

The *Colby Echo* is one of the most welcome of all our exchanges. The October number comes filled with valuable and interesting matter. From an editorial we learn surprising things about Colby's "ministerial students." They have a tendency toward "monkish seclusion." Rarely is one of them "a base-ball man, or an athlete." What thin-legged, lifeless slabs they must be! Our embryo preachers are of a very different make-up. They swing the bat, kick the foot-ball, run in races, and yell, with all the energy and success of any of the sons of darkness. Nor do we think they will be any the worse preachers for that. Some of the "Locals" are a little flat, for instance, that one in which the "smartness" of a "Freshman girl" was shown. Any young woman, a member of a college-class, who would "demurely" get off that joke—stale long before the time of John Smith—about the "donkey" and the "pear," ought to be sent home to her ma to be wrapped in swaddling clothes for a few years.

Among our exchanges are many local papers. Although they are appreciated according to their respective merits, for obvious reasons we rarely make special reference to any one of them. This month an exception is made. We go out of the beaten path to make obeisance to the *Windsor Mail*. In a recent issue of that paper the October number of the *Athenæum* is reviewed. Perhaps the editor imagines that his tone is friendly and appreciative, since he states that the "editorial department has greatly improved." But as this judgment is the result of a "hasty glance at the contents," we are not as highly flattered as we might be. Having tossed this sugar-plum to the editors, he proceeds to discuss the mechanical part of the paper. "The typographical appearance is something wretched. The type is worn, and the press work uneven." After giving a very entertaining description of the quality of the paper, he adds that it is "such as is intended for handbills." It may occur to some to ask why the *Mail* so fiercely attacks the *Athenæum* this year. Last year the quality of the paper used was miserable; and on some occasions the "typographical appearance was something wretched." Why was the *Mail* silent then? What is the secret of

this extraordinary concern for the appearance of our paper now? Perhaps we can guess. This year we employed a new printer; and that printer was *not* the editor of the *Windsor Mail*—though he applied for the job—but the proprietor of a paper which has handled the "Mail" rather roughly on several occasions. It was natural, no doubt, for the editor of the "Mail" to wish to vent his spleen on our printer; and having vomited forth his spite, he probably experiences great inward relief. We certainly hope so. Concerning the truth or falsity of the "Mail's" statements we say nothing. Here is our paper, and all can judge for themselves.

### QUIPS and CRANKS.

Some of the Juniors, not having sufficient light to comprehend their studies, have recourse to *side lights*.

JUNIOR (translating)—"I arrogate to myself nothing of nobility or modesty."

PROF.—"And perhaps rightly so."

A prominent lumberman, in Burlington, has had his coat-of-arms painted on the panels of his carriage, with the Latin motto "*Vidi*," which by interpretation is, "I saw."—*Hawkeye*.

Burdette says you should never "strike a mustache when it is *down*." An interesting question, which some of our Seniors might ponder, is, "Should you *stroke* a mustache when it is *down*?"

We infer from the following, which was found, that some Freshie after a certain memorable occasion invoked the Muse:—

"We're Freshies! yes, Freshies! at last,

Why *Rats*, do you stand so aghast?

The axe only grazed as we passed through  
the door,

For they don't clip so short as they used to  
before."

CAUTION.—"Hard students are commonly troubled with gouts, catarrhs, cachexia, brady-pepsia, bad eyes, vertigo, consumptions and all such diseases: they are most part lean, dry, ill-colored—and all through extraordinary studies."—Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

A country poet, after taking a general view of life, has come to the following rhyming conclusion: