

# The Colby Echo.

VOL. VI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, APRIL, 1882.

No. 6.

## 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 ad-  
dressed to THE COLBY ECHO, Waterville, Me.

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## THE SANCTUM.

Eheu, fugaces labuntur anni!

ANOTHER vacation has persisted in attaching to itself that dread appendage common to all things terrestrial and temporal,—an end. In our last we confidently promised our readers a rest of about eight weeks, and asserted that our next issue would be the April number. Our present issue appears in order to confirm our former apparently reckless statement, and by its appearance let our former reputation for veracity be re-established. If we were allowed the privilege of indulging in the luxury of a popular falsehood, we should say that "we are glad to take up the editorial pen again in behalf of suffering humanity, that we wept when we laid it down," etc.; but while an omission of the same

would be a record unheard of in the annals of college journalism, we make bold to assert for the sake of originality the truth of the opposite. But we would not make so wide a departure from the well-beaten track as to withhold the usual cordial greeting.

The opening of the term finds a large majority of the students at work again. The long-haired pedagogues have returned rich in stories of the conquests of the birch and "moral suasion," in tales of hunger and cold, and in such a knowledge of the duties of modern educators as a veteran in the service would do well to consult. But the recitals of those remarkable adventurers have had their short day, and college life has already taken on a more serious aspect of business. Already the unaccountable self-confidence with which college men feel at liberty to give utterance to absolute falsehoods in the class-room, and hold to them as loved and cherished opinions, has become more endurable, and what was at the opening of the term reckoned as merely a difference of opinion can now be considered a well-earned zero. Therefore, under these improving circumstances, "to all ye noble lords and fair ladies," we would say a greeting.

SINCE the issue of our last number a great, though not wholly unexpected, change has taken place in the college. President Robins, whose health had become so impaired that speedy recovery was unlooked for, tendered his resignation at the close of the winter session, and the resignation was accepted by the Board of Trustees at their meeting February 14. The columns of our paper have frequently borne witness to the energy and devotion with which Dr. Robins has conducted the affairs of the college, and to the high appreciation in which he has been held by the students. This loss will be deeply regretted. To say more now might sound too much, perhaps, like a note of despair. It is not the part of wisdom to spend in regrets the energy that is needed for the work before us.

The change is a fact, and no regrets of ours and no complainings can make it otherwise. What is left for us then is to draw our encouragement and our inspiration from the future, and we congratulate ourselves and our readers that the view in this direction is not so wholly dark or discouraging. The college has had an almost unbroken succession of able presidents. As the mantle of one has fallen it has usually been taken up and laid upon the shoulders of another equally competent to take up the work and carry it forward to a successful issue. It will no doubt be so again. Indeed, if reports are not altogether at fault, the proper authorities have already entered into correspondence with a man who has won for himself great honor in other fields of labor, and under whose leadership the college would be certain to take no backward steps. We congratulate its friends that so wise a beginning has been made. It would be a shame and a calamity to bring to the head of our institution some light, superficial, merely showy man who might serve as a mere figure head to the concern. It is something very different that is wanted and must be had, or there will be miserable failure. The call within the walls of the college and without those walls, is for a broad, strong, true man, a man whose very name shall be an inspiration and a help to the students, and a tower of strength to all the friends of education throughout Maine and New England. Such a man, we believe, the board have in view.

As to the present internal condition of the college it can hardly be denied that the action of the trustees at their late meeting, has had the effect to throw matters into some confusion, and to paralyze, for a time, the energies of a portion of the students. From our acquaintance with college life the two most radically, demoralizing influences that can exist within college walls are the banes of idleness and suspense. The first of these, the average student can get along with very well for a time. The second disgusts him. If some of our students have yet recovered from the effects of both it can hardly be attributed to wise forethought or prompt action on the part of those whose duty it is to look after such matters. New hope, however, has sprung up since the appearance of Dr. Andrews on the grounds a week ago, and with this able addition to the corps of instruct-

ors, we see no reason to doubt a pleasant and profitable term.

ONE of the chief objections raised by our farmer friends against college educated men is their idea that all college men think that they must, in honor of their acquirements, become professional men. Why don't some of them go to farming, is the impatient inquiry of some of those who have never watched a son's course through college, shared his occasional forebodings, and sympathized with his ambitions. To this momentous question, as a farmer, we propose an answer which, it is hoped, will tend to solve this problem which seems to be shrouded in such a cloud of mystery. First and foremost and obvious to all, some college educated men *do* become farmers. Perhaps an acquaintance with the early history of a number of our college educated men would assist us in finding an answer to this difficult question. Rather than attempt a biography or an autobiography, we would ask, who are the men that fill the colleges of Maine at the present time and what is their financial condition? Many of them are farmers' sons and enjoy, as an inheritance, a farmer's poverty. Such men are obliged to work their way through college, and such is the necessary expense that not a few of them are obliged to contract debt. How can these men in the light of economy become farmers with absolutely nothing and worse than nothing, with which to purchase a piece of land? Money, and not an education, is the medium of exchange. The opening for these men is furnished by our school system. They are well qualified to become the masters of our public schools. There is a demand for them and but few are found idle. It takes a man a number of years to pay his college expenses, and a larger number to make him an independent farmer. During these years his qualifications for teaching have advanced. He may also have fitted himself in the meantime for a profession.

The question then comes shall he expend his money in a new enterprise or continue in a vastly more lucrative, though, perhaps, less agreeable one? There is no farmer who would advise the former course. To censure such men for attempting to get a college education is an objection coming so far from out the mazes of

heathendom that an answer from the *Echo* would not reach it. If they are not to get an education, what is the advice to them? Shall they remain common, ignorant idlers? We would not offer the spleeny objection that farming is out of the so-called educated man's line of tastes. The question is not always what he would do but what he must do. Many of them would enjoy the wholesome employment and the independence of the farmer, and for his work their college training has been by no means an injury. On the contrary, they know that the laborer, and not the country loafer and story teller, is the successful man. College training has prepared them for better citizens. They can appreciate the worth of society and be thankful for educated and professional men. With an understanding of the true relation of labor and capital, the "bloated bondholder" will not absorb their every-day thought, nor terrify them in the night watches. Starting with the key note of labor and assisted by the sound principles of political economy, college educated men would make farmers that would make our mother earth smile and bring forth fruit a hundred fold.

**ATHLETICS AT COLBY.**—The beginning of the term witnessed a new departure in regard to the physical exercise of the students of Colby. Before entering college we saw among the names of the Faculty, on the first page of the *ECHO*, the following, "Fred M. Wilson, A.B., M.D., Instructor in Gymnastics and Military Drill." What dreams we indulged in, while at the fitting school, of closely contested struggles with the gloves, of the wonderful jumps that we should make, of the amazing size to which our muscle would grow—seventeen inches, at least, around the biceps. On entering college, however, these dreams quickly vanished when we found that the "fine gymnasium" was furnished with a rubber running track, three pairs of wooden dumb-bells, and two bowling alleys, partially furnished with pins and balls. The instructor in gymnastics who, in our simple minds, could at the least calculation handle four ordinary men, proved to be only a *nomen nihil præterea*. The gymnasium, which we thought to see filled with finely formed young men, was frequented by Instituters, Freshmen, and yag-

gers, with an occasional Senior who went out "to see the animals play." The Freshies soon ceased to "go to the Gym.," and Instituters and yaggers held free sway, until by the kindness of one of the friends of the institution the building was furnished throughout. A Gymnasium Association was formed and officers were elected, and, for a time, nearly all the students took exercise in some form other than that required to color a T. D. This, however, was transient, as there was no one to take the lead, and even the most expert confined their attentions to "skinning the cat," etc. The athlete again betook himself to his pipe and the last state of that man was worse than the first. Now, however, through the efforts of one of our go-ahead men, a professor has been secured in every way competent to take charge of a class. Although the arm which was to measure seventeen inches, measures but about seven and a half, and *tempus fugiens* forbids any expectation that there will be much improvement in that direction, it is to be hoped that the students will not let this movement die out and become as seed on stony ground. Nothing, certainly, could be better to keep our ball nine in trim or to bring up our field-day records, and we trust that the students have love enough for themselves, at least, to aid this movement by their presence and with their pocket-books. The college, as soon as it appears that the students are in earnest about the matter, will undoubtedly do more to assist in retaining such a man in the gymnasium.

## LITERARY.

### PINK AND WHITE TYRANNY.

Talk of your tyrants and despots and kings,  
The Sultan, the Pasha, the Czar,  
Still there's a tyranny more than they all,  
Capricious and whimsical far.  
Shackles of iron and fetters of brass,  
And dark subterranean cell,  
Naught are beside all its petty demands,  
Which truly are frightful to tell.

Only a nod or a frown or a stamp  
Of tiny and exquisite feet;  
No more is needed, just this will suffice  
To induce obedience meet,  
And after in sackcloth and ashes and dust,  
The requisite homage is paid,

On future behavior and fealty too  
Is still greater emphasis laid.

Should these resources be taken in vain  
And not prove of any avail,  
Tactics quite different are brought into play,  
Which never can possibly fail:  
A kiss and caress, a smile or a tear,  
Brought out with such consummate art,  
Forever succeed in winning the day  
And soften the obdurate heart.

Look into History's prosy old book  
And what funny things do you see,  
Hercules sitting at Omphale's feet  
And spinning the wool at her knee,  
Queer business that for the muscular man,  
And look at his big lion skin  
Turned from a coat to a new redingote  
To dress up his lady love in.

Hera and Helen, Pandora and Eve,  
All famous for making a muss,  
The least opposition to each of their whims  
Created the deuce of a fuss.  
No other fetters have they for their slaves  
Than cords of their soft silken hair,  
But these they weave into many a web  
And with them their victims insnare.

Unfortunate ones of the sterner sex  
Who are destined to such a sad fate;  
They never will see a tyranness fair  
A tythe of the bondage abate;  
Still the poor fellows will meekly submit  
And bow their strong necks to the yoke,  
Swearing such sweet subjugation is bliss  
And only an exquisite joke.

### THE LITERATURE OF THE AGE OF ELIZABETH.

The age of Queen Elizabeth is perhaps no less distinguished as a brilliant literary era, than as an era of great civil and political activity. The greatest minds that had as yet dealt with philosophical subjects vied with each other in the depth and compass of their researches. The great truths of theology, hitherto concealed behind a groundless superstition, were brought to light and expounded by men who drew their inspiration from the principles of the German reformation. Poetry was again revived, and, in the hand of the great masters of poetic diction, was made the vehicle of the sublimest thought, the profoundest speculation, and the loftiest sentiment that had ever as yet found expression in the forms of poetic composition. Indeed, contributions of the highest order in all depart-

ments of literature conspired to render the age an epoch in the history of English culture and learning.

Many names, transmitted to us from this period, though familiar to us as representing the highest talent and learning, have yet fallen into temporary obscurity, being eclipsed by the intenser brilliancy of contemporary genius. While, therefore, we study with profound interest the works of Shakespeare, Spenser, Bacon, and Hooker, we should not forget that it is only through the study of writers of inferior skill, as Decker, Marlowe, Moore, and Drayton, that we are able to appreciate these works of higher renown. For these writers picture to us the age in which they live. The popular tastes are clearly represented in the lighter dramatic works. The beliefs and prejudices of the times are recorded in philosophical treatises. Such unmistakable indications of the low condition of the popular knowledge and taste, must first be studied in order to realize with what majestic splendor the intellect of Shakespeare, for example, towers above the grosser thought of his time, and indeed anticipates an age of developed and perfected literature yet to come.

That this period of English letters was an almost unexampled one, both in point of excellence and copiousness, cannot be denied. To assign the causes of this sudden impulse, and discover the means by which it was stimulated, is a task which has occupied the attention of many able writers. In the first place the protestant reformation which had just been accomplished in Germany, was also successfully introduced into England. This event opened a field of inquiry for thoughtful men, it suddenly removed a bulwark of groundless superstition and induced men to build on the ruins a stronghold of truth, under which there might be freedom from the then prevalent vice and hypocrisy. This spirit of inquiry led, also, to a free expression of opinion among the higher classes of scholars, and this must itself have had great influence in awakening a thirst for knowledge and literary distinction. Thus the works of Hooker, a slow and cautious unfolding of the design of creation, the plan of the Creator, and the consequent duties of man, bear directly upon the subjects the consideration of which was induced by the reformation; the depth and richness of the thought had a far reaching influence over the minds of

men, and the grace and beauty of the style did much in toning down the abrupt expression of earlier English writers.

The awakening of religious controversy, also an effect of the reformation, incited an enthusiasm among men of letters, which, in its bearing upon literature, cannot be ignored. Sharp and subtle debates on matters pertaining to the new religion, discussions of questions regarding church polity, awakened and employed philosophical minds and had vast influence on the public sentiment. The literature of the day, then, received its most effective impulse from the success of the reformation. Other influences, however, though less productive of results, lent their important stimulus to the age. One of these was the discovery of the New World. Accounts of travels, adventures, and voyages contributed almost a new feature to English literature. Works of this kind, though an indispensable ingredient of the modern library, were almost entirely unknown to the early English reader. Romances of real life sprung up, and from these the transition to idle fiction was easy. It was a visit to the Straits of Magellan that led Shakespeare to write his "Enchanted Island." "Spenser's Faery Queen" was based upon an idea conceived in his travels, and indeed, the field open for adventure and discovery gave unlimited scope to the curiosity of the traveler and reader.

The sudden inspiration, manifested in the poetry of the time, was not so much due to the influence of the reformation as to a new interest in classical and romantic literature. Never before had scholars investigated so carefully the rich stores of Greek and Roman mythology. The old romantic ballads of Spain and Italy were translated into English and spread out before the admiring gaze of millions of readers.

Upon these were founded many of the most interesting and famous works of the day. "Othello" was founded on an Italian novel; "King Lear," on an old ballad; and "Macbeth," on a Scotch tradition. The ghost scene and the witches are all said to be authenticated in ancient Gothic history. The old superstitions were, many of them, still adhered to in England among the vulgar, at least, thus furnishing a connecting link between the poetry of this period and the traditions of former days.

Again, chivalry, with its heroic virtues, its

courage, its self-sacrifice, its thirst for glory, its indescribable longings for something more real, more substantial than this life affords, and its unfaltering faith in virtue, purity, and greatness, though waning at this period, yet still exerted a powerful and salutary influence over the minds of men. The Troubadours in the south of France, the Trouveres of the north, the Minstrels of England and the Minnesingers of Germany had each sung the prowess of their retainers, and, under the inspiration of the chivalric spirit, had celebrated in song the praises of heroism, truth, love, and self-devotion, and this poetry, itself constituting a vast body of song, descending to the age of which we write, was taken up by its mightier, profounder intellects and, deepened in its thought, elevated in its spirit, and broadened in its scope by the magic touch of their genius, was passed on as a grand legacy to the advancing ages, in those masterpieces of epic and dramatic composition, which no age has ever surpassed, and no age perhaps will ever equal.

The influence of the Elizabethan period is still felt in the literature of our own day. The authors of the present are students of the past, and no age furnishes more material for deep and profound literary study than that of Elizabeth. The grace and beauty of English style owes its birth to this period. Theological and philosophical writings are the outgrowth of the thought of the sixteenth century.

But though in point of genius, profundity, and productiveness the age of which we have spoken surpassed our own, yet it is by no means certain that our age is, in reality, very far inferior to it. We have, it is true, no Shakespeare, no Milton, but Shakespeare and Milton were not appreciated in their own age as they are appreciated to-day. The genius of that age was concentrated and confined to the few; that of our age is more diffused and free. Their culture rose and towered at the top of society; ours pervades and leavens the mass. If the stars of our constellation are not so brilliant there are more of them, and they bespangle a broader and more beautiful heaven. G. W. S.

The Senior *electives* for this term are Latin, Greek, Quaternions, and History of Philosophy. We think Astronomy deserves a place among them.



## THE DUXBURY SANDS.

We were out yachting in a small way, and after having spent the larger portion of the sultry August afternoon in the dusty, old town of Plymouth, we were lazily beating out of the harbor with a light, easterly breeze, in the hope of reaching before midnight a harbor twenty miles further up the coast. Vain, however, are all calculations based upon a summer breeze, and before we could round the headland at the mouth of the lower harbor, all wind died away; then, half rowing, half drifting, we reached at evening the borders of a marsh, where, with only the usual line of grass-covered sand-hills separating us from the outer shore, we could hear the wash of the surf on the shelving beach beyond. The town had long ago disappeared from sight, and to one looking inland there appeared only a desolate expanse of marsh, strikingly suggestive of one of those English marshes which Dickens loves to describe,—dreary wastes, across which, at night-fall, the damp wind blows, bearing with it its shroud of white sea mist.

Crossing the intervening bit of marsh, we stood upon the Duxbury sands; dreary and uninviting enough they are, as they stretch for miles in their barren loneliness along the eastern coast, while nothing save the sight of the chubby, whitewashed lighthouse on Gurnet Head, and an occasional glimpse of the tall, gaunt monument to Miles Standish, would indicate to a stranger that the spot had been visited since the Puritan captain in person had explored the neighboring shore. Nevertheless, such was the place where we were forced to spend the night, owing to the state of the tides, and hence it was with no small degree of satisfaction that we saw, a short distance up the sands, the black hulk of a wreck in a fair state of preservation. We approached her, and having once succeeded in clambering up her sides, instituted a careful examination of her condition, with a view to taking up our quarters for the night in the dismantled cabin.

The wreck appeared to be that of a brig or schooner of large size, which had gone ashore in one of the storms of the last winter, perhaps after having safely avoided the rocks and ledges which cluster about Minot's Light, guarding the adjacent coast. She lay just below high-water mark, with a huge breach in her side,

through which at flood tide the water ebbed and flowed, carrying sand, stones and sea-weed into the empty hold. This was the only place where the hull seemed to be materially injured, but the masts and bowsprit were gone, the decking was broken up in several places, the galley had disappeared bodily, and the bulwarks on either side were shattered. The cabin, however, we explored carefully with the aid of matches. Almost all the partitions had been torn down, and the floor, broken in some places, was littered with loose straw and wood, while the cool night air came in at the open companion way and through several chinks and crannies in the side of the house. In one corner we discovered a pile of seaman's clothes, and with a little bundle of these for a pillow, and a collection of straw, marsh grass, and juniper boughs for a bed, we lay down for the night.

David Copperfield, when he spent his first night in the old boat on the Yarmouth sands and was lulled to sleep by the moaning of the wind over the flats without, was not more charmed with the novelty of the situation than were we, as we lay there, our minds filled with all sorts of fancies and speculations concerning the last occupants of the same cabin. Sleep only created new fancies, and I had been through a score of strange experiences before I awoke with the cold, a little before midnight. I picked my way carefully on deck and stood there for some time alone, leaning against the shattered bulwarks.

The moon had risen with the tide, and the water, ruffled by a light, easterly breeze, was now just lapping the side of the wreck below me. Every wave danced and sparkled as brilliantly as in the daytime, and the whole sea, on which appeared not even a single sail, was bathed in a light that made the lighthouse lantern pale and insignificant, as it winked and blinked feebly at the end of the narrow strip of sand.

But the night was not yet over, and even moonlight fails to fortify one wholly against sleepiness. Notwithstanding all our endeavors to keep out the night air, the cabin became too cold to admit of sleep, and accordingly it was without much hesitation that we gathered a quantity of loose wood and fragments of the ship's timber, and on the hard, smooth deck of white oak built a roaring fire, that imparted to the old wreck an appearance that was by contrast

quite homelike and cheerful. Around its flame we carefully arranged our beds and, this time in the open moonlight, again went to sleep. The situation in itself was a sufficiently romantic one, away out there on the sands; but to be fast asleep on the deck of an old hulk, by a blazing, crackling fire, with the water almost surrounding us and the waves slapping fairly against the outer wall of our dwelling, was still more novel. Moreover, happening to lie close by the mouth of the open hatchway, from its dark depths there came up, close at hand, all sorts of strange noises, mingling with the ceaseless gurgle of flowing water.

It was only a week before that I had spent a night in the same manner, sleeping beneath the open sky and warmed by a huge fire of dead wood; then, it was in the heart of a spruce forest, full four thousand feet above the sea, where on either hand the walls of granite still towered above us a thousand feet and where all night long a neighboring cascade made music for our ears. Naturally enough, my thoughts went back to that former night, and though fairly in Ocean's grasp, yet I heard its song not more than that of the wind through the spruce boughs overhead, and the sudden dash of a wave upon the wreck was only the crash of a dead limb off in the forest. Sea changed to forest, surf to the tumbling of the mountain brook, the chill that crept over me as the fire died away was but the cold atmosphere at that height, and—Shades of Neptune!—it was four o'clock and we should have been off by three. Hurriedly we put out the fire, fled from the scene of our night's encampment and tore across the marshes to our boat. Hard work we had in getting off, and the sun had long been risen before from the open sea we saw the wreck, a big, black dot upon the beach.

Passing the spot two weeks later, the old wreck was discovered to be on fire, and in a few days the black dot upon the sands had disappeared. Thus was the sea, that had so long waited for an opportunity to complete its work of destruction, cheated of its prey, and when at last there came the next fierce winter storm, it was only a few charred timbers that the disappointed waves threw angrily upon the low banks of sea-weed.

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Cincinnati has a Hebrew college.

## A NEW THEORY OF CEREBRAL MOTION.

Prof. Elder says that no one ever study physiology one year, without being convinced that thought produces and is accompanied by cerebral activity, molecular motion, atomic jar, or whatever else it may be called, in the substance of the brain. For many years this has been the prevailing opinion among physiologists and scientists in general, although it cannot be absolutely proved, yet I think that no one who has grappled with certain syllogisms of deductive logic, or puzzled for any length of time over problems in the higher mathematics, will be disposed to doubt its reality in his individual case. At any rate, the amount of heat and electricity developed by the above-mentioned employment is certainly surprising, and we know that motion of some sort is essential to their production.

That this is the cause instead of the effect of thought, certain schools of scientists assert; but as yet they have been unable to establish their position. Now, if thought is accompanied by molecular motion, an inference might justly be drawn, that different kinds of thought is accompanied by different kinds of motion. Only speculation, however, is warranted upon this point, until some method of extraneous experiment shall be devised, perhaps in the world's to-morrow, by which, reasoning from analogy, we may express the deductions as positive facts. At present we should not be sustained in asserting that activity in the form of certain mathematical curves, or geometric figures are productive of especial ideas, or of particular frames of mind.

There are many phenomena in connection with this cerebral motion which are remarkable, though familiar, and these I propose to account for by a theory with which all, or nearly all will be found to agree. It is similar in many respects to Ampere's theory of magnetism, or magnetic induction, and is capable of demonstration in the same way, the proof certainly being as satisfactory in the one case as in the other. The theory of magnetism alluded to is this: Molecular currents are imagined to inhere and circulate in all matter, but in different directions, so that they mutually neutralize each other; but under certain circumstances, it is possible to control these currents and cause them all to flow in the same direction, and that when this is done, the phenomena of polarity ensue.

With respect to the molecular currents of the brain, if all states of consciousness and mental sensations are accompanied by atomic motion, and if the mind is never in a state of utter passivity (which all the best scientific authorities agree to be the case), it may be inferred that at all times molecular currents of some sort circulate in the substance of the brain.

Now, there are mental phenomena occurring between two or more persons that may be assumed to be due to the parallelism of these atomic currents, with as much propriety and reason as the physical phenomena of magnetic polarity to the uniformity of direction of the magnetic currents. For example, there are those states or conditions of the mind to which we give the name of enthusiasm. It is proverbial that such feelings are contagious. Why should they be so? Is it not on account of the atomic currents in certain portions of the brain becoming parallel?

For instance, in a time of strong feeling, as a revival of religion, there are a number of persons possessed by the same idea and in a state of excitement. Another person may come into association with them from outside, and inevitably he will soon come under their influence and participate more or less in their emotion. This may be explained on very simple grounds, according to our theory. The sum total of the atomic currents in the brains of those persons who are in a state of enthusiasm previously, being stronger, naturally prevail over those of the other individual, and bring them under their own control. So he becomes intent upon the same objects, is actuated by the same motives, and experiences the same excitement.

The same is true with respect to the other extreme of feeling, that of strong, mental depression. If we come into the presence of one who is in such a frame of mind and who is of stronger constitution and more decided temperament than we are, no matter how buoyant our own spirits may be at the time, we are speedily impressed by our companion's mood, and participate more or less in his condition.

This I explain by the same hypothesis as the former, viz.: the parallelism of the atomic currents. So much for the department of the emotions. In the realm of abstract thought, the phenomena of brain waves, commonly so called, admit of a like explanation. Also the curious

and manifold phenomena of mind-reading and mesmerism; but enough instances have already been enumerated to illustrate the application of the theory.

Within the human skull there is a strange mysterious union, finiteness and infinity, a point of contact between the parallel lines of matter and mind. This is a soft, pulpy mass, scarred and seamed with perceptible convolutions; but who can conceive of the marvelous topography of its atomic structure. Mountains, plains, and valleys, and chasms of precipitous descent, surging seas, heaving with the tides of passion, swept by the winds of emotion, lashed into fury by the tempests of action and of thought, stamped with the hieroglyphics of memory, containing pictures of marvelous beauty, a shifting chaotic panorama, where one might see the secret springs and hidden causes of many of the dark complexities of life.

This is the casket of the jewel, the envelope of the essence, the tenement of the soul, the alpha and omega, the acme and epitome of life.

F. W. F.

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## THE CAMPUS.

---

"Go To."

Glad to see "your" back again.

Richardson is back again in '83.

G. D. B. P. D. D. Dear me!!!!

For explanation call on Registrar.

Mr. James Monahan has entered the Freshman class.

The new "music room" at the Elmwood is well patronized.

The fires in Waterville always occur while the boys are away.

The Seniors are getting decidedly mixed on the order of their recitations.

Miss Carrie Raymond, after a year's absence, has returned again to the college.

The "Big Two" made their usual trip to Augusta on Wednesday last. Object, M. F. G.

Prof. Andrews, from Newton, has the Seniors in ethics every other week, two hours a day. He has also his class at Newton.

It is suggested (*suggested merely*) that perhaps it would be nearly as fair if the laws should



be printed in the future, to avoid our coming under the operation of an *ex post facto* statute again.

Mr. Weaver, of '82, has kindly supplied the local matter for this issue, owing to the sickness of the local editor.

The members of the Flat visited Carleton's recently and were photographed. The camera is now undergoing repairs.

Many of the boys are spending Wednesday afternoons and Saturdays very pleasantly in taking examinations on back work.

The Faculty have commenced to cut prayers with their customary regularity. Wonder if the demerits increase in geometrical ratio.

The Senior's are having their pictures taken in various places throughout New England. Some astonishing chromos have been produced.

Now a student has been taken for a barber; it is said the fact of his shaving (?) so many boys at the new Elmwood parlor was the cause of it.

Name —. He says it was my favorite study in college, and that is why I now superintend and direct the motions of the "revolving spheres."

At a special meeting of the B. B. A., March 22, Mr. W. W. Andrews, of '82, was elected captain of the University Nine in place of A. L. Doe, resigned.

The marked improvement (?) in the manners of several of the boys is due to the fact that they canvassed for "Our Deportment" during the last vacation.

The last experiment of the Faculty is three recitations a day for the Senior class. It bids fair to work as well as the alternate recitations of the Junior year.

The Faculty have a new motto, which is translated by a Freshman: "I'll find a way or make it." A glance at the last term bills will show how fitting it is.

No more "serenades" or "soldiers coming this way," or "hard luck at whist." Lord has left us, and we miss one of our most familiar faces, one of our most pleasant voices.

We were glad to notice the expression of the Boston Alumni of this college, on the departure of our President. Those now in college enter-

tain the same feeling, but by none will his face be more missed, nor departure regretted, than by the Seniors, who for one short term were under his instruction.

The publishers of the new college song book speak in very high terms of the songs received from Colby. The book will be issued about the middle of May, and will be a large and desirable book.

Ex-President Robins was invited by the Senior class to deliver the Baccalaureate Sermon at Commencement, but owing to the uncertainty of his plans and his poor health he was forced to decline the invitation.

The following is taken from the *Sanford News*: "Do not know that many have been frost bitten. Mr. M., the teacher in District No. 1, went out Monday evening to assist one of his young lady pupils in her *studies*, and froze his ears."

Scene.—Doctor's reception. Subject under discussion, the Hebrew language. Inquiring Young Man—"Mr. —, isn't there danger of getting the characters mixed?" Mr. —, "Oh no, not if you drink water." Inquiring young man subsides.

Prof. Dolt, of the Portland Turnverein, will give instruction in the gymnasium every Saturday. Mr. Dolt comes very highly recommended as a teacher, and we hope his labor will be a benefit to the base-ball men and those who expect to enter the field-day contests.

The members of the class of '79 are requested to send their addresses and the positions, if any, to which they were elected at the last class meeting, to the Secretary, J. A. Walling, Brunswick, Me., in order that measures may be taken to have the reunion voted for at the last meeting.

Dr. Robins met the Senior class for the last time, as a class, at his residence, Wednesday evening, March 15th. An expression of the regret felt by the class at losing him as president was presented by Mr. Fletcher, to which Dr. Robin's responded in a few remarks of farewell to the class.

At a meeting of the B. B. A., March 18th, George D. Sanders, of '82, was elected president and manager, and Walter C. Emerson, '84, vice-president, and A. L. Doe, captain of the Univer-

sity Nine. There is no reason why we can not put a good nine in the field the coming season. Let all heed the announcement of the treasurer made at the meeting.

Arrangements have been made between the Junior and Senior classes to have Class Day occur on Tuesday of Commencement week, and Ivy Day on Monday. The officers for Class Day are: W. C. Philbrook, Orator; F. W. Farr, Poet; M. E. Leland, Odist; E. F. Tompson, Historian; H. S. Weaver, Address to Undergraduates; F. N. Fletcher, Parting Address. Some new features will be introduced into the programme, and it is expected that '82 will carry it through with her usual success.

## THE COLLEGE PRESS.

The *Hamilton Literary Monthly* is one of our most worthy exchanges. The *Monthly* is one of those exchanges which we find pleasure in reviewing. The present number elicits only words of praise and commendation. Its thirty-nine pages are all readable and interesting, and this number is by no means an exception.

The *Argosy*, published at Mount Allison College, Sackville, N. B., forms a marked contrast to the above, both as to appearance and contents. The present number has two passable articles entitled "Rambling Through Foreign Art Galleries," and an article on Girard College.

The *University Mirror*, published at Lewisburg, Pa., contains a large amount of college news and one or two good articles. The paper belies its appearance for it is a most villainous looking publication.

The *Beacon* contains a very good poem, entitled "The Temptation," which alone saves the present number from being condemned as a failure.

The *Pennsylvania College Monthly* contains a sensible article on the idiotic habit of marking striking passages in library books. The writer takes the ground that it is not only a useless custom, but is discourteous, and even insulting to the reader who shall follow. The enterprising marker, by thus designating a passage which he considers worthy of being noticed, calmly asserts the superior keenness of his discernment, and by his marginal comments benevolently and gratuitously assists the weaker intellect which follows him. What can be more aggravating than to take down a book from a library shelf, such as Dickens's "David Copperfield," and find his description of the storm marked as being "good," and the advice added that it would "bear a careful reading." And yet this detestable custom is carried on to a great extent.

The present number of the *Undergraduate* is a very poor specimen of a college paper, though it is but just to say that the present is not a fair sample of the paper, which is generally a readable exchange.

The *Hamilton College Monthly* is essentially a ladies' paper, and we do not say this disparagingly, for the *Hamilton Monthly* is a good sample of what young ladies can do in a literary way. The editorial department contains an article on the use of young ladies engaging in journalistic work and the proneness of young ladies when writing to sermonize. As to the last clause we would not confine the sermonizing to the writing of articles, for we think that ladies have a propensity to sermonize upon all occasions. The exchange editress of the *Monthly* is wide-awake and gives us an interesting department. The feminine nature, however, crops out in her criticism of the *Vassar Miscellany* when she hints at the uncertain age of the editresses of that respected sheet.

Of the two contemporaries we have in the State the *Bates Student* is by far the most worthy. The *Student* always contains some worthy articles and its poetry is generally good. It does not have a very inviting or prepossessing appearance, but what it lacks in looks it makes up in worth.

The present number of the *Amherst Student* is unusually interesting, containing a well filled editorial department and a well written poem, entitled "The Monk's Prayer."

## OTHER COLLEGES.

### AMHERST.

The college will receive \$50,000 for its library fund from the estate of the late Joel Giles, a Boston lawyer.

Amherst is a progressive college. Valedictories and salutatories have been abolished. The old-fashioned marking system has been laid aside. The students to a great degree govern themselves. They elect ten undergraduates to try and sentence offenders against college laws. All works well.—*Ex.*

### COLUMBIA.

The college has 1,494 students, the largest number in any American college.

The trustees have made some radical changes in the marking system. A grade of sixty per cent. is necessary for a Junior to pass in any department, and the average mark for Sophomores has been raised from thirty-three and a third to fifty per cent. Such is the tendency of all progressive American colleges.

Twenty-four members out of eighty-one of the Sophomore class were conditioned in trigonometry at the December report. The class seems to like class dinners no better than mathematics, for at a class dinner recently only twenty-three members were present.

The plans for a new college library building have been filed. The new building is to be erected on the north side of Forty-ninth Street, between Madison and Fourth Avenues, and is to cost \$250,000. It is to be 120 feet long, 106 feet wide, and 101 feet high.—*Ex.*

#### CORNELL.

The Freshman class contains twenty-one young ladies.

The University received \$290,000 by the death of Mrs. Jennie McGraw Fish. The botanical department is being improved by the addition of a new laboratory and a range of plant houses. The whole number of students in the University is 340, of whom 59 belong to the Senior class.

At a meeting of the Faculty, held Friday, Feb. 17th, five of the leaders in the recent kidnapping affair were suspended indefinitely, and required to leave Ithaca immediately. Forty others are to be dealt with. President White said that both the trustees and the Faculty are determined to suppress everything which in the slightest degree partakes of hazing, even if the expulsion of one class or of all classes be required.

#### HARVARD.

The college has 857 students.

Sixty-two per cent. of the graduates of last year study law.

Of the valedictorians for the last fifty years, not one used tobacco.

About four per cent. of the students class themselves as agnostics or atheists.

The college has received \$50,000 for the new library building from a bequest left by the late Mr. Giles of Boston.

The students are very sensitive on the subject of annex. The cry of co-ed throws them into a passion. In reply to a taunt of this sort the *Harvard Herald* says: "We can assure our exchanges that the annex is not the 'female part of the college,' as one paper puts it, but merely an institution of women who receive instruction from certain professors who are connected with the university."

#### RUTGERS

The new Secretary of State, Frelinghuysen, is a graduate of Rutgers.

Rev. Dr. Campbell, President, has resigned after twenty years of service in that position.

The trustees have passed a resolution recom-

mending that the Faculty take measures to prevent the students from wasting time in such things as athletic sports, boating, glee clubs, etc.—*Ex.*

#### WILLIAMS.

A projected cremation was recently suppressed by the Faculty.

The Faculty have decided not to allow the Nine to join the League.

The Faculty have decided to divide the lower classes according to scholarship.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Oberlin has 684 lady students.

The University of Michigan has a course of Sunday afternoon lectures.

The fund for the rebuilding of Swarthmore College has reached \$73,000.

The Methodist church controls 95 of the 358 colleges in the United States.

Bowdoin has a flute club. No wonder President Chamberlain contemplates resigning.

The young ladies of Eastham College have organized a base-ball club, and practice daily.—*Cornell Era*. What is the fare to Eastham?

The Regents of the State University of Illinois have decided to suppress secret societies. No student will be admitted after January 1st who belongs to any college fraternity.—*Inter Ocean*.

It is said that the only Professor of Political Economy of any college in America who is opposed to Free Trade is Prof. Robert E. Thompson of the University of Pennsylvania.—*Echo*.

The \$10,000 given to Hamilton and Yale Colleges respectively by James Knox, of Knoxville, Ill., will be paid over to the managers of those institutions about March 1st. Thirty-nine students of Hamilton were suspended on Saturday, 4th, on account of neglect to pay tuition fees at the proper time. The delinquents were warned three weeks ago.

The University of Michigan has students from nearly every State in the Union, the whole number being 1,370. These are divided between the departments of law, medicine, sciences and the college proper. The tuition is very small and the other expenses are correspondingly light. The University is to have a handsome new museum, costing \$60,000.

Of the twenty-three Princeton students arraigned before the court in Trenton for disorderly conduct in disturbing the peace and breaking windows and street lamps, eighteen pleaded guilty and were fined each \$20 00. The other five are held over for trial. The Seniors have reorganized their vigilance committee to prevent disorders. Much lawlessness at Princeton.

## THE WASTE-BASKET.

Thrice welcome, Oscar Daisy,  
Preraphaelitic child,  
We know you are not crazy,  
Although you may be Wilde.—*Ex.*

What troops are most effectual in holding  
the breastworks? Infant-ry.—*Ex.*

"All love is blind," and it is well known  
that lovers never seem to need any light.—*Ex.*

An exchange says: "The last census em-  
braces several millions of women." Oh, that  
we were the census!—*Ex.*

A red-or-green-plush young girl,  
A Russian-hare-muff young girl,  
A little-fur-capery,  
Æsthetic-drapery,  
Ten-acre-hat young girl.—*Ex.*

We have just read a handkerchief-flirtation  
code, and now advise all men desiring to avoid  
breach of promise suits to wipe their mouths  
with their coat tails.—*Ex.*

It is a popular delusion that parents love  
their children because the little ones are so  
much like them. That is a mistake. That is  
just what they punish them for.—*Ex.*

A little kiss,  
A little bliss,  
A little ring—it's ended.  
A little jaw,  
A little law,  
And lo, the bands are rended.—*Ex.*

What is a kiss? A monosyllable form of  
communication, composed only of labials, fre-  
quently used as a conjunction, although an ar-  
ticle, and more common than proper. (To be  
continued.)—*Ex.*

She went to the store to buy toilet soap,  
and while the clerk was expatiating on its  
merits, about made up her mind to purchase;  
but when he said "it would keep off chaps,"  
she remarked that she didn't want that kind.—  
*Ex.*

Teacher—"How does the earth absorb  
water?" Pupil—"Like a dog." Teacher—  
"How do you make that out?" Pupil—"Don't  
we read of the lap of the earth?" Teacher—  
"Go up another grade."—*Cincinnati Saturday  
Night.*

"Oh, what rapture!" remarked Adolphus,  
as he clasped his fair one to his arms." "Oh,  
what rapped yer?" a friend inquired, shortly  
afterwards, as he observed Adolphus trying to  
get his head and a large-sized bump into his hat  
at the same time; and 'Dolphy said he didn't  
exactly know, but thought it must have been  
the old gentlemen's gold-headed cane.—*Ex.*

## PERSONALS.

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

'47.—Prof. Chas. E. Hamlin, of Cambridge,  
Mass., has gone to Bohemia, Austria, to exam-  
ine a collection of fossils offered for sale to the  
museum of Comparative Zoölogy.

'49.—Rev. M. H. Tarbox, of Elk River,  
Minn., looked in at the examination at the close of  
last term.

'49.—Rev. Edw. C. Mitchell, D.D., of Paris,  
France, is now in New York on business con-  
nected with the Theological School of which he  
is President.

'57.—Rev. Henry L. Chase has resigned the  
pastorate of the Congregational church, Green  
Mountain, Iowa, on account of continued ill  
health.

'58.—George G. Percival, M.D., is at his  
home in Waterville, engaged in chemical re-  
search.

'62.—George Gifford, Esq., has been ap-  
pointed United States Consul at La Rochelle,  
France.

'69.—Rev. A. W. Jackson is pastor of the  
Unitarian society at Los Angeles, Cal.

'69.—E. W. Norwood is attending Harvard  
Medical School, at Boston.

'71.—Fred M. Wilson, M.D., contemplates  
taking a trip to Germany this summer.

'73.—Frank H. Parlin is at Cambridgeport,  
Mass.

'75.—George W. Hall is practicing law at  
Le Roy, Mower County, Minn.

'76.—C. H. Hallowell, M.D., is practicing  
medicine at Topeka, Kan.

'76.—Rev. A. E. Woodsum has accepted the  
pastorate at Rockland, Mass.

'78.—A. C. Getchell has been appointed to  
a position in one of the public schools at Wor-  
cester, Mass.

'78.—George F. Youngman died of con-  
sumption at his home in Waterville, Jan. 21.  
Mr. Youngman was several years Principal of  
Hartland Academy, and afterwards taught in  
Colorado.

'78.—Fred E. Dewhurst has been elected as-  
sociate pastor with Rev. Dr. Hague at Wollas-  
ton, Mass.

'78.—Rev. Drew T. Wyman, of Spencer,  
Mass., has returned to Newton to complete his  
theological course.

'80.—C. B. Frye and C. L. Judkins, '81,  
have opened a school for instruction in modern  
languages by native teachers in Boston.