

10-1888

# The Bates Student - volume 16 number 08 - October 1888

Bates College

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## Recommended Citation

Bates College, "The Bates Student - volume 16 number 08 - October 1888" (1888). *The Bates Student*. 2059.  
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THE

BATES



STUDENT

Sixteenth  
Volume.

'89



Number 8.



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THE

# BATES STUDENT.

Vol. XVI.

OCTOBER, 1888.

No. 8.

## THE BATES STUDENT

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE  
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

CLASS OF '89, BATES COLLEGE,  
LEWISTON, ME.

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TERMS.—\$1.00 per year, in advance; single copy, 10 cents.

Subscribers not receiving the STUDENT regularly should notify the Business Manager.

Contributions cordially invited.

Exchanges and matter for publication should be addressed EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, BATES STUDENT, LEWISTON, MAINE; business letters to I. N. COX, MANAGER OF STUDENT, LEWISTON, MAINE.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at Lewiston Post-Office.

Printed at the Journal Office, Lewiston, Maine.

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## EDITORIAL.

EVERY student in college should feel that it is not only his privilege but his duty to belong to the Athletic Association. The object of this Association is the attainment of something more than mere physical exercise. It seeks to create a hearty fellowship among students, to make strong and energetic men, and to give such a zest and vigor to college life as active participation and interest in athletic sports alone can give. When a man comes to college we think he is under obligations to exert himself in the promotion of every college interest. Live students make a live college. We want every student at Bates to be a man and a live one. The Association dues are light, but we need them, and much more do we need the hearty co-operation of every student in college.

THE beginning of the school year is a good time to start out on a new tack, to make New-Year resolves and keep them. We are going to give a little paternal advice to '92, our Freshman class. It is quite a habit with those fresh from the green fields and pleasant pasture of fitting school to make many and great resolves, "I will and I will not." Make resolves

but make less and in some respects different ones. First,—my lessons are important, perhaps the most important, but they are not the only things. I will become acquainted with the college, and especially with my own class. This is a point often disregarded. Boys even make their boasts that they do not know half the boys outside their own class and but half know the others. Certainly here there is a mistake, and after the college course is finished and it is too late to rectify it the mistake will be felt. Half the benefit gained from college lies in the associations with our *Alma Mater*, the ties formed, the friends made, the many things which in after life will tend to change back the gray-haired men to the boys of to-day.

Here is another thing to be thought of. It has been noticed that the classes that amounted to the most after graduating, those that had the most distinguished men were the classes that held together the best in college, and that those classes that were constantly at variance with one another, the other classes, and the Faculty, have always been those who were the least honor to the college. Then cultivate the social side of your natures in all honest and upright ways. Be honest, be true to your friends and '92 will be a class to be remembered and to be proud of.

**D**O not be in too much of a hurry, young man; stop and *think*. This world was not made in a minute. The work of a life-time is not to be done in an hour. Patience and *perseverance* will accomplish more than all the rushing. Take time to breathe. Do not

keep your nervous and mental forces continually on the stretch. You need change. God never meant that you should cramp that sigmoid curve into a rainbow over a study table. Take a walk now and then, and, if you must study, study the birds and butterflies. Continual mental strain will break you down and you must *not* break down. God wants your work in the world, not weak broken-down efforts, but strong, healthy, vigorous service. The world wants you too, but it has no need of invalids. It ought to be deemed a matter of duty to train the muscle with the brain. In the gymnasium there is plenty of opportunity and a good instructor ready to give you help and advice. A lively half hour's practice there every day will do you more good than any amount of medicine.

**T**HE time approaches, indeed is already here, when a great presidential contest stirs up men's blood and fires their prejudice and ardor; when the son-in-law votes against his father-in-law, and the father-in-law pays out his hard earnings to defeat the aspirations of the son-in-law; when urged on by the wild cries of "protection" and "free trade," of "temperance" and "reform," crowds of humanity of all ages and sizes tramp through deep mud and shout themselves hoarse at the sight of a flag or a bonfire. What is the meaning of all this tumult and parade? Why it means that a great nation is choosing its chief magistrate. A spectacle grander in proportions and significance than can be found in the history of any other

time or people. Every man and youth feels that he may exercise a direct influence upon the affairs of a powerful nation. He rejoices in his strength and bubbles over with enthusiasm and exultation. Rallies and parades are a legitimate result. Badges and plumes add attractiveness to even the best of causes.

At a time like this no one should feel more responsibility than the college student. From the ranks of educated men are to be chosen our magistrates and political leaders. The student should study the political situation carefully, and make honest judgments. He should lend his zeal to the cause he upholds, attend its rallies, assist in its pageantry, and as occasion requires attest his support by the vigor of a college yell.

WHERE is that toboggan slide that was so enthusiastically talked of last winter? Where is the Athletic Association that it is planning mile races and ten-foot hops, and many an other impossibility for an uncertain date in the month of June next, and has not once thought how it would provide its members with invigorating oxygen during the long winter months? Have we all got to that foggy old age which forgets the delights of childhood when we truantly skimmed the half-frozen frog pond, or flew down the hill at a speed that would shame the "Flying Yankee?" Ah! those memorable after-school hours with sled or skates, who shall forget? There is nothing half so invigorating as the atmosphere of a clear winter's day. Nothing will give a healthy person such bounding,

overflowing exuberance of spirits as a little vigorous exercise in the open air of winter. Spring and summer are now gone with their languishing dreams and luxuriant poetic fancies. Now comes the weather of keen nerves and clear brains. What are you going to do the next six months? shut yourself up in a little box of a room and breathe air that has been in that room since the college was built? Are you going to shiver over the stove blinking at the chilly whiteness without, casting shuddering glances up at the mountain thinking how cold and bleak it must be up there, and wondering if warm weather will ever come? With such facilities as we have for the construction of a toboggan slide, why can't we have one? We venture to say that nothing could be added to our premises furnishing so delightful, so healthy a relaxation from study as this.

WHEN the school year closes, the industrious student looks about him for some employment. He reviews in his mind the various occupations which he might engage in during the vacation. He first thinks of teaching, but instantly concludes that it will be almost impossible to obtain a school for the summer. Next the comfort and quiet of some hotel passes before his vision, but if he has had any experience at summer resorts, he knows too well the grumbling proprietor, the fractious clerk, and the table spread with food half cooked. "No," he says, "I cannot endure those things. I must try something new this season." At this point of meditation there

flashes before his mind that old, yet ever new, business of *canvassing*. And when he gets this subject well fixed in mind, there comes to him at just the right moment a *general agent*; and of all men, which the world produces, the smoothest toned, the most eloquent, and the most deceptive is the general agent. The anxious, tired student is naturally drawn into his net, which is baited with the enticing allurements of "five dollars a day," "one hundred dollars a month," and what others have accomplished in a few hours' time. A bargain is made and the student agrees to go to some distant State with the expectation of making his fortune. He learns his story as he would a declamation, receives a few points from his employer, and starts for his territory. The journey to the scene of action is generally pleasant. But when he arrives and finds that one-half of the people are away at the sea-shore and the other half have no money, then his expectations fall and trouble begins. In many places instead of meeting the inmates of the house he meets the savage watch-dog, that seems to have an habitual disregard for agents. Often he sees the smiling servant girl who politely informs him that her mistress is not at home. He sometimes hears the expression, as he walks along, "There goes that book agent." All these things sink like lead on the poor fellow's soul, until he is weighed down with grief and homesickness and can endure the business no longer. Then, with a pocket-book containing less than when he started out, he returns home a wiser if not a better man.

## LITERARY.

### SOUL PASSION.

By A. L. S., '89.

Betimes, methinks, the soul within  
Awakens into fuller life.  
Emotions keen, transcendent sway  
The being in its very depths;  
Unheeded earth's distraction pass;  
Unloosed a moment are the chains  
That bind our effervescent souls  
To this materialistic state;  
Thought spurns the narrow bounds of clay  
And soars, immeasurable as time  
Should all the heavenly orbits cease.

### FIRE-FLIES.

By M. S. M., '91.

Through the shadows with winged footsteps  
Comes softly the evening breeze,  
Telling low, if we would but listen,  
Of the night's sweet mysteries.

Dark ripples the dreaming river,  
Its wavelets touched with flame;  
The good-night song of a drowsy bird  
Comes soft from the shadowed lane.

And there through the soft deep shadows  
Sails a spark of golden fire,  
Now floating low o'er the sleeping flowers,  
Then airily rising higher.

Can it be a star that has gone astray,  
From that wondrous vault above,  
Whence a million orbs of golden fire  
Look down with their eyes of love?

See! another sparkles amid the trees.  
One floats o'er the sleeping stream.  
Now in and out of the shadowy boughs  
A hundred glance and gleam.

Ah! the fairy folk are abroad to-night,  
While the dull world lies asleep;  
And here in the heart of this quiet spot  
Their merry revels they keep.

They are coming by scores, a blithsome band,  
To their shadowy halls and bow'rs,  
And bringing their golden lamps alight  
To hang in the hearts of the flowers.

Would I could see them with mortal eyes!  
But I'll come by the morning light,

To this charmed spot by the riverside,  
 Where these wee folks dance to-night,  
 To find if I can some trace of them  
 By the searching light of day;  
 Ah, no! the charm will be broken then,  
 And the wonders vanished away.

---

SIC ERAT IN FATIS.

By C. D. B., '89.

CHAPTER VII.

"**J**ERUSALEM-SCOTT, bys! what ye thinkin' o'! There han't no treasure on the Pint; course there han't. Why, I'd have known if there was. I wouldn't give a cint for all's there. How'd I knowed? Bowsprit-and-rudder, bys! han't I lived on this Pint nigh on to forty years. Guess I know what's what in these diggin's. Have I ever digged? Digged! why, I've plowed and harrowed and digged and digged; I've digged the whole Pint, I have. If I don't know what's here, who does? Did I ever dig where you locerate Capt'n Kidd's treasure? P'raps I have, how do ye know? Anyhow, I know what's there. What's there? Gorripus, bys! if ye are tarnal fools enough to go a-diggin' down there, why I'll let ye, and go down meself, int' the bargain, to see ye fooled. Steve, harness the old mere into the small hay-rack, and bring out all the pickaxes and shovels and iron bars ye can find. What! ye goin', gals? Well, I never; I never thought ye be such fools. 'Sides, Capt'n Kidd says there's dead men's bones—skulls and cross bones, and rib bones and— 'Ye don't care; ye'll risk it? All right; the more the merrier. Hulloo! mother Jane, get yer

bunnet, and you, Mary Hanna; we'll all go. We'll all be in at the death, as sure as ye are born. There, jump in. You, bys, cling to the sides o' the rack. You, gals, cling to the bys. You, mother Jane, sit down on the blanket, there. I'll drive the old horse; geelong! geelong. Away we go, we go, rattle-te-bang; hurray! hurray! for Capt'n Kidd! There, pile out, bys; we can't go no farther in the rack. Take them picks and shovels and bars; there, march. Whoa! whoa! stand still, old mere. Do I command? Well you bet. Go ahead; I'll come arter, when I get the nag tied. No use trying to climb that barbed-wire fence. Look out! ye'll get hung up by the heels, ye will; there's a pair o' bars 'long ahead."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Here's the place," said Ned, and throwing aside his hat, and taking off his coat and vest, he drove his pickaxe again and again into the earth—thud, thud, thud—Guy and I removing the dirt thus loosened.

The rest gathered expectantly around us, excepting uncle Jack, who, a cunning smile on his face, sat half a dozen rods away, his back against a tree, placidly pulling at his T. D. We became excited. We worked like mad Titans. Wavering like a clock pendulum, between hope and doubt, we were like maniacs in our eagerness. Each one of us felt as strong as a giant. We seemed to ourselves made of steel. The perspiration ran from our brows in rivulets. Our hands, uncalloused by labor, were soon blistered, we not minding. The earth was clayey and



full of stones. When we came to a rock, no matter how firmly it was imbedded, with almost superhuman strength we tore it from its terreous setting. Minutes were as short as seconds. Time sped like the wind. An hour passed. Three feet—no signs of any treasure. Four feet—none. Five feet—none.

“We’re wrong,” said Ned. “We were a little uncertain respecting location. We must dig at the other place.”

“Rest, rest,” said the girls.

“Dig, dig,” said uncle Jack, putting up his pipe, and coming toward us. “Ye’ll find somethin’ here, I’ll bet a pint o’ cider ye will.”

Tearing up the green sward again we worked as madly as before. A foot below the surface we found a large flat stone.

“There, bys, I told ye ye’d find somethin’ here. Out with her, bys. That’s it; chock the bar under her, Neddie; yours t’other side, Charlie. Now, heave ho! Here chock this stone under for a trig. Now try her again. A long histe, and a strong one, and one all together. Up, up; heave ho. There ye have her.”

“We’re on the right track,” exclaimed Ned, driving his pickaxe once more into the ground. “This earth has been removed some time. That stone was a blind.”

“At it, bys; at it; ye are good for it. I’ll bet ’nother pint o’ cider ye find somethin’ more. Keep still, gals, let ’em dig; it’ll do ’em good.”

“The earth grows looser and looser the farther down we dig,” said Guy. Just then, Ned, catching sight of

something red at our feet, grasped it and unearthed a garment. “Hurrah!” he cried; “the treasure is here. This is part of a uniform that one of the sailors wore whom Captain Kidd killed.”

“At it, bys, ye’ve found a treasure sure; one o’ Mary Hanna’s worn-out winter petticoats.” Uncle Jack now spoke in a stage-aside tone, and, moreover, we were so excited we shouldn’t have caught the signification of what he was saying, no matter how loud he had spoken.

“Here’s a jaw bone,” exclaimed Guy, picking up something that his pickaxe had displaced.

“’Nother treasure, not a human jaw bone, but a Samsonean. What’s the difference though, a bone’s a bone.”

“And here’s a skull,” said Ned.

“’Nother treasure, the skull of an unclean swine. Next, ye’ll find me last winter beef bones, and reckon them worth the most o’ all.”

Here my shovel came in contact with what gave forth a metallic ring.

“We’ve reached it at last,” cried Ned. “Shovel right here. There, I can see the top of it.”

Ned, grasping an iron bail, began pulling with all his might, we, in the meantime, digging away the earth around it. Finally, Guy and I, throwing down our shovels, also took hold. Our united exertions brought it.

The “it” was a large iron kettle with a cover riveted upon it. We took it up onto the green sward, and Ned smashed it with a blow of his pickaxe. We found—neither gold doubloons, nor emeralds, nor rubies, nor

sapphires, nor gems of any kind. We found a million or two of that fruit, which, parboiled, then baked with porcine flesh, we Yankees very much esteem as food—yellow-eyed beans.

I doubt not that we were as chagrined and disappointed when we saw those scattered pulse as the defeated presidential candidate when he finds his opponent elected, the government cart tipped up, and his constituency spilled out all kicking and sprawling.

## CHAPTER IX.

“Yes, gals; I’ll tell ye all about it. Last summer Ned drive a lot o’ ‘practical drives’ on me. I didn’t say much, but, nevertheless, I made up my mind to be even with him, so I pickled this joke. I had the box and kettle fixed down at the blacksmith’s. “How ’bout Ned’s findin’ the box? Well, when he pinte out that yellow-hammer’s nest to me, I knowed he’d be goin’ up there next day, so I put the box int’ the hole, knowin’ he’d be ’bout certain to find it. I dug the hole over there on the Pint as soon as the frost was out on the ground, and put in the rags and bones. How they did work! They worked like beavers and Trujans. The way the dirt flew was a caution. Don’t wonder they went to bed early. And, between you and me, and the post, in my ’pinion, they’ll get up late. Gorripus! what fun it was though to see them callin’ that petticoat a uniform and them bones human bones, an’ to see them pullin’ that kettle o’ beans up out on the ground, expectin’ to find somethin’ valuable in it.”

## CHAPTER X.

Reluctantly from Phœbus’ ardent gaze, old mother earth turned her face, veiling it in the gray of evening. But half an hour before the western clouds, now dappled with white and gray like a roan steed’s side, were barred and ribbed with gold.

On a rustic bench, not far from the house, we sat—Maude and I. From the orchard came the night-bird’s song, “whip-poo-will, whip-poo-will.” Light zephyrs, laden with the ocean’s breath, whispered to us, and the million stars above, had they possessed voices, would have sung in chorus: “Happy the hour when meet youth and love.” She, one white hand, more symmetrically formed than any sculptor ever chiseled, lightly grasping the back of the bench, and her head pillowed on her rounded arm, gazed at me out of the dusky depths of her eyes. We had talked of what we would like to do and see; how we would like to go to Europe and see Paris and London and Vienna; see the painting, the sculpture, and the architecture of Rome and Florence. Drawing more closely around her her mantle, that to me seemed white and fleecy enough to have been woven from river-foam, she said: “If the mists of our day-dreams were made of such material as the beams of reality’s sun could not dispel, we might be happy indeed. The present only is our own; the future, who can tell? We meet and part—”

“Part!” My heart sank like lead. Life! and Maude not by my side! Like molten metal my blood rushed to my head, swelling my temporal veins until

methought it would burst them and deluge my brain with living fire. "Part!" Pray God, No! If the affirmative were in providence, all that was dear in this life, or the one to come, were ashes. In a few brief moments my mind thought a world of misery the "yes" would entail. These moments passed, my longing burst forth:

"Maude, must we part? These few weeks passing, must we separate, perhaps never to meet again? Nay; it must not, shall not, cannot, be. The fates cannot be so cruel. Without you life would not be worth the living; without you light would be darkness, and darkness, light. All my hopes, ambitions, and aspirations cluster around you. Inspired by your sweet influence, I shall be strong for labor and good, and, snatching honor and fame from the teeth of the world, reach in safety life's haven. Without you, like a rudderless ship driven here and there by wind and wave, I shall be wrecked on some ragged reef. Maude, we were made for each other; will you be queen of my heart? Will you be my wife?"

The warm blood mounted to her cheeks, and a look came into her eye that bid me hope.

"To me," I continued, "you are the fairest, gentlest woman God ever made. Yes, I can say of you, as Robert Burns said of his Mary:

'A thought ungentle canna be  
The thought of Mary Morison.'

Maude, will you be mine?"

For a moment all was still, then a silvery voice, sounding to my ear like

the notes of an Æolian harp, answered: "You have said."

It was morning, between eight and nine o'clock. The tide was ebbing. Inez and Ned were walking on the beach. Before them stretched the ocean, away, away to the horizon. Behind them rose cliffs wrinkled and furrowed by time. Beneath their feet were crags that had met the incoming tide for unknown ages. Ned, removing his eyes from the glassy surface of the ocean, turned them toward the cliff behind him and saw on its face a large cavity overshadowed by a small tree that had found root in a crevice above.

"See," he said, touching Inez's arm, and pointing back, "what capricious nature has done."

"You are right," she replied; "how delightful! What a splendid place it would be in which to read Keats. Can't we climb up there?"

"I think we can," said Ned.

Five minutes after they were in the cavity. Inez, sitting down, began to read "St. Agnis' Eve," and Ned placed himself at her feet, half reclining against the shelving rock. Three-quarters of an hour after, she, closing the book, said:

"There, I've read the whole poem. I don't like it; it's good, take it stanza by stanza. John Marley was right when he said the poem would suffer by the loss or change of a single word. But the plot—I cannot endure it. It's almost as bad as that of 'Isabella.' My flesh always creeps at the very thought of the plot of sweet Basil with Lorenzo's head at the bottom of it."

“Well, what’s the matter with the plot of ‘St. Agnis’ Eve?’” inquired Ned.

“The matter! The idea of asking that! Those ‘visions of delight and soft adorings,’ ‘supperless to bed,’ and young Lorenzo in the closet. I don’t need to say any more.”

“Well, Inez, I never especially fancied the plot, but the theme is of love, and just now I’d sympathize with anything that treats of that. Say, Inez, don’t you think that this grotto is romantic enough, though the black clouds, the lightning, the rain, and the hail that drove Dido and Æneas into the same cave are wanting, to be honored by a declaration of love?”

“No.”

“Inez, you are cruel; you don’t know how much I love you. Why, had I the wings of an eagle I’d fly to the heavens, string the brightest stars on a sunbeam, and you should have them for a necklace; had I ichthyic fins, I’d search the deepest deeps of the ocean, and you should dine on daintier piscine viands than did ever Roman epicure; had I—”

“Be careful, Ned, you’ll lose your breath.”

“Don’t be cruel. Don’t be cruel,” grasping her hand. “Awake, all my thoughts are of you; asleep, you haunt my dreams.”

“Well, Ned, perhaps—” Reader imagine the rest.

It was between three and four in the afternoon. Guy and Gussie had been out in the field. A bunch of wild flowers lay on the table between them.

“This, said Gussie, “is St. John’s

wort; I know it by the translucent dots on the leaves.”

“And what is this,” inquired Guy, taking up a small, red-veined, white flower.”

“That,” she replied, “is True Wood-Sorrel; isn’t it pretty?”

I might, reader, relate their conversation in its wanderings from theme to theme; but no; you don’t care a fig for’t. Its *finis*, however, you shall have in detail.

Said he: “I love you as I never loved woman before or shall again. You are the one whom nature intended for me. The eagle who has lost his mate is what I should be without you. If I could choose from all the women that were ever born or ever will be, I’d choose you.”

Said she: “I believe you not. You’ve thus eloquently talked to many another. You are fickle as the wind. To-day, you blow east; to-morrow, west; next day, south; next—who knows where?”

Said he: “You cruelly wrong me. I may have had passing thoughts of others before we met, but I never have loved any one, or shall, as I love you.”

Said she: “Nay; I wrong you not. Even now you love another better than me; that one’s that god whom the Romans called Mammon. You’re one who would trample upon the dearest things of life just to gratify your ambition and selfishness; one, who, after the golden calf had been ground to powder, would fain gather up the aurine particles.”

And, tying together the flowers in her hand, without another word she left the room.

## CHAPTER XI.

We had been playing tennis, Ned, Gussie, Inez, and I; but now, the set being finished, we were watching the approach of a thunder cloud, a blue-black, leaden mass, that lay along the western horizon. For an hour or more the lightning had been faintly seen in the west, and the thunder had been sullenly muttering in distant, guttural tones; now the lightning, deep and zigzag, veined the clouds, and the thunder peals, sharp and vehement, sounded like steel shot, rattling over an iron pavement.

"See," said Gussie, "a lighter band appears at the horizon's edge."

"The rain's in that," I said, "and, if I mistake not, there's a trifle of wind in the black part that's coming so fast."

Wider and wider grew the lighter band; nearer and nearer approached the black edge of the cloud. Hitherto the atmosphere had been breathless; not a bird-note had been heard; the cows and steers 'way down in the pasture, their white faces upturned, had stood almost motionless. Now, however, the aspen leaves of a poplar that stood not far off, betrayed a slight breath, and the cattle lowed and mistrustfully shook their horned heads; and soon, from the west came the foliar song that's heard when forest leaves are suddenly awakened from repose.

We went into the house and there found Maude and Guy. By this time the wind was on us in full force. It shrieked around the corners of the house; went whistling through every

open cranny; grasped the great maples and elms, and, rattling their boughs against the roof-tree, made ghostly music.

"The rain's coming," said Maude, who was sitting by the window. "I can see it away there on the hills. How fast it is approaching. It reminds me of that passage in Milton, where he describes the march of celestial armies:

"On they move  
Indissolubly firm; nor obvious hill,  
Nor straightening vale, nor wood nor stream  
divides

Their perfect ranks.'"

"Hark," exclaimed Inez, going to a window and listening, "I can hear a carriage—wheels rattling over the stones in the road. There, hark! There it comes—a white horse and a double-seated buggy—four persons in it. They are running the horse. They will reach here 'bout the time the rain does."

"That's Jock Brown's old nag," exclaimed uncle Jack. "I know him by the way he carries his fore-feet, and, Great Scott! that's Jock hisself a-drivin'."

Half a minute after the above-mentioned team drove into the door-yard.

"Mercy on me!" exclaimed Inez, "if there isn't my mother."

"And mine," cried Ned.

"And my brother," said Maude.

"Dern my hat, if 'taint!" exclaimed uncle Jack. With two strides he reached the door, and then threw it open; four more and he stood by the side of the carriage. "Gorripus, sister Kate; how are ye? I'm awful glad to see ye, I be."

And, helping her from the wagon, he

kissed her on each cheek, saying: "There, if there was any time I'd kiss ye some more. Int' the house all o' ye, fore ye get wet. You, sister Esther, int' the house, all o' ye. Put your team in the barn, Jock, and wait till the rain' past."

When the greetings, kissing, handshaking, etc., were all done, and the shower was over, and the sun shone out, then the two fond mothers called their rebellious children aside.

"Ned," said his mother, "you ungrateful, disobedient boy, did you expect I'd think you hadn't received my letter because you didn't mention it? Your ma, Neddie, hasn't got so old but that she knows a thing or two yet."

"You are a wicked, foolish girl, Inez," said her mother. "I was vexed as a mother could be, until I got to Boston and found out the 'lay of the land.'"

"You are both wicked, disobedient children," Ned's mother went on. "The idea! We planned and fretted till we got everything nicely fixed, then dreamed for a month of what pleasure and enjoyment we were going to give our dear children. I admit I was terribly vexed, until I found you fooled yourselves, not us. Oh! you needn't think we don't know what's been going on here. Why, uncle Jack's been in our confidence, and written us a letter every two days. We know how a youth and maiden went out on the beach one morning, how they climbed up into a niche in a cliff, how she read a poem, and he popped the question. All this is romantic and nice. So nice;

but it can't be, for all that. Esther and I have had a disagreement, the result of which is that she's decided she won't have you for a son, Ned. So you see, it can't be."

"Mothers mine," said Ned, "spat all you will; we don't care. There are things that must be and shall be in spite of maternal disagreements. That we shall be one in holy wedlock, Inez and I, *sic erat in fatis*."

And that brother of Maude's; his name was Tom.

"Yes, sister," he said. "I was a little disappointed when I found that you wasn't coming home immediately; and soon those musty law books became absolutely unbearable to me, and I closed them—every one—and came to see what my fair sis is doing."

"When did you leave home, brother mine?" queried Maude. "Now don't tell any white lies, 'cause it would be wicked."

"A week ago."

"I thought so. I am merely a secondary cause of your coming. Now confess. Didn't the face of a curly-headed, blue-eyed, fair-cheeked lady, who lives not a thousand miles away, so persistently obtrude itself between you and the printed page that you could think of nothing but her?"

Right here, reader, I'll inform you that Guy got the wrong end of the story about Gussie and Maude, viz., that Gussie was rich, and Maude a poor school-teacher; the *visa versa* was the fact. Maude and Tom were only children whose parents had died five years before and bequeathed them a half million of dollars apiece.

## CHAPTER XII.

On a gentle rise a little way from the house Gussie alone was viewing the sunset. Away in the west the God of Day, half above the horizon, half below, lay rocking in the cradling billows, and gilding the watery waste with silver and gold, and upward and outward, with his long arms, tossing his luxuriant locks, until the occident was so radiant one might have mistook it for the gates of Paradise. Guy approached.

"Why is it that you shun me, Gussie? Have I done aught that should anger or offend you? Believe me, when I asked for your love, I sought not your wealth but yourself. I wanted not the setting but the pearl."

"I was angry and offended not because I thought, but because I knew that you sought me not on my own account but on account of the wealth you supposed me to possess. I happened to overhear what you said to Charlie and Ned in the pasture on the night of our arrival."

"That was idle talk. We are always chaffing and joking each other."

"Nay; what you said had a leaven of earnestness in it."

"Would to heaven, Gussie, as far as I am concerned, that you were not worth a dollar. In that case I would offer you my love again, and you'd know that I am sincere."

"It is as you would have it. You've made a mistake. It is Maude, not I, who is rich."

An hour after, arm in arm, conversing in low tones, they went back to the house. Guy had won. Gussie was his promised wife.

## CONCLUSION.

Perhaps, reader, you'd like to know what's taken place since we left uncle Jack's last summer. Ned and I have returned to college; Inez and Maude are at the Seminary; Gussie and Guy are teaching a high school together.

"Chestnuts?" did you say. Well, what would you have? Oh! I understand. People admire the rose-bud, and say, "how fair, how nice," but are never satisfied until they obtain the full blown flower. Well, reader, the what-you-would-have is still in the bud, and will blossom only when Providence wills.

Inez and Ned will be married next Christmas, and I shall go to the wedding where I shall see uncle Jack and aunt Jane, Gussie and Guy, and lastly but not leastly my darling Maude.

Gussie and Guy will be married when Guy's ship comes in—or—well, no matter, they'll be married some time.

Maude and I will be married in the near future; just when I can't tell. When that happy event comes off I'll invite—no, I can't invite you all—a goodly company, and we'll sing, and feast, and be as merry as merry can be.

(The end.)

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OBLIGATIONS OF THE LIBERALLY EDUCATED MAN.

By C. J. E., '89.

**S**URROUNDED by all the intelligence gathered from the ages, living in closest sympathy with the princely minds that have fashioned human thought, the scholar too frequently spends his life in retirement.

Fascinated with the grandeur of the past, he forgets the present; and blinded by the glorious deeds of ancient heroes, he neglects the pressing needs of living humanity. From this enticing seclusion, this selfish though alluring realm of thought, the busy, active, working world bids the recluse come forth, and, mindful of his generous training, discharge his obligations to government, society, and religion. He has studied the rise and fall of nations, has rejoiced in the patriotism of Pericles, and hated the tyranny of Tarquin. Responsible from superior knowledge, he must free his own country from corruption. America needs men of liberal knowledge to make laws that shall be just and humane, that shall promote intelligence, provide for the soldier, straighten out the tariff, increase temperance and banish polygamy. It matters little how much patriotism a nation has if it wants intelligence to guide its enthusiasm, and control its energies. The scholar is familiar with history and tradition, has traced cause and effect, and will interpret better the laws of government, for knowing the laws that are printed on the flowers, the rocks, and the heavens. No natural barrier exists between thought and politics. England's greatest statesman to-day is England's greatest scholar, William E. Gladstone, while Condorcet, the brilliant mathematical genius of France, was peerless in diplomacy. With selfishness cast aside, the liberally educated man may bring to the state a worth and dignity, beside which the pomp and pretension of kings are vanity.

Again the scholar is in debt to the social world. He who knows the depths of the human soul, has learned the human heart, and can touch the chords that make sweet harmony, is under heaviest obligations to use that power to uplift mankind. The liberally educated man whose mind is moved by sympathy and compassion, whose soul has breathed the divine atmosphere of love and goodness, whose whole being is filled with the spirit of nature and of God, must respond to the cry of the poor and oppressed. Every faculty of his mind, every impulse of his heart, has been conferred for the instruction of those less gifted, and less fortunate than himself. Is society corrupt? He must purify it. Is it ignorant? He must educate it. Is it skeptical? He must Christianize it. He cannot be indifferent nor inactive. Instructed in the world of letters, he must mingle in the world of affairs; human hearts and human needs solicit alms of his intelligence.

A leader of men, he must exert an influence that, transmitted from grade to grade till it moves the lowest stratum of society, shall draw the multitude into a higher existence.

Vital to the welfare of society is the power of religion. Here is demanded ceaseless thought and ceaseless labor from the eager scholar. Education has separated religion from superstition, has nourished it through periods of decline, and now in the days of speculation and inquiry, when infidelity, atheism, and skepticism are threatening the foundations of the church, the critical learning of the



scholar must come to the rescue. "The religion which is to guide must be intellectual." An age of unquestioning faith is giving place to a reasoning faith, and in the exposition of the scriptures the times demand all the proof that genius can offer, all the embellishment that eloquence can afford. Such are some of the peculiar obligations of the scholar. His field of duty is as broad as the world of thought and experience. He stands an interpreter of the world's past, a prophet of its future, a shaper of public opinion, a leader in every line of progress. The world commands: the scholar must obey; selfishness and seclusion must no longer rob education of its brightest worth and defeat the aims of culture.

The impassioned words of Demosthenes, the heroic utterances of Wycliffe, the deep humanity of Wilberforce, have filled his heart with patriotism, devotion, and charity. However congenial a literary hermitage may be, he must cast aside all personal aims, and in the nobility of his manhood stand for all the virtues, and all the liberties, a teacher of truth, an exponent of usefulness, justice, and humanity.

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#### BARNACLES.

By B. A. W., '89.

"She's sprung a leak," a sailor cried;  
The tidings sped from bow to stern.  
The laughter-wrinkled faces, all  
Assumed a look of deep concern.

A moment each man stood aghast,  
As paralyzed by sudden fear.  
The next, and each assumed his task,  
To battle with destruction near.

In vain they strove. As the soaring bird,  
Pierced by the hunter's certain aim,  
With nerveless wings, thro' ethereal seas,  
Sinks, nevermore to rise again,

So this huge ship that rides the main,  
From every thought of danger free,  
Feels its death wound, and struggling, sinks  
With useless pinions, 'neath the sea.

Was it some monster of the deep  
That wrenched the oaken hulk asunder?  
Or sunken rock, or hidden reef,  
Or whirlpool's rage, or bolt of thunder?

Seek not the cause in things of might,  
'Twas not from these destruction came;  
To the constant gnawing, day and night,  
Of barnacles, impute the blame.

We all sail o'er the sea of life,  
And shipwreck threatens all the way.  
With a trusty pilot's tireless gaze  
We search for dangers, day by day.

And some are lost on mighty reefs,  
Some, crushed, to heavy sins give way,  
But more go down, as helpless wrecks,  
To barnacle sins the prey.

Each major sin we shun with care.  
The minor sin so harmless seems,  
We leave it clinging, preying there  
Till it our entire soul demeans.

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#### SUPERIORITY OF THE STAGE-COACH TO THE LOCOMOTIVE.

By S. A. N., '89.

**W**AS the world made in a minute?  
We do not know; but we rather  
suspect it was not. Is there anything  
gained by rushing? If there is, then  
let the business man in hot pursuit of  
the all-magnetizing dollar—or dollar  
and a half—take the "Flying Yankee"  
and go. But pleasure, like other sweets,  
must not be swallowed whole if one  
would enjoy its full benefit; it must  
be taken at leisure, calmly masticated  
and deliberately swallowed. Lost op-

portunities never return. The unfortunate members of the human race, unlike the bovines, never have time for rumination. Hence the desirability of stretching to their fullest capacity the linked sweets of life.

So while the devotee of hard-handed Mammon goes tearing along, acquiring the headache and a pocket full of rocks—which by and by he will sit down upon—and gold quartz is just as hard to sit on as any other sort of rock—let us be reasonable and engage a top-seat on the good old-fashioned stage-coach. Let us climb up to our seats and watch the other passengers.

Everybody is in good humor, except of course that thin dyspeptic looking man. He is always present and he is always out of sorts. He is just melancholy enough to make other people happy, and just cross enough to make everybody laugh. He wanted that right-hand back seat; but the big fat woman spoke for it first. So he does not care where he sits—the world is against him any way! The fat lady takes no notice of his discomfort—she is not easily moved.

Now all is ready and the driver appears. He impresses one with the feeling that he is a person of great importance. And is it not really magnificent to see the composure with which he draws up the three pairs of ribbons and cracks the whip? The six grays spring into the collar, and we are off. At once the talk begins and soon all are chatting as busily as if they had known each other all their lives.

The road leads along through the hills. The mountains are still in the

distance. The brooks gush out along the roadside, and the merry gurgle of the water accords well with the cheerful voices and clear bubbling laughter. The cattle lift their heads for a moment and then calmly go on grazing. They do not appreciate the turn-out; but the men in the fields do, and often and again their straw hats swing us a greeting. The house wives come to the windows and smilingly look us past; and here and there a face peeps out from a hammock swung in the shade of an apple tree. And now we are among the mountains, and the genial driver begins to point out objects of interest and tell us stories of earth slides and snow-storms in these wild haunts. Here, was an awful slide in 1831. Down there, a whole family were snowed in for weeks.

And now we insensibly grasp the seat-rail as we swing round a sharp corner so close to the edge of the abyss that the slightest veer would send us down hundreds of feet. As the clouds lift, and we gaze out over the hills and valleys for miles and miles and see the cozy cottages nestled among them, we almost long for their security as, with bated breath, the eye glances down 1,000 feet of sheer mountain wall upon the torrent beneath. The very trees, peeping timidly over the abyss seem to share in the dreadful fascination that lures our eyes toward the chasm. But, as we gaze upward toward the summit, we seem, with the fresh draught of the pure bracing air, to have drunk in the spirit of the mountains. The grandest thing in Nature has us fully in its power. The soul is too full to speak;

the emotion too deep for utterance.  
 "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills  
 from whence cometh my strength."

Everlasting monuments of the power of God! Your slopes may be in the shadows, but your heads rising above all earth-clouds are bathed in the serene glory of a higher atmosphere. O inspire in us the earnestness to realize that longing desire to rise above earthly shadows and *live* in the pure sunlight of the presence of God! Looking up from the valley, one can not appreciate the mountain's height; he must ascend another mountain, and then, as he goes higher and higher, does the vastness appear.

He who ascends Mount Washington on the stage-coach may, with bowed head and reverent soul, feel himself entering the presence chamber of the Almighty; while he who follows the smoke and clatter of the locomotive seems to flaunt man's pomp and pretension in the very face of the Infinite. The one has followed with reverent gaze the handiwork of Omnipotence; the other has lost it all.

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### LIFE.

By F. L. P., '91.

We live, indeed; and what is life?  
 A race we restless mortals run?  
 A reckless race and brief at most?  
 Oft ended ere 't is well begun?

To him who has no aim in life,  
 Who runs toward no specific goal,  
 It is in truth a reckless race;  
 Who runs it loses mind and soul.

The frailest life, directed well,  
 Is lived with more effect by far  
 Than one with never failing strength,  
 But yet without a guiding star.

Once, and but once, this race we run;  
 Yet folly wins us to its way,  
 And keeps us oft till all too late;  
 For, we have heard the aged say:

"Ah, wretch! that I have spent my days  
 The foolishhest of foolish men!  
 How would I give the wealth of worlds  
 If I could live them o'er again!"

The joy of life is in the soul,  
 And not in things of outward sense,  
 A life well lived gives joy at last,  
 No matter at how great expense.

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## COMMUNICATION.

[As a response to our request for a communication, we are glad to print the following.]

### THE BOOK OF THE POETS.

Some time ago I became the possessor of a little volume, I think by no means rare, but new to me, and to which I rarely find any allusion. The volume is Mrs. Browning's "Book of the Poets," and it purports to be a volume of criticism. A poet's opinion of poetry possesses of itself a certain interest apart from its value as criticism. It may simply express the feeling awakened in the writer, yet we are glad to know even the degree of feeling awakened in so gifted a poet as Mrs. Browning by another's verse. In this little volume she seems too often not to be critical. Her comment is too frequently rhapsody or rhetoric rather than criticism, yet it is interesting, if not always instructive. Our reliance upon her criticism for guidance to the best that has been thought and said would be based less upon its intrinsic merits, than upon our preconceived es-

timate of her derived from an acquaintance with her poems.

Some citations from this volume may be of interest to those who have not read it, as giving a clew to Mrs. Browning's estimate of a few of the well-known names in English literature. I purpose little else. The essay from which the volume takes its name is suggested, presumably, by an anthology of English poetry, of whose merits Mrs. Browning has an unfavorable opinion, though anything bearing the name of a book of poetry has a fairly cordial reception from so kindly a critic. But "The Book of the Poets" is only the excuse for an expression of Mrs. Browning's personal estimates, so after a few comments on the merits and demerits of the work as an anthology, she gives herself almost unreservedly to the poets. About midway in her essay, "looking backward and before," Mrs. Browning makes five eras of English poetry: "The first, the Chaucerian, although we might call it *Chaucer*; the second, the Elizabethan; the third, which culminates in Cowley; the fourth, in Dryden and the French school; the fifth, the return to nature in Cowper and his successors of our day." Her estimate of English poetry is deservedly high. Of Chaucer she speaks as follows:

"It is in Chaucer we touch the true height, and look abroad into the kingdoms and glories of our poetical literature. . . . And the genius of the poet shares the character of his position: he was made for an early poet, and the metaphors of dawn and spring doubly become him. A morning star, a lark's

exaltation, cannot usher in a glory better. The 'cheerful morning face,' 'the breezy call of incense breathing morn,' you recognize in his countenance and voice: it is a voice full of promise and prophecy. He is the good omen of our poetry, 'the good bird,' according to the Romans, 'the best good angel of the spring,' the nightingale, according to his own creed of good luck, heard before the cuckoo. . . . He is a king and inherits the earth, and expands his great soul smilingly to embrace his great heritage. Nothing is too high for him to touch with a thought, nothing too low to dower with an affection. . . . His senses are open and delicate, like a young child's, his sensibilities capacious of supersensual relations, like an experienced thinker. Child-like, too, his tears and smiles lie at the edge of his eyes, and he is one proof more among the many, that the deepest pathos and the quickest gaieties hides together in the same nature. . . . He can create as well as dream, and work with clay as well as cloud; and when his men and women stand close by the actual ones, your stopwatch shall reckon no difference in the beating of their hearts. . . . He sent us a train of pilgrims, each with a distinct individuality apart from the pilgrimage, all the way from Southwark and the Tabard Inn, to Canterbury and Becket's shrine; and their laughter comes never to an end, and their talk goes on with the stars, and all the railroads which may intersect the spoilt earth forever, cannot hush the 'tramp, tramp' of their horses' feet."

This is good, though other critics

have bettered it. She has some interesting remarks upon Chaucer's versification, a subject to which she had given considerable study, as her letters to R. H. Horne, the dramatist, show. Higher than the usual estimate is her opinion of Gower, whose tediousness and dullness Lowell has celebrated in his essay on Chaucer. Mrs. Browning is prone to delve for poetical passages buried in masses of verbiage, to search for gems well-nigh lost to sight in encrusted ore. She sweeps away the accumulated "dust of more than three centuries" from Hawes' "Pastyme of Plesure," in order to point out Spenser's indebtedness to it. Her omnivorous reading is often manifested in such ways where the ordinary reader is content to take the projected result without inquiring too curiously as to the elements that went into the alembic. She treats of Skelton in a few paragraphs almost as "breathless," if not as "tattered and jagged" as the rhymes they celebrate. The relation of Surrey to the verse that preceded and followed his own is deftly expressed as follows: "His poetry makes the ear lean to it, it is so sweet and low; the English he made it of, being ready to be sweet, and falling ripe in sweetness into other hands than his." A little finical perhaps, but by no means devoid of truth. Both Surrey, and Wyatt, "the first song-writer of his generation," are considered as writing when the language was at the point of transition. But I hasten on to quote a parallel between Chaucer and Spenser:

"They two are alike in their cheerfulness, yet are their cheerfulnesses

most unlike. Each poet laughs; yet their laughters ring with as far a difference as the sheep-bell on the hill and the joy-bell in the city. Each is earnest in his gladness: each active in persuading you of it. You are persuaded, and hold each for a cheerful man. The whole difference is, that Chaucer has a cheerful humanity: Spenser, a cheerful ideality. One rejoices walking on the sunny side of the street: the other, walking out of the street in a way of his own, kept green by a blessed vision. One uses the adroitness of his fancy by distilling out of the visible universe his occult smiles: the other, by fleeing beyond the possible frown, the occasion of natural ills, to that 'cave of cloud' where he may smile safely to himself. One holds festival with men—seldom so coarse and loud indeed as to startle the deer from their green covert at Woodstock—or with homely nature and her 'douce Marguerite' low in the grasses: the other adopts for his playfellows, imaginary or spiritual existences, and will not say a word to nature herself, unless it please her to dress for his masque and speak daintily sweet and rare like a spirit. The human heart of one utters oracles: the imagination of the other speaks for his heart, and we miss no prophecy."

This is ingenious if not always critical. Mrs. Browning's enthusiasm brims over in speaking of the days of Elizabeth, "full of poets as the summer days are of birds." But of all that rich period, I can quote for single notice a part only of her comments on Shakespeare:

"That he was a great natural genius

nobody, we believe, has doubted—the fact has passed with the cheer of mankind: but that he was a great artist the majority has doubted. Yet nature and art cannot be reasoned apart into antagonistic principles. Nature is God's art—the accomplishment of a spiritual significance hidden in a sensible symbol. . . . *Interpres naturæ*—is the poet-artist; and the poet wisest in nature is the most artistic poet; and thus our Shakespeare passes to the presidency unquestioned, as the greatest artist in the world."

I abbreviate my quotation from Mrs. Browning right here to cite from Matthew Arnold on the same subject, as treated in Mr. Stopford Brooke's "Primer of English Literature."

"Nor is it quite sound and sober criticism to say of Shakespeare: 'He was altogether, from end to end, an artist, and the greatest artist the modern world has known.' Or again: 'In the unchangeableness of pure art-power Shakespeare stands entirely alone.' There is a peculiarity in Mr. Stopford Brooke's use of the words *art*, *artist*. He means by an artist one whose aim in writing is not to reveal himself, but to give pleasure; he says most truly that Shakespeare's aim was to please, that Shakespeare 'made men and women whose dramatic action on each other and towards a catastrophe was intended to please the public, not to reveal himself.' This is indeed the true temper of the artist. But when we call a man emphatically *artist*, a *great artist*, we mean something more than this temper in which he works; we mean by art, not merely an aim to please, but also,

and more, a law of pure and flawless workmanship. As living always under the sway of *this* law, and as, therefore, a perfect artist, we do not conceive of Shakespeare. His workmanship is often far from being pure and flawless. . . . He is the richest, the most wonderful, the most powerful, the most delightful of poets; he is not altogether, nor even eminently, an artist."

Though I cannot but remember that I purposed giving citations from Mrs. Browning only, I have been unable to resist making this digression in order to place side by side with her opinion that of so eminent a critic as Mr. Arnold. That it incidentally included the estimate of so sympathetic a writer as Mr. Stopford Brooke, was an additional though not the main motive. I had thought to here remark upon Cowley, Dryden, Milton, Pope, Cowper, and Wordsworth, with whom she brings her essay to its close. She makes each the occasion of comment upon the class of poetic work which he represents, and scarcely a poet of any note who sung in the same choir but receives at least a passing notice.

But this article has already passed its limits. To many the citations I have made may prove either familiar or uninteresting, for some they may possess a passing interest as coming from one who has thrilled so many by the passion and intensity of her song.

E. F. N., '72.

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Over \$1,000 was raised by subscription, Wednesday, among Dartmouth students to erect a building for winter base-ball.

## LOCALS.

There was a fair maid down in Me.  
 Much distressed on account of the re.  
 So she went to Ky.,  
 But the change wasn't ly.,  
 For sunshine soon softened her bre.

Boom-a-la-ka!

Bates victorious again.

"Outside dip, inside swing."

One of the large trees on the campus  
 was blown down during the storm.

Field-day occurred Friday, October  
 12th. Its report will appear in next  
 issue.

Freshman in first society speech:  
 "Our hero was born in a small town  
 called 'Bigger.'"

The students appreciate the sermons  
 by Rev. Mr. Summerbell at the Main  
 Street F. B. Church.

Weather permitting, the Bowdoins  
 will play the Bates here on the college  
 grounds, October 17th.

The Polymnian ladies of the class of  
 '91 have adorned the society room with  
 a beautiful mantel scarf.

In the tennis tournament, Small,  
 '89, won the singles, and Garland and  
 Woodman, of '90, won the doubles.

Fernald, '89, has just received the  
 skeleton of a whale. "Hub" is study-  
 ing anatomy with a view to medicine.

The description of the new labora-  
 tory will not appear until the Novem-  
 ber number. Professor Bonney is at  
 Harvard Medical School.

Student, translating Sophocles, hes-  
 itates. Prof. S.—"I will ask one or two  
 questions." Translating: "Where,

then, are you in respect to your  
 senses?"

The thanks of the editors are due to  
 Lowell, '82, for a list of names, resi-  
 dences, and occupations of his class.

Monday evening, October 8th, the  
 ladies of the Main Street F. B. Church  
 gave a reception to the students of the  
 college. A cordial greeting was tend-  
 ered the students by Rev. Mr. Sum-  
 merbell, pastor of the church. Mr. F.  
 M. Baker, '89, made response for the  
 students. Refreshments were served,  
 and a pleasant evening slipped away  
 only too soon.

A. E. Hatch, '89, has sent to the  
 Lakeside Press the manuscript for his  
 book, entitled "The Progressive An-  
 nual." As is indicated by the title,  
 the author intends to publish a book  
 each year. The present volume con-  
 tains essays and discussions on impor-  
 tant topics, together with poems of  
 much variety and merit. We under-  
 stand the book is to be out in time for  
 the Christmas holidays.

We would call attention to the rules  
 governing the conduct of students using  
 the reading-room, viz.: "Art. II. No  
 person not a member of the Asso-  
 ciation, shall be allowed the privileges  
 of the room. Art. III. No person  
 shall, at any time, be allowed to re-  
 move any paper or magazine, from the  
 room. Art. IV. No person shall in-  
 dulse in loud or boisterous conver-  
 sation, or in any other way disturb the  
 quiet of the room so as to annoy other  
 members." These are wholesome laws,  
 and should be strictly observed.

Rightly used a reading-room is of great benefit. Quiet and order contribute much to the pleasure of those who frequent the room for the purpose of reading.

Freshman Dees. have burst upon us with all their wonted fury and violence. From cellar to attic resounds the cry of despair, the yell of rage, and the hoarse defiance of hostile armies. Hannibal again swears eternal enmity to Rome, as he brings water from the basement, and Regulus, as he shovels coal into the stove, curses both Carthage and Carthaginians. Zenobia still believes in woman's rights, and in a far corner the "Child of Destiny" reviews his troops, while forty centuries look down upon him, and Pompey's statue all the while runs blood. In an adjoining room Toussaint L'Ouverture eulogizes Daniel O'Connell, and Spartacus weeps at the grave of little Nell. We exclaim with the prophet Job, "How long will ye vex my soul and break me in pieces with words."

At half past eleven, Tuesday night, September 19th, the Bates ball team left Lewiston for St. John, arriving in Bangor in time for breakfast. From Bangor to Oldtown one gets an almost continuous view of the Penobscot with its numerous saw-mills and famous fishing grounds. From Oldtown to Vanceboro the road runs through a vast swamp, with thousands of tall stumps looming up on both sides of the track. The settlements are far apart, and, as one of the boys aptly remarked, consist of "a station with a saw-mill attached."

At McAdam Junction, just over the line, the customs inspector rummages the baggage of all passengers. A ride of ninety miles then brings one to St. John, to enter which the train crosses an arm of the Bay of Fundy on one of the celebrated cantilever bridges. From the time of arrival till that of departure the nine were shown every attention. They were given a drive about the city, and to the grounds in the forenoon for practice. About twelve hundred people witnessed each game. As each nine took the field they were applauded. Everybody expected an easy victory for the Nationals, as the college boys looked young and small in comparison with their opponents. Day distinguished himself in the first game by the catch of a difficult fly ball. Daggett did excellent work in the box for six innings, after which Wilson went in. The second game was said by the press of the city to have been the best game of ball ever seen in St. John. Every man "played ball," and the Nationals were whitewashed for the first time since they entered the diamond. The Bates is the only team to which they have lost two games this summer. First game:

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B	P.O	A.	E.
Graves, 3b. . . . .	3	1	0	0	3	0	1
Daggett, p., 1b. . . . .	4	1	2	2	4	4	1
Wilson, 1b., p. . . . .	4	1	1	2	7	3	2
Pennell, 2b. . . . .	4	1	2	3	3	1	2
Call, c. . . . .	3	1	0	0	6	4	3
Knox, r. f. . . . .	3	1	1	1	1	0	0
Putnam, l. f. . . . .	3	1	0	0	1	0	0
Little, c. f. . . . .	3	1	0	0	0	0	2
Day, s. s. . . . .	3	0	0	0	2	4	2
Totals, . . . . .	30	8	6	10	27	16	13



NATIONALS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Milligan, 2b.	5	1	2	2	2	3	0
Kennedy, 3b.	5	1	0	0	1	0	1
Bell, 1b.	5	0	1	1	9	0	0
White, s. s.	5	0	0	0	0	0	2
Whiteneck, c.	5	1	1	1	7	5	1
Robinson, p.	5	1	0	0	0	11	0
Larrabee, c. f.	4	1	2	3	1	0	0
Holly, l. f.	4	1	0	0	2	0	1
Wagg, r. f.	3	1	3	3	1	0	0
Totals,	41	7	9	10	*23	19	5

\*Little out for interfering with batted ball.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates,	0	0	0	0	8	0	0	0	x-8
Nationals,	1	1	1	1	0	2	1	0	0-7

Second game:

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Graves, 3b.	4	1	1	2	2	0	0
Daggett, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Wilson, p.	4	0	0	0	1	8	1
Pennell, 2b.	3	0	2	3	2	2	1
Call, c.	3	0	0	0	2	4	0
Knox, l. f.	3	0	1	1	0	0	0
Putnam, 1b.	3	1	1	1	15	0	0
Little, c. f.	3	0	0	0	4	0	0
Day, s. s.	3	0	1	1	1	4	1
Totals,	30	2	6	8	27	18	3

NATIONALS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Kennedy, 3b.	4	0	1	1	0	0	1
Bell, 1b.	4	0	0	0	11	1	0
White, s. s.	4	0	0	0	2	2	0
Whiteneck, c. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0	0
Robinson, 2b.	3	0	0	0	3	1	0
Larrabee, c.	3	0	0	0	6	4	2
Holly, l. f.	3	0	1	1	2	0	0
Wagg, p.	3	0	0	0	0	8	0
DeForest, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total,	31	0	3	3	24	16	3

October 6th the Bates played the Bowdoins at Brunswick; following is the score:

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Pennell, 2b.	6	2	4	6	1	0	3
Graves, 3b.	5	1	0	0	3	2	0
Gilmore, 1b.	1	1	2	2	8	0	1
Wilson, p.	5	1	2	2	1	7	0
Daggett, r. f.	4	0	1	2	1	0	0
Call, c.	4	0	1	1	5	3	0
Putnam, l. f.	5	1	0	0	4	1	0
Little, c. f.	5	1	0	0	3	1	0
Day, s. s.	4	2	2	2	1	2	3
Totals,	43	9	12	15	27	16	7

BOWDOINS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Packard, 1b.	5	0	0	0	15	0	0
Freeman, c.	5	0	0	0	7	1	0
Fogg, l. f.	4	0	1	1	1	0	1
Fish, 2b.	4	0	0	0	2	7	1
Hilton, 3b.	4	1	1	1	1	0	2
Tukey, c. f.	4	2	2	2	0	0	1
Russell, r. f.	4	1	1	1	0	0	0
Bangs, s. s.	4	0	1	2	1	2	1
Burleigh, p.	4	0	0	0	0	10	0
Totals,	38	4	6	7	27	20	6

Left on base—Bates, 10; Bowdoins, 7. Stolen bases, Bates, 11; Bowdoins, 4. Struck out—by Burleigh, 3; by Wilson, 5. Passed balls—Call, 1; Freeman, 2. Umpire—D. M. Cole.

IN SYMPATHY.

Whereas, In the divine order of events, death has removed a beloved mother from the home of our esteemed classmate, E. J. Small, therefore be it

*Resolved*, That we, the class of '89, hereby express our heartfelt sympathies with our bereaved classmate in his affliction, and with the community in its loss;

*Resolved*, That a copy of the above be sent to our classmate, and also that it be printed in the BATES STUDENT.

CHARLES J. EMERSON,  
ISAAC N. COX,  
BLANCHE WRIGHT,  
*Committee.*

## PERSONALS.

## ALUMNI.

1881.

W. J. Brown, principal high school, Blank, Minn.

Mrs. E. J. Clark Rand, residing in Lewiston, Me.

C. S. Cook, Esq., practicing law in Portland, Maine.

H. E. Coolidge, principal of high school at North Berwick, Me.

W. P. Curtis, student in Cobb Divinity School, Lewiston, Me.

O. H. Drake, taking post-graduate course in Yale University.

F. C. Emerson, a graduate from Oberlin Theological School.

H. P. Folsom, druggist in Portland, Me.

Rev. H. E. Foss, recently returned from Jacksonville, Fla., and now in Lewiston.

N. P. Foster, Esq., practicing law at Bar Harbor, Me.

Rev. R. E. Gilkey, pastor F. B. Church at Richmond, Me.

J. H. Goding, teaching in Indiana.

C. S. Haskell, principal grammar school, Jersey City, N. J.

Rev. W. W. Haden, pastor F. B. Church, Whitefield, N. H.

Wm. C. Hobbs, principal high school, Attleboro, Mass.

J. E. Holton.

C. L. McCleery, connected with a paper in Lowell, Mass.

O. T. Maxfield.

H. B. Nevens, supervisor of schools, Rockland, Me.

J. H. Parsons, principal Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, Me.

W. B. Perkins, connected with publishing house of D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Mass.

W. T. Perkins, Bismarek, Dakota.

Rev. E. F. Pitts, pastor Weymouth and Braintree Congregational Church.

G. L. Record, Esq., practicing law in Jersey City, N. J.

Rev. B. S. Rideout, pastor Congregational Church at Norway, Me.

H. S. Roberts, principal high school, Farmington, Me.

R. R. Robinson, Camden, Me., Judge of Probate, Knox County.

C. P. Sanborn, connected with a wholesale furniture house, Boston, Mass.

J. F. Shattock, M.D., practicing medicine at Wells River, Vt.

C. A. Strout, principal high school, Ipswich, Mass.

F. A. Twitchell, D.D.S., very successful dentist, Providence, R. I.

F. H. Wilbur, living at present in Auburn, Maine.

Rev. C. W. Williams, pastor Baptist Church.

1882.

Frank L. Blanchard, editor, New Britain, Connecticut.

Henry S. Bullen, principal of high school, Barre, Mass.

Wm. G. Clark, lawyer, Algona, Iowa.

Warren H. Cogswell, actor, Pembroke, N. H.

John W. Douglas, assistant principal industrial school, Georgetown, D. C.

Rufus H. Douglass, teacher, East Dixfield, Maine.

William H. Dresser, principal high school, Cherryfield, Me.

George P. Emmons, physician, Richmond, Maine.

B. Galen Eaton, teacher, Philadelphia, Pa.

Isa B. Foster-Murch, Washington, D. C.

Nellie B. Forbes, teacher, Buckfield, Me.

Irving D. Harlow, physician, Auburn, Me.

Walter S. Hoyt, physician, Kansas.

Stephen A. Lowell, secretary Insurance Co., Auburn, Me.

Chas. E. Mason, clergyman, Bangor, Me.

Lewis I. McKenney, principal high school, Hyannis, Mass.

John F. Merrill, lawyer, St. Paul, Minn.

Ben. W. Murch, principal grammar school, Washington, D. C.

Irving M. Norcross, principal grammar school, Lewiston, Me.

John C. Perkins, theological student, Cambridge, Mass.

D. Eugene Pease, printer, Boston, Mass.

Edmund R. Richards, editor and proprietor Wood River *Daily* and *Weekly Miner*, Hailey, Idaho.

Wm. I. Skelton.

Leonard M. Tarr, U. S. signal service, Northfield, Vt.

Wm. V. Twaddle, lawyer, El Paso, Texas.

Olin H. Tracy, clergyman, Biddeford, Me.

1883.

C. J. Atwater, Esq., practicing law in Seymour, Conn.

Rev. W. H. Barber, pastor Methodist Church, North Augusta, Me.

O. L. Bartlett, M.D., practicing medicine in Rockland, Me.

G. M. Beals.

Miss S. E. Bickford, preceptress Pennell Institute, Gray, Me.

W. F. Cowell, cashier in a bank in Kansas City, Mo.

H. O. Dorr, in employ of C. M. & St. Paul R. R., Minneapolis, Minn.

F. E. Foss, B.S., civil engineer on a Western railroad.

O. L. Frisbee, proprietor of Oceanic House, Star Island, Isles of Shoals.

Rev. O. L. Gile, pastor of F. B. Church, Cape Elizabeth.

J. B. Ham, Teacher of Sciences, Lyndon Institute, Lyndon Center, Vt.

E. J. Hatch, Esq., attorney, Sanford, Me.

L. B. Hunt, principal of Pennell Institute, Gray, Me.

Mrs. E. R. Little-Clark, living at Kingston, N. H.

F. E. Manson, connected with a paper in Lowell, Mass.

A. E. Millett.

J. L. Reed, connected with *New York Tribune*.

C. A. Sargent, *Utica Herald*, Utica, N. Y.

A. E. Tinkham, Esq., practicing law at Duluth, Minn.

H. H. Tucker.

Wm. Watters, M.D., Lynn, Mass.

## SPECIAL ITEMS.

'67.—Hon. F. E. Sleeper, M.D., of Sabatis, has been re-elected to the Senate from Androscoggin County.

'73.—J. H. Baker is still principal of the high school, Denver, Col., where he has been for thirteen years. He now has a salary of \$3,500. A new high school building, which will be one of the best in the country, is nearly completed.

'77.—O. B. Clason, Esq., has been

elected to the next legislature as representative from Gardiner.

'77.—G. H. Wyman, practicing law, Anoka, Minn., and also city attorney.

'77.—N. P. Noble is proprietor of a large retail store in Phillips, Me.

'76.—John Rankin is freight cashier for the New York and New England R. R. Co., Boston, Mass. Salary \$1,800 per annum.

'78.—Rev. J. Q. Adams, pastor of Free Baptist Church, West Buxton, Maine.

'78.—M. F. Daggett, principal of high school, Chatam, Mass.

'80.—Prof. A. L. Woods, superintendent of schools, Grafton, Dak., and holding Teachers' Institutes through the Territory.

'80.—Bristol, August 30, Mr. W. A. Hoyt of Winthrop, Me., and Miss Fannie H. Ellis of Bristol. Mr. Hoyt belonged to the class of '80, and is principal of the high school, North Brookfield, Mass.

'83.—C. J. Atwater, a former editor of the *STUDENT*, visited his college friends in Lewiston this summer. He has an excellent law practice in Seymour, Conn.

'84.—J. W. Chadwick, 2d, principal of grammar school, Gardiner, Maine.

'86.—A. H. Dunn is principal of high school in Fairplay, the county town of Park Co., Col.

'86.—E. D. Varney is principal of a grammar school in Denver, Col., with three hundred and fifty pupils, and seven assistants.

## THEOLOGICAL.

'89.—F. W. Newell is working for a few weeks at Civil Engineering with Engineer Jones of Lewiston.

'88.—The Senior class has received two new members: Mr. John Nason of Boston University, and Mr. W. P. Curtis, Bates, '81.

'90.—Mr. Arthur Jones, of Amesbury, Mass., has entered the middle class.

'91.—The Junior class numbers six: E. C. Hayes (Bates, '87), C. G. Mosher, D. B. Harlow, W. L. Bradeen, A. C. Townsend (Bates, '88), and W. F. Tibbets (Bates, '88).

## STUDENTS.

'89.—H. L. Knox is teaching at West Lebanon, Me.

'89.—W. F. Grant is at work in an organ factory in Massachusetts.

'90.—G. H. Hamlen is teaching Latin and Greek in the Rochester (N.H.), High School.

'91.—C. H. Johonnett is absent from college on account of sickness.

'91.—C. A. Merrill is teaching, but will rejoin his class at the beginning of next term.

'92.—Miss Mary Slack has joined the Freshman class.

'92.—H. I. Neal is away on account of sickness.

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Cornell has a lady student who is taking a course in Mechanical Engineering, and twenty-four young women graduated as lawyers in Michigan last summer.

## POET'S CORNER.

## SEA-SONG AND STAR-SONG.

The sea has a song, as it swings,  
Afar from the surf-trampled shore,  
A song which in silence it sings,  
More sweet than its turbulent roar.  
The stars have a song, say the seers,  
In tune with the pulses of night,  
A chime of the mystical spheres,  
Unheard save by angels of light.

—Dartmouth.

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We cannot die. Though earthly things around  
us  
Shall perish in the winter's snow and frost,  
And fairest flowers touched by time shall  
wither,  
And to our sight be lost.

We cannot die. Endowed with life immortal  
The soul triumphant wings its heavenly way,  
To dwell with God within the golden portal  
Of everlasting day.

—N. S. B., Oakland, Me.

## TRUE HEROES.

The busiest can find time to weave a garland  
For brows full crowned;  
The weariest help to swell the din and turmoil  
Of victory's sound;  
Are there not crowns more excellent than  
laurels  
In victory won?  
Honors more lofty than the shouts of millions  
For carnage done?

Yes, there are heroes in life's lowly pathways  
Whose meed of praise  
Is neither love, nor gold, nor recognition,  
Nor length of days.  
Their only right, to stand aside that others  
May press before,  
Using their hearts as rounds upon the ladder  
To reach the fore.

—Amherst Student.

## RONDEAU.

Sleep, O sleep,  
While my loving watch I keep,  
Soft and warm the summer air,  
Brooding silence everywhere.

Fragrant is your grassy bed,  
 Pillowed on my knee your head,  
 Let the poppies drowsy scent  
 Lull thee into sweet content,  
 While my loving watch I keep,  
 Sleep, O sleep.

—*Youth's Companion.*

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DRIFT.

What came in with the tide to-day?  
 Bits of wood and sea-weed gay,  
 Shells and moss and a broken oar,  
 Floating waifs from a foreign shore,—  
 Something else by the breakers rolled,  
 Something stark and white and cold,  
 Face upturned to the light of day.  
 Sullenly roars the sea with its prey.

—*Dartmouth.*

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THE POET.

Many thoughts do come and go  
 In the Poet's mind;  
 Blest are they who truly know  
 Brightest thoughts to find,  
 Spurning all the dark and low  
 For a nobler kind.

Many fancies see the light  
 By the Poet's pen;  
 Blest is he who shows aright  
 Life and love for men,  
 Waking out of blackest night  
 Joyous hope again.

—*Williams Weekly.*

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UNREST.

Thy soul meseems is a fair garden scene,  
 Bewitched by masks, who pass in merry wise,  
 Fingering the lute and dancing, yet, I ween,  
 Half sad beneath their fanciful disguise.

Although they murmur low in minor modes  
 Of love victorious and of life's delight;  
 They seem to dread what life or love forebodes  
 And their songs swoon into the calm moon-  
 light.

—*Nassau Lit.*

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The silvery shield of the night,  
 The glittering spear points of light,  
 Have a tale that to me they unfold,  
 Of infinite power unexplained,  
 That cosmos from chaos has gained,

And from forces material things;  
 That, in measureless space, to define  
 Some landmarks of measureless time,  
 Has set globes of ethereal light,  
 Making infinite, finite to man,  
 As cycle on cycle they span  
 With the consummate energy quick.

—*Leon, '89.*

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COLLEGE DAYS.

Dear fellow, when our college days are over,  
 These happy, happy days,  
 And we by unrelenting fate divided,  
 Pursue our different ways,  
 Then shall this spark of friendship ever glow-  
 ing  
 Conceive eternal life;  
 Lighting our pathway as we struggle onward,  
 'Mid toil and strife.

Dear fellow, *Alma Mater's* sacred name  
 A talisman shall be,  
 A bond of union binding us together  
 For all eternity.  
 Life's sands run low, the ranks grow thin and  
 thinner,  
 Grief gathers fast and care.  
 Once more, dear fellow, here's to *Alma Mater*,  
 Our mother fair. —*Harvard Advocate.*

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EXCHANGES.

Dennis says of Pope, "He will succeed for he has discovered a sufficiency beyond his little ability, and hath rashly undertaken a task infinitely beyond his force and hath, like the school-boy, borrowed from the living and the dead." If this is so the exchange editor should be one of the few men certain of success. As the rashest thing we can do, we take up the *Speculum*, a magazine from a scientific school. It has one general trend, "Progress in Manufactures," "The Dake Engine," etc. These are all well written, and while it would be too presumptuous even for us to attempt to judge of the

accuracy of the technical knowledge displayed, the freedom of treatment and apparent ease of writing go a long way as proof of the correctness of statements. At least the authors have a way of making subjects, that to the ordinary man are somewhat dull, both interesting and instructive.

The *Aegis* of the 21st contains two very well written parts, and by a strange coincidence they were both written by women. Of the first, a well argued vindication of Poe, we quote the closing sentences: "When the follies and faults of the human shall have been forgotten, the music will remain and grow the sweeter as the years go on. With Goethe, Byron, Burns, and Shelley, our own Poe shall stand disrobed "of all that of the earth was earthy," and be only known to future time as one of the Immortals. The other is on "The Inutility of Creeds." While on such a subject originality of thought could hardly be expected, yet it is very well thought out and well written. This is one thought, "A creed, what is a creed? A creed, they claim is one of religion's safeguards, a means of individual strength and growth. But it is not only this, it is a procrustean bed to which each soul must fit, though its very joints and sinews are rent asunder. Our creeds to-day are spiritual dungeons which close in the soul with such despair that even the light of a transcendent love cannot dispel the gloom."

The *Phrenological Journal* stands too high to need any mention from us, but one article this month is especially

timely, on the "Education and Use of the Brain." We quote a few lines from a rather good little poem:

"Beat, beat, beat, the great rain falls  
With echoing hammers on the sullen rock.  
The mist creeps softly upward from the sea,  
The dew falls lightly from the air above."

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### INTERCOLLEGIATE GOSSIP.

Amherst has had a summer school of languages.

Wellesley requires twenty hours of recitations a week.

William and Mary College is to be re-opened this fall.

The University of Pennsylvania celebrates its centennial in 1891.

Yale and Amherst have put the Bible on the list of elective studies.

Among the 559 women who have graduated from the fourteen leading women's colleges and seminaries in this country, only 177 are married.

A new building for the department of Civil Engineering, a new Library building to hold 450,000 volumes, a new Christian Association building, and four cottages for professors are in process of erection on the campus of Cornell University.

The Free Baptists, a few months ago, purchased 157 acres of land upon Bluff Point, on Lake Keuka, on a part of which to erect Keuka College. Another portion they will devote to an assembly similar to the Chautauqua Assembly, and \$100,000 worth of lots have been already sold. The corner stone was laid August 21st.

## POTPOURRI.

There is metre prosaic, dactylic,  
 There is a metre for laugh and for moan,  
 But the metre which is never prosaic  
 Is the "meet her by moonlight alone."

—*Ex.*

Scene, a railroad restaurant. She—  
 "Oh, dear! I wish we had a hammer  
 to crack this pie-crust." He—"Wait  
 a moment, my love, I will buy a sand-  
 wich."—*Free Press.*

## A WRECKED TRAIN.

At unusual speed we were dashing along,  
 The ponderous train was behind,  
 When all of a sudden something went wrong,  
 And—a wreck of the wretchedest kind.

'Twas not on the rails of the Central N. J.,  
 That occurred this disaster terrific,  
 And equally wrong if perchance you should  
 say  
 On the ties of the Union Pacific.

Ah no! gentle reader, quite off in your guess,  
 'Twas a wreck worse than these to descry;  
 The train was the train of Belinda's new dress,  
 The passenger on it was I.

—*Williams Weekly.*

A Senior coming into the laboratory  
 one rainy day exclaimed, "I have just  
 escaped H<sub>2</sub>O, only to come in contact  
 with H<sub>2</sub>S!"

## TALE OF A POSSUM.

The nox was lit by the lux of luna,  
 And 'twas a nox most opportuna,  
 To catch a possum or a coona,  
 For nix was scattered o'er this mundus,  
 A shallow nix et non profundus.  
 On sic a nox with canis unus,  
 Two boys went out to hunt for coonus.  
 The corpus of this bonus canis  
 Was full as long as octo span is;  
 But brevior legs had canis never,  
 Quam had hic canus, bonus, clever.  
 Some used to say in stultum jocum,

Quod a field was too small locum  
 For sic a dog to make a turnus,  
 Circum self from stem to sternus.  
 Unus canis, duo puer,  
 Nunquam braver, nunquam truer,  
 Quam hoc trio unquam fuit,  
 If there was I never knew it.  
 Hic bonus dog had one bad habit;  
 Amabat much to tree a rabbit,  
 Amabat plus to tree a rattus,  
 Amabat bene chase a cattus.  
 On this nixy moonlight night,  
 This old canis did just right,  
 Nunquam treed a hungry rattus,  
 Nunquam chased a starving cattus,  
 But cucurrit or intentus,  
 On the track and on the scentus,  
 Till he treed a possum strongum,  
 In a hollow trunkum longum.  
 Loud he barked in horrid bellum,  
 Seemed on terra venit hellum;  
 Quickly ran the duo puer,  
 Mors of possum to secure.  
 Quam venerit, one began  
 To chop away like quisque man,  
 Soon the axe went through the trunkum,  
 Fast he hit it, per, cher, chunkum.  
 Combat thickens, on, ye bravus!  
 Canis, puer, bite, et stavus;  
 As his powers non longius tarry,  
 Possum potest non pugnare,  
 On the nix his corpus lieth,  
 Down to Hades spirit flieth  
 Now they seek their pater's domo.  
 Feeling proud as any homo,  
 Knowing certe they will blossom  
 Into heroes, when with possum  
 They arrive, narrabunt story,  
 Plenis blood, et plenis glory.  
 Quam at domum narrent story  
 Plenis sanguine, tragic, gory;  
 Pater praiseth, likewise mater;  
 Wonders greater, younger frater.  
 Possum leave they on the mundus,  
 Go themselves to sleep profundus,  
 Somniunt possum slain in battle,  
 Strong as ursæ, large as cattle.  
 When nox gives way to lux of morning,  
 Albam terram much adorning,  
 Up they jump to see the varmen,  
 Of the which quid est the carmen,  
 Possum hic est resurrectum,  
 Leaving puers most dejectum,  
 Possum relinquit track behind him  
 Cruel possum! besta vilem!

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

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