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Bates College

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VOLUME XIII.

NUMBER 10.

THE

BATES STUDENT.

Animo et Labore.

HOLIDAY NUMBER.

DECEMBER, 1885.

Published by the Class of '86,

BATES COLLEGE.

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
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VOLUME XIII.

THE

BATES STUDENT.

ANIMO ET LABORE.

Published by the Class of '86,

BATES COLLEGE,

LEWISTON, MAINE.

Editorial Board:

W. H. HARTSHORN,

A. E. VERRILL,

A. E. BLANCHARD,

E. D. VARNEY,

E. A. MERRILL,

CHARLES HADLEY.

BUSINESS MANAGERS: J. H. WILLIAMSON, J. W. GOFF.

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INDEX. VOL. XIII.

EDITORIAL.

	PAGE
JANUARY:	
Salutatory—Criticisms—Electives—Appeal to Alumni—Society Work—College Band—Origin of Ideas—Teaching—Patronage of Advertisers,	1-6
FEBRUARY:	
College Mail System—Gymnasium Work—Latin Salutatories—Reading Society—Study of History—Salvation Army—Teaching in Term Time,	25-29
MARCH:	
Intelligent Political Action—Editorial Notice—Study of Greek—Political Corruption—Prize System—Payment of Subscriptions—Base-Ball,	49-53
APRIL:	
Request—Commencement Orator—Gymnasium Exercise—Stoddard Lectures—The Anglo-Russian Controversy—Value of System—Wrong Incentives,	77-82
MAY:	
Editorial Notice—Secret Societies—Cultivation of Memory—Oratory—Courses of Reading—Field Day,	105-108
JUNE:	
Tendency to Indifference—Pronunciation—Defective Ventilation—Student Charity,	129-133
SEPTEMBER:	
Welcome to '89—Class Feeling—Superficiality in Student Life—Persistency—Value of a Purpose,	159-163
OCTOBER:	
Editorial Notice—College Senate—Literary Societies—Healthy Influences of Bates—Political Problems,	179-183
NOVEMBER:	
Canon Farrar—Declamations—College Education—Capital Punishment—Chess,	203-207
DECEMBER:	
Farewell—Co-Education—Acknowledgments and Explanations—Local Contributions—Errata—Methods in Recitation—Alumni Personals—Nature of an Editorial—Manager's Note,	227-231

LITERARY.

PROSE:		
Baccalaureate. President Cheney.		137
Cape Cod. C. E. Stevens, '86.		211
Constitutional Amendment, The. A. E. Blanchard, '86.		31
Decline of Monarchical Power. J. W. Flanders, '86.		163
Effects of the Periodical Literature of To-day on the Morals and Intellect of our People, The. Israel Jordan, '87.		168
Eloquence of Silence, The. J. W. Goff, '86.		111
Energy. W. H. Hartshorn, '86.		165
First Sabbath, The. (From the German.) Prof. Angell.		110
Glimpses of Hawthorne. E. B. Stiles, '85.		6
Heart of Midlothian. W. S. Bartlett, '86.		188
Hero of Harper's Ferry, The. Miss H. M. Brackett, '84.		8
Ideas and Institutions. W. D. Wilson, '84.		86
Individuality of Charles Lamb as a Writer. F. E. Parlin, '86.		240
Influence of Poetry in Education, The. Miss A. S. Tracy, '86.		133
Is this a Skeptical Age? E. B. Stiles, '85.		185
Limitations to Knowledge. A. B. Morrill, '85.		112
Live Scholar, The. G. E. Paine, '86.		135
Men are Measured by their Heroes. Roscoe Nelson, '87.		114
Mental Progress Dependent upon Moral. C. S. Flanders, '84.		35
Mind in Animal and Man. O. H. Tracy, '82.		36
Mission of the Poet, The. Miss A. S. Tracy, '86.		186
Oldtown Folks. J. W. Flanders, '86.		235
Personality of Ruskin as Revealed in his Works, The. Miss A. H. Tucker, '85.		29
Poetry as a National Power. Miss A. H. Tucker, '85.		108

Popular Objections to a Liberal Education. E. R. Chadwick, '84.	232
Possibilities of the Human Mind. Charles Hadley, '86.	206
Relation of Culture and Religion, The. E. R. Chadwick, '84.	81
Sanctity of Law, The. C. A. Washburn, '85.	183
Secret Societies. { W. V. Twaddle, '82.	59
{ D. C. Washburn, '85.	88
Self-Knowledge. E. F. Nason, '72.	208
Stenography. J. L. Reade, '83.	10
Teaching as a Profession. W. H. Hartshorn, '86.	61
"To Thine Own Self be True." C. A. Washburn, '85.	84
Translation from the German. Prof. Angell.	238
Will Bismarck be a Greater Character in History than Gladstone? E. C. Hayes, '87.	53

POETRY:

Alone. Mrs. C. W. Morehouse.	239
Changes. A. L. Morey, '76.	116
Christmas. A. E. Verrill, '86.	232
Farewell. Israel Jordan, '87.	6
Fate. Israel Jordan, '87.	53
Flowers. D. C. Washburn, '85.	34
Future, The. J. H. Johnson, '88.	7
Horseman's Song. Israel Jordan, '87.	239
Hammock Song, The. A. E. Verrill, '86.	163
If Allah Please. Israel Jordan, '87.	108
If We Could Know. Mrs. C. W. Morehouse, '77.	136
In Memory. Mrs. C. W. Morehouse, '77.	110
In Late Summer. Mrs. C. W. Morehouse, '77.	183
Last Thoughts. A. E. Verrill, '86.	185
Love. W. E. Ranger, '79.	238
Maple Tree's Lament, The. C. W. M., '77.	242
Morning Song. A. E. Verrill, '86.	61
Norwegian Legend, A. A. C. Townsend, '88.	206
Old and New. D. C. Washburn, '85.	238
Olympic of the Waves. A. C. Townsend, '88.	30
Origin of Song, The. Israel Jordan, '87.	167
Pictures. A. C. Townsend, '88.	135
Robin's Nest, The. Mrs. C. W. Morehouse, '77.	29
Salve. Miss J. R. North, '77.	114
Seeds. J. H. Johnson, '88.	84
Silence at Mount McGregor, The. F. F. Phillips, '77.	165
Sir Gondebert. Mrs. C. W. Morehouse, '77.	88
Spectre Wood-Cutter, The. Israel Jordan, '87.	208
Snow-Drop, The. A. E. Verrill, '86.	86
Song of the Soul, The. W. P. Foster, '81.	133
Storm Spirit, The. A. E. Verrill, '86.	10
Sweet Caporal. D. C. Washburn, '85.	188
To the Song Sparrow. A. E. Verrill, '86.	81
To-Day. Israel Jordan, '87.	167
Valentine, A. D. C. Washburn, '85.	34
Wait. C. A. Strout, '81.	112
Wind on the Summit of Mount Washington, The. W. P. Foster, '81.	235
Woodland Echoes. W. H. Hartshorn, '86.	59

MISCELLANEOUS.

Among the Poets,	22, 45, 73, 100, 127, 155, 201, 222, 250
Clippings,	24, 48, 76, 103, 128, 158, 202, 226, 252
College Press Opinions,	75, 102, 156, 223, 251
College World,	22, 46, 74, 101, 127, 156, 223, 251
Communications,	13, 39, 64, 92, 116, 142, 169, 191, 213, 242
Exchanges,	21, 44, 71, 99, 126, 155, 200, 221, 249
In Memoriam,	15, 190, 212
Literary Notes,	23, 47, 75, 103, 178, 224
Locals,	16, 39, 68, 94, 122, 145, 173, 197, 215, 245
Personals,	20, 42, 70, 98, 125, 152, 176, 199, 219, 248

THE

BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XIII.

DECEMBER, 1885.

No. 10.

Bates Student.

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

CLASS OF '86, BATES COLLEGE.

EDITORIAL BOARD.

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E. D. VARNEY,	A. E. BLANCHARD,
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CONTENTS.

VOL. XIII., No. 10.—DECEMBER, 1885.

EDITORIAL.....	227
LITERARY:	
Christmas	232
Popular Objections to a Liberal Education....	232
The Wind upon the Summit of Mt. Wash- ton	235
Oldtown Folks	235
Old and New.....	238
Love	238
A Translation.....	238
Alone	239
The Horseman's Song.....	239
Individuality of Charles Lamb as a Writer....	240
The Maple Tree's Lament.....	242
COMMUNICATION.....	242
LOCALS	245
PERSONALS	248
EXCHANGES.....	249
AMONG THE POETS.....	250
COLLEGE PRESS OPINIONS.....	251
COLLEGE WORLD	251
CLIPPINGS.....	252

EDITORIAL.

WITH this number of the STUDENT the present Board of Editors bid farewell to the sanctum, and resign their charge to their successors. Though hard pressed by their daily duties as students and teachers, and compelled to sacrifice much to secure the needed time for editorial labor, they have one and all greatly enjoyed their connection with the STUDENT, and leave it with something of the sorrow with which one leaves an old friend, mitigated, to be sure, by the satisfaction of having rolled the heavy burden from their shoulders.

In regard to their labors, they wish to say that the beginning of the year found them scattered and unable to easily attend to their duties, and they have been hampered during the entire year by the absence of various members of the board. Notwithstanding these drawbacks they have endeavored to work faithfully for the interests of the STUDENT, and have no excuses to offer for their shortcomings. They wish to offer their sincere thanks to those of the alumni and students who have aided them with contributions and otherwise, and to all friends of the STUDENT for sympathy and good-will.

The incoming board need no intro-

duction to the students and to the alumni and general readers. The editors will say that they transfer the *STUDENT* to its new management with full assurance that the change will be for the better and the value of the publication will be increased.

It has been long since the much-mooted question of co-education has been mentioned at any length in the columns of the *STUDENT*,—presumably because it was long ago exhausted,—and we should certainly hesitate to revert to the subject now for any other purpose than to note a few of the pleasing realities that our observation during three years had taught us to recognize as changes. Notwithstanding the fact that the doors of Bates were open to ladies from the beginning, we believe the way of those who first entered them was that of the transgressor. Certainly the men of earlier classes could not have been positively discourteous, but student opinion was against the system, and the bravery of the young ladies who were first willing to run the gauntlet of student prejudice, and avail themselves of the opportunities presented here, challenges our admiration.

We remember the warmth with which, later, in the early part of our course, the point of the *right* of ladies to secure a higher education at Bates was contested. That point, however, had long before been settled by those who had the power to settle it, namely, the founders of the college. Earlier classes fought against the idea, while later classes have yielded to the inev-

itable, and, within the last two years, far less has been said against co-education than formerly.

What reason could ever be adduced for opposition to it? No valid reason. Some flimsy arguments were, and still occasionally are, advanced, but the actual reason (and the entire discussion of the question always made this too apparent) was that some of the young ladies, as a matter of fact, were superior in scholarship, and held the leading positions in their classes. We do not doubt the assertion that some young ladies have been the recipients of honors which were unjustly conferred upon them; but we believe the same is true of certain young men whom we have known, and the ratio of cases of the latter to those of the former kind will be found to be no greater than the ratio of the number of gentlemen to that of the ladies in college. We feel safe in assuming that excellent scholarship and the evidences of hard, faithful work on the part of lady students have afforded a healthful stimulus to greater effort on the part of young men; and, further, that the standard of scholarship has, doubtless, in some classes, been raised in this way.

The fact of the ever-increasing number of ladies in Bates—the number of ladies now catalogued constitutes nearly one-fifth of the entire number of students—may be cited as an additional reason for pronouncing the movement a success; for an augmented number of good students is an advantage to any institution.

Again we believe the moral tone of

the institution has been elevated by the advent of a goodly number of the gentler sex. Their helpfulness has been marked in the work of the Y. M. C. A. They form, too, no inconsiderable factor in sustaining an interest in the work of the literary societies. Co-education may not be everywhere an unmixed blessing, but we think it has demonstrated its eminent propriety to exist here, by showing that it is an advantage attended by no harm to any party concerned.

Apropos of the above, we recently saw it stated that the students of Tufts have defeated co-education by a vote of about two to one. We have some doubts whether, if the college were not already open to ladies, a similar vote would result at Bates. There are quite a number here who would not be "in favor of the young ladies," if there was a female college at a convenient distance. None, however, will assert that the fairer sex have not as good a right, and ought not to have the same privileges as others of a higher education. If those interested in education will not take measures to found a separate college for ladies, certainly it is not the fault of the ladies, and they cannot justly be refused admittance to colleges simply because of the old misfortune which has faced every woman that ever sought a sphere beyond the kitchen—the misfortune of "not having been born a boy."

Without making special mention of those who have been most liberal in

their favors, we desire to express our sincere gratitude to all those graduates and undergraduates, who, through the year, have kindly contributed to the Literary Department. The occasional publication of articles not originally written for the *STUDENT*, may not have been a complete fulfillment of the purpose of a college journal, or in strict accordance with our editorial creed. But we have aimed at a high order of merit in the work published, and this has always been an exponent of the best thought of the college. And while the graduates have been ably represented, it will have been observed that the contributions, both prose and poetry, are chiefly those of students. We have been sometimes glad—and we assume that we have the sympathy of our predecessors—to secure articles several months old from students, in preference to fresh ones from graduates. While this may not cause the *STUDENT* to deteriorate, we do not consider it altogether best. And we have permitted this, because we believe that through a more active participation in the work of publication, on the part of the students, even at the expense of somewhat lowering the standard of excellence of the work published, a larger benefit would accrue to themselves.

As we are about to close the sanctum we endeavor to find fit terms with which to thank those who have aided us in our local column. It has been said many times that all the students should feel a personal interest in our magazine, and, by aiding the editors,

should make it a true representative of the college. This state of affairs can best be brought about by selecting the editors from three, or at least two, of the classes. In this way all the classes would naturally have an interest that endless faultfinding cannot supply. In expressing our gratitude for contributions to the locals, we tender our thanks to a few of the members of the Senior class.

During the past year there have been very few typographical errors in the *STUDENT*. In justice to the printers, it should be stated that these few are not due to any neglect of theirs, but to errors in manuscript. The only error of importance (not corrected) is on page 19, second column. The date "Jan. 8th," should read "Dec. 8th."

We confess our liability to pick flaws, still a laudable movement we are always ready to notice. The methods employed by our instructors in recitations may be a subject outside of our province, yet to any innovation which seems progressive we feel it a duty to give our testimony. We all know that to secure effective work in any study requires something more than simply memorizing the text and verbal repetition in the class-room. It is in the recitation that the reform should begin. Here, of all places, we are most likely to get into ruts. There must be sought for the recitation varying forms in order to gain good results. In this line we have the benefit of lectures

which are excellent to intersperse with our daily work; we only wish that they would occur a little more frequently. Short discussions or explanations by the professor on some topic suggested by the recitation afford another pleasing variation. All these serve to break the monotony of our daily routine and awaken an interest which otherwise would not be felt.

One method which we have had the benefit of for the first time this term, is the preparation of frequent essays on the work gone over. Though we confess the task was irksome at first, yet we believe that no one thing has been more effective in fixing a general understanding of a subject than this. It also gives excellent practice in the acquirement of a ready pen, so invaluable to the literary student. Though perhaps this method may not be practicable in all departments, yet we believe it could be employed to some extent in most. We would earnestly recommend it at least for consideration.

As to the extent of the Alumni Personal department during the past year, we can say that we feel we have carried out our purpose to the best of our ability. The complete alumni history published in the *STUDENT* three years ago renders a repetition of such an effort at present needless. Hence it has been the aim of the present board of editors to make the department simply a bureau of intelligence. If this aim has been but poorly carried out, we hope that we shall not be held wholly accountable. Though of

course this department contains matter of interest to all the readers of the STUDENT, it is mainly in the interest of the alumni that the department has been instituted and maintained. We thank the alumni for what support we have received, however slight it may have been, and hope that during the ensuing year their interest will be greatly increased.

In all the editorials that we remember of reading from our one hundred exchanges, we have seen every subject, either defined or discussed, that could possibly be dragged to light, and made for a moment to appear as the one necessary thing for students to "consider," under penalty of falling into an indefinable "some-state," or of forfeiting an indefinable "something"; but one subject, that many would do well to "study up," is wholly overlooked, namely, what an *editorial* should be. "We thought it understood," all will no doubt hasten to say, "that it should be simply what will interest students." Granted.

Now your editor, number one, sets himself to choosing a subject, and he hits one that must be a good one, for it isn't "stale"; but it turns out to be of no interest to any one because it is not a live question. Number two perceives that there are only about a dozen "live questions," and these he confines himself to, but feels that he must offer an apology each time before discussing them. Number three sometimes feels called upon to exhaust his store of metaphor, culled from every

quarter, to conceal his puny ideas; his real object, however, is to dazzle you with his pretty wings, and show you the sun-bearing power of his eagle eye. No statement is too nonsensical for him to make. He hides his ideas from himself even, in his desire to shine. Your editor number four has long since become an expert in cutting and slashing right and left into any essays that he admires. He trims, and fits, and sews together, but fails to conceal the suture. Sometimes this editor is known by his plumage; he and number three are often seen scratching the same empty pate.

Your editor number five—"may his tribe increase"—is sensible enough not to try to invent new subjects; he never strings an essay of ten lines out into a column; he generally "calls a spade a spade;" and he invariably has some idea of what he is trying to say.

We wish to remind our subscribers that with this issue our year ends, and many of the subscriptions for 1885 are still unpaid. The past year has been rather discouraging for the STUDENT. Our expenses have been higher than usual, while our income from advertising has fallen below the usual amount from that source, owing to depression in business at the beginning of the year. It is absolutely necessary that *all* our subscribers pay their subscription for the year, in order that we may meet our expenses. Those who have not paid will save the Managers much trouble and expense by sending their subscription along as soon as possible.

LITERARY.

CHRISTMAS.

By A. E. V., '86.

'Tis the day for merry bells;
'Tis the day of all the year
To bright eyes and curly heads,
As to hoary sage and seer.

Bides therein a mystic charm;
Law divine for me, for you.
Ye contestants through all time:
Come thou Gentile, hither Jew,
Catholic and Protestant,
Christian and Agnostic too,

Stay before that grandest law
Which re-echoes still again,
Whispered down through crumbling
ages,
"Peace on earth, good-will to men."

POPULAR OBJECTIONS TO A
LIBERAL EDUCATION.

By E. R. C., '84.

MANY of the readers of the STUDENT will have occasion, during the winter, to hear some of the popular objections which are advanced against a liberal education, and sometimes we are at loss to know just how to answer them. If these objections are valid it is important that students should understand it; if not we should be able to render to every man a reason for our belief. One objection which we have to meet is that a liberal education costs too much; if not a serious objection, at least a serious obstacle with many.

In passing, this point is worthy of notice, that more than half the actual expense of a college course is required to cover the cost of living, board and

clothes being necessities of life, and not fairly charged to the cost of an education. And yet an education costs something; but who shall say that it costs too much, when those who have made the investment, and can appreciate its worth, are unanimous in declaring that its value far exceeds its cost. Many a young man, who, in all seriousness, says an education costs too much, will spend in a very few years upon the habit of tobacco using enough to secure a good education. Twenty-five cents laid by each week will, within sixty years, amount to more than five thousand dollars. True, an education costs something, but what that we value does not? That which comes to us without outlay on our part, of either money, time, or effort, usually possesses little value for us. Those whose education comes the easiest are usually the ones who appreciate it the least, and who derive the least benefit from it.

But what value has money other than what it can secure for us, provided the thing be really worth getting? We brought none of it into the world with us and we are to carry none of it away. Beyond supplying the actual necessities of life we have use for little more of it. The point should be pressed that a young man should get money, but with all his getting he should get wisdom.

Another objection is that it takes too much time; but have those who say so made a better use of their time? While one has been acquiring an education, has another obtained a thing of more value? If, as some one says, an

education represents time wasted, what would represent time well employed? Is it too much time taken from such pursuits as occupy the attention of the majority of mankind, the race for pleasure, wealth, fame, honor, or power? Time taken for these things is not being put to a better use. But sometimes it is said that instead of spending ten years of the best part of his life in getting an education, a young man had better be about his life-work. Suppose a man is to live fifty years for the active duties of life, and suppose he spend ten of them in getting a thorough education, can he be said to waste his time, if, by so doing, he can increase by many fold his power to do in the other four-fifths?

A man disciplined by a thorough course of study will occupy a more commanding position, will do more in the same time, and will be better able to hold his ground against competitors until later in life than the man without such discipline. True, some of the greatest men have not been liberally educated men, but they were by no means uneducated. They were self-educated and none have regretted more than some of these very men that they were deprived of the advantages of a liberal education. These men were great by nature; with natural endowments such as are vouchsafed to but few; but even they lost something without the discipline of a liberal education.

Another popular objection is that an education raises a young man above his station, whatever that may mean. If to cause a man to see more in life than a mere struggle for exist-

ence, other sources of enjoyment than the gratification of the senses, powers within himself never before dreamed of; if to raise him to a higher plane of thinking and living than that occupied by too many of his fellow-men,—if this be to raise him above his natural station, then the charge is true. But if it means that it disqualifies him for the stern realities of life, that it leads him to despise its commonplace duties, to shun labor and to court ease, then the charge is not true. A proper education will never make a man ashamed of labor, or unfit him for it. When the boy returns from school too much of a gentleman to soil his hands with work, it is not to be charged to his education, but rather to a lack of the proper kind.

But because an education may open to a man other means of securing a livelihood than by manual labor, does that raise him above his station? If he finds a broader field of action than is offered by the farm or the work-shop, does it follow that he is out of his natural sphere? With such capacities for development, is there any station too high, any goal too distant, or any ambition too aspiring, provided he have the ability to win and the wisdom to use aright.

Another objection in the popular mind is that a liberal education is not practical. But what is it to be practical? Is it only practical to feed and clothe the body; to answer the question, what shall we eat and drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed? Is living the end of life, and the struggle for existence all it offers? Can

there be no higher motto for a man than eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die?

Yes, man has more than a physical existence; he has a mind and a soul, a mental and a spiritual, and as the functions of these are higher than those of the body, so are the needs more important. In his physical, man is simply brute, linked by his physical nature to the entire animal creation. Is it any the less important or any the less practical, that he cultivate that which alone can distinguish him from the animal—the mental and the spiritual? But if an education is not of itself practical, it need make the man none the less so. If it does not teach him to use the hoe and the shovel, the saw and the plane, it does not make him any the less qualified for a good farmer or mechanic. Is a man any the less qualified to learn a trade because he is well educated; or is there any the less reason for his doing so, provided nature has adapted him for that work?

If educated men do seem to shun the so-called practical walks of life, it is not so much the fault of their education as the false ideas connected with it. The young man is taught that other things are expected of him; the public demand it of him, often regardless of tastes or talents. It is a mistake to expect an education alone to open the way to success, to take the place of natural endowment. It only brings them out and develops them.

It is a mistake to teach the young that an education is valuable only as a stepping-stone on which ambition

may mount, that it should be used to open the way to wealth, fame, or fortune, and then charge that it makes them unpractical.

Another objection is put something in this way: when a man says that his father had little or no education, and that what was good enough for his father is good enough for himself. If he does not apply the same rule to all the affairs of life, and say that whatever was good enough for his father was good enough for himself, then he is illogical. If he does, he is to be pitied. In nothing is it true that what one's parents could get along with is good enough for one's self, provided a better thing is possible. Nothing is good enough for any man short of the very best within his reach, nor should a young man be satisfied with an education short of the very best he can secure.

To the objection that it is beyond the reach of the average youth, just a word. Any person who can read and think, who can secure a few choice books, and who will use them, has sufficient capital for the foundation of a good education. It takes no more time to read a good book than a poor one. A work on science may be made as entertaining as the latest novel, and far more instructive. Schools and colleges do not supply an education, although they are wonderful aids in getting it. Books and study are the sources.

If a youth be really ambitious for a thorough education, and cannot see his way clear to go to school at once, by all means advise him to get the

books and set to work. Let him get an elementary text-book on Botany, Chemistry, Geology, Zoölogy, or Astronomy; read and study them, and see what stores of knowledge are lying all about him.

THE WIND UPON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT WASHINGTON.

By W. P. F., '81.

No man comes here with bearded sickle keen,
Amid these shining acres of gray stone,
To reap the harvest which the wind has sown
So many ages; in this air, I ween,
No corn-fields ever wave, no maidens glean;
But mightier harvests from this height are
blown

Of storm and shower; here with deep organ
tone
The tempest sounds,—this is the wind's de-
mesne.

Like some unfettered spirit through the hills
He wanders, shepherding his rocky fold;
Hark, hear his voice, where far beneath he
shrills

With airy whisper round some lonesome peak,
A sound that makes the beating heart grow
cold,

Ear-piercing, sharp as flayed Marsuas' shriek.
—*Century.*

OLDTOWN FOLKS.

By J. W. F., '86.

IN the pleasant story of "Oldtown Folks," we have pictured to our minds New-England life, near the beginning of the present century. The primary aim is to instruct. But so neatly is every-day fact introduced, and under such pleasing circumstances does every solid statement appear, that we forget that we are learning valuable lessons, and are lost in the scenes and incidents of a charming story.

To be sure the opening chapters are not happy; indeed they are quite depressing, and for a long time not one ray of sunshine would shed its glad beams upon our new-found friends. Horace loses a kind father, and though he and his frail mother, being left without means, are received by his grandparents, it is as a burden that must be endured. What could be more touching than the sad death of that angel mother, leaving Harry and little Tina, as if by cruel fate, in the hands of that monster "Crab Smith," and his equally harsh sister, Miss Asphyxia. But, ere long, the skies begin to brighten. Things take a more favorable turn, and pleasant days, increasing through childhood and youth, come in to make up the lives of our young friends, until, finally, wedding bells and the merriment of the marriage day enable us to bid them a happy good-bye.

Nor is it simply a narration of pleasing circumstances. Underlying the whole, there is enough of device or plot to afford something in which we are particularly interested, or somebody about whom we would especially like to know. There is something perfectly natural in the way Ellery Davenport is introduced. Often events occur in a very quiet manner which are to affect our whole lives. So Ellery Davenport, at first mentioned only accidentally, keeps coming into notice until, ere we know it, he is the central object of our thought.

The losing of the marriage certificate, and its recovery, is another interesting feature. Then, too, the

name of Emily now and then brought in, excites within us an increasing desire to hear and learn her history. We keep getting nearer and nearer to the facts, until, finally, it gives one a feeling of triumph to meet with success and get the story of her sad life.

It is said that the proper way to eat is to finish when there is something of an appetite remaining. It is in this condition that our author leaves us at the close of her story. We wish to know a little more about Harry and Esther, to learn of a few more of the conquests of the ever-successful Tina. In fact, we have made friends or foes with all her characters, and as such, we wish to know more of their career.

How consistent, too, are all the characters of our story. It is in vain that we look for a single expression that should indicate a warm heart in the breast of "Old Crab Smith." Miss Asphyxia, too, is ever the same machine, working always at high pressure, and never once acting but as if it were a sin to do anything but fret and work. On the other hand, how consistently lazy was Sam'l Lawson, in every breath of his existence. Never did he have enough stove wood ahead for more than one baking, while he was always on hand at weddings, funerals, and what not, scrupulously to gather every bit of the current gossip. Was there ever a difficulty that Tina could not, in some way, overcome? By some irresistible magic, she unlocked all doors and gained a triumphant entrance. And so it is continually. We always know where to look for the honest, quiet, but per-

sistent Harry; the modest and thoughtful Esther; and the good-natured, liberal grandmother. Every character stands out clear and distinct.

And here, in passing, we are led to notice that it is this distinctness—it is these minute descriptions of persons that would lead one to know, even if he did not to begin with, that the author was a lady. Who but a lady could enter thus into the details of a person's peculiarities, describing to the finest tint the color of every ribbon worn, and giving a different interpretation to the least change of countenance? As another evidence, we may ask also, what boy, when talking familiarly with a mate, would stop to speak of "pout fishing." More likely would he say "pouting"; and more likely yet would he leave off altogether the final *g*, and put it "poutin'." It is only a lady who can thus talk about "pout fishing," "bat-sticks," and "hopper-grasses."

If, however, these peculiarities betray her sex, her general conclusions and comprehensive summaries evidence the depth of her mind, while her numerous references and quotations evidence her extended knowledge. The sciences, politics, theology, one and all, come within the range of her acquirements, and she manifests perfect familiarity with all the subjects of the day.

What then do we learn from reading this story? Nothing, directly. The novel would then cease to be a novel and become a text-book. But, indirectly, we are highly benefited. At church, on a Sunday, we see the gents

dressed in their swallow-tailed coats, knee-breeches, silk stockings, low shoes and silver buckles, ruffled shirt-bosoms and collars, and powdered wigs. At home, we miss the modern lamp and comfortable stove, and instead we see the glimmering candle, the old fire-place, with its huge back-log and great andirons. It was also a time when the temperance question was viewed in an altogether different light from to-day, when every hospitable hearth furnished its cheering mug of cider, while the minister, and all who could afford it, provided their wines and stronger liquors.

In politics, we see, generally, the enthusiastic republican; but now and then a remnant of the Tory element, compelled outwardly to accept the independence of their land, but inwardly devoted to their king; honestly believing their nation to be ruled by wicked rebels who would finally—as did the French—lead their government into disorder and ruin. Even many who were loyal to the new republic, retained old, aristocratic tendencies, and while believing a republic to be good in theory, found it hard to accept all its products in actual practice.

But most of all we are impressed with the depth of religious feeling that pervades every household. Doctrinal creeds are constantly-recurring topics to which all conversation tends. The Calvinist, the Armenian, the church man, one after another present their views, and often joining in arguments. Now one will seem to gain the victory, and now another; and again, each being lost in the labyrinth of his

own logic, all mutually retire to avoid the embarrassment of defeat. The minister, as the ambassador of God, and as a sort of sacred oracle, is instinctively revered by all; while he, conscious of his power, gives his opinions as one whose decrees are infallible. But this was a turning point in the history of the church. Under the spirit of the age, the people were beginning to question not only the rights of temporal kings, but also of would-be rulers in spiritual realms. The minds of men were revolting against the harsh doctrines of infant damnation. They were questioning the creeds that asserted that some were born to perish, despite their prayers and tears.

And so we see all classes, some secure in their own minds, preaching heartlessly the doctrine that the lost should bless God for being elected to condemnation; others, through fear, accepting what they do not dare disavow; while a few are making a shipwreck of all faith, and are being lost in the darkness of skepticism and infidelity.

Thus it is that we get an insight into the politics, the theology, and all the different phases of early New-England life. We are instructed and entertained at the same time. And not only this. By the simple faith and sterling integrity of Harry, we are incited to greater humility, to better work, and to more perfect trust in God. While by the final success of all our young friends, in their upright and honest course, we become ourselves encouraged to perseverance in the true

ways of life. And thus from the reading of the novel as a whole, we arise intellectually stronger, hopefully bolder, and morally better.

OLD AND NEW.

BY D. C. W., '85.

[Written in a young lady collegian's album.]

In ancient Rome, a maiden's seat
Was at her austere matron's feet;
Her dainty hands, her fresh girl-face,
Her rounded form of classic grace,
Reposed in soft, luxurious ease
Beneath the aged court-yard trees.

In warlike days of chivalry
When knights were noble, brave, and free,
'Mid clash of arms in bloody fight,
With waving plumes and armor bright
Each warrior couched his stoutest lance
To win some fair one's favoring glance.

When old New England still was young,
Ere from her rocky soil had sprung
A race of men with nerves relax,
Demure Priscilla spun the flax,
And practiced staid, housewifely knowl-
edge;

But *now* young ladies—go to college!

Ah! well: Ah! well:—the world jogs on;
The new has come, the old has gone.
But though the Roman maiden's grace
Was equaled only by her face;
Though old romantic tales read well,
And hold one with a magic spell:

And though I envy him who loved
The blushing maiden that reproved,—
But hardly hindered,—his caressing;—
Still I don't mind, you know, confessing
I much prefer, in every way
Young ladies of the present day.

LOVE.

BY IGN, '79.

Two lovers stood beside a flowing river,
A deeply flowing river;
And dreamed of a love flowing on forever,
Love flowing on forever.

The lovers walked adown the growing river,
The flowing, growing river;
And thought their tender love would grow
forever,
A deep love growing ever.

The lover's boat glides on the moonlight river—
The starlight, moonlight river;
They thought that this sweet dream would live
forever,
Live on and on forever.

Unchanged by the course of love's charmed
dreaming,
Unchanging, blissful dreaming;
Their vision views a realm more real than
seeming,
A wonderland not seeming.

A TRANSLATION.

MELCHTHAL (whose father's eyes have been destroyed at the command of the Austrian bailiff):

Oh! the light of the eyes is a noble gift of heaven. All creatures live upon the light. The plants turn themselves with joy to the light. And he must sit there, fumbling, in the night, in an eternal darkness. The warm verdure of the meadows, the glow of the flowers will refresh him no more. He can no more behold the rosy summits of the glaciers. To die is nothing, but to live and not see is indeed a dire misfortune. Why do you look upon me with compassion? I have two good eyes, and yet I cannot give a single one to my poor, blind father, not one glimmer from this ocean of brilliant light that dazzles my eyes. . . . Now speak to me no more of remaining. I will think of naught but a bloody vengeance. I will go and demand of the bailiff the eyes of my father.

WALER FÜRST:

Remain! What can you do against him? He is at Sarnen, in his lofty

castle, and sheltered by his fortress he laughs at your powerless rage.

MELCHTHAL:

Even though he should dwell up yonder in the icy palace of the Schreckhorn, or higher still where the Yungfrau has sat veiled since eternity, I shall make my way to him: With twenty young men determined as myself I will batter down his fortress. And if nobody will follow me, if all of you, trembling for your huts and your herds, bend your necks beneath the yoke of tyranny, I will call the shepherds together upon the mountain, and there beneath the open vault of the heavens, where the spirit is still energetic and the heart sound, I will recount this horrible cruelty. Oh! my old father! blind you will not be able to behold the day of liberty; but you shall hear it. When from mountain to mountain the signals of fire shall rise toward heaven, when the solid citadels of the tyrants shall crumble, into thy hut the Swiss shall pour to bear to thy ear the joyous news, and then what a glorious day shall shine in the midst of thy night of obscurity.

—Schiller's *William Tell*.

ALONE.

By C. W. M., '77.

Pleasant t'were those by-gone days,
Days in the summer weather,
When, side by side, we wandered on
Adown life's way together.

Verdure and bloom on every side,
Fragrance in the air,
The song-bird calling to its mate,—
Ah! life seemed wondrous fair.

Leafless and bare, the branches now
Are swaying in the breeze,

No flower fragrance in the air,
No bird-songs from the trees.

O'er all the land grim Winter has
His chilly mantle thrown,
And down life's cold and cheerless way
I sadly walk alone.

THE HORSEMAN'S SONG.

By I. J., '87.

Now, my spirited bay,
Do I mount thee. Away!
The hills and the plains across!
O, thy soft, rippling mane
O'er the loose, looping rein
Right haughtily dost thou toss.

In these halcyon days,
While glad birds sing their lays,
Through the leafy lanes we wind;
And the echoing beat
Of thine earth-spurning feet
Comes cantering on behind.

A swift courser like thee,
So enduring and free,
Yet curbed by a gentle hand,
Would have merited praise
In the chivalrous days
Of brave knights and fair ladies so grand.

In the green solitude
Of this whispering wood,
While yon brooklet sings like a bird—
Drink, drink from this cool
And crystalline pool,
Then prancingly wait my word.

Now, on with thy might!
Ere the sun sinks from sight
We must enter a town far away;
For, though war's time be past,
Yet love's time shall last
As long as sweet day follows day.

—*Golden Argosy*.

Edward S. Holden, formerly Professor of Astronomy in Wisconsin University, has been elected president of California University, and Director of the Fisk Observatory.

INDIVIDUALITY OF CHARLES LAMB AS A WRITER.

By F. E. P., '86.

THE first thing that impresses itself upon one reading Charles Lamb, is his humor. His way of looking at things and expressing his ideas of them is peculiar to himself. Through nearly all his writings there runs a pleasant vein of humor. His pen was never dyspeptic, and rarely did its quiet and insinuating humor reach the quickness and sparkle of wit. He was eccentric, and seemed to take pleasure in not being like any one else. Although odd, he does not have the disagreeable and repulsive ways of most eccentric persons. There is always a spirit of friendliness accompanying his humorous sayings, so that the person who is the object of his remarks cannot feel at all hurt. Mr. Lamb himself is no more ignorant of this merry side of his nature and of his peculiar ability, than are his friends; and sometimes, as with most men thus gifted, his consciousness of his own humor detracts from the pleasing effect on the reader. But this consciousness of humor, as brought out in his own remarks, is in perfect keeping with his character, for he was as honest and frank as a child. Sometimes he would openly criticise the peculiarities of a friend, and again, as openly confess his own. Frequently he would make close observations at the expense of others, and as frequently make them at his own expense. He was fond of practical jokes, and could always appreciate the

humor, wit, or puns of others. It is sometimes hard to discover whether he is serious, and means just what he says, or is joking and speaking ironically.

Everything indicates that he was a scholar. He was a great reader, and made books take the place of wife and children. He said that he could not sit and think, but made books think for him. When he was not walking he was reading, and, even in his walks, he was wont to make his way to a book-stall and to examine its stock, snatching a few thoughts from each volume that he chanced to take up. There was something in the very presence of books, which afforded him pleasure. Although he was an extensive reader, he was no copyist, but, on the contrary, remarkably original. Even if all the thoughts that he expressed were not the offspring of his own brain, they were, nevertheless, all legally adopted before he sent them into the world, and were clothed in the peculiar dress of his own mental wardrobe. The authorship of the most of his writings cannot be doubted, so plainly are they marked with his individuality.

But he did not get all of his knowledge from books. Observation was one of the richest sources from which he drew. He was one of the most observing of men, picking up the material of some of the most interesting parts of his writings where the majority of persons would have found nothing worthy of their attention. Subjects that we have been accustomed to regard as suitable only for themes of

school children, he invests with importance and interest; and, as we finish his essays, we are surprised to see how much valuable reading he has afforded by his skill in treating commonplace things.

Mr. Lamb loved all men, yet was never blind to the faults and idiosyncracies of even his friends. Nothing escaped his eyes. Hardly a person, old or young, rich or poor, educated or uneducated, could be in the genial author's presence five minutes, without his observing their peculiarities and weaknesses. Every tone of voice, every posture of the body, every expression of the countenance, was critically noted and interpreted; even the mind was almost robbed of its thoughts.

Although these observations furnished material for his humor to work upon, his head always acted in concert with his heart, for a noble and manly spirit runs through all his witty sayings. He was wont to bring the quaintness of all classes under the microscope of his humor—not to abuse his subjects, but to amuse his reader. While he was so sensitive to the ludicrous, he was equally sensitive to the suffering of humanity. His heart was tender, and the distress of his fellow-men gave him pain. Although he saw the frailties of humanity, yet humanity was the object of his love. Doubtless the experience of his own life and the companionship of his unfortunate sister made him more sensitive to the sufferings of others.

His feminine nature shows itself in many of the subjects upon which he writes, also in his manner of treating

them. The poor found in him a friend and sympathizer. He was one of those rare men who can rise from the pinching want of poverty to comfortable circumstances, and an honorable position, and not forget their humble origin, or the sorrows and hardships of those less favored than themselves.

He was much attached to his friends. For his father and sister his attachment was ever wonderful. The society of friends was the only enjoyment for which he would willingly forego the pleasure of his books. He did not much care to look on the dark side of life himself, nor did he have great patience with those who were of a melancholy nature. The esteem in which he was held by those who knew him best, proves that he was an agreeable companion.

His imagination was vivid, but not profound. He seemed able to put himself in the place of others, and to experience and understand all of their joys and trials, aspirations and dejections, successes and failures. His memory of little incidents in his own life, and the life of his friends, is remarkable. In fact, these seem to be cherished with unusual fondness, and in his reading, although he remembered almost everything that he read, anecdotes and incidents were favorite passages. This fact is in perfect harmony with his humorous and sympathetic nature, and is another evidence of his interest in man. His knowledge of human nature was extraordinary. He seemed to be able to read a man's character in his countenance. He

understood how different events and deeds would impress the mind, and when he saw an act could at once perceive the motive of the actor.

Although he was a writer of poetry, he had not a true poetic nature. We mean that poetical rhythm and smoothness were not prominent characteristics of his writings. He liked poetry for the same reason that all cultivated minds like it,—the beautiful is admired in whatever form it appears,—but in fiction, drama, and biography, he found more fruitful pleasure. He worked not for fame, but for the satisfaction of working, thinking little of either renown or obscurity. Whatever he did, he did through the promptings of an honest heart, and with a noble purpose, not through any selfish motive.

While he was not a professed Christian, he, nevertheless, loved and respected sacred things, and was prompt to reprove the profanity and irreverence of others. Finally, he was social, genial, sympathetic. He was humorous and abrupt; observing and original; pure and refined; natural, but quaint; scholarly, but not profound; critical, but not acrimonious; reverent, but not religious. He loved men and was loved by men.

THE MAPLE TREE'S LAMENT.

By C. W. M., '77.

“Wooded by the gentle spring-time winds,
My buds of glossy sheen
Burst forth, and soon my top was crowned
With leaves of brightest green.

“All summer long my heart was glad,
For the birds flew in and out,
And 'mong my branches, spreading wide,
They built their nests about.

“October came with its pleasant days,
And yet with a breath so keen,
That it turned to a brilliant red and gold
My leaves of beautiful green.

“And soon they left me, one by one
Joining the earth's damp mould;
And Winter kindly cover'd them o'er
With a mantle, white and cold.

“And now, a bare and leafless tree,
I stand in the chilling blast,
And the empty nests among my boughs
Tell only of the joys that are past.”

“O maple tree! with gladness hear
The tidings that I bring;
There yet shall come, in His own time,
Another wonderful Spring.

“Thy buds shall then once more grow green,
And crown thee as before,
And the birds fly out, and the birds fly in,
As they did in days of yore.”

COMMUNICATION.

FROM BALTIMORE TO BOSTON BY SEA.

To the Editors of the Student:

The magnificent stretch of our coast from St. Croix to the Rio Grande, with the many steamship lines plying between its various ports, afford to the seeker for pleasure many delightful, and which is of much importance to many, inexpensive excursions. Of these that from Baltimore to Boston, or *vice versa*, is one of the pleasantest. It was my good fortune to take this trip last summer, and when asked to contribute something to the *STUDENT*, I thought an account of the voyage might be of more interest than any “literary (?)” article I could write.

The steamers of the Merchants and Miners Transportation Company sail

from Baltimore every Monday and Thursday, and it was on a perfect Thursday afternoon, in the latter part of July last, that in company with two friends I embarked upon the new and stanch iron steamship Chatham, Capt. Hallet, built at Philadelphia in the fall of 1884, and as strong and handsome a craft as one could desire.

The harbor of Baltimore is very long and narrow, so narrow that a steamer so large as ours cannot turn around unaided, but after backing out from her dock, her bow has to be pulled around by a tug. The water is black, dirty, and so shallow that in turning, our keel stirs up the black mud of the bottom, and with it odors surely not of "Araby the blest." At last, however, our prow is fairly turned seaward, the last adieux are waved to friends on the shore, and the voyage is fairly begun. The shores gradually widen, the water becomes clearer, until soon we are out on the blue waters of the beautiful Chesapeake.

Nothing of especial interest occurs during the afternoon, and we busy ourselves with strolling about the deck and taking an inventory of our fellow-passengers, who number about eighty all told. A little after fair Annapolis is passed, but too far away to afford more than a glimpse of its steeples. Supper is at six, and we find the fare to be first-class, both in quality and quantity, which latter is of no small moment, as the bracing air produces wonderful appetites. The evening passes quietly in star gazing, watching the phosphorescence in the wake, and the lights of passing vessels, and at an

early hour we "turn in" to sleep as peacefully as if in our own beds at home.

Rising the next morning at a little before six, we find ourselves entering the harbor of Norfolk. Hampton Roads, Old Point Comfort, and Fortress Monroe were passed about an hour before, while we were quietly slumbering, but we comfort ourselves with the thought that we shall see them on our return at night. The dock at Norfolk is reached at about 6.30 and we hasten ashore for a short constitutional before breakfast.

Norfolk is a city of about 25,000 inhabitants and in northern eyes is a strange looking place. The streets are narrow and miserably paved with cobble stones, while the drainage of the city being all on the surface, does not add to their cleanliness. However, it is a very busy city, being the chief shipping port for southern fruits and vegetables to the north. Our steamer remains here all day taking in freight. At that time it was the water-melon season and the harbor was full of small craft of every description, laden to the water's edge with the luscious fruit, all of which were stowed away in the capacious hold of the Chatham before night. The boats were manned for the most part by colored men and boys, with here and there a white man in command, and it was amusing to watch their maneuvers to get into good positions to be quickly unloaded.

In order to enable the passengers to pass away the time during the day, the steamship company very generously gives each the choice between three

free excursions, to Old Point Comfort and the Hygeia Hotel, the largest summer hotel, I believe, in the world, to Ocean View on the shore of the bay just within the cape, or to Virginia Beach, a new watering place directly east from Norfolk and on the Atlantic. Personally I should have preferred Old Point, but as going there necessitated a departure before breakfast, while the return would not be made till just before the departure of our steamer, thus forbidding our seeing anything of the sights of Norfolk, my companions vetoed that plan, and not wishing to go alone, I yielded to their wishes, and we went to Virginia Beach. This was reached by a ride of about an hour over a tiny railroad of two feet gauge, in cars but little larger than open horse-cars, and like them having seats running across the car, with entrance at the side.

Virginia Beach, though a new place, is destined to become one of the leading summer resorts of the South. Its chief attraction is its fine beach, which, however, is much inferior to Old Orchard. After a "plunge in the briny," an excellent dinner at the hotel (furnished at half price to passengers on the M. & M. steamers), and an hour or more's rest under the veranda, listening to the excellent music of the hotel band, we return to Norfolk in ample time for supper before we sail. It is a little before seven when we again cast loose from our dock, and resume our course for the land of baked beans and brown bread.

To our regret it is nearly dark when we reach Fortress Monroe, and we can

see but little more than the lights of the fort and of the great hotel, though we get a good view of Hampton Roads, the scene of the memorable combat between the Monitor and the Merrimac.

On passing Old Point our prow is turned seaward, and when we turn in at about ten, two dim lights far away astern, on Capes Charles and Henry, are all that is visible. On deck the next morning,

"Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste" alone greets the eye. North, south, east, or west no land is in sight, and our noble vessel, which at her dock at Norfolk seemed such a monster, now seems a pigmy in the "vast wilderness of waters." The log which was thrown over at Cape Henry and is now merrily spinning out the miles, shows that to be over a hundred miles astern, and we may fairly call ourselves at sea. All day long we hold our course, apparently making no progress, though the log steadily counts the miles. We are in the track of coasters bound for our Southern ports and Cuba, and there is scarcely a moment during the day that there is not one or more sail in view from the deck. The sea is very calm, but there is swell enough to make several sick, and their pallid faces and miserable looks excite the pity of the rest of us as they lie at full length under the awnings of the stern. Our party are all level-headed, and take our three meals a day with great regularity and promptness.

Just before dark we cross the path of steamers bound from New York across the "brook," and we pass three,

two bound out and one in, but at too great a distance to make them out. A little after seven Five Island Light, about thirty-five miles off Sandy Hook, is sighted, and soon after, Shinnecock Light, on Long Island, about half way to Montauk. Gay Head, the scene of the City of Columbus disaster, is passed in the "we sma' hours," and we see it not, but when we turn out some hours later, we are well through Vineyard Sound, and almost up to the heel of the Cape. Here we run into a fog bank, and preparations are made for anchoring; but fortunately it proves to be a narrow one, and creeping at half speed, with a lookout at the mast-head and our whistle keeping up an unearthly screeching, we finally work our way through it, and once more proceed merrily on our way. All that forenoon we are skirting the shores of Cape Cod, at no time more than two miles distant from it, and a desolate and barren coast it is. An occasional light-house or life-saving station is about all the sign of life one sees from Chatham to Provincetown. Going below at one o'clock for dinner, the Cape is fast disappearing from view, and on coming on deck an hour (?) or so later, Minot Ledge Light is directly abeam, and soon we are picking our way through the shipping of the harbor, and at four o'clock reach our dock and hasten ashore, well pleased to feel the solid earth beneath our feet once more.

J. L. R., '83.

James Russell Lowell has resumed his old place as Professor of Belles-Lettres at Harvard.

LOCALS.

The linen duster and straw hat have finally been discarded.

There is need and considerable talk of a new stove and new bowling balls for the Gym.

"I say, chum, how do you spell Bohn?" "Oh, I use the interlinear occasionally, spell him and give him a rest in that way."

By the numerous and large packages of books, received of late by the college book-seller, we should say he is about to do a driving business next term.

"Got a letter from chum lately. He says he is teaching in a plantation where the general average of snow is six feet, and of boys, six feet and a half."

Quite a number of students are spending their vacations in quiet study and rest, in Parker Hall, rather than take a poor paying school or visit their distant homes.

To him who values money more than time, or in other words, who is always fearing that he is not getting his money's worth, we recommend our college tonsorial artist.

The pun epidemic seems to be everywhere breaking out. The kerosene vender puts up a notice, "Oil 15 cts. a gal." Some wag writes under it, "O *I'll* take one *gal.*"

The following are the editors of the STUDENT for next year: R. Nelson, Exchanges; I. Jordan, Literary;

L. G. Roberts and F. Whitney, Locals ;
H. E. Cushman and E. C. Hayes, Personals and Correspondence.

All those advertisers and subscribers that do not care to be haunted, during the coming year, by the ghost of a last year's manager, will do well to send him his due without delay.

Scene at a club-table: "Will you have some beet?" "Yes, mine be eat all up." "Be it?" "Yes, you be-et." (Groans around the table and an almost inaudibly muttered, "dead-beat.")

A Soph's girl threatened to leave him if he did not quit smoking. He at once threw away his pipe. Soon after, however, she jilted him for some other offense, and now he smokes as of old. Truly the calico is a mighty power for good or evil.

The latest comes in from a Sophomore who, while skating with his pupils, had occasion to cover himself with glory by rescuing a fair maid from her cool position in about two feet of ice water. The story will be continued later on.

During vacation the yaggers have utilized the base-ball ground for a skating rink. The favorite place for the customary fire is the pitcher's box, while all yags joyfully "grind bark" about the home plate—a very appropriate place, since many base-ballists have ground the bark off their shins on the same spot.

At a meeting of a debating club not many days' journeys from Lewiston, the following question was discussed:

"Is the pen mightier than the sword?" One youthful debater arose and briefly settled the question in this way: "I don't want to take your time, but I think the sword is a mighty sight mightier than the pen."

The college library has been well patronized during the last term, more than a thousand volumes having been taken out. Among the novelists Scott has first preference; Hawthorne comes next. There is great need of more shelf room in the library, since many valuable books and pamphlets are stacked in the corner.

A few days since the STUDENT editors and business managers posed at Stanley's for their "likenesses." It was a trying situation for all, since all tried very hard to keep still and look wise. We feel it our duty to mention the primeval, time-worn, rusty, bald-headed joke about breaking the camera, but the reader may supply it to suit his fancy.

An excess of conscience is, in college vernacular, about equivalent to "extreme verdancy." Either is excusable in some, but never in a Senior. When one recently so far forgot his responsibility as to correct the professor's mistake of about twenty pages in the class's favor, he met with rather a harsh rebuke the next morning, in the shape of a large placard containing the dialogue, tacked high above the professor's head.

The Chautauquans of Lewiston and Auburn, and many others interested in the man, had the pleasure of listening to Dr. Vincent on Thursday even-

ing, Dec. 10th. He did really lead us up "Among the Heights." He drew us pictures of some of the grandest of mountain scenery; then drew "still greater heights among men." The allegory, with which he closed, served as a clasp to a cluster of beautiful similes.

The Couthouli Concert given Dec. 1st, in Music Hall, drew quite an attendance from the college, notwithstanding school had closed. It is to be regretted that it was not given during term time, for much benefit to students must result from such entertainments. The music was well applauded throughout. The finale especially was brilliantly executed by De Kontski on the piano. The reading of Miss Couthouli excelled in some respects that of any lady we ever heard. Her youthful appearance, graceful movements, and her simple, unaffected manner completely won the audience.

A few evenings since as a Senior was walking home with a young friend, he suddenly came to a tree very nearly in the middle of the sidewalk. His willful and obstinate companion wished to go on one side and he wished to go on the other. Hence there was necessarily a halt. After about ten minutes of begging the question, circular arguments, characteristic of some females, the Senior was convinced that his health demanded that he give up, and he did so. He sends us the following lines as a caution:

Beware, kind friends, of an obstinate girl,
She'll torment you in good season,

Balky, stubborn, and obdurate,
She never will listen to reason.

That bump on top of her pretty head
Betrays her pet infirmity.
Look out or she'll thump *your* little head
So 'twill send you to the infirmary.

Following is supposed to be the programme of an entertainment given by the editors and business managers, at the close of their duties:

Smoking of the Pipe of Peace.
Favorite Solo—Bah the Goat.
Reading of the Advertisements by the Manager.
Smoking of the Clay Pipe.
Singing by Chorus of Eight Male Voices, assisted by the Goat.
Discussion—"Benefits of Sancho Pedro."
Seven spoke on the affirmative, one on the negative.

REPAST.

Pipe was then repassed.

Toasts:

The Pen, long may it wave.
Editor-in-chief.
The Wallet, long may it wave.
Manager.
The Green Bay Tree, long may it wave.
Six boys, in concert.

Singing by the chorus:

The Porker in the Pig Sty.
Bacon.
Pull Hard on the Pipe of Peace.
Anon.
Choice Selections, played on the Stove Funnel:
The Fragrant Tobacco.
Bach.
The Old Oaken Bucket.
Pump Handel.
The Hole in My Carpet.
Beatholeinit.
Ship Building.
Moahsark.

After this, twenty minutes were given the local editors for a contest in lying. At the outset one of them said there was copy enough for the *STUDENT* at the Journal Office; the other contestant immediately gave up the prize.

Smoking of Pipe of Peace.

A student, who rooms not far from Parker Hall, resolved one evening not

to wait for his room-mate to return from town, and retired at an early hour. How long he slept he had no means of knowing. The first thing he was conscious of was some movement in the room. This completely aroused him, for the light had been extinguished, and he was sure his chum was in bed, for that unmistakable elbow was propped against his back. The low coal fire gave, through the door of the stove, just the faintest, ghostliest glimmer in the darkness of the room. Glancing sidewise about the room, without turning his head, our hero could discern a human head peering over the edge of the table. Who could it be so stealthily crouching there? and what could be his purpose? Our friend felt something like an electric shock play up and down the back of his neck, but in spite of this sensation, he revolved schemes in his mind for overpowering the fiend behind the table. He would reach carefully to the floor for one of his heavy shoes, hurl it at the head of the intruder, and jump up, yelling to his chum, and seizing the chair by the bedside for defense. This plan was carried out to perfection. Chum awoke, and, thinking the uproar the result of a nightmare, sprang up and struck a match. As the shadows disappeared from the room, our hero saw, not a human form, but a human skull upon the floor beside his shoe. His friend had returned from his medical studies late at night, and had laid the skull he brought with him carefully upon the table. Chum says nothing but a treat will keep his mouth closed.

PERSONALS.

FACULTY.

Prof. Stanley has been quite seriously ill during the vacation. We are glad to learn that he is improving.

Prof. Chase has been in Boston the greater part of the vacation, in the interests of the college.

ALUMNI.

'81.—H. S. Roberts, principal of the high school at Warner, N. H., has been visiting friends in this city.

'81.—F. E. Foss, of the Senior class in the Boston School of Technology, has been in this city during his vacation.

'81.—[Correction.] W. P. Curtis was recently married to Miss Day of Providence, R. I.

'83.—Rev. O. L. Gile has accepted a call to the Free Baptist Church at Richmond, Me.

'83.—E. J. Hatch was married Dec. 9th to Miss Olive R. Johnson of Auburn. He will engage in the practice of law.

'84.—A. Beede is gaining quite a reputation as a lawyer.

'84.—J. W. Chadwick has met with flattering success in the Gardiner Grammar School.

'84.—W. H. Davis is teaching the high school at Alfred.

'85.—A. F. Gilbert is principal of the grammar school at Yarmouth.

'85.—E. B. Stiles is at the Andover Theological School.

'85.—G. A. Goodwin has had charge of a large school at Middleborough, Mass.

STUDENTS.

'86.—J. H. Williamson and J. W.

Goff have gone home for the remainder of the vacation.

'86.—A. E. Blanchard has been called home by the illness of his mother.

'86.—W. A. Morton is studying medicine with Dr. Donovan of this city.

'86.—G. E. Paine is teaching in Monroe.

'86.—W. H. Hartshorn will teach another term at the Oakland High School.

'87.—J. Sturgis is teaching in Caribou.

'87.—A. S. Woodman has charge of the library during the vacation.

'87.—W. C. Buck will remain in this city during the vacation.

'88.—C. W. Cutts has closed a successful term of school at Clinton.

'88.—F. S. Hamlet has begun a school at Tenant's Harbor.

'89.—J. F. Hilton is employed in Fernald's bookstore.

'89.—H. S. Worthley has been obliged to close his school for two weeks on account of illness.

EXCHANGES.

For the last time we dip the editorial pen and seat ourselves before an imposing array of visitors, to see what of good we can discover in their pages, or what of evil we are compelled to point out. We have been much interested during the past year in perusing the various exchanges that seek our sanctum, noticing the signs of improvement in some, the lack of improvement

in others; and it is now with something of regret that we resign our friends to other hands. We wish to tender our thanks to our editorial brethren for their courteous treatment of us, and to wish them abundant success in their field of labor.

The *Vassar Miscellany* first presents its claims for consideration, and truly, very few, if any, of our exchanges can present better claims. The miscellany is a representative of what young ladies can do in the way of journalism, and shows that in this department of labor they can win the highest success. The October number presents, first: "The Scholar in Practical Life," which tends to confute the popular theory that higher education unfits its possessor for active business. The second article, in a pointed and spirited manner discusses the evil tendencies of the press, and the evils resulting from too close attention to the details of the average newspaper. "Some Schools Depicted by Dickens," is light and agreeable reading. The November *Miscellany* presents a powerful article on "Physical Training of Women." The writer claims that weakness is not due to sex but to custom; that the course of training that a girl receives would kill most boys in a few years; finally that girls should pay more attention to rowing, horse-back riding, more vigorous walking, and other kindred exercise, and should have a regular system of gymnasium practice.

The *Niagara Index* is a representative of that class of papers which are eternally at war with some one. Their hands are against every man's hand,

and every man's hand is against them. We have watched this war of low slang, attempted wit, and disgusting expressions with considerable amusement and more disgust; and we sincerely hope that the *Index* and its opponents will soon call a truce, give up the battle, and take up the delightful pursuits of peace.

We have carefully read the *Epoch*, from the University of the Pacific, and fail to find in it anything that would justify us in reading another number unless far superior to this. The editorials seem to be trying to make a great deal out of nothing, the literary is short and insipid; while the climax is reached by "An Extemporaneous Consideration of Conditional Circumstances." A column and a half is devoted to this subject, written in the form of a period, reserving the best for the last, which is as follows:

"Notwithstanding, whereas, in as much as, on the one hand, nevertheless, heretofore, to wit, namely, as follows:

"His name was Jack,
His father drove hack,
Plain sewing his mother did do;
And a brother of his
In position had riz,
To sweep out an office or two.

"I now seize the opportunity to clothes."

This may suit the tastes of the readers of the *Epoch*, but it does seem that if a paper must fill its columns with such unmitigated trash, it should write *finis* and tranquilly sink from mortal sight.

The Yale and Williams literary magazines stand forth preëminently the representatives of those papers which essay to maintain a high literary stand-

ard. Both papers are excellent and are rapidly advancing the cause of college journalism. Their subjects are generally of a more serious nature than those of most of their contemporaries, the subject matter is more carefully thought out, and the style more elevated. We trust they will continue their march of progress.

AMONG THE POETS.

When the Freshman comes to college
He comes in search of knowledge,
Climbing up the college stair;
And he grinds out horse translations—
Holds the Sophs. in veneration—
Climbing up the college stair.

He hears the bell a-ringing,
And says, "I do declare,
I love to hear it ringing,
Climbing up the college stair."

With the Sophomoric duties,
"Plugging" loses all its beauties,
Climbing up the college stair;
Water is the Freshman's diet,
And it keeps him good and quiet,
Climbing up the college stair.

He hears the bell a-singing,
And says, "I do declare
'Tis hard to hear it ringing,
Climbing up the college stair."

But the Junior's year is brightest,
And his cares are far the lightest,
Climbing up the college stair;
And his heart is ever laden
With the beauties of some maiden,
Fairer than the fairest fair.

He hears the belles a-ringing,
And says, "I do declare,
I will of love be singing,
Climbing up the college stair."

Lost in visions of the whenceness,
Climbing to the heights of thenceness,
Far above the college stair,

Haughtily the Senior passes—
Scorns derisively the classes
Climbing up the college stair.

He hears the bell a-ringing,
And says with careless air,
I care not for its ringing,
I have climbed the college stair.
—Colby Echo.

It cannot be, when you and I
Were happy in the days gone by,
I seemed to love you as I ought,
Your face was with me, and I sought
Your own sweet self and company.

O time! O years that swiftly fly!
How could ye break the tender tie?
I live to learn that thou hast taught
It cannot be.

Forget the past. Forget, and try
To help me say the last good-bye;
If love like yours were sold or bought,
Had not our love-dream come to naught,
I should be spared the bitter cry
It cannot be.
—Concordiensis.

WHY THE EDITOR SWORE.

With a terrific cold in his head
And his eyelids heavy and sore,
The editor sat in a broken chair,
And bitterly, earnestly swore.

A youth had dropped in with a poem,
A man was there with a dun,
And a chap had entered to tell him
How the paper ought to be run.

An irate subscriber had told him
That his sheet wasn't fit to be read,
While another had carefully promised
To punch the editor's head.

The foreman was yelling for copy,
The wind whistled in at the door,
And this, with a few other reasons,
Was why the editor swore.

But the angel who took it to heaven,
Recorded this verdict there:
"The jury find in the present case
'Twas a justifiable swear."
—Ex.

THOUGHTS.

White clouds in the summer sky,
Floating through the arching blue,
Glorify and beautify
All the far-encircling view
That the vision may descry.

Sweet thoughts passing through the brain
Add to life as pure a tint
As the sunbeam's sparkling train,
With their silvered dyes, imprint
On the yellowed fields of grain.
—Williams Literary.

COLLEGE PRESS OPINIONS.

Latin is the voice of empire and law,
breathing the impulse of races and not
the tenets of schools; instinct with the
spirit of nations and not with the pas-
sions of individuals; tried, indeed, to
its utmost by Virgil, and by him not
found wanting. "Greek and Latin are
among the noblest instruments of
thought ever elaborated by the human
race, and we cannot possibly, without
great damage to ourselves, neglect any
system of education so fraught with
the best possessions Providence has
preserved to mankind from the works
of barbarism and decay." — Canon
Farrar at Johns Hopkins, Oct., 1885.

COLLEGE WORLD.

Yale has taken in its first female law
student.

Tufts, by a vote of students defeated
co-education, 81 to 37.

A chair of Ethics and Moral Philos-
ophy at Cornell has been endowed with
\$60,000.

In round numbers it costs Yale \$7000 for boating, \$5000 for base-ball, and \$2000 for foot-ball.

During the past few months the presidents of California, Chicago, Vassar, Cornell, and Yale colleges have resigned.

Sixty students at Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio, have been suspended for attending performances of Richard III. contrary to faculty orders.

Some of the students of Michigan University having been arrested on the charge of "obstructing the sidewalks," 900 of their fellow-students assembled and demanded their release. Resolutions have since been drawn up requesting the dismissal of one of the police force.

A conference committee which is to confer with the faculty in regard to cases of college government has been elected at Harvard for the ensuing year. It consists of five Seniors, four Juniors, three Sophomores, and two Freshmen. Five members at large will be elected by the faculty and the student delegates at the first meeting.

Noah Porter has resigned the presidency of Yale College, to take effect next Commencement. Among the names mentioned to succeed him are: Prof. E. S. Dana, Pres. Gilman of Johns Hopkins, Prof. Timothy Dwight, ex-Pres. A. D. White of Cornell, and Gen. F. A. Walker, President Institute of Technology.

The Harvard Library contains 184,000 volumes; Yale, 115,000; Dartmouth, 62,000; Cornell, 53,000; Brown, 52,000; Columbia, 51,000; Williams, 18,000; Princeton, 49,000; Michigan, 45,000; Iowa, 18,000; Oberlin, 16,000, and Minnesota, 15,000. Amherst College has received 600 skins of birds, the remnants of the collection of the celebrated J. J. Audubon.

CLIPPINGS.

With eyes that sparkle with joy,
With teeth that glisten with glee,
The Freshman mounteth his bounding steed
With a zest most pleasing to see.
He rides at an awful rate,
Advising he mindeth not;
But over his "Livy" at break-neck gait
Doth trot, trot, trot.

And ever from out his room
As his voice in happiness rings,
Doth float as sweet as the clover-bloom
This song he exultant sings:
"Trot, trot, trot.

O, easy are Latin and Greek,
I can do the work of a long, long year
In the space of a short, short week.
Oh, boys that labor so hard
All day at your desks in schools,
And hold your grammar in due regard,
You are naught but the veriest fools.
The college man is a man,
And labor he heedeth not,
For he mounteth his steed on the good old
plan,
And over his lessons as fast as he can
Doth trot, trot, trot.

—*Haverfordian.*

An exchange says a young lady of that place has just celebrated her wooden wedding by marrying a block-head.

A girl who could spell Deuteronomy,
And had studied domestic economy,
Went to skate at the rink,
And as quick as a wink
She sat down to study astronomy.

—*Ex.*

A student was recently heard to murmur that he wished the professor would put a little yeast in the reports, so as to raise the marks.—*Ex.*

WHERE IT WAS NEEDED.

A boy threw his hat on the floor,
And was told he must do so no more;
But he did it again,
And his fond mother then
Used her slipper until he was sore.

The boy then looked up askance,
And his mother cast down a mad glance;
"Do you know now," said she,
"Where your hat ought to be?"
"Yes," he answered, "inside of my pants."
—*Columbus Dispatch.*

It is said that a bee can pull more in proportion to its size than a horse. "We don't know as to that," says the editor of the *Buena Vista Democrat*, "but they are quite powerful when they back up to you and push."—*Ex.*

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REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, D.D., Professor of Psychology and Exegetical Theology.	GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.
RICHARD C. STANLEY, A.M., Professor of Chemistry and Geology.	THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M., Professor of Hebrew.
JOHN H. RAND, A.M., Professor of Mathematics.	

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

LATIN: In six books of Virgil's *Aeneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and in Harkness' Latin Grammar. **GREEK:** In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's Greek Grammar. **MATHEMATICS:** In Loomis' or Greenleaf's *Arithmetic*, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' *Algebra*, and in two books of *Geometry*. **ENGLISH:** In Mitchell's *Ancient Geography*, and in Worcester's *Ancient History*.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

COURSE OF STUDY.

The regular Course of Instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

EXPENSES.

The annual expenses are about \$200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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COMMENCEMENT, Thursday.....JULY 1, 1886.

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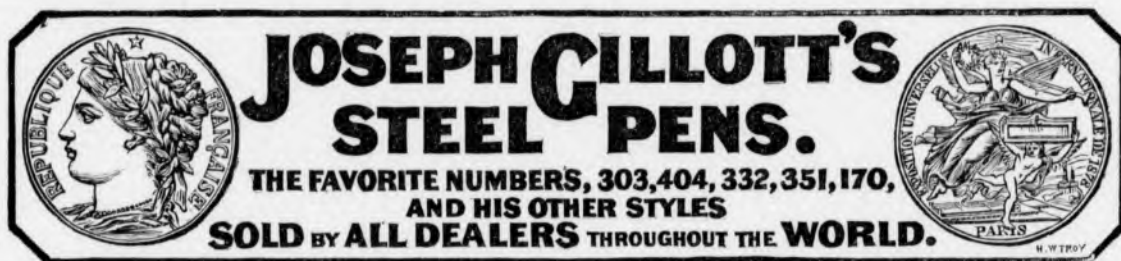
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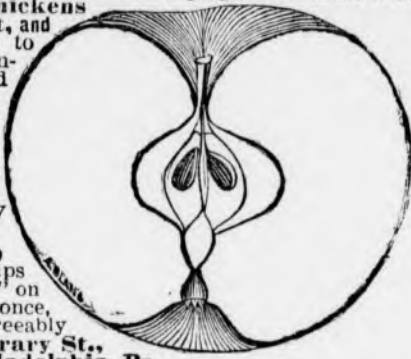
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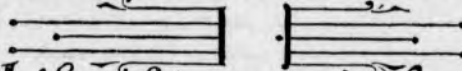
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