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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.
EDITORIAL.

In order to give an account of the Commencement exercises, the next number of the Student will be delayed till after Commencement. The number will be greatly enlarged, and will contain much that will be of interest to alumni and friends. All desiring this number will confer a favor by sending their names to the Business Manager. Subscribers will also rejoice the heart of our manager by paying their subscriptions at once, thus enabling him to settle all bills before vacation.

According to Dr. McKenzie, who recently lectured before our college, the permanent element of education is not a mass of facts, but the spirit and principles underlying those facts.

A string of dates is not history; a series of experiments is not science; imitation of form in marble is not art. There were great principles at work that fixed the dates and caused the battles of history; there is a power behind the scientific experiment that causes the forces of nature to display themselves in phenomena; there must have been a truth in the soul of the
The Bates Student.

artist to be brought out by his chisel, else he is but a stone-cutter.

Education is not permanent if it is content with facts, without piercing through the external and grasping the principles—and they are few—on which those facts depend. Principles will last through time and eternity. They are the education which is permanent.

In the years gone by, and we doubt not it will be the same this year, it has been the custom of many of the boys to leave town before the end of the term. But very few undergraduates, except those that have parts, remain to the Commencement. To be sure there are many that are obliged to leave, having positions for the summer that call them away early; but we are just as certain that many go that are not obliged to do so. Doubtless they think that as soon as the final examinations are passed, their work is ended, and that they have obtained all the benefits of the year. Now their work is not completed, for they should remain to assist their classmates by their presence at least. Moreover, there is more advantage to be derived from the exercises of Commencement week, if they are faithfully attended, than from those of any other two weeks of the year. Besides the graduating exercises, there is the pleasure of attending the alumni meetings, and coming in contact with the former graduates. Then there are always three or four addresses, any one of which we should be very glad to attend at any other time in the year. Every one should remain that possibly can.

It is a duty we owe to ourselves and to our college, and one we shall have the privilege of performing only four times in our life.

Before our next issue, the Trustees of the college will probably meet to make appropriations for the ensuing year. It is this fact that leads us to give expression to what we believe is the sentiment of the students as a body, and that is the desire for new apparatus in the gymnasium. We have a building, but a building without apparatus is not very conducive to muscular development. The apparatus in the "gym." at present may have been good in its day, but that day is long past. We had no idea how deficient our "gym." was in this respect, until we visited several gymnasiums and saw the advantages they offered for exercise. At least, $1,000 should be appropriated for this purpose. This may seem a large sum, but it is in reality very moderate as compared with the amounts expended at other institutions. We think that this sum judiciously expended would put the "gym." into such a condition that it would be a pleasure to exercise. The present lack of interest in athletics may be attributed, in a large measure, to the poor facilities for exercise.

When a student has been running, jumping, and developing muscle in the "gym." throughout our long winter, he is anxious to exhibit his attainments on the ball field, or in the field-day sports. But, when the only exercise he has taken is to walk to his meals three times a day—if it isn't too
stormy,—and to carry an occasional hod of coal, he cannot be expected to have much interest in athletic sports. We sincerely hope that the Faculty, who have always been disposed to listen to the requests of the students, will think of this subject, and lay the matter before the Trustees in such a manner that they will recognize the crying need of the college, and grant this appropriation.

During the past few weeks, the members of the Intercollegiate Oratorical Association of Ohio, have been greatly agitated over a misaward of prizes. The winner of the third honor is proven to have stolen a great part of his composition. This leads us to speak of the advisability of giving prizes. In the case just cited, it has had a tendency to make the young man dishonest, not an unusual effect, if we have been rightly informed. American institutions, seeing the apparent success of the prize system in English universities, have adopted it, but in doing so they have made a mistake. There are many defects in this system, sufficient, indeed, to warrant its removal. Prizes are intended to incite students as a whole to higher endeavor. But they do not have this effect except upon a very few. It is seldom that more than five or six enter for a prize with a real desire or hope to win it. The prize incites only a few of the more ambitious. Upon these few, moreover, the power brought to bear is too energetic. Prize winners often make such strenuous efforts to win the goal that they completely undermine their health. We call to mind a Harvard man that won six thousand dollars in prize money. These great exertions were followed by softening of the brain, which unfit him for any of the active walks of life. Then this giving of prizes makes a merit of that which is not, superior natural gifts. It is no merit for a man to be endowed with ability above his fellows, for he is just as God made him. But it is difficult to make students realize this while our institutions teach just the opposite. College students ought not to need the momentary pressure afforded by prizes. They should possess such a love of study for its own sake, that that alone might arouse them to their highest endeavor.

Dr. McKENZIE, in his opening remarks said, "I expected to speak to Bates College students in Bates College chapel." In these few words two thoughts seem to be implied which perhaps are worth consideration. First, the most natural and fitting place for the exercises of the college is the chapel connected with the college. The practice of taking declamations and lectures designed for the students downtown has very little to recommend it. It may be that a larger audience is secured, but, at the same time, the impression may be conveyed that if the college has anything of special merit to present to the people it will bring it to them, and thus the difficulty of gathering a good audience at the college on ordinary occasions may be increased.

The time and place of any exercise
should be such as to accommodate those most interested in it. It is a question whether students should be required to walk a mile to attend a lecture prepared for them, and one that has a direct bearing upon their work, when it might as well be given a few feet from the rooms of most of them.

Again, when a lecture or entertainment is designed to benefit or amuse a certain class of individuals, it is given only at a disadvantage before a different audience. If a speaker comes from a distance for the purpose of interesting and instructing the students of Bates College, he expects his audience to consist of those students, or at least that they shall constitute a prominent part of it. A lawyer asked to address law students would very likely feel his inspiration oozing out at his fingers’ ends, if, when he rose to speak he should find the law students in two galleries high above his head on each side of him, and before him in the body of the house a mixed assembly in which the few whom he was prepared to benefit were lost in the throng of judges grown old in the legal service, children, and others who, without giving his subject a thought, came to kill time or to please their friends.

It seems as if the students owe it to the men who come here to help them, as well as to themselves to take the front seats in the body of the house on the evening of a lecture.

It would perhaps be well if the managers of the lecture course should see that a sufficient number of these seats are reserved to accommodate all the students, that no one may feel obliged to go a half an hour early to secure his place.

It is undoubtedly true that a man is never possessed of so much restless ambition as when he is very young. The overflowing energy of a young man will carry him over obstacles which, in after life, would be insurmountable. The reason for this is obvious. Most young men fix the goal of their ambition at some point in the scale of human attainment far above them. Life has just blossomed forth, and many pleasant years seem to lie before them. But in spite of the exhilaration of manhood, an unrest fills the young man’s breast, because the goal is so far distant. “Up! up!” says that nameless something within, “and to the work. Those years may all roll by, and yet the goal may not be reached.” With such thoughts as these, the young man begins his lifework, and in the majority of cases pursues it with all the energy he is capable of. He surmounts the difficulties, which in after years would be insurmountable, because his spirit has not been weakened by hard encounters. But here comes the crucial test of his ability to reach the mark of his ambition.

If the young man is not possessed of enough latent force to carry him over the obstacles in his path, and even to accelerate his former rate of advance, the evening of life will find him many a day’s journey from the goal. But when one really possesses this intensity of nature, which has characterized all great men, he will
generally accomplish his life-work in early manhood. All the productive force of his life seems to be concentrated into a few years' work.

This rule is of course not an absolute one, but yet the lives of a majority of great men demonstrate its truth. Alexander at thirty-three years of age, "wept for more worlds to conquer." Scipio Africanus had finished a career of glory before he was thirty-four. At this same age, Papinianus became an oracle of Roman law. Charlemagne had made himself master of France and most of Germany at twenty-nine. Raphael was less than thirty years of age when he began to be called the "Divine Raphael." Milton had written his best miscellaneous poems at twenty-six. Isaac Newton had reached the pinnacle of his knowledge and fame at the age of thirty. Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood before he was twenty-four. The elder William Pitt waged war with Walpole at twenty-seven. Napoleon achieved his victories in Italy at twenty-eight, and wore the imperial crown at thirty-five. Byron had produced his most brilliant works at the age of thirty-four. Henry Kirk White was in his grave at twenty-one, and Mozart at thirty-five. Lafayette was but twenty-three at the siege of Yorktown, and was commander-in-chief of the French National Guards at thirty-three. At the age of thirty-two, Hamilton was Secretary of the United States Treasury, and John Jay was Chief Justice of New York. These are but a few of the notable instances of the attainments of young men.
own materials, and rose by his own strength.

Now what was the secret of his popularity, and why has his name become immortal?

It may shed some light on this question if we compare him with his predecessors. Pope, the idol of the time, was affected, stately, and severely classical. With the exception of Cowper, who wrote in a comparatively narrow range, all the writers of the age made him their model.

Utterly unlike Pope, Burns at once charms us with his naturalness, his spontaneity. He went back to nature and was truly a poet of her own making. He beheld her in all her varied aspects, his soul now plunged in the deepest gloom, now raised to the heights of joy. He looked up to Nature's God, and burst forth in soul-animating strains of worship. It is said of him, "He sings because he must." He must tell what he has seen, and express what he has felt. This is poetry in its purest and intensest form, an outburst of the individual emotions.

He did not go abroad for his subjects, as "Goethe in the Stars," or "Byron on the Ocean," he saw poetry in everything about him. Whatever meets his eager gaze, or lies beneath his feet, he gloriously transfigures. At his touch "the holly leaf turns into emerald."

In his own but "homely rustic jingle," he describes those scenes, rude and humble, which have kindled emotions in his own soul. And this is the secret of his genius. Moved himself, he can move others. The moorland farmer, the shepherd, the "owrie cattle," are sufficient to inspire him.

Vivid imagination, gracefulness, and strength characterize all his descriptions, and clothe them with the garb of reality. No languid poet was he, spurring his genius with fictitious joys and sorrows. Well may the poor claim him as their poet! Himself, a child of poverty, he associated with the lowly, and was amply qualified to portray their experiences. What an exalted picture of true Scottish piety, and the love for home, is his "Cotter's Saturday Night!" Nor does it describe an unusual experience, for, as he says, "From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs." Before Burns, the Scottish peasant's life was cheerless and low. He made the humblest plowman a king, and the merry milkmaid a queen. By the power of his genius the dumb brute is lifted into the range of human sympathies. How strikingly is his peculiar humor displayed in the "Twa Dogs." The habits of their masters are clearly brought out, and the dogs give gratitude to Heaven that they are "na men, but dogs."

The human heart feels no emotion with which Burns cannot sympathize. And sympathy it is which is the grand quality of the man. He sees beauty in universal nature. His poetic soul goes out in pity at the slightest intimation of distress on the part of any one of God's creatures. He does not forget the "owrie cattle," the sheep, or the helpless birds in the pitiless storm. The "Daisy" cut down by the plowshare is to him an emblem of his own sad fate.

A poet for all men and all times, his
memory is the peculiar heritage of Scotland, for he loved his country dearly, and it was the height of his ambition to benefit her. As long as Scotland exists, the hearts of her countrymen will thrill within them, as "Scots wha hae wi Wallace Bled," or "Auld Lang Syne" is sung.

We have found that learning and wealth are not essential to a true poet, and yet we exclaim, "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: it might have been." If Burns, in his short life, exerted such a lasting influence on literature, what might he have done had he been true to his own ideals! We know not but his poetry might have equaled that of a Milton, and might have changed the whole course of British literature. While we love him, we pity him! But, even as it is, he will always be enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, and through the halls of time will sound forth his varied and melodious strains.

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THE LORELEI.

[From the German.]

BY A. C. T., '88.

I know not what it signifies,
Myself so sad I find,
A legend of the olden time
Goes never from my mind.
The air is cool, and it is dark,
And silent flows the Rhine,
The distant mountain tops are bright
With evening's soft sunshine.
The loveliest maid is sitting
Up yonder, wonderous fair,
Her golden garments glitter,
She combs her golden hair.
She combs it with a golden comb,
And sings a song meanwhile,
A song that has a melody
Of wondrous power and wild.

The sailor in the little boat
It fills with wildest dread,
He looks not for the sunken ledge,
He only looks o'erhead.
I fear the waves will swallow up
At last both boat and man!
And this, with her weird singing,
The Lorelei has done.

CONSCIENCE AND LAW.

BY L. G. R., '87.

Deep in the human soul God has implanted the divine faculty of discriminating between right and wrong. This intuitive faculty we call conscience. When men listen to all its whisperings they do right; when they refuse to listen they do wrong. For a faithful conscience is the voice of God, and its utterances are His laws—the decalogue written on the tablet of the heart. Of these changeless laws it has been truly said, "all human statutes are but copies," more or less imperfect, according as the conscience that treasures and reports them is pure and unperverted.

Thus from the laws of a people we may know to what degree their consciences were enlightened. The laws of the ancienst Persians, in spite of the obscuring myths and traditions of ages, shed the truest light on their character. The laws of Lycurgus met the approbation of the Spartans. His code, then, is the expression of the Spartan conscience. By this system the weakly children were exposed to perish, while the strong were separated from their homes to be educated in the art of war.

Solon's laws gave to all Athenian citizens a share in the government, but they secured a preponderating influence
to the higher orders. Contrast these with the laws of our country, under which the ballot of the humblest citizen is as potent as that of the highest. "Equal rights to all men" is the expression of the American conscience.

It is interesting to note the development of the Romans' conscience, as shown in their civil polity. First they were ruled by absolute kings. Then as the Roman conscience became more enlightened, they had the consuls. This gave the people more voice in the government. But the consuls were selected from among the patricians. The plebeians, not satisfied, began to ask for equal rights. When a majority united in the demand, the Licinian Re-gations became law. By this system, one of the consuls was always to be taken from the plebeians. Henceforth Roman citizenship opened to all the avenue to the highest offices in the Roman state.

In France for more than a century before the French Revolution, the conscience of the people was being educated against tyranny and despotism, until at last, like the resistless sea, it broke forth in a great popular cry for representative government.

Even in England, the father once had the power of life or death over his child; so dark were the consciences of our remote ancestors! Through the circling centuries, the English conscience was being enlightened and educated. Yet only about two hundred and fifty years ago, English kings denied freedom of conscience to their subjects. Accordingly our fathers came to this country. When George III., with the laws of centuries of despotism as precedents, denied to the American colonies the right to free themselves from the thrall of his rule, the voice of these men's conscience was heard mightily to cry out:

Up, up, trampled truths; it's a lie, it's a lie,
They may carve State and Altar in characters golden,
But tyranny's symbols are ceasing to win.

Thus it has been in the development of the great conscience of humanity. As people have advanced in intelligence, and as their consciences have become enlightened, laws manifestly unjust have been one by one repealed. So that back over this débris of unreasonable, unjust, sometimes cruel laws, we thread our way to the rough life, the savage customs, and the crude consciences of our ancestors. May we not then expect that from the laws of different nations, time will spare only those that are good; those that, emanating from the true conscience of man, have their seat in the bosom of God?

In our country, a real law is an expression of the best conscience of the majority, put in authoritative form to protect society. As we become intelligent and kind, this intelligence and kindness find expression in law. As our conscience so will be the laws we make. Only when they come from the oracle of truth, placed by the Father in the human heart, will their justness and perpetuity be assured.

Thus conscience makes the law. But the law creates nothing. It does not make men charitable or just. Our forefathers attempted to make men re-
ligious by law. They failed. So we cannot by mere law make men temperate. This great evil of intemperance can never be extirpated until the consciences of the majority of the people have been aroused to its harmful effects. Nor can minorities, however earnest and respectable, banish the evil by any appeal to law. As well might they attempt to gather up with their hands the light that has burst through the crevices of a ruined edifice and throw it without the walls. Any law, whether it be good or bad is of no use unless it expresses the will of the people. As we have said, the people's conscience makes the laws. Therefore to make the laws better, you must first make the people's conscience better. Here must begin all legal reforms, in the education of the public conscience, for only thus may we hope to guard the delicate pearl and the adamantine jewel of the law.

THE MOHAMMEDAN EMPIRE.

CARLYLE says, "A man's religion is the chief fact in regard to him,—a man's or a nation of men's." The mention of Mohammed, or of the Mohammedan Empire, calls up at once the strange religion which has influenced so many men, gaining ground through twelve centuries, and which still holds its sway over one hundred and eighty millions of mortals.

Mohammed was born in the year 570 of the Christian era. He was an Arab, with all the wild earnestness of the Arab nature. He has been called a dishonest and false schemer, but his first motive seems to have been sincere and earnest.

He saw with disgust that his people were given up to the worship of dumb, painted blocks of wood. He felt that these could not create life nor forgive sin. Like Paul at Athens, like Luther at Wittenburg, he felt that he must speak out against these things. It was the spirit of Paul in the untutored Ishmaelite. But after he had lost faith in idols, whither should he turn to quiet the wild yearning of his earnest nature? He wandered away into the solitudes of the desert and there communed with Nature, till he seemed to hear the voice of Nature's God. Perhaps "the wish was father to the thought." And shall this man be censured because he did not draw from Nature what it has required miracles and inspiration to unfold to us?

There was much that was false in the religion that he formed; but there was also strong, deep, majestic truth in it. The watchword of his followers, "God is God; there is none but God," might well have come from lips that were inspired. The progress of his cause, like that of every reformation, was slow. In three years, he had gained but thirteen followers. But his doctrine was becoming troublesome to the leaders of the old religion. Like the idol-makers of Ephesus, they saw that their means of gain would be taken away. They therefore persecuted Mohammed, and he was forced to flee from his home, and became a fugitive, hunted and hated. The Mohammedans now dat
their era from this flight of their prophet.

It was now that he resolved to draw the sword in defense of his religion. In his wanderings he had gained some followers, and he determined to strike a blow at his persecutors with the weapons they had drawn on him. He was in a measure successful. The successful cause is, with such a people, the popular cause. Moreover, many of the people were ripe for a religious change. Mohammed had but uttered the thoughts that many had wished to express. Many now flocked to his standard.

It may have been at this stage of affairs that Mohammed became ambitious and dishonest. He was, after all, but a semi-barbarous, uneducated, narrow-minded man. He was tempted to grasp an empire, and he yielded. It was no longer the spirit of Paul, but of Caesar. The Koran was dictated by Mohammed during his campaigns, after his flight to Mecca. It is said to be a crude jumbling-together of tradition and fancy. In it are found traces of what Mohammed had heard of the Jewish prophets and religion, but it is all confused and confounded with fancied prophets and kings. Much of it was written on the shoulder-blades of mutton, and thrown promiscuously into a chest. It was put together without order, and published without method. It is a wonder to all that this book should have such an influence over its adherents.

Through these causes, and through the influence of this man, arose the Mohammedan Empire. It is founded among a people that, from time immemorial, have been fickle and changeable; among the same nations that so easily yielded to the conquests of Cambyses, of Alexander, and of the Romans. Nor could they long retain, save in name, the religion of Mohammed. One seeks in vain for the strict monotheism, and the hatred of idols that he would expect after hearing the story of Mohammed. The Mohammedans to-day are worshiping, not Mohammed's God, but Mohammed's old shoes, or a hair from his beard.

Mohammed's religion has done its work. It displaced one which was worse, and who shall say it was without its purpose? His religion and empire are falling into decay. There will come a time when they will be things of the past. But it will only be the false part that will be lost. The true will remain, for truth is immortal; and the watchword "God is God" will blend and harmonize with that other watchword, "Christ is risen.

IS AN INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT DESIRABLE?


THAT renowned sage, Esop, in one of his fables, presents to us the picture of a dog, which, in carrying a bone over a bridge, was attracted by the image of the bone that the dog in the stream was carrying. Dropping his burden he plunged after the coveted treasure, only to find when too late that it was only a shadow, and that he had lost even that which he had at first possessed. Thus, I fear, Amer-
ican authors, in releasing the substantial privileges they now possess and plunging after the phantom of an international copyright, would find that while they grasped at a shadow, their former possession had drifted beyond their reach.

The reasons that lead us to this view, consider the question from three standpoints, Moral, Economic, and Literary.

The moral sentiment, with which the affirmative profess to regard the present system, is expressed when they speak of the reproducers of foreign works as "Piratical Publishers," and "Literary Thieves."

Let us first inquire who the accusers are. They are, in a majority of cases, either British publishers who are fighting for the benefit that they (not their authors) would reap from a copyright between the nations; or American publishers, who want a monopoly of the publication of foreign books, and an opportunity to regulate prices accordingly. Let us see if they practice what they preach. A manufacturer sends spies to foreign countries to learn the secrets of his business, new inventions, secret processes, and improved machinery. No word of reproof is offered in regard to this, and why? This it is. The results benefit not only him, but us as a nation, and no one's individual scheme is injured. This is economy of nations; but is the publisher's sin greater, viewed with the impartial eye of Justice?

"When an author writes a book," they say, "he creates value; the ideas are his property." Let us see to what extent this is true. If ideas are property, they must belong to the one with whom they originated. A great portion of the literature of to-day, considered as new works, is in fact but old ideas clothed in a new dress. Take for example Macaulay's History of England. The facts and data are all taken from other historians, who receive nothing for the result of their labors, thus appropriated. So, too, in the historical novel, to use Prof. Carey's figure, "the author but plucks from the garden of history and arranges a bouquet for the gratification of the reader. The arrangement is his, but to whom belong the flowers?" Men of science who have spent their lives and fortunes in scientific research, adding priceless treasures to the common fund of knowledge, have died poor; and the man who dresses up these ideas and introduces them to the public, demands, or his publisher demands, a world-wide monopoly of this, the common property of mankind. These are the moral men who pursue the reproducers of foreign works with the cry of "Stop Thief."

In looking at the question from the economic standpoint we first notice the effect upon the author. The fame gained in America, from a wide circulation under the existing system, gives a foreign author greater fame, and consequently greater sales at home. Under this international agreement, he would not stand an even chance, by any means, of selling his copyright in our country. As this is a national question, we must further consider whether the people who compose the
nation would be benefited by the change proposed.

To establish an international copyright would be to grant a monopoly to a few wealthy publishers. The author would receive but a trifle, in comparison to the amount claimed by the publishers. And is it economy to tax the people ten dollars for the sake of giving the foreign author the one dollar claimed for him?

Many of the best authors, those whose works are perhaps sold most widely, are out of reach of a benefit from such protection. How much could Shakespeare, or Milton, or their heirs receive from such protection. This question, from our own point of view, is principally between America and England. This latter country is very desirous that we should adopt an international copyright; and for this reason, she knows that America is the greatest market for literature in the world, therefore she wishes to get control of this market. Her own is comparatively a very poor market. Her authors, as a rule, are poorly paid. Now, to adopt the proposed system would be to put our own authors upon a level with the poorly-paid writers of Great Britain. Competition would then be open; prices would come to a level; raising the pay of the British author, and diminishing that of the American. Thus our authors would exchange their present condition of protection and prosperity for the barren field of England. Prof. Carey shows the result of the extra "few cents" in the cost of five books, computing on the number of copies sold, estimated at a minimum. On an aggregate of about 650,000 copies of the different books, he shows a difference of about two million dollars. Now if the nations were to adopt a system of copyright, the people would have to be taxed for this extra amount, or greatly diminish their purchase of literary food.

Coming now to our third division, we find it alleged that the want of this international protection injures and depresses literature; that our native authors cannot develop their genius; that they are unable to get publishers. How do these statements compare with the facts? Can they not all be answered at once? If an American author writes anything worth reading, the fact is, he can easily find a publisher, for there are many houses that agree to carefully examine manuscript and return it when desired, if not found satisfactory. Some periodicals of a high order offer very attractive prizes to encourage young authors. In regard to remuneration, our publishers prefer American books, for of those they can have control. Does this present a gloomy prospect to American writers?

A eminent English mechanician, who visited America to report the progress of manufacturing and the mechanical arts in the United States, was obliged to confess to his countrymen that he found a degree of intelligence among the manufacturing operatives, and a state of things in the mechanical arts which convinced him that if his country were to hold its own in the race of nations, they must educate their people
to put them on a level with the educated artisans of the United States. But what has caused the difference between the two nations? Is it not common schools, cheap books, cheap newspapers, cheap literature? Have not these aided in the production of authors, and in creating a demand for their works? And having created so great a market, is it not likely to increase, if allowed to follow its present course? Yet this market our opponents urge us to exchange for the market that allows Leigh Hunt to live a poor man, that permitted Hood almost to starve, and makes its Poet Laureate a pauper, who receives annually one hundred pounds from public charity.

Thus we see that by adopting an international copyright our authors would lose their present protection, and that consequently we should lose them; that it would be but granting a monopoly to wealthy publishers, and taxing the people ten dollars, to give the author one dollar; that the reproducers of foreign books give as much to the authors, as the authors themselves gave to those with whom the ideas originated; and the morality, that for the sake of putting money in the pockets of wealthy publishers—under pretense of giving a "few cents" to the author,—would deprive the poorer classes of the abundant supply of literary food now within their easy reach, is the morality that turns the Irish tenant out of doors, and such as forged the chains of slaves.

"If you are not a thinking man, then to what purpose are you a man at all?"

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**COMMUNICATIONS.**

The friends of Mr. Perkins, who is now studying in Europe, kindly permit us to publish in this number of the STUDENT an extract from a private letter recently received by them.

**MARBURG, April 18, 1887.**

To the Editors of the Student:

How I wish you could walk in upon me this fine morning, but you would have to make quite a climb, because I am so far above everything else, high in the air. I am really in a castle.

This little town of Marburg, now with about 12,000 inhabitants, was until 1604 the residence of the princes of Hesse, and here in this castle where I have a room, they used to live. Marburg is beautifully situated on a bend of the Lahn river, and this hill is right in the bend, rising several hundred feet above the river. You can hardly imagine what a view I have from my window.

The old castle, built in the thirteenth century, was restored in 1866, or about that time, and is now used for preserving the archives of Cassel, Fulda, and Marburg. This is a pretty old region historically. At Fulda was the first Christian church or monastery, founded by St. Boniface in the eighth century, when all the people north of Italy were heathen. Here is a fine university of about a thousand students, founded in 1527, and the first university founded without a decree of the pope. This country was faithful to Luther, and in this castle where I live, Luther, and Melanchthon, and Zwingli, were summoned by Philip, Prince of Hesse, who lived here at the time, to
decide some great question about the substance of the sacrament, I think it was.

I shall matriculate here, I think, in the Theological Faculty, and that this week. Professor Hamach is the professor I have come here especially to listen to, and from what I hear, although a young man, is the rising professor in church history. I shall hear his lectures on the History of the Early Church, and of Romanism in the last three hundred years. And, by the way, speaking of Romanism, you can't have any idea at home how important Romanism is becoming in Germany. One of the political bodies is called the Centrum (or Catholic) party, and in the Parliament at Berlin this party is very strong, holding so many votes that its members have things pretty much in their own hands; and to them the Pope sends special messages how to vote, although the leaders are not always satisfied to have the Pope interfere. But on the whole they keep together very well, and the papers speak of the Pope as sending a message to the Bishop of Cologne, or some other place, exactly as centuries ago, before the time of Luther. Never since the time of Luther has the Catholic church, and of course the Pope, had so much power in German politics as at the present time. The Emperor and Bismarck favor the Catholics, and the reason is that they are a help. The opposition party is composed of the Social Democrats, and of these the Emperor is afraid. So he uses the Catholic party to hold them in check.

THE BATES ALUMNI OF NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, April 12, 1887.

To the Editors of the Student:

It will doubtless be a matter of surprise to the majority of the students and alumni of Bates, to learn that New York City now has a full-fledged Bates Alumni Association. It will be more of a surprise still, to hear that within an hour's ride of City Hall there are seventeen graduates of Bates engaged in building for themselves a name and fortune.

Five years ago, when I first came to this city, there were living here, if I remember rightly, four other Bates men besides myself. This number has grown from year to year until now we number nearly a score. It was soon after the Boston alumni had organized their association, that it was suggested that a similar association be started here, but our numbers seemed to be too few to give encouragement to the carrying out of the suggestion. After considerable effort, a dozen names were obtained, and on February 16th, the first meeting of the Bates College Alumni Association of New York was held at Clark's restaurant in 23d Street. It is a singular fact that no enterprise of any note is ever inaugurated here without the spreading of a lunch or dinner. Men are always more apt to agree upon a measure after having dined well, than before. In accordance with this custom, the ten men who assembled at Clark's found a well-laden table awaiting their consideration. Graduates who had not looked
into each other's faces since the day on which they received their diplomas, greeted one another again, and fell to discussing college days, as they discussed the soup, the roasts, and the other good things which were set before them.

E. W. Given, '79, presided at the table, and his face fairly glowed with pleasure as he looked down the board on either side and saw how happy everybody seemed to be. Seated at the table were Prof. Geo. C. Chase, who represented the Faculty; Joseph W. Perkins, who represented the Trustees; and F. H. Morrell, '70; Geo. H. Stockbridge, '72; Chas. S. Haskell, Geo. L. Record, and C. L. McCleery of the Boston Journal, '81; L. M. Thompson and F. L. Blanchard, '82.

When the cigars were lighted, speeches of an informal nature were made, and kindly greetings between members were exchanged. Then college songs were sung with a heartiness which recalled the days of the Glee Club, of '81.

The following officers for the ensuing year were elected: President, E. W. Given; Vice-President, F. H. Morrell; Secretary, L. M. Thompson; Executive Committee, Geo. H. Stockbridge, F. L. Blanchard, L. M. Thompson.

The initial meeting of the association proved to be of such an interesting and profitable character that Mr. L. M. Thompson generously invited the Bates graduates to enjoy an evening's hospitality at his rooms in 23d Street, on Friday evening, April 8th. In addition to those who attended the inaugural dinner, there were present: Frederick B. Stanford, '74, the editor and founder of the Bates Student; John Rankin, '76; Frank H. Bartlett, '78; Oliver L. Bartlett, '83; Walter A. Morton, '86. It did not require a very great effort of the imagination, as we sat about the open fire-place and watched the glowing coals in the grate, or, glancing around the room, saw the curious things which Mr. Thompson has collected from his rambles over Maine, to fancy ourselves once more at college. The smoke from our cigars and pipes curled upward in graceful rings just as it did of a winter's night in Parker Hall, the stories of experience or wit were just as enjoyable, and the songs which we sung were, I am sure, just as jovial as they were in the olden time. Everybody felt at home. We pressed each other's hands and felt new interest in the lives of those who at one time or another had been associated with us in college halls.

One feature of the occasion was the reading of a letter from W. P. Foster, whose graceful verses were highly complimented in the March number of the Century, in reply to a congratulatory message of appreciation forwarded him by the association. It was a late hour when we bade each other good-night and pledged ourselves the pleasure of attending the next annual meeting.

Yours truly,

FRANK L. BLANCHARD.

"He that does a base thing in zeal for his friend, burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together."
The Bate* Student.

LOCALS.

PARODY.
The shades of night were falling fast
As through a large church parlor passed
A youth, who bore upon his arm
A maiden blessed with every charm.

Tucker.

In happy eyes he saw the light
Of Cupid's fire gleam warm and bright.
Above the brilliant gas-light flashed,
And he appeared completely mashed.

Tucker.

"Try not the game," the mammas said,
While frowns their faces overspread,
"The carpet rends at every stride,"
But loud that clarion voice replied:

Tucker.

"Beware the way you spend your time,
For we must go, 'tis after nine."

This was the deacon's last good-night.
A voice replied with all its might,

Tucker.

At ten o'clock, as homeward bound
The city fathers, gazing round,
Passed the church front, they heard a cry
Which seemed to pierce the very sky.

Tucker.

A company, by the faithful band
In a large ring was seen to stand,
As if of all their wits bereft,
Until one cried, "Grand Right and Left!"

Tucker.

Then from the gas-light, bright and gay,
Two by two they wended their way,
And through the air now strangely chipper
Voices of spirits seemed to whisper,

Tucker.

Has Jessie got that pitcher yet?
Guptill counts himself a Junior.
If it has "not-o-chord," what has it?
The latest nickname among the Juniors is Punc.

Wanted a reliable man for monitor of the Junior class.

It is tennis everywhere on the campus. Tennis love all.
The girls are beginning to immigrate from New Hampshire to Lewiston.
What's the matter with the Switzerland road for a nice little Maying party?
P. H. is said to be undergoing his sentence of banishment with great fortitude.
What's the matter with putting the Freshman base-ball nine into the league.
A neighbor of ours calls a one-tenement house "a self-contained house."
Freshman translating in Horace:
"The pleasing smile arises from a corner."
Prof.—"What is the composition of the word Remego?" Student—"Rem and ego."
Sunday, May 1st, was the day of days when the new spring bonnet blossomed out.
"Who were the Crusaders any way?" was the cry of a Freshman coming out of the lecture-room.

One of the Freshman girls began her demonstration in Geometry, as follows: Pass the right section J-O-K-E through a parallelopiped.
The high water at the falls during the first of the month was quite an attraction to the students.
One of the Juniors was heard talking the other day about his "Hibernian." Perhaps he came from the Emerald Isle.

Several of the students were absent
on the morning following Fast-Day. It was feared by one of the Prof.s. that they had kept the letter of the law too closely.

The following bit of Latin has been proposed as the Freshman class motto: Malo malo malo Qam vivere malo. Translate it.

A friend of the "late Mr. Pierce" was surprised to receive a letter of inquiry about Mr. P.'s death. He had seen the obituary notice in the STUDENT.

Prof.—"Mr., you may give some examples of ruminant animals." Mr. (thoughtfully)—"The ox—the cow." It is needless to say there was an explosion.

Freshie (inquiringly)—"When do we get through with Latin?" Junior—"Next summer term, when you read Juvenal." F.—"Let's see, who wrote that, Pindar?"

The young man who took a seat on the girls' side the other morning, was surprised when a fellow-student greeted him with, "Every animal is perfect in its kind and its place."

The Prof. was explaining how leeches could be used a second time to draw blood, by putting salt on their backs, whereupon M. inquired if that was done to make them thirsty.

The Juniors have come to the conclusion that if the crocodile is the connecting link between birds and reptiles, it must be a longer one than that between man and the monkey.

If you are around the corridors of Parker Hall in the evening, it is wise to carry an umbrella over your head. The stairways have of late been subject to intermittent rain-fall.

Prof.—"We are here to use our intellects. Well, Mr. G. seems to think that absurd." Mr. G.—"I didn't say anything." Prof.—"People's looks speak sometimes."

Senior (to alumnus who is studying law)—"Say G., if you should find a skunk crossing your field could you collect damages of him?" Alumnus—"Yes, you would be liable to."

Prof.—"Where do men go when they wish to study the structure of animals?" Miss C.—"They go into uninhabited countries." Prof.—"No—no—they go to a museum."

A new version of the Golden Rule has been given by a six-year old: "It is no reason other folks should be hateful, because I am." It is a poor rule that won't work both ways.

Straws tell which way the current flows, they say, and if that is so we have reason to believe that the Theologues had a regular breakdown Fast-Day night, for on the afternoon of that same day we noticed several of them marching down their long plank walk with fiddles under their arms.

The tennis players at their several courts were recently visited, at ten minutes of eleven A.M., by one of the Professors and kindly granted a leave of absence from exercise during study hours.

In Zoology, the other morning, some one said that he did not believe
that any one ever found a frog blasting a rock. It makes very much difference how one punctuates that sentence.

The Seniors are enjoying (?) a relief from their accustomed habit of asking one hundred and eighty-seven questions each recitation, for an edict has gone forth excluding this privilege to all save the Prof.

A picked body of May-basket suspenders, on the night of May 1th, having taken refuge in one of the frogponds of Elm Street, were there discovered by their victim and driven "en masse" into the house.

A man who was going to give a sleight-of-hand entertainment down town recently, sent word to that effect up to the college, adding, that doubtless the boys were all acquainted with him. It was rather suggestive.

Boy in Lewiston High School is translating Greek, but hesitates at the word meaning "only child." Teacher tries to help him out by asking, "Now what would you be if you had no brothers or sisters?" Boy (promptly) —"An orphan."

Prof. Jordan recently gave a very instructive talk on "Teaching and Its Opportunities," to the members of the Eurosophian Society. Two weeks later the members enjoyed a talk on "The Law and Its Opportunities," by W. H. Judkins, Esq.

It was almost a sublime passage in the "Maid of Orleans." The student who had just been translating, gave a very poetical rendering, but the next one came near spoiling it all by saying, "Get up Johanna." It was a strange mixture of the sublime and the ridiculous.

Prof.—"You may describe the olfactory nerve." Student—"The olfactory nerve consists of three parts, the tympanum, the middle part, and the labyrinth, and in hearing"—Prof.—"Stop right there; evidently you have a very clear conception of your subject."

The lecture by Dr. McKenzie, on May 2d, was a most able one, and fully sustained his reputation as a large-minded progressive man. All his thoughts were nineteenth century ones, and so clearly and forcibly were they expressed that he left no one in doubt as to his meaning.

Prof.—"Mr. P. you may omit the pronunciation, and translate." Mr. P. doesn't quite understand what was said and begins to pronounce. Prof.—"Now, Mr. P., you just translate." Mr. P.—"Oh! I thought you said to omit the translation and only pronounce." (Laugh here.)

The Freshmen were correcting faulty sentences which were arranged alphabetically. The Prof. asks Mr. C. to correct the first one, beginning with B. Mr. C.—"I didn't know we had only to B." Prof. (repeating this answer)—"Can't you make a better sentence?" Mr. C.—"I knew we had only to B."

Arbor Day was observed by every four students setting out a tree on the campus. About forty trees were
planted. Appropriate ceremonies were held around many of them, and some of the companies buried a bottle under their tree, containing a paper which stated the date of planting, and names of those who planted the tree. In the evening there was a display of fire-works around one of the Junior trees.

The girls are destined to disappointment in the matter of gymnastic apparatus. They were recently informed by one of the Professors that a barrel had arrived containing the much desired articles. Gleefully they surrounded the barrel, and watched the Prof. stave in the head. But, lo! their eyes were greeted only by the sight of a well packed bundle of old clothes, which one of the boys had packed up to send down South.

May 17th. Dr. Emerson, of the Munroe School of Oratory, delivered the third lecture in the course arranged for this term. His subject was "Preaching." He dwelt upon good health, a large sympathy, benevolence, and veneration, together with a thorough preparation, as the essential qualities of a good minister. The next morning he briefly addressed the students at the chapel, and among other things, said that at no college had he found among the students such a spirit of genuine earnestness in their work as at Bates. Two of the students purpose to attend the summer session of his school.

A lady in the suburbs of Lewiston was recently called to the door by a vigorous pull at the bell. On opening it a Sophomore breathlessly inquired of her if she could lend him a gun. She told him she had none. "Oh! but madame," persisted the Soph., "won't you just step out here and watch this bird on your roof while I go somewhere else and borrow one. I must have him sure." Moral: never go hunting without a gun.

One of those itinerant dispensers of the sweet spring music that causes "a young man's fancy to lightly turn to thoughts of love," thinks he has at last found an Eldorado. He appears annually on the campus, and the boys regularly give him a quarter to play before Hathorn Hall during the eleven o'clock recitation, and the Prof. just as regularly comes out and gives him another quarter to go away. The poor grinder thinks that if he only had a sufficient number of disguises he could quickly make his fortune.

The lecture by Carl Braun, May 6th, on the "Wonders of the Insect World," was both interesting and instructive. Mr. Braun is a German and a graduate of one of the gymnasia of Berlin. His lecture plainly showed that he was an enthusiast in the science of Entomology, and that he had made much original research in it. We are informed that an arrangement is likely to be made to have him with us a part of next term to give instruction in this science. He also offered to give the college five hundred specimens, if cases would be provided.

They were telling stories in the Zoology class one day about the ridiculous mistakes people have made in thinking they have discovered a very
old skeleton whenever they find some human bones. Then Hatter told his story. He said they found a skeleton out in Virginia which one naturalist pronounced to be eight thousand years old. But while an old negro was examining the skull he noticed some tobacco on the teeth, and pointing it out to the scientist, he exclaimed: "Lor, bress ye massa, yer don't meant to say dey chewed tabaccas eight thousand years ago. Wha?"

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'75.—A. M. Spear will lecture to the students June 20th, on the "Relation of College Education to the Profession of Law."

'76.—We are pained to record the sudden death, from heart disease, of Rev. A. L. Morey of West Derby, Vt.

'76.—R. J. Everett, formerly the successful principal of the High School at Paris Hill, has been teaching for the winter in Poland.

'83.—Galen M. Beals was married April 12th, to Miss Lotta B. Graham, of Palatka, Fla.

'84.—Aaron Beede is supplying the union church at Athens.

'86.—G. E. Paine has entered the Theological School.

'86.—D. C. Washburn is on the editorial staff of the Churchman, of New York City.

'86.—T. D. Sale has purchased an interest in the Odd Fellows Register and Masonic Journal, of Portland.

STUDENTS.

'88.—Miss F. M. Nowell is teaching in Woolwich.

'88.—Hamilton Hatter has employment in the Lewiston steam mill.

'88.—Miss Minnie E. Wheeler is teaching in Bethel.

'89.—F. J. Libby has entered Bowdoin College.

'89.—H. W. Smith has entered Tufts College.

'89.—Miss B. A. Wright is teaching in Stratford, N. H.

'89.—Miss S. A. Norton is teaching in Milton Mills, N. H.

EXCHANGES.

Many of our exchanges have changed editors during the past month. The old editors have finished their work, made their bows, and descended from the lofty height of college editorship to the plane of ordinary students. The new editors have come forward blushingly, made their introductory speeches, and with more or less enthusiasm entered upon their duties. This yearly change of editors is perhaps the chief reason why college journalism makes so little progress. A certain number of men are chosen for editors, and after a year's work, at a time when their experience is beginning to be of service, their term expires, and other inexperienced men take their places. These changes are detrimental to advancement, but are unavoidable. There is, however, less difference, between the last number issued by an old board and the first issued by a
new, than one would suppose. The new editors make up in enthusiasm what they lack in experience. They have high ideals of college journalism, and a great many theories as to how a paper should be managed. They soon learn, however, that it is one thing to have an ideal, quite another thing to realize it. When they become convinced of this they are usually willing to tread in the footsteps of their predecessors. We welcome all the new editors, and hope that you will not abate one whit of your enthusiasm during the year before you.

We have received the following new exchanges: *University Tablet*, Lexington, Ky.; *De Land Collegiate*, De Land, Fla.; the *Collegian*, Gambier, Ohio. We are glad to exchange with you, especially with those from the South. The charge is sometimes made that Southern college papers are very much inferior to those published in our Eastern colleges, and as a rule the charge is true. If, however, succeeding numbers of the *De Land Collegiate* are equal to the one before us it will not be liable to this charge.

The subject matter in the Kentucky *University Tablet* is interesting, but the typography is poor.

The *Collegian* rises from the ashes of the *Kenyon Advance*, and hopes to be interesting and instructive to its friends. We wish you had chosen some other name than "Collegian," as we already have eight exchanges of that name.

The *Williams Fortnight* has undergone a metamorphosis, and come forth as a weekly. The *Fortnight* had a strong attraction for us, especially when we were in search of poetry, and we shall miss it. But the *Weekly*, will no doubt, fill a place that the *Fortnight* did not fill, and will be less likely to infringe upon the *Literary Magazine*.

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**LITERARY NOTES.**

In the *Art Amateur* for May, several illustrations are given of American pictures at the forthcoming Paris Salon, including a double-page drawing by Henry Bacon, "At the Capstan, Etrétat," and a striking dog picture, "Comrades," by Elizabeth Strong.

To the May *Outing* Charles E. Pratt contributes a valuable addition to the bicycling literature of the day in discussing the legislative rights of American wheelman to the highways of the country. The article is most opportune, and will serve to bring the question to the impartial discussion of the general public at the time when the Legislature is taking action in the matter.

Sixty years of a busy journalist's life at Washington are epitomized in Maj. Ben: Perley Poore's two superb volumes. One of the admirers of the Major recently said that "at a judiciously ripe period of life the Major stopped growing old, and since then, like some of the choice Maderia of which he writes with so much feeling, he has only been accumulating bouquet and flavor." Maj. Poore has been one of the best known and one of the most knowing men in Washington society for a half century. His is the sunny
Temperament delighting in bright, social intercourse. Yet his connection with daily journalism and his position in the United States Senate placed him always in the thick of political affairs and social gossip. He was ever in the Washington "swim," breasting the waves with jovial vigor, and never failing to hear or see what was said and done.

The Major could never be very solemn, and in his ripened sketches of Washington life every phase reminds him of half a dozen amusing anecdotes. He has a rare gift in telling a story, and his anecdotes are inexhaustible.

His book will not only add lustre to his fame as a writer, but is of so unique a character and so intensely interesting in matter that it will prove a valuable contribution to the literature of the country. It has mirth for the mirthful, wit for the witty, information for all, and we doubt if it has been equalled by any subscription book since the war. It is being issued by the well-known house of Hubbard Bros., and is sold exclusively by subscription.

**COLLEGE WORLD.**

**Cornell:**

The Sophomore and Freshman classes at Cornell have voted to have no wine at their banquets. The Junior class will give annually a prize of fifty dollars to the best general athlete.

**Yale:**

Yale was pulled over two feet in the tug-of-war contest with Columbia. The Kent Laboratory at Yale will, it is said, when completed, be the finest building of the kind in the country, and will cost $80,000.

**Harvard:**

Fifty per cent. of the former editors of the Harvard Daily Crimson are now engaged in journalism. Harvards' library contains 473,000 volumes and pamphlets.

**Princeton:**

A college for women will be established at Princeton next year, Rev. J. H. McIlvane will be president of the college, and a large portion of the instruction will be given by Princeton professors.

**Stanford University:**

This university will have quite a novelty in student's quarters. Handsome and well built cottages will take the place of the usual college dormitories.

**Iowa College:**

The girls of the Sophomore class have adopted a uniform, and are trying to surprise their brothers by coming out in dark blue cloth stitched with red silk.

**Miscellaneous:**

These are the costs of various college gymnasiums: Harvard, $110,000; Yale, $125,000; Princeton, $38,000; Amherst, $65,000; Columbia, $156,000; Williams, $40,000; Cornell, $40,000; Lehigh, $40,000; Dartmouth, $25,000; University of California, $15,000.

All that a man gets by lying, is not to be believed when he speaks the truth.—Anon.
AMONG THE POETS.

OUTWARD BOUND.
The first faint flush of dawn is creeping
Where the silent stars are keeping
Vigil in the sky.
The distant light-house fire is sinking,
Light a drowsy Cyclops blinking
With a sleepy eye.
The land breeze strong, the sails are swelling
All the fisher boats impelling
Far away from shore.
A lusty song the wind is humming,
Through the creaking cordage coming,
With a rush and roar.
Hurrah! for the west wind free,
Hurrah! for the shining sea.

HOMEWARD BOUND.
The evening shadows slowly falling,
From the breezy pastures calling,
Homeward come the cows.
The fisher boats are slowly sailing,
For the sea breeze now is failing,
Shoreward turned their prows.
A treasure fleet: the sunset gilding
Sail and spar, and fancy building
Golden argosies.
Across the dusky waters gleaming
Lights of home and love are beaming
Happy auguries.
Praise God! for the restful night.
Praise God! for the dear home light.

FOOLED.
The time was summer (this of course),
The place was Mount Desert,
A simple student then was I,
And she a giddy flirt.
We boated on a quiet lake,
Played tennis on a lea,
And evenings sat and watched the ships
Fade into night and sea.
The weeks sped by like arrows swift,
Till cool September came;
My suit no longer could I hide,
But told with heart aflame.
* * * *
Now probably you think she changed,
And being but a flirt,
Gave me the mitten on the spot
With manner cool and curt;
Alas there lies my present grief
For came no answer slow;
She smiled, put up her lips to kiss,
With: "Charley, it's a go."

MY SUIT.
We left the merry dancing hall
With all its brilliant light,
We turned our backs on one and all,
On that bewitching night.
A cozy corner then we sought,
Of light quite destitute;
And there with arm around her waist,
I warmly pressed my suit.
She said I was her closest friend,
(Of course I felt that true,)
But never did she once intend
To marry me, she knew.
Alas, next day a wrinkled wreck
My clothes I did recruit;
I sent them to my tailor's straight,
And had him press my suit.

AT NIGHT-TIME.
FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.
I wept in my dreams at night-time,
For I dreamt that thou wert dead;
I waked with fears for thy safety
Ah, many the tears I shed!
I wept in my dreams at night-time,
But I knew thou wouldst faithful stay;
I wakened, and now forever
My tears are wiped away.

DREAMING.
Softly through my soul to-night,
Flows a mystical delight—
Flows a mellow, pleasant light,
Softly, gently beaming;
And the sweetest music floats,
As from distant angel throats,
JOHN C. HATCH,
(Successor to Johnston & Hatch,)

MANUFACTURER OF CIGARS

No. 64 Lisbon Street,
LEWISTON, MAINE.

Sign Big Indian.

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Swelling with seraphic notes
For a soul that's dreaming.

Tender eyes that seem to glow
With a love that angels show,
Far too deep for man to know,
On me now are beaming;
And my soul in sweet surprise,
Calmly resting gently lies
Gladdened by those tender eyes—
Ah! I'm merely dreaming.

—Nassau Lit.

CLIPPINGS.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

A jovial swain should not complain
Of any buxom fair,
Who mocks his pain and thinks it gain
To quiz his awkward air.

Quixotic boys who looks for joys
Quixotic hazards run;
A lass annoys with trivial toys,
Opposing man for fun.

A jovial swain may rack his brain,
And tax his fancy's might;
To quiz is vain, for 'tis most plain
That what I say is right.

If an ambitious writer undertakes to parallel this he will find it no easy task. Each verse has in it all the alphabet save the vowel most used in the language, which does not once appear in any of them.—Ex.

"I want a wife with flashing eye—
But one that can look melting, too,—
An oval face, brow arched and high,
Long ringlets of the raven's hue,
A manner neither bold nor shy,
A dimpled hand, a heaving breast—
The form of Helen. Lastly I
Will take a fortune with the rest."

Just such I met. "She'll do," said I.
But O, alas! I found, you see,
She too for beauty had an eye,
And wouldn't even look at me.

—Ex.

"Ma," said a little boy, "pa's in the
Crayon Artist and Photographer,

As he is now situated in his

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which are unrivaled in the State. We make a specialty of large work, such as GROUPS-
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F. E. STANLEY.

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FINE MILLINERY,
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soap-barrel up to his ankles!” She
replied, “Oh, well, sonny, if he's in
no deeper than that he can get out.”

“Yes, but his head is turned the wrong
way,” said the boy.—Ex.

Once to every college student
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife with Greek and Latin,
If he walk or if he ride.
Youth forever wed to study;
Wrong forever wed to play;
“Ponies” carry for the moment;
But upon the final day,
When there comes a test of knowledge,
Oh! the “ponies” where are they?

—College World.

“My dear,” said a Gordon-street
merchant to his daughter at breakfast,
“wasn't that College Junior here last
night until twelve o'clock?” “Yes,
papa,” she replied with a pretty little
blush. “Well, my dear, you should
not permit it. It has been that way for
several nights, hasn't it?” “Yes,
papa.” “Don't you know that it is
hardly the proper thing?” “Yes,
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Dartmouth Lit.
temperament delighting in bright, social intercourse. Yet his connection with daily journalism and his position in the United States Senate placed him always in the thick of political affairs and social gossip. He was ever in the Washington "swim," breasting the waves with jovial vigor, and never failing to hear or see what was said and done.

The Major could never be very solemn, and in his ripened sketches of Washington life every phase reminds him of half a dozen amusing anecdotes. He has a rare gift in telling a story, and his anecdotes are inexhaustible.

His book will not only add lustre to his fame as a writer, but is of so unique a character and so intensely interesting in matter that it will prove a valuable contribution to the literature of the country. It has mirth for the mirthful, wit for the witty, information for all, and we doubt if it has been equaled by any subscription book since the war. It is being issued by the well-known house of Hubbard Bros., and is sold exclusively by subscription.

**COLLEGE WORLD.**

**Cornell:**

The Sophomore and Freshman classes at Cornell have voted to have no wine at their banquets. The Junior class will give annually a prize of fifty dollars to the best general athlete.

**Yale:**

Yale was pulled over two feet in the tug-of-war contest with Columbia. The Kent Laboratory at Yale will, it is said, when completed, be the finest building of the kind in the country, and will cost $80,000.

**Harvard:**

Fifty per cent. of the former editors of the Harvard *Daily Crimson* are now engaged in journalism. Harvards' library contains 473,000 volumes and pamphlets.

**Princeton:**

A college for women will be established at Princeton next year, Rev. J. H. McIlvane will be president of the college, and a large portion of the instruction will be given by Princeton professors.

**Stanford University:**

This university will have quite a novelty in student's quarters. Handsome and well built cottages will take the place of the usual college dormitories.

**Iowa College:**

The girls of the Sophomore class have adopted a uniform, and are trying to surprise their brothers by coming out in dark blue cloth stitched with red silk.

**Miscellaneous:**

These are the costs of various college gymnasiums: Harvard, $110,000; Yale, $125,000; Princeton, $38,000; Amherst, $65,000; Columbia, $156,000; Williams, $40,000; Cornell, $40,000; Lehigh, $40,000; Dartmouth, $25,000; University of California, $15,000.

All that a man gets by lying, is not to be believed when he speaks the truth.—*Anon.*
AMONG THE POETS.

OUTWARD BOUND.
The first faint flush of dawn is creeping
Where the silent stars are keeping
Vigil in the sky.
The distant light-house fire is sinking,
Light a drowsy Cyclops blinking
With a sleepy eye.
The land breeze strong, the sails are swelling,
All the fisher boats impelling
Far away from shore.
A lusty song the wind is humming,
Through the creaking cordage coming,
With a rush and roar.
Hurrah! for the west wind free,
Hurrah! for the shining sea.

HOMEWARD BOUND.
The evening shadows slowly falling,
From the breezy pastures calling,
Homeward come the cows.
The fisher boats are slowly sailing,
Shoreward turned their prows.
A treasure fleet: the sunset gilding
Sail and spar, and fancy building
Golden argosies.
Across the dusky waters gleaming
Lights of home and love are beaming
Happy auguries.
Praise God! for the restful night.
Praise God! for the dear home light.

---The Dartmouth.

FOOLED.
The time was summer (this of course),
The place was Mount Desert,
A simple student then was I,
And she a giddy flirt.
We boated on a quiet lake,
Played tennis on a lea,
And evenings sat and watched the ships
Fade into night and sea.
The weeks sped by like arrows swift,
Till cool September came;
My suit no longer could I hide,
But told with heart aflame.
Now probably you think she changed,
And being but a flirt,
Gave me the mitten on the spot
With manner cool and curt;
Alas there lies my present grief
For came no answer slow;
She smiled, put up her lips to kiss,
With: "Charley, it's a go."
---Harvard Lampoon.

MY SUIT.
We left the merry dancing hall
With all its brilliant light,
We turned our backs on one and all,
On that bewitching night.
A cozy corner then we sought,
Of light quite destitute;
And there with arm around her waist,
I warmly pressed my suit.
She said I was her closest friend,
(Of course I felt that true,)
But never did she once intend
To marry me, she knew.
Alas, next day a wrinkled wreck
My clothes I did recruit;
I sent them to my tailor's straight,
And had him press my suit.
---Williams Weekly.

AT NIGHT-TIME.
FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.
I wept in my dreams at night-time,
For I dreamt that thou wert dead;
I waked with fears for thy safety
Ah, many the tears I shed!
I wept in my dreams at night-time,
For I dreamt thou wert false to me;
I feared the dream was a true one,
And wept most bitterly.
I wept in my dreams at night-time,
But I knew thou wouldst faithful stay;
I wakened, and now forever
My tears are wiped away.
---Harvard Advocate.

DREAMING.
Softly through my soul to-night,
Flows a mystical delight—
Flows a mellow, pleasant light,
Softly, gently beaming;
And the sweetest music floats,
As from distant angel throats,
JOHN C. HATCH,
(Successor to Johnston & Hatch,)

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Over Bicknell & Neal's, Lisbon St.,
LEWISTON, ME.

Swelling with seraphic notes
For a soul that's dreaming.
Tender eyes that seem to glow
With a love that angels show,
Far too deep for man to know,
On me now are beaming;
And my soul in sweet surprise,
Calmingly resting gently lies
Gladdened by those tender eyes—
Ah! I'm merely dreaming.
—Nassau Lit.

CLIPPINGS.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.
A jovial swain should not complain
Of any buxom fair,
Who mocks his pain and thinks it gain
To quiz his awkward air.
Quixotic boys who looks for joys
Quixotic hazards run;
A lass annoys with trivial toys,
Opposing man for fun.
A jovial swain may rack his brain,
And tax his fancy's might;
To quiz is vain, for 'tis most plain
That what I say is right.

If an ambitious writer undertakes to parallel this he will find it no easy task. Each verse has in it all the alphabet save the vowel most used in the language, which does not once appear in any of them.—Ex.

"I want a wife with flashing eye—
But one that can look melting, too,—
An oval face, brow arched and high,
Long ringlets of the raven's hue,
A manner neither bold nor shy,
A dimpled hand, a heaving breast—
The form of Helen. Lastly I
Will take a fortune with the rest."

Just such I met. "She'll do," said I.
But O, alas! I found, you see,
She too for beauty had an eye,
And wouldn't even look at me.
—Ex.

"Ma," said a little boy, "pa's in the
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FINE MILLINERY,
27 Lisbon Street, Lewiston, Me.

soap-barrel up to his ankles!" She replied, "Oh, well, sonny, if he's in no deeper than that he can get out."
"Yes, but his head is turned the wrong way," said the boy.—Ex.

Once to every college student
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife with Greek and Latin,
If he walk or if he ride.
Youth forever wed to study;
Wrong forever wed to play;
"Ponies" carry for the moment;
But upon the final day,
When there comes a test of knowledge,
Oh! the "ponies" where are they?

"My dear," said a Gordon-street merchant to his daughter at breakfast, "wasn't that College Junior here last night until twelve o'clock?" "Yes, papa," she replied with a pretty little blush. "Well, my dear, you should not permit it. It has been that way for several nights, hasn't it?" "Yes, papa." "Don't you know that it is hardly the proper thing?" "Yes, papa." "Then why do you do it?" he asked, impatiently. "Because, papa, the session will soon be over and I am rushing the business so that there will not have to be an extra session."
The father's voice was stilled and the breakfast was finished in silence.—Queen's College Journal.

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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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