.
The Tasters.	The 'Lasses.
H. W. P—E. ....	MISS J. P. H—D.
L. M. N—N .....	MISS O. O. B—N.
F. M. P—E .....	MISS L. M—H—WS.
R. H. B—K—R. ....	MISS K. E. N—R—S.



## Embryo Moustache Club.

"The best of this kind are but shadows."

Head Stroker.....	A. H. BARTON.
Senior Tweezer.....	C. B. FRYE.
Junior Tweezer.....	P. STEWARD.
Cream Licker.....	A. H. NOYES.
Anointer.....	C. A. TRUE.

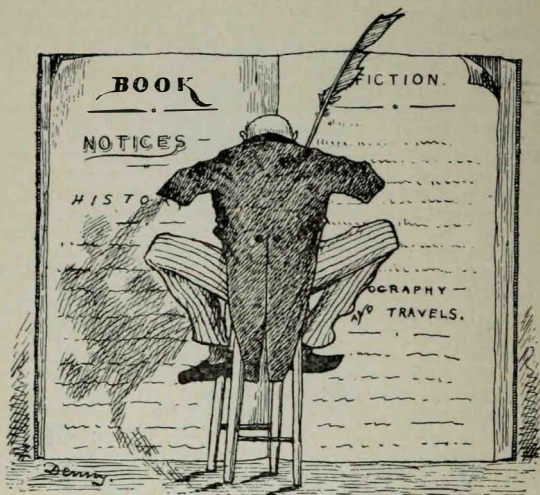
### COMMITTEE OF INSPECTION.

A. H. EVANS,                      G. M. WADSWORTH,                      M. C. MARIN.

### MEMBERS.

* C. H. Bates,	C. M. Coburn,	H. S. Weaver,
C. H. Case,	§ C. P. Marshall,	A. I. Thayer,
† F. B. Cushing,	‡ F. M. Gardner,	¶ E. J. Stone,
§ W. W. Andrews,	† J. F. Davies,	H. M. Lord,
‡ G. L. Dunham,	¶ F. K. Shaw,	** E. P. Burt.

- \* "The sprit is willing but the flesh is weak."
- † "Come, let me clutch thee!"
- ¶ "Chaste as unsunned snow."
- § "These gentlemen furnish hair for a mattress factory."
- ‡ "AGE cannot wither it."
- \*\* "I have thee not, and yet I see thee still!"
- || "Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible to feeling as to sight?"



## Book Notices.

THE SCIENCE OF GARDN(ER)ING. BY S. HANSON, F.R.S.

The tremendous sale with which the first edition of this eminently practical work was honored, has led the fair authoress to prepare a second edition revised, re-arranged and enlarged. Many theories, which a year ago were either unthought of, or yet in their infancy, have, in the interval, been worked out and brought to their highest state of perfection; while the original book has been practically re-written; the exquisite grace and symmetry of the whole clearly showing that the authoress has bent every energy to her task. One chapter, which is devoted to thateconomy so necessary to the successful gardner, cannot fail to be of great value to the young and inexperienced. 950 pages, hair cloth; price, \$5.00.

WHAT I KNOW. BY H. W. PAGE, K.C.B. The publication of this book will mark an era in college history. The author at first intended to publish an entirely different work, WHAT



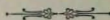
I DON'T KNOW, but after three years of untiring labor was compelled to give up in despair, leaving the work in an unfinished condition. The particular elegance with which the book is gotten up will specially commend it to all persons of taste and lovers of the beautiful. It is bound in pink silk, printed on gold-foil, and is highly perfumed. Each volume is contained in a plate-glass case, *as it is not intended to be read*,—2½ pages. Price, \$21.00. Sale in this State limited to 200 copies. A specimen may be seen on application to the author.

**PEDALLIC CULTURE.** BY S. K. MARSH, Ph.D. (Pheet Doctor). Mention of this popular work is hardly necessary. The object of the author has been *solely* to give information, and a straight-forward tone characterizes his production throughout. The *large* experience of the author cannot fail to give more than ordinary weight to his utterances. Pages, 232. Bound in cow-hide. Published by the *foot*. For terms, etc., apply to Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

“PRO BONO PUBLICO,” AND OTHER SONGS. EDITED BY E. F. KING, A.S.S. (A Sweet Singer). The first and only complete edition of the songs of Colby, compiled by the author of “The Dirge”, the rendition of which will gladden the hearts of sociable managers for years to come. These beautiful and plaintive melodies are for the first time presented to the public in a compact form. Each has an accompaniment for the lute, flute, humstrum, or some other instrument. Ladies may own the book as there is nothing which may not be sung by the *élite*, the bon-ton, the upper-ten, or which will mar the feelings of the most refined. Freshmen need not fear to purchase it as it is published by direction of the Faculty. Bound in blue and gold. Price, 100 kopecks. On sale in the library.

**FOUR YEARS IN THE SADDLE.** BY C. B. FRYE, D.D. (Donkey Driver). The appearance of this book has created not a little surprise. Wonder, however, soon changes to admiration as you run over the contents. Beginning with his Freshman year, the author relates his first attempts in Equestrianism, and from that traces his way upward to the enviable position he now occupies. The greater part of the book is devoted to advice to beginners in this “manliest of arts,” and their attention will specially be drawn to a classified list of celebrated steeds, together with full information as to age, pedigree, and record; the whole concluding with a spirited description of Boln’s and Harper’s noted studs. No undergraduate should be without it. Bound in drab muslin, pp. 300. Price, \$1.25.

## Oracular Responses.



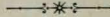
- J. T. M..... "Let me Hyde myself in thee."
- E. F. K..... "Much is suspected of me,  
Nothing proven can be."
- H. L. K..... "While pensive poets painful vigils keep,  
Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep."
- H. W. P..... "Mine own face often draws me to the glass."
- F. W. F..... "How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!"
- L. M. N..... \* \* \* "The night  
Shows stars and women in a better light."
- J. G. G..... "Sharp misery has worn him to the bones."
- A. A. C..... "It was late, very late,  
They were swinging on the gate,  
And the street lamps were slowly going down.  
The Freshie clasped her waist,  
And then the two embraced;  
Ah! surely his buzzing is done Brown."
- F. S. H..... "Man delights not me; no, nor woman either."
- J. F. D..... "Egregiously an ass."
- A. H. E..... "Non ungues pouere curat  
Non barbam, secreta petit loca, balnea vitat."
- F-C-LTY S-P-S..... "But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that  
Honor feels."
- SENIORS..... "These were honored in their generation, and were the  
glory of the times."
- C. C. K..... "Je brace."
- E. W..... "Moore; and Moore again; and still Moore."
- EDITORS OF ECHO..... "We are made tongue-tied by Authority."
- J. E. C..... "He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the  
staple of his argument."
- C. A. T..... "A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."

- I. W. G. .... "The Devil can cite scripture for his purpose."
- F. M. G. AND S. M. H. .... "But love is blind, and lovers cannot see  
The pretty follies that themselves commit."
- C. C. K. .... "Still you keep on the windy side of the Law."
- W. R. A. .... "I am not in the roll of common men."
- E. H. C. .... "If I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is  
made of!"
- W. E. P. .... "I am the very pink of courtesy."
- FRESHMAN QUARTETTE. .... "Straining harsh discords and unpleasing  
sharps."
- J. H. P. .... "Of unimproved mettle hot and full."
- A. C. H. .... "Like Niobe, all tears."
- C. P. M. .... "The college course, from A to Z,  
Is only one incessant cram,  
Which bores to death a man like me,  
Who for it does not care —."
- J. E. C. .... "Sollicitior rei familiaris diligentia."
- J. L. I. .... "His cogitative faculties immersed  
In cogibundity of cogitation."
- R. H. B. .... "Tobe(y) or not to Tobe(y), that's the question."  
'81. .... "Equus ait, aio."
- G. N. M. .... "Shall we meet beyond the river?"
- Φ. X. .... "It is hard for thee to kick against the Prex."
- G. M. W. .... "Oh! say, is this the scarlet rash,  
Or only the Freshman's first moustache?"
- E. O. S. .... "Tu nihil invita dices faciesve Minerva."
- M. H. M. .... "The intellectual model of her sex,  
She makes her own the nation's cry, 'Annex.'"
- C. B. F. .... "Pone meum est."
- W. C. P. .... "O, Landlady hast thou good beer and wine,  
And where is that sweet little daughter of thine?"
- W. H. M. .... "I can spare the college bell  
And the learned lecture well."
- EDITORS. .... "And, if we are not hung,  
Our praises will be sung."





## HISTORICAL.



1879.

April 24.... Big Wyman carries a cane. Sophs take exception—and the cane. "Let us have (a) peace."

April 30.... Sophomore Prize Declamation. Term closes.

Vacation one week.

"Baby Greeks" of the institute come up and want to play. They are gratified. Colby, 13; B. G., 0.

May 8.... Summer Term begins. Seniors two recitations. Juniors begin *Antigone* and resolve to *walk* right through it.

May 9.... Boat-House burned together with three boats. Loss estimated \$2500 (?). No insurance. All is *oar*.

May 10.... ORACLE for '79 appears. Its praises (?) are *Echoed* far and wide.

May 10.... H. M. S. Pinafore presented for the first time in Waterville. A large number of the students attend. Consequently the campus selections are increased. "I'm called little," etc.

May 20.... Gardner Colby's gift of \$120,000 to the college becomes known.

May 21.... Juniors change their minds and nearly all buy an "absolute" horse.

May 23.... Our wealthy men begin to take a *French* leave.

May 24.... Base-Ball—Waterville. Bowdoin, 14; Colby, 5. "If we'd only had those new suits."

May 30.... Decoration Day. Colby's "skeleton" army does not march in the procession. Base-Ball—Skowhegan. Colby, 10; Skowhegan, 3. Glee Club makes its debut at Town Hall. Oration by Rev. Mr. Spencer. May I ah-b-h. No, thank you, I have brothers.

June 1.... '79 plants "cucumbers" under their Ivy Tablet.

"A rare old plant is the Ivy green."

May 4.... Colby Glee Club gives its first concert at the Town Hall. Small audience; cause, supposed to be heavy rain.



June 7.... Concert repeated; audience smaller. Cause, admission fee.  
"No more sacred concerts in W.; no, not a d—m of a concert!"

June 8.... Prayers in the chapel omitted for the first time in the history  
of the institution. Prex. absent. Profs. cut, as usual.

June 9.... About this time '80 go geologizing to "Devil's Chair" and  
find the way to his Satanic Majesty an up-grade instead of the  
traditional "downward road."

June 11.... Freshman Prize Reading. How tame; false orders and  
bouquets are scattering. It looks as if this old custom were fast  
dying out.

June 14.... Base-Ball—At Home. Bates, 15; Colby, 4. New suits!

June 14.... Officers of Colbiensis Publishing Association chosen.

June 19.... Final examination of Seniors. *Otium sine dig.* Prof. —  
spent almost all last night preparing a lecture for '80, and by mistake  
is just one hour too late to deliver it. '80 exultant.

June 20.... Field Day. A. M.—Pumpkin Vines vs. Scare Crows. First  
Nine appear in their new uniforms. Scrub game. P. M.—Display of  
muscle at the Park. Now ye gallant student driveth a legitimate  
horse. She approves. Look out for cradle knolls.

June 21.... Base-Ball—Lewiston. Colby, 12; Bates, 7.

"Ring out, wild bells!"

June 23.... Field-Day prizes awarded by Lyford, '79.

June 25.... Barnum and the Fat Woman. One lone Senior at prayers.  
Hot.

June 25.... Base-Ball—Campus. Colby, 11; Skowhegan, 8.

June 27.... Base-Ball—Campus. Colby, 7; Augusta Reds, 3.

"Hopes how soon to be blasted!"

June 28.... Base-Ball—Brunswick. Bowdoin, 28; Colby, 11.

How about those new suits?

July 2.... Base-Ball—Waterville. Colby, 17; Pittsfield, 11.

July 2.... Wednesday. No recitations till Monday, in honor of the W.  
C. I. Commencement. Hotter.

July 3.... Sale of Commencement Concert tickets begins. "Hold on!  
I'll take thirty!"

July 4.... Fearful hot! Why *do* they enforce the Maine law?

July 15.... Base-Ball Association officers chosen.

July 20.... Baccalaureate Sermon, (Memorial for the late Gardner  
Colby,) at 2 P. M., by Dr. Robins. Evening—Sermon before Board-  
man Missionary Society by J. F. Elder, D. D., of New York.

July 21.... Junior Prize Declamation, at Baptist Church, at 8 P. M.  
What talent!!

July 22.... Entrance Examinations. A. M.—Annual Meeting of the  
Board of Trustees. P. M.—Ivy Day Exercises by '80. "Best Ivy  
Day Exercises yet." So say we all. Anniversary of the Literary

Societies in the evening. Oration by G. W. Samson, D.D., late President of Columbia. Poem by Hon. Charles Thurber of Brooklyn, N. Y. Society Reunions.

- July 23....Addresses of the Graduating Class. What eloquence!! "Is Webster dead?" "Who threw that bouquet?" Commencement Dinner at Alumni Hall at 1 P.M. "And they all did eat and were filled and of the fragments that remained they took up,—how many baskets full?" Evening Concert by Misses Kellogg and Clark, Fessenden and Whituey, Miss Lillian Chandler, and Germania. Ball by members of Senior Class. "Good-bye, Seniors."
- July 24....Class Day Exercises by '79. A success.

Vacation of five weeks.

- Aug. 26....Fall Term begins. Freshmen only thirty-six. '82 jubilant over a small class.
- Sept. 1....Wm. P. Frye at the Town Hall. Students act as escort.
- Sept. 9....Base—yea, doubly base—Ball. Soph. 22; Fresh, 1.
- Sept. 10....Rope Pull. '82 again victorious, having seven more men. Glory without honor.
- Oct. 10....Weber Quartette gives its first concert out of town at Monmouth. A success and well patronized.
- Oct. 15....Senior Articles called for.
- Oct. 18....Sundry anxious-eyed gentlemen begin to haunt Champlin Hall outside of recitation hours.
- Oct. 23....Sophomore Declamation—Chapel.
- Oct. 26....Laboratory work, '81. A fine set of Chemists. "You'll blow us all up Mr. —."
- Nov. 1....Our numbers begin to lessen. "Good-bye, boys!"
- Nov. 5....Junior Exhibition at the Chapel. "Let's cut."
- Nov. 6....Josh Billings. Sold again,—nothing more than an evening of almanac quotations.
- Nov. 22...."Shoot the beavers!"
- Nov. 25....Senior Prize Orations at the Baptist Church. Fall Termus for ten weeks' vacation.

Vacation of ten weeks.

1880.

- Feb. 5....Opening of Spring Term. A few appear. Those who rusticated last term very sadly talk of "when I was sick (?)" and think of making up.
- Feb. 12....Our pedagogues slowly return, and with some the eternal theme is "my school," but others—it was a hard *Case* I swear.
- Feb. 25...."Commons House" warming.
- March 4....New song books in the chapel. Adieu to the six tunes which have been sung for several years past.

March 10.... Colby pronounces for Blaine. Only seven Democrats and Green backers in college. Hurrah!!!

March 31.... Junior Reception at the President's. An honored class.

April 1.... All fools' day.

April 5.... Seniors are notified that they will have an exhibition next week, and not an article in.

April 14.... Senior Exhibition at Chapel. Nothing impossible to '80.

April 15, 16, 17, and 19.... Cantata of "Joseph" presented at Town Hall.

April 21.... Sophomore Prize Declamation at Baptist Church. "And they rejoiced and were exceeding glad, and loudly did they play upon the chin-chin."

Cremation. "Let's ask the Prof."

## I WANT MY ORACLE.



# COLLEGE CALENDAR.

---

	1879.
Senior Exhibition.....	Nov. 25.
Fall Term ends Wednesday.....	Nov. 26.

Vacation of Ten Weeks.

	1880.
Spring Term begins Wednesday.....	Feb. 4.
Sophomore Prize Declamation.....	April 21.
Spring Term ends.....	April 28.

Vacation of One Week.

Summer Term begins Wednesday evening.....	May 5.
Freshman Prize Reading.....	June 9.
Senior Examination, Tuesday.....	June 15.
Examination of other classes begins Wednesday.....	July 21.
Baccalaureate Sermon, Sunday P.M.....	July 25.
Boardman Anniversary Sermon, 8 P.M.....	July 25.
Junior Exhibition, Monday evening.....	July 26.
Examination for admission, Tuesday, 8 A.M.....	July 27.
Meeting of the Board of Trustees, 9 A.M.....	July 27.
Meeting of the Alumni Association, 2 P.M.....	July 27.
Anniversary of Literary Societies, 8 P.M.....	July 27.
Commencement, Wednesday.....	July 28.

Vacation of Five Weeks.

Examination for admission, Wednesday, 8 A.M.....	Sept. 1.
Fall Term begins Wednesday evening.....	Sept. 1.



A decorative flourish consisting of a horizontal line with ornate scrollwork and floral patterns at both ends.

NOTICE.

A decorative flourish consisting of a horizontal line with ornate scrollwork and floral patterns at both ends.

If the Students of Colby do not show more spirit in supporting their publications, by patronizing the advertisers exclusively, they will find it harder in future to secure a class of advertisers who expect nothing in return for their money.



L. E. THAYER & SON,  
**Custom Tailors.**

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*Clothing Made to Order*

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