

The Colby Echo.

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The Colby Echo.

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THE STUDENTS OF

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THE SANCTUM.

ANOTHER term is drawing to a close. The old saying *tempus fugit* is proving true, and the thought brings to mind plenty of common-place about the shortness of time and the value of the moments. A new year has commenced, and with it plenty of good resolutions for the future, many, no doubt, already forgotten. But in spite of all these great events things are jogging along about as usual. As we remarked *tempus fugit*, and following this lofty example we propose to *fugit* also. After five months of steady work we have decided to leave the campus for a while and take a rest. As soon as we have settled Garfield's Cabinet and got the new administration under way, and the pedagogues have re-

turned from their winter's work, the "sound of the grinding" will again be heard, and an echo may be expected from college walls.

THE following paragraph, which has appeared in several of the leading papers of the State, is a worthy tribute to a most worthy man. It so well expresses our views that we print it without comment.

"Rev. Samuel K. Smith, D.D., Acting President of Colby University, graduated at Waterville College in 1845, was Principal at Townsend Academy for six months. Dr. Anderson, then Professor of Rhetoric at Waterville College, having been prostrated by a severe illness, Mr. Smith was invited as tutor to teach that department. He remained at Waterville College two years in that capacity; then going to Newton Theological Seminary, where he remained one year. The Baptist denomination in looking the field over for a man competent to take charge of its organ, the *Portland Advocate*, had its eyes turned towards the Newton student, S. K. Smith, who became editor-in-chief in 1847. Two years afterward, in 1850, the Chair of Rhetoric at Waterville College being vacant, it was tendered to him, and was accepted. In 1871 Colby University conferred upon him the degree of D.D. Dr. Smith has been connected with the college for a greater length of time than any other professor excepting Dr. Champlin. Dr. Smith is a man of great physical and mental power, one that nature has dealt generously with. Possessing a large and sympathetic heart united with a vigorous, practical, and systematic mind, with a storehouse of knowledge, such as one might be proud of, a man of decision and firmness, of indomitable energy and force of character, disdaining everything bordering upon meanness, always courteous, kind, and generous in his feelings and sympathies towards the students, he commands the respect and secures the confidence of all. In the class room he is a power, master of what he teaches, an original thinker, a great scholar and enthusiast and a gentleman. In the social meetings for prayer, his face is ever a welcome one; he makes known the profound truths of the gospel in a beautiful and tender manner, constantly pressing upon the attention of the students that genius, intellect, soul and body must be baptized into Christ; that if a man seeks real glory and immortal power he will find it as he endeavors to lift some fallen one up to a higher life. In his daily intercourse with the students his attitude is that of a father. Students always feel free to go to him for advice and counsel, and they never go in vain. 'Ah! he

is a good man,' is a common expression on the campus, and it comes from the heart. The denomination may well congratulate itself that it has such a man in the present emergency to direct the affairs of such an important institution."

WE were highly edified by reading in a Western exchange the following item of news in regard to our college: "The COLBY ECHO is a representative college paper, notwithstanding the fact that it hails from an institution which is a stranger to co-educational blessedness." We were startled at such an announcement. We immediately looked over our back numbers to see if we had unwittingly kept our exchanges in so great ignorance of our blessed condition, and were forced to admit that we were partially at fault; but the greater part of the terrible *mis-statement* must be charged to the obtuseness of our excellent contemporary. We found, indeed, that on the first page of our paper, where the college authorities have most liberally advertised their institution, its co-educational advantages are not set forth. On the third page, also, where the list of editors is given, supposed to represent every element in the college, no woman's name appears. The first blunder must be laid to the charge of the powers above; the second to that of the powers below. But we editors, who hold the middle ground between Faculty and students, have done our best to atone for "the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes." The columns of the ECHO have always been open to the young women of the college, and some of the best contributions have emanated from their pens. While a large part of the matter treated in the editorial departments does not concern exclusively either sex, both have received frequent mention, as a glance at the past numbers of the ECHO will show. For the benefit of our deluded exchange, we will state officially that "the courses of study are open to young women, on the same terms as to young men." The institution was ushered into that blessed condition nine years ago last Commencement.

It is night. One by one the students' lights go out and soon the college is buried in sleep. "God bless the man who first invented sleep." So say we as weary with our toil we lean back

in our chair and are lost in slumber. Where is the soul when asleep? What do we when we dream? Are these problems for philosophers to solve? Perhaps so. But we care not what they say. They may tell us that a dream is unconscious cerebral activity; but we know better. Have we not dreamed ourselves? Have we not journeyed to the land of Nod and seen the wondrous things which only there exist? Did we not in childhood days dream of the good things which Santa Claus was making in his home at the North Pole? Did we not when our boyish ambition began to reach to the outer world, dream of the years of school and of the years of college which were before us, and in the dim distance see a misty something, which folks called graduation? Do we not now as our college days shorten, dream of a cozy fireside and a companion born to be our own, who is all that we have associated with that wondrous word—woman? We care not for cerebral action, we know that the soul in sleep takes its journey to worlds strangely like our own. But it is not always the world we call the Ideal Future which it visits; it sometimes flies to other worlds which mirror to us the past and present. It was to one of these that we were borne, as leaning back in our chair we slept.

We were conscious of an invisible presence who guided us on our journey. "We are bound," said the spirit, "to the world of the dead." We shuddered as we called to mind the journey thither which Virgil has described: "'Tis not the world where the souls of men once living now do stay, but the world where rest those children of the human mind which we see for a short time and then lose forever: resolutions which have been broken, customs which have grown to maturity and then sickened and died, hopes which have been abandoned, fears which have been scattered. In short, here are all of man's creations, which have outlived their usefulness, or which were too good to live. I have not time to show you all. Come this way. Here lives a family whose members, one by one, did flee from earth. In this sad place you may not know them, but ask, they will answer you." The spirit was gone.

Before us was a sight which made our blood run cold. Huddled together in a cave was a group of creatures which resembled skeletons, so thin and emaciate were they. "Who are

ye?" we asked. "'Tis no wonder that you do not know," replied one of them, "so little are we like our former selves. But we once lived in the place you call earth, and were once loved by you college students. Our family name is Class Spirit; we each did something worthy of that name. My name is Class Day. How well do I remember the happy days I spent on earth! But alas! the students could not agree when in my presence, and so I died of sorrow. My brothers are with me. One, the Spirit of Hospitality, oft presided at the convivial board, with my other brothers, Friendship and Harmony." "Why can ye not come back to us again?" we asked. "Ah no! Your classes now are too large to have room for us. You are too busy to enjoy our presence. We wish you well. Yet in the distant future, when surrounded with worldly cares you look back on your college days, and think of the many happy times which you missed, of the cremations, exits, suppers, and finally of the class-day, which you might have had, then think of us and erect a monument to our memory."

Our spirit was with us again and conducted us back to the world of reality. Was it all a dream?

NEARLY three thousand years ago the wisest man of his day said: "Of making many books there is no end." From that time to the present, the making and the reading of books have occupied a large part of the time of men. The true use of a book is a matter of doubt.

In modern times there is a spirit of naturalism, which, while profiting by the advantages of civilization, yet affects an admiration for the so called natural condition of man, while enjoying the blessings of a revealed religion, affects to find its truths in nature alone, while living amid the cultivation brought about by the making of many books, affects a love for the "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones." Now and then a Thoreau is found among its disciples, but men generally are not seriously affected by its principles. They like nature to a certain extent, but prefer on the whole the life of the Yankee who would wash sheep in Niagara Falls to the life of their ancestors who made Druidic sacrifices in human blood.

But there is another heresy which is rather

more widely spread. It is a belief that the world would be better if books were fewer and more precious. It is a symptom of that disease known as a longing for the good old times, which has been chronic ever since there were any old times to long for, or any people to long for them. "Demosthenes," so they say, "wrote out the whole of Thucydides' histories to improve his style. If our resources were thus limited we would have a Demosthenes." During the centuries of the ascendancy of Greek letters but one such orator was produced, while the mass of the people were in the deepest ignorance. May we never have a Demosthenes at such a cost!

Despite these heresies here and there, the great mass of men believe in the usefulness of books, yes, of many books. They know that civilization took a sudden leap at the beginning of the sixteenth century, which found a printing press in operation, a reformed religion ready to use it, and a new world ready to receive the advantages of both. They know that freedom of thought has been coeval with freedom of every kind, and that freedom of thought did not exist till the masses were able to read something to think about. It is a fact of experience that the general intelligence of the people has kept pace with the spread of literature.

Standing in the library and seeing the thousands of books which fill its shelves, we think of the words of Solomon about the making of many books, and we think of the progress which has been made in the past few centuries. We see here no chains binding the costly volumes to their shelves, we see no scribes copying the precious pages, we see no solitary monk turning the leaves and filling his mind with lore and keeping it like a miser to himself. All is free, and the question suggests itself, do we realize this freedom,—do we use it as we ought? Yes, college students though we are, seeking a higher education and surrounded with an atmosphere of literary culture, do we yet know the true use of a book? Do we not enter the library, and, looking about, say with the ancient mariner,

"Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink,"

because, indeed, we have not learned that literary alchemy which can separate the pure liquor from the salty impurities with which it is mixed?

Books are the accumulated capital of the

ages, bequeathed to us not to be despised, not to be hoarded, but to be used. The importance of forming correct habits of reading while in college cannot be overestimated. Few will have the inclination, few will have the time, few will have the means to acquire these habits after leaving college unless they begin here.

LITERARY.

MAGNIFICAT.

"Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles."

My soul doth praise and magnify the Lord.
I rest secure in His Almighty Word.

To Him all glory be.

At His decrees the hosts of Heaven rejoice,
Eternity is filled with His creative voice,

He ruleth well; for He

Hath put down the mighty from their seat
And hath exalted them of low degree.

From age to age His mercy doth endure,
His promises eternal are and sure,

To Him all honor be;

The hungry hath he fed from day to day,
The haughty hath He empty sent away,

He judgeth well; for He

Hath put down the mighty from their seat
And hath exalted them of low degree.

Of Israel let every chosen tribe,
To His supreme and awful name ascribe,

All power and majesty:

To Abraham His mercy hath He shown
Our fathers all His righteousness have known

He doeth all things well; for He

Hath put down the mighty from their seat
And hath exalted them of low degree.

F. W. F.

ENDYMION.

A public man possessing a firm character, and having decided opinions in regard to matters and things, with strong feelings and sympathies, must of necessity make many enemies, and we are apt to judge such a man from the one or two of his public acts which we may have noticed that did not coincide with our views. So we form an opinion against him and carry our prejudiced feelings with us, if we chance to read any of his works. Thus was it in my case with the Earl of Beaconsfield. I had seen England under his guidance uphold Mahometan rule in Constantinople; had been

made indignant by the unjust wars in Zululand and Afghanistan, which occurrences, combined with a marked leaning toward the leader of the Liberal party, Mr. Gladstone, had prejudiced my mind against his great rival.

With such feelings I began to read his latest novel, *Endymion*. The tale opens with the fatal illness of Canning, and the fear of a change of ministry in consequence. A Mr. Ferrars, father of our hero, has some months before thrown in his fortunes with the Duke of Wellington, and as the King soon summons the Duke to form a new Cabinet, his waiting and labors are rewarded by a high office. The beautiful receptions of Zenobia, a haughty Tory lady, are in their meridian splendor; culture, wit, and beauty frequent them; all the ruling party in high life throng them; everything is to be seen at them; in fact it seems as if the author's mind was dwelling on a fanciful creation and writing as his imagination pictures it, rather than giving us a true account of the best English society of the early part of the nineteenth century.

Soon a change comes over Mr. Ferrars's fortunes; his party is out of office. Sir Robert Peel does not need his services, and, to crown all, the death of his father involves his pecuniary affairs in total ruin. So the family give up their beautiful home, bid farewell to the gay London city life, and near the edge of the Berkshire downs, at a place called Hurstley, henceforth we are to find them. Their two children, Myra and Endymion, study here under the care of the father, and in time the son graduates at Eton. Years pass, a new reaction takes place, and the Tory party is again in power. The father's claims to office are, however, not recognized, and Endymion has to leave his home to begin that career which his strong-willed sister Myra says must have for its objective point the hope of one day being Prime Minister of England. A clerkship in the treasury department is obtained for him. Most amusing is the description of his fellow-clerks and the miniature government they form; their conversation is the echo of their superiors; their wishes and thoughts of public life. We would, however, most strongly condemn the portrayal of the great novelist, Thackeray, in the person of Mr. St. Bashe. To thus rudely caricature the greatest of English novelists, as the best taste of the age

has come to regard him, is entirely uncalled for and an insult to the intelligence of men. He is known not as a jealous, proud, addle-brained character, but has been stamped as the very king of novelists by the verdict of history. Time hastens on and bears us to the extremely sad death of his parents, and the departure of Myra to obtain a position as a kind of governess in a family called the Neuchatels, under which name we recognize the Rothschilds. Here she mingles with the best of society, and soon all London is wild with excitement over her marriage with Lord Roehampton, Lord Palmerston, as he is known in history, Minister of State for England. Endymion is made his private secretary, and one round of the ladder is passed. Many happy years go by; the handsome appearance, witty conversation and originality of Endymion bringing him gradually into notice among the great and the powerful. He is studying the great lessons of political economy which the times show him; learning also when to speak, and when to be silent; what to say, and how to say it. His opinions are influenced by a certain Job Thornberry, under which name we would hardly look for John Bright, but when once assured of his identity we cease to wonder at the time and attention the novelist gives him.

Now is a character introduced who, under the title of Prince Florestan, resembles both Napoleon III. and Alphonso of Spain. His brilliant march through his country to gain his throne, the death of Lord Roehampton, and the elevation of Myra to the position of Prince Florestan's Queen are made to pass vividly before us, till we are well nigh bewildered by the hurrying march of events and their startling outcomes.

With his friends' assistance the young Endymion is returned to Parliament and here soon establishes his influence. He is given a high office under a following Whig administration, and falls when it goes down. It is incumbent upon us to glance but a moment upon the picture presented of a man of stern, unyielding character. The intensity of his opinions and his zeal in religious things deepens the pleasure with which we regard him, and we follow him with an ever increasing interest from Nigel Penruddock, the plain Episcopalian rector, to the time when he returns from Rome as the Pope's legate, henceforth to be known as Cardinal

Manning. A very fortunate description of a tournament held at a castle in the north of England is brought in the work. This tournament is the idea of a certain Lady Montfort, and leads us to recall the old days of chivalry. Here we meet the Count of Ferroll, under which title we recognize the Iron Man, who has to-day more influence over men and things than any person living. His striking views proclaim Prince Bismarck as he is known to all the Cabinets of Europe. One more event has to transpire, and it is near at hand. Lord Montfort dies, and Endymion marries his widow, one of the most beautiful as well as one of the richest women in England. Under succeeding governments he has high positions, and at the death of the Premier, Lord Derby, Queen Victoria summons him to form a Cabinet and he is at last Prime Minister of England. The dream of his life is attained; the last round of the ladder mounted, genius and energy win at last. Thus the tale ended.

Viewed in a purely literary light we have little to say of this work. The style is pleasant, with now and then an obscure sentence, repetitions at times may be noticed, the rush of words is quick in places, the descriptions magnificent.

The chief end of the work seems to be a glorification of Lord Beaconsfield and his policy. Yet his pride is proper and worthy. From his high station, as he looks over the history of his life, well may he feel proud that ability and hard work, without wealth or social eminence, has twice raised him to the first office of the land. The clamor of Parliament, which at his first appearance would not permit him to speak, long ago was stilled; his enemies have been humbled, his fame is secure. The recent victory of his rival is not a crushing blow, for the culminating point in his career had been reached. Still in all the beautiful language with which he clothes the thoughts of his characters, in all the glowing descriptions of English scenery, we recognize on every page, stiff monarchical England, not progressive, democratic America. Wide is the gulf between his opinions and ours.

Our patriotism has been quickened and strengthened while reading this novel; we see our lot lies where more advanced ideas of government exist; where men are more frank and original; where life, in spite of its hurry and

bustle, seems happier; where the very air around is freer.

Little England with her great men, her knowledge, her power, her great ocean boundary is a pleasant picture, but how insignificant in comparison with the American Republic, youngest and mightiest of nations; and with this thought there comes anew a feeling of gratitude to those who have made our country what it is, while with sincere and trustful hearts we raise a petition above us for heaven's choicest blessings on this land we love.

THE MORAL END OF POETRY.

The true poet is no day-dreamer along the cliffs and ledges of ocean shore; no aimless wanderer by mountain streams, in fields of spring, and among autumn woods. He is not an idle loiterer in fragrant gardens sipping the nectar of existence, and knowing nothing of the stern and rugged life of other men. He is in the highest sense a man of the people, with a heart that beats in unison with every human heart, not different from others, only larger, deeper, and more intense. He thinks and feels as others do; but he thinks and feels more than they, because his nature is deeper and richer. He sees more in nature to admire, and his delicate soul is made responsive to all that is beautiful. In nature he finds abundant material for his verse. All the emotions of his sensitive being are roused by nature's grandeur.

The poet also knows the character of other men. He finds himself at home in all their fortunes and actions; feels their joys and sorrows; sympathizes with them in their present experiences, and shares with them their future destiny. Through that peculiar and unanalyzed mental gift, imagination, the depths of man and nature's hearts give up to him their secrets. The scientist deals with matter and its properties. The poet in imagination goes beyond phenomena and divines origins and causes which science cannot explain. By the same mysterious gift he reads the inmost soul of man; sees motives and utters thoughts which the thinker himself would conceal.

But poetry is not limited to man and nature as the only objects with which it deals. This would be denying to it that which is its most

essential property, that without which there can be no true poetry. For there is, in all high poetry, a reference to something beyond and above the mere material. This reference, either latent or expressed, has appeared in all ages, in forms peculiar to the belief of these ages. Amid the darkest period of sensuality may be seen the feeble-light of a higher life in all true poetry. The soul of the poet will not leave him to sing of nature and man without here and there a line of reference to a greater power, binding them together, and causing them to act in obedience to all-wise laws.

The fact of moral forces is one to which all the highest poetry has borne witness, either by turning the eyes directly upward to the Supreme or by making His presence indirectly felt, as the center to which all the deeper thoughts of man tend. And this moral element is the standard by which poetry must be measured.

Beauty and pleasure have been held by many great authorities as the aim and end of poetry. This does not, however, seem to be an adequate definition. Grace and beauty inseparably accompany the art of poetry, but they do not constitute it. Each may be a means, but it is not safe to call either an ultimate end. It cannot be asserted with truth that the great masterpieces in poetry were wrought out simply to gratify the poet's artistic tastes or to amuse and please his readers.

Homer's *Iliad* is the work of a higher incentive. Virgil in his *Æneid* sought not alone for intellectual pleasure. Shakespeare had something else in view when he girded himself for the task of his *Hamlet*. To give pleasure, merely, was not a sufficient motive for Milton's sublime epic. They would not have been content with any thing short of this: the assurance that their work would live to awaken in men those high emotions and sympathies which ennoble their possessors.

The drama is, perhaps, that kind of poetry where art can be best displayed and seen. The plot of the drama is laid with a view to draw out and to delineate human character in all its lights and shades, and that drama has the highest value which most perfectly fills the plot and presents men as they really are.

The plays of Shakespeare hold the first rank in dramatic literature, and, rightly, too. They

have won their position not so much because of the genius of Shakespeare, nor because of their mere artistic worth, but it is their moral element that gives to them their immortality. Shakespeare painted human character as it was. He did not attempt to explain away moral depressions and elevations. He did not present men as entirely good, but gave to them moral diversities. The noble and the base, the high and the low shared equally in his personations, but he never failed to show the beauty and worth of true moral character. It is difficult not to hate Iago and Edmund, while not to admire and love Desdemona and Cordelia is quite impossible. The great dramatist is not faultless, to be sure, but there is in all his plays a healthy moral tone which cannot fail to elevate and enrich the minds of all honest admirers of true poetry.

At just this point the gulf between Goethe and Shakespeare widens and shuts the German out from the highest place as a dramatist. There is no mental or moral struggle in all his dramas, and this want of moral purpose is that which will forever sink Goethe's works far below those of the world's greatest dramatist.

If the moral end in the drama gives to it its rank and permanency, surely the moral quality can never be divorced from the Epic, the Lyric, and other forms of poetry. The small amount of British poetry which is read by English students, and its lack of power in producing any permanent impression, prove how little value there is in that poetry which does not contain the moral element. While the poems which have had the most influence are those in which art and beauty are subordinate to a high end.

Milton's *Paradise Lost* is known as no other epic has ever been, and it is eminently moral. The *Faerie Queene* of Spenser, to which Pope, Dryden, Gray, and Collins have paid homage, represents, in heroic verse, all the moral virtues. Who will not say, that if the delicate and loving soul of the youthful Keats had been overshadowed with stronger sentiments, his would have been a higher poetry.

Shelley was a poet of no mean genius, and we are charmed and fascinated with the grace and elegance, the music and rhythm of his verse. Yet we feel that something is wanting. He does not rouse and elevate the soul, and the secret of this defect is found in the character of

the man. Byron has been illustrious, but his once bright star of fame appears to wane. He lives in name a great poet, while his works are losing their influence, because they lack the strength of high moral principle.

The time is not far distant when the sweet singer of nature, Wordsworth, shall have his rightful place in the brotherhood of poets. He may have written too much to have always written well, yet, although he leads us on sometimes through desert sands, we often hear those sweet and airy voices which appeal to our highest and best aspirations such as no other poet brings to us. Our own Longfellow will be read more and more as the lovers of poetry feel the breath of morality which makes fragrant all his works.

Look where we will we shall find that those who have given the good its true place in their verses, are the poets whose works are really immortal. Whether the moral standard shall be the Christian, is not for us to decide. It is not ours to say that Goethe, who made little of Christianity, and Shelley, who was an avowed atheist, were not poets of high genius. But had they possessed more of Christian morality, they would have gained much as men and no less as poets.

While we do not condemn the highest art in poetry, we affirm that all poetry which has no higher end than mere beauty must fall below the highest kind. The higher the object, the grander will be the means to its attainment, and so the purer the end of poetry the more elevating will be the style. The moral end of poetry must then be the only true one; and the desire to raise humanity from its worldliness; to turn men's thoughts and aspirations to invisible and eternal things; to hold up before his fellows the possibility of a more virtuous and higher moral life; this indeed must be the poet's grandest motive, this the only true end of his mission.

F. M. P.

GRATITUDE.

The missionary long had told,
With humid eloquence,
The pressing needs of "foreign fields"
Until his audience,

Just entering the land of dreams,
Turned faint to hear him say:

"I'll take collections for the branch
At Yac-Yab, South Malay."

The sexton came with smile serene
And took the good man's tile;
Then started off with tip-toe tread
Adown the long broad-aisle.

His journey was a quiet one,
More silent than his tread.
For with faces all averted,
The people sat as dead.

And not a dollar in the hat,
With silver tinkle, rung;
Not e'er a nickle nor a cent
Was in the "stove-pipe" flung.

The sexton came back with the hat,
(His brow clad with a frown)
And, in a half-sarcastic way,
He laid it upside-down.

The missionary sighed and said:
Glancing this way and that,
"I'm grateful to the audience
That they returned *my hat!*"

J. R. M.

ZETA PSI CONVENTION.

The thirty-fourth annual convention of the Zeta Psi Fraternity was held at the private parlors of the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, Canada, on the 5th and 6th of January, with the Theta Chi Chapter. The representatives from Colby were Collins and Philbrook of '82.

The University of Canada ranks highest among the educational institutions in the Provinces. The college buildings are very fine, and the present number of students attending the institution is between five and six hundred. About fifty delegates were in attendance, thirteen colleges being represented. On Wednesday, the 5th, at 10 o'clock, the convention assembled to attend to the business which was to come before the meeting. Wednesday evening the delegates were, by the resident members of the Theta Chi Chapter, invited to attend a theatre party, which was a very pleasant affair. On the following day the business of the convention was finished and the whole was concluded by a banquet Thursday evening, at which our Canadian brothers displayed the most genial hospitality. The banquet was prolonged till the small hours with toasts and songs, and reluctantly adjourned till the next convention, which will be held with the Gamma Chapter of Syracuse, New York.

THE CAMPUS.

The Freshman's lament:

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, "I've flunked again."

The number of volumes in the University Library is now 16,600.

We have the pleasure to report that the health of President Robins is steadily improving. He will probably go to Italy some time in February.

The annual catalogue, which has been delayed by the illness of President Robins, is now in press and will probably appear at the close of this session.

This term ends on the 26th; examinations commencing the 24th. The vacation will be six weeks long; next term commencing on the 9th of March.

Gardner, of '82, was in town for a few days last week. He will not resume his college work until next year, if at all. In losing him, '82 is deprived of one of its most popular members.

We should judge that the excellent article in our last issue, on "Physical Culture," was producing its desired result, as we noticed that the gymnasium was lit up the other Sunday night.

Bosworth, of '81, had his hand slightly injured the other day while uncoupling the engine from his train. The accident, though by no means serious, will prevent him from working for some time.

The other day, in the electricity recitation, a Junior brought down a machine which the professor warranted to support fifty pounds by placing one of his feet upon it. They are not above the average, either (for a Junior).

Rev. E. C. Mitchell, D.D., class of '49, has just published "A Critical Handbook of the Greek New Testament." This is the third volume published by him within two years, and is characterized by the same eminent scholarship which was shown in his previous volumes.

An Amateur Minstrel Troupe is being organized in town by Messrs. Percival, and Seavey, in which several of the college students are to take part. No doubt the company will be a great success, and we await their first performance with the expectation of being treated to a most enjoyable entertainment.

The reference to Chap. 9 of the Laws, which puzzled those who received their first term bill last fall, is thus explained: The reference is to a former edition of the Laws, as the blanks for the bills were printed several terms ago. The Secretary was not aware that Chap. 9 of the old edition had been changed to Chap. 8 in the new.

The Rev. Mark Trafton, of Boston, has accepted the invitation of the Senior Class to serve as poet next Commencement. Mr. Trafton is a gentleman whose graceful wit is well known, and the college may congratulate itself on the probability of an enjoyable poem, a novelty which we will be well able to appreciate.

Those Seniors who elected Mineralogy this term have found it one of the most interesting studies they have met in their course. Several of those who are absent this term complain much of an arrangement of studies which deprives them of the opportunity of acquiring at least the rudiments of this most valuable science.

A Junior, teaching in the eastern part of the State, directed a postal-card for one of his classmates to H₂Oville. It was returned from the Bangor office with the following written on the back: "Returned to ———port for translation. No Greek scholar in the P. O. department"; and at the bottom of the card was the inquiry, "Isn't this Irish?"

Melcher, of '81, who is teaching on Swan's Island, sends us a graphic description of the scene of his labors and its inhabitants. The island, according to his account, consists of a pile of rocks, with here and there a bushel of sand scattered in the crevices. The manners of the people are of Acadian simplicity, and our exiled companion sighs for the delights of home.

The Juniors, who are now studying Natural History, report the following joke perpetrated by their instructor at the expense of the oyster (which little beast, by the way, seems to give rise to more witticisms than all the rest of the animal kingdom put together). "The muscles of the oysters are so arranged as naturally to keep its shell slightly open; it is thus obliged, like some men, to use some exertion to keep its mouth shut."

The subscription to raise \$30,000 for the increase of the annual income of the university for

the next five years is approaching completion under the experienced management of Dea. I. E. Balch of Wakefield, Mass., the agent of the Board of Trustees. Only \$1000 is required to assure the success of this important movement. The Faculty of the University have subscribed \$1800 towards the \$10,000 which was to be raised in Maine.

'81 is the happy possessor of a man (or should we say demi-god?) whose conscience is perhaps more highly developed than that of any other person since the time of George Washington. He carries his temperance principles so far as to refuse to use vinegar on his baked beans, on account of the infinitesimal proportion of alcohol which it contains!!! This, my astounded reader, is an absolute fact, and we have the documents to prove it.

Collins and Philbrook, of '82, have returned from a trip to Toronto, Canada, where they represented our college at the Z. W. Convention. They give moving descriptions to their envious friends of the joys experienced during their stay in the provincial city. Among other things they brought across the lines several gems of song, which our musicians and would-be musicians have unanimously pronounced excellent, and the campus resounds from morning till night with versified accounts of the robin and the thrush, or the emphatic dialogue between Noah and the petulant and sceptical youth.

Owing to the strictness with which the prohibitory laws are enforced in our virtuous village, Professor Elder finds it impossible to purchase alcohol at the drug stores with which to supply the lamps of the students. Is not this carrying things rather far? When Nye and his brother fanatics shall change their present partial to complete control of the morals of the State, it is evident that pickles will become a thing of the past, and the voice of the peppermint drop will be heard no more in the land forever, for is not their seductive pungency due to an extract containing the unclean thing?

For the benefit of the Seniors absent this term, we insert the following translation of the second Ode of Catullus:

Mourn, O Loves and Graces,
And all ye gallant men,
For Lesbia, my sweet mistress,
Has lost her Brahma hen.

Her Brahma hen, who knew her,
And followed her about,
As little maids their mothers
Whenever they go out.

And when my Lesbia called her,
Every pleasant summer morn,
From my darling's lily fingers
She'd peck the yellow corn.

But now, alas, she travels
That dark and gloomy way,
Which is closed to all returning
To the pleasant light of day.

O accursed be ye, Orcus,
Thou hast taken her away,
And my mistress' eyes are swollen,
For her pet she weeps all day.

IN MEMORIAM.

Rev. Richard M. Nott, class of '52, died at Wakefield, Mass., December 21st, 1880, aged 49 years:

Whereas, Our Heavenly Father, in infinite wisdom, has removed from our fraternity our brother, beloved and highly respected by all, therefore,

Resolved, That we, members of the Xi Chapter of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity, recognize in this the hand of Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That we offer our tribute of remembrance due to a life which exemplified the cardinal principles of our Brotherhood and which was to the world an eminent illustration of the Christian Ministry.

Resolved, That to the sorrowing family and friends we tender our heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be sent to the family of our brother and to each of the sister chapters, and that a copy be published in the next issue of the ECHO.

J. M. WYMAN,
HENRY DUNNING,
JOHN L. DEARING, } Committee.

Hall of Xi, Waterville, Jan. 7, 1881.

THE COLLEGE PRESS.

An exchange editor remarks that the literary productions presented by a large majority of college journals and magazines are of the nature of "school-boy" declamations. Perhaps this is true, but we have not found a single half dozen articles since the college year began that a school boy would be guilty of choosing as a declamation. There is not enthusiasm enough in them for an ordinary school boy. He thinks he must give expression to his emotions, show his life, and in short show himself. The greatest failings shown in the

literary articles thus far is the tendency simply to give expression to one's opinions, or rather to the opinions of another; to fall into dry discussions of antediluvian subjects that make a college boy appear as old as Methuselah. Is not more youthful vigor just what we need? Is not this tendency to assume old age an explanation for a large majority of the silent lives that are passed by college graduates? Is it not true that the history of great achievements is the history of men who, though old in years, retained their youth, the history of men who dared not only express their opinions but show themselves.

We feel quite sure that we must have merited the good will of the *Vassar Miscellany* because we have not headed our column of college news with the statement, "There are three Japanese ladies at Vassar" more than three times, and especially because we have not followed the fashion of others by mentioning the steward's report of last year's expenses which makes such surprising revelations. But we would not for a moment take advantage of this imaginary position to indulge in flattery. It is the largest of the college publications and is, as we ought to expect, a neat, spicy paper. The December number presents fifty-eight pages of reading matter. How in the world can they find so much to say is a question satisfactorily answered only by recalling numerous old sayings which we need not recite. In pages the *Miscellany* compares favorably with the *Princeton Review*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the like. In the subjects discussed the comparison is also quite favorable. We open a number of the *Princeton* and find there discussed the "Genesis of Sin." We turn to the *Miscellany* and find a seven-page article under the title, "Has every Jack his Jill?" We confess our admiration for the taste of the latter in the choice of subjects. We never believed, however, that this subject held such a prominent place in the minds of our sisters. For the encouragement of as many as possible, we can safely answer that there are even at Colby several Jacks that have no Jills. But "Has every Jack his Jill?" is more of an article than you suspect. The subject does not at all hint at the thought of the author. If you wish to compare college life at Vassar with that of other colleges, Colby for example, listen to a few words from one of the editorials: In the business meetings of the students "There is so much noise and confusion that it is at times difficult for the presiding officer to obtain any correct estimate of the will of the students." If you wish to cultivate ease of expression read the literary department of the *Miscellany*.

Although there are religious organizations connected with a large number of our colleges, we seldom find an editorial discussing the interests of such organizations, while to base-ball and boating there is no end. Neither is it often that we find an article bearing directly upon a religious subject. We found to our surprise in a recent issue of the *Cornellian* a rousing editorial touching upon the prayer-meetings of the college. The December number of the same contains an article entitled, "Sophistry or Science?" which is also of a religious character and is worthy of praise. Undoubtedly it would be pleasing to many to find more articles of this

character in the various publications. Through them they would be able to get some idea of the condition of religious thought in the different colleges, where there is any religious thought. "Gladstone" is the title of a finely written article of the same number. It does not agree exactly with the views presented by *Scribner's Monthly* in regard to Mr. Gladstone. While we are inclined to accept the views of the latter, we at the same time give the former an extra mark for originality. There is nothing trashy about the *Cornellian*. We give it the praise of having something to say and of saying it in good style.

OTHER COLLEGES.

Illinois College has four Egyptian students.

The electric light illumines Cornell's campus.

Carthage College has 185 students, this year.

Wellesley has dispensed with Commencement exercises.

Over nine-tenths of all the colleges and universities in the United States are under the supervision of Christian denominations.

Dr. McCosh says that out of four hundred students under him in philosophy who have graduated at Princeton, only four were skeptics at the time of graduation.

The first college paper ever started was at Dartmouth, in 1800. It was called the *Gazette*, and is long since defunct. Among its first contributors was Daniel Webster.

Wellesley College bids fair to be the leading female college in the United States. The Freshman class numbers 130, and 200 applicants were refused within sixty days previous to opening.

It is estimated that there are more than 7,000 American students in German institutions of learning. The aggregate of their expenses are reported by the American Consul at Wurtemberg, to be \$4,500,000 annually.

University College, London, had in attendance two thousand students, including two hundred and eleven ladies, during the past year. The percentage of failure among the women was 19, and among the men 44.5.

The Greek play, "Ædipus Tyrannus," is to be given in the original, at Harvard, toward the end of the present year. Some of the parts

have already been assigned, and Prof. Plaine is said to have finished the score for the music of the first chorus. The choruses will all be sung, and perhaps the dance which accompanies the singing, will be attempted also. Mr. Riddle, the well-known elocutionist of Harvard, will take the part of Ædipus.

A statement has gone the rounds of the college press to the effect that the Oberlin Faculty have prohibited base-ball. It turns out to be quite different. The students of that place were largely aided in securing an athletic ground by members of the Faculty, but were merely forbidden to play on the campus.

The Punjab University, India, reports that of the 1,747 students who have presented themselves for the various examinations in arts, 1,217 have taken the English examination, and that the number of candidates for the entrance examination in English has increased from 26 in 1873, to 193 at the present examination.

Of the Presidents of the United States, eight—Washington, Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, Taylor, Fillmore, Lincoln, and Johnson, were not college educated. Grant was educated at West Point. All the rest were graduated at college. The two Adamses graduated at Harvard; Jefferson, Monroe, and Tyler, at Williams and Mary; Madison, at Princeton; Polk, at the University of North Carolina; Pierce, at Bowdoin; Buchanan, at Dickinson; Hayes, at Kenyon; and Garfield, at Williams.

THE WASTE-BASKET.

"Cui flavam bangas comam."—*Horace, Lib. 1, Car. V.*

In science read the newest books, in literature the oldest.—*Bulwer.*

"Sin has many tools, but a lie is a handle which fits them all."—*O. W. Holmes.*

Der shmall boy stands on der fountain,
Und he don't got on any close,
Und der young girls dey all plush and say,
'Vat he meaus py such conduct as dose?

"To be humble to superiors is duty; to equals is courtesy; to inferiors is nobleness; and to all is safety."

If you doubt whether you should kiss a girl, give her the benefit of the doubt, and "go in."

About this time the fellow who swore off on New-Year's day remarks philosophically, "We havn't got but one life to live, anyhow."

A German, lately married, says: "Id vas yoost so easy as a needle cook valk out mit a camel's eye as to get der behindt vord mit a vomans."

They say it nearly kills a Harvard student to have his barber ask him on which side he parts his hair. He sighs in utter helplessness and replies "Ni-ther."

The world is like a skating park, nice when you can glide smoothly over its surface, but cruel and cold to sit down on, when you get your feet knocked from under you.

"Anthropomorphism," declares a philosopher, "will never be obliterated from the minds of the unintellectual." Now, for pity's sake, don't tell them of it—it might hurt their feelings.

Senior asks Prof. a very profound question. Prof.—"Mr. W., a fool can ask a question that ten wise men could not answer." Senior—"Then, I suppose, that's why so many of us flunk."

Lecture upon the rhinoceros. Prof.—"I must beg you to give me your undivided attention. It is absolutely impossible that you can form a true idea of this hideous animal, unless you keep your eyes fixed on me."

"Young men talk of trusting to the spur of the occasion. That trust is vain. Occasions can not make spurs. If you expect to wear spurs you must win them. If you wish to use them, you must buckle them to your heels before you go into the fight."—*Gen. Garfield.*

PERSONALS.

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

'29.—Rev. L. S. Tripp has resigned the pastorate at Surry and removed to Bluehill.

'88.—Franklin Everett has retired from the

profession of teaching and resides at Grand Rapids, Mich. He is the author of "Memorials of the Grand River Valley," an important local history of 700 pages.

'48.—Hon. Elliot Walker, of Newport, has entered upon his duties as Judge of Probate for Penobscot County.

'52.—Rev. Richard M. Nott, died at Wakefield, Mass., Dec. 21st. He graduated at Rochester Theological Seminary, and has been pastor at Rochester, N. Y., Aurora, Ill., and Wakefield, Mass. He published a memoir of his gifted brother, Rev. Kingman Nott.

'54.—S. W. Matthews of Caribou, editor of the *Aroostook Republican*, has been appointed Deputy Collector and Inspector at Fort Fairfield.

'60.—J. B. Shaw is Superintendent of Storage Department of the Cambridge Fruit Preserving Company, Cambridgeport, Mass.

'62.—Col. R. C. Shannon of Rio Janeiro, is visiting friends at Saco.

'63.—Rev. S. L. B. Chase has accepted a pastorate at Freehold, N. J.

'69.—N. N. Atkinson visited the university recently. He will return to his mining business in Leadville, Col., next spring.

'71.—W. F. Marston is editor and proprietor of the *Hallowell Weekly Register*.

'73.—Rev. Medville McLaughlin is rector of St. Matthew's Episcopal Church, Hallowell.

'75.—L. C. Cornish was admitted to the practice of law in all the courts of Maine, at the October term of the Supreme Judicial Court. He is at present in the office of Baker & Baker, Augusta.

'75.—Wm. Goldthwaite, principal of the classical school at San Mateo, Florida, has recently taken to himself a wife.

'77.—Married in Clarkson, N. Y., Oct. 14, 1880, Josiah R. Henderson and Emogene M. Coney.

'77.—J. H. Files, associate editor of *Portland Advertiser*, was married Dec. 25th, to Miss Carrie M. Dam, of Portland.

'80.—H. W. Page is principal of the Newport (N. H.) High School.

'82.—W. R. Aldrich has become an assistant to Prof. I. R. Aldrich of the National Institute for the cure of speech impediments, at Reading, Pennsylvania.