

# The Colby Echo.

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No. 2.

## The Colby Echo.

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YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

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Man is his own star; and the soul that can  
Render an honest and a perfect man,  
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;  
Nothing to him falls early or too late.  
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,  
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.



WE shall be obliged in our next issue to depart from our newly-arranged programme, and allow three weeks to intervene between this number and the next. It has been thought advisable to take this move in order that the last issue of this term should occur as near Commencement as possible. We shall then be able to present to our alumni readers who may chance to be present at that interesting occasion, fresher news and a better arranged and more pleasing literary department. We feel assured that this seeming break, which is due, more or less, to our hurried and necessarily incomplete reorganization, will be found, after all, not to be without its compensating features.

“VARIETY is the spice of life.” So runs the familiar quotation; but we must supply our readers now with monotonous substance rather than delicious stimulant. We are forced by the pressure of events to dwell somewhat upon a subject which has oftentimes claimed the attention of the college editor. We are to harp upon a well-worn theme, which has thrilled and inspired many a Camillus, and ring out all the changes with their monotonous cadence. In the words of our immortal predecessors, “the spirit of Vandalism is abroad,” and his wild, grim figure has been hovering over our heads, inspiring most disgraceful deeds. No sooner is the watchful eye of our “guide, philosopher, and friend” temporarily removed than the effervescing spirits of our undisciplined hordes burst forth and pour destruction all around.

The authors of these outrages which we

have hinted at, cannot be too severely reprehended. It is indeed inconceivable that intelligent beings, such as our underclassmen claim to be, can have regarded this destruction of common property as merely a frolic or a joke. The depredations of which these imbecile youths have been guilty are well calculated to excite in unthinking outsiders false ideas in regard to college life. We cannot be too careful or too scrupulous in our conduct, for only too many are ready to condemn us unheard.

But the most repulsive feature about these proceedings, sanctioned neither by decency or common sense, is the ingratitude which these misguided youths have displayed toward their benefactors. We cannot but regard these colleges as constituting eleemosynary institutions, and whoso engages in the destruction of their material possessions, is convicted as well by the moral as the economic law.

THE college paper is rightly regarded as the voice of college sentiment. It may not be the official agent between the students and the "powers that be," but it is expected to give utterance upon all subjects of college interest. It behooves us, then, to call attention in this issue to a deeply felt want of the students. It is this. We are now wholly dependent upon private advantages for bathing facilities, which in the case of the majority of the students are by no means of the best. A large bath-room with all the improvements is an indispensable requirement, and by the progressive spirit which has marked the administration of the college in improving the curriculum, etc., we are led to hope that this want will not long remain unsatisfied. The difficulties in the way of such an improvement are but trifling. An occupied room in North College could be taken and fitted up with the necessary apparatus, while the steam would furnish all the heat required.

IN our last issue, under the heading "A Liberal Curriculum," we published a short article in reference to the now famous Soule controversy. We simply presented an abstract of the evidence offered at the investigation, with the finding of the arbitration committee. Since that time not a little has been written upon the matter, until nearly every one in the State is well informed as to the facts in the case. We con-

fess that we were disappointed in the result of the dispute, as it seemed hardly possible that the Bowdoin authorities would regard Soule as a member of the college. Upon the evidence presented, however, there can be no doubt that Soule was legally qualified to play in the league.

Mr. Soule has now ceased to be a member of that college, and consequently will no longer serve upon the ball nine. But not a little harm has been done to the development of amateur athletics by this passing episode. College students are supposed to be gentlemen in every sense of the word, and while gentlemen may encourage professional sports, it is not becoming to do so under the guise of amateur athletics. It is in this fact that we find the matter painful and deplorable. The readiness to sacrifice manliness and justice to material advantage is to us, indeed, a distressing spectacle, which augurs not well for future progress or development.

We discover, however, in this complication which has been disposed of, the faulty organization of the league. If that association were modeled after others which have the same object in view, the trouble would never have arisen. Instead of submitting the question of the eligibility of a particular player to the arbitration of outside parties, a majority of the association would have at once disposed of any such question, and any club dissatisfied with such decisions would have the privilege of withdrawing from the league.

That the adoption by the managers of the clause in reference to the eligibility of players failed of its object, no one can doubt, nor is one at a loss to account for it. According to that agreement any man, whether professional or not, who could get admittance to a college, would have a perfect right to play, even though it were known that he was paid for his services. To secure the desired ends we must pass a clause prohibiting the hiring of players, and trust to the uprightness of the different parties. Otherwise our intercollegiate athletics will lose all their deserving features.

OUR opinion has been asked by the *Cadet* concerning an intercollegiate oratorical contest. We give our hearty assent to such a proceeding, and are anxious that such a proposition should meet with the consideration it deserves. We have long been of the opinion that something of the kind was needed to again

excite among us zeal in oratorical study. It is sadly true that gradually but surely, since the decline of our literary societies, oratorical ability has been declining as well. The secret societies which now monopolize the social organizations of college, while claiming to do much for the literary improvement of their members, can by no means fill their place. If it were possible to have open and united sessions occasionally when a spirit of contest and rivalry would be excited, doubtless much would be done to restore to rhetorical study its former interest.

But although we despair of this, the project which has been suggested can undoubtedly be realized. We are confident that such contests would excite no less interest here than similar ones are doing in the West, where there are not only intercollegiate contests, but interstate as well. We hope that Bates and Bowdoin will look upon this idea with the same favor that we do, and soon we shall have the project in full operation.

THE subject which has chiefly agitated the college journalists during the past year has been the question of compulsory attendance at chapel. The feeling which has generally prevailed among the students of our larger colleges at least is that this strict discipline is belittling and degrading. College men are beginning to realize that they are men, and to look upon the rigid regulations as possessing too much of a Puritanic flavor. In Harvard, indeed, the feeling was so strong that petitions containing the names of nearly all the undergraduates were twice presented to the faculty and twice defeated, although it would seem to be in accordance with the new departures that attendance at prayers be made at least an elective.

We do not wish to advocate any such innovation here, but we do wish to utter our protest against the antiquated idea of compulsory church attendance. It may be maintained that it is a sufficient indulgence to the individual student to have the privilege of naming the church that he prefers to attend; but even this privilege, if it be a privilege, is denied to minors, and it is an unwarrantable assumption that the number of religious bodies in this place is enough to satisfy every individual belief.

But aside from the practical features of the scheme, it is as absurd as it is revolting to intro-

duce into the routine of a modern progressive institution the ancient tithing-man. We are conscious that this is essentially a religious college, but we hope not so narrow and bigoted as to attempt to stifle and obstruct the spirit of progress and independence. We believe that church attendance would be increased rather than diminished by such a course as we advocate, while the self-respect of the students will not be forced to undergo a humiliating and painful ordeal.

WE believe that no mention has yet been made in this department of this paper of the immortal "boycott." We are sorry that so much time has elapsed before we were able to give our attention to this interesting theme, but we are at the same time not without hope that this breathing spell has afforded every one an opportunity to throw aside his prejudice and passion, and prepare for reflection, consideration, and unbiased judgment. We do not intend to dwell upon this subject in its sentimental or historical aspects, but simply to notice the lesson which every such significant event must of necessity afford.

In this event we saw a whole class treating with the faculty as to a matter of discipline. The intervention of the class was not asked, but it is notorious that such intervention did have a salutary effect in correcting some of the false notions of the governing body, which arose, we are fully convinced, not from prejudice, but from ignorance of the facts. This result naturally leads to the consideration whether such arbitration would not have an equally satisfactory consummation on other occasions of discipline, and whether a conference committee or college jury might not here, as well as elsewhere, be a valuable and useful institution. We thoroughly believe that the time for arbitrary government is past, and that students should have an official utterance as to the college administration.

The President of the United States, Grover Cleveland, never attended a college of any kind. The acting Vice-President, John Sherman, is a graduate of the common schools of Ohio. The Secretary of State, Thomas F. Bayard, never got any further than a Delaware rural academy. The Speaker of the House of Representatives is a self-educated man.



## COLBY IN THE MINISTRY—No. 3.

By C. V. HANSON.

REV. SILAS ILSLEY, A.M., '34, has spent the most of his ministry in New York, and is now living in Syracuse at quite an advanced age. He had three pastorates in Maine, and has always felt a deep interest in his native State. He came from a family which has given many prominent workers to the churches of New England and other parts of the country.

Rev. James Upham, D.D., '35, has given his later years to teaching and editorial work. He was President of the New Hampton Institution at Fairfax, Vt., for several years, and editor of the *Watchman*, in Boston, for seven years. He is still a frequent contributor to the press, and his reminiscences of his college life, published in *Zion's Advocate*, have given much of the inner history of Colby in its earlier years. He resides in Chelsea, Mass., and is an interested observer of the progress of the college.

Rev. Amariah Joy, A.M., '35, after preaching for many years in New England, went West, and now resides in Michigan. He was ordained at Farmington, and had several other pastorates in the State.

Rev. Mylon Merriam, '39, has had pastorates in all of the New England States, and is widely and favorably known. He was at one time pastor at Waterville, and now resides in Coleraine, Mass.

Rev. T. G. Wright, A.M., '39, has spent the most of his ministerial life in the Middle States, but has kept his love for his *Alma Mater* through all these years, and returns from time to time to Commencement with increasing interest and desire.

Rev. Lyman Chase, '43, has been "the beloved physician," as well as a faithful and able pastor. He is a ripe scholar in the Natural Sciences, and taught them for a time in Peddie Institute, in New Jersey. He was in San Francisco for some years. He has had several pastorates in Maine, but has recently given his whole time to his work as a physician.

Rev. S. K. Smith, D.D., '45, who has held

the Chair of Rhetoric in the college since 1851, has rendered valuable services as a preacher, though his duties have not permitted him to do the work of a pastor. He is an able sermonizer, and is always heard with pleasure by those who have the privilege of his services.

Rev. H. C. Estes, D.D., '47, is well known as a scholarly minister, and is the author of "The Christian Doctrine of the Soul," a volume which has received warm praise from competent critics. He has had several pastorates in the State, but is now in Massachusetts.

Rev. H. W. Wilbur, A.M., '47, has preached in the West and in Massachusetts, but retired from the ministry some years since. He is a son of the late Deacon Asa Wilbur, of Boston, who was widely known for his generous benefactions to the benevolent and missionary work of the Baptists.

Rev. John Rounds, '49, after laboring faithfully in New England, during several pastorates, went to Minnesota, some years ago. The earlier years of his ministry were given to Maine, his native State.

Rev. A. K. P. Small, D.D., '49, is one of the most honored sons of the college. He has had a faithful and fruitful ministry, both in Maine and Massachusetts, and is still doing earnest work as pastor of the First Baptist Church in Portland. He has been a Trustee since 1860, and is justly regarded as an eloquent and influential advocate of its interests.

Rev. G. B. Gow, D.D., '52, is widely known both as an able pastor and as a warm friend of our preparatory schools. He has been principal of Coburn Classical Institute, New London Institution in New Hampshire, and financial agent of the Worcester Academy in Massachusetts. He is now pastor at Glen Falls, N. Y.

Rev. George Bullen, D.D., '53, is a prominent and influential pastor in Pawtucket, R. I. He began his ministry in Skowhegan, just before the war, and in 1862 became chaplain of the Sixteenth Maine Volunteers. After his return from the army, he resumed the work of the ministry, in which he finds increase of honor and respect with the increase of the years.

Rev. Alfred Owen, D.D., '53, has a high reputation, both as a preacher and educator. He filled several prominent pulpits with marked ability, and became President of Denison University in Granville, Ohio, in 1879. He is a

distinguished son of the college, and is a frequent visitor at Waterville.

Rev. C. F. Foster, A.M., '55, has also given much attention to educational work, and has been chaplain in two public institutions in Massachusetts. For the past few years, he has been Superintendent of Schools in Chester, Pa. He had two pastorates in this State.

Rev. S. K. Leavitt, A.M., '55, entered the ministry, after practicing law for several years, and serving as a gallant officer in the war of the Rebellion. He preached in the West for some time, but is now pastor at Jacksonville, Fla.

Rev. A. R. Crane, D.D., '56, has spent his entire ministry in Maine. He has been a Trustee since 1871, and was largely instrumental in securing the endowments for our preparatory schools. He has been a long and steadfast friend of the college, and has labored earnestly for its upbuilding.

Rev. A. C. Herrick, '57, has united the work of the educator with that of the ministry. He was principal of Hebron Academy for ten years. In recent years he has served churches in this State with marked acceptance, and is now pastor in Sacramento, Cal.

Rev. G. M. P. King, A.M., '57, is the well-known President of Wayland Seminary, Washington, D. C. He has been eminently successful as an educator of the colored people, and rejoices in the work for which he seems so peculiarly adapted. He is really both pastor and teacher of those under his charge.

Rev. I. S. Hamblen, A.M., '58, entered the ministry after having been principal of Coburn Classical Institute for several years, and after having fitted himself for the law. He has spent his entire ministry in Massachusetts.

### THE VOICE OF NATURE.

"When may I rid my troubled breast  
From all distressing cares,  
And only by the sunshine blest  
Be safe from wrecking snares."

Thus musing in my silent gloom  
I sought a calm retreat  
Where Nature from her noiseless loom  
Draws forth a gorgeous sheet.

A stream proceeding on its way  
To find the mighty sea  
A thought of beauty did portray  
Of life's activity.

The flowers that spring on every hand,  
With varied colors bright,  
Only reflect the shining grand  
Of an eternal light.

The robin sings in joyful strain,  
The sparrow chirps her note,  
The bee hums 'midst the blooming grain  
Whence pleasing perfumes float.

Of old the bard who led his flocks  
'Midst Judah's vales and peaks,  
By winding brook and jutting rock,  
His exultation speaks :

"The little hills on every side  
Bind on their girdle joy,  
Clad are the pastures far and wide  
With sheep and lambkins coy.

"In vales the wheat and barley stout  
The want of man supplies ;  
The valleys lift their heads and shout  
And sing their melodies."

Then why should human hearts be sad  
And clouded dull with gloom,  
When nature everywhere is glad  
And joys in lively bloom.

### CHAPEL SINGING.

THERE is a distinctive feature in every form of art, for every particular phase which is to be expressed. To produce certain effects, the artist will use water-colors ; to give expression to other ideas, he will take oils ; crayon or ink, again will be employed for still other effects. An etching of a landscape affects the observer far differently from a painting of the same in oils and this again from a sketch in water-colors. The true artist, then, takes advantage of this fact and uses one or another mode of expression according to the impression he wishes to leave upon the observer.

What is true of this form of art is true of all others. The statue, sculptured by Greece's immortal artist from a block of fairest Parian marble, has a widely different effect from a cast of the same in plaster, perfect though the latter may be in its imitation. And so in music, the true musician will use different modes of musical expression according as the feeling he wishes to inspire is one of patriotism, war, jollity, or solemnity. Accordingly the music which was written for the *Opera Comique* is not suitable to divine worship, nor can it arouse, in any one who has cultivated the musical instinct, any feelings



of devotion. If this general law is true, then, we should expect to find a distinctive class of musical compositions exactly suitable in character to increase the devotional spirit in chapel services.

Those who have had their attention directed to the singing during prayers, must have felt that it was not up to the standard that it ought to be or that which Colby in other respects strives to maintain. This state of affairs is not on account of a dearth of good singers, I am certain; I should attribute it rather to a lack of interest in the service. We go into prayers, not as into a recitation-room where each as an individual has his own part to perform—but as a necessary nuisance which is to be got through with as easily and quickly as possible; and the feeling of personal responsibility for the character of the music—nay, even of individual duty—is thus entirely destroyed. As a consequence, we have in front, a solo quartette, not *leading* the general singing but performing before a body of listless hearers; and somewhere in the rear, a few discordant voices, dolefully keeping behind time, to their own edification and amusement doubtless, but to the infinite disgust of those who sit around them.

This is preëminently an age of progress; reverence for the old is yielding to an extent unparalleled before, to a craving for change. This tendency has oftentimes led to baleful results; but if it could enter into our college singing it could not fail to be productive of good. That every one would like to see such a change I can not doubt; how then shall we find a remedy?

Three remedies suggest themselves which, if carried out, cannot fail to improve the quality of the singing. The first is very simple; it is that all should *stand* while singing. I have had the opportunity of visiting several colleges where this is the invariable custom and better singing is the result; both because each one thus secures an "active chest," without which no one can sing well; and also because, by the very act of rising he is made to feel that this is a part of the service to which he owes a duty.

The selection of easy and familiar songs is the second remedy I would suggest. The trustees did not make the daily attendance of all students at chapel compulsory, in order to make them listen to the *musicale* of the quartette, however artistic their rendition may be; for this

is both *malapropos* to the spirit of true worship, and at once checks the very thing we are endeavoring to promote—the hearty, co-operative singing of all.

Were these remedies properly administered, there would doubtless be a marked improvement in the quality of our chapel singing. There is one other thing, however, that will conduce greatly to the best singing and that is that all should sing the air. A few years ago it was my good fortune to be in a chorus of some two hundred voices under the leadership of the famous conductor, Carl Zerrahn; and he mentioned having once visited all the principal churches of Boston where congregational singing was still maintained. As he described it, the singing was "horrible, miserable, execrable" and not to be compared with the singing that he was accustomed to in Germany. The reason he ascribed for this difference was that here all try to fill out the harmony by adding the tenor, alto, and bass; while there, the simple melody, sung in unison by male and female voices alike gives an indescribable and wholly delightful impression of solidity and devotion to the singing.

Let all true friends of reform and progress think of these suggestions, make use of what is true and eliminate what is not; and let there be immediate and lasting improvement in this important branch of our college duty.

#### A REJOINDER.

Doth he for *baser* honors pine  
Who can whene'er he chooses  
Belong to that first champion Nine,  
The Club once called "The Muses?"

Yet stay. This will not do to tell  
The learned upper classes  
Or the co-eds.—they know too well  
That the First Nine were lasses.

But since the inspiration's come  
We will not reason why,  
Whether you saw the Muses "home"  
Or caught them "on the fly."

And though with envy we may howl  
To see you thus surpass us  
Our umpire says no common *foul*  
E'er roosted on Parnassus.

Your pen shall give our glories vent  
And while we thus aspire  
We have a classic precedent—  
Apollo kept a *lyre*!

## ONE SABBATH.

WE were immersed in the delights and mysteries of Botany that spring term, and a more enthusiastic class never waded through bogs and fought a way through obstinate brambles in pursuit of the shy Flora. Our frequent excursions charmed us by their novelty, and in the first flush of our new delight, field and forest were our abiding places, and all conversation in class circles, not botanical, was sent to Coventry *pro tempore*. Even Sunday, to us, was not a day of rest. Indeed the churches in the saintly old college town knew us no more, and the majority of our gallant class preferred to listen to Nature's mute sermons preached by the woodland and meadow.

As I look back from man's stern duties and cares, to joys of my college years, I dwell longest and most gladly upon those summer days' tramps. I believed through it all that I was religiously performing college work from a sense of duty, and never paused to wonder whence this unwonted interest and pleasure. Nor either did I feel the least compunction at slighting every other college duty while I was absorbed in botanical researches, but gracefully scored my failure at each recitation, all the while priding myself upon my close attention to the term's work. Botany loomed up large enough to hide all the rest. Invariably I spent Sunday in an extended country walk, skulking out of town by the back streets to avoid entering into strained relations with any member of the Faculty.

Near the close of the term when the June days were becoming sultry, I set forth to desecrate the Sabbath according to my usual custom. The early morning was charming. But, fear not—I will not pen a column of description that shall cloy you with “sparkling refulgence,” “dew-gemmed grass,” and “warbling songsters.” You, as well as I, can remember the beauty of a June morning when not a cloud is in the sky.

Weary of the old haunts, on this morning I took a different course and was soon plodding on over a country road, scanning the wayside banks for new floral treasures.

The sun was hot above my head, when, after the ascent of a long, shaded hill, there stood before my eyes a Quaker church in all its pristine, quaint simplicity. No one who has ever

seen such a building, can mistake the broad, low structure, with great, staring, many-paned windows, its roof undecked by steeple, its doors and windows, guiltless of carvings and trimmings yet withal, calling a thrill of pleasure from some hidden chord of the heart, by its prim angularity.

Dusty and footsore as I was, I relished the idea of a quiet hour amongst the worshipping Friends, picturing to myself a shaded corner of some secluded pew. I entered the white-washed vestibule, and half-startled by the echoing of my feet upon the uneven floor, with some trepidation, opened the inner creaking door, that, loosely hung, scraped heavily upon the floor. In a hurried glance about, I had an indistinct view of many eyes staring over the high-backed pews at the late arrival, and then I was conducted up the uncarpeted aisle by an elderly Friend, with a funeral cast of countenance, whose shoes creaked forth despairing wails. Then leaving me to the tender mercies of a back-breaking pew, he creaked his ponderous way back down the aisle. For some moments I did not venture to look up or about, but attempted to conform my rebellious body to the torturing outlines of my seat.

To-day, after the lapse of all these years, this scene comes back to me in all its sweetness and freshness, the venerable elders on the “high seats,” immovable as statues in their stiff chokers, the hushed and reverent congregation, the sexes rigorously separated by a semi-partition, and over all a solemn stillness that seemed to shame Nature's drowsy voices in the world without. For to-day the spirit moved no one to speak, and that “silent meeting,” so impressive to the thoughtful mind, held the congregation in its hush. The sisters upon the “high seats,” with hands meekly folded before them, gazed steadfastly forth from the drab bonnets that shaded their faces and from where I sat, not even the tremor of an eyelid could I discern. So fully did I enter into the reverence and solemnity of the occasion, that I looked upon a yellow bee that hummed over our heads, as a malefactor, and positively shuddered at the irreverence of a bobolink that persisted in his “spink, spank, spink” directly under the window.

At last when the novelty of my situation had in some degree worn off, I could not resist

an occasional peep over into the other division. All at once my eyes in their wanderings encountered the merriest pair of black eyes that ever danced under a prim Quaker bonnet. The eyes with maidenly modesty swiftly flashed aside, and bent themselves upon the floor with added devoutness. But the deed was done, I seemed bewitched, and my faculties seemed deserting me. The carol of the bobolink mingled with the humming of the bee, grew louder and faster, and seemed to be the music of an orchestra filling the church with its loud peals. And, wonder of wonders, the stiff-necked elders on the "high seats" lost their abstracted and reverent air and became the puffing musicians, who played strains that jarred on the Sabbath stillness of the Quaker church. I looked about, expecting to see the horrified congregation rising in injured remonstrance. But lo! The straight-backed pews had been removed in a twinkling, and the sisters in full dress sat in a splendid ball-room. As I gazed thunderstruck upon the miraculous transformation, I beheld the young Quakeress, now wondrously bedight, beckon with her fan, and I sprang forward to meet and greet her. But horror! As I touched her hand she became a beautiful flower, whose two anthers seemed like black eyes,—the orchestra of ex-elders became a crowd of my classmates who were laughing with the voices of bees and bobolinks at my fervent expostulations and protests against plucking out a pretty Quakeress' black eyes. Then they all merged into one being who assumed the features of our Professor in Botany, and who thundered forth the command to spare not the traitorous eyes and—I awoke to see the elders shaking hands and hear a sedate old farmer address me "Friend, thou hast been slumbering."

#### EDGAR ALLAN POE.

ONE of the brightest and strangest geniuses that ever figured in American literature was Edgar Allan Poe's, who has recently been brought to our attention by the monument which has lately been erected to his memory in New York. Over no American poet has there been so much controversy in regard to character and genius. So contradictory are the statements in regard to his life that as little can be learned of him as if he had lived centuries ago. By some his genius is lauded to the skies, and

he is declared to have no equal as a lyricist in any literature. By others he is cried down, and his poems declared weak and morbid. Stories as nearly opposite we hear of his life. The most authentic of these, together with his premature death, seem to favor the general opinions that his morals were not of the highest order. But this sad moral lack is attributable to his passion for drink, which undoubtedly swept him to an early grave. Bad, however, as his character may have been, it has been unfortunately exaggerated by the best known of his biographers, William Griswold. This work, in every page of which can be found the plainest traces of malice and envy, has been repeatedly answered by a number of Poe's admirers, but the effect it has produced on the popular mind can never be entirely obliterated. But out of these dark shadows of his private life the light of genius shines sure and steadfast, and casts a kindly beam upon an existence which would have otherwise been worse than useless; and were it not for these vices and the misfortunes to which they lead, no American poet would be, for a moment, regarded his equal. Of what a pure and upright life will add to genius, our idolized Longfellow furnishes an example, as Poe does of what vice will detract from it. To consider a poet as a poet, however, private character should be laid aside, and the fruits of genius alone be considered. This done, the fine and original genius of Poe stands unrivaled in our line of American poets. Sad it is that a career so dark and disastrous should be united with a genius so bright.

Of his works which are slight in substance, the "Raven" is easily chief, and, all things considered, may be regarded as the first of any American metrical composition. Nothing could be more original, and nothing has been produced on this continent which begets so lively an interest in the minds of all classes of readers. The wildness and weirdness of the work is impressive to a wonderful degree, and easily throws the reader into its spirit. None of his other works can for a moment compare with this. The "Bells," which, perhaps, ranks next to it, is, however, a beautiful piece of composition, full of music and spirit. His prose works are somewhat in the style of the "Raven," though morbidly tending in some cases to painful and ghostly effects. Throughout the whole of his



works there is a spirit of sorrow and gloom which is significant of his private misfortunes. Even the "Raven," which has so inseparably linked his name with the brightest geniuses the world has produced, is thought by some to refer to his passion for drink.



"Sand."

By Jehosephat!

All up! All up!

Yes, sir, if you please.

"Have you got an invitation?"

"We will have no lecture to-night."

*Me miserum!* He has shuffled the cards!

Mac, we are told, is taking a short vacation at home.

Farnham, '89, has resumed work with his class.

The Seniors are through with their examinations.

Don't fail to read David's offers for "False Orders." It is a rare opportunity to dispose of old stock.

W. E. Akers, of Waterville, is taking the course of lectures in Chemical Physics with the Sophomores.

The "125 pounds of natural ability" seems to have been weighed in the balance and found wanting this season.

The popular game of lawn tennis was first introduced at Colby in the fall of 1881. Now there are six courts in daily use.

Prof. Wadsworth recently went to New York to meet his wife, who had just returned after residing for a year and a half in Germany.

An interest is being manifested in the study of Natural History. The habits of the bat and of a certain specimen of the marmot family, commonly called the woodchuck, have recently received special attention.

When Sam started for Richmond, Va., the boys supplemented their hearty good-bye and best wishes in a very substantial manner. The

Sophomores gave him a fine tall beaver, and the other classes ten dollars in cash.

The Bible and the new singing books which the Juniors stole from the chapel and buried under the Gymnasium have been resurrected and restored to their place, but they have not yet shaken off all the grave dust.

Prof.—"Is anything the trouble there?" Herr K—— (looking down at his front gear)—"Nothing that I am *aware* of." It is surprising how far a newly-boiled egg will travel around a German class *via* each man's pocket.

Malignity alone could prompt so cowardly an act as that perpetrated against one of our Professors, when his beautiful hedge was pulled up. No punishment which the Faculty can inflict is too severe for the willful destruction of property.

Again the general book agent has appeared, and it is rumored that several of the boys will thread the wilds of western New York the coming summer in the interest of W. C. King & Co. Remember, "All that glitters is not gold."

Hon. J. H. Drummond of Portland was recently on the campus, and witnessed the close contest between the Bates and Colbys with much interest. He remarked to one of the boys that it was the first scientific game of ball he had ever seen played.

The Professor of Greek is so anxious that the Sophomores should plod along on foot and not engage in the delightful exercise of horse-back riding that he refrains altogether from using the word horse, and even translates *ὁ ἐπὶ τῶν ἰππέων*, "general of infantry."

A stranger, after gazing intently at the Bricks for some time, at last approached a Sophomore and said, "I was told this was a college, but it does not look like one." The Sophomore politely assured him that he had been misinformed; it was only a cotton mill, and the people he saw were operatives going to their dinner.

The Salvation Army folks are sometimes as quick to see a point as other people. "A Junior entering the other night, handed a quarter to the fair door-keeper and requested her to take out five cents; whereupon that personage, with an eye to the best interests of her company, took him at his word and blandly drew out the stated

sum from the choice collections of coins within the tambourine, and handed it to him with thanks.

A Sophomore of an inquiring turn of mind was examining recently the wheel-pit in the new electric light building, when the idea occurred to him that there was no place of exit for the water after it once entered. Seeking a solution of his difficulty from a workman, he was crushed by the reply that they were going to lug it up in buckets.

Our Professor of Greek is very fond of illustrating difficult constructions by quotations. This he does with the greatest facility, from his intimate acquaintance with English authors. Below is one of his happiest selections:

Then black-eyed Susan came on board;  
 "Oh, where shall I my true love find?  
 Come, tell me, jovial sailors, tell me true,  
 Does my sweet William sail among your crew?"

The Commencement speakers are as follows: R. J. Condon, S. B. Overlock, G. P. Phenix, S. Plaisted, H. L. Putnam, T. J. Ramsdell, A. M. Richardson, Bessie R. White, Julia E. Winslow. Speakers for Junior Prize Declamation—O. L. Beverage, W. Bradbury, C. E. Cook, H. F. Day, W. B. Farr, E. F. Goodwin, S. H. Holmes, C. C. Richardson, Bessie A. Mortimer, Maud E. Kingsley.

By some unaccountable blunder a leg and arm factory of Massachusetts sent to one of the students who had recently given them an order, a limb which for delicacy of shape and size illy compared with the one it was intended to mate. The arrival of this article had been long looked for by the students, and the disappointment of those who gathered to see it unpacked was hardly less than that of the expectant owner himself.

The second tennis tournament in the set of three which had been arranged between Bowdoin and Colby was played at Lewiston, Saturday, May 29th. The following is the score: Doubles won by Bowdoin, 7-5, 6-4; singles by Colby, 6-2, 4-6, 6-3. The third and final meeting of the teams of the two colleges took place at Brunswick, Monday, May 31st. The Bowdoin won in both singles and doubles. The score of the doubles was 9-7, 6-4; of the singles, 6-4, 11-9. The result of the games gives Bowdoin the championship in the doubles

and Colby in the singles. In the last two meetings Berry and Williamson represented Bowdoin as before, while Perkins and Pepper composed the Colby team. The singles in all three cases were played by Perkins.

Friday evening, May 28th, a number of the boys enjoyed the hospitality of the Instituters at the periodical sociable held in the Institute building. The boys showed themselves worthy alumni, improved their opportunities, and did not fall behind their well-established record when the excellent collation was served. The Instituters are to be congratulated upon the success of their unique entertainment and upon the marked sociability of the gathering. It was remarked by some that there is evidently a change in the government of the Institute in regard to social gatherings.

With mingled feelings of pride and regret the students assembled in the reading-room a short time ago to listen to the parting words of the janitor, previous to his departure for Virginia. The address, though brief, contains a world of meaning to the initiated. The ECHO stenographer was present, and hence we are able to give it in full:

*Young Gentlemen of Colby University:*

I wish dis mornin' to return tanks to all fur your noble kindness. I have often said when I been sick to home to my wife: "No need fur you to grieve, fur as long as dar is a student at Colby University dey will never let us suffer." So now as I did apply to you for such needs as I felt in need of, you all responded to dem, an' I tank you from the sincere of my heart. When I am away I will still tink of de students of Colby University, but not of what you be doin'. Young gentlemen of Colby University, while I am away, for your janitor's sake respect Colby. So when I ask to be given up again, de President will give his cheerful consent.

The Freshman Prize Reading occurred at the Baptist Church, Wednesday evening, May 26th. Pullen's Orchestra furnished excellent music. A piece from "Mikado" was rendered, to the great delight of the audience. The best of judgment was not exercised in the selections, and consequently the programme was somewhat long and monotonous. The prizes for excellence in reading were awarded, first to E. F. Stevens, second to W. S. Elden. Of the ladies, Miss Lizzie Noyes received the first prize, and Miss Hattie Parmenter the second. Honorable mention was also made of H. W. Frye. A notice-

able fact in connection with the awarding of the prizes is that all the recipients are from Waterville. Below is the programme :

## MUSIC.

## PRAYER.

## MUSIC.

The Benediction. Coppee. Wallace S. Elden.  
The Healing of Jairus' Daughter. Willis. Mary L. Tobey.  
The Candidate's Creed. Lowell. Fred V. Matthews.  
Homily on Early Rising. Matthews. Lincoln Owen.

## MUSIC.

New England Chevy Chase. Holmes. Edward F. Stevens.  
The Old Actor's Story. Sims. Sarah L. Noyes.  
The Dying Alchemist. Willis. Henry W. Tappan.  
The Prisoners at Herculaneum. Atherstone. Henry B. Woods.

## MUSIC.

The Death Bridge of the Tay. Carleton. Hattie M. Parmenter.  
E Pluribus Unum. Henry W. Frye.  
Parrhasius. Willis. Abram Wyman.

## MUSIC.

## FIELD DAY.

The Eighth Annual Field Day was observed Friday, June 4th. The students are to be congratulated upon their marked success in athletics. Several new contests were added this year which helped to increase the interest in the exercises. Through the energetic and efficient management of the officers in charge there were no unpleasant delays, but all the proceedings were characterized by dispatch. For the little practice the boys have had this season the records are good. In six cases they are better than those of last year, and two or three are better than those of any previous year. Below is the programme :

Hurdle Race, 120 yards—1st prize won by Beverage, '87; time 17 6-10 seconds; 2d prize won by Small, '87.

Putting Shot, 16 pounds—1st prize won by Gibbs, '88; 31 feet 3 1-2 inches; 2d prize won by Drummond, '88.

Bar Vault—won by Beverage, '87; 6 feet 6 inches.

One Hundred Yards Dash—1st prize won by Larrabee, '87; time 12 seconds; 2d prize won by Drummond, '88.

Back-to-Back Race—1st prizes won by Drummond and Pulsifer, both of '88; time 16 2-10 seconds; 2d prizes won by Harvey and Small, both of '87.

Standing Broad Jump—1st prize won by Pulsifer, '88; 10 feet 7 inches; 2d prize won by Small, '87.

Bicycle Race, 1-2 mile—won by Woods, '89.

Potato Race—1st prize won by Dow, '87; time, 1 minute 53 6-10 seconds; 2d prize won by Lorimer, '88.

Throwing Hammer, 17 pounds—1st prize won by Beverage, '87; 77 feet 2 inches; 2d prize won by Moore, '87.

Two Hundred and Twenty Yards Dash—won by Drummond, '88; time, 28 seconds.

Peg Jump—1st prize won by Gibbs, '88; 29 feet 5 inches; 2d prize won by Small, '87.

Running Broad Jump—1st prize won by Beverage, '87, 16 feet 1 1-2 inches; 2d prize won by Pulsifer, '88.

Throwing Base-Ball—won by Larrabee, '87; 297 feet 1 inch.

Obstacle Race—1st prize won by Dow, '87; time, 22 6-10 seconds; 2d prize won by P. N. Burleigh, '87.

Bar Jump—won by Small, '86; 11 feet 2 inches.

Consolation Race, 1-4 mile run—1st prize won by C. E. Holbrook, '88; time, 29 seconds; 2d prize won by Burbank, '89.

The Class Cup was won by '87.

## BASE-BALL.

## COLBY VS. BATES.

The prophecy made by many of the students at the opening of the season, that there were to be no walk-overs this season, is being amply verified, for the first game between Colby and Bates played on the campus, Wednesday, May 26th, was only one of the many games the result of which could not be told until the last man was out. Underwood, who shows remarkable improvement since he played upon the Kent's Hills, bothered the home nine considerably at first, but towards the last of the game they began to find him more easily, and in the last inning batted him for just the number of hits required to win the game. Pulsifer caught his first game of the season in an almost perfect manner. Following is the score :

## COLBY.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
F. Goodwin, p.,	4	2	1	2	2	14	1
Putnam, c. f.,	4	1	1	1	2	0	0
Webber, 1b.,	4	2	1	1	8	0	0
Pulsifer, c.,	2	0	0	0	8	5	1
Gibbs, l. f.,	4	0	1	1	1	0	0
Mathews, r. f.,	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
W. Goodwin, s. s.,	4	0	0	0	1	1	3
Farr, 2b.,	4	0	0	0	4	0	3
Boyd, 3b.,	3	0	0	0	1	0	3
Totals,	33	5	4	5	27	20	11

## BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Sandford, c.,	4	0	0	0	13	0	3
Nickerson, 3b.,	4	0	0	0	0	0	2
Underwood, p.,	3	1	0	0	1	15	1
Woodman, s. s.,	4	0	0	0	2	3	0
Call, c. f.,	4	1	1	1	1	0	0
Cutts, 2b.,	4	0	1	1	0	1	1
Tinker, r. f.,	4	1	0	0	0	0	1
Small, 1b.,	4	1	1	1	5	0	0
Flanders, l. f.,	3	0	1	1	2	0	1
Totals,	34	4	4	4	24	19	9

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Colby, . . .	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	3	—5
Bates, . . .	0	0	0	0	3	1	0	0	0—4

Runs earned—Colby, 1. First-base on errors—Colby 6, Bates 6. First-base on balls—Underwood 2, Goodwin 1. Total balls called—Goodwin 56, Underwood 93. Struck out—by Goodwin 9, by Underwood 14. Total strikes called—Goodwin 14, Underwood 17. Double plays—Pulsifer and Webber. Time of Game—2 hours 30 minutes. Umpire—Michael Coyne of Lewiston.

COLBY, 1; BOWDOIN, 0.

The above heading alone is sufficient to bring joy to every Colby man's heart and, to most, comments are unnecessary. In the game the nine faced Wilson for the first time this season, Saturday, May 29th, and the small number of hits made on the Colby side, shows the wisdom of Bowdoin in putting him in the box, while the equally small number on Bowdoin's score gives evidence that in their two years of batting Goodwin, they have not yet solved the mystery of his curves. To particularize the good playing by each would be only giving the names of the individual members of the nine, for all did wonderfully well. Their crippled condition caused by the absence of Larrabee, occasioned serious apprehension among the boys as to the result of the game, and when the good news reached the expectant group of students, who had by common consent gathered upon the campus, the utmost rejoicing prevailed. The old bell which has done service for so many years in heralding Colby's victories, aided by horns, which had witnessed from one to three bloody Monday nights, awoke the echoes in a manner which is seldom heard upon the campus. As soon as the boys could sober down sufficiently, arrangements began to be made to give the nine such a reception as their victory deserved. A band was hired and tar barrels and heaps of boxes were collected and long before the train arrived the campus was in a perfect blaze of light. As soon as possible after the train rolled into the depot, the victors were seized and carried upon the shoulders of the crowd to the barge which stood in readiness and then hauled over town by a band of rejoicing students. A number of houses were illuminated and everywhere the boys were greeted with deafening cheers. President Pepper and Professor Small were serenaded and responded in warm congratulations. After the circuit of the town had been made and every one was hoarse with cheering, the Bates nine was met upon the Pullman and mutual con-

gratulations were exchanged. The following is the score:

## COLBY.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
F. Goodwin, p., . . . . .	4	0	0	0	0	11	0
Putnam, c. f., . . . . .	4	0	1	1	1	0	0
Webber, 1b., . . . . .	4	1	0	0	12	0	2
W. Goodwin, 2b., . . . . .	4	0	0	0	3	1	0
Pulsifer, c., . . . . .	4	0	0	0	6	3	0
Gibbs, 1. f., . . . . .	4	0	1	2	2	0	0
Mathews, s. s., . . . . .	3	0	1	1	0	3	0
Bowman, r. f., . . . . .	3	0	0	0	1	0	1
Boyd, 3b., . . . . .	3	0	0	0	2	2	1
Totals, . . . . .	33	1	3	4	27	20	4

## BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Dearth, c. f., . . . . .	4	0	1	2	0	0	0
Moulton, c., . . . . .	4	0	1	1	12	0	0
Pushor, 1b., . . . . .	4	0	0	0	12	0	0
Wilson, p., . . . . .	4	0	1	2	0	18	1
Soule, 3b., . . . . .	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Talbot, 1. f., . . . . .	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Larrabee, r. f., . . . . .	3	0	0	0	0	1	0
Freeman, 2b., . . . . .	3	0	0	0	1	3	0
Davis, s. s., . . . . .	3	0	0	0	1	1	2
Totals, . . . . .	32	0	3	5	27	25	4

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Colby, . . . . .	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—1
Bowdoin, . . . . .	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

First base on errors—Colby 4, Bowdoin 4. Total balls called—Goodwin 64, Wilson 56. Struck out—by Goodwin 5, Wilson, 12. Total strikes called—Goodwin 15, Wilson 13. Passed balls—Moulton 1. Bases stolen—W. Goodwin 1, Dearth 1, Larrabee 1, F. Goodwin 1. Time of game—2 hours. Umpire—Michael Coyne.

The Bowdoin came with dreams of fame  
And glory for all time,  
But home they went with sad lament,  
Their joy-bells not to chime.

To their chagrin they failed to win  
Through all a single score;  
And only one his third base won,  
And that chagrined them more.

The catcher, too, was pretty blue,  
Because caught off his base,  
Barouches and train all hired in vain  
Served but for their disgrace.

They proud did come to overcome  
Our Colbys strong and brave!  
But now we meet and gladly beat  
Their marches to the grave.

## MAINE CENTRAL INSTITUTE VS. COLBY.

On the forenoon of Memorial Day an exhibition game was played with the Maine Central Institute Club of Pittsfield. Here for the first time this season a new battery, consisting of Drummond and W. Goodwin, officiated in all but the last inning. The principal features of the game were the batting of Pulsifer, who obtained a hit every time he came to the

bat, and the three-bagger of Drummond. The following is the score:

## COLBY.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
F. Goodwin, 2b., p.,	5	2	0	0	3	5	2
Putnam, c. f.,	5	2	2	2	1	0	0
Webber, 1b.,	5	3	1	1	12	0	0
W. Goodwin, c., 2b.,	5	2	2	3	5	3	1
Pulsifer, r. f., c.,	4	4	4	5	3	1	1
Gibbs, l. f.,	5	0	1	1	0	0	1
Mathews, s. s.,	5	1	0	0	1	1	1
Drummond, p., r. f.,	5	1	1	3	0	8	1
Boyd, 3b.,	5	0	0	0	2	2	0
Totals,	44	15	11	15	27	20	7

## M. C. I.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
L. E. Graves, s. s.,	4	0	0	0	2	3	5
Gilmore, p., 1b.,	4	2	2	2	2	4	2
Libby, c., 3b.,	4	1	2	2	7	3	2
Parks, 2b.,	4	2	1	1	4	2	4
Barrows, 1b, l. f.,	5	0	0	0	4	0	0
Haskell, r. f.,	4	0	0	0	1	0	1
Rackliff, l. f., p.,	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
L. H. Graves, 3b., c.,	4	0	0	0	3	0	3
Friend, c. f.,	4	0	0	0	1	1	1
Totals,	37	5	5	5	24	13	17

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Colby,	0	1	3	0	0	1	3	7	—15
M. C. I.,	0	1	0	0	0	3	0	1	0—5

First-base on errors—Colby 14, M. C. I. 5. First-base on balls—Colby 1. Struck out—Drummond 6, F. Goodwin 3, Gilmore 3. Total strikes called—Drummond 11, Gilmore 8. Double plays—Libby and Barrows, Friend, Parks and L. H. Graves. Passed balls—W. Goodwin 5, Libby 4, L. H. Graves, 4. Wild pitches—Gilmore 1. Time of game—2 hours. Umpire—J. F. Larrabee, '87.

## COLBY VS. MAINE STATE COLLEGE.

The nine suffered a second defeat on the campus, Wednesday, June 2d. For the first time in its history, the Maine State College has won a game off Colby, but, as in the case of the other game lost by us, it took ten innings to do it. The error columns of both nines show remarkably good playing, but the terrific batting of the visitors was what did the work, and added another defeat to our list just when it was not needed. A wonderful fly catch by Vose in the left field, was a feature of the game. The score:

## COLBY.

	A.T.	R.	1b.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
F. Goodwin, p.,	5	1	0	0	0	12	0
Putnam, c. f.,	5	1	3	3	3	0	0
Webber, 1b.,	5	0	0	0	16	0	0
W. Goodwin, 2b.,	5	0	0	0	1	5	0
Pulsifer, c.,	5	0	2	2	5	1	0
Gibbs, l. f.,	4	1	1	1	1	0	0
Mathews, s. s.,	4	1	1	1	0	2	1
Bowman, r. f.,	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
Boyd, 3b.,	4	0	0	0	1	2	2
Total	41	4	7	7	29*	22	3

## M. S. C.

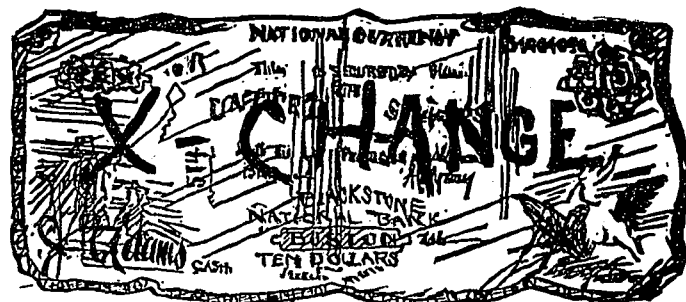
	A.B.	R.	1b.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Mason, 1b.,	5	1	1	1	12	0	0
Ray, s. s.,	4	1	1	2	3	3	1
Burleigh, c. f.,	5	1	2	2	2	0	0
Small, p.,	5	1	1	1	0	12	1
McNally, r. f.,	5	1	1	1	2	0	1
Rogers, c.,	5	1	1	1	6	3	1
Elwell, 3b.,	5	1	1	1	0	0	0
Philbrook, 2b.,	5	0	0	0	3	2	1
Vose, l. f.,	4	0	1	1	1	0	1
Totals,	43	7	9	10	30	20	6

\*Mason out for not running.

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Colby,	2	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0—4
M. S. C.,	0	1	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	3—7

Runs earned—M. S. C. 4. First-base on errors—Colby 3, M. S. C. 3. First base on balls—M. S. C. 1. Total balls called—Goodwin 61, Small 56. Struck out—Goodwin 3, Small 7. Total strikes called—Goodwin 8, Small 7. Passed balls—Pulsifer 2, Rogers 2. Wild pitches—Goodwin 1, Small 2. Time of game—2 hours. Umpire—Harry Oxley.



We must ask our readers' indulgence for the Exchange Column of this issue, for our time and attention has been so fully occupied by duties outside the sanctum, that we have given only a hasty glance to many of our exchanges, which we would otherwise have gladly perused with care. Almost the first thing that meets our eye is the following, which we clip from the *Delaware College Review*:

"As we bid adieu to the retiring board of the *Colby Echo*, we wish to say that with none of our exchanges has our connection and intercourse been more pleasant, and it stands forth pre-eminently as a model of college journalism; and the last issue keeps up the standard which has characterized it for the past year. If the incoming board are equal to their predecessors, we give them a hearty welcome to our sanctum." This, while it makes us feel more deeply the responsibility of our position, also stimulates us to exertion, and we trust that, in the future, though we can hardly hope to equal our predecessors, the columns of the *ECHO* will contain such matter that at least it will not be an unwelcome visitor to the sanctum of the *Review*.

The next publication we turn to is the *College Courier*, which attracts our attention more by the fact that its editorial staff contains five Freshmen, than by any special excellence of the paper itself. However, it contains a well-written article entitled "Conservation an Element of Progress," and on the whole is not a badly gotten-up paper.

The *Cornell Era* of May 22d, contains a large amount of wholesome and interesting reading matter, and appears to be a very well-edited journal, in every way worthy of "Old Cornell."

The *Williams Fortnight* is interesting, and



contains much matter that can well bear criticism. One feature of it is especially pleasant. It contains several short, spicy bits of poetry, which help to relieve the everlasting sameness so characteristic of many college journals.

The *Lasell Leaves* we would recognize at once, by the general tone of its contents, as coming from a sanctum not desecrated by the sterner sex. It is a lively, well-conducted journal, and although it contains much that can scarcely interest male readers, it is in every way worthy of the institution which it represents.

We open the *Tech.* expecting to find something interesting, and are not disappointed. We soon become completely absorbed in the article entitled "Students in Politics," and as we follow the writer from one country to another, in his description of students of different nationalities, we become convinced of a thing concerning which there has long been a doubt in our mind. It is that the American students are not the worst in the world.

The *Vanderbilt Observer* next catches our eye. Its peculiar colored cover renders it conspicuous among our host of exchanges. Its contents are in the main good, and we were especially interested in the article, entitled "Carlyle's Influence on his Contemporaries"; though how the writer can make the statement, that "the hope of a universal democracy, born with the French revolution, died with a last grand, agonizing effort at Waterloo," is a thing that we can scarcely comprehend. In our opinion, Waterloo did more towards ridding the world of despotism than any other battle of the nineteenth century.

We notice that one of our exchanges are having trouble with the faculty of the institution from which it is issued. It seems that the students are not to be allowed to insert matter in its columns without its first going before a committee of inspection. This the students refuse to do, and there is some doubt as to the continuation of the journal. Of course we know nothing of the circumstances of the case, or what provocation the faculty may have had for taking such a stand, but it seems to us that when the students of an institution cannot be trusted by the officers to issue a publication on their own responsibility, it is time for them to part company. It is a great disadvantage to both the faculties and students of the greater

number of colleges, that there is an entire lack of confidence, on the part of the faculty, in the students, except, perhaps, in a certain few, whose words are taken as law and gospel, and who are held up as models for the rest to go by. The old saying is, "There is honor among thieves," and most assuredly there is among college students, for we daily see it exemplified in the implicit confidence they have in one another. Not one in a hundred can be found who will abuse this confidence, yet we often see a student who, in his dealings with his companions acts with the utmost honesty, in his intercourse with the officers of the college, exactly the opposite. The explanation is easy. In the first case, he knows that a certain amount of confidence is placed in him, and he will not abuse it. In the second, he *thinks* that the ones with whom he is dealing, places no confidence in him, and accordingly does not consider it wrong to act dishonestly.

But we have already occupied too much space in this discussion, and we turn once more to our exchanges. This time it is the *College Rambler* that demands our attention. And let us remark here that a set of new covers, with a nice design of some sort would make it very much more pleasing to its friends, though, of course, if the inside comes up to the standard, it matters little about the covers. The *Rambler* contains some very fair reading matter, and we would pass it by as a well-conducted paper, were it not for the extreme weakness of its Exchange Column. Almost the first thing that comes under our eye here is a criticism on the *Ewing Student*, for printing a part of an article on its cover. The editor says "*it appears anything but artistic.*" He should remember the old adage that "people who live in glass houses should not throw stones." Then he offers to send the *Arkansas Student* a *Rambler*, and let him see what a good paper looks like. You would do well to remember, my egotistical friend, that there may be a difference of opinions in regard to the excellence of your productions. At any rate, it would be well to let others sing their praises.

The Cornell Seniors are to be subjected to an investigation by a noted oculist of Chicago in order to determine what effect four years' study has on the eyes.



[LATEST.—Bowdoin has lost her Soule but saved her Hyde.—*Associated Press.*]

## SENIORS.

Four *oraputa* passed, twelve parasangs,  
Since from youth's early days you sped.  
Through blended ways of joys and cares  
Your *Alma Mater* you has led.

You stand near by the parting Styx  
And wait Commencement's near arrive,  
That Charon soon shall bear you o'er  
To realms where our Alumni thrive.

## THE BOTANISTS.

Bright may the sun shine forth to-day,  
Hived at the Bricks we will not stay.

Away we go.  
Over the fields and forests roam,  
Where the glad wood-nymphs make their home,  
And flowers grow.

Tremble ye not at th' joyous song,  
Rustics to whom the farms belong,  
Though we are gay.

Indians' war-whoops now are still,  
They rove no more o'er vale and hill,  
We are not they.

Earnest seekers after truth.—The men who stole the Bible.

"My question puzzles you," said a professor to a pupil. "Not at all," was the bright reply, "it is the answer that is a sticker."—*Ex.*

"What is the difference between an angry lover and a jilted maid?" "Give it up, old man." "Why, one is a cross-beau and the other is a cut-lass."—*Ex.*

Talented Senior—"Pardon me, Miss Budd, is it true that you are engaged to my classmate, Charley Howard?" Miss Budd—"That's a very pointed question." "Excuse my asking, but I am historian for our class, and am getting all the grinds on the fellows I can."—*Ex.*

"Variety's the spice of life,"

As William Cowper said it;

"A longing for some pocket-change"

Would have been to his credit.

"Have you heard how Brown is this morning?" "Very much better; they had two doctors in attendance all night." "That was absurd." "How so?" "It was, at any rate, a pair-o'-doc's."—*Ex.*



[The alumni are earnestly requested to furnish items for this column.]

'39.

Rev. S. L. Caldwell, D.D., ex-President of Vassar College, has taken up his residence at Providence, R. I., where he was formerly pastor.

'62.

Rev. Alonzo Bunker, missionary in Burmah, has been out gunning, lately, with his little band, and bagged the leader of the Dacoit Rebels, for whose capture the English Government offered a reward of 5,000 rupees.

'75.

Rev. E. J. Colcord's poem, delivered at Saxton's River, Vt., Memorial Day, is published in the *Bellows Falls Times* of June 3d.

'76.

C. C. Tilley, of Lewiston, was in town, May 31st, to attend a meeting of the Baptist conference.

'80.

C. H. Case is reported very sick in Pasadena, Cal.

John Case is engaged in missionary work in Burmah.

'82.

Rev. F. W. Farr, pastor of Adam Street Baptist Church, was married, May 27th, to Miss Susie A. Coltman of Portland.

'83.

C. H. Hanson and G. W. Hanson graduated from the Law Department of Boston University at the late Commencement.

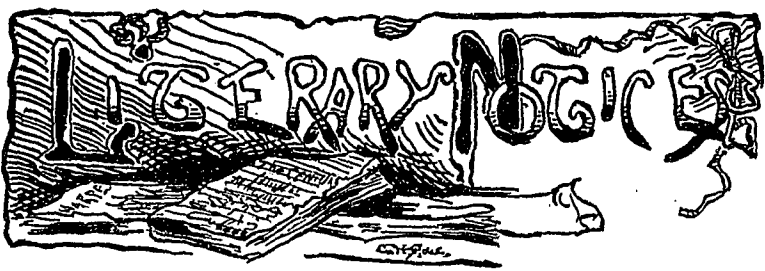
A. C. Hinds has left the *Advertiser*, and gone to the *Portland Press*, exchanging places with Walter Emerson.

'84.

Walter Emerson is now with the *Advertiser*. Harry Kingman, recently of the Hartford Theological School, is engaged in missionary work in Dakota.

W. K. Clement has a brief, but soul-stirring article on "Postpositive Etenim," in the *Journal of Philology* for April.

G. B. Illesley, '68, F. M. Donnell and Walter Emerson, '84, H. C. Barton, '88, and W. M. Cole, formerly of '88, have been in town within the past two weeks.



The June number of *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine* is largely devoted to the labor question. Mr. Fred. Perry Powers foresees the coming of "The Industrial Republic," under which the laboring classes will get a larger share of the fruits of their labor than they do now. He looks upon the present troubles as necessary attendants upon even the most orderly social revolutions. There is no cause for alarm. The labor agitators are no doubt doing a great many unwise and some wrong things, but we inherit our political liberties from men of whom the same might be said. The final outcome of the struggle will be beneficial to all. "We shall gradually alter our industrial organization, he concludes, "till, in the course of years, we shall find we are living in an industrial republic, having in the period of transition got rid of a great deal of economic rubbish, just as our ancestors got rid of a good deal of political rubbish,—having done, like our ancestors, a good many unwise and some wrong things, and having destroyed a good many so-called corner-stones of human society, which were found to be only additions to the weight and not at all to the strength of the social structure; and as the result of all this we shall be vastly better and more comfortable. But nobody will then have such immense power in the commercial and industrial work as a good many have now, and for them and their heirs the change will be inconvenient, just as the popular uprisings in Europe during the last fifty years have thrown a good many kings out of employment, and doomed a good many heirs-apparent to pass their lives in the ranks of ordinary humanity." To the "Experience Meeting," Martin Irons contributes an autobiographical sketch, "My Experiences in the Labor Movement," written with a frankness and sincerity which make it very entertaining. "Some Experiences of a Working-Girl," another article in the same department, is a powerful and pathetic appeal on behalf of the ill-paid factory girls, by one who has seen and suffered the wretchedness she commiserates. "The Experiences of a Street-Car Conductor" is noteworthy from the fact that the writer finds nothing to complain of in his position, but contrasts it favorably with the lot of thousands of his fellow-beings. Under the head of "A Plea for the Spoils System," George Walton Green gives an amusing burlesque of the reasonings of the "average political 'war-horse'" against Civil Service Reform. "John Turner's Invention" is a capital sensation story of the Hugh Conway type. There is some excellent poetry. In the "Monthly Gossip," W. H. Babcock advances startling views on the Mormon question, and there are other bright discussions of current topics.

The June number of the *Atlantic Monthly* opens with the second installment of Mr. William Henry

Bishop's striking new serial, "The Golden Justice"; and the number also contains portions of Henry James's very remarkable socialistic novel, "The Princess Casamassima," and Charles Egbert Craddock's brilliant romance, "In the Clouds." Under the title of "A Roman Gentleman under the Empire," Miss Harriet W. Preston gives a charmingly life-like account of the younger Pliny, and of his times. The short story of this issue, "Valentine's Chance," by Lillie Chace Wyman, is excellent. Mr. Edward Stanwood contributes a paper on American history, entitled "A Glimpse of 1786," and an important critical article on "Honoré de Balzac"—the man and his books—is written by Mr. George Frederic Parsons of the *New York Tribune*. "James, Crawford, and Howells" form the subject of an able piece of critical writing, and there is a brief criticism of Miss Anne Whitney's statue of Lief Erikson, by the architect Henry Van Brunt. This excellent number is concluded with some good poetry and the usual Contributors' Club and Books of the Month. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The *Eclectic* for June is a rich and varied number. The leading article is on "Cardinal Newman and Arnold," by R. H. Hutton, a very suggestive and interesting paper. "The Unemployed and the Riots," by W. Mattieu Williams, is timely; so also is the article "What is Bi-Metallism?" Other papers touch upon a great variety of themes—"The English Gentleman," by W. R. Browne; "Artist Life in Rome, Past and Present," by William Davis; "The Evolution of Theology: An Anthropological Study," by Professor T. M. Huxley, F.R.S.; "Things, Names, and Letters," by Edward A. Freeman; "Mozart," by L. E.; "Lloyd's," by H. M. Hozier; "Sir Henry Taylor"; "The United Kingdom and the Colonies," by a Student of the Question; "Mesmerism in the Mire"; "A Fire at Sea," by Ivan Tourgueneff; "The Future of 'Society'"; "Sir Thomas Browne," by Walter Pater; "The Old Viking," by John Russell; and "Franz Liszt." The Editor's Department, "Literary Notices," "Foreign Literary Notes," and "Miscellany" are well supplied. This number closes the present volume of the *Eclectic*. Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond Street, New York. Terms, \$5 per year; single numbers, 45 cents; trial subscription for three months, \$1. *Eclectic* and any \$4 magazine, \$8.

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