

# The Colby Echo.

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## The Colby Echo.

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COLBY UNIVERSITY.

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COMMENCEMENT! How full of meaning is this word! It is suggestive of hopes fulfilled and of aspirations inceptive; of work accomplished and of that to be undertaken; of the severing of class ties and of the forming of new relationships,—all this and more in one word—Commencement.

The review of the past year presents many bright phases. Our chief drawback has been the absence of Prof. Small. His absence, of course, made it necessary for many students to elect departments for which they had no congeniality, and as might be expected from such a condition of things the work of these students has not been altogether satisfactory to themselves.

The lectures during the year have been frequent and we learn through the *Oracle* that "these lectures are to be even more frequent in the future." That every Thursday morning during the college year be devoted to lectures by men of note, is a consummation sincerely to be desired.

We rejoice in the material prosperity of Colby. The Shannon gift will give her great advantages in many ways.

As the college year draws to its close, its records lie before our mind's eye; and as we read the pages our love for *Alma Mater* lessens not, but increases.

AS students we are sensible of the spirit of progress which is quickening the pulses of our life at Colby. We welcome any and every change which will be advantageous. Hence we are glad to learn that the faculty propose to allow us to be associated with them in the discussion of all points of college disci-

pline; and most heartily approve the plan for a college conference, or college jury. Such an arrangement will give the best satisfaction all around. "Let it come," we repeat, "let it come!"

THE *Oracle* comes to us in a new dress, and one, too, not at all displeasing. We have examined its pages with more than usual interest, and without hesitation pronounce it the best *Oracle* published since our connection with Colby.

The frontispiece, which is an engraving of Col. Shannon, is a good indicator of the work throughout the book.

Among the articles of special interest are "A Sketch of Colby since 1880" and "The Shannon Observatory."

That which has amused us the most, perhaps, is the way the *Oracle* sits on the *Kennebec Democrat* and its editor. Its sarcasm is biting and would be most effective upon a delicate organism, but alas!—

The "Rogue's Gallery" is an innovation which might be severely criticised with justice. We feel disposed, however, only to question the propriety of the cuts on pages 122-3. We believe they are hardly the fair thing.

From the salutatory we learn that the editors' object is twofold,—“to come down hard, and to keep out indecencies.” After a careful examination we are led to conclude that the editors have succeeded in the accomplishment of their purpose.

LONG have we tried to discover the advantages which are gained from the winter vacation of six weeks. However, up to this time we have failed to find any very weighty argument for its length.

The chief reason for a long vacation, it is supposed, is to accommodate those who wish to teach; but since we have been in college only a very few students have taught during this vacation. Moreover, there is no advantage derived from such a vacation by those who teach during the winter term.

Whatever the benefits which may arise from a long interval between the winter and the spring terms, they favor only the few, and are more than offset by the fact that we must continue our studies through the hot month of June.

We were, therefore, more than glad, when a few mornings ago Dr. Pepper, by soliciting the opinion of the students in regard to the subject, indicated that the winter vacation would be shortened three weeks. This, of course, will bring commencement three weeks earlier than at present.

We shall be pleased if this arrangement can be effected; but, since we are not debarred from a free expression of thought, we should be much more pleased could the vacation be shortened four weeks instead of three.

IN this last ECHO for the college year we wish to remind our fellow-students of the PRIZE announced in our issue of May 31st; and also to call attention to the fourth condition, viz.: "All stories shall be handed in, on or before Sept. 15th, 1889."

The long summer with its change of scenes and of work will furnish an excellent opportunity for writing a story. He, who would be the winner of the prize, must have his story well digested, if not written, before the opening of the next college term.

As we stated in a previous issue this prize is not given for the sake of awarding it. For no one, whom we know, desires to give away ten dollars just for the pleasure of giving. This money may be regarded as *pay* for a number of short stories which are to be the sole property of the ECHO. The prize was solicited by the literary editors, and is given, chiefly because the need of a better class of articles is experienced in the literary department.

It seems, fellows, that your interest in the ECHO, in her success as a college paper, ought to cause you to be, at least, as loyal to her as that one who gives ten dollars for her prosperity. Then let your loyalty be shown by devoting your genius to the work of writing a short story for her which shall be both vigorous and original.

IT seems fitting at this time to speak a word in regard to the financial condition of the ECHO; and also to make an appeal for the support of the alumnus and of the undergraduate, whose conscience pricks him as he reads these words because he is not a subscriber.

We are surprised that any undergraduate is willing to read the ECHO without paying for it. And it is inexcusable, and unpardonable even,

that an undergraduate should discontinue his subscription, unless he be as poor as a church mouse, however poor that may be.

Again we wonder that any one can ally himself (or herself) to an institution without heartily engaging in the support of the well-established customs of that institution.

The ECHO is published in behalf of the interests of the college. This fact alone ought to make all further appeal unnecessary. The ECHO ought to be supported by every member of the college. And indeed, the ECHO is *very much* in need of such support.

While we are in the mood it may be proper to speak a word for the annual publication, the *Oracle*. The usual custom in regard to subscriptions for the *Oracle* is well-established, and too well-known to need mentioning. Last year quite a large percentage of the students broke away from the old-time custom and refused to take their *Oracles*, on the ground that certain things contained therein bordered upon the indecent. However true this may have been, there surely can be no such ground for excuse this year. But yet we learn that these same undergraduates, save one or two noble exceptions, are following in the footsteps made one year ago—taking only *one Oracle*, when any at all.

Undergraduates! alumni! and friends of the college! lend us, not your ears, but your purses, that we may extract therefrom one dollar and fifty cents in pre-payment for the ECHO and at the same time a bank note for the *Oracle*.

THE officers of the Athletic Association are to be congratulated upon their successful management of our eleventh annual Field Day. We were especially pleased with the business-like way in which the exercises were conducted, and the absence of delay between the contests. Another matter worthy of note was the non-appearance of the Kicker. The contests were so managed that the defeated competitors could but acknowledge themselves worsted. The records made were uniformly good, although in one case only was the college record broken. Averell, '90, in the Running Broad Jump cleared 18 feet, 4 1-2 inches, thus beating the college record by 3 1-2 inches.

The running contests were especially good, and considering the condition of the track the time made was excellent. It is to be hoped

that before another year has passed we shall have, upon the campus, a quarter-mile running track. Prof. Adams has interested himself in the matter, and when he undertakes a thing he generally accomplishes it.

The prizes were carefully selected and well worth contending for. As is usually the case, the *workers* were the successful contestants. The Sophomores are to be congratulated upon their securing the Class Cup. They worked hard for it and merited their success. The fact that the Prize Cup was secured by one of the lower classes is very promising for future records.

Several innovations were introduced this year and in each case the result shows the wisdom of the change. Contrary to custom the exercises were held upon the campus. Of course the town girls missed the ride to the park, and many of the boys, who are more interested in beauty than in strength would doubtless have preferred the old arrangement; but in view of the saving of expense in moving apparatus, and taking into account the greater convenience for contestants and spectators, the change commends itself.

But the feature of the day which seems to us most important and most significant of the general trend of college opinion, was the Tug-of-War contest. This was the first attempt at an intercollegiate competition in Field Athletics in Maine. It is to be hoped that this contest will lead to more of the same character.

And in this connection just a word in regard to the Intercollegiate Athletic Association which the lovers of athletics in the several colleges have been considering for the past two years. We are heartily in favor of the plan. The formation of such an association would have a great influence in the promotion of general athletic work. Yearly contests held under its auspices would be productive of a general lowering of records in the several colleges and would stimulate a healthful activity in field sports of all kinds. If properly managed we believe the association would support itself. At any rate the cost would be but little. In order to make the scheme a success, all professionalism (which has done more to injure athletics at large than any other cause) must be excluded. If this can be done we believe the establishment of the Association would be

a good thing. The question will probably come up for consideration in the fall. Think about it this summer, boys.

G. W. Lund



### OLIVER GOLDSMITH AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

IN every original genius there are two theaters of interest for the sympathetic mind—his personal life and the product of his thought. Unless one has lived in the same age and formed an intimate acquaintance with him, if he does not understand human nature thoroughly, the personal life will influence his judgment of the author's productions. If he be popular, as Goldsmith was, his productions are studied with the impression of the man that was received from his literary reputation. An idol is raised in the mind to be worshipped with that degree of perfection which the fancy has given it. Afterwards, when the idol becomes defaced and ready to be cast down, it is natural to consider the work that of an enemy rather than to perceive that we have been worshipping one like ourselves. If we have come to him with a full and accurate account of his life we are perplexed and offended at the contradictions and inconsistencies which meet us. It is difficult to reconcile recklessness, frivolity and fondness for vulgar pleasures with love for literature, music and all that is beautiful. We cannot see how one, who has never cultivated literary tastes, can become a great writer.

Striking contrasts like these are found in Goldsmith's character. It is not easy to see in him the painter of village scenes, the historian of the village parson and a chronicler of the joys in Sweet Auburn. We understand it only when forced to admit that uncommon power can exist along with signal weakness. But for this reason his genius should be more admired, passing through all unscathed and developing amid circumstances so adverse. He should be more respected because his pen was always above the base and lowly instincts of his nature.

Still, he wrote as he had lived and his writ-

ings bear the same characteristics. Do we wonder that his theories are sometimes false or that he should make many mistakes! A careless observer, a listless student, all his materials were drawn from the little he had learned in his wanderings. They were the consequence of his life and its sufferings, of his sad experiences with fortune and poverty.

Above all the grosser things which are of the earth earthy and the common lot of all men, his own more than others, he has for us noble qualities, sublime thoughts, and beautiful pictures of life. Listen to the melody, the native simplicity of his song fresh as the burst of the morning lark, never wearisome, exhaustless. He writes as if he had leisure to please you, yet he does so without an effort. He recites a story for you—it may be something from his own experience, which it will pain him to recall, but he is too modest to tell you so. It will be full of melancholy, flooded with regrets, yet touched with a humor and painted in colors of such delicacy as to interest you. The words are few and every line is adorned with something from the richness of his genius.

If we study him thoroughly his minor works should not be forgotten—the wholesome, good-natured fun of "She Stoops to Conquer;" the brilliancy and wit of "Retaliation;" the purity and precise English in which the successive pictures of "The Traveller" are so nicely portrayed. Then one should read "The Vicar of Wakefield." You may wonder that it is called the most perfect novel. You truly say that its characters, if interesting, are all ridiculous. The country parson has not a single quality to sustain him in his piety and influence his parishioners for good. His wife and daughters are weak and silly women, without any qualities that grace female delicacy. But *they are true to nature* and the very characters that were found everywhere in England.

Notwithstanding their frivolities, the Vicar's family engage all our attention. How beautiful are their consolations and their family pleasures! How heartily their innocent joys are entered into, especially by the inimitable and indescribable Moses! We lament that sorrow should have entered there. Through all there is a vein of sadness which belongs to a tale of distress. At once we yield our whole hearts to it when a real story of suffering we would meet

with suspicion. Like all his writings it is full of that love of home which was ever a dominant passion in his breast. It overcomes the remembrance of his sports and breaks forth continually in its tender longing.

Last of all one should read the "Deserted Village," the most pathetic monument of English verse. It will be read and admired, felt and loved to the end of time. It fills the soul with its spirit and enlists all the sympathies. We revel in its joy and sunshine and weep when the sunshine turns to shadow. Who has not wandered in fancy up and down the streets of Sweet Auburn and "paused on every charm!" The scenes and the associations are inviting. They seem friendly to us. Here are the modest preacher and "all the vagrant train." We come upon the place

"Where, in his noisy mansion skilled to rule,  
The village master taught his little shool."

We linger until the day is done and then how vividly, how sweetly come these lines,—

"Sweet was the sound when oft at evening's close  
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose."

These and many other passages in the poem are remarkable for the flood of meaning and the vivid pictures which they suggest. They are always direct, always fascinating. They have nothing of artifice, but they have nature in her truest simplicity. It is touching to read the changes in scenes so sweet, but who will say that what he has pictured to us is not true?

The poem is best thought of with those engravings which are as famous as itself. It does not satisfy with reading. We love to think of it, to dwell upon it as upon a charming landscape. Its calm desires and its melancholy cheer, when the heart is sad; its fine emotions, its rhythmic movement, its pathetic accents and humorous drollery are always new. Despite the follies of his life with the mistakes that have heaped upon him so much severe censure, perhaps unjustly, its merits are as real. When we think of his follies we pity and we love.

*E. G. Walker*

#### THOREAU.

IT is a principle laid down by the critics that it requires fifty or a hundred years to determine for all time an author's place in literature.

This has already been done in the case of Shakspeare, Milton, Dante, Goethe, Homer, and hosts of other writers, ancient and modern. It is easy to see that temporary popularity is no

certain criterion by which to forecast an author's fate, since posterity often reverses all previous verdicts. That an author may be great and yet be comparatively unknown is well illustrated by Nathaniel Hawthorne, who had reason to call himself "the obscurest man of letters in America."

An obscure man also was Henry David Thoreau. He was born in humble circumstances, lived a solitary life and seldom went abroad from his native town, Concord, Mass. His books, when first published, received but a limited sale—a sale not sufficient to pay for their publication. It is now more than thirty years since Thoreau died, and with every succeeding year he is being read and studied more and more. His was a strange and unique genius.

Channing in his biography of Thoreau has called him a poet naturalist. A poet he certainly was by nature, but a philosopher also in his conduct of life; for he lived alone—part of his life in a hut built by his own hands, on the shore of a pond in his native town—prepared his own food, and earned his living by manual labor. He loved to be out-of-doors. He knew the woods like a hunter, and could find his way in the darkest night. If waked up suddenly in the midst of a swamp, he used to say, he could tell the time of year by the flowers that were in bloom. When he went out to walk "he wanted every stride his legs took." He strove to live as much as possible in the open air; and the materials which comprise his books are his reflections, experiences and observations by lakes and rivers, in the fields and woods about Concord. "If shut up in the house he did not write at all," says Mr. Emerson. The key of his life and philosophy is found in his attempt to live as close to nature as he could, scorning the low aims and ambitions of the great majority.

In action no man ever rested more firmly on his convictions than did Thoreau. What he deemed to be wrong he could not be hired (nor in any way induced) to do; and what he saw to be right he could not be persuaded not to do. Hence rather than pay a tax to the state whose measures he did not approve, he preferred to go to jail. The tax was paid by another and Thoreau was released.

It would be difficult to find, in the whole realm of literature, an author who has succeeded in putting into his books so much of his own

personality. Something peculiarly Thoreauesque crops out in every line he wrote. Still the chief charm of his writings lies in the fact that he allows himself to become Nature's spokesman. You feel in reading him as if you heard a tune of Pan's pipe played by the winds, or were looking at nature through Pan's eyes. You will find in Thoreau's works nothing which would suggest a mean or pettish nature, but something broad and wholesome, as grand and invigorating as the very sky on a clear night. He wrote in a style eminently suited to his purpose—a style that is clear, racy, fresh and vigorous. It is a style peculiarly his own and emanated from his genius. He uses it, as a painter does his colors, to paint pictures with—and what better descriptions have we in all literature than some of Thoreau's?

It is one thing to be a good observer and another to be a good describer of things seen. Thoreau possessed these two qualities in an eminent degree. He saw with the eye of a naturalist and described like a poet. He was not the cross-grained, pachydermous fellow that some have supposed him to be, but possessed the keen sensibilities of the poet, and this gave to his pages that delicate touch and ideal coloring which we miss in the works of men who are only shrewd observers. Yet he was tenacious of facts, and would not warp the truth to make a simile.

Walden is his best book. In this he brings the reader into close relation with nature, and while he holds his attention by descriptions of natural scenes, breathes into his ear the inkling of a new philosophy. After you have read the book, you feel as if you too would like to try your hand at such a life in the woods—would like to possess a bean field and hoe the beans in the cool of the evening, listening to the tinkle of your hoe on the stones.

Thoreau's love for the wild was not acquired, but had its seat deep in his nature. Had he been born farther from the influence of cities, he would have been a fell hunter; but restrained by his Massachusetts culture he played out the game by rambles in the fields with his microscope, or incursions into swamps for flowers. It was partly to indulge his delight for rugged, untamed nature and partly to get a more intimate acquaintance with the Indian (whose customs and history had always inter-

ested him) that he made an excursion to the Maine woods, the results of which excursion he preserved and recorded in a book. Thoreau's employment of land surveyor often brought him into fields and woods situated at a distance from Concord, and led him to explore them thoroughly for botanical specimens and the like; and men who employed him in this capacity came to think that he knew more about their own lands than they did themselves and had a better right to them.

He was a great favorite with children, whom he knew how to amuse with stories of his adventures,—toward men he showed little affection or familiarity. Compared with what he was capable of, Thoreau did little during his life for his fellow men. Emerson says "he might have engineered for all America, but instead he preferred to be the captain of a huckleberry party." But nature is never cheated of her ends. Thoreau was created to achieve a work and who shall doubt that, by following his genius, he has accomplished it most excellently? As long as masterly description and poetic power are admired in a writer, so long will Thoreau be read with ever increasing interest and delight.

*Walter Cary*

#### SUNDRY FACTS ABOUT SPIRITS.

AT first glance it might appear to a casual observer that the world was already sufficiently supplied with philosophical theories to enable it to exist very comfortably for some years to come. It was therefore with no very high anticipations that, on opening a recently published pamphlet,\* I was confronted by an entirely new system, bearing the rather imposing title of Galomalism. But any misgivings that I may have had were speedily removed. In the arid waste of modern negation and agnosticism, to meet, within the compass of half a hundred pages, a luminous explanation of all the puzzling problems of life, is truly something delightful. It is, however, none of my intention to enter into an account here of the new theory, which the curious may easily obtain at first hand. In fact the pamphlet is only the forerunner of a book as yet unpublished. Its chief object, as its somewhat startling title would suggest, is to set forth a few of the author's discoveries in regard to spirit life, and as I may perhaps assume that this subject possesses more

or less of interest to us all, I trust I may be pardoned for offering here a very imperfect sketch of the vast increase of knowledge in this direction which we owe to modern Spiritualism.

The world—I can give only facts. To explain how these were discovered, and to produce their proof would take altogether too much space, nor am I at all sure that any one would be much the wiser when I had finished—the world, I say, has a tail, located in its shadow, composed of vegetable, animal and human “spirit” bodies, and somewhat analogous to the tail of a comet. And here I would beg leave to remark that, while it is only fair to say that owing to the very recent nature of the discovery our views in regard to certain details may be modified by further investigation, yet I shall endeavor to avoid all such disputed points, and confine myself strictly to what our author subjects to scientific proof. The method of investigation is beautifully simple. Through the influence of an experienced medium, three zeroids (zeroid, be it understood, is only the new scientific name for spirit) kindly consented to test their mean velocity by a trip from New York to Boston. In spite of drawbacks—two of them were old gentlemen of something more than eighty—they made the distance in tolerably good time, two coming in at the end of twenty-five minutes, and the third five minutes later. (The view that spirits can travel with the speed of thought, though supported by high authority, is a mistake.) A time table was then carefully prepared, showing the number of minutes consumed in the up and down trips of individual zeroids, and by comparing this with the mean velocity, and taking the difference of atmosphere into account, the general dimensions of the tail were pretty well ascertained. Although this work is not yet completed, it is rendered highly probable that the tail is composed of layers, and inhabited by zeroids according to their nationality, religion, age and specific gravity; and it is not beyond the range of possibility that a few years will see it as accurately mapped out as any earthly country. A band of investigators meanwhile had been formed, including eminent philosophers from both spheres—it may give Americans confidence to know that B. Franklin is a respected member of the commission—and the work of

inquiry into the polity and customs of the zeroidic state was actively pushed forward.

And here some one will naturally ask, “What need of investigation? Once establish communication, and why should not the spirits give a straightforward account of their existence? Why after forty years of rappings and dark seances, have we received no messages beyond a few idiotic commonplaces?” Ah! herein lies the clue to the whole problem. The spirits have given us no information for the very excellent reason that they had none to give. In other words, zeroids are mentally and physically unproductive.

I must confess that on learning that beings whom I had fondly imagined to be far superior to ourselves in intelligence were in reality quite the opposite, incapable of originating a single new idea, nay more, unable to retain a tithe of what they had known on earth, and without even the wit to discover where they were until taken in hand by a protoidic mortal, I was startled and not altogether pleased. But after all (following our author) what is it that we desire? Happiness, of course. Now perfect happiness is unattainable so long as there remain wants to be supplied. In our mortal state, unfortunately, it is not particularly difficult to discover wants, and in compensation we have the power to supply them, that is, the power to advance. In the zeroidic sphere, however, conditions are essentially different. The zeroids are not greatly troubled about the matter of clothes; “spirit” vegetables and the vapors of our own cooking supply cheap and wholesome food; money and politics are things unknown; in a word, there is nothing to incite them to mental productiveness, a thing, moreover, of which they are incapable by reason of their curious physical formation.

And here comes in a very peculiar phenomenon. If any one is in the habit of consulting mediums, he must know that spirits are always ready, oftentimes importunately so, to give advice on every conceivable subject. Now the truth is that the zeroid is firmly persuaded that he exercises a very important influence over human affairs by inspiring us with ideas. The explanation of this is exceedingly curious. If there are two pianos in the same room and you play upon one, the other is “inspired,” sometimes audibly, with the same music by a process

called inverberation. In an analogous way thoughts may be inverberated from one brain to another, and when this takes place between two mortals it is called mesmerism, etc. Now a zeroid is unusually sensitive to this process. He has only to lay a hand on our shoulder and immediately he becomes the unconscious recipient of all our thoughts; and it is this which has led him to the insane conclusion that he himself is the originator and inspirer of ideas which are really our own. I confess that this strikes me as the least happy element in the zeroid's character. Whenever one is struck by a particularly bright idea, to think that an idiotic zeroid is standing at his elbow, and chuckling complacently at his own smartness, is naturally a little irritating. The sooner spirits are brought to a sense of their real condition, the better it will be.

But the matter is complicated by still another fact even more curious. A zeroid's notion of fun is somewhat difficult to follow. One favorite amusement is to influence our dreams by gently lifting the head from the pillow, and then giving it a sudden push, causing the sensation of falling from a great height. This the zeroid, with what I cannot but regard as execrably bad taste, considers a capital joke, and will accept no arguments to the contrary. Now if it is to such actions that he is impelled by pure light-heartedness, it will readily be seen that a zeroid might be capable of no small mischief were he dominated by malice or revenge. Unfortunately this is actually the case.

It will occasion an astute observer no surprise to learn that the class of moral criminals from which apparently no state of society is exempt, is represented among the spirits by the clerical zeroids, and especially the Jesuits. These wretched creatures see that a knowledge of the truth is destined to do away with all religions, and so with their own personal prominence, and in their obstinate determination to suppress the facts, no means are too base for them to use. Our author is none too severe when he calls them entirely devoid of any feelings of honor and truth. Progressive scientists they attempt to drive insane by depriving them of sleep. Others, by means of inverberation, they strive to lead to acts which will destroy their health or reputation. But it is against the mediums that their malice has been most success-

ful, and our author is certainly deserving of high credit for his able presentation of the real facts of the case. Most of us have doubtless read in the daily press of so-called exposures of spiritualism, where the medium was detected apparently impersonating a spirit. The truth is this. In their blind hate, clericals are sure to be present at every seance, and if a skeptic be in the audience intending to "expose the fraud," the clerical speedily discovers the fact by inverberation. At the proper moment he takes possession of the entranced medium, changes his dress, and manages him inverberatively so that the medium will unconsciously walk out as a zeroid, and will then be seized and "exposed." Or, perhaps, he personates a female zeroid, taking good care to let his moustache be seen so as to create the impression that it is the innocent medium who is acting as impersonator. The skeptic rashly concludes that the "fraud" is exposed, while the unlucky medium awakens to find himself in a very delicate position. "I fear the Jesuit spirits," says a prominent medium, "as I do black snakes;" and really under the circumstances I cannot think the expression any too strong.

But I have already passed the limits of this article, though many curious facts might still be given with regard to the zeroids' social life, their influence in promoting insanity, their peculiar physical formation (a zeroid can pass through only very porous bodies. This fact, together with the prevalence of window glass and plastered walls, may perhaps partly explain the decay of the modern ghost.) I have necessarily been obliged to content myself with results, without entering upon the very interesting field of their substantiation. But if any one is still inclined to view with suspicion the facts which I have imperfectly attempted to reproduce, I can only refer him to the following very handsome offer, which I copy verbatim.

We are authorized to state that the following philosophers in zeroidic life are willing to appear before any responsible committee of spiritists, through the aid of any good medium, and in their and our presence give testimony to the explanation forwarded in this treatise.

A. Compté, Confucius, H. Davy, B. Franklin, Galileo, Kant, Kepler, Zoellner.

\* *The Tail of the World, or The Location and Condition of the Spirit World*, published at Brooklyn, N. Y., pamphlet form, price \$.50.

*Osak Rogers*



Good luck to '89.

"Queens of love."

"Infinite puerility."

The "divine *Oracles*" are out.

"How fur do we have in Latin?"

"Ha! Ha! Been to walk, have you!"

Osgood's instantaneous photographs of the Field Day contests have come.

The Sophomores had a class supper at the City Dining Hall, Thursday night.

Prof. Rogers has recently sent some photograph plates, prepared by himself, to India.

A new proverb was exemplified at the Y. W. C. A. sermon—High notes from little co-eds flow.

A statue of Niobe will be presented to the college by the Junior class on Presentation Day.

A new coat of calcimine on the walls of the dormitories gives a sort of gay appearance to the sombre halls.

The ground has been broken for the new physical laboratory and work will soon be begun on the building itself.

Rev. A. K. P. Small preached the sermon before the Y. W. C. A. of the college at the Baptist church, June 23.

Dr. Pepper delivered the baccalaureate sermon at the commencement exercises at the Hebron Academy, Sunday, June 23.

One of the professors says that he thought that he was dreaming when he saw one of the Sophomore class enter the class room in his shirt sleeves.

Prof. Rogers has been attending the examinations at the Worcester Free Institute this week. He is a member of the examining committee at that institution.

The Freshman class went to Augusta on their exit. They have now seen two cities, and the Augusta people have seen the class of '92. Novel sight for both.

The new system of drawing rooms has met

with some dissatisfaction among the boys. Our worthy janitor also expresses it as his opinion that "it won't work."

Astronomy has been placed on the list of elective studies. As now arranged, the work of the Senior year is entirely elective except in the department of Dr. Pepper.

It is a noteworthy coincidence that Prof. Bayley is never present at prayers except when Prex is to make some remarks to the students. Can it be that the Prof., as well as Sam, has the power of divination?

At a recent business meeting of the Y. M. C. A. the following officers were elected: Pres., H. R. Hatch; Vice Pres., William Fletcher; Cor. Sec., A. T. Watson; Rec. Sec., E. L. Chaney; Treas., R. A. Wing.

Many of the boys are finding the pleasurable side of co-education. Frequent invitations to play on the new court at Ladies' Hall go far toward making the boys believe in the co-education, in practice, if not in theory.

The following notice recently appeared on the bill board: "Lost! A tall hat. Finder will be suitably rewarded on returning to McCann, '92." Query might arise in regard to the significance of the word "suitably."

The members of the Zeta Psi fraternity and friends were given a reception at the residence of R. W. Dunn, on the evening of June 18. Judging from the decorations and sounds of merriment, it was an enjoyable occasion.

The term of court in session in the City Hall has been the cause of many cuts and fizzles among the students of both sexes. The old love of the Greeks for contests of wit between their great orators seems not to have quite died out in this age.

A student reading Chaucer came upon the line, "What! welcome be thou cut, a Goddes name," which he rendered by the corresponding English words, thus expressing very well the sentiment of college students, though falling far short of that of Chaucer.

The ladies of the college and their friends enjoyed a very pleasant evening at the residence of Prof. Hall, June 22. Prof. and Mrs. Hall contribute much to the social enjoyment of the students, as one and all will bear witness who have been within their home.

At the annual meeting of the Reading Room

Association, June 22, the following officers were elected for the coming year: Pres., J. B. Simpson; Vice Pres., L. P. Sturtevant; Sec., L. L. Dunham; Treas., C. E. Cohen; Directors, A. B. Patten, C. S. Pease, O. Wyman.

The bounty of Col. Richard C. Shannon has not been confined to the new building for the department of Physics. He has given one hundred dollars to the Base-Ball Association this season. He is evidently a liberal friend not only of the college, but also of the college sports among the students.

The prophet of old has said, "Your old men shall dream dreams." This is well exemplified in the case of our janitor. On seeing a dry goods sign attached to a tree on the campus one morning, with his chuckle of satisfaction Sam said, "I knew dat dis was a-goin' to happen. I see 'em doin' it las' night in my sleep."

Student in English Literature was reading from Wadsworth the passage, "I took my staff, and when I kissed her babe the tears stood in her eyes." He read, "I took my staff, and when I kissed her"—. His heart swelling with emotion he was unable to go on until the Prof. remarked, "Your imagination betrays you."

Prof. Rogers has published a pamphlet, "Outline Lectures in Mechanics," which comprises the lectures given the Sophomore class during the term. It contains in its thirty-two pages the parts essential to an understanding of the subject of mechanics. Prof. Rogers has prepared this for the purpose of class room work in the future.

Rev. Franklin Merriam, of the class of '37, has recently presented the library with sixty-two volumes. The library of Prof. Hamlin, containing 1456 volumes, is now arranged on the shelves. The number of new volumes added to the library during the year is more than 2,100, making the total number of volumes in the library more than 24,000.

The street musicians in some unknown way got the advantage of Sam recently, and while classes were in recitation began operations before Recitation Hall. Two cents and a gentle rebuke from a professor in an upper window was sufficient to stop the music. As a result of this extravagance of the professor we may expect a large "general average" this term.

On Tuesday evening, June 10, the Catskill Club gave a reception to their friends at the residence of Miss Carrie Kalloch, on Appleton street. The evening was very pleasantly spent in attempts to keep cool and merry. In the former there was a decided failure, due, however, to the state of the temperature rather than to any fault on the part of the Catskill Club; but in the latter all succeeded admirably. *Vive la Catskill Club.*

The Freshmen show a marked taste for researches in natural history. They have a decided predilection for reptiles, having obtained good specimens of snakes and turtles, also one *pike*. Their attempts to change the Greek recitation room into a laboratory for their collection has not met with the approval of the professor, who has unfeelingly thrown from the window all the specimens except the fish and a few more which are still unclassified.

Several valuable additions to the collection of portraits in Memorial Hall have been received and will be formally presented at commencement. One is a life-size oil painting of Gen. B. F. Butler. He is represented in the uniform of a Brigadier General, sitting in his tent. In his hand he holds a map of the country with his finger pointing to Dutch Gap. The portrait is surrounded by an elegant gilt frame ornamented with various insignia of war. Besides that of Prof. Lyford, mentioned in a recent number of the ECHO, a portrait of James Upham, D.D., class of '40, has been received, also a portrait of S. F. Smith, D.D.

The degree of Doctor of Philosophy was conferred by Johns Hopkins University upon Prof. A. W. Small, June 13. There was also a special honor conferred upon Prof. Small. At the commencement of the university the addresses are made by the president and one of the professors, and never by the candidates for degrees. As a recognition of the services of Prof. Small in connection with the institution, President Gilman invited him to make an address and introduced him as "a professor in a sister institution who during the year has been a valued member of our academic staff as well as a candidate for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy." Prof. Small has returned to Waterville. He will resume his position in the college in the fall term. The work in his department, which has always been pleasant and interesting, will

now be made doubly so as a result of his work during the past year.

Field Day must be pronounced a success. Never have the exercises been conducted in so scientific a manner. The contests were strictly field day contests, lacking the usual potato race, sack race and others which, though they afford much amusement to the spectators, are not really field day contests. Two previous records were broken. The change from the park to the campus proved to be a good one, though it did not have so great an effect upon the financial success as was expected. The participants in most of the contests were few, thus making them less interesting to the spectators. The best individual record was made by Mathews, who won first prize in four contests. The class cup was won by '91. The tug o' war contest between Bowdoin and Colby was not so interesting as was expected, though undoubtedly it was very interesting from the Bowdoin standpoint. Some enthusiastic Colby admirers have thought that, had the Bowdoin remained on their *standpoint* until the signal was given, it might have resulted differently. Be that as it may, the Bowdoin "got the drop" on our boys and at the end of three minutes won with three inches of rope in their favor. Following is a list of the contests:

Hurdle Race (100 yards, 5 hurdles.) Best previous record, 16 3-5 seconds. Mathews, 1st, 14 9-10 sec; Averell, 2nd.

Standing High Jump. Best Colby record, 4 ft. 9 in. Patten and Mathews, 1st, 4 ft., 4 in.; Hurd and Leadbetter, 2nd.

Putting Shot. Best Colby record, 31 ft., 4 3-4 in. McCann, 1st, 29 ft., 10 in.; Leadbetter, 2nd.

Running Broad Jump. Best previous record, 18 ft., 1 in. Averell, 1st, 18 ft., 4 1-2 in.; Kalloch, 2nd.

Pole Vault. Best Colby record, 8 ft., 4 in. Hurd, 1st, 7 ft., 3 1-2 in.; Wyman, O., 2nd.

Throwing Hammer. Best Colby record, 77 ft., 2 in. Leadbetter, 1st, 68 ft., 9 in.; Sturtevant, L. P., 2nd.

Standing Broad Jump. Best Colby record, 11 ft., 3 in. Leadbetter, 1st, 9 ft. 1-2 in.; Hurd, 2nd.

Throwing Base Ball. Best Colby record, 314 ft., 7 in. King 1st, 302 ft.; Watson, A. T., 2nd.

Class Contests. Averell, '90; Mathews, '91; Kalloch, '92.

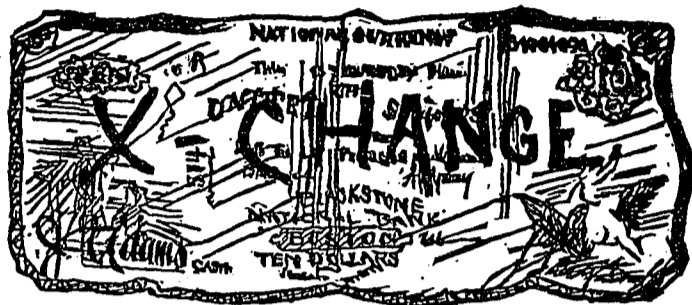
One Hundred Yards Dash. Best Colby record, 10 sec. Mathews, 1st, 10 7-10 sec.; Averell, 2nd.

Running High Jump. Best Colby record, 5 ft., 4 in.; Patten and Teague, 1st, 4 ft., 11 1-2 in.; Gilmore, 2nd.

Three Legged Race. Mathews and Teague, 1st, 13 7-10 sec.; Stoddard and Pease, 2nd.

The impassioned appeal made by the Bowdoin student to one of our professors to prove him-

self a gentleman might suggest a query in regard to the relative positions of faculty and students at Bowdoin. We have always considered our faculty as gentlemen and have acted toward them as such. The custom may be different in some of our older institutions of learning.



The pages of the *College Student* have been carefully examined. There is a good article on Professor Koeppen, also a fine poem, entitled "The Last Arrow."

The *Tech* for June is one of the very best commencement numbers we have received. Besides giving a full account of the class day exercises, it has also an excellent cut of the graduating class.

In the last number the *Occident* stops its attack on college fraternities long enough to defend its editors and its policy against the charges which have been brought against them. We think that both the good reputation of the college and the usefulness of the *Occident* would be increased if more attention were paid to the literary department and less to this fruitless contest.

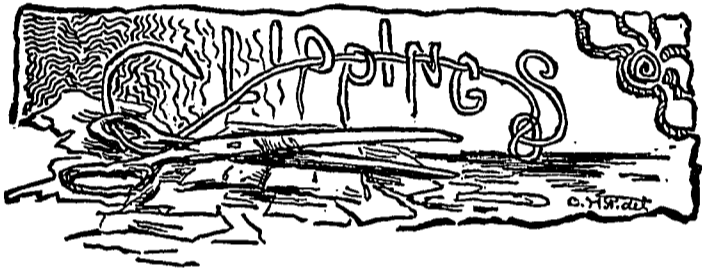
The *Dennison Collegian* impresses us favorably at first sight. The literary department is especially worthy of notice. The following editorial deserves attention, as showing how student rule is viewed elsewhere:

"There are reasons against student rule, especially in a small college divided up into fraternities as ours is. But at the same time this manifold division leaves no one party sufficiently strong to control. Much would be lost in promptness in dealing with offenders, also in experience in discipline on the part of those who are to deal with the erring.

"Again, these objections even call up advantages to be gained from student rule. Students would gain experience in discipline. They would have responsibility thrust upon them. Offenders would dread the condemnation of their associates, while now if punished by the faculty they call loudly on their associates for sympathy and usually obtain it even from up-

right young men. At present it is a matter of course that any petition to the faculty that is presented will be signed. If student rule were established it might seem that the decisions would be as nonsensical as some petitions that are sent up with long lists of names. But petitions are signed at present as a convenient way of avoiding jeers and argument, and the number of names is usually an index of the circulators' gall as much as it is of the desire of the students for the thing petitioned.

"It would seem that student discipline has succeeded wherever tried, but its trial in such schools as ours is very limited. Some tentative measure might be adopted which would show the merit of the system and which at the same time would put an end to the kicking which always, regardless of circumstances, accompanies any exercise of discipline by the faculty, on students who happen to have friends in the school."



The Columbia annex for ladies is to be called Barnard College.

An average of forty per cent in every class at West Point graduate.

The finest college building in the world is being built at Syracuse.

Forty-four Freshmen failed during the last examinations at Cornell.

Class officers have been abolished by the Senior class at Williams.

The students of Cornell University have raised \$800 for the Johnstown sufferers.

The ladies of Harvard Annex have challenged the Columbia co-eds to an eight-oared race.

Of the 315 students that entered Harvard last year only 26 were familiar with the Greek language.

Oxford has twelve American students; the University of Berlin has 600 and Leipsie has about 200.

One hundred and seventy-five out of three hundred and sixty-five colleges in the United States publish papers.

1885 the United States spent as much on

education as Germany, England, France, Austria and Russia combined.

The University of Pennsylvania will erect a dormitory at a cost of \$125,000, which is to be the largest in the United States.

More college students come from Connecticut in proportion to the population than from any other State. She sends one to every 549 persons.

Ex-Minister Phelps has accepted the presidency of Columbia. His salary will be greater than that of any other college president in America.

A university in honor of the late President Garfield is to be established in Wichita, Kansas, and Mrs. Garfield has given \$10,000 toward the enterprise.

The Juniors at Brown University are "making arrangements for the burial of every book that class has looked over or overlooked while in college."

\$100,000 is being raised to endow a chair of Protection at Yale, through which the free-trade teachings of Professor William G. Sumner are to be combated.

A number of Yale students found themselves charged on their term bills for pieces of the old fence which were found in their rooms. The janitor had been ordered to search the rooms.

The colors of some of the larger colleges are: Harvard, crimson; Princeton, orange and black; Amherst, white and purple; Cornell, cornelian and white; Columbia, blue and white; University of Michigan, blue and maize; Vassar, pink and gray; Williams, royal purple; University of Virginia, cardinal and gray; Johns Hopkins University, blue and black; University of Pennsylvania, blue and red, and Yale, blue.



Freshman—"Professor, shall we head our examination paper *Freshman Latin*?" Prof.—"No, sir. Any one would know it."—*Ex.*

Prof. in History—"Who was the—king in Shakespeare?" Sophomore (blushing)—"I don't know." Prof.—"Well, it always throws

a Sophomore class into confusion to ask anything concerning the Bible or Shakespeare." Student collapses.—*Bates Student*.

In the silence of the sanctum,  
In the land of the Mephitis,  
In a room of South Division,  
Where the room both south and west is,  
Sat a group of men called Seniors,  
Writing, writing by the lamplight,  
With their friends, the noble Juniors.  
Long they worked and toiled and labored,  
Till they paled and pined and wasted,  
Till they filled a book with sharp things,  
Till they "set on" all their neighbors.  
Keen their wit, as sharp the hoe is,  
Strikes to cut, but only bruises,  
Angers, Maddens, never pleases,  
Save the ones who cut and dried it.  
Should you ask me what their names were  
I would tell you quick and truly,  
Find them in the book they wrote,  
For their names are there in order,  
From the highest to the lowest.

Men of Bowdoin,  
From afar,  
Matched with Colby,  
"Tug o' war."

Behold the cup,  
Dainty mug,  
Solid silver,  
Prize for tug.

A long, strong pull,  
Battle's done,  
The cup is lost,  
Bowdoin won.

A simple lad  
I came to college,  
Full proud and glad  
Of my great knowledge.

Now wiser grown,  
I leave the college  
As a Senior known,—  
But scant's my knowledge.

—*Ex.*

Engraved on his cuffs  
Were the Furies and Fates,  
And a delicate map  
Of the Dorian states;  
And they found in his palms, which were hollow,  
What is frequent in palms—that is, dates.  
—*University.*

Squaws of big chiefs oft remind us,  
We should pick our squaws with care;  
So we may not leave behind us  
Half our natural crops of hair.

—*Ex.*

In the swaling swirl of the soughful wind, as the gust goes glooming by, I sit by the bole of a bournful birch, with a moan and a soulful sigh; the mellowing mists of

the eve are low, and the frog in the dankful marsh chirps chirpingly sad in the ghoulsome gloom, in a swivering voice and harsh:

O, where is the swing of the swoonful swish,  
And the voice of the flim flam fowl?  
Methinks it moans from the murky mold,  
From the home of the hootful owl.

Now swivel me swift from the surging spring, I'm weary of wold and wind; the grewsome graik of the jabberwock comes jimmering to my mind: the feeble song of the spotsome frog comes solemnwise soughing slow; and again I hear by the bournful birch the wail of his wimpled woe.

O, where is the swing of the swoonful swish,  
From the land of the springful sprole!  
Must the blue mists blur on the tinker's drale?  
And freight with their fraught my soul?

I dreamed, I dreamed, of Amelie Rives, in the dim of the danksome dark, and methought I rode on a moonful main, in the prow of a pullful bark; I wrought a rhyme as I roamed along, in the stream of the starful gloat; I awoke at dawn in the dimpled day, and above is the rhyme I wrote.—*Tuftonian.*



[Contributions to this department are most earnestly solicited from the alumni and alumnae.—*Ed.*]

On June 23, at Hebron Academy, Dr. Pepper preached the baccalaureate sermon in the Baptist church.

'37.

Rev. Franklin Merriam, of Sharon, Mass., has recently presented 62 volumes to the library of Colby University.

'38.

Gen. Benjamin F. Butler has presented to the college a life-size portrait of himself.

'42.

Rev. N. Butler, D.D., is now stationed at Spring Prairie, Wis.

'43.

Amos F. Baker is now engaged in fruit raising at Madison, Ind.

'49.

Rev. A. K. P. Small, D.D., of Portland, preached the annual sermon, Sunday evening, June 23, before the Y. W. C. A. of Colby.

'63.

Judge W. P. Whitehouse is presiding over the term of the Superior Court held in Waterville.

'65.

Howard L. Grover has moved to El Dorado, Kansas.

'69.

Rev. A. W. Jackson is spending the summer at his old home in Livermore Center.

'75.

Sunday, June 16, Rev. Herbert Tilden, pastor of the Baptist church at Farmington, extended the right hand of fellowship to three new members. At the urgent request of the people of Farmington Falls, Mr. Tilden has consented to preach occasionally at that village.

'76.

The degree of Ph.D. has just been conferred upon Prof. A. W. Small by Johns Hopkins University.

'78.

Rev. F. E. Dewhurst is now settled at Burlington, Vt.

'80.

Dr. E. F. King, of Washington, D. C., was in town recently.

'81.

Geo. N. Merrill is now at Stramfordville, N. Y., employed on the new Poughkeepsie bridge.

'82.

F. A. Weld has been appointed Supt. of Schools at Fergus Falls, Minn.

'85.

Harry L. Jewett is teaching at Wiscasset.

'87.

Harvey D. Eaton was in Waterville Monday, June 16.

Horace D. Dow is principal of the High School at Stonington, Conn.

Prof. W. F. Watson, of Furman University, S. C., was united in marriage, June 24, with Miss Clara Norwood, of Marion, S. C.

Miss Bessie Mortimer, who is now assistant in a Young Ladies' Seminary in New York city, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Andora Mortimer, of Waterville.

'88.

Miss M. E. Farr is visiting friends in Waterville.

Rev. M. S. Howes, pastor of the Baptist church at No. Haven, is meeting with marked success.

'89.

H. B. Woods preached at Hallowell, Me., Sunday, June 16.

C. F. Megquier left Saturday, June 15, to play ball with the Gardiners.

Lincoln Owen has been engaged as principal of the Normal Department, Ricker Institute.

Beecher Putnam has been engaged as principal of the High School at Deep River, Conn.

'90.

A. B. Patten will preach at Springfield during the summer vacation.

F. A. Gilmore delivered an oration before the alumni of the Maine Central Institute, two weeks ago.

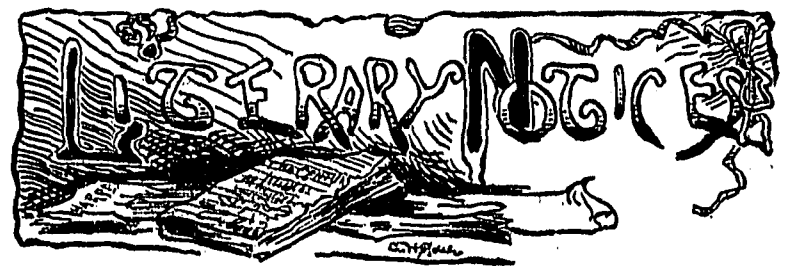
'91.

C. S. Pease supplied the pulpit at Bowdoinham, Sunday, June 16.

'92.

George C. Sheldon preaches at the Baptist church at Bradley, Sunday, June 16.

During the summer, Princeton is to send out a scientific expedition, on a ship furnished by the United States Government, to investigate the current between the Gulf Stream and New England.



Mr. George Parsons Lathrop is not like some authors who put their best work into their novels. He has never written anything better than his short stories, and Messrs. Cassell & Company are fortunate in offering the first collected volume of these to the public. "Two Sides of a Story" is the title of the volume whose contents are made up of his more notable contributions to *Harper's*, *The Century*, and the *Atlantic Monthly*. There is as much plot and character drawing in one of these stories as would satisfy some of our novelists for an entire book. Mr. Lathrop is a strong writer and has a keen sense for dramatic situation. Who ever has read his stories in the magazine will be delighted to get them in permanent and handsome form, and their collected appearance will raise up a new equally admiring audience.