

The Colby Echo.

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No. 3.

The Colby Echo.

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THE SANCTUM.

AT this time of the year the mention of base-ball may seem slightly frigid. We feel sure, however, that remarks upon the subject at any time will be pardoned since, of the four literary editors of the ECHO, three are at present intimately connected with the association, one as president and manager, two as players on the University Nine, while the fourth after prominently assisting the nine in securing for itself an overwhelming defeat, finished that part of his course with questionable honors. Last year the nine secured the championship of the State. At the last Commencement a number of the alumni, pleased with its brilliant history, suggested the

idea of sending the nine during the next base-ball season on a tour to the New England colleges, and expressed a willingness to share the expenses. With the last graduating class the nine lost a few good players, but there are seven old players left. There is every reason to believe that we shall be able to hold the championship of the State next season, and also to hold a respectable position by the side of other college nines. If this plan is to be executed, operations cannot be begun too early, either in arranging the nine or in testing the interest and generosity of the alumni.

It is an undisputed fact that the value of a college course depends largely on the reading which the student does in connection with his work. On entering college the student is almost sure to begin planning some course of desultory reading. He intends to devote his leisure to the study of the masterpieces of literature. This purpose, so often expressed, is commendable, but in a majority of cases the results are notoriously meagre. One of the reasons for this is that, using no discrimination, he reads pell-mell and at hap-hazard. It often happens that a multitude of books are read merely for the name of it, or to avoid the embarrassment of acknowledging that certain popular works have not been read. With many, to have read a large number of books, implies a high degree of culture. Yielding to a ravenous appetite, the student overestimates the quantity and undervalues the quality. He says of a book: "It is one of recognized merit. All scholars read it; so must I." In our inexperience there is another factor that lessens the value of our reading. We read to learn something, but do not know what. "We read around things, but seldom read at them." We can be truly benefited by reading only so far as we assimilate the thought of the author. It is only by this digestive process of thinking that the perusal of books can be profitable. The student needs a wise adviser to direct him daily in his reading, to assist him in the sifting proc-

ess, that he may read the best authors, and only such parts of those as are worth reading. With this direction we feel that our reading in the departments of Geology, Psychology, and History has not been in vain.

OUR Gymnasium, furnished with a respectable amount of good apparatus two years ago, needs the attention of the carpenter. Nearly all the furniture gives evidence of wear, and several articles have been so out of repair during the whole term as to be useless. This is the case with the rowing weights and shoulder pullies. The bowling alleys are in poor condition. Such is their condition that successful bowling is rather an accident than evidence of skill. While a disposition to abuse the Gymnasium has been commendably rare, the alleys have been in many cases improperly used. The Freshmen are inclined to use the Gymnasium as a play room, and consequently to use the apparatus with undue license. Every Freshman should be presented with a copy of the by-laws of the Gymnasium Association. This may give them the much needed revelation both in the use of the Gymnasium and in college etiquette. Should the college be persuaded to give us some new alleys or to repair the old ones, every student ought to see that the rules for bowling are enforced, and that the furniture is not misused either maliciously or carelessly.

LAST winter a Boston paper contained an interesting description of the Massachusetts Legislature. The part particularly interesting to the student was the comparison of the college educated men with those who had simply a business education. The article reached its highest point of interest in describing a debate. Of the dramatic skill of his description it is useless to attempt an imitation. We content ourselves, therefore, with giving the result, which was by no means complex. It was simply this, the business men were the masters in discussion. In all debates, the men who could state clearly and fluently their views on the various topics of discussion, were the business men, who had acquired their education largely in the counting room, while the college educated men, as a general rule, sat silent, dumb, profoundly thinking, winning great respect for their thoughtfulness and silence. Whether statistics will substantiate the statement

of the author, or whether the Massachusetts Legislature of last winter was a grand exception, the description seemed intensely natural. While we are inclined to accept his description as true, we must confess that we had, in our imagination, given to at least one college man a more prominent future. The difference between the business and college educated man lies, to some extent, in their training. The drill of the student inclines him rather to thought than to the expression of his thoughts. The position of the skillful business man demands that he be a ready conversationalist and that he be a master in discussion. Scholarship must be of paramount importance, but scholarship increases the necessity of our being able to tell what we know. There is no little talking for those who aspire to a professional career. Nothing can take the place of conversational ability. With the student, there is no lack of conversation, but of intelligent conversation there is a lack. A step that will make us better skilled in this art is to make our daily lessons, to some extent, topics of conversation. By this process the ideas of one may be brightened and beautified by contact with those of others. Conversation leads to the use of clear and concise language, to an accurate and logical manner of thinking. Says a popular writer: "Talk shapes our thoughts; the waves of conversation roll them as the surf rolls the pebbles on the shore." For further development in this direction, a greater amount of class room debate is needed. To be sure, debate is permitted at present, but it is not encouraged by the students. Even the asking of a question produces a multitude of frowns. Whether we think too little about what we say, or say too little about what we think, conversation and discussion ought to prove a benefit in either case.

LITERARY.

FIRELIGHT FANCIES.

Tired by the weary warfare
Of a mind that will not rest,
Tired by the doubts and longings
That needs must fill my breast,
I sit me down in the firelight
And watch the embers' glow,
Charmed by the ever-restless shapes
As they flicker to and fro.

Now high on the frescoed ceiling
 Dart the tongues of rosy light.
 Now the rollicking, frolicking billows
 Chase away the darksome night.
 For an hour these merry phantoms
 Play at their own sweet will,
 Then one by one they vanish
 And the room seems strangely still.

I sigh for my elfin charmers,
 And the fire seems burning low.
 But stay! Another moment!
 A purer, steadier glow
 Is hovering o'er the embers—
 Now it rises strong and bright,
 And I bask in the golden halo
 Of the rich, unchanging light.

Gone are my childish fancies
 To the hoards of Father Time.
 Only an hour they lingered,
 Like the notes of a vesper chime.
 Have they left me now forever?
 I could wish them back again,
 They have taken all life's gladness
 And left me all its pain.

But even while I murmur
 My life grows bright once more,
 Not with the changeful radiance
 That my fancies brought of yore;
 But with the golden halo
 Of a purpose, sure to last
 After the fitful fancies
 Are but memories of the past.

M.

HISTORY AND FICTION.

All writing which properly comes under the head of literature has been very comprehensively divided into two classes: the function of the first of which is to teach; that of the second to move; the literature of knowledge and the literature of power. The one addressing the understanding, conveys principles and sentiments of human interest; the other possessing the heart and soul, touches the springs of thought and feeling for good or ill. The former is history; the latter fiction.

If it be asked to what society owes her greater progress,—to the literature of knowledge or to the literature of power,—to fact or to fiction, and for which there is the greater love, it would seem that while the former directly effects the external structure of society, modifies the conditions of spiritual activity and growth, and solicits studious attention; it is the latter alone which penetrates the individual constituents of society, which serves as the interpreter of those changes of thought and sentiment, and for which man has an instinctive desire. From fiction, the child first receives ideas outside his own experi-

ence, and the impressions then made upon his susceptible mind, carry their influence far into life. So in the childhood of the race, it was the minstrel's song and sage's prologue, through the many learned the high thoughts of the few, and were taught lessons which, in a less tangible form, would have been impressed in vain.

The love of fiction has become an instinctive and insatiable passion of the human mind, and is equalled only by the mighty influence of its object, which controls the actions of men to so marvelous an extent that there appears much truth in the saying, that "Ballad-makers are more potent than kings, and story-tellers legislate more than parliaments."

Nor is the love of fiction inconsistent with man's love of truth, and needs be attributed to no other principle of his nature, aside from the strong desire for mental excitement; for it is the maxim, the example taught by combinations of actions, not the actions themselves that delight and move men most; and it matters not whether those actions be real or imaginary so long as the mind accepts the stated results as natural consequences.

History is limited to realities, while fiction roams at large, employing countless possibilities; indeed, its limits are those of nature herself, and it fails only of its purpose when it violates one of her laws. Life is its subject; life in all its changes and modifications, brought about by every influence, operating on the complex nature of man. This last may be said also of history, especially if we consider it with Carlyle, as the "essence of innumerable biographies." But it deals with life as a whole; it deals with *actions* and *results*; we see a people, but few men; a nation, but no home. Compare it with a novel, which presents a true picture of individual life; which makes incidents appear to arise from natural sequence of events, thus carrying the moral lesson home to the heart; which traces out the *sources* of action rather than its *consequences*; whose scenes are around the cottage, at the hearth; whose characters are men and women, living our own lives, and by whose joys and sorrows, efforts and failures, we cannot remain unmoved, when once our human sympathies have been aroused. And too, with a desire of relief from the turmoil of their weary existencies, men gladly turn from the dusty thoroughfare of actual life to the brighter paths of fancy, through

which are wafted, refreshing breezes of purity and truth.

How great, too, is history's debt to fiction. A faithfully written novel reflects the thought and language of its time; it exhibits the popular tastes, standard of morals, and degree of mental refinement; things which are invaluable to the student in bridging those broad, dark chasms which he meets in history. And this fact is supported by philosophical Hallam himself, when he says: "Had we a genuine English novel, the mirror of actual life in the various ranks of society,—written under Elizabeth or under the Stuarts,—we should have seen the social habits of our forefathers better than by all our other sources of knowledge."

Fiction lays the past before us like a vast plain, sloping from the heights of the present age down into the primeval time of human action. Far in the distance, we see races of dwarfs and giants, fiery dragons, and other imaginary things of *superstitious* man. Nearer and nearer, the pomp of chivalry, the knight and castle halls, tented fields and passing armies; a battle deciding the fate of nations; the ruins of cities which had once lived under a false religion; the thousand institutions which have been for the advancement or curse of the race—in short, *all* that men have felt, thought, and done, is exhibited like a picture, and with a reality such as history never affords.

To the culture of the imagination knowledge owes its diffusion. In ancient times, fiction was the sole and *necessary* agent for unveiling the world of thought to the popular mind; for the untaught man fails to catch abstract truths, unless conveyed in some dramatic form; and it is no less true that the learned and refined are more deeply influenced by principles when illustrated in action than when exhibited more generally. The novel is the most perfect form of literature for accomplishing this result; in it the past lives again; it gives copies of life and manners, of human nature in all its phases. It increases the power of discrimination, of judging the actions of men and penetrating their purposes, and above all it gives a knowledge of self.

History extends in every direction, and to such a distance that its radius may include every branch of knowledge; but in its study man is confined to a single plane, while fiction accomplishes the result for which history is only pre-

paratory, viz., to lift man up above this low plane and the still lower passions of life to higher regions. It increases his sympathy with truth. It presents ideals of hope and justice, which history, in its limited extent would allow to languish. In the youth it kindles a love of honor and virtue, and helps to form noble purposes. In man it awakens the perception of the beautiful, the enthusiasm for the grand, the finer and tenderer emotions which soften and embellish life.

Again, fiction serves a more practical use: as the vehicle of controverted opinion, expressing, by incident and character, abstract principles of metaphysics, religion, and politics; satirizing manners; exposing evils in society and in legal systems; and quickening the ear of humanity to the cry of its ill-governed and suffering members; and in this function its power is irresistible, for when an appeal for justice is represented as coming from the lips of one for whom our heartfelt interests have been aroused, it thrills our hearts, and we join in the cry; and in this way the novel becomes as Hugh Miller says, a "tremendously potent instrument for the organization and revolutionizing of opinion," presenting, as it may, if executed with faithfulness and judgment, a complete philosophy of life.

Most certainly then, fiction, whether romance, novel, or poem, has a high and holy mission; for the knowledge it conveys is that of human nature, the most valuable sort of knowledge, save one; exerting an influence of the widest and most penetrating kind, it tends to mould the thoughts and feelings of many who receive the bias of their course from no other direction, thus serving as one of the greatest moral and intellectual teachers of humanity. And although history, in its purport to point out the "hand of God in the affairs of men," and to exhibit what we called the "inscrutable purposes of Providence," may justly claim the crown, yet fiction has given satisfactory credentials, and bears fittingly the dignity of "Embassador from the Court of Truth."

LAHDYDAH.

Oh! I know a merry maiden
Who with *chic* and chink is laden,
And her voice is just a tinkle,
And her eye it hath a twinkle,
Like a star.

And her lips are red and sweet,
And her waist is very neat,
And her foot is so petite,
Tra la la.

Festive is she, bright and blooming,
Pert and saucy and assuming,
And she is so very knowing,
While her spirits gaily flowing
Ever are.

And when she skips the gutter,
With her pretty skirts a flutter,
What I see doth make me stutter,
T-tra la la!

When I am before her kneeling,
And in earnest tones appealing
(Just to keep myself in practice),
All that I can e'er extract is
Ha, Ha, Ha!

Yet I know this maiden merry,
With the cheek and lip of cherry,
Doth love me much and very
Tra la la.

When I've wooed and won this maiden,
With loveliness and lucre laden,
After I, the artful dodger,
Have hoodwinked that rich old codger,
Her papa;

Never mind the many by-gones,
Won't I live on toothsome bon bons,
Won't I snip the old man's coupons,
Tra la la—ah?

F. W. F.

SPAIN AND CUBA.

THEIR MUTUAL RELATIONS.

There seems to have been a great misunderstanding amongst the American people in respect to the existing relations between Spain and her colonial possession, Cuba. This misunderstanding has led them to the expectation and hope of a certain and speedy separation of the two countries. Strange as it may seem, this expectation has arisen from entirely different and opposite interpretations of the same facts.

It is scarcely necessary to say that slavery has been the fruitful text upon which the philanthropist, as well as the statesman, journalist, and merchant, have founded their ardent denunciations of the mother country. In 1854 there was given to the American people, a history of Cuba, in which the government of the island was assailed in the most bitter language. If we bear in mind the fact that this work was published before the rebellion in this country, we shall not be surprised to find the following doctrines taught to the people in its pages.

The slave, according to this work, is a dangerous person, even while in bondage. Under

the existing slave laws of Cuba, any slave may buy his freedom. This is not an unusual case, since by law every master is compelled to grant such privileges to his slave as will enable him, with industry, to become a free man in about eight years. If, under such laws, the importation of slaves into the island continues, a second tragedy, more terrible than that of St. Domingo must follow. This conclusion, doubtless, was drawn without reference to the world's progress during half a century; thanks to which, in a very few seconds, Spain might have been informed of the state of the island, and in a few days, at farthest, have been brought to its doors. The only remedy under such circumstances, was, of course, the annexation of Cuba to the United States, and its subjection to the established laws of American slavery.

In 1874, after the rebellion, you will notice, the principles taught to the American people marvelously disagreed with the preceding.

A Mr. Walls, Senator from Florida, carried away by the love of humanity, while speaking of the relations existing between Spain and Cuba, said that in his mind, at least, there was no doubt that the United States Congress, assembled at that time, would immortalize itself, etc., etc., by conceding belligerent rights to the republic of Cuba. Strange to say, the principal argument upon which he based his earnest demands, as well as his sanguine hopes, was, that the emancipation act passed by the Spanish Cortes of 1869 was not broad enough. In other words, he complained of and condemned an act by which slavery might in time be truly overthrown. He favored that wholesale emancipation, which, as the American people have learned to their cost, left the black man, if not in name, in reality at least, in a lower and more miserable plight than slavery itself. Add to this, the incomplete manner in which newspapers leave every question of public interest, especially in respect to foreign affairs, and we can hardly be surprised when we see the masses of the people giving themselves up, now to pity, in behalf of the abused Cubans, and again to wrath against cruel Spain. This was the case in 1869, when so many Americans, just out of their own difficulties, hastened to join that insurrection, which, thanks to their aid, was not ended until 1874.

As a natural consequence, Spain was compelled to employ stern and decisive measures.

Arrests, court-martials, deaths, and confiscations followed. A great hue and cry was raised by the American press, but of the final settlement and of the justification of Spain, not a word was heard. This may call to mind the famous case of the "Virginus." Do the people of the United States know how much it cost their nation? Do they remember how the capitalists laughed at the prospect of so valuable an annexation? How the officers, both of the army and navy looked forward to promotion as a sure thing, and how many hoped to realize those pleasures of military life of which they had heard so much? Well, it all arose from the imbecility and false national pride of the United States minister at court—it cost him his office. Do they, finally, know how it came out? Probably at the time at least, they did know the demands of the United States, although they may have never learned the actual result.

Here are the demands: That proceedings should be immediately suspended; that the steamer and surviving prisoners be delivered to the United States authorities; that compensation for the so-called wholesale slaughter be made; that a salute be fired to the United States flag. After Spain had matured her plans, the steamer and surviving prisoners were delivered to the United States authorities in accordance with the treaty of 1779. The steamer foundered before reaching its destined port. The prisoners were tried by the United States courts, found guilty, and sentenced by their own laws, punished by the United States authorities. The salute to the flag, at first the most strenuous demand, was for obvious reasons dispensed with, *i. e.*, because Spain was in the right; the ship had no business to sail under the American flag. Thus by misrepresentation and want of information have the feelings of the American people been aroused at various times. If to this we add the fact that one-third of the exports of the island find their market in the United States we can hardly be surprised that a rupture between the mother country and Cuba should be expected and earnestly hoped for by the American people.

We would not wrong the Hon. Mr. Walls, from Florida, but when we consider that his State is the nearest neighbor to the island, and would of necessity become the center of traffic, we lose our surprise at the radical change of his principles. Yet these hopes and misunderstand-

ings of the masses of the people should be dispelled. Of the masses, we say statesmen of the United States to whom this appellation belongs, not only by virtue of election but by that of their abilities, have for a long time past felt that this separation would be difficult and impracticable. We shall go still farther and say that it is impossible.

Spain, as well as the other nations of the world, knows that Cuba is not only a Paradise on earth, but the brightest and most costly gem of her crown. Its total revenue for the year 1868, notwithstanding the state of insurrection of the Island was \$26,000,000. Of this \$6,000,000 found their way into the royal coffers at Madrid. The intrinsic value of the Island alone, then, which in time may be increased fourfold, offers a sufficient reason for the successive refusals of Spain to the repeated offers of the United States.

President Polk first tried it with \$1,000,000, but without success; and when the princely offer of \$30,000,000 was received at court without the least encouragement, a blow was given to the whole plan from which it has not yet recovered.

We must also bear in mind the indirect, though perhaps more important privileges enjoyed by Spain from this, its western possession. The commerce of the nation, as well as its power on the high seas, would be irreparably damaged by the loss of the Island. And above all, as a basis of military and diplomatic operations in this part of the world, its value is inestimable. This Spain understands well, and by her policy toward the Island, she has shown to the world that she will leave nothing undone which will tend to render it a faithful dependent. According to the emancipation act of 1879, the entire slave population of the Island is to be freed by 1888,—a third in each of the successive years, '86, '87, and '88. By this scheme neither the crown nor the owners lose anything, and the future of the Cuban slave is far more flattering than that of the United States freedman. The Island itself is no longer to be considered as a colony, but as an independent province, whose twelve senators, and forty deputies were present at the Cortes of 1879.

Finally, there is another very important consideration, one which must not be lost sight of in this connection, and which renders the occu-

pation of the Island, by any other power than Spain, impossible. We refer to the so-called diplomatic doctrine of balance of power.

Let the United States, on the one hand, try to obtain Cuba, by fair or foul means, and both England and France must and will at once take the field, under the pretext that their own possessions in this part of the world are thus threatened, in reality to thwart the endeavors of the United States. And on the other hand, if any of the European powers should, in their turn, attempt to obtain the prize, the United States must and would, for its own safety, interfere.

Thus, then, from a careful consideration of these facts in view, also, of the past relations between the two countries, and of the present attitude of the mother country to the Island, Cuba, notwithstanding the strength and popularity of the Munroe doctrine, *must* and *will* remain in the hands of Spain.

"DON."

DELTA KAPPA EPSILON CONVENTION.

The thirty-fifth annual convention of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity was held with the Tau Chapter of Hamilton College at Utica, N. Y., October 19th and 20th. The choice of place was a good one; for Utica, environed among the hills and dales of the Mohawk Valley, with its level site and regularly laid out streets, is, indeed, a beautiful city. Being situated on that king of railroads, the New York Central, besides being the terminus of four other roads of no small note, it was easy of access to all delegates. And they came from the cold, bleak coasts of Maine and the peaceful shores of California, from the rugged soil of the Granite State and the fertile vales of the Old Dominion, as genial a band of college boys as one can hope to meet in any land. They came from twenty-six of the most flourishing colleges of our land, animated by the spirit of work no less than by the spirit of mirth and pleasure.

Twenty-six chapters of the Fraternity were represented by fifty-six delegates in the convention. The secret sessions were held at the Masonic Hall, which had been provided for their use by the home chapter, and was perfectly adapted to the needs of the convention. The first business session was on the forenoon of Wednesday, October 19th, and from that time

until Thursday night five sessions were held, varying in length from two to four hours. A large amount of business was necessarily transacted, mostly of a secret nature. Appropriate resolutions were passed on recent deceased members of the Fraternity, among whom were Hon. A. E. Burnside, and Rev. R. M. Nott of our own chapter. The reports from the various chapters occupied some little time, and were of such a character as could not fail to bring joy to the heart of every loyal Deke, and on the other hand, we hardly think the Fraternity's *worthy* rivals could have found much in the reports to create anything but a feeling of manly rivalry; for in the records of battles fought, victories won, and advances made, the feeling toward such rivals was universally characterized by the principal of "live and let live." Progress is our motto, and the thirty-fifth convention witnesses that it is not a vain one. The Fraternity now has twenty-eight chapters with a graduate membership of seven thousand and an undergraduate membership of five hundred.

Thursday evening, headed by the Utica Band, the delegates proceeded to the Utica Opera House to participate in the public exercises of the convention. The audience there gathered was not a large one, but a truly appreciative one, as it contained many of the most cultured people of Utica. Upon the stage, which was very tastefully decorated, were noticed several prominent alumni members of the Tau Chapter, Prof. A. P. Kelsey, Ph.D., of Hamilton College, a gentleman not altogether unknown in the educational annals of our own State, presided.

The orator of the occasion was Prof. John J. Lewis of Hamilton; the poet was Prof. Willis J. Beecher, D.D.

The music was excellent, and of the oration we have space barely to make mention. The orator's subject was, "The Coming Man." The oration in itself was scholarly, interesting, and instructive. In delivery, the orator was not merely pleasing, he was fascinating.

At the close of the exercises the delegates proceeded to Bagg's Hotel, which had been the headquarters for the convention from the beginning, where a magnificent banquet had been prepared for them. After sufficient time and labor had been expended in attacks upon the tempting viands, the "flow of soul" began. Mr. Alexander Woods, an alumnus of the Beta

Chapter of Columbia College, who had also acted as president of the convention, acted as toast-master. These jovial exercises, as a matter of course, were protracted into the "wee small hours," when, with its "three times three" and Rah! Rah! Rah! the thirty-fifth annual convention adjourned.

The thirty-sixth annual convention will be holden with the Upsilon Chapter of Brown University the third week in October, 1882.

DELTA UPSILON CONVENTION.

The forty-seventh annual convention of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity met with the Brown Chapter at Providence, R. I., Oct. 19th and 20th. All the chapters were represented by delegates, each chapter, with but one exception, sending two or more. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 19th and 20th, were devoted to business meetings. The reports from the various chapters were very encouraging. The large amount of business brought before the convention being finally disposed of, the convention adjourned, Thursday afternoon, to meet at Infantry Hall that evening to listen to the oration and poem. At the hour appointed the hall was well filled with an appreciative audience.

After prayer by Rev. Mr. Taylor, of Boston, and music by Listerman's Concert Company of Boston, Hon. David A. Wells, LL.D., President of the Fraternity, delivered the opening address. He was followed by the Rev. D. P. Gifford, of Boston, who made a few spirited and pointed remarks.

The orator of the evening was Prof. E. B. Andrews of Newton, Mass., who spoke on "The Moral Lack in the Higher Education of To-day." The oration was rich in thought, and was delivered in an earnest and eloquent manner. The poem was by Rossiter Johnson, of New York, and was entitled "The Gate of Tears." It was beautifully written and finely read.

After the poem the members of the convention with invited guests proceeded to Hotel Narragansett, where the complimentary banquet was held under the auspices of the Brown Chapter. The company numbered about two hundred, "and they all did eat and were filled." The courses of the menu, which was rich and varied, having been completed, the toast-master

was introduced, and the morning hours were filled with laughter, toast, and song.

Friday the delegates returned to their several chapters highly pleased at the superb manner in which they had been entertained by the boys at Brown, and cherishing pleasant memories of the forty-seventh convention of Delta Upsilon.

The convention will meet next year with the Marietta Chapter, at Marietta, Ohio.

THE CAMPUS.

"There was a young fellow named D——e,
Who was chased by a Freshman, you know,
Holding tight to his pail
He made rapid sail,
And o'er the campus did go."

Article in?

"Why is W——e like a trireme?"

Delta Phi is in her ancient glory.

How are the Mexican Volunteers?

Don't stay long, the latest Rockland joke.

Dutchy has at last bought a T. D. pipe *with his own money*.

Will they have a ball next field day? Ask the new directors.

One of the Sophs. proposes to *desiccate* Shakespeare's character.

The Thursday morning work of the Seniors has been very fatiguing.

Here's to the musical convention: Many happy returns of the day.

The electric light at the Elmwood enables us to read fine print on the campus.

And the swing went a little bit high—er (a refrain which calls up Maranocook days).

One thing certain, no numerical X will appear on any term bill; nobody has deserved it.

W. W. Andrews and Dunham, of '82, start for Kansas City on the 28th, to be gone ten weeks.

Prof. Small delivered a sermon before the Boardman Missionary Society, last Sunday evening.

Oracle editors for the year are: Manager, E. F. Elliott, '82; Literary editors, G. D. Sanders, '82, H. S. Weaver, '82, A. I. Noble, '88, B. I. Hinds, '88. We expect the *Oracle* the very first of the summer term.

With this term's work the Seniors close their struggles with applied Mathematics. *Vale, vale, triste vale!*

"Gather your children round you Sunday morning," is still the favorite air. Find another, somebody, quick.

W. R. Whittle, second director of the Base-Ball Association, belongs to '83 not to '85, as has been reported.

There is no liquor agency in S. Div., S. C.; all that fragrant odor comes from alcohol used in bathing a lame ankle. Y-e-s.

The Sophomore class had their annual "drunk" last Wednesday night. Reporters and outsiders were not admitted.

The boys want to see the man who sold the apples and them at the same time, again. His day of making money here is over.

Some of the "hard boys" who are not going home vacation week expect to enjoy the festive bipe at the Elmwood, Thanksgiving day.

Every man not square on his base-ball dues ought to pay up, as there are bills to be settled. The genial "Major" will receive all moneys.

The "Human Body" is the title of the latest game. It is a perfect *jewel* of a game, that is, she —, it —, hang it, ask "Dutchy" for the rest.

The new catalogue is looked forward to with great interest, the extensive changes to be made in the curriculum being an enigma we all wish to see solved.

Slightly altering the text he said, "there is no harm in using a liquor which has neither spirit nor flavor;" the "cider class" took in the situation and "wooded up" in good style.

Prof. Elder has given encouragement that he will deliver an address on modern scientific thought as related to religious belief, before the Boardman Missionary Society, sometime during the winter term.

The Seniors are making a practical use of their Astronomy. The other evening one of them informed a young—young—*young person* with whom he was walking, that the bright planet so near the moon was Venus; and yet on that very gentleman, only a day before, had the Prof. very earnestly pressed the fact that the greatest elongation of Venus from the sun is never more than 47° .

Now, boys, is a good time to "brace up" and say what you propose to do next term; how you will study hard, and remain in evenings. It never amounts to anything, but may take up some leisure time.

Brilliancy yet again! The poor chapel desk this time was the sufferer by being moved to the Methodist Church and compelled to remain there a day, while the pulpit from that church did service for us.

The boys are back from the conventions. For a day or two after their arrival they didn't know whether they were in W——e, Utica, or Providence. Finally the influence subsided and they came to *terra firma*.

There are two Freshmen who, ever since the war was over, have worn rubber coats, hats, and boots when round the college buildings at night; on the moonlight evenings of two weeks ago, they presented a striking picture.

Most of the Senior class propose to be in college during the coming winter term, a gratifying evidence of the interest they feel in the work, as well as an emphatic endorsement of the present division of the college year.

The College Almanac is the title of a new and unique work on Astronomy, soon to be issued by a member of the Senior class. Special care will be given to Metonic cycles and the best method for finding out when Easter comes.

With thanks for the new balls, the attention of the proper authorities is called to the condition of the alley. The bowling alley is the most popular piece of apparatus in the whole gymnasium, and special care should be bestowed to keep it in order.

The following members of the college have recently joined the Boardman Missionary Society: Lawrence and Andrews, W. H., of '82; Harrub and Smith, of '83; Cummings, of '84; and Annis, Berry, Chutter, Cochrane, Fish, Herrick, J. H. Lord, S. C. Lord, Mank, Merrill, and Snow, of '85.

The last issue contained a few mistakes, in this department, strange to say. In the Junior declamations the first prize ought to have been awarded to G. W. Smith, instead of R. H. Baker. Fletcher wishes the fact published that he is the class prophet of '82, and finally Sam declares that any rumors about his flirting with Rockland young ladies is absurd and false.

A family in town has lately lost thirty pounds of butter, while from an adjoining house all the preserves were stolen. Who did it? We hate to throw suspicion anywhere, but the "Beats" had a supper recently, and perhaps—only *perhaps*, you know.

We had a most thrilling account to give of the pacific relations which have existed between the two lower classes this term, and intended to draw a touching picture of the lion and the lamb fondly reclining together, but it is over and we sigh for "what might have been."

"*Non oratorem, sed aratorem*" was a Latin phrase that completely stuck a Senior the other day, and he called on one of his brother classmates to translate it. The request was complied with, and with visions of vanished glory before his eyes, the answer was given, "*not an oration but a dissertation.*"

In a little bottle full of alcohol, resides the "black bass" about whom so much is said. It has traveled repeatedly all round the "Flat," and one of the Seniors thought so much of the fish as to carry it way to Utica, N. Y. Since then the bass has been to Bangor (this was to change the alcohol), and now it is—where?

The Athletic Association had their annual meeting last Saturday, and elected as officers for the year: President, W. W. Andrews, '82; Vice President, P. I. Merrill, '83; Secretary, Shailer Mathews, '84; Treasurer, F. H. Edmunds, '85; Field Day Directors, H. S. Weaver, '82, H. M. Lord, '83, Rufus Moulton, '84, E. T. Wightman, '85.

It was too bad, he was such a good singer that they kept him in Belfast for three weeks (boarded him we mean) just to sing in a cantata, and this was what happened to him in the musical convention: He was singing lustily, and when the piece was finished and a moment of rest allowed, an old stager leaned forward and asked him: "Belong here?" "No." "Attend the college?" "Yes." "Well, *did you ever sing any before?*"

"*Utque manu late pendentia nubilia pressit, fit fragor, inclusi funduntur ab aethere nimbi,*" and as a result, "*omnia pontus erat.*" At last a wet day has come for the Freshmen, and two weeks ago to-night was the time. In a certain room in south college, four Freshmen assembled themselves together and began to sing Phi Chi

songs. This was too much for Soph. blood. The door was charged upon, but the singers, by placing everything in the room (including their feet) against it, effectually prevented its being forced. The Sophs. blew out the lights in the hall, and, with pails of water, waited. At last, in the flush of victory, the singers appear. Swish, swash, and from behind trunks, and from the different landings a deluge is poured on the Freshmen. Before reaching the bottom of the stairs their clothes were as heavy as lead, and torrents were pouring down after them. They say that one of the devoted four, on reaching the air, sent out water vertically in a steady stream from his mouth, for about fifteen minutes. This was but a specimen of the work done all around, that night. Barrels of water were thrown, and many a Freshman was wet. The moral seems plain for the new comers: Don't sing Phi Chi songs for a year to come.

A NARRATIVE TALE.

CANTO I.

"His feet were large,
In fact, 'twas plain
That from the "Far West"
Their possessor came.

CANTO II.

On the library floor,
When the Prof. was away,
Their *weighty* influence
Led him astray.

CANTO III.

The verdant Freshman,
With mouth wide agog,
In terror watched him
Dancing a clog.

CANTO IV.

Eddy raised his eyes
And — *saw a Prof.*,
The feet became silent,
Their owner "came off."

(Somewhat after the "utter" style.)

THE COLLEGE PRESS.

The *Yale Record*, though a very good paper, does not come up to our expectation of the kind of a paper so large a college should produce. We cannot tell just what is lacking, but there is an indefinable something about the paper we do not like. The present number contains two articles which are intended to be funny and they are, in a certain way, for it is certainly funny how any one can write such trash and imagine it to be witty. The paper is well printed, and if the contents corresponded with the printing the *Record* would be a better paper. As it is, we think there is great chance for improvement.

The *College Courier*, published at Monmouth, Illinois, is one of the best of our exchanges. It is finely gotten up, and is as good a specimen of printer's work as any paper we receive. The printing is not all that elicits our commendation, for the contents correspond with the printing. The article on "Francis Bacon" is especially worthy of notice. It is finely written and gives evidence of deep thought and careful preparation. It may be, perhaps, a little heavy and ponderous. All of the departments of the paper are well sustained, and it is what might be called a symmetrical paper.

We have been waiting with considerable anxiety for the *Vassar Miscellany*, and when received read it with an equal amount of interest. The *Miscellany* contains a large amount of literary matter which is first rate, though some of it is decidedly feminine. We would like to give a few words of criticism, but those Vassar girls are remarkably sharp, and brave as we are, we do not propose to expose ourselves recklessly to the withering blasts of feminine wrath. One of our exchanges has been criticising the *Miscellany* rather severely, and we are at present engaged upon a short address of consolation to be delivered after that aspiring, but reckless editor has been extinguished by our Vassar friends, as he most surely will be.

In strong contrast to the *Miscellany*, in appearance, is the *Lasell Leaves*, published by the young ladies of Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass. It is flabby in appearance, and strikes one unfavorably at first sight, but on closer acquaintance we find it to be a sprightly, interesting paper. The *Leaves* informs us that thirty-six old girls are back. We don't care so much about the old girls. If, however, the *Leaves* will inform us how many of the young girls have come back, we shall be extremely obliged. We regard the *Leaves* as a credit to the institution it represents.

The *Sunbeam*, from Whitby, Ontario, is another of our feminine exchanges. It is enclosed in a flaming yellow cover, probably to carry out the illusion of a sunbeam. It is smaller than the *Miscellany* or the *Leaves*, and not quite so enterprising, yet the girls do nicely and need not be ashamed of their paper. The exchange editress makes a protest against secret societies, and finally disposes of them in a peculiarly feminine way by stating that she does not believe in them. We are not very much surprised at this for we never saw a woman yet who believed in secret societies, or was qualified to be a member of one. Be that as it may we admire our brother, or rather sister editor's, or to be more correct, editress' pluck, and shall always be glad to welcome the *Sunbeam*.

We received this month, among our exchanges, a new visitor called the *Children's Museum*. The cover is adorned with a fine wood engraving, representing a boy in tight-fitting knickerbockers, reading out of a Benjamin Franklin Primer, to a sleepy looking girl with her hair banded, the whole being surrounded by the soul-inspiring legend, "Good reading for the young. One dollar a year." The magazine is profusely illustrated with many sketches of the same kind, which greatly enhance its value. The contents are excellent and varied in character. Among the best are the following: "Mary

had a Little Lamb" (Letters and Poetry), "Origin of Mother Goose," "Tibbie's Tea Things," "Baby Song," "The Doll's Picnic," and the "Mother's Column." Not being a mother we probably do not appreciate this last department as much as we might. The magazine is a valuable work, and we would recommend it to our Freshmen.

We have also received the following, which are among the best of our exchanges, and which we should like to have noticed separately but time and space forbid: *The College Olio*, *Dartmouth*, *Brunonian*, *Princetonian*, *Academica*, *Amherst Student*, *Ariel*, *Cornell Era*, *Reveille*, *College Transcript*, *Bates Student*, *Bowdoin Orient*, and *University Magazine*.

OTHER COLLEGES.

Diplomas at Princeton cost \$14.50.

Phillips Exeter opens with 189 students, and Andover with 202.

Eight new members have been added to the Williams Faculty.

The Freshman class at Cambridge University, England, numbers 855.

There are seven college fraternities at Brown, six of them being secret.

The alumni of Brown will receive an oration from George William Curtis next year.

In Trinity and most of the other eastern colleges there is a falling off in attendance.

Two West Point cadets have been sentenced to four months' imprisonment with other humiliations, for hazing a fellow-student.

There is serious talk of removing Whittenberg College from Springfield to Mansfield, Ohio. The alleged reason is that the citizens do not take sufficient interest in the college.

Mr. O. D. Mills, late treasurer of the University of California, recently donated the handsome sum of \$75,000 for the establishment of a Chair of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy and Civil Polity.

Four students of Purdue University, Indiana, have been expelled for refusing to pledge themselves not to join a "Greek letter society" during their college course. The right of the Faculty to expel students on such grounds is disputed, and the case is to be carried into the courts.

The Faculty at Dartmouth subscribed \$51 last year for the support of the base ball club.

The average age at which students enter American colleges is seventeen; a century ago it was fourteen.

Improvements now going on at Union College will cost \$45,000 and include a new library building, the renovation of the gymnasium, and a new ball field.

At Wesleyan University, at Middletown, eighty students applied for admission, a few of whom were ladies. Several new elective studies have been added to the curriculum.

THE WASTE-BASKET.

An old lady who sells eggs has over her door, "New laid eggs every morning by Betty Briggs."—*Ex.*

One of the Juniors *inspires* objects with electricity, and then covers them carefully with silk to prevent them from becoming *dissipated* by contact with the air.

"If a Sophomore undertakes to pull my ears," said a loud-mouthed Freshman, "he will have his hands full!" The crowd looked at Freshie's ears and smiled.—*Ex.*

There are two twin brothers in Boston, who are so much alike that they often borrow money of each other without knowing it.—*Ex.* How nice it would be to be one of those twins just long enough to borrow a couple of hundred.

With pleading eyes, she looked up from the piano and sang, "Will you love me when I'm old?" But he answered not, as there were too many witnesses around, and there is no telling when a man will be introduced to a breach of promise suit in these times.

The latest method of making an oyster stew is to drive a couple of small oysters with rubber boots on through a pan of diluted milk. One of the boarding houses in town has taken out a patent. The boys say that the stew is good, and don't taste badly of the rubber.

It was at one of the boarding houses not far from W., where they had beef steak for dinner for a number of days, that somebody asks, "Boys, do you know what the sign of the zodiac is this week? Everybody says, "No." "Well, it's Taurus, and tough Taurus at that."

When he returned to his seat in the theatre and said he had just stepped out to see someone, she responded, "It must have been the Evil One." And when he asked her if she saw the cloven foot, she turned up her pretty nose and said: "No, but I smell the cloven breath."—*Ex.*

PERSONALS.

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

'37.—Rev. G. W. Bosworth, D.D., Secretary of the Massachusetts Baptist Convention, has removed to Newton Center, Mass.

'53.—H. W. Richardson, editor of the *Portland Advertiser*, has the place of honor in the *International Review* for October, with an article on "The Treasury and the Banks."

'58.—Rev. Chas. H. Rowe has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Union Church, Mystic Bridge, Conn.

'63.—Augustus D. Small is New England agent for Appleton's school publications.

'69.—Rev. E. F. Merriam is engaged in the Missionary Rooms at Tremont Temple, as assistant.

'69.—N. N. Atkinson, formerly principal of the Warren (N. H.) High School, and who lately with a friend discovered a gold vein in Nevada, is reputed to have sold his share for \$50,000.

'71.—George S. Paine is practicing law in Ottawa, Ill.

'74.—Dr. A. B. Cates has settled in Minneapolis, Minn., and is a professor in the Minneapolis College Hospital. Dr. Cates has just returned from a tour in Europe, where he has been studying for a number of months.

'78.—Married, in Lisbon, Sept. 26th, Rev. Chas. H. Salsman of Lebanon, Ohio, and Miss Martha E. Philbrook of Lisbon.

'78.—Walter I. Davis is Principal of the High School at Colquit, Minn.

'79.—Conant has been admitted to the bar at Washington.

'79.—W. A. Joy is teaching an evening school in Chicago.

'79.—H. E. Hamlin has entered the Boston Law School.

'79.—Miss Lizzie Mathews is teaching in Pennsylvania.

'80.—Caleb B. Frye has entered the Boston Law School.

'80.—A. M. Thomas is at Richmond, Me.

'80.—Tom Eaton is studying law at the Boston Law School.

'81.—O. L. Judkins has received the position of Professor of Latin in the Berlitz School of Languages, Boston, 154 Tremont Street.

'81.—Sawyer has a situation in J. A. Sevey's Whalebone Manufactory, 41 Essex Street, Boston. He is also teaching an evening school.

'88.—Geo. M. Wadsworth is teaching at his home in West Medway, Mass.