

# The Colby Echo.

VOL. VII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, JANUARY, 1883.

No. 4.

## The Colby Echo.

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

### COLBY UNIVERSITY.

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

Subscribers will be considered permanent until notice of discontinuance is given and all arrearages paid.

Communications should be handed to the Editors, or addressed to THE COLBY ECHO, Waterville, Me.

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## THE SANCTUM.

THE ECHO, once again arrayed in its holiday garb, wishes its readers a Merry Christmas. The passage of another year has brought us again to this, the most impressive of all our holidays. We have our national gala days to inspire us with feelings of patriotism, and elevate our characters by a familiar association with the memories of our national heroes. But Christmas day awakes feelings tenderer and farther reaching than those of patriotism even,—feelings which look for their origin to no prejudice of race or nation, but to the hopes and memories of humanity itself. With its regularity of joyous occurrence it is an everlasting *souvenir* of the hopes, joys, and sorrows of

every life's completed years, recalling with chastening touch the sympathies of kindred, the affinities of manhood, the hopes of youth, and the sweet confidences of tender years. The most general of human holidays, its recurring festivals, seem to form an unending line of beacons, which flash on through the ages of turmoil, trial, and doubt to an era of more tranquil faith, the news of that famous victory on the plains of Judea, as did the beacon fires of Ida and Lemnos tell to long-expecting Greece the tale of Ilium's ruin. This day, as no other, binds us into sympathy with the ill-defined but human past. It bears with it a throng of ennobling recollections, subduing memories of those holy scenes by the sea of Galilee, ennobling memories of the persecuted fathers of the infant church, awing memories of impressive chants resounding through lofty-arched cathedrals, heroic memories of the men of Tours, the knights of Agincourt, and the shepherds of Sempach who humbled victorious pride, the pomp of chivalry, and the righteous exaltation of patriotic hearts into unison with the thrice celebrated mass of the Nativity—and nearer still, grateful memories of the sufferers of Plymouth and the men of the Revolution. With the associations of the past come feelings of kinship with the unborn peoples of the future, who will, under new conditions and cherishing new ties of love and friendship, recall ourselves among the fading interests of the past, as they celebrate this self-same Christmas.

IN looking over the file of the ECHO we find, in almost every volume, an editorial expressing regret that our students, owing to the location of the college in a small town, are deprived of the advantages of the higher class of entertainments which may be obtained in the large cities. The lack of a good lecture course has been especially dwelt upon. They all give as reasons for this, that such a course would not be patronized. This, or some other reason,

has been sufficient for the past four years at least, to deprive us of the lectures. But this winter we were given an opportunity of gratifying our desire. Mr. Harry French was engaged to deliver three of his illustrated lectures upon European travels, all of them exceedingly interesting as well as instructive. Yet the first lecture of this course was attended by scarcely enough to be called an audience, and we are sorry to say that only a few of the students were present in proportion to the whole number. We all doubtless realize the benefit to be derived from such a course, but many, if not the most of us, fail to take advantage of it. The second lecture was much better attended. The first one advertised the rest and a respectable audience greeted the lecturer upon his second appearance. We hope that the majority of the boys will hear his last lecture upon Egypt.

Not long ago our business editor received a little document from the publishers expressing a desire that we should pay up. Of course we were taken wholly by surprise, for we had no idea that the publishers of a paper were ever in need of such an article as money, but that it seems was a mistaken idea. Now it is our policy to keep on the right side of those upon whom we are dependent, therefore we have thought it best to humor their whim in this matter and send them the required amount. To do this we are obliged to call upon our subscribers and remind them that there is no better time for squaring up their account with the ECHO than at the beginning of a new year,—the time of all times of making our friends happy. New subscriptions would also be joyfully received. Any of our alumni who have an interest in the ECHO would confer a favor upon us, for which we should be greatly obliged, if they would use their influence in increasing our list. We have now a circulation of about five hundred copies, placing us well up among other college papers, only a few having more than that. Yet we could easily furnish twice that number if we had the subscribers. We hope to see new names coming in with the new year.

For the benefit of those who have not learned the fact by experience, we will give our

readers the substance of a law of our institution, which, although it has never been publicly announced or printed, has been in force for some time. It is to this effect. Every unexcused absence from chapel exercises decreases the rank by a fixed number of demerits,—the exact number is known alone by the powers that be—the second unexcused absence diminishes it by twice as much, and the third three times, and so on. It is called by the significant term, the law of progression. If any one has a curiosity to test the working of this law we would advise him to try it on for a term and he will soon perceive what progress, as well as havoc, it will make with his rank. He will receive demerits enough in one short term to last for the whole four years' course. Or better, if he does not care to test this himself, he may learn its workings from the experience of others by calling at this office. We should judge that this method might have the desired effect.

THE *Oracle* editors were elected at the close of the last term as usual, but not, we are sorry to say, with the usual harmony and good feeling. After much balloting the editors were elected and the meeting closed with apparent satisfaction to all. But it was afterwards found that, from reasons of their own, the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity were dissatisfied with the manner in which the editors were elected, and had refused to support it by pledging themselves to take the publication, as is customary. As to the right or wrong of this course, we shall not regard it proper for us to give our opinion in these columns which belong to each and all parties of the college, for it would perhaps give rise to a series of discussions not altogether pleasant. At all events the result of the affair is not at all gratifying to the friends of peace and harmony, the dissatisfied party have withdrawn entirely from the work and have seen fit to issue a publication corresponding to the *Oracle*. The strength of the college has been divided, and from the experience of mankind we are led to believe that one production from the combined college would be more praiseworthy than two from the divided college. Yet as there is no remedy for what has happened we wish them both success, and feel confident that we shall yet see a good *Oracle*.

## LITERARY.

## SPRING UP, O WELL.

"Then Israel sang this song: Spring up, O well!"—*Num. xxi. 17.*

Spring up, O well!  
Thy pleasant waters tell  
Of cool delights, and thirst assuaging,  
Quenching conflagrations raging  
In the troubled heart.  
Laving, rippling, undefiling,  
Weariness and care beguiling  
With thy healing art.

Spring up, O well!  
Thy soothing waters tell  
Of goodness great and never changing,  
Given despite our much estranging,  
God's providing care.  
For never in His rich bestowing,  
Ever granted, ever growing  
Have we failed to share.

Spring up, O well!  
Thy bubbling waters tell  
Of souls refreshed in life's hot nooning  
And rejoicing in the tuning  
Of thy welcome song.  
For thy waters, gladsome gushing,  
Purify with mighty rushing  
All the ages long.

Spring up, O well!  
Thy living waters tell  
Of sin destroyed, and death dispelling.  
Flow thou on, all sorrow quelling,  
Washing every shore  
Till the nations, thee receiving,  
Drink their fill, and thus believing  
Live forevermore.

F. W. F., '82.

## FUNCTION OF ART IN EDUCATION.

Art is the expression of the beautiful, whether by the skillful pen of the poet who employs his soul-stirring strains to picture to us the beauty which enraptures him, or by the brush of the painter, the chisel of the sculptor, each bringing to the imagination by means of symbols the materials through which the picture is conveyed to the mind. It would be difficult to define beauty. It may be called that which whenever seen awakens a feeling of pleasure and delight, striking some hidden chords of our nature into harmonious vibrations. The imagination, incited by the stimulating influence of beauty, casts aside the shackles of earth to roam in the delightful realms of fancy. Without the

imagination, beauty could not exist, and hence it is intangible, undefinable. Art, then, depends largely on the imagination, and the artist has this faculty cultivated to a high degree. He thus expresses beauty to us better than we can see it in nature, that is, he interprets nature for us and brings before the mind a high form of beauty.

The end of art is the realization of the beautiful. Every man is conscious to himself of an innate perception of the beautiful, and art by bringing out one object clearly enables us to concentrate our thought on the one object and thus to comprehend it the better. Like a great magnifying glass it brings into its limited field of view the objective point, isolating it and making clear all its details. We are surrounded by beauty in every possible form, but our eyes are blurred and unsteady merely for want of this art education. The artist's aim, then, is to present to the mind in the most striking manner possible his conception of the beauties of any object. Yet not his conception alone, for no artist can entirely free himself from the influence of his surroundings. In every study will be seen the secret spell of the education, religion, customs, and arts of the time. The very air he breathes is filled with their breath and unconsciously they exert their charm over him. This overruling power adds to art an inexpressible value. It seems as if a higher authority were directing the rudder of a vast ship, guiding it by deft turns of the helm through unknown channels to its destined haven. Thus art is shaped by the inevitable power of its environments to become the historian of its age.

But there is another object which art effects. It refines and elevates. Not directly improving the morality or culture, but indirectly, by the influence of its lofty ideas. All true art has for its foundation the spiritual. It conveys the noble, lofty ideas of one mind to a kindred mind capable of appreciating them. In order fully to appreciate a work of art, we must put ourselves into the same condition of mind as the artist, and imagine similar surroundings and impressions which have shaped the course of his life. Thus art causes us to forget the petty annoyances of our daily life, and kindles the imagination, bringing us into the atmosphere of the pure and noble, good and true. Such an influence can but refine, gradually, it may be,

and unconsciously, yet surely. But some one says, we see in history a people with a depraved condition of morals and religion, yet leaving a fine art appreciation and development. This, however, is merely the remains of the art which existed previous to the corrupt influences of the State. Art, as I have said, is a historian of its age. It shows exactly the point to which civilization and culture have advanced, and the universal testimony of all art is that the higher the art, the more perfect will be the civilization and culture. On the other hand, show me a nation which has been without the refining influence of art, and I will show you a nation deficient in religion, morality, and usefulness.

If, then, art has such a refining influence on a people, raising them up to a higher and better condition, surely it should have a place in the education of to-day. It is evident, however, that art education must be widely diffused in order that the artist may be appreciated, that there may be a demand as well as a supply, an audience as well as a speaker. This can be easily accomplished. Let the people be accustomed to beautiful forms, grand buildings, and chaste statues. Let there be museums of art to which they can have free access. Insensibly they will come under the subtle influence of this beauty, and having learned to appreciate, will be led to a more careful consideration of this important function in our education.

But it is of the utmost importance that we view aright the relation of beauty to the good and the true. Is beauty the most important of the three, or do the good and true deserve the first place, and beauty merely a subordinate one? On this decision rests the character of the civilization and culture of the nation. How shall we proceed? History answers the inquiry for us. Whichever road we pursue the course is already marked out for us. If beauty is made the all-important element, and the good and true are made subordinate to it, as was the case with the Greeks and Italians, our gradual enervation and decay will surely follow. While, on the other hand, with the good and true as the foundation, the highest degree of art and civilization may be reached. Every work of art must suggest much, that is, must have some lofty idea which it endeavors to express. Without this idea, it would have no strength, no support. It is the

intellectual conception which gives it the charm for cultivated taste, and the higher the art, the more does it have of the moral, the intellectual, and the less of the sensual, the more does it appeal to the soul, the less to the sense. Art bears an important relation to the growth and development of the human mind and human society, and hence must be made subservient to the moral end of existence. Better virtue and morality, if we have to give up art. But let us have art, yet so made subsidiary and auxiliary to the good and true that the result shall be the highest forms of civilization and culture.

D. W. K.

### THE MOTHER'S MISTAKE.

*Out of cottage the widow came, her arms full laden  
with treasure,  
Shawls of the finest Cashmere made, and good things  
without measure  
Stored in a large rich bag. Her shawl fell gracefully  
down her shoulder,  
As she seated herself with earnest face on the lower  
edge of a boulder  
Which ran up backward with swift ascent, then right,  
then front, far above,  
While 'neath it, as if for protection, her house seemed  
nestled like a dove.*

*Front of the widow's cottage, following the cliff, a  
street ran along  
Keeping the edge of the mountain like a flute the edge  
of a song.  
Here it also quickly turned and rushed with violence  
down the mountain,  
Dashing now here and now there, and throwing some-  
times a fountain  
Of dust, as it circled some boulder, then, broadening  
along its way  
Like a river whose youth now passed, flows strongly  
and without delay  
As if it felt deeply in its heart, that steadiness now and  
strength  
Were needed by those who used it far more than the  
item of length.*

*At the end of the road a bridge semi-circled a dashing  
stream,  
Keeping this mount from another by its waters run-  
ning between.  
That other was rough and so steep, so devoid of shrubs  
the least,  
That it never was, tradition says, passable for man or  
beast.  
Yet now from the bridge a street ran through, till it  
reached the upper side,*

*So smooth that if one told you the truth you'd tell him  
at once, he lied.  
"Whence came this street?" you ask in surprise. "Ah,  
yes! you tell," we reply.  
"Then it must have been some giant whom the gods  
made to do it or die."  
"Oh, no," we answer, smiling, "there are greater  
giants to-day*

Who are just like men in stature and act like every way;  
 They'll take, if you please, any mountain and start from opposite points,  
 Streets, which meet in the centre exactly, without any joints."

But return, we must, to our story. The widow, left alone,  
 Heard clattering down our mountain street two horses over the stone.  
 They leaped the bridge and galloped fast until they reached the half-way place,  
 When, reining up as if by consent, they stopped at the end of their race.  
 The horses panted, hanging their heads, their necks all wet with their run,  
 While the riders watched, a boy and a girl, the glowing and genial sun  
 Who downward sank with quiet move and slipped into his rosy nest,  
 Throwing a kiss to those whom he passed and leaving one for the rest.

The widow ran to where the road turned, eager with pleasure to fill  
 The dear young hearts she loved so much, the riders, now climbing the hill.  
 They passed her coolly, with merely a word, and went straight to her barn,  
 For they were her own, the widow's own, her Meg and also her Farn.  
 Back to her house the widow went, tottering as if she was lame,  
 For the ones whom she had expected were not just the ones who came.

The moral is surely not concealed: Mothers ought to love their own,  
 Else Meg and Farn will love them not, when they from their nest have flown.

### OCEAN TRAMPS.

There are but few objects of natural formation which possess such features of interest and of dread, or which excite in those who see them such feelings of admiration and of awe, as do the individual members of that huge procession of ice, which every year moves ponderously down from Greenland past our own northern shores, only to be overwhelmed and swallowed up by the winds and waters of our warmer climate. Furthermore, there are very few home products in the shape of natural wonders, about which so little is generally known as there is about these roving destroyers, that every year force themselves upon our notice by the loss and damage which they cause to our own and foreign shipping.

Speaking generally, the gulf stream is at once the birthplace and the tomb of the icebergs, according to the view of one of the latest inves-

tigators of this subject. The immense amount of nearly fresh water formed by the melting of such bodies of ice in and about the gulf stream, is licked up from the surface of the sea by southerly winds and carried northward; reaching the shores of Greenland it falls in the form of snow and becomes a part of one of the many glaciers, only to be launched in time into the ocean as an iceberg, that it may again set out on its never-ending circuit. Strictly speaking, Greenland is the birthplace of nearly all of these monsters that throng our northern seas. A large portion of its east and west coast is fringed with the projecting walls of glaciers, whose progeny every year tear themselves from the parent mass and wander southward, only to return again to the land which they had left.

As to the direct method of their formation there appears to be a slight difference of opinion, many persons having an ill-defined idea that they break off by their own weight from the edge of a glacier as it projects over the edge of the rocky shores, and that they thus fall into the sea. The truth is, that on reaching the sea-shore the glacier presses directly on and moves along upon the sea bottom as though upon dry land; but when the mass reaches a depth so great that more than seven-eighths of its bulk is submerged, the upward pressure exerted by the buoyancy of the water tends to lift the end of the ice-stream until it gains its equilibrium, and presently, as the force increases, an enormous fragment rends itself from the glacier with a crash and rises to its normal position in the water. Once in the clutches of the Polar current the termination of its course may be near or distant. It may become stranded before it has fairly begun its voyage and thus be delayed for a month or more, or it may press on towards the south until it has made known its chilling presence to the fishermen off the banks.

What may be called the ice season lasts from March till August, and during that time especially there is entailed upon the captains of both steamships and sailing vessels an amount of annoyance and anxiety, which is the greater because of the fact that the danger cannot always be averted, even when every precaution is taken in the way of a sharp lookout and frequent observations of the temperature of atmosphere and water. The larger bergs might perhaps be avoided, but no amount of care



would, in every case, avail against the nearly submerged bits of ice of only a few thousand tons weight. An encounter with one of these fragments, scarcely distinguishable at night from the crest of a breaking wave, would give any captain an opportunity to ascertain the strength of his steamer's water-tight bulkheads.

There is an element of awe in the thought of this huge fleet wandering stealthily about the common tracks of ocean travel; not wandering aimlessly either, but with every member of it sailing under sealed orders,—some, as is often the case, destined to strand before some little fishing village on the coast, and there during the warm summer months waste away, a spectacle to the inhabitants; others fated perhaps to sink unnoticed out of sight at sea, or to bear in themselves the death warrant of some proud steamship or humble fishing smack. At all events the company moves on unceasingly and noiselessly, sometimes resplendent in the sunshine, oftener enveloped in the fog, but always helplessly borne onward in the grasp of the current at whose mercy it is placed.

The sight of a large iceberg in all its splendor is an event of comparatively infrequent occurrence, partly because the bergs become broken up or greatly diminished in size by the time they reach the latitudes of the great steamship routes, and partly because the chances are that even in that case they will be partially or wholly enveloped in a fog. But even if the air be clear, they are generally passed, dimly seen, at night, or if noticed in the day-time they are generally at such a distance that only the jagged outline of the mass can be seen abruptly standing out upon the horizon. The near view, however, of one of the largest icebergs on a bright, sunny day, is a vision of magnificence and grandeur such as can never escape the memory.

Just emerging in the early morning from the straits of Belle Isle, with the brown rocks of Newfoundland plainly in sight on the one hand, while on the other Belle Isle itself and the more distant coast of Labrador were completely enveloped in the fog that had all night attended us, there appeared ahead what seemed to be a rocky island of considerable extent, with its dark cliffs rising in precipices from the water. As we bore down upon it, the sun, that had just risen, struck at an angle on a small face of one of these black walls, and instantly, as if by

magic, the forbidding rock flashed and sparkled in the light like a diamond in an ungainly setting. As at each moment some new spot caught the radiance, the sun lit up first one pinnacle and then another, until as we came abreast of it, the entire mass, not of rock but of ice, glittered and glistened in the sunlight, with a brilliancy like that of the crust of new fallen snow on a bright morning.

There were two or three smaller bergs in the immediate vicinity, each of which exhibited its own peculiar shapes; but after breakfast as all the passengers were lolling on deck in the gloriously clear, bright air, with scarcely a suggestion of the breath of icebergs in it, another monster berg was sighted ahead and directly in the steamer's course. It might almost have been thought a bit of Alpine scenery in miniature, as it bore down upon us, surrounded with a wall of spray and heaving ponderously up and down, causing the tide to ebb and flow on its immense ice-fields at every sluggish oscillation. The attitude of its highest peak was, by computation, about two hundred and seventy-five feet, but grouped around it were mountains and valleys, steeples of every shape and size, with precipices and plains and dark ravines. As it drew nearer, all these became of the most dazzling brilliancy like polished alabaster, except in one or two dark green caverns in its perpendicular sides where the waves roared and beat incessantly. And all this mass of whiteness was surrounded above, below, and on every side by the deep blue of sea and sky.

As it was nearly opposite us a massive fragment that formed a part of one of the larger peaks loosed its hold upon the rest from some reason or other and fell fairly into the sea, and at once, in perfect silence it seemed, there rose a veil of spray that far overtopped the peak, and for a moment shut it out from view, but then as silently fell back again. As the iceberg sank astern, it appeared to condense and gradually draw down from the sky upon itself a dark layer of fog that had hitherto been unnoticed, and first the glistening tops vanished, leaving the cloud-capped mountains still gleaming in the sun; but as the fog sank lower their brightness in turn was swallowed up in gloom, until all had disappeared from view. Thus wrapping itself in its chilly mantle this masterpiece of nature's handiwork faded slowly out of sight.

## THE CAMPUS.

"See, winter comes, to rule the varied year."

Articles.

"Feet down."

Popular art lectures.

There are to be two annuals.

No more demerits in chapel.

South College has a telegraph line.

We are not nearly as fresh as we were.

Dow, formerly of '85, will return in '86.

Miss Bragg, '84, has returned after a long absence.

'85 boasts the most precocious of parliamentarians.

There is only one Freshman who smokes during term time.

Mr. C. B. Stetson has terminated his labors as tutor at Colby.

Harry French's lectures are quite popular with the students.

A Senior renders, "*Tell mit der Ambrust*," "Tell with a bow-gun."

The ECHO has now reached a circulation of about five hundred copies.

Burt and Estes, '84, are with us again, after extended periods of illness.

Brown, '86, has returned, after being absent the greater part of last term.

Miss Morse, '85, will not return this term, but will continue her studies at home.

Six Seniors, eight Juniors, six Sophomores, and twelve Freshmen are out this term.

It is pretty generally admitted that the eighteenth of November was a cold day.

The Freshmen are beginning to give up the conglomerate system of translating Greek and Latin.

A. King, '88, has been obliged to leave college for the present term, on account of ill health.

There are no monitors to note attendance at church, this term. We ought to respect this confidence.

A landlady of this town was indiscreet enough to board a limited number of Sophs., who, on a certain morning, could only be appeased by "eight dozen flapjacks."

Those who have attended shows, sociables, lectures, etc., say that '86 is a most promising class of boys.

Three of the Seniors have elected mineralogy; ten, astronomy; and eleven, German. (Wilhelm Tell.)

It is said that the Faculty took more interest in the Abyssinian Church than they did in "Bleeding Kansas."

Any who owe the ECHO for their subscriptions can settle by calling on Mr. Trowbridge, the treasurer, No. 4 S. C.

A complete file of the ECHO, up to the present volume, bound very attractively, has lately been added to the library.

President Pepper delivered an address before the Boardman Missionary Society the first Tuesday evening of the term.

A roller skating rink is in operation in this town. It is held in the Town Hall because the floor is softer than in any other hall.

A Freshman, who has been sojourning in Hancock County, says that Ellsworth "would be quite a place if it wasn't so far from the depot."

The Faculty have decreed that lessons, lost by absence during the first week of the term, cannot be made up except by special vote of the officers.

How shall we explain the universal attendants of the "co-eds." at French's lectures? Do as the ancient Greeks would do—refer it to an *Oracle*.

C. E. Tilton, '83, has been elected a literary editor on the *Oracle*. The literary board, as now formed, consists of Noble, Hanson, Tilton, Morrill, Doe, Cummings.

There are several who propose to devote themselves to archery as soon as spring comes. They intend to call the bushes around Pine Point, Sherwood Forest.

She (a studious school girl of a well-known classical academy)—"How are you getting along at Colby?" He (a notorious Soph.)—"We are killing the Freshmen."

Waterville still continues to offer unrivaled inducements to the young men desirous of seeking an education. A skating rink has been recently completed and a dancing school is in progress.

Students who, at the beginning of next term, shall have deficiencies of more than one year's standing, will be required to make them up immediately, under pain of expulsion from their class.

The Seniors are taking Prof. Warren's Monday morning art lectures with the Sophomores. We are beginning to feel that those "lectures on art," spoken of so affectionately by the catalogue, are an interesting and important part of our curriculum.

The election of the Colby Athletic Association, held Nov. 18th, resulted as follows: President, P. I. Merrill, '83; Vice President, Shailer Mathews, '84; Secretary, Schuyler Lord, '85; Treasurer, T. J. Ramsdell, '86; Directors, E. C. Robinson, '83, J. C. Keith, '84, Edward Fuller, '85, Byron Boyd, '86.

The Faculty have decided to suspend, for the present term, the law which requires the monitors to report disorderly conduct in chapel. We can no longer trace an almost perfect parallel between ourselves and those losel Puritan youths who needed the sexton's wand to keep them in a devout state of mind.

Unexcused absences from chapel have a pretty disastrous effect on rank. As they multiply, their baleful influence increases by an ingenious system of progression, devised by some "mute, inglorious" Newton on our Faculty. If students will bear this in mind, they will be spared the pangs of confronting the direful fact that they owe the University rank.

"Woman, that fair and fond deceiver,  
How fond are striplings to believe her."

"Faint heart never won fair lady," is a very old saying, but the reverse of it was never more clearly emphasized than by that young, but enterprising Soph. who recently got away with two fair ladies and a peck of peanuts, all at a staid Baptist sociable.

The following is from an article on Colby University which recently appeared in the *Boston Journal*: "The statement is authorized that a division of the department of chemistry and natural history is contemplated, and that one of the most generous friends of the college is personally interested in securing for the department so formed a man whose established reputation, etc., . . . will bring important elements of strength to the college."

Probably few know how much the ECHO is indebted to our late president for its present prosperity. It has lately come to our notice that when the paper was founded, the Publishing Association, after exhausting all their resources, still lacked fifty dollars. Too much interested in the undertaking to have it fail, Dr. Robins generously presented them with the needed funds.

Below we print the programme for the Senior exhibition, held Nov. 22d:

## MUSIC.

## PRAYER.

## MUSIC.

- 1 \*Latin Version, from the Greek of Sophocles.  
H. Kingman.
2. Permanence of American Institutions.  
A. A. Cambridge.
3. The Struggle for Italian Nationality.  
C. H. Hanson.
4. Modern Progress.  
C. E. Tilton.
- MUSIC.
5. Charlemagne.  
F. H. Hanson.
6. \*French Version, from the English of Grattan.  
S. Mathews.
7. Law in Creation.  
E. C. Robinson.
8. Anglo-American Relations.  
A. I. Noble.
- MUSIC.
9. Science and Poetry.  
G. W. Hanson.
10. \*English Version, from the Greek of Thucydides.  
W. K. Clement.
11. The Future of American Art.  
A. C. Hinds.
12. \*Greek Version, from the Latin of Cicero.  
† E. P. Burt.

## MUSIC.

\*Junior Parts.

†Excused.

The Waterville correspondent of the *Boston Journal* would have folks believe that the situation of the young ladies of this college is now, and ever has been, only a little better than that of the somewhat famous tourist who went down from Jerusalem to Jerico in the rough old days of antiquity. Now we do not know how students would have looked upon a "co-ed." in the college days of those men who are now the prides of the pulpit, the ornaments of the bar, and the guardians of a veracious journalism; but we have no hesitation in saying that at the present time the young ladies of college are subject to a treatment infinitely removed from the ideal horrors with which our imaginative correspondent invests their situation. Unless our observations have been very faulty, mathematics do not trouble the average "co-ed." very



much, although she may not derive so keen an enjoyment from the beauties of a quadric, or of the Witch of Agnesi, as she does from the masterpieces of music and the drama which statedly divert the minds of the laborious student from the toils of this life.

All who are now Seniors, or ever expect to be, have good reason to bless President Pepper and his friends. That recitation room, known as the President's room, so long a high-toned reminder of a country school-house, has, through their generosity, changed its care-worn aspect for one more congenial to the cultured souls who daily assemble therein. The walls have been painted, the ceiling frescoed, and the floor carpeted. A chandelier has been added and improved seats will be here soon. Everything is new, from the President to the fire-screen. We predict that there would be more interest manifested in the recitations, were a similar plan followed out in some of the other rooms in the building.

The latest college association is the Antilingo League. The object of this league is to suppress the use of slang, by-words, etc., among its members. For each "linguistic lapse" a suitable fine is imposed. The government of the association is vested in a board of four executive officers who are also Harkers *ex officio*. The officers for the present term of probation are: Boscahooter, A. C. Hinds; Registrar, A. King; Doshnagger, W. R. Whittle; Jamboreonian, W. G. Chapman. There has been considerable discussion as regards the objects to which the funds of the league are to be applied. It was first thought that it would be a pretty "snyde" thing to erect a monument in memory of that celebrated "army in Flanders"; but this idea was overruled by the suggestion that the "great horned spoon" be purchased for the use of '86. It was finally decided, however, to get up a supper for the poor.

In some college journals there is a column headed, "Ex. Wit." For a long time we thought it meant *exchange* wit, but after a thorough investigation we are convinced that a hyphen has been omitted, and that "Ex-Wit" is intended; for little in that column will pass for wit now, whatever it may have been once.

## THE COLLEGE PRESS.

Wishing a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to our many friends and contemporaries, we again look toward the pile of exchanges. Nor can one do this without noticing the various tastes of editors displayed in the general appearance of their papers: Covers are all shades of blue, green, brown, and yellow, while many are simply white; and the remainder of the paper is either rosy-tinted white, or a yellowish white, looking as if a good washing would do it good. Our exchanges also differ in shape, sizes of type, and in the thickness of the sheet—some are so thin that we doubt whether they require any postage. For our part, we like a good plain type and a clean, white, substantial looking sheet; but are inclined to overlook the tastes of editors, and estimate their paper by what is in it.

Many of our exchanges have discussed the advisability of forming an Inter-collegiate Press Association. Little, if any, opposition has been made. Nor is any called for, if by this means college journalism can be advanced. And how better could it be, than by free intercourse among the various editors? Such an association has already been formed in the West. The East should not lag too far behind. 'Tis time for the order, "Fall in."

From across the continent comes the *Berkeleyan*, a paper pleasing in appearance and general make-up. We like the editorial advocating more sociability between the professors and students. If properly maintained, nothing could be more beneficial to the latter. The literary articles show study, thought, and research, while the serious are supplemented by the humorous. We are amused with the fun and jokes of Alla Pod. We regret, however, that the excellence of the paper is marred by poorly-sustained "Locals" and "Personals."

The *College Transcript* still maintains a good standing among our exchanges. An editorial on college elections meets our approval. In these, societies take too prominent a place. This is due to the fact that societies are inclined to boast of the number of offices their members hold. This *should* indicate the ability and popularity of its members; but, under the present regime in college politics, such is not necessarily the case. The common idea at elections is that a society ought to have an office, not that a man is able, deserving, and popular enough to get it, while a fair division of college offices seems at present the only amicable way to settle the difficulty; yet it would be much better for all, were societies on such occasions, thrown entirely into the background.

The *Hamilton Literary Monthly* is one of the larger of our exchanges. Nor are we at all passing the bounds of justice when we place it in the first rank. As its name indicates, it is a *literary* paper, and shows the effects of college training, not only in its articles, but in all its departments. Another noticeable excellence is a large space given to "Personals." Thus

the paper is not only an exponent of college work, but also exceedingly interesting to the alumni.

The *Princetonian* is one of our many exchanges, devoted almost wholly to college sports. In this respect it is truly an interesting paper. Occasionally an editorial breaks up this monotony by discussing some other subject. As for the "Literary Department" we would say, that its not the whereness of the which, but its whatness troubles us. We can stand college rhyme and jingle; but when you devote your columns to stories of "girls," "mashes," etc., written in the style of a common story paper, but which would be at once consigned, by even that, to the waste-basket, then it is time some change should take place.

The *Columbia Spectator* is another exchange most active in college sports and interests. Its columns contain much valuable information, and for this is well worthy of being called a college paper. It is also celebrated for its cuts, illustrative of jokes, wit, etc. In the present number we have a cut occupying about three-quarters of a page and in the midst of a continued story about a horse-race. In it are represented a beautiful young lady and a count sitting in the cabin of a steamer, which has just come to anchor. Below we find the following conversation taking place between them: Count Capetzoili (impecunious Italian)—"Ah! but sharming Mlle. Goldrich, at least I am possessed of zure luf?" Miss Goldrich—"Of my love? Oh, probably, Count, but you still have *me* to get." What this joke (?) has to do with college life-interest or anything connected with a college, we fail to see. Nor can we see what the illustration adds to the joke. We look upon the whole effort as misapplied, and a waste of time, to say nothing of the valuable space it has taken in the paper. We like jokes and we like pictures; but we would have them in their right place and appropriate.

## OTHER COLLEGES.

Bates College has a new telescope.

The passing mark at Harvard is 40.—*Ex.*

A daily paper is to be published at Dartmouth.—*Ex.*

In the German Universities there are at least 7,000 American students.—*Dickinson Lib.*

President Arthur has given \$100 toward the new Psi Upsilon hall at Union College.—*Ex.*

Boston University is building a gymnasium for its lady students.—*Ex.*

The heliometer now in place at Yale was made in Germany at a cost of \$8,000, and is the finest in existence.—*Ex.*

An American took the first prize in mathematics, not long since, at the University of Heidelberg, Germany.—*Ex.*

President Potter of Union College, has offered to the students prizes for care and good taste in arranging their rooms.—*Union.*

Ten thousand dollars has been appropriated by the Legislature of Wisconsin for the improvement of the State University buildings.

Girard College is to have a complete machine shop, with a work bench, forge, and gas engine for each of the ninety pupils in practical mechanics.—*Ex.*

At present there are in the United States, 64 Greek Letter fraternities, having 487 chapters, 35 chapter houses, 60 alumni chapters, a total membership of 62,256.—*Ex.*

The President at Williams has compelled the Sophomore class to pass a resolution allowing the Freshmen to carry canes. The action is causing much bad feeling against the Faculty.—*Ex.*

The *Wabash* says: "The recent hymeneal cyclone which struck our alumni was as thorough as it was long in forming." Wabash should admit the "co-eds." It don't take so long or come so hard. Napoleon began his career by playing with a toy cannon.

The editors of the *Madisonensis* have appointed two afternoons a week in which they meet such of the Faculty as may wish to consult them. Real kind boys. Hope the Faculty will improve their opportunity. Down our way the Faculty have an awkward fashion of appointing their own time for such things.

The *Boston Journal*, Dec. 14th, has the following paragraph:

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Dec. 13th.

The Yale students who were arrested just before midnight last night, for disorderly and riotous conduct, at the firemen's ball, at Music Hall, were released on bail as soon as they became sober. Assistant Prosecuting Attorney Deming allowed the four to settle, by the payment of five dollars fine, and the costs, making the expense to each \$13.39. Much indignation was expressed by the firemen and their friends at the leniency shown, and they are very much exercised at the action of the court. It is reported that the disorderly students are to be expelled.

The time seems to have come when police court fines are an essential part of the expense of an education in our larger colleges.

## THE WASTE-BASKET.

The best way to kill time is to sleigh it.—*Heidelberg Monthly Journal.*

A school girl refused to multiply 1,000,000 by 1,000,000, because it was "too naughty."—*Ex.*

It is now supposed that Abraham was the original base-ball player, as the scripture says that he pitched in the wilderness.—*College Transcript.*

Professor—"What is the technical name for the eclipse of Venus by Jupiter?" Rough-and-ready Student—"Osculation, sir." He probably meant occultation.—*Ex.*

A friend interested in physiology contributes this, "Why is that point of the elbow that is always getting hit called the 'funny bone'? Because it borders on the humerus."

A Cambridge, Mass., man arrived in a frontier town recently just as a gang of cow-boys had "taken the town." His first exclamation was, "Have you folks a college here already?"—*Ex.*

The *Hamilton Literary Monthly* tells a good story of Hamilton's first President, Dr. Azel Backus. One evening he noticed a student meeting with some difficulty in walking on the campus. He caught the youth and tried to get him to the light, when all at once the Soph. be-thought him of a line in Horace and fired the following at his captor, "*Quo me Bacche rapis tui plenum?*" "Whither art thou taking me, full of wine, O Backus." The student's ready wit gained him his freedom.

## "MAN LIKE OLD SHOES."

How much a man is like old shoes!  
For instance, both a soul may lose;  
Both have been tanned, both are made tight  
By cobblers. Both get left and right;  
Both need a mate to be complete,  
And both are made to go on feet.  
They both need healing, oft are sold,  
And both in time turn all to mold.  
With shoes the last is first; with men  
The first shall be the last; and when  
The shoes wear out they're mended new,  
And when men wear out, they're men dead, too.  
They both are trod upon, and both  
Will tread on others nothing loath.  
Both have their ties, and both incline,  
When polished, in the world to shine;  
And both peg out, and would you choose  
To be a man or be his shoes?—*Ex.*

## PERSONALS.

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

'35.—Died, Rev. William Lamson, of *angina pectoris*, Nov. 29, 1882, at Gloucester, Mass., aged 70 years. He was born at Danvers, Mass., graduated from Waterville College in 1835, and attended Newton Theological Seminary during 1840-41. He was settled as pastor at Thomaston, Me., Gloucester, Mass., Portsmouth, N. H., and Brookline, Mass. In 1875 he retired from active service in the ministry, and has since resided in East Gloucester, Mass.

'35.—Prof. William Mathews has decided to spend the winter in London.

'37.—Rev F. Merriam, after a pastorate of ten years at Danbury, N. H., has accepted a call to Bow, N. H.

'37.—Rev. N. M. Williams has become pastor at Warner, N. H.

'38.—Rev. Edgar H. Gray has just been settled as pastor at Oakland, Cal.

'41.—Died, Alonzo Coburn, Esq., on Sunday, Nov. 19, 1882, in Skowhegan, Me. He earned the degree of LL.B., and was admitted to the bar of Somerset County in 1845. His health soon failing he retired to a farm near Skowhegan, where he resided until his death.

'49.—Rev. E. C. Mitchell, D.D., is at Wollaston Heights, Mass., at work upon a Hebrew "Reading-Book" to accompany his grammar.

'55.—Rev. C. F. Weston has given up his church in Gardiner on account of ill health, and has gone South to spend the winter.

'60.—J. Manchester Haynes is Representative to the State Legislature from Augusta, Me.

'61.—Hon. Llewellyn Powers, formerly of '61, has been elected State Representative from Houlton, Me.

'63.—Died, H. N. Nutting, Esq., at Redwood City, Cal., Nov. 30, 1882.

'65.—Wm. P. Young, Esq., has removed his law office from Milo to Augusta, Me.

'67.—Albert Danforth, after study in foreign universities, is practicing law in Chicago with a branch office at Grand Forks, Dakota Territory.

'71.—Rev. J. M. Follett has resigned the pastorate of the Presque Isle, Me., Baptist Church, and the resignation has been accepted.

'74.—Married, Rev. Charles E. Young,

pastor of the Caribou, Me., Baptist Church, to Miss Lucy A. Small of Caribou.

'74.—C. E. Williams is in the Columbia College Medical School.

'78.—Joshua H. Millet is president of the "Crosby Steam Gauge and Valve Co.," and has a place in a Boston law firm. His residence is at Malden, Mass.

'79.—Rev. Nathan Hunt has been ordained as pastor of the Baptist Church at Milton Lower Falls, Mass.

'79.—James Jenkins, formerly of '79, who has been principal of the High School at Ayer Junction, Mass., has been called to the position of instructor of mathematics in Worcester Academy, Worcester, Mass.

'79.—Willis A. Joy has just been admitted to the bar at Grand Forks, Dakota Territory.

'79.—Married, Aug. 10, 1882, at Newton Centre, Mass., by Rev. F. Merriam of Bow, N. H., assisted by Rev. E. F. Merriam of Boston, Mr. Geo. Merriam, of the last graduating class of Newton, and Miss Eugenia Rennell of North Carolina, formerly of Switzerland. Mr. Merriam has just settled as pastor at Abilene, Kansas.

'80.—C. W. Clark is now business manager of the "N. E. School Furnishing Co." of Boston.

'80.—H. L. Koopman has resigned his position as assistant librarian in the Astor Library of New York, to accept that of a cataloguer in the library of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

'81.—Miss S. M. Hanson is teaching in the W. C. Institute at Waterville, and is also giving instruction in Kensington work.

'81.—Miss Kate E. Norcross is at her home in Somerville, Mass.

'82.—Miss M. E. Leland is keeping house for her father and mother at Newton Lower Falls, Mass.

'82.—Married, November 22, 1882, at West Camden, Me., G. A. Andrews to Miss Ada E. Orbiton, both of West Camden.

'82.—H. A. Dennison is artist for the Photo-Electrotype Company of Boston, Mass.

'82.—F. N. Fletcher spent the Thanksgiving vacation of the Castine High School, of which he is principal, at his home in China, Me.

'82.—W. E. Perry improved the vacation of his school in Cherryfield, by a visit to Waterville.

'82.—Geo. D. Sanders spent his Thanksgiving vacation in Waterville.

'82.—C. A. True is studying law in the office of Hon. C. F. Libby of Portland, Me.

The following is a nearly complete list of the students who are out for the term:

#### CLASS OF '83.

C. D. Edmunds is teaching at Milo, Me.

M. A. Johnson is teaching at Ash Point, Me.

P. I. Merrill is similarly engaged at Millbridge, Me.

C. S. Richardson is teaching at Lisbon, Me.

S. B. Shephard is in Boston, Mass.

C. E. Tilton is teaching at Carthage, Me.

#### CLASS OF '84.

J. L. Dearing is teaching at Jonesport, Me.

F. M. Donnell is teaching at Houlton, Me.

E. E. Dudley is engaged in teaching at Gouldsboro, Me.

E. E. McIntire is teaching at Friendship, Maine.

C. W. Morrill is teaching at Phillips, Me.

T. P. Putnam is teaching at Danforth, Me.

E. F. Robinson is teaching at South Windham, Me.

#### CLASS OF '85.

B. S. Annis is teaching in Wells, Me.

H. C. Dudley is teaching in Vassalboro, Me.

F. H. Edmunds is teaching at East Corinth, Maine.

Edward Fuller is teaching in Madison, Maine.

H. L. Jewett is teaching in Sidney, Me.

H. G. Mank is teaching in Waldoboro, Me.

Miss Gertrude B. Morse is spending the winter at her home in Turner, Me.

M. E. Rowell is teaching at South Thomaston, Me.

W. H. Snyder is teaching in Wayne, Me.

#### CLASS OF '86.

Beverage is teaching at Tenant's Harbor, Maine.

J. B. Bryant is teaching at Hennon Centre, Maine.

H. R. Dunham is teaching at Dixfield Village, Me.

F. W. Knowlton is teaching at Abbot, Me.

P. A. Metcalf is teaching at Thomaston, Me.

S. B. Overlock is teaching at Nobleboro, Me.

C. A. Parker, teaching in Orient, Me.

E. E. Parmenter is teaching in East Vassalboro, Me.

Putnam, teaching at Houlton, Me.

T. J. Ramsdell is teaching at North Haven, Maine.

Stearns is teaching at Paris Hill, Me.

S. E. Webber, teaching at South Elliot, Me.