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THE
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EDITORIAL.

THE base-ball season is here, and with it comes the excitement attendant upon our hopes and fears. In the midst of the excitement both members of the nine and its supporters should recollect that a duty devolves upon each individually.

In the first place, those on the nine should remember that they are chosen by a board of directors, elected by the Athletic Association of the college, that they are chosen to represent the college on the ball-field, and not for individual gratification; that, having accepted a position on the nine, it is their duty to cast aside all personal feeling and every personal desire, and work for the interest of the nine and for the reputation of the college, which they are chosen to represent. It is their duty to be punctual at the hours appointed for practice, and to obey orders from the captain in practice as well as in a game. The captain of the nine is the representative authority of the Association, and as such should be implicitly obeyed irrespective of individual desire or opinion. He should be obeyed because his words are supposed to represent not the desire of one man, but of the whole college. If the captain’s orders prove wrong, he alone is
responsible to the supporters of the nine; if his orders are disobeyed, the one disobeying is held responsible for all error, and beside lowers himself in the estimation of every fair-minded person in college.

Harmony and co-operation among the members of a ball team are necessary to its success, and the Student believes that if its opinion expressed in this article were accepted and acted upon by the players, it would go far toward securing both.

It is the duty of the supporters of the nine to demonstrate to the players that they have confidence in the officers appointed to control it, and that they expect their decisions to be obeyed. While the Association as a body has a right to require from its officers explanations of their acts, as individuals of that Association it is neither just nor is it policy to spread a dissenting opinion, because harmony is needed among the supporters of a team as well as in the team itself. It is the duty of the supporters to encourage the nine in every possible way, to manifest interest in its practicing, to try to show that you have confidence in its ability to win even though it meet with defeat often. Be enthusiastic in your support. Enthusiasm will do much to inspire a ball player. In short, be loyal to the interests of Bates College.

It is one's privilege to employ every means for self-improvement that lies in his power, but when the means employed cast a reflection upon himself or are an injury to others, one should pause before taking the step. In a small and young college this question sometimes confronts the student, Shall I remain during the course or go to some older and larger institution? One of the chief reasons given for leaving is the advantage of a diploma from some large and well known institution. We will admit that a diploma from such an institution has its advantages, but are the advantages sufficient to warrant such a step, or is the obtaining of a diploma the sole object of a college course?

For the student to leave his college and his class at the end of the Sophomore or Junior year casts a serious reflection upon himself. It seems a confession of weakness—almost of fear. He gives others the opinion that he is unwilling to stand on his own merits, and wishes to supplement his own weakness by a diploma from some noted institution. As if the diploma made the man! It also conveys the idea that his sole object in pursuing the course is the obtaining of his diploma. In time the man passes for just what he really is; if he is worthy, the world in time will recognize his worth; but if not, no college diploma can supply the lack of true merit. The advantage of his diploma, then, must be only a temporary one.

But does one owe nothing to the institution in which he has spent two or three years? From the very nature of the case in an institution like Bates, founded for the purpose of helping those of slender means who desire to help themselves, the tuition is as nothing to what is received in return.
To one who must work his way the first three years of the course are the hardest, both on account of the student's inability for lack of education and experience to fill the most remunerative positions, and the difficulty in obtaining such positions. Therefore the student owes something to the institution that has made the first three years possible. The leaving of such an institution seems to imply that one holds his own selfish interests first, and does not hesitate to inflict an injury on the institution that has placed him on his feet. He whose sole object is the aggrandizement of self and the acquiring of wealth or fame, has missed the noblest purpose in life. When one takes three or three and a half years at an institution like Bates, because it is possible for him there to work his own way, and then graduates at some older institution where it would have been impossible to have paid his way through the entire course, he is taking undue advantage of the liberality of the younger college.

Besides all this, the student who changes his class and college unavoidably meets with losses; but of the breaking of those ties that bind one to his class, and of other losses as irreparable, I will not speak. It may be well to say that there may be motives truly noble which would cause one to change his college; let each one judge for himself; but, if the purpose be one's own selfish aggrandizement, or the fear that the world will not recognize his merits immediately, consider well before making the change.

"**NOTHING** in nature happens by chance." This is a wise rule of the universe, and men, in giving up most of the penny-flipping habits are more and more inclined to use reason and discretion in their arrangements. In some of the preparations for declamations, debates, and tests, the process of drawing lots is still resorted to, not, indeed, without reason in the majority of cases, for it is certainly right to use this method in deciding who shall write the Greek test and who the Latin, or in deciding the order of speaking or debating. A decision made by teachers might cause some feeling on the part of those that considered themselves unfortunate, and it is as fair for one to have the first or last place on the programme as for another. But in one case, that of making the divisions for the prize declamations, a different method might be used with benefit. With the divisions made by lot, as at present, there is liability of the best speakers and debaters coming in one division, and the poorer ones in another. The result is that, as a certain number must be chosen in each division for the prize declamations, a few good ones go from one division, and as many poorer ones from another. Thus, many of the better speakers in one division must fall behind, while if the good speakers were distributed among the poorer ones, a fairer selection would be made for final trial. The divisions could be appointed by the instructor without creating jealousy, for none but he need know who
were the better speakers. True, the best speaker will be put over anyway, but when so much account is made of the final division, and credit as well as rank are influenced, it would certainly be better to take some precaution against having the majority of more practiced orators in the same division.

We would call the attention of our readers to a change in the editorial staff. On account of ill health Mr. Chase was unable to attend to his labors. Mr. F. S. Libby has been appointed in his stead.

We were much interested in a late suggestion of Dr. G. Stanley Hall, before the club of Boston schoolmasters. He believes that libraries of education should be established in all our cities. These libraries, common in Europe, are intended to contain all educational literature, including textbooks in all languages. The American student of pedagogy would thus be enabled to compare different methods employed by teachers in this and other countries, secure the advantage of familiarity with the experience of others, thus saving many fruitless experiments,—in short, learn all that can be learned, without actual personal observation. Such a library would be invaluable to every teacher, as well as to all interested in the history, growth, and results of education. We hope to see Dr. Hall's suggestion carried out.

We are doubtless all of us liable to make mistakes, but we sincerely hope that no students of this institution will ever make such a blunder as to accuse falsely the students of another college of such misdemeanors as are charged against us by Bowdoin. The following from the last number of the Orient is very surprising to us and an utter misrepresentation of the facts of the case:

Those students who took part in the exhibition by the Glee Club and Athletes, at Lewiston, last week, and those who accompanied them, were surprised and astonished to find that some members of Bates College carried their unfriendliness to Bowdoin so far as to openly insult the performers on the stage, by sneering laughs and other ungentlemanly demonstrations. If the Bates students think they are placing themselves in a favorable position by such actions, they are much mistaken. Common courtesy would give performers in a public exhibition a fair show and a decent reception.

But this is not all. The Bath Enterprise, of May 3d, is responsible for making the matter even worse. Here is what it has said:

The Bowdoin Athletic Association went to Lewiston last Wednesday evening to give an exhibition in Music Hall. A small audience greeted them, mostly students from Bates College. The entertainment was of a first-class order. The boys worked well to please what few people were there, but the majority could not be pleased and they were greeted at different intervals by hisses and yells from the gentlemen (?) present. The Bates College boys are sore on Bowdoin and take every available means to show it. The Bates College boys are sore on Bowdoin and take every available means to show it. The Bates have never been ill treated in Brunswick either at foot-ball, base-ball, or rope-pulling, and why they should take this means, in a public place, with ladies and their escorts present, to insult Bowdoin boys is a thing explainable only by one thing—jealously. The Bates have always
been used like gentlemen here, but if they
don't get a roasting to-day it will be because
rumors from the campus are not true. Go in
Bowdoin and win if you can, and if you do,
look out some of the Bates men do not steal
the ball.

Now the facts of the case are that
in the first place the exhibition was on
Tuesday evening and not Wednesday;
and second, the audience must indeed
have been small if it was mostly stu-
dents from Bates College, for there
were not over ten of our boys present,
indeed we can count up but eight. And
furthermore there was but a small
minority of these in the gallery from
whence all the disturbance came. Those
who were in the gallery were accom-
panied by ladies and sat in the front
row, but the disturbance came from the
rear of the gallery, and from parties with
whom the college has nothing to do.
Finally, those who attended reported a
good entertainment, and had no reason
to report otherwise. The accusation
that one of our men stole the ball when
we played with the Brunswicks is as
false as any of the other statements.

Now if the Bath Enterprise has any
regard for truth, and if its editor has
common honesty to the amount of a
grain of mustard seed, and if the Bow-
doin Orient is willing to correct a gross
blunder, then we are certain that these
two publications will, at their earliest
opportunity, give ample space in their
columns for a full and complete ac-
nowledgment of the injury done us
by their false reports, and promise us
and the public that they will try in the
future to know what they are talking
about before they appear in print.

The statements that we have here
made in our own defense do not rest
upon hearsay. They are from eye wit-
tnesses, and we could furnish sworn
testimony to the truth of any or all of
them if it were required.

* * *

LITERARY.

THE ROBIN.

By G. H. H., ’30.

Cheerily carols the robin,
Out in the midst of the rain;
Singing a song of thanksgiving
That has a prophetic refrain.

Little recks he of the weather;
The skies may be fickle or fair;
The winds may blow fierce or breathe
lightly,
But never a whit will he care.

Up in the slow-budding tree-top
Loudly and clearly he sings,
Calling the grasses and flowers
To list to the tidings he brings.

"Wake! Wake! Down there in the
darkness!
Hark to the pattering rain,
Bidding you hasten your coming
Out in the sunshine again!"

"Didn't you know that the winter
Left us a long time ago?
And here I've been waiting and
waiting!
Why don't you hurry and grow?"

"Ah! I can hear you awaking
And stirring down under the
ground,
Pushing aside the thin mantle
That wraps you so closely around.

"Soon you'll be out in the daylight,
Kissed by the frolicsome breeze;
And soon, with a nest full of bird-
lings,
I'll play hide and seek in the trees."

There, he is gone! But his music
Lingers, a memory sweet.
Sure, if the robin were lacking,
Spring-time would not be complete.
Singing at morning and evening;
Singing in rain and in shine;
Soul of mine, learn thou his secret,
And joy shall be evermore thine.

A VILLAGE CHURCH.
By N. G. B., '91.

In the southeast part of Maine lies a little village, hardly surpassed in beauty of location by any place in the State. Sheltered from east winds by the steep hill from whose summit may be plainly seen the White Mountains, and in a clear day even the shipping in Portland harbor, it is bordered on the west and north by two lovely lakes. These natural attractions have lately fallen under the eye of the ubiquitous summer tourist, and for two or three months in each year, the quiet little village is overrun with pleasure seekers.

Imagine yourself for a moment to be passing, in this place, some bright June Sabbath. You will attend church, of course, not being, I trust, one of that curiously constituted class of individuals who, when they travel, always make a point of leaving their religion, or at least all outward manifestation of it, at home. On the main street, not far from the foot of the eastern hill, stands the church we will attend to-day. It is still early, but let us sit down near the door, and, while the people are gathering, note our surroundings.

The audience room has a seating capacity of about three hundred. The pews are a combination of ash and black walnut, all the upholstery, as well as the carpet, being a dark green. The ceiling is frescoed in blue and gilt; the walls are of a cool gray tint, with shaded border. Narrow, oval-lipped windows of stained glass, on each of which is depicted some religious emblem, diffuse through the room Milton's "dim, religious light."

Opposite us is the chancel, a semicircular alcove, in diameter about one-third the width of the church, and elevated three or four steps above the level of the room. It is furnished with a reading-desk of walnut and ash, a small black walnut stand, and three large chairs, upholstered, like the pews, in green. At the right and left are ante-rooms, from one of which opens an outer door for the private use of the minister. Directly in front of the platform stands the communion table. On either side of the chancel, the plainness of the wall is relieved by painted tablets, on which are inscribed in gilt letters the two
great commandments, and the invitation of the Spirit and the Bride; while on the small, round window in its rear, is a pure white dove, encircled by the angels' message, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Behind us is the choir, which, like the chancel, is a semi-circular alcove, built out into vestibule, between the two inner doors. In the rear is a cabinet organ, while the seats are occupied by a quartette, of whose musical talent you will soon have an opportunity to judge.

How rapidly the empty pews are filling up! Sunburned farmers with their hard-working wives, to whom the Sabbath is the only time of rest, and who will live for the next six days on to-day's sermon; the village merchant, who proudly listens for his daughter's voice in the choir; the dentist's row of small boys, seven of them all of a size; the Jay Gould of the community, with his complacent air of proprietorship; tired-looking mothers, with rogues urchins who won't sit still, and sedate misses, extremely conscious of their Sunday clothes; a goodly sprinkling, too, of strangers—some quietly refined in manner and attire, others arrayed in garments fearfully and wonderfully made, well calculated to fulfill the wearers' chief aim in life, to create a sensation.

Nearly all classes and conditions of men, indeed, are represented in this little congregation; but do you notice that their is hardly a young man among them? The city has reached out beckoning hands, and drawn away from farm and fireside the strong sons, on whose broad shoulders parents had fondly hoped life's heavier burdens might some time be laid. In some of these rough frames, grown prematurely old, dwell patient, heroic souls, who, having uncomplainingly buried their dearest hopes, and given their sons to school and church and state, toil on in loneliness.

A good place to study human nature, this little church. But listen! The bell has stopped tolling, and the service begins. The opening notes of the organ voluntary we scarcely heed, but soon we find ourselves listening unawares. We forget that this is a common village church, with no salaried musicians, for the player's very soul is poured out in these strains, telling of weariness and despair, of new-born hope, and faith grown strong, until a glad triumphant strain fills all the room, then falls into a silence through which seems to throb the heart of God.

The voice of prayer falls softly through the stillness, as the gray-haired pastor puts into earnest, pleading words, the burden of the music. On the painted window above his head, we see the symbolic dove, with outspread wings, hovering in benediction over him; while on his bowed head, through the stained glass, fall the rainbow hues of hope and peace.

SHAKESPEARE'S "HAMLET."

BY J. L. P., '90.

He may be as near the truth as any who believes with Goethe that Shakespeare's intention in this drama, "Hamlet," was "to represent the
effects of a great action laid upon a
soul unfit for the performance of it."

From the outset, our attention is
centered on Hamlet, the hero of the
play. A strange hero, it is true, but
there is not another personage in
the play who could so honestly claim
the title. At least, he meets Carlyle’s
requisites for a hero; he is genuine;
and he is “an original man.”

Imagine this refined, sensitive prince
pursuing the quiet studies of philoso-
phy at the university. The wars and
turmoil of a kingdom are matters
wholly foreign to him; with malice,
treachery, and murder he is unac-
quainted. Then imagine him when the
news of his father’s mysterious death
comes upon him like a thunderbolt; and
when, hurrying home, he finds his
mother, whom he has always loved and
believed to be a loyal wife, married to
his uncle. It was as if he had been
put into a new world where his environ-
ments were so strange and unfamiliar
that he could not adapt himself to
them. Was it so very strange that he
should have felt it impossible to act?

Soon after this comes his interview
with his father’s ghost, who reveals the
treachery of Claudius, and adjures
Hamlet to avenge his father’s death.

This startling scene would have
moved an ordinary prince, full of
the fiery passion of youth, to commit
some sudden violence on the king.
But this was an absolute impossibility
for Hamlet. His whole nature, instead
of being fired with revenge, was grieved
through and through. Not even the
great love he bore his father could,
at that time have moved him to shed
blood. At times he was tormented by
the thought of the injustice that was
being done to himself, his father, and
the people, by allowing the king to re-
main alive. Thus was his soul tort-
ured; but being divided in spirit, and
irresolute, he still delayed action.

Then the dumb-show fully “unkenn-
eled the occulted guilt” of the king.
This seems to spur Hamlet on, and,
later, during a heated interview with
the queen, he makes a thrust at the
tapestry and kills,—not the king, as he
had hoped,—but Polonius, the Lord
Chamberlain. This was a most unfort-
unate thrust, for the grief that it
brought to Ophelia, together with her
blighted love, quite unbalanced her
mind.

Ophelia was a most lovable charac-
ter—so pure, lovely, and innocent. Yet
there was nothing strikingly individual
about her; nor was she particularly
strong-minded. But her emotions were
very intense. Perhaps, after all, it is
her weakness that appeals most strongly
to us. There was something very pa-
thetic in her insanity, for through it all
she retained the gentleness and quiet
dignity which were characteristic of her.

In contrast to the insanity of Ophelia
we may place the feigned madness of
Hamlet. It is quite obvious that it
was feigned. Some particular passages,
but more especially the whole view of
his conduct, confirm us in the opinion
that his madness was not genuine. If
Hamlet was afflicted with madness, it
certainly was a most extraordinary and
convenient kind to have, for it could
be assumed, or laid aside at will. Some
arguments to prove his sanity may be
mentioned. He never appeared mad when alone, or when in the presence of friends. Nor does there ever appear to have been a time when he seemed irresponsible for his acts, except, perhaps, during certain attacks of passion, such as naturally might come to any one under like circumstances.

Moreover, a madman could not have been so shrewd as Hamlet was under the continual soundings of those two smooth-tongued courtiers, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Again, if Hamlet had been really mad, there would have been times during his lucid intervals (for every one must admit that he had such) when his words doubtless would have contradicted others spoken in his mad moments. But on the contrary, we find that all his statements harmonize.

From the moment when Hamlet returned from Wittenburg, and found all things so changed, he felt that henceforth he was destined to be misunderstood. But his mind was too strong to be entirely overwhelmed by these circumstances. He felt his reserve strength, and he gloried in the fact that he still could control his words, and conceal in a measure, his thoughts; and so, we find him frequently toying with words, and we can see that he often makes his cynicism the outlet of his deeper feelings. The key to Hamlet's strength of character is in these words: "Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me." Do these words sound like those of a madman?

In contrast to the true-heartedness of Ophelia we may place the shallow nature of the queen. Extremely weak, she was, in character, but her guilt was of a thoughtless rather than a malicious kind. One redeeming quality in the queen was her constant loyalty to her son. With her last breath she spoke the name of Hamlet. We can hardly imagine how she could, so soon after the death of her most worthy husband, have given herself to Claudius, that villain and murderer. Once only, and that during her interview with Hamlet, there seemed to be the shadow of a regret for her conduct; but that soon passed away. It was so much easier and more convenient to believe Hamlet mad, than to trouble herself with the accusations of an awakened conscience.

It is quite natural that the king, with his double nature, should be able to deceive his not over-keen wife. No doubt he always appeared at his best when in her presence. But, when out of the queen's hearing, when his cruel plots were occupying him; then the full villainy of his nature is revealed.

Of Polonius we have said little, chiefly because there is not much to say. Any one who had merely a speaking acquaintance with him doubtless would have considered him a philosopher. He was certainly an excellent propounder of other men's ideas.

Horatio, Hamlet's friend, was a pleasant character. He was an ordinary man, quiet, sympathetic, but without action.

Laertes was quite the opposite, rash, versatile, and active; ready in the
morning to plot with the king against Hamlet, and equally willing before night to ask Hamlet's pardon.

We could wish that more prominence had been given to Fortinbras, but perhaps all was said that was necessary to the play. Taken apart, in another drama, Fortinbras would have made an excellent hero. He was the most well-balanced character in the play.

The whole drama is very pleasant and easy to read,—chiefly because all rush is avoided. Yet, monotony, which one might expect, is prevented by the introduction of a goodly number of interesting events. There is, of course, suspense in the play, but Shakespeare (it seems, out of sympathy for Hamlet,) brings in quieting scenes,—such as that prolonged interview of Hamlet with the players, and, also, the scene in the church-yard.

Hamlet, after his return from the university, seems like a shipwrecked man cast upon a sea of difficulties, and so overwhelmed by the greatness of his surroundings that he has no courage to make for the shore. True, he does attempt a few feeble strokes, but, for the most part, he is merely carried along by the tide, and the whole great ocean of events rushes him on to the final accomplishment of his purpose.

The Faculty of Amherst have suspended the entire Freshman class. The class refused to attend any hours until three of their number, who were suspended for trouble in the cane rush, were reinstated.—Ec.

THE FAIRY MESSENGER.

In the elfin halls how the bright lamps glint! Are ye weary of dancing, Fairies, say? Then gather around me here and listen: My brothers, I visited earth to-day.

For our king, yestreen, thought the winter broken, He heard in his sleep the feet of Spring On the far hill-tops, and desired some token, That I, perchance, from the earth might bring.

So I journeyed far through the dim recesses, Till I came to the upper world at last;— To a hill-side the sun's last ray caresses, The spot where his farewell gleam is cast.

I stood and gazed; 'twas the time enchanted That mortals have named the sunset hour; I looked to the west whence the gold rays slanted; It blossomed and glowed like a living flower.

The pool, that lay in a mossy hollow, Was rippled all over with waves of light, And a spring-brook flowed far as eye could follow, Like a river of Elland, golden bright.

Then I thought of my quest and turned me quickly To look for some signs of the coming spring; But the dead brown leaves in the clefts lay thickly; In the woods below was no bird to sing.

But, shading my eyes from the bright pool's shimmer, I looked across to the other side, And caught, 'mid the brownness there, a glimmer Of green, that the dead leaves could not hide.

So I launched a curled up leaf on the water, And found a needle of pine for an oar; On the rosy waves I did not loiter, But quickly sculled to the other shore.

And lo! 'mid the tangle, a pale sweet flower, That bloomed 'neath the careless glance of Spring As she passed that way in an idle hour;— Behold the token to you I bring.
We must pour the rains from our urns of silver,
And waken the sleeping souls of the flowers,
Till the blooms on the hill-sides start and quiver,
And the sunlight streams through blossoming bowers.

Till the violets bloom in the wayside places,
And the banks are white with anemones,
And the fairy bluebells bow their faces,
Beneath the feet of the passing breeze.

Then hasten, elves, to the work before us;
To the breeze our banners of green we'll fling,
And the birds shall tell in a joyful chorus,
To mortals the tidings, "'Tis spring, 'tis spring!"

CAVOUR.

BY W. B. S., '92.

He alone immortalizes his name who rears his own monument. He makes that immortality a noble one, who chisels his monument out of a block of pure, unselfish character; who carves the corner-stone of love and the capital of the same material. Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon made self their aim, ambition their motive, and who really honors one of them? Their brilliancy may command admiration; their motive, never applause.

Rarely are nobility of conception and brilliancy in execution so well blended as in the person of Camillo Benso di Cavour—a nobility that could suffer no trespassing upon the people's rights, that was engaged only in contriving plans for their betterment—a brilliancy that enabled him to accomplish the most difficult, the most complicated task of the nineteenth century, under the most trying circumstances with which any man has been surrounded—qualities that placed him, not in that proud galaxy of modern European statesmen, Bismarck, Gladstone, and Metternich, but above them all. He excels Gladstone in executive power, Bismarck in liberalism, and Metternich in both.

Entering the arena in 1847 he found Italy, the victim of her own beauty and historic interest, the possession of Austria, France, and, worst of all, the Church—worst because it was the power of the clergy that made the domination of other despots possible. Charles Albert sat on the throne of Sardinia; but between the claims of Louis Napoleon, the Austrian Emperor, and the Pope, he did scarcely more. Already conscious of his country's need and determined to answer it, he had spent considerable time in France and England acquainting himself with modern politics in general. Resolved not to barter the liberty of his countrymen for the freedom of his country, and persuaded that the elevation of a government depended on the elevation of the governed, his first task was the internal improvement of Italy. This was accomplished by the building of railways and other means of communication, the encouragement of agriculture, and the repeal of obnoxious laws.

He next turned his attention to politics. Eleven years in the ministry, nine at its head, practically mark the whole of his political career. Yet this was ample time wherein to create a nation. After setting papal power at defiance at the cost of excommunication, Cavour began to contrive means to place Sardinia among the recognized powers of Europe. More sagacious than his asso-
ciates, he saw in the Crimean war his opportunity. Tchernaya tells the tale. Like Phillip of Macedon, the Italian statesman determined to complete his work by demanding for himself, as Sardinia’s representative, a seat at the great peace congress. He became a member of the Amphictyonic Council and Sardinia became a state of Europe. Then, eager for the union of all Italy and aware that Sardinia could not achieve it alone, he conciliated French aid. The result was Solferino and Italian regeneration, and subsequent unity. Such is the brilliant history of his brief career.

We can appreciate the greatness of his work only when we count the difficulties that attended it. The land he was to unify was divided into a score of petty states, each under a jealous ruler of its own. The great conservative statesman, Metternich, was bending every energy to defeat him. The extreme democratic faction in Italy itself, under Mazzini, lent the bitterest opposition; Garibaldi, the people’s idol, intoxicated with his miraculous success, momentarily threatened to destroy everything by his honest zeal; and, worst of all, the crafty priesthood was madly opposed to him and his purpose. The magnitude of its opposition is best illustrated in the words of Victor Emmanuel to Lamarmora, then departing for the East with the army: “Ah, general, happy you! You go to fight soldiers; I remain to fight monks and nuns.” Yet, despite all this opposition, he never lost sight of his one great, all-absorbing purpose. Though his power was so great that the Turinese described it by saying, “We have a government, a chamber, a constitution; the name for all of it is Cavour”—though such was his power, he possessed a patriotism that would under no circumstances harbor a thought of self-aggrandizement. He could fire the people with revolutionary energy without inspiring the revolutionary contempt for law. Without impeding the dread engine of reform he kept it on the rails. The wonder is that, endowed with so much power, he contrived to show so little of it. A king in reality, he conducted himself as every man’s equal. Of such a character, it is hardly surprising that his early death should not materially influence the course of his work. Metternich and Bonaparte lived to see the fabrics they had wrought begin to crumble, while Cavour’s death chamber was penetrated with the gleaming rays of unqualified success. The reason is plain. He lived in the nineteenth century; they existed in the nineteenth and acted in the eighteenth. He worked with the tendencies of the age, they against them. The countryman of Dante, Michael Angelo, and Raphael, they outshine him not. They created noble works of art, he a country; they pleased the people, he made them capable of pleasure. No, his glory can never fade. The record of a happier people, a nobler government, a benefited Europe, will stand a constellation assuring his immortality, long after all the flashing meteors of the nineteenth century have been forgotten.

+++ A law school for women has been established in New York City.—Ex.
THE VALUE OF COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

By E. F. S., '90.

As soon as the timid Freshman arrives at Parker Hall, this is the first sound that greets his ears: "How do you do, Smith? Glad to see you! Made up your mind yet which society you'll join?" If Smith looks dazed at the mention of the word "society," he is a good subject, for he is not prejudiced either way, and so every one sets to work showing off his society to the best advantage in the hope of gaining this promising specimen for his collection. But it is not my purpose here to discuss the merits of any particular society, but to speak of the value of college literary societies in general. The full programme and full meetings of these societies, the fact that they have been well supported for almost twenty years, the interest shown in them, both by their members at the present time and by the alumni who have been members in the past—all these make clear to us the fact that there is value here in some form. Now what is this value?

On the twenty-fourth page of our catalogue we learn that these societies are "for improvement in writing and speaking." Now, if this is the object, the value of the society will be the attainment of this object, and just so far as improvement in writing and speaking is gained, so far will a society be valuable to its members and the community. Now let us see how our societies, by their meetings and by their influence, promote this improvement. Improvement in writing and speaking is gained by practice. The programmes of our meetings are wisely arranged to give each member some important part at least once a term. Beside this each member can take part in the discussions, thus gaining excellent drill in extemporaneous speaking.

And if this does not satisfy his thirst for practice, let him go stormy evenings, and he will often be allowed to take the place of some one who is absent, and might perhaps even be made one of the "principal disputants." There is one important thing to be considered when speaking of this matter of practice, and that is the audience. The persons before whom the young orator or poet is obliged to appear are all acquaintances,—the members of the society. This does not generally lessen the need of calmness and self-possession—two valuable qualities which can only be gained by practice before an audience. It is a good test of one's ability as a speaker if he can speak well before his friends.

Again, in a college literary society all its members are engaged in literary work the greater part of the time, or are supposed to be, therefore the speaker has an appreciative audience, an audience that knows when he does well and when he doesn't. But even in the latter case, no one will criticise too severely for it may be his turn next week, and then he will "get paid in his own coin." Moreover, be assured that the benefits gained by practice in the miniature world, known as the College Literary Society, will by no means be left behind when the student, non senior sed alumnus, goes
down the familiar street for the last time on his way to the railroad station. No, rather, they will go with him through all his after life, and some time when people are listening breathless (?) to the bursts of eloquence and flowing cadences of a Decoration-Day orator, with an impressive gesture he may point them Batesward and declare to them: "There got I this knowledge, there, as a society man, laid I the foundation of this eloquence."

In the literary society, as in many other places in the world, much can be learned by profiting by another's experience. If a man sees a weak place in another's argument, he can take pains that the same fault does not occur in his own. The discussions on questions of vital importance are a great source of information (?) to those eager for improvement. By "reading up," a person can get a thorough understanding of a question and form his opinions, then by hearing the subject discussed, he can correct these opinions if necessary, and add more knowledge to that which he had in the beginning! This getting of information, together with the expression of one's own ideas on the subject, should form the central and most important feature of the meetings of literary societies.

So we see that the cable of a literary society's strength and value is made up of these three strands: practice, profit gained from another's experience, and general information. But in addition to these three large strands, there are several little threads, weak in themselves, yet useful in giving a round finished appearance to the whole fabric. One of these smaller strands is the promotion of sociability and good feeling. A literary society, drawing its members from all the classes, gives to them a common bond of sympathy—a common interest in something that concerns them all alike.

In the secret societies of other colleges, this small strand is probably one of the strongest in their whole cable. With them it is society first and class second.

There yet remains two more strands which are needed to complete the value of our literary societies. The first is closely entwined about practice and teaches the proper transaction of business. Everything in the model literary society is done "decently and in order."

Now comes the last strand. At the beginning of the fall term everything relating to society work is booming. No one is considered at all patriotic if he does not put in his oar for his own society both "in season and out of season." The reason for this is very easily stated,—this is the time when "they take the Freshmen in, sir." Does not this give valuable training in politics? Perhaps this last strand would be best described as wiry!

So we see that the college literary society in all its departments is a great training school where every Friday evening the student takes the object lessons which are to fit him for work in years to come. And their value is, primarily, that they "give improvement in writing and speaking," but
secondarily, they are useful in promoting good feeling among the students, and in giving training in the transactions of business and in politics.

COMMUNICATION.

To My College Friends:

I WOULD state by way of introduction that as no one is in the room with me the pronoun I will be used in the following communication.

January 1, 1890, I was installed as pastor of the Great Falls Free Baptist Church—you may readily see how it might convey a false impression, if I were to write "we were installed," etc. Well, at the installation services a certain clergyman alluded to Herbert Spencer's definition of life, "the continuous adjustment of the internal relations with the external relations." Another clergyman in welcoming me to the city declared this to be a "perfect definition of a boiling tea-kettle," and added, "Now we do not want any tea-kettle religion." Some weeks later at a union temperance meeting I stated that there were three kinds of tea-kettle religion and three corresponding kinds of temperance work. First, there is the church that has no fire under it whatever and never boils. Second, the church that has a quick wood fire and boils over but as quickly collapses; and third, the church that has a coal fire burning steadily and is always boiling, and added "May God help us to have perfect internal relations, perfect external relations, and a perfect adjustment of the two that we may have a religion that shall boil all the time."

Now what is true in religion is true in every department of life. A certain class cry down enthusiasm simply because they possess none themselves. Another class cry it down because the word is so often associated with those who boil up to-day and freeze down to-morrow. But there is a state in which the motive power and the working power are perfectly adjusted and success becomes as certain as the motive power itself. Those in this class boil not necessarily "over" nor "under," but they boil, and they boil continuously.

The great question then arises, Have I the right motive power within me? Well, what is your aim? Have you any definite object in life? or are you aimlessly wandering down the years waiting for something to turn up? If so, you need never to expect a general conflagration as a result of your enthusiasm. You are an object lesson, a cold kettle on a very cold stove. But suppose you have a definite aim in life. I care not what it may be. The question is this, Is it selfish or unselfish? Are you seeking simply your own success, your own popularity, your own fame? If so you become an object lesson to the inhabitants of the world above. As they watch they will see you boil over with enthusiasm when you succeed and collapse with discouragement and chagrin when you fail. Your internal relations are not properly adjusted to Him who controls the universe. Your motive power is not what it should be. Your life will be fitful, uncertain, and unsatisfactory. You boil over to-day because you succeed;
to-morrow success ceases and the fire dies out. Success instead of principle was the fuel, the motive power; and success is uncertain.

But now adjust your relations properly. First ask God to arrange your internal relations so that it shall be God working in you first to \textit{will} and then to \textit{do} of his good pleasure, then perfectly adjust these relations to God's will in the world. Seek simply to be at the disposal of Him who sees the end from the beginning. Have one purpose, and that to find your place and God's mind; one ambition, and that perfectly to fill it.

God is the very center of this universe. He understands his own purposes. Time and Eternity will reveal one stupendous plan. He who has infinite wisdom knows what is best; He who has infinite love always does what is best; He who has infinite power will eventually have His own will done, because He will have the best done. Every true life will, therefore, find its motive power in God's will simply because His will is the best, and every true man desires always and ever to do the best and be the best. And by this term is meant not the best in comparison with others, but the best within one's own possibilities.

When a man lives near enough to God to know God's will he has a motive power that will never fail until God fails. When a man is fully surrendering his will to God's will then is seen the picture of perfect internal relations, perfect external relations, and a perfect adjustment of the two. The result is life; life that lives; life that means more than simple existence; life that squares and cubes itself like the life of Christ; life which in its length and breadth and depth is eternal because it is filled eternally with all the fullness of God. Then the farmer, the mechanic, the philanthropist, the statesman, the teacher, the pupil, the poet, the housewife, any person in any employment or state that accords with God's will becomes a workman for God. And the most menial duties are touched with sublimity because they are a part of the King's work, and that part which has been intrusted to you. Such a motive power never fails for the man who knows he has found his place knows he is certain of success, he is doing the best thing and has God's approval.

And now a word as to adjusting these relations of life to God's will. The great trouble with men in this respect is they are lazy. On the diamond the great fault of the boys is they won't practice. And in the class-room the great fault is they have not practiced. And when they put up their sign over the law office the same tendency follows them and they still want practice. We must look ahead and prepare for the future. We must practice vigorously during the fall and winter if we are to win the championship in the spring. So we need to practice vigorously the Lord's prayer, "Thy will be done in my heart this moment as it is done in heaven," this moment if we would be a success in eternity. And when the prophet cries out in warning tones "Prepare to meet thy God" he means more than convers-
sion, he means just what the base-ball captain means when he says, "Boys, we must practice every day and win the pennant in the spring."

Every day we live we are winning or losing the pennant, boys, whether it be on the ball field or in our chosen profession, or in the "great day of the battle of God Almighty." Victory is but the crowning of past effort. Victory on the ball field or at the day of graduation, or in our chosen profession, or at the great white throne, or victory a million years hence in eternity, one and all can be but the accumulation of the victories now over the "I can'ts" and the "I don't want tos" of the present. May God assist every college student to resolve, "I will live in the present that I may in the future," and to say, "I will now perfectly adjust my relations to God's will that I may be a success from His standpoint during time and throughout eternity." Thus your life will forever be an object lesson, explaining the scientific definition of life as it is often given, "the sum total of the functions that resist death," and illustrating the continuous adjustment of the internal relations to the external relations.

F. W. Sandford, '86.

There are doubtless some of our students who are desirous of obtaining, during the vacation season, employment which will be agreeable and also materially increase their income. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, writes us that they will be pleased to correspond with those parties, and feel confident that such correspondence will result in mutual profit.—Ed.

LOCALS.

Question, please?

Ah there, Garnet!

A new grand-stand has been erected on the ball ground.

The Seniors are taking Analytical Chemistry under Prof. B. G. W. Cushman.

Chase, '91, who has been absent for some time on account of ill health, has returned to the class.

In German Class—"You may translate Mr. M." Mr. M.—"Am I a sinner?" Prof.—"Perhaps you had better not pause there, Mr. M."

A great interest is taken in studying the laws of gravity. The gentlemen are making experiments in the new hammock (?) before Parker Hall.

Prof. (to Senior)—"Now, Mr. P., you may give the constituents of a garnet." Mr. P. (absent mindedly)—"Class histories, statistics, pictures, and—h'm—I mean—" Prof.—"That will do, Mr. P."

The Freshmen celebrated Arbor Day with another of their famous class rides. Dined in the cool breeze of Lake Auburn, and reported a first-class time. Their capacity for enjoyment is unbounded.

The experiment made last year of having students trained at Harvard for gymnasium instruction has been quite successful; enough so, that the college has decided to pursue the same method another year.

Arbor Day was observed with the usual festivities at Bates. Quite a number of trees were planted about
THE BATES STUDENT.

the campus; some of them so carefully that the same place may be thus employed another year. The majority, however, fell on good ground and will doubtless flourish.

A most enjoyable occasion was the recent reception given to the Junior class by Miss Prescott, '91, at her home in Auburn. With conversation-cards, music, and refreshments, the guests passed a very pleasant evening, and reached, all too soon, that last interesting article on the programme, the "Promenade à la Delsarte."

The following are the games yet to be played in the Maine College League:

May 24—Bates vs. M. S. C, Lewiston.
May 31—Bates vs. Bowdoin, Lewiston.
June 4—Bates vs. Bowdoin, Waterville.
June 7—M. S. C. vs. Colby, Bangor.
June 10—Bates vs. Bowdoin, Waterville.

Bowdoin, 10; Bates, 3.

Bates played its first game at Brunswick, May 3d. The result, although disappointing many of the Bates admirers, did not discourage them. The following is the score:

**BOWDOIN.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A.B. R.</th>
<th>E. T.B. S.H. F.O.</th>
<th>A. E.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Packard, 1b,</td>
<td>4 1 1 1</td>
<td>0 10 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thompson, r.f.,</td>
<td>3 2 4 0</td>
<td>0 0 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fish, c.,</td>
<td>4 1 1 1</td>
<td>10 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jordan, c.f.,</td>
<td>5 0 1 1</td>
<td>1 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hutchinson, l.f.,</td>
<td>4 3 2 4</td>
<td>1 1 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hilton, s.s.,</td>
<td>5 1 2 4</td>
<td>0 3 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Freeman, 2b.,</td>
<td>5 1 2 4</td>
<td>0 2 3 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spring, 3b.,</td>
<td>5 0 0</td>
<td>0 1 2 1 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Downes, p.,</td>
<td>5 0 1 2</td>
<td>0 1 8 0</td>
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Totals, 40 10 12 21 4 27 18 4

**BATES.**

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<th>A. E.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hoffman, c.,</td>
<td>4 1 1 1</td>
<td>0 6 2</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wilson, p.,</td>
<td>4 1 1 1</td>
<td>1 0 8 6</td>
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<tr>
<td>Putnam, l.f.,</td>
<td>4 0 2 3</td>
<td>0 3 0 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pennell, 2b.,</td>
<td>3 0 0</td>
<td>0 1 1 1 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chase, 1b.,</td>
<td>4 0 1 1</td>
<td>0 12 1 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Day, 3b.,</td>
<td>4 0 1 1</td>
<td>0 3 4 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whitcomb, c.f.,</td>
<td>4 0 0</td>
<td>0 0 1 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martin, r.f.,</td>
<td>3 1</td>
<td>0 0 0 0 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Garcelon, s.s.,</td>
<td>3 0 1 1</td>
<td>0 1 4 1 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Totals, 33 3 7 8 1 27 21 5

Innings, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Bowdoin, 3 2 1 0 2 0 0 1 1—10
Bates, 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0—3


The scheduled game between Bates and Colby for May 10th, was postponed on account of rain.

Bates played its second game May 14th. This time with Colby and for the second time was defeated, "still there is hope" was the general sentiment of the college after hearing from the game. The following is the score:

Colby, 8; Bates, 1.

**STATISTICS OF THE SENIOR CLASS.**

Mary F. Angell: Age, 21; height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 120 pounds; brown hair and eyes; fitted at Lewiston High School; politics, Republican; religious belief, Free Baptist; intended occupation, teaching.

Mary Brackett: Age, 21; height, 5 feet 4 inches; weight, 127 pounds; auburn hair; blue eyes; fitted at Latin School; politics, Republican; religious belief, Free Baptist; intended occupation, teaching.

Herbert B. Davis: Age, 22; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 145 pounds; brown hair; blue eyes; fitted at New Hampton Institute; politics, Republican; intended occupation, teaching.

Eli Edgecomb: Age, 25; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 125 pounds; brown hair; blue eyes; fitted at New Hampton Institute; politics, Republican; intended occupation, teaching.

William F. Garcelon: Age, 21; height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 145 pounds; brown hair;
blue eyes; fitted at Lewiston High School; politics, Republican; religious belief, Congregationalist; intended occupation, law.

George F. Garland: Age, 22; height, 5 feet 11½ inches; weight, 165 pounds; brown hair; gray eyes; fitted at Northwood Seminary; politics, independent; religious belief, Free Baptist; intended occupation, medicine.

George H. Hamlen: Age, 24; height, 6 feet 3 inches; weight, 175 pounds; dark brown hair; hazel eyes; fitted at Conant Classical Institute; politics, independent; religious belief, Free Baptist; intended occupation, ministry.

Blanche Howe: Age, 22; height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 125 pounds; black hair; blue eyes; politics, Republican; fitted at Lewiston High School; religious belief, Free Baptist; intended occupation, teaching.

Edward W. Morrell: Age, 28; height, 5 feet 10 inches; weight, 150 pounds; brown hair; blue eyes; fitted at Latin School; politics, Democrat; religious belief, Congregationalist; intended occupation, teaching.

Herbert V. Neal: Age, 21; height, 6 feet; weight, 165 pounds; black hair; gray eyes; fitted at Lewiston High School; politics, Republican; religious belief, Congregationalist; intended occupation, teaching.

Franklin B. Nelson: Age, 28; height, 5 feet 9 inches; weight, 148 pounds; brown hair; blue eyes; fitted at Lyndon Institute; politics, prohibitionist; religious belief, Congregationalist; intended occupation, ministry.

Charles J. Nichols: Age, 21; weight, 145 pounds; height, 5 feet 11 inches; brown hair; blue eyes; fitted at Latin School; religious belief, Congregationalist; intended occupation, undecided.

Arthur N. Peaslee: Age, 23; brown hair; blue eyes; fitted at Arms Academy; politics, Democrat; religious belief, Protestant Episcopal; intended occupation, undecided.

Frank S. Pierce: Age, 29; height, 6 feet 1½ inches; weight, 165 pounds; brown hair; gray eyes; fitted at Latin School; politics, independent; religious belief, Free Baptist; intended occupation, ministry.

Herbert J. Piper: Age, 24; height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 135 pounds; brown hair; gray eyes; fitted at Maine Central Institute; politics, Republican; religious belief, Free Baptist; intended occupation, undecided.

Jennie L. Pratt: Age, 21; height, 5 feet 3 inches; weight, 98 pounds; black hair; dark brown eyes; fitted at Edward Little High School; politics (?); religious belief, Congregationalist; intended occupation, undecided.

Edward M. Singer: Age, 28; weight, 168; height, 5 feet 10 inches; brown hair; blue eyes; fitted at New Hampton Institute; politics, independent; religious belief, Congregationalist; intended occupation, ministry.

Ellen F. Snow: Age, 22; height, 5 feet 7 inches; brown hair; blue eyes; fitted at Biddeford High School; politics, Republican; religious belief, Congregationalist; intended occupation, teaching.

Charles S. F. Whitcomb: Age, 23; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 170 pounds; brown hair and eyes; fitted at Francestown Academy; politics, Republican; intended profession, medicine.

Mabel V. Woodman: Age, 22; height, 5 feet 10 inches; weight, 152 pounds; brown hair; gray eyes; fitted at Melrose High School; politics, Republican; religious belief, Congregationalist; intended occupation, teaching.

William H. Woodman: Age, 22; height, 5 feet 10 inches; weight, 152 pounds; brown hair; gray eyes; fitted at Melrose High School; politics, Republican; religious belief, Congregationalist; intended occupation, undecided.

PERSONALS.

[Alumni, especially those whose names have not lately appeared in these columns, would confer a great favor upon the editors by sending to the STUDENT any Items of Information in regard to themselves, or other graduates.]

ALUMNI.

'81.—Rev. H. E. Foss is to remain another year at Hallowell, as pastor of the Methodist Church, with an increase of salary.

'83.—C. J. Atwater, Esq., of Seymour, Conn., is married to Miss Jennie C. Taylor.

'83.—Rev. W. H. Barber has been re-appointed pastor of the Methodist Church at North Augusta.

'84.—Rev. H. C. Lowden, who lately resigned the pastorate of the Free Bap-
tist Church at Canton, has accepted a call to the Second Free Baptist church at North Berwick, and will begin his pastorate the second Sunday in June.

'85.—W. V. Whitman delivered the valedictory address, at his recent graduation from the medical department of the University of Southern California. Dr. Whitman is now Interne of the County Hospital, Los Angeles, California.

'87.—Fairfield Whitney, principal of Greeley Institute, Cumberland Center, has been very successful in building up the school. Under his management it has increased rapidly in popularity and usefulness. Mr. Whitney is spending a part of his vacation at Bates, studying Analytical Chemistry.

'87.—E. K. Sprague took his degree at the Boston College of Physicians and Surgeons, April 16th.

'88.—B. W. Tinker has accepted the principalship of the Peters High School, Southboro, Mass.

'89.—C. D. Blaisdell has been licensed as a local preacher by the Fourth Quarterly Conference of the High Street M. E. Church.

'89.—A. E. Hatch has regular engagements to preach at Rochester and Farmington.

**BATES OBSERVATORY MEETING.**

At their meeting in Boston, April 17th, the Observatory Committee voted:

1. That the Committee will begin work on the Observatory as soon as Mrs. Wakefield shall deliver to the College a deed of the necessary land for the enlargement of the lot, and the sum of $4,000 shall be raised by Lewiston and Auburn.

2. That O. B. Cheney, the donor of the $30,000, the Professor-elect of Astronomy, J.

L. H. Cobb, and Geo. C. Chase, be a Sub-Committee to have the above business in hand, and to prosecute the work."

Mrs. Wakefield, it will be remembered, has generously offered as a gift the land necessary to enlarge the site; and the Lewiston Board of Trade have already taken measures toward raising $4,000 in Lewiston and Auburn.

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**EXCHANGES.**

The University Argus publishes a lengthy poem on Goldsmith as a Humorist. Most of what is said in it the author, we doubt not, would have said much better in prose, yet we do not wish to discourage such attempts at verse for we believe that the college journal is the place to give the amateur muse a chance to soar. The rhyme and metre go very well for the most part. Perhaps the worse fault is the unhappy use of metaphors rudely clothed. There are also numerous instances of lines added simply to complete a couplet and of words chosen simply to make the rhyme. We must never forget that good poetry upon such a subject, and perhaps we might add all subjects, is first-class prose crystallized in the form of rhyme and metre. It is then a task requiring uncommon skill and taste and not a little inspiration to render our ideas upon such a subject in good poetry. But we are glad to see such an attempt and enjoy reading it much more than the silly jingle about pretty maidens with sighing lovers which is so much in vogue. To write a few lines of this latter sort requires only a few hours of flirtation.
and one or two dew-drops of sentiment, while to take a subject upon which a good prose article can be written and come even as near to success in treating it in verse as the writer has done in the poem which we have criticised, shows at least a taste for what is worthy of the name of poetry, and we are compelled to respect and even admire the ambition, purpose, and effort, though we may not spare criticism of execution. Moreover we are certain that no one can make such an effort without receiving benefit to himself therefrom. Indeed, we believe that the mental discipline gained in writing such a piece is even greater than in writing prose. Now mental discipline is what every student is striving to gain, and we would not, therefore, have it understood that we criticise to discourage. On the contrary, we shall be much pleased to see these efforts take the place of the accustomed sentimental doggerel.

The prize essay in the Pennsylvania College Monthly on Scott's "Lady of the Lake," is rather the best literary production that has come under our eyes in any college journal for some time. The writer has studied the poem thoroughly, and has given us the results of his study in a pleasing and scholarly manner. His comments upon some of the most striking passages, and especially upon Ellen, Fitz-James, Roderick, and Malcolm, are of such a character as greatly to assist the imagination in appreciating them, and one could, after reading this article, re-read the poem with profit. Of the poet himself the writer says:

The "Lady of the Lake" is pre-eminently the poem in which Scott gave free rein to all that "peculiar passion for what is majestic" or imposing in nature, as well as to his love for the romantic. The song begins:

"'Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,"

and its burden is

"Knighthood's dauntless deed and Beauty's matchless eye."

Here the poet loses himself in his surroundings. Amid all the wild natural freedom and the romantic liberty of the sturdy Highlanders he pours forth his song, heedless as the nightingale of his hearers. He cares nothing for the "censure sharp" which "may idly cavil at an idle lay."

Here we see, more than elsewhere, the spontaneity of his verse, at once dashing and winning. Here we see the "poetry of careless glance and reckless rhyme" at its best advantage. The brilliancy of the Poet's imagination dances and sparkles on the hasty and buoyant song, like "The moon on Monan's rill." And yet this easy way is not heedlessness. In the "Lady of the Lake," the Poet catches every contrast of light and shadow, both in the characters he presents and in the scenery he depicts. And all this is done with a vivacity and grace which charm his critics and fascinate all. Like a Highland rill, his thoughts flowed on, in liquid melody and crystal brightness, along banks studded with rocks that break the dashing current into diamond spray. No impurities mingle with the stream. The shadows which darken its surface are those of grateful trees and towering mountains.

The initial number of the Brown Magazine is at hand. We have been able to give it only a hasty glance, but are favorably impressed with its general appearance, and think it in every way a publication that will rank high among college magazines. We welcome it upon our exchange list.

Colleges, such as they are, are increasing at the rate of fifteen per year in the United States.—Ex.
MAGAZINE NOTICES.

The May number of the Atlantic Monthly has for its opening article "Henrik Ibsen; His Early Literary Career as Poet and Playwright." It shows the formative period of Ibsen's development without a knowledge of which one cannot understand his literary character or his later career as a dramatic poet.

Agnes Repplier has an article on "Literary Shibboleths" which is one of the cleverest things in the May number. It is a plea for an honest confession of our real tastes in literature, and a warning against being carried away by literary fashions.

The Century for May, the month of Memorial Day is made notable by the number and variety of articles it contains which concern our national life and history.

The Outing for May is as interesting as ever. The illustrations are very enjoyable and commendable.

REVIEW.


This is a spicy little book combining pleasure and profit. The author's design in the publication of this book seems to have been to weave into his really entertaining and instructive description truths of history that have hitherto been either misunderstood or set forth by former historians in a very disconnected manner. The author has made his book suggestive rather than exhaustive, stimulating in the reader the desire to know more of those pre-revolutionary struggles which gave to the Thirteen Colonies their military education, and, more than anything else, made the struggle for independence a success.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The Mohammedan College at Cairo, Egypt, is the oldest in the world. It was founded eight hundred years before Oxford.—Lehigh Burr.

The Czar of Russia has suppressed the University of St. Petersburg. This university took a most prominent part in the late student troubles.—Ex.

The continued success of the Harvard Annex, and the bright prospects of the Columbia Annex, otherwise Barnard College, are evidence of the eagerness with which young women seize the opportunity of pursuing the course of a great university, even while conscious that they cannot receive the university diploma.—Mail and Express.

This year, for the first time, Kentucky University has opened its doors to women. Already twenty names are enrolled.—Ex.

The idea of making journalism a special branch of study has succeeded so well at Cornell that the plan is to be shortly adopted at the University of Pennsylvania.—Ex.

Dohm, '90, of Princeton, has a remarkable record as a runner. From May 9, 1888, to October 5, 1889, he ran in 81 races in which he took 25 first prizes, three seconds, and three thirds. In every race he ran from scratch.—Yale News.
Before setting out on her mission to restore to her king his throne, Joanna was commanded not to yield to earthly love. In the act before this, she has broken that command by yielding to a sudden love for an English prince whom she met on the field of battle. In the following scene, which occurs just before the coronation of her king at Rheims, she is in despair about her sin in this matter.

ACT IV.
(Place, a gaily decorated palace. The pillars are wound with festoons; behind the stage, flutes and hautboys are heard.)

SCENE FIRST.
Joanna.
The weapons rest, the storm of war is ended,
On bloody battles follow song and dance,
Through all the streets are song and music blended,
With festal splendor church and altar glance;
And many an arch of green above is bended,
While sculptured beauty, twining wreaths enhance.
Wide Rheims for all her guests cannot provide,
Who seek her festival from far and wide.
A common joy is thrilling all with gladness,
And one thanksgiving beats in every breast;
Those, who but now were filled with bloody madness,
Transported share the universal zest.
Each royal kinsman now forgets all sadness,
In conscious pride exulting with the rest.
Its former splendor her old crown has won,
And France does homage to her royal son.
Yet me, who all this glory have been earning,
This universal joy does not move me;
My heart is changed, and all my efforts spurning,
From this grand festival it turns to flee;
Back to the British camp 'tis ever turning,
And over to the foe its look sweeps free;
So from the peaceful circle I must steal,
My bosom's heavy guilt thus to conceal.

What? I? The likeness of a man
Do I in my pure bosom cherish?
Must this heart, strong in Heaven's plan,
From earthly love now weakly perish?
Shall I, the Saviour of my land,
The warrior raised by God's own hand,
Be lovesick for my land's oppressor?
Can I the pure sun make confessor,
And perish not for very shame?

(The music behind the scene glides into a soft, melting melody.)
Woe is me! Those tones seducing!
How they lead astray my ear!
His voice each is reproducing,
Calling up his image here!
Oh to hear the storm of battle,
And the whizzing lances rattle!
In the conflicts fiercest roar
Courage would I find once more!

Oh these tones, these luring voices,
How they knit my heart with snares!
Every power in my bosom
Loosen they to tender yearning,
Melt to tears of sorrow burning!

Should I have killed him? Could I? When I looked
Into his eyes? Kill him! Ere that had I
The murderous steel into my own breast plunged!
And am I guilty, since I was humane?
Is pity sinful?—Pity! Hearest thou
The voice of pity and humanity
Plead for the others whom thy sword has slain?
Why was it silent when the young Welsh prince,
The tender youth, besought thee for his life?
False heart! Thou liest to everlasting light,
No gentle voice of pity stayed thy might!

Why did I need to look him in the eyes!
The fellow seemed of noble countenance!
With that first look of thine began thy crime,
Unhappy one! Blind tools are sought by God;
With blinded eyes must thou His word fulfill!
Hence by thy looking thou didst lose God's shield;
The toils of Hell then seized thee at their will!

(The flutes sound again; she sinks down in silent sorrow.)
Gentle staff! Would I had never
For the sword discarded thee!
Would that voices in thy branches,
Holy oak, ne'er spoke to me!
Queen of Heaven, would that never
Thou hadst come across my way!
Take, I cannot serve thee ever,
Take away thy crown I pray!

Heaven's gates I saw wide swinging,
And the blessed Virgin's face;
Yet to earth my hope is clinging,
And in heaven it has no place!
Must thou lay on me the mandate,
To conceal my heart so tender,
Which by Heaven was made to feel?

If thou wilt proclaim thy might,
Choose the ones who, free from blight,
In thy house eternal stand;
Send the spirits at thy hand,
Who immortal pureness keep,
Never feel and never weep!
Do not choose a tender maiden,
Not a girl with weak soul laden!

Did the fate of battles move me,
Or disputes of kings that fight?
Innocent my lambs I tended
On the quiet mountain's height.
Yet to royal courts of princes,
Thou hast called me by thy voice;
There to me has guilt been given,
Ah, it was not my own choice.

POT-POURRI.

A SPECIALIST.

I cannot put the heavy shot;
On the track I am not fleet;
But when it comes to the standing jump,
I get there with both feet.
—Brown Verse.

COLLEGE RE-VISITED.

He was a guileless college youth,
That mirrored modesty and truth;
The same old window, same old view—
Ha, ha! the same old pictures, too!

And then he stepped into the closet,
There to me has guilt been given,
Ah, it was not my own choice.

Of his dear sister in a closet;
Then haste the door to open wide,
His guest unbidden stepped inside.
He was a cheery faced old man,
And with apologies began
For calling, and then let him know
That more than fifty years ago,
When he was in his youthful bloom,
He'd occupied that very room;
So thought he'd take the chance, he said.
To see the changes time had made.

"The same old window, same old view—
Ha, ha! the same old pictures, too!"
And then he tapped them with his cane,
And laughed his merry laugh again.

"The same old sofa, I declare!
"Dear me! It must be worse for wear.
The same old shelves!" And then he came And spied the closet door. "The same—
Oh, my!" A woman's dress peeped through.
Quick as he could he closed it to.
He shook his head. "Ah! ah! the same old game; young man; the same old game!"
"Would you my reputation slur?"
The youth gasped; "That's my sister, sir!"
"Ah!" said the old man, with a sigh,
"The same old lie—the same old lie!"
—George Birdseye in Judge.

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

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