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EDITORIAL.

In two particulars, at least, Bates, among the colleges and so-called universities of New England, stands almost without a rival.

The first of these is our course in Ornithology. It is a foolish student who is slow to appreciate the value of this course. Our collection of birds is generously supplemented from Professor Stanton's own large collection, which holds the rank of the second best private collection in New England.

The instruction and lectures we receive in this department, to speak in the dialect of the Senior tribe, is "second to none." Every spring, the students of Bates, more especially the early risers, receive a double inspiration, from the birds they have learned to know, and from the genial Professor, who makes the woods and fields his lecture room.

Again, no New England college, so far as we are informed, with the possible exception of Dartmouth, can boast of a live college band of twenty pieces, in practice, and ready to play anything from a dirge to a waltz. That a college no larger than Bates should be able to support such a musical organization out of its own members alone is quite remarkable. The two great
reasons for its existence here are, first, that it receives the practical sympathy of students and faculty alike, and, second, that its members buckle down to four solid hours of rehearsal together every week.

It might take much longer to name over the special points of our deficiency, but, in these two particulars, we certainly have it very much our own way among our college neighbors in New England.

AMBITIOUS for literary excellence, the student devotes hours to the study of abstract rules for composition. But how does he apply these principles in practice? Not to that inexhaustible subject, essay writing, do I ask your attention, but to a more glaring source of harm,—what might be a more decided source of benefit—letter writing. Here, he breaks every law of good composition and generally produces simply a miscellaneous aggregation of facts and ideas, put together like the patches on a beggar's pants. Rules for clearness and precision are carefully coned during study hours and so thoroughly forgotten in this place of daily practice that it often becomes doubtful whether the writer is referring to himself, a heathen Chinese, or the British lion, while individual words are so used that they might with equal propriety be assigned to any one of the nine parts of speech. He can bore you with the whole list of Bain's injunctions relative to writing, and yet his letter would read like a comic almanac, whose only variation from a mere jumble is its constant reference to Ayer's pills or some-thing of the sort. He will expatiate on purity of language and allow himself to coin words of everything from Japanese to Volapük, while expressions and phrases will be used that would stagger the mutilated remains of an Egyptian mummy. But worse than all the other faults incident to letter writing is the constant violation of brevity, the tendency to keep on writing after one has got all done saying anything, under the deplorable delusion that success as a letter writer is measured by the number of sheets used. This is no more true here than in any other form of composition, and should be strenuously avoided. Neither tongue nor pen was ever created to kill time, and he who spins out to an indefinite length what might have been said in a few words, be he talking to friend or stranger, is as culpable as the contemptible old maid who employs her time and hideousness in discanting on the vices of her neighbors' husbands.

While none of the faults pointed out can fail to be recognized, there is danger of underrating their costliness. A failure to do one's best is a failure to make the improvement possible, but that is not all. In some way every man makes his own style, and these mistakes, constantly allowed, are going to be incorporated in that style. Thus, one's best becomes absolutely less. Then students should avoid this slipshod, bombastic method of doing that which forms the greater part of their literary work, not because it is a failure to advance, but because it is a direct retrogression.
O UR feathered songsters will soon be here in great numbers, and another season’s opportunities for bird hunting will begin. What those opportunities are at Bates will be cherished in the memory of every upper-classman or alumnus, who has made the most of the bird lectures and bird expeditions of the Sophomore year. To him, the warmth and sunshine of the springtime is made doubly pleasant by the sweet and familiar notes of favorite birds. Each returning season brings him more interesting friends and teaches him more thoroughly to read their language and study their habits.

But Ornithology admits of more practical uses. It is of no small advantage to many students to become interested in something that takes them out of doors, especially for an early morning walk. This exercise has advantages over the gymnasium for those to whom it affords more enjoyment. The teacher finds a more extensive, if not more practical use for this science. He, who can inspire his pupils with a love of Nature and a delight in studying any of her laws, does a good work. Many scholars, who dislike the commonplace routine of school life, will enjoy studying birds, and through this agency they can be made to take greater interest in school and school work.

In order to really enjoy the birds and make them enjoyable to others, the student must have or cultivate a genuine interest in them. It is not so necessary to carefully preserve every lecture and zealously accompany every “birding” party, though these are of inestimable value, as to know the contents of the lectures when out among the birds, and to learn to depend on one’s own eyes and ears, rather than those of the professor, in identifying the birds. Only too soon the time given to this study will pass, and then, as in the case of most studies, the majority of students, if they pursue it at all, must do so without special instruction, and in this, certainly, it is wise to lay a good foundation while in college. Then, if you are a Sophomore, study the birds faithfully. Go out to look for them every time there is a chance. Do not take your gun, but go out without it, and try to become able to distinguish every variety that comes to our region. If an upper-classman, recall and improve upon past attainments. Even those who have this part of the course still to anticipate, may well begin this season to notice these visitors and to learn their songs.

NO ONE denies that every man has a right to his own opinion on any subject; some might even go so far as to claim that every man ought to have an opinion on every subject. But there is a marked difference between having an opinion of your own and trying to make others have the same opinion. A man has a right to his opinion,—granted. He has a right to make that opinion known,—also granted. But “there is reason in all things,” and while there are many occasions when it is entirely proper for him to express that opinion, there are other occasions, and many more of them, when it is unqualified rudeness, an insult to all within hearing.
We believe in the prohibition of the liquor traffic. We let that opinion influence our votes, or shall, in due time, and, when we are called on for an opinion on that subject, we express it, decidedly. But what if we should stand up in Music Hall in the middle of a lecture or concert and howl out our sentiments on the subject. We should at once be ejected from the hall, and probably locked up, and deservedly. But such, unfortunately, is not the fate of the college student of this character. Too often he gathers around himself a crowd of enthusiastic followers, who look at him with wonder and admiration expressed in their open-mouthed astonishment. He howls his opinion in the halls, in the class-room, on the ball field, in the gymnasium, in the society rooms, and his admirers devotedly yell, "All hail to our mighty leader!"

If the man is only an ordinary student, the cure is only a matter of time. We have seen many such calmed down, in the course of four years, to a degree of respectability. It requires simply a severe course of squelching. But if he be a man of influence, a man whose undoubted ability wins him many admirers, whose position gives him every opportunity for making known his ideas, what is to be done? It is one of the unsolved problems of college life. Deliver us from the Man with an Opinion!

The lovers of baseball in this city were somewhat disappointed on learning the action of Bowdoin and Colby in seceding from the old Maine College League at the recent meeting of the managers at Waterville. The formation of two leagues cannot furnish the interest that has always centered about the struggles of the four colleges for the championship of the Maine College League. Their reason for such a step was, as we understand it, because Bates refused to expel Maine State College—who wished to remain—from the league, or enter a new league with Bowdoin and Colby.

What adequate reasons they had for expelling Maine State from the league is beyond our power to ascertain. The only ones we have heard offered are, That the expense is too great, and that such long trips, as from Brunswick and Waterville to Bangor and Orono, disagree with their players and "break up" their teams. As to the first reason, it cannot, it seems to us, be a very valid reason on the part of Colby, who is fifty-four miles from Bangor, fifty-two miles from Brunswick, and forty-eight miles from Lewiston. Bates and Bowdoin, who are respectively one hundred and ten, and one hundred and fifteen miles from Orono, are evidently, if we except Maine State, the ones on whom the expense would fall the most heavily. But surely it would seem reasonable that, if it would bankrupt Bowdoin to take such an extended tour, it could not be otherwise than a severe burden to Bates, and she would be as eager to remove it as her wealthy neighbor. But the facts of the case are that Bates
is the only one outside of Maine State herself, that wishes the Orono boys to remain in the league, while Bowdoin, who spends large sums in order to win "valuable experience" in foot-ball in Massachusetts, and subjects her boat crew to inhospitable treatment in New York, holds up her hands in holy horror at the prospect of her financial condition, if obliged to journey almost half way across the State of Maine; and protests against Maine State remaining in the league, claiming that she spends so much of her interest and superfluous cash in foot-ball, boating, and other athletic sports, that she cannot support a ball team, if obliged to take such long trips. Then, we suppose, that Maine State, who makes baseball her leading outdoor sport, must be deprived of it in order that Bowdoin may keep up her reputation of being into all the athletic sports. What selfishness!

As to the only other reason we have heard, that the long trips to Bangor and Orono "break up" their teams. Here, again, it seems to us Colby has no hold; or is it reasonable that she can play Bowdoin and Bates without "breaking up" her team, but that the addition of a few miles of travel is sufficient to "break up" her team to such an extent as to warrant her withdrawal from the league, unless Maine State is expelled? While Bates has always found the trip a very pleasant one, and have never felt any ill-effects resulting therefrom, either to our players or our finances, Bowdoin, who is five miles further away—!!! At that point a copy of the last Orient arrived at our sanctum and we were obliged to cease writing and indulge in an outburst of merriment when we read the ludicrous attempt she made in an editorial to defend the position she has taken. And we feel there is no need of more being said, for no one would attempt to defend his position, if he stood on reasonable ground, by such a tirade of seathing irony, brilliant witticisms, contradiction, and arrogant assertions. Our self-approving contemporary says: "The statement, by Bates, that Bowdoin and Colby have seceded from the league, and, therefore, cannot be known as the Maine College League is abject nonsense;" yet the second sentence of that admirably prepared article is: "The new Dual League is something new in Maine college base-ball." Now, we believe it is quite generally conceded that the Maine College League is an old organization, and how our cavalious brother-editor can make the new Dual League and the old Maine State League one and the same organization is a problem for future thought. However here are these facts, that Bates and Maine State have never refused to play under the old conditions, while it was the manager of Bowdoin or Colby, who, on receiving Bates' refusal to expel Maine State from the league, or join Bowdoin and Colby in a three-team league, said, "Then we will form a Dual League," and yet our self-asserting brother closes his article with these words, "Bowdoin and Colby are the Maine College League, see?" reminding us of the conceited assertion of Le Grand Monarque: "L'état c'est moi!" And
this was not secession? Oh, no! it was "only raising the requirements of the league to a standard beyond the means of Bates and Maine State." The gods preserve us from such arrogance! Yet, for some reason, Bowdoin and Colby, after forming their schedule, gave "Bates, that school which is always more or less 'in it,' in baseball," ten days during which she may accept the inestimable privilege of uniting in a three-team league with our two would-be Maine universities who have raised the requirements of the league beyond her means. Some of Bowdoin sarcasm, we are inclined to think, or is it possible that they are anxious to have Bates enter that new Dual League? To say that the treatment, from which our censorious contemporary judges the gentlemanly quality of Bates students, was at the hands of the "yaggers" of the city, is needless to any one who has played on our diamond and conducted themselves in a gentlemanly manner. Another interesting fact in that more than ridiculous attempt at defending her position, was that one hundred miles from Brunswick brought one very near the home of the antipodes; yet, if the assertions of our witty friend go to prove anything, then such is the case. But it seems to us that Bowdoin's head must have become enlarged to such an extent that the world seems small, or else the writer of that entertaining article did not expect his readers to believe what he wrote. As to the appropriateness of the appellation which the fertile brain of our esteemed contemporary has applied to the present Maine College League, we would only remark that, if it were appropriate, we would not attempt to hide it by dress suits and tall hats, or by aping Yale and Harvard in forming Dual Leagues. But notwithstanding the production of the abusive pen of our Bowdoin friend, "Bates and Maine State are in the old Maine College League, see?"

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**LITERARY.**

**IN THE VALLEY.**

**By N. G. Bray, '91.**

Beyond the frowning mountains
That shut our valley in,
Like sentinels unsleeping,
Like guardians gaunt and grim,—
Beyond these heights we fancy
The land of promise lies,
An unknown fairy country,
O'erarched by cloudless skies.

The sun is always shining
In the land beyond the hills,
The birds are always singing,
And the heart with rapture thrills;
For never a shade of sorrow,
And never a thought of care,
Can touch the soul that dwelleth
In the land of promise fair.

We spend our days in sighing
For the sunny land of flowers,
And in dreams of an unknown country
We sleep thro' the midnight hours.
The wild-flowers that grow in the valley
We crush with heedless feet,
And the light of the stars at night-fall,
With careless eyes we greet.

Yet the land that our fancy pictures,
Holds nothing half so sweet
As the fragrant meadow blossoms,
That cluster round our feet;
And the glare of the summer sunshine
Unsoftened by mountain shade,
Has not the charm of the twilight
By the mountain forests made.
In the land beyond the mountains
There is many a stormy day,
And after the brightest sunshine
Comes the darkness of night alway.
And many a soul that struggles
With the cares that never cease,
Looks away to the distant mountains,
And longs for the vale of peace.

O dweller in the valley,
Sigh not for an unknown land;
Turn not from the countless blessings
That close beside thee stand.
Thank God for the smiling mountains
That shut out the noise and strife,
And look for the face of beauty
In the lowly things of life.

WEST PITCH FROM MAIN STREET BRIDGE.
BY M. S. MERRILL, '91.

A TRAVELER, coming into Lewiston, on the late afternoon train, is passing to its sister city on the other side of the river. It is "the sweet dusk edge";—the shadows are beginning to fall, but they are bright shadows, that seem to illumine rather than to dim. In spite of the noise of the city there is silence at this hour, a silence that is like a soundless music flowing under and through the clash and din, as those still undercurrents of ocean flow beneath the unresting waves.

As the traveler steps upon the bridge, he hears another music blending with the silence. It is the faint sound of falling waters. He turns to the right, whence the sound comes, and sees the waterfall, a mass of gleaming silver with a background of trees and rocks and the bright sunset sky bending over all. This is West Pitch, the pride of the two cities.

An irregular wooded hill rises to the northward on the west side of the river, its dark pines, relieved here and there by the autumnal glory of the other trees, standing weirdly beautiful in the luminous shadows. At the foot of this hill, a torrent of water shoots over a high rock and loses itself in a cloud of foam. Between this and the lesser fall near it rises Profile Rock, a rude but striking likeness of the human face turned with an immovable gaze westward, as if trying to see beyond the gates of the sunset. From this point to the east side of the river stretches a mass of broken jagged rocks and falling waters, foaming and flashing in sweet unrest. On the east side of the river rise Lincoln Mill and various buildings where the lights are beginning to twinkle. In front of these buildings, between the bank and the rocks in the stream, there has been constructed for some purpose, a straight high embankment over which the water drops inertly in a thin sheet breaking into foam at the base.

Below the falls, the waters unite in one stream and glide under the bridge, foam-flecked but dark and still, as if tired of their wild gayety and glad to rest.

Another sound mingles with the music of the waters—the rumble of a railway train. The eye involuntarily glances up the river beyond the falls to the railroad bridge. At this distance and in the changing light, it has an eery look, like something built by other than human hands. But for the moving train upon it, one might almost fancy it, with its slender network of
timbers, a gossamer bridge thrown
to the torrent by the elves for the
passing of their weird processions.
And the bright opening beyond,
between the somber pines on the one
side and the dark buildings on the
other, might be the very entrance to
Fairyland.
The shadows of light are changing
to shadows of darkness, and in the
clear sky one bright star is sparkling,
as the traveler turns away. From
that time West Pitch is to him a
friend claiming his affectionate atten-
tion every time he passes by.
It is always beautiful. By night it
is a bright spirit at play in an en-
chanted region of lights and shadows;
by day, a lovely marvel set in the
midst of common things, a silver link
between the Seen and the Unseen.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

BY H. B. ADAMS, '93.

But a short time has elapsed since
that great organization, known as
the Grand Army of the Republic, was
marching in grand parade through the
streets of the great city of Boston. It
was natural that a reunion of such
vast proportions should absorb the
entire public attention. Yet during
this week, when all was gayety, and
streamers of bunting hung in festoons
from every public building, when boomin-
ging of cannon announced the arrival
of the Chief Executive of the Nation,
and all were busy in entertaining the
assembled veterans, a man passed away
whose death has caused profound sor-
row throughout this continent, and
has wrung from Ireland, the land
that gave him birth, a knell of grief.

Need I tell you that this man is none
other than the distinguished poet, the
noted orator, the able journalist, the
loving friend of humanity, and the
outspoken foe of oppression and wrong
in whatever part of the world it is
found? Need I tell you that on this
memorable week, John Boyle O'Reilly
passed to another world, where, if men
are rewarded for love to their fellow-
men, John Boyle O'Reilly's crown will
indeed be a bright one.

What a romantic career was his!
At first we find him a painter, but with
a burning desire in his heart to free
downtrodden Ireland from the oppres-
sive rule of England. Next we see
him arrested, tried, and sentenced to
be shot for the crime of treason, when
in reality he had done nothing worse
than to attempt to alleviate the suffer-
ings of his race. We next see him
transported by the iron hand of En-
gland to the wilds of Australia, there
to associate with convicts and the very
dregs of humanity. But a better day
is dawning, and when next we behold
him, he is stepping from the Gazelle to
the shores of free America. A poor
Irishman, a convict with the death
penalty hanging over him, he enters
Boston at the age of twenty-five, and
is soon engaged in literary competition
with those reared amidst the culture
and refinement of New England. But
how unequal was the contest; for a
mind like O'Reilly's would win distin-
tinction for its owner in any branch of
work. Few men have been so endowed
as was O'Reilly with a peculiar gift of
friendship. No one could approach him but to love and admire him. Open and unreserved, handsome, athletic, and a good soldier, he was worshiped by the Fourth Hussars with whom he enlisted, and in whose ranks he endeavored to spread his principles of reform. Among his own people he occupied so high a position that his judgment was sought on every public question.

Of his intense patriotism there can be no doubt. Ireland to-day mourns him as a loving son; America as an upholder and defender of the principles of liberty for which our fathers fought and bled. His great heart quickly responded to every effort for freedom, whether made by black or white, Puritan or Irish. He did more in America for the cause of Ireland than any other man. We can almost see him to-day, pleading that England may listen to the cause of Ireland, and that she may grant the demands of Parnell and Gladstone.

The poetry of O'Reilly is singularly pure and beautiful. Many of his poems treat of flowers and of Nature. Flowers had for him peculiar charms. He regarded them almost as living beings, and talked to them as such. Possessing such a love for the beautiful, the remark of a friend, that O'Reilly had a white soul which never knew a base thought, seems particularly true.

In an expression of condolence, Oliver Wendell Holmes truly says: "His higher claim is that he was a true and courageous lover of his country and of his fellow-men." One who has suffered much at the hands of others naturally becomes suspicious of all mankind; but O'Reilly seemed to forget the injuries he had suffered, and to teach to all men the lesson of Christian charity. Senator Hoar indeed speaks rightly when he declares that O'Reilly "combined, as no other man, some of the noblest qualities of the Irishman and the American."

One of the greatest boons of mankind is the privilege of returning to one's own land, to his own city, or to his own humble town it may be, there to die among the friends and companions of his childhood. Of this privilege, poets of all ages have sung in strains of most exquisite music. But branded as an outlaw and a traitor by England's stern decree, in a land far from his own, on that quiet Sabbath morning, the soul of O'Reilly took its flight to the stars. Who can tell but that to-day it is hovering over the green vales and bright waters of sunny Ireland? Denied while in life the privilege of kneeling upon the grave of his mother, O'Reilly now in the spirit, visits that hallowed spot, to offer a tribute of love to her, whose patriotic teachings found deep root in the young heart of the obedient boy.

To-day, far from the land of his birth, O'Reilly fills an exile's grave, mourned by people of two hemispheres; by the negro whose cause he always espoused; by those who were nearest and dearest to him, the poor, downtrodden peasant of Ireland; by the oppressed of Russia, working in the frozen mines of cruel Siberia, or languishing in horrid Siberian dungeons;
in short, by the oppressed of every land and clime.

Let us in fancy plant o’er his grave to-day the flowers he loved so well, whose fragrance at each returning spring will tell the message that O’Reilly was a true lover of his fellow-men.

WEARINESS.

BY M. S. MERRILL, ’91.
The shadows gather thickly dim and dread,
   For night is near;
Where is the sweetness of the twilight fled?
   I cannot hear.
The sweet, mysterious music that all day
   Thro’ strife and pain,
Sounds brokenly and faint, but groweth clear
   At eve again.

I can endure to feel my work is vain;
   That each day’s sun
Sees sweet hopes die, and broken strength to fail—
   The work half done;
For at the eventime comes peace and rest.
   But ah! to-night
The charm is fled; life’s harmonies are still
   And all the light
Is gone from out my soul; but yet I know
   ‘Twill come again,
And even as I mourn sweet music’s flow
   Will soothe my pain.
For till all strife and discord cease to vex
   Our troubled life,
Will Heaven’s low music flow serenely on
   Through storm and strife.

MYSTERY.

BY H. J. CHASE, ’91.

A poor but famous American artist
is crossing from Havre to New York in a packet-ship. Informed by a fellow-passenger that experiments just made in Paris prove that electricity passes instantly over any length of wire, he immediately exclaims: “If the presence of electricity can be made visible in any part of the circuit, I see no reason why intelligence can not be instantaneously transmitted by electricity.” This thought unlocked the mystery that had ever hidden the essentials for the perfection of the recording telegraph, and to-day the name of Morse is identified with the most wonderful invention of the nineteenth century.

What is true of this discovery has at some time been true of all human knowledge; it lay enshrouded in mystery. For, specifically, mystery includes that which is beyond human comprehension until explained. All knowledge, then, comes from the explanation of unknown facts, the evolution of mysteries.

The first obstacle that confronts man is mystery, and as he pushes out farther and farther on the confines of the known, broader and more mysterious appears the domain of the unknown. Stanley, contemplating Africa as he approaches its shores, is filled with a sense of mystery. Has it lost or deepened its mystery for him when he has penetrated to the heart of the dark continent?

In satisfied ignorance is that mind to which nothing seems strange or wonderful. For, so long as human comprehension is finite, so long will there be mysteries to the educated, to the inquiring mind. They will rise in endless succession, as the power of the mind to grasp the unknown and to convert it to the known increases.

What acquisitions of knowledge are
suggested by the names of Copernicus and Kepler; of Plato, Aristotle, Bacon, and Descartes; Linnaeus and Gray; Agassiz and Huxley; Morse and Edison! Yet much of the vast wilderness which they penetrated is still unsurveyed, and a no less important work remains in removing obstacles which they evaded, and in bridging chasms which they leaped. And whoever would reach the eminence gained by them must climb up the same way. No matter to what height man ascends, still the hand of mystery beckons to him out of the darkness and invites him to seek yet more of her hidden wealth. Truly the entire universe is filled with wealth for all, but only "he who seeks, finds," only "to him who knocks, shall it be opened."

To say that mysteries exist, and ever will exist, is to say that the progress of knowledge will never end; that human curiosity, though having boundless means for its gratification, will never be satisfied. This thought is especially emphasized by one great insoluble mystery that has always confronted men. All evidence concerning the purpose of creation points unmistakably to the good of man, but all efforts to understand the motive of man’s creation and his ultimate end fail; because, such an understanding involves a comprehension of the Infinite, an impossibility to the finite mind. So God is ever mysterious. And thus it is that our deepest and most trustful love is given to those objects that inspire us with awe and mystery; such is the love of a little child for its father, of the philanthro-

pist to the race, of the poet to nature. And love, as Carlyle says, is ever the beginning of knowledge, as fire is of the light.

However, the benefit to be derived from coping with mystery is not merely a knowledge of certain facts. The whole process is educative, and especially adapted to cultivate and perfect mental faculties, and such strong traits of character as concentrated consecutive thought, patience, persistence, self-denial, and that appreciation for those who have outstripped us in the race for knowledge, which prompted Shakespeare to say, "those that I reverence, those that I fear, are the wise." The persistent exhaustive effort required to invade successfully the realm of mystery finds ample compensation in the strength and satisfaction which exercise and victory give. What weariness would not give way to the glow of exultation that found expression in the Eureka! Eureka! of Archimedes?

With a hope of such attainment, let us seize mysteries as they come, wrestle with them, exhaust them, and let them not go until their treasures be yielded up; and what was once blinding darkness becomes a ray of light to guide us to more hidden, but more fertile fields.

Thus, if the mind be faithful to its powers, if the soul live up to its privileges, we shall in this life be constantly changing mystery into knowledge; and when this life shall end we shall rejoice in the progressive revelation of those mysteries which from the beginning have been hid with Him who created all things.
To the Editors of the Student:

I AM happy to comply with your invitation to write you, and will tell you something about my New-Year’s dinner, and my journey from Chandbali to Bhudruck. Chandbali is the most southern station, which we now occupy, in Orissa. It is two hundred miles from Calcutta, reached by steamer going down the Hooghly, across a portion of the Bay of Bengal, up the Dhamra and Brameni Rivers.

We reached Chandbali on New-Year’s morning, and were met at the steamer by Rev. F. W. Brown who has recently had charge of our station at that place. At the Mission House we met several of the native Christians who gave us a hearty welcome. We spent the day looking over the work, at the bazar and market, preaching services, and in witnessing the annual public exercises of the schools in and about Chandbali, gathered at the Mission Station.

All of these things were of deep interest to us, but we were invited to dine with Ram Chandra Jena, a native Christian preacher and graduate of the Midnapore Bible School; dinner was to be served in the native manner, and what could be more novel? Novel indeed! Just think of it! We sat on our legs an hour, and ate our food from our fingers. By the way, do you like curry? Well, dinner ready, we crossed our legs and settled down on them upon a thin straw matting under the stoop of the mud-walled, thatch-roofed hut. No women enlivened our company; according to the customs of the country they served inside, while our host with two assistants brought our food. Our plates were five or six leaves fastened together with sticks. Upon one side of these leaves was placed a pinch of rather coarse salt, then hot boiled rice was heaped in the middle of them with the hands of our host; into the middle of this was poured warm dall (dall is split peas stewed), then curried mutton was placed near this, and then the egg plant. All this was mixed up with the fingers. Then came the process of getting it into the mouth without spoons or knives and forks; we managed it somehow, for our rice et cetera disappeared, and we presume that we ate what we did not find lodged on the straw matting and in our pant legs.

A glass of milk was given to each of us, and then came the meeti. Meeti is the confectionery of India, and it seems to be relished by the natives as well as an Auburnite would relish Goss’s choicest bon bons. It is made of rice, flour, sugar, and ghee. Ghee is clarified butter—perhaps I should like it if I remained in India long enough, but since that New-Year’s dinner I have begged to be excused from meeti.

Dinner over, our host brought a lotar of water, which he poured over another dish upon our hands which we dried upon a few yards of cotton cloth passed around.
We then passed an hour devotionally. We sang gospel songs in English and Oryia, and an earnest prayer went up to God from nearly all present. It was a great privilege to eat and worship with these people saved from the superstitions and idolatry of heathenism, and we thanked God for it, although our legs were very stiff when we tried to stand, and the shrieks of the jackals in the jungle drowned some of our songs.

Next morning we started for Bhudruck, Mr. Brown, Mr. Sandford, and myself. The road between Bhudruck and Chandbali is a very hard one, in many places almost impassable with wagons. It was started years ago in time of famine, never completed, and not kept up by the government. Some bridges are washed away, those remaining are rickety, and the road-bed is full of deep holes, while its general appearance is like that of a New England road in November which has frozen up two days after a heavy rain, having been well traveled in the two days, only this road is baked and not frozen. The distance is thirty-three miles broken into eleven mile stages by two dock bungalows. We concluded to make the first two stages on horseback, and telegraphed Mr. Ager at Bhudruck to send three bullock gavies to meet us at the bungalow, eleven miles from him, to take us in that night. Brown would ride his own horse, and two English gentlemen offered us ponies which we gladly accepted. We were compelled to start early so as to reach the first bungalow before it grew hot, consequently we were up at 5.30 A.M. We hurriedly partook of our "choto-bazari"—a little breakfast—kneel together in the dim twilight to express thanks and crave blessings, and then mounted to "speed away"; but imagine two "Padries" "speeding away" on ponies when they had not attempted such a thing for fifteen years, especially when the ponies do not care to adjust themselves to bad riding or to leave home at all. My steed was irritable at first, but soon settled down and at length we became the best of friends, although he did refuse to ford one river with me on his back, and took great delight in kicking at me at the first bungalow. Sandford's steed was vicious all day; at one rickety bridge he would do nothing but back, and was got across only by being backed across.

You do not know what a retinue one must have to travel in India. We were compelled to have a Parnie Waller—one who carries water,—a Coolie—who carries the bedding,—everybody carries his bed in India,—three Sayce—men who take care of the horses, a Bhangie Waller, with food, a Khansamah—one who gets up the meals, a Garie Waller, who drove the bullocks with the baggage. Some must go on ahead to prepare for us, and others follow behind, while the Sayce keeps as near as his legs will permit. On our way we forded streams, and went round broken bridges, through rice fields, passed through native villages, and skirted the jungle. We saw pheasant, mud hen, buffalo, jackal, kite, crane, and many birds like some in America.
We reached the first bungalow at 9.45 A.M., and were glad to rest, for one gets tired riding horseback over a rough road when he is not accustomed to it. We enjoyed our breakfast of bread biscuit and tea, after which Brown collected a company of natives and preached to them, and at 3.30 P.M. we started for the second bungalow, eleven miles away; the road was similar to that which we had just passed over, but we enjoyed it better from the fact that we felt more at home in the saddle. We made this eleven miles in two and one-half hours, reaching the bungalow just after sunset in the beautiful crimson afterglow which is peculiar to this country. We were lame enough, and hardly knew which would be easier, to remain in the saddle or dismount. The latter seemed to be inevitable, for the ponies were to return from this point, and our bullock Garies had come to take us to Bhudruck. I was sorry to part with mine for he had been a good friend on a difficult journey.

At 10 o'clock P.M. the Garies were ready, and all we had to do was to dispose ourselves in them as comfortably as possible and try to sleep going over very rough roads. These Garies are two-wheeled carts (without springs). Over the axle of the wheels runs the bottom of the cart which is two bamboo poles spread apart behind, the ends of which are used to guide the bullocks, and coming together in front between them, small bamboo pieces hold these poles together like a ladder. On the middle of this and over the wheels is placed a covering of dry palms platted together exactly in the shape of a Shaker bonnet; this is six and one-half feet long and about three wide. In this was placed a bed of straw, then a mattress, then a pillow, and my blankets. I took off my boots and hat, stowed them away in a corner and crawled in. I slept some, but I remember of having very pleasant thoughts of lodgings at home, of awaking from a nap and seeing something ghastly before our halted team, which proved to be the opening through the trees under which we were halted, in the form of a person, of the suffocation of smoke when my Garie Waller persisted in smoking, of fording a river where he appeared to be compelled to push Garie, bullocks and all, of looking out to the Belt of Orion shining brightly in the cloudless sky, and at length of hearing Brown say, "Here we are, but it is only half-past three. I guess we had better sleep here until morning." So I settled back until day-break. When it came, there also came a very hearty welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Ager in charge of this station.

I think that this little description of travel, which was very novel, pleasant, and difficult, will show you how some of our missionaries get about, but I must say that this is the worst public road in our mission. The road from Bhudruck to Midnapore is a delight to the bicycle riders. I must tell you that we have a noble band of workers here, and God seems to give them special delights in their work. Such methods of travel do not frighten them in the least. I would rather take this
journey in the manner which I did than to go in an American parlor car, but I could hardly accept it for the common way of getting about unless it were duty. The Bengal and Orissa Yearly Meeting, now in session at Midnapore, is of special interest. Next Monday we start for Calcutta, to go from there to Bombay, across the country and sail for Egypt and Palestine.

With kind regards,

THOMAS H. STACY, '76.

ALUMNI ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

DESIRING to take a more active interest in the welfare of the college, and especially to give material encouragement to the general athletic work at Bates, and believing that this can be done best by association, a few of the graduates propose to organize next June during Commencement week. It is proposed to have an active association whose primary purpose shall be the encouragement of the students in athletic work, and the improvement of the facilities for such work, but which shall be free to enlist in any other plan for the improvement of the institution. It has been suggested that the dues be not less than two dollars per annum, and that appropriations for prizes, cups, or whatever purpose, be voted upon at the annual meetings. This will not conflict with the existing Alumni Association.

As no personal solicitations will be made, only alumni with a live interest will become members. Any desired information in regard to the plan will be given upon application. Any alumnus desiring to ally himself with this association may ascertain the time and place of organization by communicating with William F. Garcelon, 2043 Locust Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

LOCALS.

Play ball!
The tennis players are on earth once more.

Thirty-four zero mornings at the college during the past winter.

Eighteen of the Sophomores elected calculus this term.

The young ladies of the college are soon to give a gymnasium exhibition.

Miss Green and Mr. Hamilton, of the Freshman class, are out teaching.

The college band is contemplating a concert tour some time during this term.

The members of the college band have appeared this term in uniform caps.

Library statistics of the spring term will be given in the May number of the STUDENT.

Hoffman, '93, has been taken from the council by the Faculty, and his successor has not yet been elected.

Married, in Lewiston, March 31st, Mr. Eugene L. Hutchins and Miss Carrie E. Ireland, ex-'92.

Small, '93, and Small, '94, who have been absent a term, have rejoined their respective classes.
Graves, ex-'92, has returned to college and entered the class of '94.

Twelve of the Juniors are taking a special elective in history with Professor Wood, instead of zoology.

The two literary societies are soon to give a mock trial for the benefit of the Athletic Association.

The band furnished music for all four divisions of the Sophomore declamations, including the prize division.

Pinkham’s place in the gymnasium is taken by Cutts, ’91, with the Seniors, and by French, ’94, for the Freshmen.

A new rack for holding papers has been placed in the reading-room, adding noticeably to the equipment of the room.

During the last half of last term the political economy class had daily debates, taking up some new question each day.

Pinkham, ’91, has left college to accept the position of gymnasium director of the State Normal School of Pennsylvania situated at Millersville.

Blanchard, ’92, found seventeen dollars in bills in an ash heap in the basement of Parker Hall not long ago. We are not at all surprised. Cyrus can find money in anything.

Plummer and Howard, ’91, Blanchard and Emery, ’92, Hoffman and Pennell, ’93, Osgood and Hamilton, ’94, were appointed the following men for the college team: From ’92, Wilson, Emery, Putnam, and Gilmore; from ’93, Hoffman and Pennell; from ’94, Smith, Graves, and Osgood; tenth man, Brackett, ’94. A second nine has also been selected.

The second College Y. M. C. A. Deputation to the fitting schools of Maine, went to North Bridgton Academy March 21st and 22d. McDonald and Lord represented Bowdoin, and Wilson was sent from Bates. Colby had no representative on this trip.

One of the Sophomores, who has heretofore done an extensive business with one of the banks downtown, was recently compelled to get a Junior to identify him to the cashier, as his newly acquired maiden moustache proved too great a disguise. This is what we call a triumph of hirsutic art.

The following by-law concerning discipline has been adopted by the council: That no information, which shall come to any member of the council through council meetings, shall be reported outside of the council unless eight of the ten members of the council shall favor such action.

The dates for the lecture course on the three learned professions is as follows: L. M. Palmer, M.D., ’75, May 7th; Rev. F. E. Emerich, ’76, May 14th; A. M. Spear, Esq., ’75, May 21st. In the course on Pedagogy, Prof. W. E. C. Rich, ’70, is booked for April 24th.

Plummer and Howard, ’91, Blanchard and Emery, ’92, Hoffman and Pennell, ’93, Osgood and Hamilton, ’94, were appointed by the council to serve as
ushers at the Sophomore declamations last term. They were also empowered to be a law and order committee whose duty should be to disintegrate such refractory portions of the audience, by the hair of the head or otherwise, as should insist on making disturbances.

Mrs. Addison Small, 173 Wood Street, entertained her Main Street Sunday School class of young ladies and the Junior class of the college, Wednesday evening, March 11th. It was a very successful combination, as the Junior ward at Bates goes masculine by a large majority. The greatest difficulty, of course, was experienced at the close of the evening, when many of the Juniors were undecided whether to go home by the "Kan-kay-kee or the Kon-ko-mo." As usual, when Mrs. Small entertains, every one had a delightful evening.

A reception was given to the baseball team in the gymnasium. Music was furnished by the College Band, and the programme consisted of a brief exhibition by a few of the best athletes in college, and of speeches. Mr. O. J. Hackett, of Auburn, was the first speaker, followed by Day, '90, captain of the '89 pennant team; Cox, '89, manager of the same team; Pugsley, '91, representing the students; Wilson, '92, captain of the present team; Johonnot, '79, in behalf of the alumni; and Professor Chase in behalf of the Faculty. Refreshments were served.

When Bowdoin and Colby seceded from the Maine State League, at the meeting of the managers in Waterville, April 2d, Plummer, of Bates, and Rich, of Maine State College, arranged the following schedule of games: May 9th, Lewiston; May 16th, Orono; May 23d, Lewiston; June 6th, Bangor; June 13th, Augusta. Umpire, Pushor; Spaulding ball; National League rules; postponed games upon June 21st. Meanwhile the Colby and Bowdoin managers, forming themselves into a Grand Aristocratic Mutual Admiration Consolation League, arranged the following dates for their teams: May 9th, Waterville; May 13th, Brunswick; May 16th, Waterville; May 20th, Brunswick; June 3d, Waterville; June 6th, Brunswick. In case of a tie a seventh game will be arranged.

Another of the pedagogical course of lectures was delivered by Prof. E. J. Goodwin, '72, of Newton, Mass., March 17th. The subject of this valuable lecture was ''Religion in the Public Schools," and briefly summarized, the thought was as follows: 1. Moral culture is necessary for the development of character on which depends the efficiency of the true citizen. 2. There is a tendency in the United States at present to restrict moral teaching in the public schools by excluding it altogether. 3. The churches cannot reach all children, especially when home training is deficient, and therefore the public schools must do it. 4. No system of ethics, except it be drawn from Christianity, answers the purpose. 5. It is impossible to exclude religious thought from literature, history, etc., and have enough left to hold together.
The winter bird competition by the Sophomore class closed duly, and the prize for the largest list was divided between Fanning and Pennell, who each identified twenty-three land birds between Thanksgiving and March 16th. Mr. Fanning's list deserves especial mention, since it has more points of interest than any other list ever received by Professor Stanton in similar competitions. In the following table are compiled a few statistics, comparing this with the last competition, by '92:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>'92</th>
<th>'93</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Number of lists handed in</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Number having twelve or over</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Number having under ten</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Number of kinds identified</td>
<td>42</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Average list</td>
<td>2.86</td>
<td>3.11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Largest list</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tree Sparrow</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robin</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Junco</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nuthatches (two kinds)</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>American Goldfinch</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Redpoll</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hudsonian Chickadee</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Owls (four kinds)</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pine Grosbeak</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crossbills (two kinds)</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>American Raven (Fanning)</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evening Grosbeak (Howard)</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White Throated Sparrow (Sparrt)</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The college, through Professor Stanton, recently received a valuable set of manuscripts from Loretta S. Metcalf, the recent editor of the Forum. Nearly all the manuscripts are in the handwriting of the authors, who are as follows: Prof. John Tyndall, Edmund Gosse, Archdeacon F. W. Farrar, Mrs. D. M. Craik (Miss Muloock), Andrew Lang, Frederic Harrison, Pres. Timothy Dwight, Prof. John Stuart Blackie, Miss Frances Power Cobb, Andrew D. White, Edward Eggleson, Bishop F. D. Huntington, Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Ward, Maj. J. W. Powell, W. S. Lilly, James Payn, E. Lynn Linton, Dr. J. M. Charcot, Prof. Emilie de Laveleye, Grant Allen.


The following is the complete programme of the Prize Division of Sophomore Declamations. The prizes were awarded to Miss Conant, for the young ladies, and Mr. Bruce, for the young gentlemen. F. M. Briggs, Esq., H. W. Oakes, Esq., and F. L. Day acted as committee of award. Music by the College Band. Music, Auf Wiedersehn.—Bailey. Prayer. Music, Last Rose of Summer.—Balfe. Queen Catherine.—Shakespeare. Georgina E.

### PERSONALS.

#### ALUMNI.

'75.—Friday, March 18th, Hon. A. M. Spear introduced in the Maine Senate a secret ballot bill, similar to the "Clason Bill," but differing in one or two features. Mr. Spear spoke in favor of his bill on March 19th. The bill passed both houses, and has become a law.

'80.—Rev. F. L. Hayes, of Minneapolis, Minn., has a daughter, born March 17th.

'81.—Charles S. Cook, Esq., of Portland, Me., is President of the Young Men’s Republican Club of that city. The club is a large and flourishing organization, and contains most of the prominent Republicans of the city. Mr. Cook was toast-master at the club’s banquet held at the Falmouth Hotel, Tuesday evening, April 1st.

'86.—G. E. Paine, of North Anson, was married in Waterville, February 18th, to Miss Clara E. Mitchell, of New Vineyard.

'87.—A. B. McWilliams, in connection with D. A. Doyle, has started a new weekly paper in Lewiston, the first number of which appeared April 4th. It is called the Free Lance.

'87.—A. S. Woodman, Esq., of Portland, was married March 30th, to Miss Alice M. Andrews of Lewiston. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Martyn Summerbell, D.D., assisted by Prof. J. A. Howe.

'88.—H. J. Cross is principal of the High School at Winn, Me.

'90.—The March number of The Missionary Helper contains an article on “Woman’s Debt to Christ,” by G. H. Hamlen, of Cobb Divinity School.

#### NEW YORK ALUMNI.

F. L. Blanchard, '82, has favored us with the following report of the meeting of the New York Alumni: “The graduates of Bates living in New York City and vicinity held an informal dinner at Hotel Hungaria, 4 Union Square, on Wednesday evening, April 1st. Eleven of the alumni were present. After the dinner had been generously discussed the cigars were lighted, and a pleasant hour was spent in talking over old college days, and in telling each other the experiences of the past few years. The informality of the affair made it much more enjoy-
able than it probably would have been had set speeches been made. It was the unanimous opinion of those present that these informal dinners should be continued from time to time during the year. The next dinner will probably take place during the month of December. The following is a list of those present: F. H. Morrell, '70; G. H. Stockbridge, '72; F. B. Stanford, '74; F. H. Bartlett, '78; E. W. Given, '79; George L. Record, '81; C. S. Haskell, '81; F. L. Blanchard, '82; W. F. Garcelon, '90; H. V. Neal, '90; A. N. Peaslee, '90.

THE ALUMNI DINNER AT LEWISTON.

The first of what it is hoped and intended shall be a long and never ending series of annual banquets of the Bates Alumni Association of Maine, occurred at the new Hotel Atwood in Lewiston, on Friday evening, April 10th. It was an occasion full of pleasure for all who were able to be present. Considering the fact that it was the first dinner of the association, the attendance and the representation of the various classes which have graduated from the college was unusually and unexpectedly large. Sixty-two persons sat down to the tables, of which number forty-two were graduates of Bates, the remaining twenty being the wives of the "fortunate" alumni, and two of the beloved professors of the institution. Every class which has graduated since the first, which left its Alma Mater in '67, was represented, excepting only '67, '78, '84, and '88. The full list of those who sat down to the tables is as follows: Prof. George B. Files, '69, president of the association; Prof. and Mrs. J. Y. Stanton, Prof. T. L. Angell, the Rev. Thomas H. Stacy, '76; Prof. G. C. Chase, '68, Mrs. G. C. Chase; Mrs. Emma J. Rand, '81; Prof. L. G. Jordan, '70, Mrs. L. G. Jordan; Dr. Isaac Goddard, '70; F. H. Peckham, '72; U. G. Wheeler, '87; Hon. Jesse M. Libby, '71, Mrs. J. M. Libby; Hon. F. L. Noble, '74, Mrs. F. L. Noble; N. W. Harris, '73, Mrs. N. W. Harris; Edwin A. Smith, '73, Mrs. E. A. Smith; T. M. Lombard, '79, Mrs. T. M. Lombard; G. W. Wood, '75; John A. Jones, '72, Mrs. J. A. Jones; C. E. B. Libby, '86, Mrs. C. E. B. Libby; Frank A. Morey, '85, Mrs. F. A. Morey; Dr. George P. Emmons, '82, Mrs. George P. Emmons; Ethel I. Chipman, '89; Edward C. Hayes, '87; Leonard G. Roberts, '87; Sara S. Stevens, '87; W. H. Judkins, '80; Dr. Percy R. Howe, '87; T. M. Singer, '90; Mary F. Angell, '90; Hon. A. M. Spear, '75; D. J. Callahan, '76; G. A. Stuart, '77; John R. Dunton, '87; Dr. W. B. Small, '85; R. E. Attwood, '89; C. A. Washburn, '85; I. W. Hanson, '70, Mrs. Alice P. Hanson; Addison Small, '69, Mrs. Addison Small; the Rev. R. F. Johonnot, '79, Mrs. R. F. Johonnot; E. M. Briggs, '79, Mrs. E. M. Briggs; Miss Alice M. Moore, Henry W. Oakes, '77, Mrs. H. W. Oakes; Hon. O. B. Clason, '77, Mrs. O. B. Clason; I. N. Cox, '89; and John L. Reade, '83. The dinner was served in the Atwood's best style and was heartily enjoyed by all. At a quarter past ten Prof. Files, president of the association, rapped for order and introduced as toast-master of
the evening the Rev. Rodney F. Johonnot of '79. The speakers and the toasts to which they responded, were as follows:

The first speaker called upon was Prof. Stanton, who was greeted warmly by his old pupils, and who briefly expressed his pleasure at meeting once more so many of his old friends. He had had, he said, a happy life and he wished to testify that one of the greatest sources of happiness in his life had been the association with the noble men and women who had attended Bates College.

The first regular toast was "The Smaller Colleges," responded to by the Hon. A. M. Spear, of Gardiner, a graduate of '75 and a member of the last Maine Senate.

"Bates College: Distinguished for the devotion and character of her Faculty, for the ambition and high-mindedness of her students, a leader in the movement for the higher education of women, we look to her that, in the cause of progress she shall lead and not follow, and by the best methods of instruction, by the fearless pursuit of truth, by the broadest toleration of thought, that she shall give her students, the thorough and generous equipment needed for their culture and success," Edgar M. Briggs, '79.


The closing speaker was Prof. Thomas L. Angell of the college who spoke of his connection with the college, and of the work it was doing and has to do. Letters were received from R. J. Everett of '76, and F. H. Wilbur of '81. It was after one o'clock before the speaking was ended, and the party broke up much pleased with the first of its reunions.

J. L. Reade, '83, Sec'y Bates Alumni Association of Maine.

EXCHANGES.

Very frequently our exchanges contain biographies of interesting characters, whom the reader would naturally desire to know more about. But strangely few writers seem to be able to compose an article avoiding both the extreme of a mere condensed encyclopedia topic, a record of dates and events with no flesh and blood in it, and that of a rambling biography covering with greater or less completeness a large part of the world's history, and admitting the subject as little more than a second-rate actor.

This last fault is very strikingly exemplified in the life of Mazarin, published in the last Sibyl. In fact,
without other information, the reader of this article would have considerable difficulty in deciding whether the famous Cardinal was murdered or died a natural death.

From this it is a real pleasure to turn to the Williams Lit., and read the life of Samuel Johnson. The author gives us a complete picture of the life and character of this delight of biographers, and this in so interesting a style that one is not once tempted to lay aside the magazine without finishing the article.

Mathematics is, reputed to be the dryest and most prosaic of all branches of learning; yet, the more the faithful student penetrates its mysteries, the more he feels that there is a living beauty there. To those that have caught even a distant glimpse of that beauty, the following from the Varsity will be of interest. It is a partial summary of a lecture on "Poetic Interpretation in Mathematics."

The human intellect has enabled man to create for himself nothing more exquisite in its structure, or more refined in its applications than the infinitesimal calculus. The microscope reveals to us an existence of which our senses could take no cognizance; but in a way the calculus steps in where the microscope has ceased to penetrate, and when the mind refuses to conceive the further divisibility of space this wonderful method continues indefinitely its faultless work. Amongst certain of the ancient, mathematical truth was invested with a certain elevated symbolism. Such applications may be regarded as little better than an amusing conceit, but yet have much to recommend them as certain interpretations applied to nature. The Pythagoreans and Platonists conjectured that the great secret of the universe was to be found in number and form. Only poets could have had such an inspiration, for it was an anticipation of some of the grandest discoveries of modern science. What the Greeks divined we prove, and see how nature hymns her numbers through innumerable variations. The lecturer gave illustrations how the imagination was cultivated in geometry, especially in curve tracing. He enlarged on the wonderful meanings of the general equations of the second degree, which contain all the properties of the conics. In the lunar theory the longitude of the moon is expressed in a series of terms. Thus the great orb of night, as she rolls through space, has told her story for ages in a single district; and in the quiet intellectuality of its terms there rests a beauty that equals that of the moonlight itself as it slumbers on a summer sea.

The question most widely discussed in the college world at present is the proposition to shorten the college course. The Trustees of Harvard oppose such a change, yet the Faculty, to some extent, favor it. We give below a somewhat incomplete summary of an article in the Harvard Monthly, which contains arguments in favor of the proposition and answers to them:

Much of the work formerly done by colleges is now done in preparatory schools. The four years’ course is a higher requirement than it was originally, and has become unreasonable and untenable. In this case the best corrective would be to lower the requirements for admission, since between a year at the fitting school and a year at college, the students would prefer and be more benefited by the latter.

Again it is claimed that there are so many students in the professional schools who have had no collegiate preparation, that it would especially help this class to have the course shortened. In this connection it must be considered whether the general culture of all classes and the highest standard of general scholarship ought to be cut down for the benefit of the
few. But the college course need not be shortened for professional students. The medical students are in reality all for whom it is claimed that more time is needed for special work, and they could turn their attention to professional studies at the end of the third year or even sooner, if they were so disposed. But the requirements for entrance to the medical schools are light and students could not be compelled, if the course were shortened, to avail themselves of an advantage which they could now improve, but do not.

It is granted that the degree of B.A. is taken later in the United States than in other countries. This advance in the age of graduates has been a natural rather than a necessary one. It has been due to the parents feeling less anxious than formerly to hurry their sons into college, and to the tendency to allow recreations to take up more and more time. Since the degree is not required for admission to any of the professions, but is a standard of culture, we ought to be glad that its requirements are high.

The advocates of reduction seem to wish to bring the American college down to the level of the German gymnasien, which are only preparatory schools for the university, and with graduate departments, which they would have take the place of the German philosophical Faculty, and professional schools, they would leave no place for the college. Yet our people, unlike the Germans, are not oppressed with military taxes, and our young men are not burdened with military service. We can afford a broader range of culture than Germany can, and the liberal support of education by our citizens proves that they call for it.

To be sure the increase in the number of college students is not in proportion to the increase in population. This is due in part to the studies which were once taught in college being changed to the preparatory schools, and consequently many students are now taught there who would formerly have ranked as college students. Then the rise of technical schools has drawn from the patronage of colleges, and the large increase in population, by immigration, would of course tend to supply but few collegians.

Finally it is claimed that only one-ninth of the work of four years would be given up to save a whole year's time. This, if done at all, would necessitate a great reduction of collateral reading and research in any department, and consequently a great reduction in true scholarship. The regular work of three years well done would be preferable.

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COLLEGE NOTES.

The will of Daniel B. Fayerweather has at last been admitted to probate. It will be remembered that this will gave over $2,000,000 to educational and charitable institutions, including $100,000 to Bowdoin.

The prize for the best article in the February number of the College-Man, has been awarded to Willits A. Bastian of De Pauw University for the article entitled "Prepdom and its Denizens."

At the Colby Alumni Dinner held at Portland a few weeks ago, President Small strongly urged the need of a new building to accommodate a hundred young ladies, and of a fund to secure a lady principal for the annex.

Williams has recently founded a dramatic association, which will give at least two plays annually. It will also offer yearly a prize of $20 for the best
play written by a student, provided it shall be thought worthy of presentation on the stage.

Bowdoin has organized an advisory committee of the athletic association; this committee consists of the gymnasium instructor, Dr. F. N. Whittier, one other member of the faculty, Prof. W. A. Moody, two alumni, E. U. Curtis, '82, and J. A. Waterman, Jr., '84, and five students, Minott and Nelson, '91, Bartlett and Nichols, '92, and Payson, '93.

M. L. Fernald, a son of President Fernald, and a member of the Freshman class at Maine State College, has been appointed assistant in the herbarium of Harvard University. Though only in his eighteenth year, he is said to be a remarkably fine botanist.

Prof. W. R. Harper, of Yale, has now made known his decision of accepting the Presidency of the new Chicago University. He will conduct the Institute of Sacred Literature at Ann Arbor during the next few weeks, and enter upon his duties at Chicago in the fall of 1892, taking in the meanwhile a trip to Europe.

The Association of Collegiate Alumnae, embracing the graduates of Vassar, Smith, Wellesley and other institutions, having established a European Fellowship, to provide the means of pursuing university study abroad, has selected as its first recipient Miss Louisa Holman Richardson, A. M., a graduate of Boston University, and professor of Latin in Carleton College. She will study at Cambridge, England.

Several graduates of Yale and Harvard have subscribed $500 to be used for the purchase of a trophy to be known as the university track athletic cup. A contest will be held for the trophy by the students of the two universities, between May 1st and July 1st of each year, until 1899, when the trophy shall become the property of the university winning the majority of the nine annual contests.

The library building of Johns Hopkins University is to be enlarged to accommodate in one location the great McCoy collection of 8,000 volumes of illustrated folios of geography, topography, and fine arts. The galleries of the Vatican, the Louvre, Versailles, the Pitti palace, the British Museum, Dresden, Munich, Antwerp, and the private galleries of Great Britain, France and Germany, are reproduced in the folios of engravings in this collection. At present this rare library is housed in the building made for it by Mr. McCoy, the collector, in the rear of his house in Eutaw place, which is now that of the president of the university.

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MAGAZINE NOTICES.

One of the most famous pictures of the world has been engraved by Mr. Cole for the frontispiece of the April Century, "The Mona Lisa of Leonardo da Vinci." This is in the Century's series of old masters, engraved immediately from the originals in the galleries of Europe. Two other examples of Leonardo accompany Mr. Stillman's article on this master.

Life in another war prison, at the North, is described by a Confederate
soldier, Dr. John A. Wyeth, now of New York City. He shows that "Cold Cheer at Camp Morton," Indianapolis, included hardships bordering on the worst phases of cold and hunger.

Mrs. Amelia Gere Mason's papers on the "Women of the French Salons" are supplemented in this number by an account of the "Salons of the Revolution and Empire," in which she discusses such famous characters as Madame Roland and Madame de Staël, who are prominent among the portraits of the magazine. Mrs. Mason will conclude her essays in the May Century.

In "Fetishism in Congo Land," Mr. E. J. Glave, one of Stanley's pioneer officers, gives the following description of a fetish-man:

The fetish-man under any name is the authority on all matters connected with the relations of man to the unseen. He is the exorciser of spirits, the maker of charms, and the prescriber and regulator of all ceremonial rites. He can discover who "ate the heart" of the chief who died but yesterday, who it was who caused the canoe to upset, and give three lives to the crocodile and the dark waters of the Congo, or even who blighted the palm trees of a village and dried up their sap, causing the supply of malait or palm wine, to cease, or drove away the rain from a district and withered its fields of nguba (ground nuts). All this is within the ken of the Nganga Nkisi, and he is appealed to on all these occasions to discover the culprit, by his insight into the spirit world, and hand him or her over to the just chastisement of an outraged community. This is the only substitute for religion that the African savage possesses: its tenets are vague and unformulated, for with every tribe and every district belief varies and rites and ceremonies are as diverse as the fancies of the fetish-men who prescribe them.

"The Wordsworths and De Quincey" is the title of a paper of literary biography containing unpublished letters of the poet and of the opium-eater; one of Wordsworth's to the young De Quincey is particularly interesting and has some advice to youth which is applicable quite as much in our own day as it was in the early part of the century. In a paper on "Washington and Frederick the Great," Mr. Moncure D. Conway does away with the century-old myth concerning the alleged relations between the two great commanders. Mr. Conway comes to the conclusion that so far from Frederick the Great having given Washington a sword, no gift was ever sent by Frederick the Great to the American general, and "he never recognized in any remark the greatness of Washington."

The fiction of the number is very diversified, including a new installment of Dr. Eggleston's "Faith Doctor"; a story, "There were Ninety and Nine," by Richard Harding Davis; the conclusion of Hopkinson Smith's "Colonel Carter of Cartersville"; a timely and novel story by Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, entitled "Herr von Striempfell's Experiment"; and "A Race Romance," by Maurice Thompson, the last of a series of three short stories, "with a purpose," by this well-known writer.

"The Brazen Android" is the curious title of a story in two parts, by the late William Douglas O'Connor, which has the place of honor in the Atlantic for April. It is a story of old London, and its ancient life is wonderfully reconstructed by the vivid imagination of the author. Mr. Stockton's "House of Martha" continues for three more chapters, and Mr. Lowell's traveler pursues
his way through "Noto: An Unexplored Corner of Japan." Francis Parkman's second paper on "The Capture of Louisbourg by the New England Militia," is marked by the skill and care which Mr. Parkman devotes to everything which he writes. One of the most important papers in the number is "Prehistoric Man on the Pacific Coast," by Professor George Frederick Wright, of Oberlin, in which he gives us the results of his investigations on the subject of the Nampa Image. The Honorable S. G. W. Benjamin, for some years United States minister to Persia, has a timely consideration of "The Armenians and the Porte."

"The Athletics of the Ancient Greece" in Outing for April, is interesting reading to every contestant and enthusiast of present-day athletic contests. The similarity and difference between those contests and the ones of our day, as brought out in this article, is full of information and entertainment to the reader.

With the festivals devoted to the exhibition of the highest form of development of the human frame, in its Olympian games "Greek nationality developed, with them it flourished, and with them it fell," is the lesson which Dr. Williams impresses upon us.

Among other articles this number contains: "Herring and Heart Fishing at Scarboro;" "With Rod and Gun in the Northwest Woods and Streams;" "Whaling among the Esquimaux;" "The National Guard of Wisconsin," etc.


In the April number they promise an interesting article, by Hon. John D. Long, on "Education." Judging from the advance sheets it will be a very valuable feature.

BOOK NOTICES.

PERICLES AND THE GOLDEN AGE OF ATHENS.

This is one of a series of volumes on "Heroes of the Nations," edited by Evelyn Abbott, M.A., Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. It consists of two parts, of which the first deals with the growth of the Athenian empire and the causes that brought about the alienation of Athens and Sparta, while the second gives a brief account of the government, art, literature, society, and manners of Periclean Athens. Noticeable and especially commendable is the fearlessly independent spirit with which the author handles a subject that has become moss-grown with the profligate adulation of a host of hide-bound idol-worshipers. He boldly bursts the bonds that tether so many writers to a mystic character of by-gone years, and keep them so dazed that they cannot see a fault if there be a myriad. While generously according Pericles the honor due him, the author is frank enough to
declare that he was no statesman and just enough to prove it. He confounds the admirers of this classic demigod by referring to the historical fact that in striving to secure his ideals of government—ideals that were well enough in themselves—he destroyed the only form of government under which his city had obtained greatness, and succeeded at the end of a long career only in plunging her into endless wars. Such success, Mr. Abbott believes, is not indicative of great statesmanship. Grote and Curtius to the contrary.


This volume consists of a series of quotations from Latin and the languages of continental Europe, which have been used by modern writers. Care has been taken to make it a truly literary selection, omitting everything of a strictly technical nature that is of interest to the few only, and each quotation is, as a rule, followed by extracts from modern authors in which it is used. These extracts thus serve a triple purpose in showing the proper manner of employing the quotation, the way in which it has become incorporated into English literature, and in furnishing in themselves matter of an entertaining character. To secure additional merit, wherever any difficulty might arise the origin of the quotation is explained, and the context of the author set forth. The manual is concluded by four indices, Italian, German, French, and Latin. It is concise, clear, useful, and entertaining.

POETS’ CORNER.

A WARNING TO THE MAIDEN’ FAIR.

O maiden fair,
With golden hair,
And virtue’s golden treasure,
Thou think’st mayhap
In Corydon’s lap
To sport in harmless pleasure.

O maiden true,
With eyes of blue,
Beware the first concession;
An idle kiss
May wreck the bliss
Of womanhood’s possession.

Europa of old
Had hair of gold,
With golden treasure laden.
Dost thou know not,
What Ovid taught,
The fate of this hapless maiden?

O maiden fair,
Do thou beware!
Thy Corydon to-morrow
May prove, you know,
Lothario,
Whose gift is endless sorrow.

Oh! read the tale
Of the maiden pale
Whose heart is an empty measure.
And do thou fear
The bitter tear
For loss of heavenly treasure.


PERSEVERE.

Have you a task begun, persevere.
It’s half done if well begun; so take cheer.
Success will soon be yours
Now you’ve grappled with the toils
If you’ll only keep your course; persevere.

— A. C. F., ’92.
OBSCURITY.
A little brooklet rippling,
With waves of silver light, That, thro' dim woodland places, Went singing day and night.

A life obscure and quiet, Far from the world's great throng, Greeting its work with gladness, Its sorrows with a song.

Yet no one paused to listen, As the streamlet murmured by; Life's frail thread broke; the careless world Moved on without a sigh.

Unheeded and forgotten, But the sweetnessingers still, And the forest glade is gladdened By the music of the rill.

—M. S. M., '91.

POT-POURRI.

I have met her at high-toned affairs, At the op'ra, and many a ball. She possesses most dignified airs; She is beautiful, graceful, and tall. In the fashion she always is dressed. Marble neck, snowy arras, and all that; And I'm sure I'm always impressed By the sweet yellow bird on her hat.

Yes, she points out in hundreds of ways Her belief in stern Fashion's decrees; She will suffer in tightly drawn stays, And, per rule, she'll imprison her knees. How society's legion would sigh If they knew—oh, beware of the storm!—That she's written a book on the sly On the subject of dress reform! —Ex.

"Much worrying is mental cowardice."

"Woman is the lesser man."

—Tennyson.

"Believe not half you hear and repeat not half you believe."

"We make our own destinies. Providence furnishes the raw material only."

Ethel—"Do you think there will be marriages in heaven?"

Maud—"For your sake I trust so, dear. Eternity may furnish you the opportunity which time refuses."

Uncle John—"Why, my girl, you've grown like a cucumber vine! What progress are you making toward matrimony?"

Clara—"Well, uncle, I'm on my fifth lap."—Ex.

Ethel—"Don't you like those sofas that have just room enough for two?"

Maud—"Yes, but I like those that have hardly room enough for two far better."

—Ex.

Old Mouse—"Keep away from that place." Young Mouse—"There's a nice piece of cheese here." Old Mouse—"Don't you know that when cheese is put so temptingly in your path that it is part of a trap? You haven't any more sense than an ordinary American voter."—Ex.

G—knows I'm no' the thing I should be Nor am I even the thing I could be, But twenty times I rather would be An atheist clean, Than under gospel colors hid be Just for a screen. —Burns.

"Laura," said the young lady's mother, not unkindly, "it seems to me that you had the gas turned rather low last evening." "It was solely for economy, mamma," answered the maiden. "There is no use trying to beat the gas company, my daughter. I have noticed that the shutting off of the gas is always followed by a corresponding increase of pressure." "Well, that lessens the waist, does n't it, mamma, dear?" replied the artless girl. And her fond parent could find no more to say.—Ex.
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