

# The Colby Echo.

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No. 6.

## The Colby Echo.

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

### COLBY UNIVERSITY.

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## THE SANCTUM.

WE ask to be excused for the delay in bringing out this number, and give as excuse the short time which we have had to collect and arrange the material. It requires, at least, a week after it leaves the editors to publish the ECHO, so that from the fourteenth, the beginning of the term, we would have been very much crowded in getting it out at the usual time. And here we will take the opportunity to thank all those members of the college who have kindly given their time and efforts in contributing articles and items of local interest to the columns of the ECHO. The editors hardly knew where to go for the material for this number. The term had just begun, we had no literary articles, nothing had transpired worthy of note, the personals were short, and, on the whole, the

outlook was dark. But we found every one willing to do the best in their power and, with their aid, we have prepared this issue. We have received but comparatively little from the two under classes, but hope to obtain more from that quarter this term. We have no doubt but that there are many good writers among their number and would like to hear from them. Other colleges offer prizes for the best articles handed in to the editors before a given time, and we think that some such plan would be advantageous with us. Of course all cannot get the prize, but doubtless many good articles would be written, and the editors would have something to fall back on in such a time of need as was experienced at the beginning of this term.

JUST at this season it seems to be a fitting time to bring up the subject of base-ball. Every one manifests an interest in the matter, the nine begins to be organized, and business in this line opens with the other spring trades. The aspirants for honors in the diamond begin to rub down their muscles, look themselves over, and count their chances.

The success of Colby for the past two years has had a wonderful effect in creating an interest in this national game. It is not much to be wondered at that the boys came to look upon it as a bad investment to pay their money to send a nine through the State which met nothing but defeat for several years in succession. They receive nothing in return for the expense of the games played at other places except the honor and glory which victory gives to their *Alma Mater*, but when this is wanting it is indeed discouraging. But when such good returns are received as we received last year and the year before, the task seems lighter. The directors and manager have already got a full force of men in the gymnasium hard at work, getting up a muscle for the contest. This work is especially necessary this year, for as the season bids

fair to be exceptionally late, there will be but little time for out-of-door practice before the games begin, and without some such preparation the men who fill some of the positions would hardly hold out through a hotly contested game. Our boys will have the honor of breaking in the new uniforms, and we hope, and have good reason to expect, that they will break them in to victory so thoroughly that they won't know how to cover defeats. Let us support them well at home and they will do their best to reflect honor upon us and our college when away.

WE are now fairly started on the last long session of the year. Although the campus is still covered with snow, its wintry garment shows some signs of wear, and arguing from precedent we can look forward to a day when its verdant covering and cool shade will again invite us to repose. In a few weeks the Senior will be a Senior no more, having completed his examination, he will gaze upon the familiar surroundings with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret. He is awaiting only the consummation of his labors—the diploma. Long in passing, yet, having passed, how short seem the four years spent here among his books. His task is nearly done; but to break the bonds of fellowship which have, link by link wound themselves about him, this is the hardest task of all. From this home which he entered a boy, he will go forth a man, armed, if he has been faithful, with the best of all shields, a clear and well-trained intellect.

The Junior, with no thoughts but those of quiet joy, sees in the path ahead the mighty honors of the Senior year about to fall upon him, and smiles happily when he hears the Senior mention the end of his college days. And the Sophomore, even he, is assuming an expression of relief, to think that the carefully guarded urchins, who have so troubled him for the past six months, will soon be able to go it alone. He has but one more duty toward them, to prepare them for their final exhibition and make out the programme. But how do those long-suffering beings themselves feel? It is impossible to tell. The expression which beams from every countenance, altogether baffles us; we can neither analyze it nor solve it as a whole.

IN another column will be found the schedule of the games to be played by the Inter-Collegiate Base-Ball Association, during the coming season. On the first of February, the managers of Bates and Colby, accepting an invitation of the manager of the Bowdoin, met him at Brunswick, and made arrangements for the games as given in the schedule. For several years past much talk has been made at the opening of every season, concerning the expediency of this course. Every one agreed that it was just the thing to be done and, indeed, the only thing that would warrant a final decision upon the championship. But in every case it ended, as it began, in talk only. No one took the lead in putting it through, and so it remained undone. For many of these years no one could positively claim the championship on account of a tie. Last year, there remained no doubt as to the leading position, but the second place was claimed by both Bowdoin and Bates, for no arrangements were made for their final game. But with the present arrangements, it is reasonable to expect that at least three games will be played, all round, which will decide the question, and we hope that the weather, and all else will be favorable for the fulfilment of the plans of the managers.

THE labor of hastily preparing the sheets for the ECHO, in addition to the usual press of work at the beginning of the spring term, has brought to mind more forcibly than ever the difficulties under which the ECHO editors labor, owing to the present disposition of the Faculty towards them. It is reasonable to suppose that certain departments of the ECHO require for their preparation a large amount of time, and that the most of this work of preparation must be done within one week of the publication of the paper. It goes without saying that during this week, or during portions of it at least, college work must necessarily be slighted, and even then there is required the total sacrifice of the small amount of time for exercise which the student ordinarily gets in the spring and winter terms. Nor can it be fairly answered that this is work purely extraneous to college duties, and that if a student chooses to indulge in it he must do so at his own expense. The editor's work is directly in the line of his regular college exercises, and demands, in the

aggregate, far more labor than is bestowed upon the regular required essays.

More than this, the ECHO is a college publication, recognized by the Faculty, and issued subject to their direction. It is, by far, the most efficient factor in the advertising of the college that the Trustees could possess, and when, as is now frequently the case, the reputation of the college is judged of largely by its publications, it is for the direct interests of the college that its organ should be of the best possible character. This it cannot be where every moment of the time put upon its preparation must be taken from the editors' only hours of recreation. The faculties of other colleges have begun to recognize that they owe the paper something more than mere pecuniary support, and in a rapidly increasing number of instances, special concessions have been made to the editors of the college publication. Either a year's work on the editorial board counts as a substitute for a year's work in any study, or as an elective for one year, or else other special immunities are granted to the editorial board. At Bates, the instance nearest home, the editors are excused from the rhetorical work of the spring term; for three years, the difficulty of ranking stood in the way of such a step, but now this has been satisfactorily settled. In the words of the *Bates Student*: "The object of the editors is not to shun labor; it is simply to gain a little relief at a time when they are hard pressed on all sides." It is simply for some slight concession of the latter kind that we plead. Recognizing the fact that what we ask is that dreaded thing, an innovation, we simply ask that the Faculty will give the matter a fair consideration, that we may at least find a little more leniency, when leniency is sought on the ground of press of ECHO work.

## LITERARY.

### ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS.

Strange irony of history that in 1876, when the American Republic invited all nations of the world to assist her in the centenary celebration of her first step toward independence, Englishmen, instead of standing aloof with true insular haughtiness or sending a statue of Britannia clothed in sackcloth and ashes as a fitting

emblem of her humiliation and loss, were the most numerous, and by no means the least honored guests.

Again when America had forgotten her greatness, and was, for the second time, bowed in deep grief at the loss of her chief executive, England demanded that other nations should give her precedence, while she stood beside this Republic to pay the last tribute to the man who so well represented the outgrowth of a hundred years of American civilization. Nor has this country been wanting in showing her friendliness to England. The salute of the British flag at Yorktown was not merely an act of international courtesy. It was the voice of the whole nation joyfully recognizing the relations of the two countries so wonderfully changed.

What causes have conspired to effect this change? Surely two peoples never had greater reason for eternal enmity than America and England, so far at least as are concerned the incidents of history. The separation of the colonies from the parent people was attended with all the bitterness of a family quarrel. Each party conceived itself grievously wronged. The hatred thus generated, drove the two countries, at a later period, to open hostilities. In her conquests in India and in her troubles with Russia, England was greatly exasperated by the attitude of America, who never was nice in choosing terms with which to denounce Britain's foreign policy.

Once more, when her enemy across the Atlantic was struggling with slavery, England, for the sake of cotton, for the sake of avenging her long-nursed wrongs, was willing to perpetuate this scourge of humanity which had been raised up under her kindly care. No one has forgotten with what exultation she cried out, "The Great American Bubble has burst." No one has forgotten her desire to acknowledge the independence of the Southern Confederacy, and, by forming an alliance with Louis Napoleon, to break our blockade and terminate the war. Indeed, the very timely assistance given us then by Russia, Germany, and Switzerland, has secured our everlasting gratitude.

Nor could this change, which we see, have been brought about by America's policy of Protection; for if there is anything upon which England especially prides herself, it is her national policy and trade. She regards it as the

modern ideal of the world to be set up by all nations who have heard of steam and electricity. American prosperity is quoted as a stronger argument than the logic of her ablest thinkers. Not only are the peoples of Europe looking to the United States as a guide to financial and political independence, but the colonies of Canada, Victoria, and South Africa, much to England's chagrin.

The present state of feeling must be accounted for by some influence which has been silently at work beneath the oftentimes roughened surface of a hundred years' existence. Under the froth and foam of national contention are seen the workings of race, language, and institutions.

From the very nature of the case, it was a bold and adventurous people that in early times overcame the perils of sea and conquered a footing in Britain. It was this Teutonic enterprise and love of liberty which prompted the same people to seek a home in the American forests. Something of the pride of the ancient Roman must the early settler have felt, when he contemplated his country's greatness. For of whatever complexion, of whatever language the nations might be who took refuge beneath the folds of the red cross, they could look up to it everywhere and bid defiance to every other despotism. Whatever may be the passion of the hour, he in whom there is the love of tradition, in whom there is the spirit of national pride, must respect the land of his fathers, and the home of the Pilgrims, the birthplace of his own civil and religious liberty, and the tomb of those who gave him stability and integrity of character.

It is said to be a question whether a language makes its people, or a people its language. In either case, it seems to be the conviction of all countries that a nationality is more inherent in the medium of a people's intercourse than in their laws and constitutions. Spain, that she might save herself from the Moors, fought for centuries the diffusion of the Arabic language. In England, the Saxons contended harder against the French and Latin tongues than against the native Britons or the Normans at Hastings. In our own country, Louisiana while employing French as the legal language, was, even after she became a State, essentially a part of France. Her sympathy, her science, her phi-

losophy, her judicature were of that country. No sooner had the English become the authorized tongue, than French influences were discarded and she became decidedly American. Thus while inheriting the language of England, we have inherited, as a tradition, the combination of liberty and order; we have inherited her forms of government and principles of legislation. Our sympathies are naturally with her.

In this way has England acted upon our civilization. But the freedom with which we have dealt with those forms and principles, the great changes we have made in her constitution to fit it to our needs, have powerfully reacted upon her institutions. The same influences, purified of feudalism and stripped of time-sanctioned evils, have returned to reform and invigorate her. The colonies dared to apply the democratic theory of government to a large State. By a few in England, this adventure was regarded as the bright gleam in the horizon, heralding the dawn of freedom and equality; by almost the whole nation it was regarded as the mournful presage of the ruin into which all the institutions of the older world might fall.

The growth of this democratic party in Britain is best measured by its prodigious results. Very gradual has been the transfer of power from the crown, from the House of Lords, to the people. In 1762, George III. could make Lord Bute ruler of England against the strongest feeling of the people; he could exclude statesmen from office, and baffle legislation; but William IV. in 1834, could in no way make Sir Robert Peel his Prime Minister nor force his policy upon Parliament. All great measures now originate in the Lower House, while the peers, who act merely as a check upon the former body, owe their very existence to the sanction of carefully studied public sentiment.

It is no wonder, then, when the two nations have been brought so near together by steam and electricity, that one hastens to acknowledge her obligations in race, language, and institutions; while the other sees that American prosperity has flowed over upon her, filling her mints with metals and her markets with luxuries. It is no wonder that their interests are seen to be identical, and their sympathies mutual, since the ruling party in England was born of the American Revolution, has been nourished

to maturity by the American Republic, and since it contains such staunch and liberal statesmen as Gladstone and Bright.

### THE BOOK AGENT.

Among the many trades and professions which boast an antiquity almost as great as that of the human race itself, none has asserted itself more confidently, or maintained its position more persistently, than that of the book agent. Like the shepherd, the agriculturalist, the worker of metals, and the hewer of wood, the canvasser points to a long sequence of predecessors whom the consent of a grateful humanity has made illustrious forevermore. History abounds in the stories of their hopes, their struggles, and their triumphs. Mythology has woven its tales of romance around their deeds; tradition has handed down their methods without their cheek. It is the purpose of this short article to give a brief, but truthful sketch of the most distinguished book agents of the past. Their examples cannot fail to afford an interesting and inspiring chapter of human experience.

For the pioneers in this profession we must look far into the dim and misty past. Before Ben. Butler began to run for Governor of Massachusetts, before the democratic party ever tried to get into office, farther back even than this, before Hengist and Horsa invaded Britain, before Troy was ever sacked or Ilium ever sung, Cadmus, ancestor of the oldest mummy, was one of the town fathers of Thebes. If report is true, he was very comfortably situated in this young and growing city, owning many house-lots, and living in hopes of a railroad somewhere in the future. Why he ever decided to canvass must remain an eternal mystery. Probably some general agent came over from Asia with stories of unprecedented sales in Phoenicia. Or perhaps he may have been impelled by a love of hardship and adventure as well as by a desire to gain a better knowledge of human nature. However, the fact remains that before there was yet Sphinx or pyramid, we find Cadmus, his prospectus carefully bestowed in an inside pocket and the top of his hat filled with recommendations from prominent Egyptians, setting out for Greece in high spirits. Like his successors, he would not acknowledge himself a book agent. He smoothed the matter over by telling the people of the land of Hellen that he

was "introducing letters." The details of his canvass are not known, but it is evident that he had first-rate success. He sold at nearly every house, and the work when once possessed became an heritage forever. Its influence was felt by succeeding generations right on toward the end of time, and the enormous benefits which the people of Greece derived from the labors of Cadmus gave the book agent a lasting "boom." As for Cadmus himself, it is pretty generally accepted that out of his forty per cent. profits he managed to accumulate quite a fortune which he invested in some Thracian mines.

After Cadmus, the next famous agent was a woman, Amalthea by name. She was a sibyl and hailed from the East, but canvassed mostly in Italy. Little is known of her labors, but good fortune has preserved an account of a single call which she made at Rome. It is related, on very good authority, that coming to this city, and wishing some good names to head her list, she "struck" at once for Tarquinius Superbus himself. The old fellow happened to be feeling pretty well at that time. His daughter had lately married a powerful Latin prince, while the city of Suessa Pometia, long a thorn in the side of Rome, was the prey of the royal armies. Under circumstances so favorable, Amalthea readily got permission to show up the book. Tarquinius was perfectly carried away with the description, but, being a frugal old soul, thought he could hardly pay the three hundred pieces of gold, although the work was, as the sibyl assured him, in "nine volumes, handsomely illustrated, elegantly bound, gilt-edged, and quite the rage wherever sold." Amalthea was disgusted at such parsimony—so disgusted that she immediately cremated three of the books. With the other six she repaired again to the palace. This time she displayed some recommendations given her years before by Æneas. Still Tarquinius "hung off." His daughter's wedding rig had cost a great deal, his sons were rather expensive youths, and on the whole he had all he could crawl under, without buying any books. But Amalthea was not discouraged. Burning three more of the books she returned and demanded for the remaining three the same old price—three hundred pieces of gold. The king refused to buy, point blank. But Amalthea, like many others of her sex, was a woman whose persistence was only equalled by her re-



sources. Buy the books, Tarquinius must. If he didn't have the ready cash she could board with him long enough to recompense herself. Then the truth flashed over him, as it has flashed over many a man and woman since, and he bought the books to get rid of the seller.

It is necessary to pass, without notice, many intervening names, in order to do justice to one who is especially eminent. William Tyndale was the first man who "went out with a Bible." It was a new idea then. Bible agents were not as plenty as they are now. People would not hold up their hands and swear that they had a Bible for every member of the family and two for the baby, as is the custom nowadays when called upon by the wan-visaged agent. They had no purse-puckering stories to tell of how the "last fellow round" had charmed them with illustrations of the ark, with yarns told by Noah, oldest of navigators, and with a circumstantial account of the whale's sickness, only to cheat them out of their hard-earned and would-be piously spent dollars. Yet Tyndale had some unpleasant experiences. He was driven from place to place, imprisoned, strangled, and finally burned. The nineteenth century is just as barbarous, but more refined in its persecutions. Spurned from door to door, the Bible agent of the present day feels, as did Cain of old, like a "fugitive and vagabond in the earth," and every one who finds him wants to slay him.

To end this list no name could be fitter than that of Joseph Smith. He held a general agency for a work which has since become famous as the "Book of Mormon." It was a novel and very "taking" book. Its alleged authorship was unimpeachable, its binding and style of print without fault. Still it was a hard book to sell. The agents were kicked, whipped, shot, and hung, or, as they expressed it, treated to the "buffetings of Satan." How they must have dreaded to make the first morning calls! How encouraging it must have been to see a fellow-agent hung to a liberty pole, his recommendation pasted to his boot-taps, his prospectus turned leaf by leaf at the will of the wanton winds! Yet these men did not live for nothing. Their names are now the watchwords of beleaguered Utah, the hope of scores on scores of women whom the laws of the United States would make widows.

Such are the names which adorn the list of

book agents. Such are the trials and triumphs of those who have labored in the cause. They have been related not for the sake of what is thrilling or ludicrous; rather to illustrate those phases which are encouraging and hopeful. No aim can be nobler than that of supplying knowledge to the benighted and ignorant of this earth. The greatness of the cause gives a lustre to traits otherwise unnoticeable, and nurtures in every household a sentiment of respect and kindly regard for the tireless persistence, the prolonged waitings, the unabashed patience, the genial smile, the words of truth and wisdom, and the kindly interest in the welfare of others, which characterize the agent of the "new and valuable literary work."

## THE CAMPUS.

Spring?

A new fireman.

The home stretch.

The base-ball season is near.

Miss Morse, '85, has returned.

Stearns and Knowlton of '86, will not return.

A metaphorical rock is the latest in the geological line.

If '86 keeps on, it will be as much of a lack-lady class as '83.

If you want to see a Senior snarl, talk protective tariff to him.

The Juniors have chosen electives as follows Latin, 11; Calculus, 12.

We hope that the Faculty will give the last editorial a careful reading.

Webber, '86, and Parmenter, '86, have returned after a long absence.

There are two young gentlemen in the Junior class from Oakland, a town near Waterville.

Ex-Gov. Long of Mass., will deliver the oration before the literary societies next Commencement.

During the present term the Seniors have no recitations on Monday and Thursday mornings.

The breaking up of winter has also "broken up" most of the boys. Colds were never so numerous.

The contract for the new institute has been

awarded to Philbrook Bros. of Lisbon, who bid \$37,863.

A map agent, when asked where he boarded, replied, that he *chartered* a house. His is an Atlas-like brain.

Our readers will probably observe that we have not patronized the spring poets very extensively in this issue.

The *Waterville Mail* is getting up a Jamaica ginger agitation. Florida water and the spirit thermometer will be doomed next.

Our canvassers will be pleased to learn that the bill relating to "hawkers and peddlers" was indefinitely postponed by the Legislature.

"Jam satis terris nivis atque dirae  
Grandinis misit Pater."

The most obstinate man will not deny that these lines are as pertinent now as they were two thousand years ago.

We are glad to welcome back our laureate; but hope that his wayward muse will not again call down the anathemas of the gods.

"Rash mortal, and slanderous Poet! thy name  
Shall no longer appear in the records of Fame."

The Freshmen will not carry canes if the Sophs. behave themselves. That is a fair proposition, but the Freshmen are safe enough in making it.

Those who have seen the piles of foundation stones, say that the prospect of a new Institute is encouraging. This may bring a larger class into college in '84.

The Faculty evidently do not intend for Colby to become a refuge for Bowdoin's unfortunates. But it does not matter much as long as Dartmouth will.

If you want to see a fine meerschaum pipe right from Trieste, you had better call around to No. 23 N. O. Your scholarships will not prevent you from looking at it.

Of the Seniors, four have elected Latin; five, Greek, and the remainder, History of Philosophy. One class, at least, does not seem to hanker after the dead languages.

The chapel lectures for the present term are to be delivered by Hon. J. H. Drummond, Rev. F. T. Hazlewood, Judge Whitehouse, and probably President Chamberlain of Bowdoin.

Barton, Anice, Edmunds, Foss, Cochrane, Snow, Berry, Mank, and Fish have been se-

lected to represent the Sophomore class at their Public Declamation of the 18th of April.

A Soph., contemplating the near approach of the "false order" and "cane-rush" season, prefaces his remarks to his despairing classmates with the encouraging, "Fear not little flock."

One of its most generous friends has presented the university with a projecting microscope. This instrument, which is valued at one hundred and fifty dollars, was made by Tolles of Boston.

It may be soothing to the much-vexed Seniors to learn that the Encyclopedia Britannica is not among the numerous and costly text-books from which the final drops of wisdom are to be sipped.

The reading-room fire has an unpleasant habit of going out whenever there is a cold snap. The man who believes that "too many cooks spoil the broth," had better have a thermometer attachment.

The Seniors are beginning to be agitated about a Commencement concert. How would a first-class Shakespearean drama do, to take the place of the usual array of harps, trombones, and professional warblers?

It was the Delta Upsilon hall, not the D. K. E., which was damaged by the fire in Thayer's Block. The *Waterville Mail* made the not altogether unprecedented mistake of getting one door out of the way.

A Soph., whose vacation labors took him into the State of New Hampshire, brings back glowing accounts of his rural boarding place. The day before he came away, his host sent into the city for "three gallons for family use."

The tumults so prevalent in other New England colleges have not reached Colby. The strict manner in which our Faculty have quarantined all refugees from the infected regions, will probably preserve us from the epidemic.

The Seniors who are obliged to pay six dollars for a Constitutional History of England, which ought to cost about three, are able to appreciate the benefit of the Protective Tariff. Such "fostering of infant industries" is enough to make a democrat out of a saint.

A Junior boasts that he sawed eight cords of wood in one day during his last vacation. But this is no more improbable than some of the stories told by the book and map agents. If

the wood had held out the Junior would have undoubtedly done more.

During this term the art lectures are delivered on alternate Monday mornings. For the first Monday, the subject was, "Early Italian Painting of the Schools of Florence and Siena." Attendance is required of the Sophomores, but is optional with the Seniors.

The "nine" is training in the gymnasium. A desperate effort will be made to "scoop the schedule," and keep up to the record of last year. The 16th and 19th of May will be the crucial points of the season and for this reason more than usual preliminary practice and discipline is necessary.

The North College boys are beginning to see that Sam was not so far out of the way when he used to assert, with so much solemnity, that he held our lives in his hands. It makes all the difference in the world how "that biler" is tended, as a number of hoarse unfortunates have been able to testify.

If you see a man going around with his eye screwed toward his neighbor's failings, you may be pretty certain that he is on the editorial board of some one of the *Oracles*. If you want to clinch the matter, look in his inside coat pocket for a book of quotations. He is at once a "Scribe and a Pharisee."

For the first time during our college course we miss the face of the janitor on the campus. On coming back, we learned that he had been sick during the greater part of the vacation, although he was on hand at the opening of the term as usual. But not being fully recovered, a little overexertion again prostrated him. Perhaps the authorities will begin to see, as the students have seen for a long time, that the duties devolving upon the janitor are too much for one man.

At last, after more than half a century, the authorities of the college have seen fit to put up some fire escapes. At last the disconsolate denizen of the fourth floor can sleep in peace, knowing that in case of fire, he has at his window a stout iron ladder leading to within tumbling distance of the ground. At last the zealous Soph. will be relieved from the labors of the key-fitter and the trials of subsequent detection. Thus everything will be lovely if the fire threatened refugee will only remember to put on his

boots before making his final leap off the bottom of the fire escapes on to the broken bottles and relics of ancient pottery, with which some parts of the campus are so plentifully bestrewn; and if the future Sophomore can escape the ire of the Faculty who have no mercy for a fellow who "climbeth up some other way."

Those who are interested in the remains of the ancient Mediterranean civilizations will be pleased to learn that the cabinet has lately received, through the generosity of Paymaster J. Q. Barton, class of '57, now of U. S. Navy, an interesting and valuable collection of relics from Egypt, Carthage, Syria, Pompeii, and other places of ancient note. The relics were collected by Mr. Barton, himself, and are therefore free from the doubt which hovers so constantly over many alleged samples of distant antiquities. The collection from Egypt and Carthage, which is of rather the most interest, comprises a tablet of hieroglyphics taken from the recently discovered tombs of the Pharaohs, a portion of the capital of a pillar in the temple of the sun at Baalbec, with some minor relics from the Sphinx and pyramids, while the ruins of Carthage have given a fine specimen of a mosaic pavement from one of its ancient temples, and an earthen lamp bearing a representation of a peacock on its top. The other objects of greatest interest are pieces from the temple of Diana at Ephesus, from the hospital of the Knights of St. John at Jerusalem, from the Parthenon and the houses of Pompeii. The ancient Roman lamps and the glass tear bottle recently unearthed at Mytelene are curious and rare. The photographs of the Genoan autograph letters of Columbus will be fit companion pieces for the painting now in the library. But of still greater value are the fossil fishes from Mount Lebanon, as they are a needed addition to our rather poor collection of geological specimens.

A valuable addition has been lately made to the library in the shape of "Pool's Index to Periodical Literature." This book contains an alphabetical list of all the articles which have appeared in American and English periodicals from the establishment of each up to Jan. 1, 1882, and designates the particular volume in which any article may be found. The reader of periodical literature cannot fail to appreciate the advantage of a work which places at imme-



diate disposal a large number of essays and critiques which were before well-nigh lost in numerous and ever-multiplying volumes.

We give below the base-ball schedule agreed upon by the managers of the Bowdoin, Bates, and Colby nines. As many of these games will be played as weather and faculties permit, and any nine failing to appear at the appointed time and place, forfeits the game unless one of these reasons can be offered as an excuse. Additional rules and regulations are to be adopted at a future meeting :

#### SCHEDULE OF GAMES.

May 12—Bates vs. Bowdoin.....at Brunswick.  
 May 16—Colby vs. Bates.....at Waterville.  
 May 19 (A.M.)—Bowdoin vs. Colby.....at Brunswick.  
 May 19 (P.M.)—Bates vs. Colby.....at Lewiston.  
 May 23 (A.M.)—Bowdoin vs. Bates.....at Lewiston.  
 May 23 (P.M.)—Bowdoin vs. Colby.....at Waterville.  
 May 26 (A.M.)—Bates vs. Bowdoin.....at Brunswick.  
 May 26 (P.M.)—Bates vs. Colby.....at Waterville.  
 May 30—Colby vs. Bowdoin.....at Waterville.  
 June 2—Colby vs. Bates.....at Lewiston.  
 June 6—Bowdoin vs. Bates.....at Lewiston.  
 June 9—Bowdoin vs. Colby.....at Brunswick.  
 June 16—Bates vs. Colby.....at Brunswick.  
 June 23—Bowdoin vs. Bates.....at Waterville.  
 June 30—Bowdoin vs. Colby.....at Lewiston.

Prof. Warren kindly furnishes us with the following: Photographs recently added to the art collection of Colby University, from the firm of Messrs. Alinari & Cook, Rome, Italy: Views of the Colosseum, Forum, Temple of Venus and Rome, Tomb of Cecilia Metella, Arch of Constantine, Porta Maggiore, Basilica of Constantine, Arch of Drusus, and Baths of Caracalla; Fra Bartolommeo's Entombment, Portrait of Savonarola, and Prophet Isaiah; Fra Angelico's Madonna of the Star; Ghirlandajo's Calling of Peter and Andrew; Verrocchio's Baptism of Christ; Raphael's Madonna del Baldacchino; Giulio Romano's Portrait of himself; Andrea del Sarto's Madonna of the Sack, and St. John the Baptist; Sodona's St. Sebastian; Sassoferrato's Madonna Addolorata; Guido Reni's Cumean Sibyl; Carlo Dolce's Archangel Gabriel; Titian's Portrait of Catherine Cornaro, La Bella, Entombment, Presentation, Assumption, Madonna with Christ and St. John; Paul Veronese's Feast in the House of the Levite, and Madonna Enthroned.

The second annual meeting and dinner of the alumni of Colby University (Waterville, Me.), residing in Boston and vicinity, took place at

the Parker House last night. Forty members of the association were present and President Pepper, of Waterville, was present as an invited guest. Hon. Henry W. Paine, the venerable and venerated President of the association, presided. After the dinner was over, addresses were made by Rev. Dr. Pepper, President of the University, Rev. Dr. Ricker of Maine, its financial agent, Rev. Dr. Stearns of Newton Theological Seminary, A. H. Briggs, Esq., of Boston, Rev. Dr. Bosworth, Col. F. S. Heseltine, of Boston, B. F. Sturtevant, Esq., of Boston, Larkin Dunton, LL.D., of the Boston Normal School, and others. President Pepper was greeted by a rousing welcome, and was the recipient of the most flattering and deserved commendations by nearly all the speakers, several of whom knew him when he was a pastor in Waterville. In his remarks, Dr. Pepper paid the present students in Colby a high compliment, when he said that what is called the discipline of the institution had given him no care, so well disposed were the students. Rev. Dr. Ricker presented the present needs of the college in a forcible manner. To secure \$15,000 from the constant patron of the institution, ex-Gov. Coburn of Maine, it is necessary to raise an additional \$15,000, of which \$8,500 is pledged, but the rest is yet wanting. This money is not for the college but for its three feeders—Waterville, Hebron, and Houlton Academies. From every standpoint the outlook of the college was never so hopeful and its condition never so prosperous as it is to-day. The occasion was one of deep interest to all those who were present.—*Boston Journal*.

#### THE COLLEGE PRESS.

There has, of late, been considerable discussion throughout the college press, as to what form should be given to the exchange department of a college journal. When such publications were few in number and dissimilar in character, it was possible to make the department a medium for bona fide criticism of the exchanges of sister colleges, but now, from the very number of the exchanges that monthly come to the editors' table, it has become well-nigh impossible for this department to fill the office for which it was originally designed. In their endeavor to conform to its primary interest, many papers fill their columns with short paragraphs of comment or criticism, which are about as interesting to the reader as are the tabulated statistics of a modern foreign missionary society. As the *Berkeleyan* very aptly says: "The ordinary reader

is not often absorbed by an unslakable curiosity to know that the *Trinity Tablet* is a sprightly, twenty-page journal published every three weeks by the students of Trinity College. He would not be likely to raise one single serious objection if it were a nineteen-page and published every century by the inmates of the Halifax Insane Asylum." Nor yet, on the other hand, do we believe it warrantable to fill the department with such delirious slush as the *Index* man regularly perpetrates upon his readers, in the attempt to avoid dullness.

Reasoning thus, the journals of many of the largest colleges have entirely done away with the exchange department, Yale furnishing a notable exception. Other colleges have given the department wholly up to extracts from its exchanges, while a larger number devote it to the discussion of various topics of general interest, that are from time to time brought up by the college press. Still more follow the course that has with us been substantially adhered to in past years. We believe that the department may legitimately pursue any, or all, of these last three methods, so long as it maintains a reasonable degree of interest for its readers, and concerns itself with matters which without an exchange department would fail of coming to the student's notice. So much in defense of future possible deviations from a rule hitherto closely adhered to in our columns.

The most entertaining journal that appears upon the exchange table is the *Wheelman*, a monthly devoted exclusively to the interests of bicycling. It is still in the first year of its existence, but it has already developed to a handsome magazine of near a hundred pages, very similar in appearance and arrangement to the *Century*. It is filled with articles contributed by able writers, and is finely illustrated, furnishing in itself an excellent index of the rapid growth and development of American bicycling.

The sentiment of nearly all the exchanges of the day is uncompromisingly hostile to hazing, even in its milder forms. The January number of the *Haverfordian* opens with a manly and vigorous editorial urging the abolition of tossing, the only relic of the old-time barbarism which now remains at Haverford. We heartily coincide with the editor's closing sentence, in which he says, "We feel that the first class which entirely does away with the last vestige of hazing, will be in no way despised or less esteemed for the act."

We have had a deep and ever-increasing respect for the *Emory Mirror*, more especially for its literary department, since we picked up its last issue and started in on the first article, headed, "The Schoolmaster's Dream." What the schoolmaster could have been eating to have had such a dream, we cannot imagine, but the author, in order to have evolved such a thing, must have worked himself up into an ecstatic frenzy and then spread himself. Think of the bewildering effect of an article that staggers with the weight of such Miltonic sentences as the following, "You will be swept on through oceans of light by flashing suns and mellow moons that sport in bright

cascades, to Him who will reward you." One's brain reels and the imagination totters at the very thought of being swept through space by a mellow moon.

Attracted by its title, we take as a suitable restorative a couple of columns of an article in the *Madisonensis*, headed, "Podunk Versus Slabtown," and then, refreshed, wade boldly into the sea of locals that is found between the covers of the *University Press*. After wading through ten or a dozen pages of locals, book notices, personals, exchange items and jokes, we brought up against the advertisements on the last page, and going backward through jokes, exchange items, personals, book notices, and locals, we are again confronted with advertisements,—this time on the first page; in either case there is the same result, no literary articles whatsoever, with the exception of two or three brief editorials,—all scraps. Doubtless scraps are good things, but the excessive use of good things is intemperance, and the *University Press* is a perfect inebriate on short items. We should advise all of the present corps of eleven editors to sign the total abstinence pledge, and then associate to themselves a few more editors (perhaps making the round number twenty), so as to have enough to insure the presentation of some solid reading matter.

Amherst has become the first of the New England colleges to come out decisively against all inter-collegiate sports, and her students are in a ferment of indignation over the recent action of the Faculty which has brought this to pass. The proclamation which has excited so much feeling is as follows: "The Faculty of Amherst College having carefully noted the tendency of inter-collegiate athletic games as now conducted, have become convinced that this tendency is demoralizing; that the cost of these games, in respect of time and money and energy expended has no compensating advantage; and that, therefore, so far as the members of this college are concerned, they should cease, whenever the engagements already made have been fulfilled, or after the close of the present collegiate year. In reaching this conclusion the Faculty would also express their cordial approval of the games and athletic exercises in which the students of this college engage upon their own grounds." A petition of remonstrance, praying that this decision may be revoked, has been almost universally signed by the students, and it is hoped that it will not be without weight with the Faculty of the institution.

Apropos to this action of Amherst, and in contrast with it, are the recent utterances of Pres. Eliot of Harvard, who has had ample opportunity for judging of the results and general tendency of athletic sports. After a careful examination of the figures of the last ten years, he declares that "It is by no means the case that the students who were members of the university crew, base-ball nine, or foot-ball eleven, from 1873 to 1883, stood at the bottom of the rank lists; and that furthermore, even when associated with lack of interest in scholarly pursuits, the perseverance, resolution, and self-denial, necessary to success in athletics, turn out qualities valuable in business, and other occupations of future life."

## OTHER COLLEGES.

There are at present no electives in the curriculum at Trinity.

At Rutgers they are clamoring for cushions on the chapel seats.

At the University of Michigan, examinations are optional with the professors in the various departments.

The Wellesley girls talk of starting a paper. The question has also been agitated at Smith. The faculties of both colleges are opposed to the measure.

Charles Darwin's son has presented Harvard College an etching of his father's study, with an exact representation of the room as it was on the day of his death.

Compulsory athletics will probably be adopted at Cornell. We wish that a little of the progress in that direction might work up this way, together with the requisite funds to make such progress possible.

At Cornell, two unexcused absences in any term of studies of two hours or less per week, and three unexcused absences in studies of more than two hours per week, will exclude a student from examination in that study at the end of the term.

The following is the number of volumes of some of the largest college libraries in the country: Harvard, 185,000; Yale, 93,000; Dartmouth, 60,000; Brown, 52,000; Princeton, 49,000; Cornell, 40,000; Columbia, 38,000; University of Michigan, 29,000; Williams, 19,000; Colby 18,000.

It has long been a custom of the Philadelphia graduating class, to erect a tablet and plant an ivy at the close of their course. It is now proposed to leave some less suggestive memorial, such as a gift of books, as the tablet scheme gives the front of the college building an uncomfortable resemblance to a graveyard.

Out of 303 colleges in this country, 155 now use the Roman, 114 the English, and 34 the Continental pronunciation. Among those using the Roman pronunciation, are Harvard University, Boston University, Yale College, Columbia College, the University of Pennsylvania, Princeton College, Cornell University, Johns Hopkins University, and the University of Michigan.—*Ann Arbor Chronicle*.

## THE WASTE-BASKET.

De Sophs., dey smoke, an' drink, an' cuss,  
An' say, "O Fresh. ! doan' you wish you was us?"  
De Fresh. say nuffin', but grub away,  
Like Jack, dull boy—all wuck, an' no play.  
For dey tink it's fun to racket an' bum,—  
Bimeby de Faculty's turn's gwine ter come.—*Ex.*

The following will touch a responsive chord in the breasts of '85:

Foul Physics is my theme, sir;  
Its lover I esteem, sir,  
The biggest crank that ever drank  
The milk and left the cream, sir.

For when much else there is, sir,  
That's full of sense and bliss, sir,  
Pray why put up with such a cup  
Of bitterness as this, sir?

It drowns me with velocity,  
And opens my porosity;  
Division rules my molecules  
With clinical ferocity.

Work and acceleration  
Keep me in forced vibration.  
The 'ometers and 'mometers  
Bring mental aberration.

With prisms and with lenses  
My distracted sight it frenzies;  
The spectral curse blights me far worse  
Than mumps or influenzas.

Just when I think I've tumbled  
To that for which I fumbled  
Throughout my brains, the Prof. explains,  
And all my thoughts are jumbled.

To suffering I'm incurable  
Whenever its incurable;  
But such distress without success  
Is simply unendurable.—*Mich. Argonaut.*

Feminine subtlety: First Annex Maid—"Here's a car." Second Annex Maid—"Wait; let's take that red one just behind; they go ever so much faster."—*Lampoon.*

"When does school commence again?" The Freshman turns up his nose, and says he does not know. The Sophomore laughs uproariously, and does not answer at all. The Junior smiles politely, and explains that we generally say "college" here; but the Senior answers promptly, "Next Thursday."—*Record.*

Student translates—"And you shall not eat yourself full for once in your life." Professor—"What does 'full' modify?" Student

(hesitating, the Professor continues impatiently) —“Come, come, who is full?” Student—“Yourself.” Music by the band.—*Cornell Sun*.

A correspondent, mistaking the nature of the “ECHO,” writes: “If a woman assails one, how is he to defend himself without using violence toward her?” As this paper has no “correspondent’s column,” the query, of course, found its way to the waste-basket. At first the Ed. was sorely perplexed, but determined to consult a Senior experienced in warfare, both defensive and offensive, regarding the matter. Here is his prompt and reckless answer: “Clasp her firmly ’round the waist.”

### PERSONALS.

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

’41.—Died, Dea. Calvin Bickford in Warren, at the age of 70 years.

’61.—A. P. Marble was elected president of the association of Maine people resident in Worcester, Mass., at their second annual reunion, in February last.

’62.—Died, March 14, Rev. Isaiah Record, pastor of the Baptist Church at Houlton, Me., of typhoid pneumonia, after an illness of a week. He graduated from Newton in 1869, and was pastor of a church in Turner, Me., until 1876, when he was called to the church whose pulpit is now left vacant by his death.

’63.—George S. Scammon died March 22d, in Malden, Mass., at the age of 37 years and 10 months. The deceased was a prominent citizen of Malden, where he had resided for a number of years previous to his death. He served in the Union army during the rebellion, and at its close he resided a short time at his home in Waterville, but soon went to Malden. From 1869 to 1871 he was principal of the West Grammar School of that city. In the latter year he entered upon the study of law in the office of H. W. Paine of Boston. In 1872 he gave himself to the management, for a year, of the *Malden Tribune*. Since that time his attention has been given wholly to the practice of law.

’64.—Stanley T. Pullen has sold his interest in the *Portland Press*, to his former partner, and retires from the management of the paper.

’65.—A. D. Small, formerly in the employ of D. Appleton & Co., is now sub-master of the Lawrence School, Boston, having taken the position Nov. 1, 1882.

’77.—W. H. Looney has been re-elected City Solicitor of Portland, Me.

’78.—Died, Rev. Charles H. Salsman, Feb. 7, 1883, at Lebanon, Ohio. He was a graduate of Newton, in the class of ’81, and had been in his Western pastorate but about a year and a half.

’79.—Married, at the residence of the bride’s parents in Winslow, on Thursday, Feb. 22, 1883, Mr. Willis A. Joy, of Grand Forks, Dakota, and Miss Hattie E. Britton. Both of the contracting parties graduated in the class of ’79. The newly wedded couple left immediately for their future home in the far West.

’80.—E. F. King has lately graduated from the Medical College at Washington, where he has been studying for some time.

’81.—F. B. Cushing has resigned his position in the Insane Hospital at Augusta, and is devoting himself to the study of medicine at Brunswick, with the expectation of finishing his course at New York.

’81.—S. K. Marsh has been elected Professor of Greek and Latin in the Chamberlain Institute at Randolph, N. Y.

’81.—J. H. Parshley has accepted a call to the Baptist church in Westboro, Mass.

’81.—Philo Steward is studying law in the Law School of Boston University.

’81.—John F. Davies has a lucrative position as superintendent of circulation in the public school library of St. Louis, Mo. His P. O. address is 1300 Olive Street, of that city.

’81.—Jos. Melcher, now in the office of Jas. Tucker & Co., boot and shoe dealers of Boston, was lately called home by the illness of his father.

’82.—G. L. Dunham is principal of the Dixfield Academy.

’82.—S. J. Nowell has been obliged to relinquish his school, on account of serious trouble with his eyes.

’82.—E. F. Thompson is engaged in the study of law in the office of the Hon. C. F. Libby, at Portland.

’83.—Arno W. King, formerly of ’83, is pursuing the study of law at Boston University.