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VOL. VI. DECEMBER, 1878. NO. 10.

CASTE IN EUROPE.

BY E. A. SMITH, '73.

THE first item that brought home to me the spirit of caste, which prevails in Europe, was their system of railway carriages. I had always supposed, without giving any thought to the subject, however, that the first, second, third, and even fourth class of railway carriages was the result of merely a fashion, and that if the railway carriages desired, they could substitute any other system of compartments, or do away with compartments altogether. But a few breaths of English air gives a conviction, which argument cannot strengthen, that these different classes in railway conveyances are the outgrowths of the deepest traditions, and that society itself will have to be re-organized before the American railroad cars could be generally introduced.

Vienna has in the making some of the finest boulevards in Europe. These occupy the space formerly taken up by the old city wall. On the outer side of one of these boulevards is a long, narrow public garden, named Hofgarten. From the street you cross this diminutive park, cross over a short bridge and you come into another garden of similar shape and of about the same size I should think as the Hofgarten. It is hardly a minute's walk from the one garden to the other. The gates of both were opened to the public. In both were not a few babies with their attendants. In both were young men and maidens, and so on up to old age, all enjoying that April afternoon as the fresh green of the trees and the grass lent their own exquisite charm. But what I wish to make vivid is that those two gardens so near each other, on the same afternoon and with no prohibition that I could detect from any one's entering either,—these two gardens were peopled by entirely distinct classes

of society. The one was patrician and the other plebeian. No police could have assigned people according to their dress, manners, and social position, much more exactingly to these out-of-door resorts, than the spirit of caste does of its own accord.

Another significant sign of the caste spirit impressed me in the Paris Exposition while walking up and down the French department, amid the various styles of carriages and coaches. There were the stately conveyances into which two or three persons are put, and then, all around and over the concern, seats provided for half a dozen other people to drive and to wait upon the two or three inside. No matter how artistic and magnificent, there was not one of them which did not look lumbering to an American. The carriage I specially noticed had seats for two only, and approached the nearest to what a common man might be supposed to own and to drive off in. But alas for my democratic notions! half of the seat in this carriage was raised some four or six inches above the other half, so that the driver should be distinguished in position as well as in dress from the one being driven. It fairly made me homesick to think that the common people had no light carriages that they could step up into, and, taking the reins in their own hands, have a drive with their families.

In the new opera house in Paris, the finest in the world, and costing a dozen millions of dollars, I looked down from rather an exalted gallery into the dress circle, and in one of the boxes sat a lady with her maid, the latter occupying just as prominent and just as good a position as the lady herself, but the two were utterly distinguished from each other in dress.

On one of the banks of the Tay, near Dundee, Scotland, are a number of magnificent residences, rivaling the estates of the aristocracy. While crossing the ferry, a man pointed out one of these establishments, and with as insinuating a sneer as I ever heard, remarked that that was the establishment of one of the "jute lords,"—one who had amassed a fortune in manufacturing jute. It was the saddest of all to me to see a common man insinuate the same kind of a sneer in regard to one of his own class, when the latter had arisen to opulence. A man may arise by energy, industry, and perseverance, may have a fine house and fine gardens, but he seems to have to bear the odium of being a "jute lord," not only in the eyes of the aristocracy, but also in the eyes of his own brethren.

These two or three scattered glimpses so impressed me that I was led to think the broad statement intrinsically true that Europe has caste, while America has not.

HUGO'S "LES MISERABLES."

BY F. L. B., '82.

THERE lives to-day, in a quiet village of France, an old man whose hair has grown gray beneath the frosts of many winters, but whose heart is as fresh and buoyant as when, a youth, he trundled his hoop over the pavements of Paris. This man, known to the world as Victor Hugo, has done more toward the elevation of the modern novel, than any other writer of the past fifty years. His works have been translated into nearly every language, so that the student in the German University, the monk in the Italian monastery, or the humble mechanic of an American manufactory, can alike enjoy the splendid productions of his genius.

Hugo's masterpiece, "Les Miserables," was first brought before the public in 1868. Its success was assured from the outset. Each edition was exausted almost before the ink had dried. The historian, the psychologist, the student of human nature, the philanthropist,—all, found material for study, in this new book.

Perhaps no clearer idea concerning the object of the work can be obtained, than by reading the author's preface. On account of its brevity and force we give it entire:

"So long as there shall exist, by reason of law and custom, a social condemnation, which in the face of civilization, artificially creates hells on earth, and complicates a destiny that is divine, with human fatality; so long as the three problems of the age,—the degredation of man by poverty, the ruin of woman by starvation, and the dwarfing of childhood by physical and spiritual night—are not solved; so long as, in certain regions, social asphyxia shall be possible; in other words, and from a yet more extended point of view, so long as ignorance and misery remain on earth, books like this cannot be useless."

"Les Miserables" is the history of Jean Valjean, a released convict. As the story proceeds, however, other characters, some of them not less interesting, are woven into the fabric of the plot. Part first, "Fantine," opens with a description of the character of Monseigneur Bienvenu, Bishop of D——. He was a man whose life partook of the divine. Casting aside every selfish motive, he strove with all the intensity of his nature, to perform his holy ministrations in such a manner, that he might exemplify to his people the life of our Saviour.

One evening there was a loud knock at the door of the parsonage. On being invited to come in, a fierce looking man pushed open the door and entered the room. He wore upon his shoulders a coarse woolen blouse, and upon his feet a pair of hobnailed shoes. He was a dan-

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gerous looking character, but the Bishop welcomed him cordially, and listened to his story. How, upon entering the village, he had sought food and shelter at the inn, but had been driven forth into the street, when the landlord learned that he had shown the yellow passport of a released convict at the mayor's office. How, driven by hunger, he had offered a large sum of money to several villagers for a crust of bread, but had been refused again and again, and threatened with arrest; how, almost despairing, he had ventured to knock at the Bishop's door. Would he give him food and protection for the night?

The good Bishop orders another plate to be placed upon the table, and invites the stranger to eat supper with him. Hesitatingly he accepts, for he can scarcely understand how such a great man as the Bishop, can allow him, a released convict from the galleys, to sit at the same table with himself. After a hearty supper, he is conducted to a chamber adjoining the Bishop's, and left for the night. He throws himself upon the bed and falls asleep. When the clock strikes two, he awakes. At first he can hardly remember where he is, but soon, the experiences of yesterday return vividly to his mind. The silver had been placed the night before in a little cupboard at the head of the Bishop's bed. Why should he not take it and steal away in the darkness of early morn? Conscience reasons with him, but he will not listen. At last self conquers, and creeping noiselessly into the Bishop's chamber, he takes the silver from its hiding place, opens the outer door, and flees away into the night. Early in the forenoon he is arrested by gendarmes, who caught him stealing away with the Bishop's silver. They drag him before the Bishop, thinking they would receive the Bishop's thanks; but judge of their surprise, when requested to let the prisoner, Jean Valjean, go free. Taking him aside, the Bishop placed two silver candlesticks in his hands, and whispered these words in his ear: "Jean Valjean, my brother, you belong no longer to evil, but to good. It is your soul that I am buying for you. I withdraw it from dark thoughts and from the spirit of perdition, and I give it to God!" These words changed the whole current of his life, and the next morning, before Aurora had lit up the eastern sky, a stage driver saw him kneeling upon the pavement before the Bishop's door, in the attitude of prayer.

For many years, nothing was heard concerning Valjean. Some thought him dead; others that he had gone to America. In the year 1815, a man arrived at the village of M——, who was destined to make a revolution in the manufacture of jet work jewelry, the chief occupation of its inhabitants. By substituting gum lac for resin,

and by bending, instead of soldering the ends of the metallic clasps, he reduced the price of the raw materials enormously, and gave a new impetus to the whole business.

He soon had control of all the manufactures of the village. The demand for this class of jewelry became so great that he was obliged to build an immense building to accommodate his continually increasing force of workmen. This man, through his generosity aud upright character, won the name of Father Madeleine. In three years he had made his fortune, and in five years was appointed Mayor of the town. Who was this Father Madeleine? He was Jean Valjean, under an assumed name. His character had been recast on that eventful morning when the Bishop breathed those solemn words of truth into his very soul. In order to forget the past as far as possible, he changed his name and directed his mind to a new channel of thought. He had been successful in whatever he had undertaken, and now stood at the height of prosperity. One day he was startled by a report that a former galley slave, known as Jean Valjean, had been arrested and was to be brought before the next Court at Arras. Should he allow this innocent man to go to the galleys and suffer in his stead? Would it not be better for this worthless fellow to have the discipline of prison life, than for him, the proprietor of all the manufactories in M——, to be dragged back to his old life, and endure an existence worse than death? Knowing full well that to allow this man to be sent to the galleys, would be a crime against his conscience, and that to confess that he alone was the convict sought, would ruin his own prospects of success in a worldly point of view; knowing all this, he stands up in the midst of a crowded court and declares, "I am Jean Valjean!"

We have sketched thus minutely the character of Jean Valjean, in order that the reader may be impressed with something of the interest which centers in this strange man. It is, of course, impossible for us to follow him in his subsequent life—how in fulfillment of a promise he had made to a dying woman, he found her child, Cosette, and retiring to a secluded part of Paris, henceforth devoted his life to the task of making her happy. How, hunted down by the police, he found refuge as gardener in a convent where Cosette could be educated; how, in after years he risked his liberty for Cosette's sake, and went back into the world; how again, for her sake, when Cosette, the only being that loved him, his all, fell in love with Marius, he sacrificed his own place in her affections to another; how, at last, he saved the life of Marius by allowing himself to be arrested, in order that Cosette's life might not be darkened; how, in short, this poor galley slave,

groping in the darkness of ignorance and sin, and all alone, through suffering and sacrifice, through patience and self-conflict, at last found the light, and striving to atone for the sins of his past life, and to follow in the steps of the child Jesus, became, as we believe, one of "that innumerable company" "which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

One cannot read a half dozen chapters, without feeling that "Les Miserables" must have been the production of a giant brain. There is material enough in this work alone, to furnish half a dozen ordinary writers with "stock in trade" for two years. No writer, except Hugo, would think of embracing so many and varied topics in a single novel. It seems to be the tendency of many, when engaged in preparing works of fiction for the public, to make them so thin and diluted, that the shallowest brain may find no difficulty whatever in following out and interpreting the varied phases of the plot. Not so with Hugo. He starts on the supposition that he is writing for men who *think;* for men who are educated; for men who want something deeper and more instructive than the general run of "trash."

Hugo's style at once captivates us. The short, crisp sentences, full of thought and meaning, are quite refreshing, after one has studied some of our well-known, though exceedingly prosy writers. His simple, straightforward manner of conducting the conversations is far more agreeable than the "around Robin Hood's barn" style, so often found in representative works of fiction.

Hugo is an artist. By a few rapid strokes of his pen, he throws upon the canvas of the reader's imagination, the picture of Waterloo, wreathed with the smoke of a hundred cannon; or if he is in a more genial mood, the interior of the old wooden house, in which Gavroche puts his little wards to bed and covers them with an old piece of wire netting, to keep the rats from eating them up. In no chapter does the descriptive power of his genius display itself more advantageously, than in those portraying the night session of the Court at Arras, and the betrayal of Valjean to the accomplices of Thénardier. These two scenes fasten themselves as indelibly upon the brain, as if they had been painted with a brush of fire.

The characters of "Les Miserables" are so real in their personality, and our acquaintance with them continues so long, that almost before we are aware of it we are thinking of them as *actual living beings.* Charles Dickens affirmed that some of the characters of his own novels, seemed, at times, to step down from the world of imagination, and assume the tangible form of

human beings. They spoke to him. They pursued him like the demons of a drunkard's dream. They tormented him with their hateful faces and angry threats. Physicians tell us that this very strange phenomena often occurs among those whose mental labors have been carried too far. But is it not equally true, that there are some writers, who have the power to throw this spell of actuality over their readers, either through the vividness of their style, or through their ability to touch the secret springs of the human heart? Hugo, it seems to us, possesses this ability to an unusual degree. Placing him by the side of Scott he is Scott's superior.

When we had finished "Les Miserables," we closed the book with a feeling of satisfaction. No work has brought before us, with such minuteness and grandeur, the workings of the soul in hours of trial and agony. The author has given us, in connection with the story, a few chapters of French history; an account of convent life fifty years ago, and an excellent description of the great sewers of Paris. The introduction of such topics into a novel, is a happy method of teaching fact with fiction.

As Hugo has undoubtedly reached the age of life when the brilliancy of genius begins to pale beneath the flood of years, we cannot hope to receive any other great work from his pen. However this may be, he has already won a reputation which is second to none, in the literary firmament of French authors.

AMONG THE WHITE HILLS.

III.—OVER THE RIDGE.

AT 5 o'clock in the dim gray of the morning succeeding the events related in the preceding sketch, with overcoats buttoned to our chins, we were pacing the broad platform of the Summit House awaiting the sunrise. Charles Lamb said that he never saw a sunrise; but, then, he never slept on Mt. Washington. Here the impressiveness of the surroundings weighs upon you even in sleep. Long before sunrise a vague unrest stirs in the veins; an impulse to action, a feeling of strength, thrills the nerves and forbids sleep. Outside the "shrewd and nipping air" only adds to the buoyancy of feeling.

The mountain tops that lay scattered confusedly around and yet below us, dimly outlined in the morning twilight, and rising out of the spectral mists that shrouded their bases and concealed the valleys,

seemed like the huge, dark tents of night monsters who had encamped on a plain beneath. Gradually the faint outlines of the distant mountains became distinct; light filled the dome of space above; narrow streaks of bright colors appeared and widened in the eastern sky; the leaden clouds above took on a purple hue; the purple changed into rose, the rose into crimson, the crimson into golden, and once more we rolled out of the earth's shadow into the sunlight.

You get a notion of immense scope and power. The horizon sweeps away in a curve a hundred miles distant. Nothing is above to break the vision; all is below. The eye sweeps from the Atlantic to Mt. Mansfield, from Katahdin to Monadnoc. As soon as the sun rises high enough to dart its rays into the valleys, immediately the ranks of fog that have lain so still there, as if frightened at the discovery of their hiding-place, begin to heave and surge and break up into flying squads, that roll up the mountain sides, tumbling over one another, as if hurrying to find another hiding-place.

Soon they vanish in the air. Then, as far as the eye can see, are turbulent land waves, sharp, isolated peaks, serrated ranges, long, thin ridges, precipitous cliffs, dark ravines, valleys sweeping away in stately curves. Three great rivers roll for miles in full sight. Forty lakes reflect the sunlight.

Facing northward, let us take a more definite view. At the right, we look down three-fourths of a mile into the narrow gorge of the Glen, trending north and south. Its large hotel and stables cover only a hand's breadth. Directly north, across an immense mountain amphitheatre, Mt. Madison rises in graceful outlines, 4000 feet above the Glen. Farther north, we catch the glint of the blue Androscoggin. Swinging westward from Madison, and then returning to Washington in a magnificent curve, tower the other mountains of the great Presidential Range — the sharp, symmetrical pyramid of Adams, the stout, square-shouldered Jefferson, and the dromedary humps of Clay. These peaks, with their connecting ridges, lie far above the region of trees, and afford the grandest views to be had in the White Mountains. Our proposed tramp lay across this ridge.

To take this tramp is to do in the White Mountains what in the Alps is to scale Mont Blanc. All the way is covered with rough, sharp-pointed rocks, is a continual scramble up steep cliffs and down into desolate ravines. The distance from Washington to Madison is said to be ten miles, but is, I think, somewhat over-estimated. Arrived on Madison, it is six miles more down the mountain and through the woods to the Glen. Of the 20,000 people that yearly visit Mt. Washington, not over half a dozen attempt the

trip. During this season, only two persons had made the trip. They started from the Glen, reversing the route, starting in the forenoon and arriving at the summit at nightfall nearly exhausted, having faced, for the last four miles, a wind blowing seventy miles per hour.

The fatigue is such as to exclude all but practiced walkers. Every step is fraught with danger from the rough rocks. The weather is treacherous. You start when all is pleasant. A half hour later, a cloud drives over the ridge; the mountain peaks, all landmarks, vanish. The cloud thickens; you cannot see a rod ahead. You press forward, and find yourself on the edge of some yawning chasm; you turn back, and the bare, hard rocks mock your efforts to retrace your path. If you are on a peak, you know not on which side lies the precipice; if you are in the gaps between the mountains, you know not where is the peak. Perhaps you have no compass. The rocks grow wet and slippery; your feet slip on treacherous masses. You bruise yourself on the jagged rocks. You rush this way and that; here a vertical wall, there a chasm. A false step, a slip, and you are gone—you exist no more. There you are; around is nakedness, desolation; above is despair. You call; only the precipices hear. You beseech; the mountains are inexorable. Exhausted, you drop down. A guide could not find his way out. You can only crouch in some nook in the rocks, and wait for the cloud to drive over.

It may hang over all day; may change into rain. Cold winds sweep the mountains. Night comes on; no food, no fire. The wet, sharp rocks are your bed. Hunger knaws. The cold chills your bones; the rocks pierce your flesh. The storm makes unearthly sounds. The darkness encloses you. The wind is blowing perhaps eighty miles an hour. You attempt to rise; it hurls you back. The horrors of the place seize upon you; the abysses call to you. You imagine yourself falling from fearful heights, crushed by enormous rocks; you see pictures of bleaching bones.

Nor are these dangers wholly imaginary. Too many white headboards, telling of the fearful death of some unfortunate traveler, already gleam in the moonlight around the rocky ridges of Mt. Washington, and add a melancholy interest to its most desolate scenes.

Perhaps this description is sufficient to awaken an interest in the undertaking. This day was unusually warm, but a haziness in the atmosphere betokened a storm; we waited for further developments. At 9.30 A.M., without the slightest warning, a blinding cloud drove over the summit. In an hour it had vanished, and we determined to start. At 10.40, with matches and an am-

ple lunch in our pockets, and an Alpine stock in our hands, we set out, purposing to reach the Glen by nightfall. We passed the Lizzie Bourne monument—a pile of rough stones commemorating the death of a young lady that nine years ago perished in a snow storm, not twenty rods from the Summit House. Before reaching Clay, we passed by the head of a wild gorge perhaps 2000 feet deep; at the bottom lay a black pool forming the head of West Branch. Withal, it is the coldest, gloomiest ravine in the range.

Clay is only a long, arching ridge connecting Washington and Jefferson. As we gain its summit—the only place where the Mt. Washington Railroad can be seen from top to bottom—four trains, at short distances apart, were creeping up its steep track. Here we found a beautiful flower, the only one seen for the day. I tried to keep it for subsequent analysis, but unfortunately lost it.

The ascent of Jefferson was the beginning of fatiguing work. Here we began to feel the assistance of our stocks in aiding our balance on the slippery rocks. In fact, a person is not safe without one. At the summit of the mountain we sat down in silent admiration. We sat enthroned half way between the two grandest peaks of New England,—Washington on the right, Adams on the left. In front, directly at our feet, but 3000 feet below us, hemmed in by this magnificent circle of mountains, lay an immense basin, called the "Gulf of Mexico," or the "Great Gulf." Behind us, the country, dotted with hamlets and farmhouses, lay out-spread like a picture. Not a sound of their activities reached us. "They are slumbering," we said. The atmosphere was filled with a soft, indistinct haze which gave an air of dreaminess to the scene. The silence was profound. We seemed to have stepped into another and higher world. Man, with his petty cares and strifes, was below. We were surrounded by awful majesty,—were face to face with the Infinite.

But time was precious, and we must push on. With a glass we carefully scanned the sides of Adams, and marked out a path for its ascent. Letting ourselves down several hundred feet, through the clefts in the rocks of the precipitous sides of Mt. Jefferson, we came out right at the head of the "Great Gulf." Looking up at the towering peaks around us, and then down into this vast amphitheatre, was sublime. Its floor and sides, covered with an unbroken wilderness of giant trees, lay bathed in the mellow light of the dreamy atmosphere. In front, three miles distant, under the dark sides of Mt. Carter, we saw, through the gap in the mountain wall, the white Glen House. Over the office floated a bit of something which we knew and loved as the Stars and

Stripes. Everywhere brooded an ineffable hush, broken only by the faint gurgling of the brook far beneath.

Reluctantly we turned to the ascent of Adams. Here we began to realize the deceptiveness of the atmosphere. What from Mt. Jefferson, even with the glass, looked to be boulders, were huge peaks. As we climbed on, peak developed behind peak, until, after traveling a mile and a half, the summit actually appeared farther distant than from Jefferson. This was the hardest pull of the day. We had left the rocky ridge and sought a little plateau covered with shrubs and dwarfed spruces a foot or two in height, but so dense as to be almost impassable. After half an hour's struggle through this, we gladly regained the rocks. On this plateau we found a little pool, whose waters were very cool and pleasant.

The cone of Adams is the sharpest in the range, and is piled up with great boulders as if dumped from an enormous cart. While clambering up among these rocks, creeping through their crevices as best I could, being in some advance of my companion, there, almost 1000 feet above any green thing, I found a grasshopper chirping away as merrily as you please. Some might suppose that he was prospecting for next year's field of labor, but I think he was there enjoying the scenery.

A few minutes more of climbing put me at the goal of a two years' ambition. I stood upon the needle-like summit of Mt. Adams. The view is as grand as from Mt. Washington. In some respects it is grander, for we have that lordly mountain itself in sight—from base to summit. Below the cone on which we sat, was a large plateau sloping off to the "Gulf," on whose brink stood a pile of stones such as are thrown up to mark the spot where some traveler has perished. Doubtless this was such a pile, and there some one on the same trip, perhaps, as ourselves lost his way in a storm and, exhausted by cold and hunger, miserably perished.

On the summit is a flagstaff, and in a crevice of the rocks at its base, we found some glass bottles, tightly corked, and containing papers recording the passages of previous travelers. We desired, after so much exertion to reach the summit, to leave our names but could find no pencil. Imagine the state of my self-complacency next day at finding a pencil in a forgotten pocket of the coat I wore. Many papers contained interesting notes. One, dated six years before, had only this, "We are here in a storm." It was signed by several young men. To us this was very significant.

While here, the haze seemed to change into a thin, white mist that swayed to and fro with a ghostly movement. I experienced a feeling new and indescribable. Everything

seemed, phantom-like, to be shrouded in a mystery. I doubted where I was and whether I saw the real. The surface of the plateau below was strewn with the gnarled roots and trunks of dwarfed spruces, dead and fallen. Whitened by long exposure, they gleamed through the spectral mist like the bleaching bones of a mighty army. It veritably seemed that

> "Land of old upheaven from the abyss
> By fire, to sink into the abyss again,"

where King Arthur fought his

> "Last dim, weird battle of the west,"

and upon which

> "A death-white mist slept,"

and

> "A dead hush fell,"

for

> "No man was moving there,
> Nor any cry of Christian heard thereon,
> Nor yet of heathen!"

With this feeling of isolation from the world came an oppressive sense of insignificance. We were in sight of the world, and no one could see us. We might shout, and no one could hear. The mountains blow their breath upon us, and we are lost. They hurl their rocks upon us, and we are crushed. Desolation is supreme. Breaking off from these fancies, which I have written out simply to show the feelings that the mountains inspire, we began the descent of Adams. On its side we found a wild, lawless-looking cliff, which Starr King, when here, called Mt. John Quincy Adams. Here we made our first serious mistake of the day in our route. This led to quite an exciting incident. We decided to take the shortest cut to Madison. This led down the steep eastern side of the cliff, which was here covered with a dense growth of spruces only two or three feet high. A narrow shelf of rock brought us around and under the brow of the cliff and then stopped. Below, the wall shot vertically down 100 feet or more. We had either to go back or run the risk of getting down here. I decided to go down. Hand over hand I descended safely to the base, but found it so difficult that I shouted to my companion to go back and try the other side of the cliff, meaning the western side. Making my way into the valley, and waiting there some time, I began to work round towards the western base of the cliff. Occasionally I hallooed. No response. Upon reaching the western side he was not in sight. I shouted until Mt. Madison, over half a mile distant, echoed. All else was silent as the grave. Thoroughly convinced that he had slipped and fallen, I began the ascent. Every moment might be precious. The minutes seemed hours. I strained every nerve; I gave no heed to my footing; the rocks rattled below me. Panting and exhausted, I threw myself flat on the summit. Still nothing but silence. I searched among the rocks. I shouted and heard a faint sound. Looking down, there he stood in the

valley, waving his cap, looking like a pigmy. He had taken another path, and not finding me at the bottom had been, in turn, frightened for me. Rejoining him, we pressed on with lighter hearts.

At 4 o'clock we were on Madison. The view was the finest we had so far seen. In fact the views grew grander and grander throughout the day. We stood at the horn of this great mountain crescent. Across the "Gulf," Mts. Washington, Clay, Jefferson, and Adams were visible from base to summit. The carriage road on Washington wound upward like an enormous serpent. The Half Way House was a dot. For the first time I felt the superiority of Mt. Washington. Heretofore Adams had always looked more imposing. Starr King truly says: "Mt. Washington is the sovereign dome of New England; but it is very hard to make him behave as such." But from here, for height, for strength, for contour, for majesty, Mt. Washington is incomparably superior.

Northward the dark woods, yellow corn-fields, bright green meadows dotted with orchards, and snug farm-houses lay out-spread like a checker-board. The blue Androscoggin wound its sinuous course through the plain. The white church spires and dwelling houses of Gorham glittered in the rays of the declining sun. The ravines below began to darken. Every step down Madison seemed to lift the mountain range higher and higher into the sky. When we reached the woods the sun was just setting behind Mt. Adams. It was such a scene that Scott must have seen when he wrote:

> "The western waves of ebbing day
> Roll'd o'er the glen their level way;
> Each purple peak each flinty spire
> Was bathed in floods of living fire,
> But not a setting beam could glow
> Within the dark ravines below."

Four miles through the thick woods, while the shadows gathered and deepened, brought us to the opening in the Glen. The stars were just coming out. We looked back upon those massive forms, assuming grander proportions in the clear starlight, and wondered. All night we dreamed of finding wondrous caverns, of looking into vast abysses, of falling through immense depths and clutching at nothing.

R. F. J., '79.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

NOTES.

THIS issue of the STUDENT, closes the sixth year of its existence, and the Board of Editors from '79 step down and out. At the head of the Portfolio in the January number, we wrote this: "We promise our subscribers, and '79, earnest and faithful work on every department of the STUDENT throughout the year." Although we realize our failure to make the STUDENT what it ought to be, yet our conscience is clear; for we have fulfilled our promise. We have worked. If the fault is with our abilities, we refer, for our justification, to Mark Twain's apology for the speech which he made at the dinner given in Boston, one year ago, in honor of Mr. Whittier's seventieth birthday.

We cannot refrain from saying, however, that the apathy of our graduates in regard to the success of the STUDENT, is the great hindrance to the high standing which it might take. All have to be solicited to contribute, and but few respond. To those few, however, we extend our heartfelt thanks for the valuable assistance they have rendered. While refraining from saying anything of this kind during the year, we think we may be pardoned for stating in this, our last issue, that while the STUDENT lays claim to being a literary magazine, it can have no literary excellence so long as the Editor of this department has only Hobson's choice of articles, and worse than this, is glad to get *anything to fill up.* Now, this magazine goes to every college in America, and to some elsewhere, as the exponent of Bates. Will not the graduates see that, in the future, they shall *at least* have no cause to be ashamed of its contents? We hope that no one of our contributors for the past year, to whom we are so much indebted, will consider this as a derogation of the merit of their articles. Our intention in writing this is simply to awaken increased efforts for the future benefit of the College Magazine.

To every under-graduate, we say, the STUDENT is also established as a means of inprovement in writing for you. You cannot begin too early to write for its columns.

The changes which were made in the STUDENT at the beginning of the year, have been, we think, amply proved, by the experience of a year, to have been changes for the better.

Our connection with the STUDENT, although somewhat burdensome, at times, has, on the whole, been very pleasant; and we in nowise regret the time devoted to this work, although it has somewhat interfered with our studies. However, a year at it is enough, and we shall not be

sorry to hand over our mantle of experience to our successors.

Their names, which will be found among the Locals, give earnest for success for next year's STUDENT. For the trials which they will soon encounter, we tender our tears. If anathemas are more useful, we have a large stock still on hand.

While necessarily taking cognizance of difficulties between classes, and between students and Faculty, we have always endeavored to present the facts and to be impartial in all opinions. We have, however, attempted to throw our influence on the side of good order in the College. It was entirely unknown to us that we ever had, as one of our respected Professors gravely assented, "Used the mighty influence of the press, to foster insurrection among the students." With clear consciences we retire from wielding this "mighty influence." With wishes for the happiness of all our friends we ever remain

Yours truly.

We do not expect to bring about any great change in the present mode of teaching by the following ideas, but we feel that it has cheated us out of enough culture and knowledge to make us pardonable for protesting against it. We have reference to the method pursued in colleges of keeping the student at work on several different studies at once.

Of course, we know that this is the custom every where used in this country, and hence receives the sanction of all our eminent men and teachers. Of course it is the height of presumption in us, in the face of such sanction, to arraign this system; but since this article will not come under the eyes of many very "eminent" men, we can have the privilege of fuming away in our own private corner to our heart's content.

We believe, then, that the true way to study, at least in college, is to study only one branch at a time. We have been informed that this is the method used in the schools of Hungary, and has produced the most gratifying results. We believe that it is the true and natural method. Radical changes in methods of teaching have been made in our common schools during the last quarter century. The aim of educators has been to substitute methods more in accordance with nature and with the practical demands of life. Now we ask, wouldn't it be well to consult nature a little in regard to the ways of studying and teaching in our colleges? And what can be more natural than the pursuit of one study at a time.

To prove our point, let us draw a few lessons from practical life. We should consider a man foolish that, with the expectation of being successful, would attempt to teach, preach, and practice law and medicine all together. It is a well-known fact that, in order to be successful,

one must devote himself to a single pursuit. Again, if a young man, just graduated from college, desired to study both law and theology, no one would advise him to study both at once, but, rather, to take one a few years, then the other. Now, a rule that will apply to a young man's method of studying when out of college, will apply to it while in college.

In fact, we believe that this present method produces only the most meagré results. To be more definite: Each term we have three studies. Generally, as was the case the past term, when the Seniors had Psychology, Chemistry, and Astronomy, these studies have no apparent dependence upon one another. The student studies one branch an hour or two, and goes into recitation; then another branch an hour or two, and recites upon that, and so on. The next day and the next is just the same. Now this may do well enough for children who need variety in order to retain their interest; but for men who know or ought to know for what they study, it seems to us sheer folly; for the result is that the attention, being directed toward several subjects totally different in character, centers upon no one of them. But it should be remembered that the mastery of such studies as are pursued in college requires fixed attention. Further, the knowledge thus obtained is necessarily fragmentary, and thus the interest in the study is lost. The aim of a college course, as we understand it, is not to load the mind with a multitude of unclassified facts, nor to teach the specialties of any science; it is, rather, to lay a foundation for broad culture and after-study, by inspiring the student "*amore ac studio*," through the knowledge of the comprehensive laws that govern the arts and sciences, and of the general facts that pertain thereto. This aim is largely defeated by this desultory method of studying.

We can cite instance after instance in our own College where men have been out teaching, and have made up a study with single and continuous attention to that one subject, and have affirmed that they understood the subject-matter better, and retained it longer, than when they had the privileges of regular class-instruction. The secret is that the mind can follow the train of thought step by step without interruption, and with undivided attention, until the whole is seen as a unit.

We are firmly convinced, by actual experience, that three weeks' continuous application to any one study is productive of more lasting benefit than a whole term spent in this desultory manner.

A person outside the charmed circle of college walls might ask, "What do students chiefly talk about?" In answer, we would say they talk about *everything* from a base-hit, to punishment after death;

but the burden of their conversation may be put under three heads, viz.: themselves, the last class-joke or game of ball, and politics. The first is objectionable, and is confined to a very few individuals; the second is admissable and unavoidable; and the third is admirable, though, we are sorry to say, it is only occasional. Why is it that this topic *is* "only occasional"? In almost any other collection of the "sovereign people," this forms the chief subject of discussion. Is not this matter of as much interest and importance to each one of us as to any other man? We have a better chance to understand important political issues than people in general, and ought to be able to discuss them more intelligently.

We know there is among us a poor chance for party arguments, since all want to talk on the same side. But, without taking party questions, there are events occurring every day in business and political circles that furnish wholesome and substantial food for thought and discussion; and in the financial theories just now current, there are two sides to almost every question that can be brought forward; but the name of being a greenbacker is dreaded so much, that no one dares open his mouth on that side. There must be some truth or reason in such a wide-spread belief, and it is for our interest to find this grain of truth that seems to be, as usual, at the bottom of the well.

Now and then we hear one say he cannot spare the time, while he is in college, to look after political matters. My good, honest dig, it *isn't* time thrown away to keep yourself posted in events that should claim the attention of every American citizen. We are not here to mew ourselves up in unceasing application to Greek, Calculus, Mechanics, or Psychology. If the college course is a preparation for the stirring duties of life, then it should, by no means, be deprived of the world's plain realities and closely connecting links.

Do we, as students, read too many novels? Now and then we hear a great cry raised against the large percentage of books of fiction that is taken from the libraries; but as far as real injury to students is concerned, it usually turns out to be "much cry and little wool." There are, probably, a few students whose whole reading is of fiction, but those students are very few indeed. We venture to say that to every one who reads nothing but novels, there are a hundred that read them, with more or less discrimination, in connection with more instructive matter. And, surely, no one advocates the *complete* suppression of novel reading. Such books as Les Miserables, Vanity Fair, David Copperfield, Daniel Deronda, John Halifax, and Ivanhoe are classic, and give a depth and purity of thought and feeling that can be obtained from no other source.

Doubtless all have read the letter of "A Senior," which appeared in the Correspondence of last month's STUDENT, in regard to a change in the Exercises of Commencement Day. We have long thought that such a change as is there indicated would be very desirable; but for certain reasons, which, doubtless, are patent to '79, although not to all, we have, so far, refrained from advocating the limitation of the number of speakers. Since some one else has started the ball, however, we must now give it the benefit of our push. We agree with our correspondent in saying that the speaking of Commencement, as now conducted, is a positive bore. Every one that has ever attended a Commencement here knows that from the time that the Salutatorian comes upon the stage until the Valedictorian goes off, the Hall is in continual uproar. Very few care to sit and hear the whole of the tedious performance, and where so many are in the Hall, first or last, no space of ten minutes can be selected in which at least a dozen people are not clattering up and down the aisles and across the back part of the Hall. So that the few who do care to listen can not. To think that the majority of people attend Commencement to obtain ideas or to see what a college course has accomplished, is absurd. For what ideas worthy of consideration can crude young men advance upon any topic of interest in the allotted space of six or seven minutes? or how, in the same time, can they embody the results of a four years' course? Those results can alone be shown by the after life.

People understand all this and they go to see some particular friend, or oftener to see the class come upon the stage to receive the diplomas. But if these same people knew that the speaking was to be short and the award of diplomas to immediately follow, there would be no more running back and forth than takes place upon other public occasions.

The whole matter of speaking at graduation is almost a farce, at least, not more than a form. Many colleges, Michigan University for instance, has abolished Commencement Exercises. Our own Faculty were, no doubt, influenced by this very difficulty in making the change in the matter of graduation, that begins with the Class of '80. It will doubtless be remembered that, beginning with the Class of '80, the speakers at Commencement are limited in number.

Now it is impossible for '79 to have its speakers appointed under this rule; but why can't we have a departure on our own hook, if it obviates the difficulty equally well? That is, why can't we have a limited number (eight we think are enough) appointed by the Faculty, or chosen by the class, or drawn by lot?

Our correspondent says, "Let these be the best speakers the class affords." Here, too, we agree that it is the best way to represent the

class; but if any one is not satisfied with this arrangement, we prefer to have them chosen by lot rather than submit to the tediousness of the old routine.

Further, we suggest that these speakers, however chosen, go before the public without having the rank of Oration, Disquisition, etc., appended to their part. If the class desire, or the Faculty deem it advisable, to have the relative standing of the members of the class made public, it can be done on the back part of the programme.

We are glad that this discussion has begun thus early. We believe that most of the class, if not all, are in favor of such an arrangement. As soon as possible let the class assemble and take action upon this matter. We think that the Faculty will willingly acquiesce in the movement.

EXCHANGES.

In taking leave of our exchanges, we must express our regret. It will, doubtless, be three weeks before we shall leave off saying, "Here," when the mail man cries "STUDENT." Our temper has not been ruffled. We have not replied to a single adverse criticism, not even those of the *Niagara Index* and *Central Collegian*. But, in retiring, we tender to each of the last named journals our sincere pity. The position of Exchange Editor affords an excellent opportunity to get an idea of other colleges. From such extracts as the following, however, we think some of the colleges have a wrong idea of our own:

> Eternal vigilance, a loaded cane, and a revolver are the price of the liberty of a Bates College Freshman to wear a stove-pipe hat.—*Niagara Index.*
>
> President Cheney, of Bates College, has left for an eight months' trip to Europe, Palestine, and the Nile country. Is it possible that he can trust the College that length of time?—*Williams Athenæum.*

The *Roanoke Collegian*, from Salem, Va., is the best specimen of a Southern paper that we have yet seen.

The November number of the *Nassau Lit.* is a stanch, elegant magazine of forty-six pages. We always consider the *Lit.* as one of the very best of our exchanges.

The *Syracusan*, from Syracuse, N. Y., is a lately risen star on the heavens of college literature. Although it presents rather a cheap appearance, we like the pluck and enterprise which it manifests.

The *College Mercury* devotes the most of its last issue to the printing of the Rugby Rules for foot-ball. We congratulate the editors upon filling up their paper with so little labor to themselves. However, we are very glad to receive this copy, and shall preserve it for use at home.

The *Concordiensis*, from Union College, comes to our table for the first time. It is a very neat, readable sheet, and we shall be very glad to exchange.

The *Lasell Leaves* is decidedly girlish.

Not so with the tasty *Packer Quarterly.* We congratulate the Packer girls upon their success in the magazine line. The editorials are bright and spicy; the literary articles, though of a light nature, are nearly all interesting. The opening article, "Vittoria Colonna," breathes with true womanhood.

Good as is the *Quarterly*, we like the *Vassar Miscellany* better, though the exchange editress seems to be rather hard on some of the college papers published by the stronger but coarser sex. The literary article entitled, "Has the Educated Woman a Duty toward the Kitchen?" is worthy the pen of any female writer in our country, Mrs. Stowe not excepted. We think this expresses our admiration for the style and sentiments of the article as well as we are able. We shall hand it to every one of our lady friends.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JOHNSTOWN, PA., Nov. 30, 1878.

Editors of the Student:

Perchance very few readers of the STUDENT have ever journeyed westward from Philadelphia over the celebrated Pennsylvania Central, which traverses a country full of profit and interest to the tourist. We leave the "Quaker City" on the 'Fast Line," which makes but four tops before reaching Pittsburgh, a distance of three hundred and fifty miles. Through rich and fertile valleys, cultivated to a high degree of perfection, past busy towns and villages, along-side of the Susquehanna and Juniata, over ridges of the Alleghanies, we are rapidly borne. When within thirty-five miles of this city, there is heralded through our car the announcement, "We are nearing 'Horse Shoe Curve.'" Instantly, all is eagerness among the passengers who strive to obtain a favorable location from which to behold this truly wonderful work of Nature. As we stand on the platform of the rear car, we see, directly across a deep and to us seemingly frightful abyss, the two powerful engines which are drawing us up the eastern slope of the Alleghanies. Soon we reach the summit, dash through the half-mile tunnel, begin the descent of the western slope, and in less than an hour arrive at Johnstown.

We find the city to be the largest between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, having a population of 20,000. It is regularly laid out, nearly all the streets crossing at right angles. On all sides, lofty forest peaks and ranges tower high above the city; and, when clothed in their autumnal foliage, present to the eye a varied and ever-changing scene, beautiful and grand.

Above these hills, old Sol does not show his disc until long after our sister cities of the East are enjoying his brightest beams; and, al-

though late in rising, he is also early in retiring, and sinks from sight near the hour of four.

The people are cordial, and differ but little, in manners and customs, from the people of New England. While nearly all *can* speak English readily, the prevailing language is the so-called "Pennsylvania Dutch," which to me is wholly unintelligible. The city contains fine churches and school buildings, and many fine residences; but the style of architecture of most of the houses reminds one of a dry goods box set on end, with windows in it.

Education, to borrow a nautical phrase, is at a low ebb in this section of the State. The County Superintendent of Schools tells me that there is no school in the county in which the languages are taught, excepting the one with which I am connected. Teachers' wages are low, the Principal of our City High School receiving but $75 per month.

The chief branches of industry are the Iron and Steel Works, which employ nearly 3,000 men, and are said to be the most extensive in the United States. The Iron Works alone has a monthly pay-roll of $50,000. In addition to these branches, there are tanneries, woolen mills, iron and bituminous coal mines, which furnish employment to a large number. The wages of these employees range from 90 cents to $2.50 per day. The climate is healthy, and varies but little from that of the "Pine Tree" State.

LOCALS.

Done.

Hurrah!

Vacation.

No more tears.

Spring Term begins January 7th.

What does it mean to knock wood on another's head?

A recent storm did some damage in the College Library.

A long-needed job of grading has been done around Hathorn Hall.

A. L. Lumbert, formerly of '79, has been elected Class Prophet of '79, at Bowdoin.

Lombard, of '79, has followed the example of his classmate Smart, and committed matrimony.

At the late large fire in Auburn, a '76 man is reported to have been seen carefully carrying out the Penates.

One of our Juniors is so dignified that a railroad conductor mistook and passed him as a Professor. Whoa, Josiah!

"Where is the nine?" We don't know. There isn't any. There never was any. Now let up on that or there will be a funeral!

The Senior Class, in company with Prof. Stanley, near the close of the term, in connection with their study of Chemistry, visited the Gas House in this city.

The Board of STUDENT Editors, from '80, consists of W. H. Judkins, J. H. Heald, F. L. Hayes, J. F. Parsons, E. H. Farrar. Business Manager, H. L. Merrill.

Prof. Stanley, one evening recently, gave a very interesting lecture on electricity. The experiments illustrating it were very successful.

Soph.—"Have you a General Geometry to sell?" Junior—"Yes, I will sell mine. Do you want a Tacitus?" Soph.—"No, that is in the Geometry, isn't it?"

We imagine that the Professor in looking over the vacant spaces on the Senior's Chemistry papers, muttered, "Were there not ten questions asked? but where are the nine?"

Owing to the absence of three of the editors, and the overplus of work devolving upon the remaining one, the proposed history of the Societies will not be published, but may appear in a later issue.

When the college bell recently dinged out its fire alarm, our reportorial hearts were filled with joy; we saw visions of thrilling locals, for we supposed that Parker Hall was on fire. But our joy was turned to sorrow. It was only a neighboring dwelling-house.

The colors of the present classes are laughable. '79, ashes of roses; '80, navy blue; '81, silver blue; '82, lavender. We suggest, as more appropriate, the following colors: Freshmen, green, for obvious reasons; Sophomores, red, to indicate their strutting conceit; Juniors, dirty blue, to represent their indolent habits; and Seniors, white, to express their utter insipidity.

A partition has been built across the upper hall of Hathorn, and the rooms of Profs. Stanley and Hayes thrown into one. This is to afford a large amount of blackboard room, and will be occupied by Prof. Rand.

Our Manager wishes to remined our subscribers that their subscriptions were payable at the beginning of the year, and that it is necessary to have all subscriptions immediately, in order to pay up the cost of printing.

The Sophomores here have done some very fine work in surveying and plotting this term, under the instruction of Prof. Rand. Some of their plots have been on exhibition in the Library. We think the class deserves the compliment of doing the finest work in this line that has been done by any class now in College, and for aught we know of any class ever in College.

Prizes for the year have been awarded as follows: General Scholarship—First Prize, Juniors, R. F. Johonnett; Sophomores, W. H. Judkins; Freshmen, H. E. Coolidge. Second Prize, Juniors, E. W. Given; Sophomores, J. H. Heald; Freshmen, O. H. Drake. For Public Declamation—Sophomores, D. W. Davis and H. M. Reynolds; Freshmen, Miss M. K. Pike. For Public Debate—Sophomores, First Division, J. H. Heald; Second, W. H. Judkins; Third, W. A. Purington; Fourth, F. L. Hayes.

One rainy night a short time before the term closed, the Sophs carried the chapel settees out of doors. The Janitor carried them back next morning; but, in spite of the remonstrances of the Professor, the students refused to sit on them, and even to the dignified Seniors perched upon the backs of the settees. The scene was so comical that devotional exercises were omitted. But that *Journal* reporter, if he is a student, Sophs, put him under the pump.

The examination of the Seniors in Chemistry, to their great delight, was a flunk, all round. The question, "What is the test for starch?" drew forth this answer from one Senior: "A good test for starch is its application to a shirt front." Another wrote at the bottom of his paper, this, "There is a rule in Logic that the greater the Extension the less the Comprehension. I have extended over so much of this Chemistry that my comprehension approaches to 0." This is the class sentiment.

At the annual meeting of the Reading Room Association, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, F. P. Otis, '79; Vice President, G. E. Lowden, '81; Secretary and Treasurer, W. C. Hobbs, '81; Executive Committee, F. Howard, '79, F. L. Hayes, '80, H. E. Coolidge, '81, S. A. Lowell, '82. The Association is in a flourishing condition. It supports 22 weeklies, 4 semi-weeklies, 4 dailies, 6 monthlies, and 1 quarterly. These papers and magazines cost $60.05. From the last sale $34.10 were realized. The Association has a membership of 63—13 Seniors, 15 Juniors, 28 Sophomores, and 7 Freshmen.

In closing our connection with the STUDENT, we desire, as a Board, to express our perfect satisfaction with the work done and attention shown us at the *Journal* Office. The work has been done with a marked promptness and fidelity, and we wish to thank every member of the Job Office, from foreman down, who has had any part of the work to perform, for the manner in which the work has been performed, and for the attention shown us at all times.

A correspondent of the *Journal* writes as follows of Prof. Stanton's birds: "Prof. Stanton has, in the opinion of the ornithological directory, the finest private collection in the United States. His birds have been collected from every variety of plumage, from the white owl of the arctic regions to the brilliant colored songsters of the tropics. His ornithological library numbers over two hundred and fifty volumes, and contains the most valuable works yet published."

One of the greatest nuisances about Parker Hall is the dark halls. A stranger, ten to one, would fall down stairs. No one, however well acquainted, is safe. We are sur-

prised that a matter so easily remedied has so long been carelessly overlooked. It clearly belongs to the College to furnish lamps for the halls; but if, after having their attention called to the matter, they do nothing about it, we propose that the students buy some lamps for this purpose.

Scene on College Campus: Teamster drives up with a load of wood. Teamster to Soph.—"Is this the *cemetery?*" Soph. (with dignity)—"No, sir. This is the College." Teamster—"Then whar's the *cemetery?*" Soph., puzzled and meditates—bright idea strikes him,—points to the Theological *Seminary* and shouts to Senior, "Say, ain't that the cemetery?" Senior—"Of course; don't ask such simple questions." Great applause from bystanders. Teamster—"I don't see nothin' to laff at."

PERSONALS.

[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.]

'68.—Prof. O. C. Wendell is practicing civil engineering at Lowell, Mass.

'74.—J. F. Keen is teaching at Pride's Corner, Deering, Me.

'75.—The *Lewiston Journal* says: "Mr. A. M. Spear, of this city, a graduate of Bates College, has opened a Law Office in Hallowell, Maine. Mr. Spear is a lawyer of excellent promise, and we wish him success in his new field."

'75.—J. R. Brackett is taking a Post-Graduate course at Yale. He is at work on Anglo-Saxon and Early English, and also is attending Prof. Sumner's lectures on Political Science.

'76.—Married, at Mechanic Falls, Nov. 26th, by Rev. F. E. Emrich (also of '76), Mr. R. J. Everett and Miss Annie L. Curtis, both of Paris, Maine.

'76.—J. G. Daniels is Assistant Principal at Westbrook Seminary, Deering, Me.

'78.—A. Gatchell is teaching at Amamosa, Iowa.

OTHER COLLEGES.

COLBY.

Thirty-two Freshmen have joined the Y. M. C. A.

In one of the students' rooms hangs the following notice: "The use of tobacco, in any form, is strictly prohibited in any room or hall-way on this floor." The smoke, however, is generally so thick in that very room that the above card is read with difficulty.—*Echo.*

TRINITY.

Afternoon recitations have been abolished.

A Tally-Ho Coach, bugle and all, brings the collegians from the college into town.

'80 sacrifices the Burial of Analytics and the attendant supper, in order to drop $200 into the treasury of the College Base-Ball Club.

The Boat Club has been unfortunate. By the suspension of a savings bank, its money deposited there has been lost, and the erection of a boat-house, for which plans and arrangements had already been made, will have to be postponed for another year.

The work of pulling down the old buildings has been completed, and nothing now remains of them save a heap of débris. Many of the trees which once adorned the College grounds have been cut down, thus rendering the place of old Trinity almost unrecognizable. The Campus has been ploughed over and the grading begun, that of the eastern approach to the Capitol having been already completed.

WESLEYAN.

A wealthy New York merchant has left the college $800,000.

Forty-five graduates of Wesleyan University have been college presidents.

It is shown in the *Alumni Record* that Wesleyan University has sent nearly 600 men into the Methodist ministry, and about 1200 as instructors into the colleges of this country.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Tuition is free at Williams College.

Of the 375 members in Congress, 191 are college men.

There are about two hundred college papers published in this country.

The University of California, John Hopkins University, and Michigan University, have abolished Commencement Orations.

The Faculty of Tufts College answered the request of the students for fire escapes by forbidding smoking within the college grounds. Moral: Do not meddle with the Faculty.

The students of the German universities are about to publish an illustrated paper something on the plan of *Lampy*. It is to be called *Schmollis*, and is to be "an illustrated German beer-gazette, written by students and philistines, for philistines and students."

CLIPPINGS.

A country bookseller to a miner (who has previously invested in a dictionary)—"Oh, you must look among the S's for scissors, not the Z's." Miner—"Well, how's Oi to know? Wot's the good of a dictionary without a hindex?"—*Fun.*

A distinguished Japanese traveler in the United States, writing home, says: "The chief branch of education here is rowing. The people have large boat-houses, called Colleges; and the principal of these are Yale and Harvard."

'81 fourth division, Latin: "*Telephum dives et lasciva puella occupavit.*" "The rich and lascivious young maiden grasped the telephone." Mr. J. is re-seated.—*Yale Courant.*

While Dean Stanley was in Hartford, a well-known ecclesiastic sent a boy to his room, instructing him to say in answer to his inquiry as to who was at the door: "The boy, my lord." But the boy was overwhelmed with the responsibility of his mission, and when he heard a mild, "Who's there?" replied, "The lord, my boy."—*Tablet.*

"A noble art is Chemistry,
Replete with information
Of how to fool with slops and things,
For our great delectation.
We learn to split all matter up
With the greatest of facility;
But, all the same, we can't destroy
Its indestructibility.

"Just split the small bacteria,
By dozens, hundreds, trillions,
And still there'll be in half an inch,
Four hundred thousand millions.
Or pick a drop of water up,
And watch it half a minute,
You'll see the little molecules
All skipping round within it."

—*Acta Columbiana.*

And when a Freshman—ah, 'twas then
That we were very happy, when
She used to call me Will.
And when we'd part I'd never miss
The sweetest, most delightf—oh, bliss!
Sit still, my heart, sit still.

And when a Sophomore—still I went,
And Cupid still his missive sent
Our happy hearts to fill.
And oh, the many moonlight walks,
And oh, the cosy little talks—
Sit still, my heart, sit still.

And when a Junior—wild and gay,
I never called, but stayed away,
And all her hopes did kill.
But then—that number two—you know—
So jolly—and such waltzing—oh,
Sit still, my heart, sit still.

And when a Senior—love returned,
And deep within me fiercely burned
For her I'd used so ill.
I went to see her, but the door
She slammed on me for ever more.
Brace up, Billy.

—*Rochester Campus.*

THE FRESHMAN.

Aha! He's free!
Bubbling with glee
In haste he hies him home.
He wears a Greek pin
And a knowing grin.
And blows from his beer the foam.
He talks about "Profs,"
And scornfully scoffs
At Mamma's fear of a rush.
He smokes cigarettes,
And a little cane pets,
And prattles till Papa says, "Hush!"

—*Acta Columbiana.*

THE COLLEGE EDITOR.

He comes with smile and honeyed tongue,
And bows as he solicits some
"Short, sharp effusion—
Something of no exalted strain,
But in your usual happy vein.
You know we're always flat and tame
Without your contribution."

The paper's out,—'tis Saturday.
I pray you mark the admiring way
They read it on the fence.
Doubtless they praise that scrap of mine,
Mere trifle,—though 'twas rather fine.
I get my number. O sublime—
O cursed impudence!

That oily, inky knight o' the quill
Again hath worked his wicked will,
And all my song was vain.
For poetry hath left old Yale,
This cold, this uncongenial vale.
Nor need I add this mournful tale,
They've left me out again."

—*Yale Record.*

BATES COLLEGE.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.

REV. OREN B. CHENEY, D.D.,
President.

REV. JOHN FULLONTON, D.D.,
Prof. of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology.

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CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

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

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's Æneid; 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.

Tuition, room rent, and use of libraries free.

COMMENCEMENT, Thursday.....JUNE 26, 187.9

For Catalogue or other information, address

OREN B. CHENEY, PRESIDENT, *Lewiston, Me.*