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Bates College

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# BATES STUDENT.

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VOL. IX. No. 10.

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*DECEMBER, 1881.*

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LEWISTON:  
PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF '82.  
1881.

# THE BATES STUDENT.

*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

Published by the Class of '82, Bates College.

**TERMS**—\$1 a year, invariably in advance ; Single copies, 10 cents.

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## EDITORS.

F. L. BLANCHARD, Editor-in-Chief ; W. S. HOYT, Personals and Correspondence ; S. A. LOWELL, Literary ; W. H. COGSWELL and E. R. RICHARDS, Local.

BUSINESS MANAGER: W. H. DRESSER.

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THE  
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. IX.

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ETERNITY OF THE PAST.

BY H. B. N., '81.

HUMAN life is bounded by two eternities. There is an eternity behind us as well as before us, and out of that eternity we ourselves have come. Of the eternity before us we can know little. It is that other eternity called the past which is most significant to us. For upon the past depends both the present and the future. As this continent of ours, even before it had appeared above the surface of the waters, was distinctly outlined in nearly its present form, so is the future outlined and bounded by the past.

The present century is but the crystallization of the ideas of all past centuries; it is the grand resultant of all the civilized forces that have ever existed. We owe the freedom, happiness, and prosperity of our country to-day not alone to those brave men who fought and bled for us on the battle-field of the Revolution and the Rebellion; our debt of gratitude extends back to Leonidas fighting at Themopylæ, to Miltiades at Marathon, to Cromwell and his soldiers; in short to that whole army of martyrs, warriors, orators, and poets who, by their example and their silent influence have laid the foundation of every free government on earth. Every one who has ever struck a blow for liberty has contributed to the grand result.

We should study the past then in its

bearing upon the present. Many of the events of history when taken alone are dark and gloomy, but when viewed in their relation to subsequent events are illumined with meaning. Out of the suffering and death of the early martyrs, watered by their tears, and fertilized by their blood has arisen the noble title of Christianity. Up from the blood and slaughter of the French Revolution has sprung a noble republic. Out of the darkness of the Middle Ages has blossomed the grand flower of modern civilization.

Thus the moulding influences of the past have ever been at work shaping the lives of men and nations. It is only by studying these influences that we can correctly interpret the present, or judge of the future.

The past then is a solemn inheritance bequeathed to us for our instruction and guidance by the good, the great, and the wise of all lands and all ages. Let us bow down at the feet of History and reverently listen to the words of admonition and wisdom that she speaks to all men and nations. In no uncertain tones she utters her words of warning. With one hand she points to the Past, rich in the varied experience of centuries; with the other she directs us to the Future, richer still in the grand possibilities which are open to all.

Carlyle calls history "the letter of in-

structions which the old generations write, and posthumously transmit to the new." It is indeed a letter not only of instruction, but of admonition and inspiration as well. Like the eternal sun it ever shines for the light and guidance of mankind. It speaks to us not only of the rise and fall of nations—the births of Empires and Republics—but it tells us of the struggles and aspirations, the thoughts and deeds, the successes and failures of the human race.

From the great men of the past then we should learn lessons of moral and political wisdom, by their experience we should be instructed, by their failures we should be admonished, and by their grand deeds and words we should be inspired. What a sublime inheritance is ours! Since we have for our instructors and our guides the great men of all past generations, those shadowy men, who, having lived and died now live again and forever through their undying thoughts.

The poets of all ages have drawn their inspiration from the past. In art, philosophy, and literature the world still looks for its grandest models to ancient Greece and Rome. In the words of the eloquent Sumner: "All ages have lived and labored for us. From one has come art, from another jurisprudence, from another the compass, and from another the printing press; from all have proceeded priceless lessons of truth and virtue."

Mankind is moving in a circle whose diameter is ever increasing. Every new generation receives an added impulse from the one behind it. Thus with a constantly accelerating speed and in accordance with the great law of progress, mankind is ever advancing. The Present, *our* Present, will soon be merged in the Past. It is only a little island floating between two eternities. Yet within its shores is gathered all that was valuable in the ages gone, and in its bosom slumbers the germs of all that will be valuable in

the ages to come. On this hand-breadth of time we are workers. Out of the eternal past it is ours to mould the eternal future.

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#### PRODUCTS OF SORROW.

BY B. S. R., '81.

SORROW touches the tenderest chords of our nature. Philanthropy, patriotism, or religion may arouse our whole being and prompt to noble action; but sorrow, with its soft and tender strains, rings itself into the very depths of our soul. Some of the richest and most valuable contributions to literature are but the children of sorrow. David of old, out of sorrow's night, sang his immortal Psalms. Tasso, Dante, and Milton have given to the world the most exalted songs of the Christian era. For eleven long years Cowper groped his way in sorrow's dark night, but he gave to the world, which would otherwise have been lost, some of the best hymns sung in our churches today. In *Memoriam*, *Enoch Arden*, and *Evangeline* are all founded upon the sad experience of human life.

When a nation is plunged in ruin or sorrow the heart of some bard is moved to preserve in verse a record of the event. When this nation was plunged in sorrow because one of our strongest pillars had been ruthlessly torn from under us, many were moved to catch up the Nation's tears and crystalize them in verse. While some of the poetry written on the death of Garfield is weak, sentimental rhyme, there have been many touching and worthy lines written on this sad event. We have before us "A Canadian Tribute of Sympathy," written by A. M. Macbar, showing the tender solicitude of other nations toward our land in its deep grief. From this poem we quote the following:

"And far across the Sea that rolls between

Old England and the New, the grief is shared.  
Both nations bow their heads in sorrow bared,  
And with the mourners weepeth England's  
Queen!

From Biscay's Bay to Tiber's yellow wave  
Wherever freeman's hearts beat true to-day  
Unseen, they join the long and sad array  
That bears the martyred ruler to his grave!"

We notice another written by M. G. McLelland. The writer represents the death of the President as revealed in a version to a negro. He sees the sufferer with the angel Israfil bending over him, when lo,

"De silver cord was loosened and de golden  
sands were run;  
An' de soul of James A. Garfield had done  
winged its flight above,  
To de golden gates of Heaven an' de God of  
peace an' love."

The little poem entitled "*E verini dat martirio a questa pace*," by Longfellow, is deep and full of meaning, and characteristic of our honored poet:

"Ah me, he sighs, how dark the discipline of  
pain,  
Were not the suffering followed by the sense  
Of infinite rest and infinite release!"

To the number of excellent poems before us yet unnoticed, we turn in doubt which we ought next to mention. Let us, however notice the one written by Ray Palmer, D.D. Every line contains some rich and helpful thoughts. We select a single stanza:

"Full well I know the greatly good die never,  
That sun and stars their luster shall outlast;—  
In heaven's eternal galaxy forever  
Undimmed they shine—forgot the bitter part."

There are many other productions of a similar nature which we would gladly mention if space allowed, but we forbear with a single reference to three productions, by two Bates men. One by C. E. Sargent, '83, and two sonnets by W. P. Foster, '81. As they have all been published in the *STUDENT* we will make no

quotation from them. Suffice it to say that they compare favorably with the best poems which have reference to this great national calamity, and show no mean poetic ability.

---

#### MARTIN LUTHER.

BY MISS N. R. L., '83.

ON the 17th of August, 1505, there entered the monastery of the Augustines at Erfurt a slight, thoughtful, young man twenty-one years of age. Immediately the convent was surrounded by students and friends desiring an opportunity to dissuade him from taking the vows. Who was the object of so much attention? It was the most promising scholar of the renowned University of Erfurt, Martin Luther. What motive led him to forsake friends and such brilliant prospects for the future? It was a noble motive; it was to live what was then considered the most righteous of lives, a life devoted to masses, fastings, and prayers. Many know that they are living wrongly but have neither the desire nor force of character to seek and do the right. This fidelity to duty characterized his life and gave him that Herculean strength necessary on so many occasions.

True nobility can nowhere be better traced than in this monk, who, from the very greatness of his soul shook the foundation of Catholicism. Man, in the highest sense of the word, is exemplified in Martin Luther. You require a soldier to be brave. What warrior ever needed or displayed more courage than Luther during his career? He attacked the sale of indulgencies, authorized by the Pope himself, gave his reasons for doing this and contended so valiantly that he diminished and nearly exterminated this practice. Having the right on his side he dared re-



fuse to yield to Cajetan sent from Rome to Augsburg to subdue him. He refuted Dr. Eck, a distinguished scholar of the day, in a manner which clearly proved the superiority of biblical to scholastic doctrines. Neither the entreaties of his friends nor the memory of the fate of Huss could keep him from the Diet of Worms, one of the most august assemblies ever convened. Here, as a true commander, he restrained his impulsiveness that it might not be detrimental to his followers. When on the threshold a prominent general said to him "you have before you an encounter such as neither I nor any other captains have seen the like of, even in our bloodiest campaigns."

The best physician will amputate the limb to save the life. Luther, to reform the church, to save its life, strove to do away with the formalism and popery that had supplanted Christ's teaching. You demand something more than profound scholarship in a teacher. The ablest instructor endeavors to inculcate a love for study and arouse a worthy ambition. It was Luther's successful teaching that made Wittenberg the leading University of Germany. As a writer he was voluminous. During his life he issued seven hundred and fifteen publications. Most of his works were hastily written, notwithstanding which his exposition on the Lord's prayer is spoken of "as never yet surpassed in genuine Christian thought or in style," and his translation of the Bible is the one now commonly used throughout the Protestant churches of Germany. No wonder a man who combined such rudimental qualities of greatness has stamped his life indelibly on many a page in the history.

That the leader of the Reformation must have been a great man is indisputable. Had he not been a reformer, the versatile genius of Martin Luther would have rendered him distinguished in either

law, politics, or literature. His life-work, the Reformation, was not preconceived, it was the outgrowth of his performance of duty. Step by step God fashioned him for his instrument in this great struggle, an instrument not always smoothly polished but never ineffectual. His love for music; his interested work for the schools; his heart-rending submission at the death of his beloved daughter Magdalene, and his benevolence accord pleasantly with his sincerity, earnestness, and ceaseless toil.

Words are hardly powerful enough to express the intensity of his nature and the ardor with which he yearned to diffuse the tidings of free salvation. Grandest of all, with Luther as leader, religious freedom spread without bloodshed.

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#### JOHN MUIR.

**T**WENTY years ago there were but few students at the University of Wisconsin. The school was yet on its trial—a severe trial, too, out of which it has become triumphant. But among those few students were many who have since made a name in their various lines of work. Among them came a queer genius whose name heads this article. There were many there who had genius: the Vilas brothers, the Parkinsons, High, Hale, Fallows, Rattan, Ed. Coe, G. W. Bird, and others more or less known in the land. But this John Muir was a queer genius then. Where he came from, I do not know. He was of Scotch parentage, studious, inclined to have but few companions yet social; was a lover of quiet fun and long rambles in the country, and like many others who had their way to make, "cooked himself," that is, cooked his frugal meals in his room. In all these things, he was not singular; his remarkable trait was his love of practical mechanics and invention.

In the brief sketch I am able to give, there is no room for a full account of all his work, a few samples must suffice.

He seemed to need few tools; an ax, saw, jackknife and gimblet were his chief weapons, while almost anything served as material. His clock served as a center about which several of his most interesting machines clustered. This was in the form of a scythe and snath, hung in an old, gnarled bur-oak grub, where Father Time is supposed to have left it. The scythe was split length-wise, and in the opening thus formed was a train of wheels constituting the works. The motor was a heavy stone, concealed under the roots and moss from which the clock rose on the table. The year, month, day, hour, minute, and second were indicated by index arrows on the various paper dials. The pendulum was also an arrow with a heavy copper point. His study desk was provided with a spring trap door, under which moved a rack in which his books were set up separately on their backs. He arranged his study hours for each lesson and connected the machinery of his desk to the clock, so that at the appointed moment, the trap door opened, dropped the book into its rack, moved this along, threw up the next book and closed the trap under it. His bed was a machine, utterly destructive to the "little more sleep" of the sluggard. It was hung on a pivot, and supported at such a height that, when turned up, it stood nearly perpendicular, foot down. The foot was held up by a lever. Beside the bed, was the lamp stand, on which the fluid lamp, then in use, was placed at night. To this bed the clock was connected and then set for rising. In the morning the machine took off the extinguisher, struck a match, lighted the lamp, and then withdrew the lever, letting the bed down and bringing its occupant out on his feet. I have known him to satisfy the curiosity of visitors by

putting them into the bed wrong end to, and so bringing them out head down. In summer time, he connected this bed to the east window by a linen thread. A sun-glass was so adjusted as to burn off this thread when the sun came to the right position.

Judge Griswold and myself roomed opposite him, and he arranged signals by which we were often called in to see a bit of fun, in particular, with his "loafer's chair." This was a wooden chair with its bottom split. Apparently to cure this split, an awkward chunk was nailed over it, near the front. This caused the sitter to spread his knees. As soon as the supposed loafer, but real victim, leaned back, he pressed a concealed spring which fired an old pistol directly under the seat. The wonderful leaps of the victims were worth the seeing. Nor did John forget the ladies, who sometimes came to see his machines. Out of a raisin a huge, vicious-looking, black spider was made, which was so suspended as to drop just before the face of the fair visitor when she was well seated in his best chair. It was delicious to hear them scream.

John taught school near Madison, one winter, his clock built his fire for him every morning. Perhaps some of his pupils, seeing this, will tell us more of the curious things he invented for their instruction and amusement. It only remains to say that John now has the reputation of knowing more of Yosemite Valley and the Nevada mountains, than any other living man. He is the author of the article (illustrated by himself) on the pines of California, in the September *Scribner*.—*Wisconsin Free Press*.

Drs. Agnew, Hamilton, Barnes, and Woodward, four of the six physicians who were in attendance upon President Garfield, were graduates of the medical department of the Pennsylvania University.

## EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

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WITH the present issue of the STUDENT the connection of the class of '82 with the magazine ceases. We have erred for we are human, but conscious that we have performed our duty as well as we have been able, we retire from the management with something of satisfaction with the work we have done, and are prepared to receive all criticism whether favorable or adverse, with a spirit of calmness and resignation. We made no promises in starting which we have not endeavored to fulfil. We have sought to treat all classes with fairness, and while sustaining our own dignity, and while at no time yielding the right of condemning wrong wherever found, have tried to deal with other journals justly and courteously. We have endeavored to keep aloof from politics and all that is not pertinent to college interests. The field of college journalism is so limited that a college paper is somewhat dry at the best, and if readers have found the STUDENT so, they have only to remember that that is a failure common to all alike. The future may witness a change in this respect. We hoped to bring about a change in the management of the STUDENT, but farther than this we have seen fit to advise no change. We pass the magazine over to our successors as we took it, and retire, thanking all for the courtesy and encouragement extended to us during the year.

The STUDENT has once during the year editorially called the attention of the Faculty to the general complaint upon the unreasonable length of the examinations. No notice seems to have been taken of the matter at all judging from the examination at the close of the fall term. The boys do not complain particularly of the severity of the tests, but on all sides

we hear complaints upon their unnecessary length. A slow writer, and of course there are many such, cannot possibly write twenty difficult questions in the time allotted. It ought to be possible to get a test of a student's ability and efficiency with twelve or fifteen questions. There ought to be a change in justice to all concerned, and before another term closes we trust there will be.

Probably the greater number of those students who intend to spend the hot months at some summer resort have already secured positions. For the benefit of the new class and all those who have not already provided themselves with places, we would say that it is usually advisable to apply for a position as early as possible. Employers begin to make up their lists of employes early in the spring. The earlier the application the greater the likelihood of securing good places.

As this number of the STUDENT will visit our readers during the holiday season we take this opportunity to wish them all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Although as schoolmasters, clerks, or book agents, the majority of our students are scattered throughout New England and will, therefore, miss the pleasant family gathering at home, yet, as college men, they are so cosmopolitan in their tastes that they will be sure to enjoy themselves whatever their surroundings may be. Christmas with its good cheer, is to us the gladdest festival of the whole year. The music of the jingling sleigh bells, the show windows of the stores crowded with the richest treasures of art or manufacturers' skill, the ruddy glow of health which animates the



faces of youth and maiden, never seem one-half so attractive as at this season. It is a time when people are studying to make each other happy; a time when old hatreds melt away and gratitude kindles new fires upon the altar of the heart. It is fitting that our churches bring out their choicest music to usher in the birth of the infant Saviour. Joy and praise should be on every life. While we are singing our Christmas carols let us not forget those who are less fortunate than ourselves. Kind words, a loving smile, and a few shekels will make a sad heart happy again.

In closing our work upon the *STUDENT* we feel it our duty, as well as privilege, to say a word or two for our printers. Not a small amount of the success of a college paper depends upon its typography, and, since the typography of the *STUDENT* has never been criticised adversely by our exchanges, we justly conclude that our printers have done their work remarkably well. Although we owe our hearty thanks to the entire force of compositors in the *Journal* Job Office for the uniform courtesy and consideration, yet the *STUDENT* feels itself specially indebted to Mr. L. E. Timberlake who has taken such a marked interest in its welfare ever since its conception in 1873. We bespeak for our successors the same watchfulness and enterprise which have always characterized the dealings of the *Journal* with us.

We have never felt the value of college friendships as we have since our entrance upon Senior year. The three past years have been drawing us nearer to each other, and now, the bond which was once but a mere thread, has become a chain. There is a subtle element in this fellowship that is hard to analyze. Classmates in whom we once found nothing specially interesting, have somehow developed hidden

powers of mind and claim our respect and consideration. Men who were our fellows in the fitting school, and with whom we felt ourselves thoroughly acquainted, have changed so much that we find in them new traits of character for study. Next June, when we have passed through the ordeal of graduation and separate to try our fortunes in the busy world, another phase of class interest will develop itself. To watch the varying prosperity of our classmates in their struggle for fame will be not the least profitable outcome of college life. That our undergraduates may improve the opportunities now within their reach for forming valuable acquaintanceships among their fellows, is the earnest desire of the *STUDENT*.

An editorial in the November number asks this question: "Would it not be a good plan to change the form of the *STUDENT* during the coming year?" No! we do not approve the change we presume intended by the above question. It may be true "the folio form is now used by all the leading colleges, but we have doubts about its being more convenient and attractive to the students." To our uncultivated eye the folio form is homely and ungainly. The editorial admits that "the present magazine form makes the *STUDENT* a convenient volume for library shelves." Very true! But the writer fails to add the equally true fact that the folio form would render it extremely convenient for the waste-basket. A neat magazine rarely meets that fate,— a newspaper often.

For several terms past a large number of our students have been taking a great interest in the works of Shakespeare. They have manifested this interest at different times by forming Shakespeare clubs, from which we think the members have derived no little good. We hope this interest will continue, and we will venture to say a



few words about the organization and management of such clubs.

In general the simpler their machinery the better. A president and a secretary—who may also act as treasurer, if there are any fees or assessments—with the addition of two or three directors to arrange the exercises, are all the officers needed. The meetings should be held as frequently as possible, in order to keep up a good interest. The directors should plan the work of every meeting in advance, and assign the parts in the play to the members who are to read them. This gives each one a chance to prepare himself a little, and preparation should be the rule; it is no use to try to read Shakespeare at sight.

Variety may be given to the meetings by having a short paper on the play, by some member, before the play itself is read, and by introducing before, or after, or at intervals during the reading, such poems or prose selections, as are connected with the play that is being read.

Occasionally an entire evening may be devoted to miscellaneous reading selected with reference to the time of Shakespeare. The readers may sit while reading (we call to mind a delightful series of such Shakespearean nights) or they may stand, having their "exits" and "entrances" as on the stage. Of course not much attempt can be made at appropriate costumes or action, though slight suggestions of the former may sometimes be given for the fun of the thing, and as much of the latter may be allowed as each reader is inclined to add. This reading with half acting is frequently done with good effect.

It adds much to the interest and efficiency of the meetings to have a criticism, by one of the members, upon the exercises of the evening. In such a club as we have been describing, it is sometimes well to devote an evening, or part of one, to the discussion of a play, or a character,

or some subject connected with the poet and his works

---

Whenever examination approaches it is amusing to watch the different expressions that pass over the faces of the boys while discussing the merits and demerits of the method adopted, the probabilities of the questions that will be asked, and the possible results. Those who have been absent considerable, and those who have not done faithful work during the term, always exhibit the most concern, which is perfectly in accordance with the workings of human nature. It is generally from this portion of students that come complaints respecting the severity of the tests. So far as our observation goes, the tests, although searching, are no more difficult than can be expected, and the fact that in almost any case only a very small minority fail to get the required per cent., tends to show the justness of this view. It of course remains entirely with the professor to select the class of questions to be asked, and if so disposed, they could give such tests as would cause every individual member of the college to fail, and if such an occurrence should happen, it would be an indisputable evidence of unfairness; or if even half of a class should fail, the same conclusion would result. It, therefore, becomes the duty of the instructor to make out such papers as will enable the average scholar, who has done faithful work during the term, to pass without any shadow of doubt. This, it seems to us, is a fair way to look at the perplexing question of examination.

---

Lewiston beats the world for runaway teams. The famous Olympic games of the ancient Greek, the bloody sports of the amphitheatre at Rome where the fierce gladiators fought half famished wild beasts, were tame compared with some of the scenes for which Lisbon Street is noted.

The horse is said to be the noblest animal ever created. The symmetry of his limbs, the gloss of his shining coat, his astonishing strength and fleetness, all these things have more than once aroused the poet's muse—and no wonder! Take a horse that weighs 1400 pounds, fasten him to a milk wagon or coal cart, leave him unhitched in the street and every thing is ready for a first-class entertainment. A small boy is pretty sure to come along firing snap-crackers or rattling a tin pail; this arouses the poetic beast. Starting he finds himself free and at once strikes into a swinging gallop. Realizing his opportunity, thirsting for renown, and desirous of showing his dexterity to the largest possible number of spectators, he carefully avoids all back streets and charges straight for Lisbon Street which is usually thronged with people and carriages. As he turns the corner his thundering chariot takes the wheel from an elegant carriage and overturns a countryman's wagon. And amid a shower of milk, eggs, and butter the three horses start abreast to see which will reach the post-office first. We are never able to tell which wins the race because our view is obstructed by the large quantity of kindling wood rotating in the air. If one or two prominent business men are thrown headlong upon the curbstone and picked up senseless; if a child is run over and its young life crushed out by the heavy wheels; if a lady is hurled violently from a demolished carriage and several of her bones broken, so much the more spirited is the whole affair. Meanwhile, from every doctor's, apothecary's, carriage maker's, and undertaker's establishment a group of smiling faces show that their business is booming. Strange as it may seem these runaways that destroy so much property, break so many bones, and kill a child now and then, do not seem to attract much attention. Every day horses are left standing unhitched in our

streets, and the municipal authorities raise no objections.

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### LOCALS.

Only the sound of a light guitar  
 As he stood alone in the night.  
 Like a mariner watching his guiding star,  
 He gazed on that glimmering light.  
 Only a door that opens—aha!  
 The sound of a stealthy tread.  
 Only the voice of an angry pa,  
 And "sick em" was all it said.

B. G. Eaton, '82, is teaching at West Minot.

L. T. McKenney, '82, is teaching at Mechanic Falls.

A large number of the students have been canvassing.

Vacation! Why canst thou not abide with us forever? "If not, why so; if so, why not?"

The boys now do not say "Will you smoke?" but "Will you fumigate?" Not "Will you take a glass of beer?" but "Will you irrigate?"

If there is any one who does not believe there is a time when "patience ceases to be a virtue," let him teach a district school.

On Thanksgiving morning Mr. John H. Rand, Professor of Mathematics at Bates, and Miss Emma J. Clark, of the class of '81, were married at Lewiston by President Cheney.

Six members of Bates, '81, have married. They are Miss Emma J. Clark, H. E. Foss, R. E. Gilkey, C. L. McCleery, E. T. Pitts, and C. W. Williams. "Peace to their ashes." Who is the *next victim*?

Speaking of the possibility that the attendants in the Hospital for the Insane might sometimes be harsh to the patients, a lady thus soliloquized: "Well, I don't suppose they can afford to be angels for three dollars a week."

Mr. S. A. Lowell, '82, is reading law in Judge Wing's office at Auburn.

During the last week of last term two students originated a dispute about "the divine inspiration of the Scriptures." In the course of disputation one called the other a blatant ass, and the other retorted by calling his opponent an incorrigible hypocrite. The discussion was amicably settled at last by each agreeing in the sentiment uttered by the other!

He—"If there is any person in this world whom I honor and love—" She (suddenly interrupting and looking up awfully sober)—"William, ain't the sky soft!" He—"Yes, but to return; if there is any person in this world whom I honor and love—" She—"William, my arm's asleep." He—"I'm sorry; but, as I was saying, if there is any person in this world whom I honor and love, it is *my mother!*"

One of the Seniors recently invited a classmate to make him a visit. The expense of the journey would have been about fifty cents. He declined to accept the invitation on the plea that he was at that time financially embarrassed, and then in a burst of patriotic enthusiasm made this remarkable statement: "Economy is what this country needs and must have. I will give my countrymen an example." *Great head.*

Many funny things are said and done in other places as well as in college halls. In a chopper's camp up in the backwoods of Maine there were two men who frequently amused the company by reciting *extempore* rhymes upon whatever subject came up. One night poet number one composed a few rhymes about poet number two that caused a general laugh. After this had subsided the men all said it was necessary for poet number two to "fire up" a few rhymes in order to save his reputation as a poet. "Well," said he,

"what shall I take for my subject?"

"Oh," said poet number one, "take me. I took you for mine." By the way, this poet number one, Thomas Ward by name, had a large family of children, who were noted for being a little light fingered. "All right," said poet number two, "Here goes":

"Hope to the Lord that Thomas Ward never will proceed

To fill the land with children of such a cussed breed;

For corn and meal they say they'll steal, and all that's good for food,

And post and rail they never fail to steal for firewood."

A student remarked the other day that the Faculty couldn't consistently find fault with any of the boys in college for getting married now, since one of their own number have committed that gross impropriety. If example is better than precept, what, gentlemen of the Faculty, can you expect in the future? Remember the influence of him, who in preaching fails to practice what he teaches. The boys will not fail to follow their superiors, although *haud passibus aequis*.

One of the students, while away teaching, is in the habit of attending prayer-meetings in the place. He visited one this winter, conducted by the pastor, who, during his exhortation, was seen to throw his hands above his head, inspire freely, throw back his shoulders and shout, "Sell out!" Somewhat astonished by this action and these words on the part of the reverend gentleman, our friend ventured to ask a genial looking gentleman beside him whether the clergyman had said "sell out!" or "shell out!" He was informed that "sell out!" was the phrase used, an abbreviation for "sell out to the Lord." This same minister loves to dwell upon the idea of being "bolted to the rock of ages," and the "probable certainties of God!"



On Wednesday evening, Nov. 16, the second and third divisions of Sophomore prize debates occurred, the following were the programmes:

SECOND DIVISION.

Cornet Solo. Prof. L. W. Ballard.

PRAYER.

Song. Miss Helen Nash.

DEBATE.

*Question.*—Was Hamilton's theory of government superior to that of Jefferson?

AFF.

NEG.

E. R. Chadwick. Miss E. L. Knowles.  
F. C. Farnham.

Song. Miss Helen Nash.

After a long deliberation the committee of award divided the prize between Miss Knowles and Mr. E. R. Chadwick.

THIRD DIVISION.

*Question.*—Was Lord Bacon underestimated in his own age?

AFF.

NEG.

M. L. Hersey. E. F. Burrill.  
W. H. Davis. G. C. Evans.  
Violin solo. L. W. Ballard.

The debates of Hersey and Evans were particularly interesting. Mr. Evans' argument was strong and eloquent. He received the prize.

The debates of the fourth division came off Thursday evening, November 17th.

PROGRAMME.

Duet. Miss Helen Nash and Mrs. G. C. Young.

PRAYER.

Song. Mrs. G. C. Young.

DEBATE.

*Question.*—Will the name of Lincoln be as distinguished in history as that of Washington?

AFF.

NEG.

C. W. Foss. Harrison Whitney.  
C. A. Chase. Aaron Beede.  
D. L. Whitmarsh. A. S. Mariner.  
W. S. Poindexter.

Song. Miss Helen Nash.

The prize was awarded to Mr. Whitmarsh.

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Cornell has received \$500,000 by the sale of some Western lands, and has \$200,000 more left.

CORRESPONDENCE.

*Editors of the Student:*

The Kennebec County jail at Augusta is a handsome building of stone, and contains at present some hundred and fifty "boarders." As this was my first term in jail I had to stay only about two hours. Going up the stone steps and ringing the bell I was admitted to the office, and thence ushered through the massive iron door into the guard-room where the prisoners were exercising by walking back and forth. The turnkey not entering with me, I explored the premises alone. There were several men arrayed in fine linen, slippers, red stockings, and diamond rings, whom, from the style they put on, I took to be officers. I afterward discovered that they were some of the "tony citizens" of Augusta, who had been selling liquor and been induced to board a while at the county's expense. One of these I questioned on the minutiae of jail life, which he fully described and pointed out the cell where Merrill, the China murderer was confined while there. He informed me that the county pays one dollar and seventy-five cents per week for each man's board.

The turnkey is the only officer in charge of the prisoners, and he walks apparently unconcerned among them with the keys in his hand. There is no apparent reason why they couldn't dispose of him, take the keys and walk out, if they were so disposed.

The State House also will well repay a visit. As we go up State Street, the last house we pass before reaching the capitol is that of Maine's most distinguished ex-Senator, President Garfield's Premier. Standing guard over the entrance to the grounds, and pointing toward the waters of the Kennebec, stands like a grim sentinel, a heavy, iron cannon. Silent, weather-beaten, and black as the powder that once woke its thunder and hurled its iron death through the regiments of Maine, it stands a trophy of the valor of the First



Maine Cavalry. By them it was captured from the rebels in the memorable campaign of Lee's surrender. If this grim monitor could tell its own mysterious history, what a romance it might unfold. Perchance from its iron lips pealed the first thunders of civil war, and speeded the first shot that smote the doomed walls of Fort Sumter. Perhaps it was the gun which turned the tide at Bull Run and drove the patriot army from that bloody field.

Passing on into the building, we first notice a group of people watching the fish in the aquarium, formed by the fountain in the center of the rotunda. The fish are large and handsome, and in any other place would well repay an hour's observation, but there are other things of greater interest to us.

From the walls look down upon us the portraits of the English colonial governors, of Washington, Lincoln, and Garfield, ex-Presidents, and of Webster and Blaine, ex-Secretaries of State. The regimental colors of Maine inscribed with the names of the battles through which they passed are preserved in large glass cases. How full of meaning are those colors, torn by the storm of battle. How eloquently they speak to us of strong arms and true hearts from their powder-grimed and blood-stained folds! How beautiful the fancy of the poet Owen, whose lines, dedicated to the regimental colors hang from the case which contains them! They tell us how the spirits of Maine's dead heroes are marshalled nightly in the rotunda of the capitol and taking those sacred colors from the wall, fight over again the battles of their country. In the cases are also seen twelve flint lock muskets, with polished barrels and fixed bayonets. These, too, are historic, for they belonged to the soldiers of the British General Burgoyne, who, on the seventeenth of October, 1777, surrendered his entire army to the American forces, at Saratoga.

These relics of the past, loaded as they are with the deepest meaning, eloquent with the story of the fathers' struggles and triumphs, make this truly a sacred spot, a shrine where the patriot may receive new inspiration.

W. H. COGSWELL.

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### LITERARY NOTES.

*The Wyoming Literary Monthly*, Devoted to the Study of Literature, Original Literature, Current Literature, and College Life. C. Wells Moulton, Publisher, Buffalo, N. Y. This is the latest venture in the periodic press of our country, and a venture, too, which promises to occupy high ground in college circles. The magazine is, as its title page indicates, a magazine devoted to the interests of the colleges of our country. It proposes to act as a sort of review for the college press, and at the same time present choice articles of merit from students in every section of the United States. The present number contains the following articles: "Early English Literature," "Geoffrey Chaucer," "A Short Talk About George Elliot," "Hawthorne and His Works," "Mulum in Parvo," "Vagaries of College Life," "Vacation Rambles," "The True Aims of Culture," "Open Congress,"—a department for the discussion of important questions, "Sans Souci," "Prize Questions," "Literary News," "Our Colleges." The articles are characterized by clearness of statement and brevity of detail. We sincerely hope that the *Wyoming* will receive a liberal support.

*Our Little Ones and The Nursery*, The Russell Publishing Co., 149 A, Tremont St., Boston. What a difference there is between the books and papers which our little folks have to read now and those which used to engage our attention when youngsters. The magazine now before us

is crowded with nice stories and beautiful pictures for the little folks. Oliver Optic knows what children like, and has spared no pains in the preparation of good things for their amusement and instruction.

*Resources of Oregon and Washington.* David and W. G. Steel, Publishers, Portland Oregon. This magazine is published in the interests of the great Northwest. The articles are entirely upon the resources, condition and future prospects of this new country. It is especially valuable to people who are dissatisfied with the East, and want to go West and "grow up with the country."

We have received a pamphlet entitled *Education in Charleston, S. C.*, containing Mayor Courtney's address upon the "Disabilities of the Unaided South in Public School Facilities. The address contains some very strong reasons why the government should assist the South in its efforts to advance the cause of education south of Mason and Dixon line.

In accordance with the object the Society for Political Education (New York) has proposed to itself, it has issued, as No. 4 of its pamphlet publications, a small tract on the subject of the *Usury Laws*, and has succeeded in putting within sixty-six pages all that can be said for or against these laws. This little tract will supply a long-felt want, for treatise on the usury laws are not accessible to the public. The letters of Jeremy Bentham and the essay of Turgot are buried in the complete works of these writers, and the best writings of less-known economists on this subject have usually been issued as pamphlets, and it is therefore difficult, if not impossible, to obtain them. This issue by the society contains: first, an abridgment of Jeremy Bentham's letters, which have not suffered by the abridgment; second, the more important sections of a letter by John Calvin on usury, which possesses

more historic than economic value; third, a speech of Hon. Richard H. Dana, Jr., in the Massachusetts Senate, which embodies a clear and comprehensive exposition of the subject; and, fourth, a brief notice (which might well have been longer) by David A. Wells, on the present status of the usury laws in the United States, which contains some new and suggestive statements regarding the effect of these laws.

Vick is on hand, as usual. His *Floral Guide* for 1882 has just appeared, and is, in every respect, ahead of anything we have ever seen in the seed catalogue line. Two beautifully colored plates adorn the first two pages, and are alone worth the price of the book. Mr. Vick then gives us one of his familiar talk upon flowers and offers valuable suggestions as to their care and nourishment. Then follows a description of each of the various kinds of plants, bulbs, and vegetables which he has for sale. The illustrations, which accompany these descriptions are highly prized by the ladies in making their selections. As we have tested the quality of Mr. Vick's seeds, we can recommend them to our readers. Send ten cents to James Vick, Rochester, N. Y., for one of these valuable catalogues.

The following miscellaneous periodicals have been received since our last issue: *Normal News*, *Beamans Monthly Bugle*, *Presbyterian College Monthly*, *Our Home*, *Stockbridge's Musical Herald*, *Good Templars Record*, *Chi Delta Crescent*, *Washington Weekly World*, *Zion's Day Star*, *Soul & Bugbee's Legal Bibliography*, *Catalogue of Yale College*, *The Treasury*, *The School Room*.

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MOTHER GOOSE MELODIES,—FOR COLLEGE STUDENTS.

Hey diddle diddle,  
The orchestra fiddle,  
The flute goes off with a shriek,  
The bass-viol groans,  
And grates on the bones,  
Of the hearers, unable to speak.

## EXCHANGES.

As the class of '82, with this number, closes its connection with the *STUDENT*, it becomes the duty of the exchange editor to take leave of his contemporaries and retire to the quietude of private life.

When we accepted the management of this department we were wholly unacquainted with the magnitude of the college press in the United States. We had learned from our predecessor that there were quite a number of periodicals published exclusively by college men, but their character and influence upon public opinion were not so clearly defined. A twelve-months intimacy with the best college publications of this country has, however, revealed to us the truth in regard to these matters. We know of only one important college which is not represented in our exchange list, but Wellesley has not as yet made a venture in the field of journalism. As there are in the United States three hundred and sixty colleges and universities, and as fully one-half of this number publish representative periodicals, each one of which reach from one hundred to five thousand students and alumni, the magnitude of the college press becomes at once apparent. The influence of these papers is a marked feature of college journalism. The topics discussed are usually those relating to the institutions they represent or to the great questions connected with college life and instruction. There is no better place for the statement of grievances, either real or imagined, or for suggestions upon matters relating to instruction or government. A college faculty, unless prejudiced, will listen to the voice of the students as expressed by the college periodical. Besides acting as an exponent of opinion and scholarship, these periodicals serve to keep alive the public interest in the institutions they represent. This is well illustrated in the case of our own magazine.

As the *STUDENT* penetrates the sanctum of all the more important papers, it has been effectual in claiming for our college an attention, which, under ordinary circumstances, it would probably never have received. Our duties, as editor, have brought us in contact with the interests of a large number of students. We have had a fine opportunity to watch the thermometer of opinion and literary merit in the best colleges. We have read, criticised, and admired these productions with great interest.

Although college duties have not allowed us to examine thoroughly each paper upon our table, yet we have endeavored to keep track of the excellencies of each and the improvements made. Our relations with the exchange editors of other papers have always been pleasant. The *Index* man has allowed us to live out our days, the university magazines have given us a high position among their exchanges, and the college world in general has extended to us the right hand of fellowship. Everything has run smoothly, and so, instead of yielding our pen to our successor with a sigh of relief, it will be with a feeling of reluctance. During the coming year we shall miss *all* the faces which have visited our sanctum during the past twelve months; but especially shall we miss the bright verses of the *Yale Record*, *Acta Columbiana*, and *Harvard Advocate*; the wise counsel and jovial laugh of Ephraim in the *Argo*; the sweet smile and sound common sense of the *Vassar Miss.*; the choice literary feasts of the *Yale Lit.*, *Hamilton Lit.*, and the *Cornell Review*; and lastly, the funny pictures and sayings of the society artist in the *Columbia Spectator*. Those who desire to know how the *BATES STUDENT* is regarded by the college press will be interested in the criticisms upon the last pages of this number.

The first number of the *Tech.* from



the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is very creditable to the students of that school. Its quaintly engrossed cover, its clear typography, and its varied contents, bespeak considerable enterprise and ability on the part of its editors. The characteristic sketches by art students will prove one of the best features of the paper. We bid the *Tech.* a hearty welcome and predict for it a successful future.

The *Leigh Burr* and *Phi-Rhonian* are two fresh arrivals—the one from Pennsylvania and the other from our sister city of Bath. The *Leigh Burr* has been favorably received by our contemporaries and we see no reason for disagreement. The *Phi-Rhonian* is very young and has much to learn, but we do admire its push and independence.

Our exchange list includes the following papers: *Amherst Student*, *Acta Columbiana*, *Archangel*, *Argo*, *Argus*, *Athæneum*, *Alabama University Monthly*, *Beacon*, *Brunonian*, *Berkeleyan*, *Bowdoin Orient*, *Boston Times*, *Chronicle*, *Colby Echo*, *College Mercury*, *College Olio*, *College Rambler*, *College Record*, *Columbia Spectator*, *Concordensis*, *Cornell Review*, *Campus*, *Cornell Sun*, *Crimson*, *College Courier*, *Cap and Gown*, *Collegian and Neoterian*, *College Transcript*, *Dartmouth*, *Dennison Collegian*, *Dalhousie Gazette*, *Hamilton Lit.*, *Harvard Advocate*, *Knox Student*, *Kenyon Advance*, *Hobart Herald*, *Illini*, *Lantern*, *Leigh Burr*, *Lassell Leaves*, *Musical Herald*, *Madisonesis*, *Musical Record*, *Stockbridge's Musical Journal*, *Monmouth Collegian*, *Northwestern*, *Niagara Index*, *New York World*, *Occident*, *Oberlin Review*, *Our Home*, *Philosophian*, *Polytechnic*, *Reville*, *Phi-Rhonian*, *Princetonian*, *Queens College Journal*, *Sunbeam*, *Targum*, *Trinity Tablet*, *Tuftsionian*, *Tech.*, *Transcript*, *Southern Collegian*, *Student Life*, *Vassar Miscellany*, *University Monthly*, *Univer-*

*sity Press*, *University Portfolio*, *University Herald*, *University Magazine*, *Volante*, *William Jewell Student*, *Wyoming Lit.*, *Wabash*, *Yale Lit.*, *Yale Record*, *Central Collegian*.

### ALUMNI NOTES.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—EDS.]

'67.—Prof. John H. Rand was married, Nov. 24th, to Miss Emma J. Clark, '81.

'68.—O. C. Wendall, now Professor at the Harvard Observatory, paid a short visit to Bates during the fall term.

'70.—I. W. Hanson, Esq., who for a few years past has so efficiently filled the office of Clerk of Courts in this county, retires from office at the close of the present year. He will doubtless resume the practice of law.

'71.—L. H. Hutchinson, Esq., the popular Speaker of the Maine House of Representatives, will spend the winter in Florida.

'75.—F. H. Hall is practicing Law in Washington, D. C.

'79.—F. P. Otis is about opening a law office in or near St. Louis, Mo.

'80.—W. A. Hoyt still has charge of the Rockport High School.

'80.—O. C. Tarbox is studying medicine at Elk River, Minn.

'81.—C. A. Strout is principal of Warner High School, Warner, N. H.

'81.—C. L. McCleery has a position on the *Lowell Morning Mail*. C. S. Haskell is teaching at East Wilton.

There was also a cuss they called Mac,  
Who got kicked at the end of his back,  
For sparking a girl  
With a dizzy long curl.

N. B.—The old man watched through a crack.  
—Occident.



## COLLEGE WORLD.

## COLUMBIA :

President Barnard's annual report gives the whole number of students attending last year as 1591.

The *World's* college chronicle, by a typographical error, changes our "Summer School of Mathematics" into a "Bummer School of Mathematics."

The plans for a new college library building have been filed. The new building is to be erected on the north side of Forty-ninth Street, between Madison and Fourth Avenues, and is to cost \$250,000. It is to be 120 feet long, 106 feet wide, and 101 feet high.

## HARVARD :

Greek readings are as popular as ever.

The Glee Club has received eight new members.

The students are now obliged to pass 40 per cent. instead of 33½ as formerly.

Some \$300,000 has been given the college during the summer, it is understood.

The choice of officers at the Senior class elections meets with the hearty approval of the *Advocate*.

Morning prayers have an influence which they did not command last year. This influence is owing greatly to Dr. Hale and Dr. Brooks who have come out from Boston every morning.

## YALE :

Something like the Harvard Annex has been organized at Yale. A class of ladies has been formed to receive lectures and instructions from Profs. Sumner, Williams, Brewer, and others.

Yale Seniors are obliged to be in the class room seventeen hours a week, and have the privilege of extending the time to twenty-one. They have petitioned to have the required time lessened, but their petition was not granted.

The Glee Club contemplates giving concerts at the following places, if halls can be procured, during its Western trip in the Christmas vacation: Cincinnati, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo, Albany, and probably New York.

## MISCELLANEOUS :

Princeton has 537 students.

Cornell has a class in Arabic.

President Carter has become quite popular among the students of Williams.

The will of the late Mrs. Jennie McGraw Fiske, of Ithica, N. Y., makes a bequest of \$200,000 to the Cornell library fund.

The Sophomores at Amherst finished analytics last week, and celebrated the important event by a torch-light parade.

The Oxford caps are now worn at the following colleges: Princeton, Williams, Amherst, Trinity, University of New York, Dartmouth, and Columbia.

## CLIPPINGS.

Come, naughty Soph'more, come blow your horn,  
Rouse up the Faculty, who'll wish they'd ne'er been born.

Where are the Faculty, who'd like to be in bed?  
Chasing the Sophomores, all of whom have fled.  
—*Williams Athenaeum*.

Natural History: 1st Junior (who didn't get a prize)—"What poisonous plant did the New Testament revisers find in prosecuting their labors?" 2d Junior (who did get a prize, sarcastically)—"They found hell-a-bore, and threw it out."—*Williams Athenaeum*.

A Junior dreamed the other night that his girl was singing to him, and he was so much affected that the big tears began to roll down his cheeks. This, however, wakened him, but the music still went on. It was not his girl, alas! but the clarion voice of a Thomas cat singing his girl's name,— "Ma-ri-ar."

HIS LOSS.

He moans and sighs;  
Tears from his eyes  
Gush forth unchecked.  
His bosom heaves,  
He inward grieves;  
His future life is wrecked.


You fain would know  
Why this is so—  
Why he does feel so sad.  
You shall not wait;  
I'll tell you straight,—  
He's lost his liver pad.

—Acta.

Junior recitation in Rhetoric: Prof.—  
“Mr. —, how would you define science?”  
Junior—“Science is that which it is necessary to know in order to know something about anything.” That man ought to lecture at the Concord school.—*The Dartmouth.*

“ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO.”  
(Modern Version.)

In the light of the moon they sat on the beach,  
And what was the harm?  
For perhaps he was trying that maiden to teach  
All about the bright stars, and the names we  
give each;  
Or perhaps he was turning his hopes into  
speech—  
But where was his arm?  
Now that maid seemed to have a rather fair  
form—  
But what hid her waist?  
Well, perhaps 'twas to shield her from some  
coming storm,  
Or perhaps 'twas to keep that dear maiden  
warm,  
Round the waist of that maiden's rather fair  
form  
His arm he had placed.—*Ex.*

The  of the Yonkers girl of the .  
are small, tapering, and beautifully shaped.  
Her II are as brilliant as the \*\*, and she  
is without a ||. Her frown is a †, and her  
figure excites !!! of surprise and a hanker-  
ing ~ her.

Old Gentleman—“Well, my boy, what  
are you crying about?” Boy—“I-I-just  
d-dropped ten cents into the water, sir,  
an' my little brother was a-lookin' over an'  
he f-fell in, too, sir.” Old Gentleman—  
“Oh! my, that is dreadful. I will run  
and procure aid immediately.” Boy—  
“Please do, sir; I want them ten cents  
awful bad.”—*Ex.*

SHORT AND SAD.

He stole the fruit, the wicked lad,  
And took it home to eat.  
He said, “I feel it's wrong to steal,  
But stolen fruit is sweet.”

But he was mad, and he was sad,  
And he was woeful sick;  
Why was he mad, why was he sad?  
Why, he was melon-cholic.

—*Amherst Student.*

AMONG OUR CRITICS.

The BATES STUDENT is a college paper  
very attractive in its appearance and gen-  
eral make-up.—*Alabama Univ. Monthly.*

We consider the BATES STUDENT an  
honor to the institution it represents. The  
literary and editorial departments are well  
sustained.—*College Courier.*

The BATES STUDENT, although not ex-  
tensive or sumptuous in get-up, is by all  
odds the best college journal that comes to  
us from its part of the world.—*Acta Col-  
umbiana.*

The BATES STUDENT comes to us with  
a new colored dress, which quite becomes  
it. We regard the STUDENT as one of our  
raciest and most readable exchanges.—  
*The Argosy.*

The February number of the BATES STU-  
DENT is very acceptable, the poems being  
especially good. The college is fortunate  
in having a poet who figures creditably in  
*Scribner's.*—*Brunonian.*

We welcome the BATES STUDENT as  
one of our best exchanges. In form and  
style it is neat. It is well printed. The  
editorials are good, but some of them are  
a little lengthy.—*Wabash.*

The BATES STUDENT, for a periodical  
which appears monthly and in pamphlet  
form, could well afford to furnish its read-  
ers with more matter. The general char-  
acter of its articles is not bad but it is de-  
cidedly too small.—*Yale Record.*

The September number of the BATES  
STUDENT is, as far as we are able to judge,  
a philosophical journal. All of its articles  
in the literary department are upon philo-  
sophical subjects. If the STUDENT is to  
any extent an index of the college's char-  
acter, Bates must be much given to specu-  
lation.—*Hamilton Lit.*

Now comes the January number of the BATES STUDENT. This is an "old friend." Its literary department contains two valuable articles, "Commerce and Liberty," and "The Student in Politics." The editorial department is filled with sensible, practical articles.—*William Tewell Student*.

The BATES STUDENT, published by the Junior class at Bates College, is a magazine bearing much resemblance to the ordinary college paper. Its columns are occupied by intelligently written articles, varied with an occasional poem. The editorials are abundant, and bespeak an acquaintance with the subjects treated.—*Dartmouth*.

A newly elected editorial staff on the BATES STUDENT has effected notable improvement in that magazine. The magazine is now select in contents, and neat in type and binding. The best article of its kind in the present number is the poem, "Morning by the Sea." This is especially excellent for powerful description and rhythmic grace.—*Tuftonian*.

Judging from the character of some of the more recent numbers of the BATES STUDENT, we take it that the inclinations toward college rowdyism, which were manifested in the early part of this college year, has been completely subdued. The paper has ever been manifesting true loyalty to the college, and has always placed itself in opposition to every thing which has a tendency to detract from its general welfare.—*An Exchange*.

The next candidate for Ephraim's favor is the BATES STUDENT. The best feature of the STUDENT, in his judgment, has always been its poetry. Although it is seldom of a light or humorous character, it is generally sufficiently interesting to command a reading. Indeed some of it compares very favorably with the serious poetry of the *Advocate*. The poems of Mr. Foster are worthy of especial notice and are really excellent.—*Argo*.

The BATES STUDENT comes to us in the form of a magazine. It is a very readable journal and possesses a more than ordinarily attractive literary department. The two articles, "J. G. Holland" and "Modern Political Assassinations" were especially good. The former exhibits an imagination and use of language of no mean order, although in some places the author soars so high that we

fear for the safety of his landing.—*Madisonensis*.

The BATES STUDENT is sent to us regularly, and we always endeavor to peruse its pages. The literary part of the number before us is filled with articles which we advise the managers to stereotype, and use them every four years. The editorials are on the old stand-by subjects, although well written; while our contemporary, the exchange editor, in a burst of eloquence, defines the responsibilities of his office, and then commences his attack on the *Chronicle*.—*College Argus*.

There is one obvious criticism to be made upon the BATES STUDENT. The paper is neat and attractive, the editorials vigorous and live, the exchange notes discriminating. We may be allowed to suggest to the BATES editor the propriety of making his local items a little less local in point and interest. Obscure allusions and inscrutable witticisms should be conscientiously excluded from the local department of a college paper. The effort should be to render every paragraph easily intelligible to every reader. Altogether we enjoy the STUDENT.—*Northwestern*.

The BATES STUDENT declares that public sentiment is strongly against the existing institution of co-education at Bates College. This is probably the reason that we find all Johns and no Marys on the editorial staff. The new Board are to be congratulated on their first "Editors' Portfolio." The subjects are all interesting and so well treated, that beginning with the first we were beguiled into reading all the eight editorials. The STUDENT aims at improvement. We have only one suggestion to make,—a little more care to avoid occasional breaches of good taste.—*Vassar Miss*.

We offer our congratulations to the BATES STUDENT on the class of literary articles which it publishes; they are invariably good, and, in fact, we think are the best we have yet seen in any college journal. The editorials are good and pertinent to subjects important to the students and the interest of the institution. We heartily agree with the editor in his last editorial, which says, in effect, that much so called stupidity is the result of thoughtlessness, if by thoughtlessness he means a lack of concentration, a sort of dreamy and divided application to the subject in hand.—*Wubash*.



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