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EDITORIAL.

THE June number will contain an account of the Commencement exercises and will necessarily be delayed. It will also contain a steel portrait of President Cheney, and, to avoid injury to this, the number will be mailed in envelopes instead of wrappers, as heretofore. Those who desire extra copies will please notify the business manager at once.

In the April number of the STUDENT an invitation was extended to all the students to express their opinions regarding the introduction of secret societies at Bates. With promptness that usually attends such a general invitation, nothing has yet been received. If this reception of the proposal shows accurately the interest of the students in the matter, then we may give up all hopes of the societies at present. But we have grounds to believe that this apparent indifference is the result of carelessness and want of responsibility, since many have verbally expressed themselves in favor of the secret societies.

At present our literary societies are on the wane, and, judging from the attention and advice bestowed on them for the last few years by the STUDENT,
one would naturally think that they had always been quite weak. If anything better can be substituted in their place, then let our so-called literary societies decline; but if in the mystery of a secret society the majority of the students perceive imminent doom, then let them unite in making our present societies worthy the name of literary. If the students wish to effect anything in favor of secret societies it is necessary to act earnestly together; if they do not wish for the societies, then the matter will be dropped. Now let each student make this his business and in our next number we will be ready to publish the opinions of all who will write. Please deposite them in the Student mail box as soon as June 10.

How gladly would we retain in memory innumerable things which persistently glide away. A room has only to be darkened to cause the beauties of a lovely painting upon the wall to vanish; its loveliness does not exist for us, if our vision be obscured. So let memory grow dim, and the delightful pictures of the past become enveloped in a haze. For sentiment and the enjoyment of delights that have passed, memory is often, like anticipation, far better than the reality; intensifying, as it does, the brightness of life's sunny spots, and playing with so mellow a light about the rocky, toilsome bits of pathway, that the pain, if not forgotten, is greatly softened.

But it is in the more practical relations of life, that this so important faculty proves often treacherous. How essential to the student that it be acute and penetrating. How imperfect, oftentimes, the work performed, when some elementary principle has been forgotten. Men say it is a gift, and that one who possesses excellent memory is highly favored. The latter statement requires no comment, and to the former we but append the expression of our belief, that while in the majority of people characterized by large memory, this may be chiefly native, the same faculty in all is susceptible of a cultivation to such fineness and acumen as is seldom thought of. It is said of one of the most distinguished lawyers of our time, that in early manhood he was troubled with decided forgetfulness; and that he almost entirely acquired the prodigious memory for which, in later years, he was noted.

But while a poor memory may, through earnest endeavor, be displaced by a better, equally true is it that a good memory may, by carelessness, be severely impaired. Senility and weakness are not the only potent factors in producing forgetfulness. Methods practiced by the mass of students in preparing for recitation, while questionable from other considerations, are objectionable also from their injurious effect upon the memory. Habits of reading aid or mar a man's usefulness, according as they are adapted to strengthen or enfeeble this faculty. It were a precious boon to the man of ignoble purposes, if the mystic cord that binds him to the past might be forever severed; but let him, of pure heart and lofty aspirations, who would meet the best success, endeavor to keep
the chamber of his mind where Memory sits enthroned, suffused with light.

Many of the students were richly entertained by the two lectures recently given in the chapel for their benefit. The first lecture, on "Swedenborg," was well written and delivered in an interesting manner. The speaker became gradually warmed up as he proceeded, and closed with an eloquent tribute to the "one church of Christ."

The second lecture was listened to by a large audience. The orator had complete control of the audience from beginning to close, and showed what power there is in "true" oratory.

It occurred to us, perhaps the important subject of oratory is too much neglected in some of our colleges. No work is neglected by the student more than this, and none is to the average more useful. It is sometimes possible to have too much of a good thing, but the fault is generally in the opposite direction. We fear the trouble is in the opposite direction in the matter of oratory. But we have no reason to complain, for a special care is taken to have every student improve in both writing and speaking during the four years' course as much as possible; if one refuses to do his best in this work, it is no one's fault but his own.

Innumerable courses of reading have been advised; but how many have ever been followed? A course which is at all complete is so long that the young reader is discouraged at the outset. If not discouraged, one will soon tire of following directions. Here, as elsewhere, the student should have some other object in view than simply to become thought "well-informed"; and that by reading so many yards of this author and so many of that one.

"But would you skip like a butterfly from flower to flower?" No, rather like the bee that goes whither he will, but seeks one kind at a time. A prescribed course of reading is too heterogeneous. A student should investigate special subjects. For example: is it better to read volume after volume of essays on various topics, or select subjects, one at a time, and read everything that can be found bearing upon them?

It may be well, when studying an author, to read his works in order of production, that we may trace the development of his mind; but in general, a student will read with much more interest if he follows a course laid out by himself, on the principle of investigation. In adopting such a method of reading, one will naturally take questions of general interest, and he will soon find that, when sounded on some question of the day (and who of us have not been, and sometimes to our chagrin), he will not be at loss to give an opinion.

We are glad to see a considerable interest manifested in field-day sports. Though the season is far advanced it is not too late to put in some effective practice. We have good material, and enough, and all we need is to develop it. An athlete of a few days' practice cannot expect to place his record beside that of one who has
exercised for months. And the benefit obtained from the exercise is worth far more than the labor and trouble expended; for a feeble body is the worst enemy of an active brain. We hope that all the students will look into this matter and try and build up a strong, robust constitution, as well as make our Field Day something to be proud of.

LITERARY.

IF ALLAH PLEASE.

By L. J., '87.

"Behold," a lordly vizier cried,  
"My goodly groves on either side."

"By the half sunken sun I swear  
To eat their fruit, when morn comes fair."

But ere the sun appeared in state,  
Ashes were orange, fig, and date.

Thus are they plunged in miseries  
Who never add, "If Allah please."

POETRY AS A NATIONAL POWER.

By A. H. T., '86.

A NATION'S power is the character of her people. What has this glorious land to be proud of that does not bespeak the chivalry, the invention, the culture, the patriotism, or the Christian deportment of her men and women?

We know how great men aid in moulding the national character; how the statesman guides the ship of state safely through tempests of civil discord; how the philosopher dives down into the ocean of mysteries and brings the pearls of truth up to the clear view of men. But the poet's influence is even more pervasive than theirs; more profound, reaching the very fountains of the nation's character.

Between the poet and his countrymen exists a bond of mutual sympathy. The poet's gift belongs to the make-up of humanity, and differs from that of his countrymen not in kind but only in degree. He but sees deeper, feels more intensely, and gives to his thoughts more fitting expression. His songs, before he utters them, have a dumb existence in their souls; each poem is the exhibition of their slumbering thoughts. It is to them especially that he expresses himself. The fame he craves is their approval. His language is theirs and they alone can fully appreciate it. When he puts before them a picture of life, they, of all people are best able to confirm its truth. Its details are familiar to them, its heroes are stamped with the impress of their nationality, its scenes are a copy of their own experiences. So close his poems come to the heart of the people, what a wonder if they were not a power to mould the national character! As naturally as the school-boy hums the tunes of the street, the people echo the sentiments of the poet. They sing, read, or repeat them at their firesides. They enshrine his ideals in their hearts.

Poetry has an influence peculiarly refining and ennobling. It has been fittingly called a divine art, for only the poet has power to interpret the divine meanings in nature. Our Longfellow tells us that

"The poet, faithful and far-seeing,  
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part  
Of the self-same, universal being  
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart."
He holds nature up before our eyes, points out her beauties, and tells us what they signify. He turns us away from our griefs and cares to look at nature's pictures and listen to her voices. He who sees so deeply into nature must surely bring us some ennobling message from her creator.

It is the poet's prerogative to find something of truth or beauty where it is least expected. Turning upon common relations and emotions the kaleidoscopic light of his genius, he makes of them a harmonious and pleasing picture. Thus he develops an interest in common life, fosters the love of home and all the better feelings of mankind. In sympathy with liberty and humanity, he lends his aid to every reformation. His martial strains kindle the fire of patriotism to purer flame.

How plainly does the brave contest of Whittier and Longfellow against the curse of slavery exemplify the maxim that "the pen is mightier than the sword." The warrior's work is soon accomplished, but the poet's work is ever accomplishing. The services of Gen. Grant in the late war were of inestimable value to the cause of liberty, but Whittier's "Voices of Freedom" far transcend them by inculcating in the nation's heart the principles which Grant defended by the sword. And so the poet becomes incorporated into the national character.

"His, and not his, are the lays
He sings, and their fame
Is his, and not his, and the praise,
And the pride of a name."

For they have become the expression of the universal heart of the people.

Nor is the influence of a nation's poetry restricted to the land of its birth. Poems in all languages are alike pictures of our common human life, but presented with varying perspective. Then would you become acquainted with a nation's character, go read her poetry.

By that you may test the keenness of her intellect, the breadth and delicacy of her humor, the depth of her culture, the greatness of her patriotism and the benevolence of her heart. If she be weak, immoral, or profane, it will be there revealed. Even when a nation is blotted out of existence, her poetry is still a living power. When not one shall be left on the face of the earth to keep alive the memory of the mother land, when her language shall have passed from the lips of men, the spirit of her poetry will still exert an unseen yet potent influence among surviving nations. So to-day Greece and Rome preserve among us their ennobling and uplifting power.

Already our youthful nation, boasts her own little cluster of poets, and in the storehouse of our mother over the sea, we have at our disposal the "consummate flower" of poetry. Are we getting the benefit we ought from all this treasure? Our American tourists tell us that our attention to poetry, compared with that of European nations is simply shameful neglect. Away in the North is a bleak, ice-bound isle, famous for centuries for the culture, patriotism, and purity of its people. The little Iceland child is as familiar with his national poetry as with the landscape about his father's cot. If
our great nation should become as familiar with the inspiring thoughts our poets have given us, how much better men and women we might become! How much more powerful and how much nobler a nation! God speed the day.

IN MEMORY.

By C. W. M., '77.

'Tis only some pink-tinged blossoms I hold within my hand,
That come when the breath of spring-time Gladdens all the land.
Blooms of the May-flower, pure and sweet, That I picked 'mong the leaves beneath my feet.

Only some pink-tinged blossoms, But their fragrance, like a key Has opened the doors of mem'ry, And let such sad thoughts free,— Thoughts of the spring-times, years gone by, When we were together, she and I.

The man, whom I call deserving the name, is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others rather than himself.—Sir Walter Scott.

THE FIRST SABBATH.

[From the German.]

The sixth day of creation was nearing its end. The sun had completed its course. The darkness of evening began to spread itself over the youthful earth. The first-born son of creation stood upon a height in Eden, beside him Eloah, his guardian angel and attendant.

It became ever darker and darker around the height; the dusk changed into night and covered, as a shadowy veil, the hills and the valleys. The songs of the birds and the joyous calls of the beasts grew silent. Even the sportive breezes seemed to fall asleep.

"What is that?" asked the man with gentle voice of his attendant. "Will the new creation cease and sink back into its old nothingness?"

Eloah smiled and said: "It is the repose of the earth."

Now appeared the heavenly lights; the moon arose and the army of stars walked forth in gleaming splendor.

The man looked upwards towards heaven with sweet astonishment; but the angel of the Lord looked down with delight upon the son of earth gazing upward. The night grew stiller; the nightingales sang louder and sweeter.

Eloah touched the man with his staff. He lay down upon the height and slept. The first dream came upon him. Jehovah formed for him a companion. When now the morning twilight began, Eloah touched the slumbering one. He awoke and felt himself permeated with power and life. Out of the twilight arose the hills and valleys; the new light came down and skipped above the waves of the streams of
Eden; the sun arose and brought in the day. The man gazed upon the newly-created woman, the mother of the living. Astonishment and bliss filled his heart.

"See!" said Eloah, "out of repose the divine is born. Therefore thou shalt consecrate this day to rest and to God."—Krummacher.

THE ELOQUENCE OF SILENCE.
BY J. W. G., '86.

ELOQUENCE is but an impression, a subtle influence made by some object or occasion, some condition of mind or matter. One may be impressed or influenced directly or through some medium, as man. Eloquence has been one of the great agencies in moulding the destiny of mankind. In holding dominion over his fellows, no more effective power exists in man. But man is not the only being that possesses this power. However grand may have been the eloquence of Demosthenes and Homer, Mt. Olympus, the Isle of Delphos, the slopes of Parnassus—these silent orators were infinitely more effective in forming Grecian character and worth. Even the great thoughts of Homer and Virgil were but the reflected impressions of Greece and Rome. The reply of our own great Webster to Hayne was a paraphrase of the book of Nature—his rural home, its babbling brooks, silent, majestic rivers, forests, and mountains; these were the teachers of his youth, and these impressions remaining were the source and inspiration of those noble thoughts that at length found expression in the forum of his country.

What object, occasion or attribute of nature is best adapted to sway and influence the human mind; to fill it with awe; to take away the consciousness of self. Is it man, who at most can give only an imperfect version of what he has read from nature? The vastness of the universe, the dauntless courage of Leonidas at Thermopylae, are more eloquent than orator or poet. Must not the actual contemplation of the stars in the stillness of night impress one more deeply than any description of them? Ask the poet if he ever pictured to the world a conception half as beautiful as it was stamped upon his own soul.

When man has withdrawn from the noise and bustle of the world; when he has laid aside self and contemplates the infinite, his thoughts cannot be conveyed to his fellow-man; language cannot clothe them. Conceived through the infinite, they can be felt and understood only by the Infinite.

Who has stood before that sculptured lion at Lucerne, that reminder of the heroism and death of the Swiss Guard, and not felt all that poet or orator ever felt? Who, at the guarded tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte, has not felt his own littleness swallowed up by the greatness of him who lies there? And then, thought soaring above nature, even the greatness of Bonaparte seems insignificant in comparison with his own conception of perfect greatness. He can cry with Emerson: "Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous."
The dust of the great men who rest in Westminster Abbey is more grandly eloquent than the loftiest utterances of human lips. Edinburgh's monument to Scott holds communion with the very souls of her citizens. Bunker Hill and the Washington monument are America's greatest orators.

The rambler by the silent sea-shore hears a more eloquent, touching sermon than ever Beecher or Spurgeon preached.

Ask the soldier what the awful silence before the clash of charging columns means to him. His country and home appeal to him in that stillness more eloquently than man ever spake. After the solemn beat of muffled drum has foretold the execution of traitors and deserters upon the field of battle, there follow moments of silence that move the most indifferent, and burn upon the memories of all, every feature of that penalty inflicted by outraged law.

The story of the pirate on a rocky islet of southern Florida illustrates the power of silence over the soul of man. Before a hardened, blood-stained man a mirror is set up. In this he beholds himself as a child, as he is, and as he can be; how he is fallen, and yet may rise. He is alone with his Maker. The sea in silent grandeur around, the canopy of heaven above, birds, trees, and rocks keep vigil, while Nature speaks to him in solitude. His mother's prayer is heard again. The angel of mercy draws a curtain between innocence and crime, and leaves him in the presence of his childhood.

WAIT.
By C. H. S., '81.
Sow in the season of sowing,
And wait for the season of reaping,
God will take care of the growing;
The harvest is safe in His keeping.

Runners are likely to stumble;
The swiftest are often the slowest;
Honor comes sure to the humble;
Who falls from the highest, falls lowest.

Life's fondest hopes may be shattered,
And nothing sure left us but sorrow;
Wait till the storm-clouds are scattered,
'Twill be all the brighter to-morrow.

Wait, for thy Father best knoweth
When those to reward art deserving. 
Wait till His wisdom bestoweth
The prize for thy waiting and serving.
—Star.

LIMITATIONS TO KNOWLEDGE.
By A. B. M., '85.

A child looking forth from his mother's arms would fain grasp the moon as a plaything. Thus the idea of space and of the limitations of his physical powers, are early developed in the child's mind. In his innocence and inexperience he attempts to scale the heavens, but he soon finds that his efforts are in vain. He is hedged in, himself dependent upon all things.

These limitations, by which man is circumscribed, are a result of his nature—physical and intellectual—and of the character of the universe. The limitations of his senses and of his intellect are, however, not coincident. Man, though characterized as a worm of the earth, struggles toward the unknown. He seeks to know what is hidden, and looks farther than the
natural eye can see. What he can see, or hear, or feel is a small part of what he can know. Light-producing vibrations do not cease at the limit at which the eye can detect color. Beyond the red of the spectrum, where sight can detect nothing, the thermometer shows there are vibrations; and beyond the violet, the vibrations are detected by their chemical action.

It is the belief that there is an ever-widening field for man to explore in the pursuit of truth that has led him out and beyond the bounds of the senses. Analogy and inference have been his constant guides in extending the boundary of his knowledge. From a falling apple to a falling moon is a step requiring an exercise of faith. Yet by prediction and verification, the law of gravitation thus boldly inferred, has been, at length, established. About this one law cluster most of the truths of physical astronomy. This crystallization of fact into inference—a process of inductive reasoning—has been the most prolific source of man's knowledge. It gives efficiency to all scientific inquiry. The chemist does not stop with the wondrous revelations of the most powerful microscope. To explain the phenomena of matter, he needs what he cannot find with the microscope. By an exercise of faith he enters the unknown, and supposes the atom to be the limit of divisibility of matter. These atoms, he says, are not at rest even in the most solid substances. By attraction, or repulsion, they are marshaled, in constant ratios, into groups, and thus are explained the differences in the composition of matter. This theory which explains so much, the key which the chemist used to enter the unknown realm of his science, depends upon what is inconceivable, yet it has been reached naturally, and demonstrated as probable. The revelation of the microscope led to it. And so every increase in the power of the microscope and telescope, every increase in facilities for investigation, and every improvement on the results of other men's work, makes available knowledge hitherto beyond the reach of man.

The inferences in Chemistry and Astronomy, in fact, in all science, accepted to-day as satisfactorily demonstrated, by a former age would have been called poetical or fanciful. Such changes in the views of men remind us of great advancements in knowledge.

But that which is known, and that which is unknown sustain the relation of the finite to the infinite. Man will be limited then, in his pursuit of knowledge not because his attainments include all there is to be known, but because the finite cannot comprehend the infinite.

The most the scientist can hope to do is to find the elements and laws of his science. When the chemist has established his atomic theory, there remains that which cannot be explained. If all the elements of the universe, and all the laws of their composition were known, there would still remain the great question,—which a most profound study of the atoms themselves would not answer,—why
do they seek these forms and adaptations?

But the attempt to answer this question would lead far beyond the bounds of the present discussion, which must be limited to a consideration of the physical sciences.

In whatever line of study man directs his efforts, he must confess an ignorance incident to his finite nature. There is dimness and obscurity on one hand; on the other an excess of light. The sun forbids man to look upon its face, by reason of its splendor. The crystal vault of the heavens extends infinitely above man. It is not a brazen vault which beats back man's questioning arrows, giving no answer to his challenge; it is rather a firmament so high that the strength of man's puny arm is insufficient to send the arrows to their mark. They fall at his feet, having spent their force, reminders at once of the infinitude of the universe and the limitations of man's powers.

**SALVE.**

By N., '77.

Hail, lovely May, fairest of spring-time's daughters!

Not March's bleak tones, nor April's sudden tears

Dismayed thy heart, or filled with timid fears,

Or hushed the tinkling of thy silvery waters.

Lo! at thy voice spring forth the woodland creatures,

Sweet May-flower, with her rose-tint face aglow,

Wind-flower pale, and violet sky,—they show Their dainty heads and well-remembered features.

The birds, their joy in sweetest accents telling,

Sing gleefully that May is come again,

That, spite of winter snows and chilling rain,

The grass will grow, while leafy buds are swelling.

Hast thou alone, my heart, no welcome greeting,

No message for the gentle, blithesome May,

While bird and blossom and all things are gay,

And join to celebrate this happy meeting?

Courage, faint heart! take up thy nearest duty,

And thou shalt find a comfort past all thought,

A gladness more than thou hast even sought,

And join in nature's hymn to love and beauty.

**MEN ARE MEASURED BY THEIR HEROES.**

By —, '87.

**HEROES** have lived in all ages of the world. Every page of recorded history tells of their deeds, and mythology sings of their glory. All that comes to us of the people that lived before history began to be written is concerning heroes and their deeds. In all historic ages, heroes and heroism, more than anything else, command our attention and interest.

It is natural, then, to believe in heroes. And since the history of a past race is scarcely more than a history of its heroes, the whole race shares in the honors its heroes enjoy.

The long-buried Troy comes to our minds, and we associate its inhabitants with the story of its heroic siege and defense. The valor of Hector clings to all his race, and the weakness of Paris brings reproach upon all the Trojan youth. One Ulysses establishes for a whole army a reputation for strategy. One Achilles gains superiority for a whole race. Homer is
the medium through which his contemporaries speak to posterity. It is through him they live and by him their manners, customs, and social condition are kept fresh through so many centuries.

We often hear it said that the Greeks were superior to the Romans; that their literature is better, that they had more brains and a higher tone of character. Doubtless this is true. But take away Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Alexander, Herodotus, and Demosthenes, and give them to the Romans, and which would be regarded as the greater people? Such as these are the men that give Greece her reputation, and well it is for her reputation that she produced such men.

The fact that in a town is an eminent statesman, a celebrated orator, or a telegraph inventor, raises the credit of all its citizens. The whole populace partakes of the honor, though for the most part they be like hills of ants and and nests of caterpillars—the more the worse. We make inquiries about a certain place, wishing to know something of the character of its citizens, its desirableness or undesirableness for a residence or for spending a vacation, or some such thing. If we are told that it is the home of some senator or the birthplace of some author, or contains a prominent clergyman, that is enough; that is a satisfactory explanation. It is an excellent place, and altogether desirable for residence, visiting, or anything else. But let it be said that a horrible murder was committed there last year and that it is the home of some well-known scoundrel, and what is the effect? A feeling of horror and dread is mingled with every thought of it; everything about the place is repulsive.

President Pepper of Colby University, in speaking of Aroostook County, said at one time: "They send some splendid boys down here. They must be good people up there, worth noticing." He seemed highly gratified with Aroostook County, though he never had been within its borders, and was resolved to use the first opportunity of visiting it. The credit of a few good boys was shared by the whole county. The town that has produced a Garfield or a Lincoln is held as a venerable spot, rich in the memories of the great and good, and as the resting place of a martyred hero. States vie with one another as to which will furnish the Presidents, one after another. And what man is there that would not be glad to have the executive chair filled from his town, his county, or his state? The very name gives a dignity to the whole population.

It is said "Napoleon was France and France almost Napoleon." So America is her Washingtons, her Jeffersons, her Henrys, her Summers, her Lincolns, her Longfellows, her Websters. And it is good to have heroes and good to enjoy the fruit of their labors. Every good thing in the world bears their impress. Every good government has had its heroes to establish and maintain it. Every good institution has had its heroism to nourish it. America's reputation has been founded by her heroes and nourished by their blood. And happy are her sons to be
measured by such heroes as they. The heart of the whole continent goes out in gratitude to Washington and the other revolutionary heroes. Who is not glad to have Sumner pointed out as an example of American patriotism? Who is not glad to have Phillips and Beecher taken as specimens of American orators? Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, and Hawthorne as samples of American authors? Heroes are, indeed, one of earth's choicest blessings. The country that stands foremost in the eyes of the world is the one which is foremost in the number and size of its heroes.

COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editors of the Student:

In response to your request for a communication from Worcester, we give the following outline of what has here been accomplished since the forest was first invaded, more than two centuries ago.

In the year 1668, a committee was appointed by the court to examine, with a view to settlement, some land near Quinsigamond ponds. This committee reported that it was "a tract of very good chestnut-tree land, and that there may be enough meadow land for a small town of about thirty families, and if certain grants of farms were annexed, it may supply sixty families." This plantation was first settled in 1674, but during the Indian wars it was several times abandoned, and was not permanently re-settled until 1713. Previous to 1684, it was called Quinsigamond, but October 15th of that year, it was named Worcester. The city now dates her foundation as a settlement from the day of her naming. Last October, the seventy thousand inhabitants of Worcester celebrated the bi-centennial of the place, which the planters judged would support thirty, or possibly, sixty families.

For such a population to thrive, new industries must have sprung up that were foreign to the imaginations of the early settlers. The annual manufactured products of Worcester amount to $22,000,000. The largest establishment of the city is engaged in the manufacture of wire. The immensity

changes.

By A. L. M., '76.

The road is crooked, better far by day
Than when the night of sorrow and of grief
Rolls down the mountain brow; when lost
the way
'Mid bowlders, rocks, and streams of unbelief.
Anon o'er lofty peaks, well clad in snow,
Or down in valleys deep and dark and drear,
Again, where fairy forms the path will strew
With beauty, trends our way from year to year.

Sometimes a smiling child beside the road,
Glad, buoyant Spring points out the way,
Sweet Summer's maid, or Autumn with his load,
Or hoary Winter shouts in wild dismay.
Mark well the guide-boards, stop and read, nor stay
Wherein the multitude doth onward run.
There is a narrow, yet a better way,
Whose end is glory, whose reward "Well done!"

Books are the negative pictures of thought, and the more sensitive the mind that receives their images, the more nicely the finest lines are produced.—Holmes.
of this can be realized after one has traveled for hours within its walls, and is then informed that there are other departments to visit. This is the largest wire manufactory in the world. It covers several acres of land, employs four thousand workmen, and produces annually eight million dollars worth of wire. The other manufactured products are boots and shoes, woolen goods, machinery and tools, musical wares, envelopes, and fire-arms.

Perhaps the most noted author whom Worcester has produced is George Bancroft, the historian. He was born in 1800. While he may be the only writer worthy of mention whose native place is Worcester, yet the people have not been indifferent respecting their educational interests. There is a free Public Library of sixty thousand volumes, with free reading-rooms, where may be found newspapers and periodicals from different parts of the world. The American Antiquarian Society has a library containing sixty thousand volumes of ancient books and pamphlets, some of them printed as early as 1475. The Natural History Association has several thousand instructive specimens. Besides the excellent system of public schools, several celebrated institutions are located in the city. These are: Normal School, a State institution; Worcester Academy, with an endowment of $95,000; Institute of Technology, free to all students of Worcester County; Holy Cross College, a Catholic Institution; Military Academy, with cadets from all parts of the country. The last-named institution is now in its twenty-ninth year. It was founded by C. B. Metcalf, its present Superintendent. Six teachers are employed at this school. Three of these have a military education; the others are college graduates. One teacher was educated at this institution; one has been Colonel in the United States army; one has been Captain in the English army; and Yale, Brown, and Bates have each one representative on the Faculty.

The various religious denominations are well represented in Worcester. There are about thirty-five churches in the city. One of these is Free Baptist, and its pastor is the Rev. H. Lockhart, a graduate of Bates Theological School. This church has been organized but a few years, and no church edifice has yet been erected. Some additions have recently been made to the church membership, and the society, although not large, seems to be prospering.

Like Lewiston, Worcester has two of her citizens in Congress. These are Representative Rice, and Senator Hoar. America's greatest living Statesman, a man whose presence has honored Bates, said in an address, while in Worcester:

"We are in the habit in our own minds, without looking closely at the figures, to think of some rich section of Europe as far more populous than any section we have in this country; but in the great united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland there is not as dense a population as inhabits Massachusetts from this point to the sea. There is not in the crowded kingdom of Belgium, nor in that hive of industry, Holland, so dense a population as you on this ground represent to-day. And when you come to compare the comfort, the thrift, the general prosperity of the entire
people, there is not, perhaps, on this circling
globe a community that can stand the com-
parison."

The natives of each of the states,
Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont,
who are residing in Worcester, hold
annual State reunions. The member-
ship of the Maine Association has
already reached seven hundred, and it
is estimated that there are a thousand
of the sons and daughters of Maine in
the city.

The sheet of water whose shores in-
terested the early settlers, is now
called Lake Quinsigamond. The Inter-
collegiate Rowing Association
has decided upon it as the scene of the
regatta of 1885. July 4th is the date
fixed for the contest. University of
Pennsylvania, Cornell, Columbia, Bow-
doin, Brown, and Wesleyan will be
represented by crews. The students
of Bates have never given their atten-
tion to boating, and we venture to say
that this is no source of regret to those
interested in the college.

C. S. F., '84.

OXFORD, BUTLER CO., OHIO.
May 10, 1885.

To the Editors of the Student:

There are several features about Ox-
ford that might make interesting sub-
jects for letters to the Student.

It is situated in the southwestern
corner of the State on the Indiana line,
about an hour's ride northwest of Cinc-
ninnati. The place has long been
known as an educational center, there
being located here three schools quite
famous in the West: the Western
Female Seminary, very similar in plan
and work to Mount Holyoke Seminary;
the Oxford Female College, a more
liberal institution than the Seminary,
having fewer rules, and at present,
fewer students; and Miami University,
a State institution, the gift of the gen-
eral government, and for many years
one of the leading colleges of the West.
It has been closed for several years,
and its buildings and grounds occupied
by a private boarding school. Next
September the college will be re-opened,
and strive to regain its lost position.

But a feature of Oxford, that is of
especial interest to a person from
Maine, is its geology.

New England with its masses of
granite, its rich tourmalines, mica,
feldspar, and crystals, is a fertile field
for study, but we feel that there is one
essential wanting. There are compar-
tively no fossils. Intense heat has
destroyed the remains of prehistoric
life.

Somehow, the idea that a New Eng-
land student gets of the fossiliferous
beds of rock is very peculiar. He im-
agines that fossil remains are found
only by continued searching with ham-
mer and wedge, and that he who finds
himself the possessor of a goodly num-
ber of fossils may consider himself
quite a martyr to science.

Imagine the surprise of such a one
upon his arrival in a town like Oxford.
He starts for a walk through the town
and finds himself walking, not upon
wood sidewalks or brick pavements, but
upon a walk made of large flat rocks so
full of fossils that it is impossible to step
without covering many forms with the
foot.
The first impression is that the walk was made for a curiosity, then that the stones might have been put in a better place than under foot to be stumbled over.

He tries another and another street, and finds them all and even the crossways paved in the same irregular, rough way. These fossils are mostly shells, mollusks of the Silurian age.

He is at once anxious to investigate further, and upon inquiry is told that what he has seen is not worth looking at, that if he cares for such things he can go up the "crick" where the clay beds are.

The lied of the creek is a wonder in itself. Among the deposits may be found corals and mollusks in infinite numbers, sometimes lying about loose and sometimes so imbedded in the clayey rock that the rock itself seems to be entirely composed of them, piled one upon another.

Rocks that from their composition tell the story of their long journey from the North, are found side by side with the once living forms of the Silurian age, reminders of the mighty progress that must have taken place since the creation.

Following up the stream, precipitous banks rise on either side, in the soil of which are projecting roots and trunks of cedars, so far beneath the surface of the ground that they are pronounced by geologists to be one hundred and fifty thousand years old, and still the wood is perfectly preserved.

A little further on and we come to beds of blue clay, the final resting place of the trilobite.

Here is the place to search. The trilobite is found imbedded in this blue clay, and must actually be dug out, scraped, and washed, before he is presentable or even recognizable. His family seems not to have been so numerous as that of the mollusk, and when a member is found it is considered worth keeping.

"To go trilobiting" is the phrase employed to mean geologizing in general, and on a warm spring-day it means a delightful tramp through the fields, and a few hours of healthful exercise by the clay bank.

One of the most perfect trilobites known, was found in this vicinity by a farmer in his yard. It was recognized by mere chance as a valuable specimen. Casts of this trilobite have been taken and can be found in nearly all large cabinets.

This section is also noted for the variety of the Indian relics found. Formerly it was a part of the hunting grounds of the Miami Tribe, and the arrow heads, spear points, and tomahawks, turned up by the plow, bear evidence to the abundance of game that preceded the civilization of the white man. They remind us, too, of the fierce conflict between the races that devastated the Northwest Territory a hundred years ago, and any one of these flinty rocks may be the nameless headstone of some venturous settler or unfortunate soldier.

Here, too, are remains of that ancient people, whose history no one may read, but whose tombs and fortifications will outlast Egyptian granite or Grecian marble.
Upon the whole, Oxford with its pleasant walks and shady groves, its public and private schools, its reminders of the past and promises for the future, is an agreeable place in which to live.

MRS. I. B. F. MURCH, ’82.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 4, 1885.
To the Editors of the Student:

President Cleveland was inaugurated just two months ago to-day, under the most favorable auspices. The day was superb, the crowd large, and the enthusiasm immense. All parties united to make this crowning result of the November election a success, and if there was any remnant of campaign or party animosity lurking anywhere, it was not apparent to the closest observer.

It is possible that a feeling nearly akin to envy may have entered, for an instant, some breast of the many veteran patriots present, when they saw the crowd wild and hoarse in applauding Fitz Hugh Lee, and other representatives of the “lost cause,” and not a throat opened in honor of those who wore the blue in the day of the nation’s peril. But such thoughts were not harbored. On the whole, good-will and hopefulness abounded. The will of the people had been lawfully declared, and neither by armed force nor by carping criticism would the Republican party resist the people’s will. The President-elect, too, was supposed to represent Republican ideas better than any man that could have been chosen from his party. Indeed, he had owed his election to the fact that quite a large number of Republicans believed him to be a better Republican than the Republican party itself. He professed great veneration for civil service reform; he was outspoken in favor of honest money, and was supposed to favor a moderate protection of American labor,—all of which are Republican dogmas,—so that on the whole, the Republicans in this part of the country, at least, acquiesced in his election with a better grace than the Democrats themselves.

The Democrats more or less openly confessed that they had an elephant on their hands, and they felt very uncertain whether his reputed stubbornness would yield to reason,—while the Republicans congratulated themselves that the country would have, on the whole, an honest and successful administration.

When Mr. Cleveland’s Cabinet was announced, it was thought strange by some that but one pronounced Union man was found in it, but upon reflection it was seen that a President, like other people, must use the material he has to work with, and upon the whole, he had succeeded well in choosing representative men.

But this confidence that prevailed two months ago, and these first favorable impressions have not continued with the same force that they then existed. For some reason, after the lapse of but two short months, much unfavorable criticism is now heard where formerly nothing but commendation was expressed. Whether a sufficient change in the tendency of the administration has taken place to war-
rant the changed tone of public remark, I will leave it to you to decide.

People are wondering by what sort of mental legerdemain Mr. Cleveland can call his appointments and attitude towards the public officers of the government, evidences of civil service reform. When they think of Higgins and McLane, and Lawton and Keily, and Troup, and your own Pillsbury and Chase in this connection, they smile "uproariously." And when he turns out as offensive partisans, Republicans who have faithfully and efficiently performed their duties, and puts in their place such immaculate sons of Belial, the amusement increases.

It may be all right from a party standpoint, and I am inclined to think it is,—to place unreconstructed rebels and striped copperheads in the chief seats of the synagogue, for without them Democracy is nothing. The success of the last campaign and of all future campaigns depends largely upon them, but then it is a new idea to me to call such party tactics, civil service reform. If such be civil service reform, it would give off the same unmistakable odor with some other name.

It has been shrewdly given out that few changes are being made or contemplated, but this is not true. Changes have been made so rapidly that many have already been unmade, since a very slight scrutiny showed the appointees to be entirely unworthy. Six hundred postmasters a month, or four every office hour since the administration came into power. Chiefs of division, which were never made political offices by the Republicans, are made so now, and the present indications are that before many months, every office, not explicitly covered and protected by the civil service law, will be filled by a Democrat. And already ways of evading the law in respect to the small number of officials apparently protected by the civil service bill, have been discovered, to wit: the incumbent is discharged as an offensive partisan, and to fill the place, four names must be sent to the appointing officer, by the civil service commission, as having passed the required examination, and become eligible, and as Eugene Higgins significantly said the other day—"it would be strange if there wasn’t one Democrat among the four names."

I am not criticising the course of the administration from a Republican standpoint, or from a Democratic standpoint,—in fact from the last-named standpoint, I think it shrewd and likely to succeed, and give the party a lasting lease of power, if anything they are likely to do could accomplish such a result; but if such a course can be called civil service reform, then Gen. Jackson was the prince of civil service reformers.

W. S. S., '67.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do without a thought of fame. —Longfellow.

The elevation of the mind ought to be the principal end of all our studies; which, if they do not in some measure effect, they will prove of very little service to us. —Burke.
LOCALS.

"You can not open your eyes."

B—wants to know if any one has seen his hat.

It is about time that a date was fixed for Field Day.

The Sophomore and Freshman reserve nines promise—

Great praise is due the Lewiston city fathers for the new plank walk on College Street.

Lemonade was furnished for the nines at the first game of the league by President Cheney.

Prof. (in Chemistry)—"Oxygen is an invisible gas, some of which you see in this bottle."

The address before the Literary Societies is to be delivered by Rev. H. Butterworth of the Youth's Companion.

It is reported that a Theologue has purchased the secret of mesmerism. Don't cheat him when he gives exhibitions.

One of the Freshmen accidentally received quite a severe cut on the hand a few days since while squabbling with a classmate.

Same old story. There was a fire in a Lisbon Street clothing store a few nights ago. Next day H—appeared in a new suit.

The new hats of the Sophs and Freshies are so near alike that it is hard to tell which is the black sheep and which the white.

Two of the boys, who are worthy members of "Ye Jollie Club" of this city, lately added new laurels to their fame in a mock trial at the club.

Prof.—"What use is made of beetles?"  Student—"Fish bait."  Prof.—"Perhaps that is what they are used for; women wear them on their hats."

Student (describing the metamorphosis of the mosquito)—"He passes his first stage of growth in the water, next he crawls out to dry, and then flies away."

The Seniors recently rejoiced in a cut; and it is said that by the time the Prof. arrived, some of them were in the seclusion of their rooms rejoicing in "fine cut."

Two Freshmen cut recitations one day, not long since, and with their "bended pins and twine" started out for recreation. They obtained it and returned with two small minnows.

Prof. (explaining the discovery of the grasshopper's ears)—"For a long time they looked for his ears around his head where other people's ears are, but at last found them in his legs."

In Zoology. Prof. (to student who makes it a rule to give some kind of an answer)—"How would it be if your eyes were on the sides of your head?"  Student—"It would be different."

The custom of observing Class Day, which has been neglected at Bates for the past three years, will be renewed this year. The exercises will occur at Hathorn Hall, Tuesday afternoon, June 23d.

Teacher (to Johnnie who waits for another pupil to whisper the answer, then repeats)—"What was that noise?"
Johnnie—"That was an echo." Teacher—"Well, see if you can raise an echo."

Tennis is fast becoming the most popular game at Bates. Nearly all the suitable space on the campus is now employed, and several Juniors are vainly seeking a place in which to cast their net.

Considerable excitement was lately manifested at the appearance on the campus of two drunken men who had wandered from "down town" and who labored under the hallucination that they were well acquainted with us all.

Two Sophs lately agreed that each should deposit a cent in the missionary box every time he said a "naughty word." Before a week had passed, they mutually broke the agreement declaring that the luxury was too expensive.

The story is told of a small boy in a country school who forgot his name the first day of the term and failed to respond at roll-call, who, when the teacher spoke to him about it, replied: "Why my dear woman, I'm just a learnin'."

Student (to his chum)—"One of the Profs fell asleep at the lecture the other night. Some one ought to have thrown peas at him." H. C.—"They would have been justified in doing it." Student—"I would just 'ave fired 'em if I'd had 'em."

[The Juniors have appeared in "shiny black beaver" and look just immense.]-Lewiston Journal.

Four Juniors were walking down town with new silk hats on, when a yagger hailed them with "Look at the five-dollar hats on the five-cent heads."

Mr. E. Sprague Swift of Farmington has presented to Bates College the library of his deceased father, Rev. J. S. Swift. This library, the result of many years' collections by that veteran editor and clergyman, is one of the largest private libraries in the State.

Prof. Sherman lately exhibited his wonderful powers in mesmerism to a small number of the students. It is reported that several were slightly influenced and one or two were completely lost in the "psychological state." It is to be regretted that he had such a small attendance.

The students recently had the pleasure of listening to two excellent lectures in the college chapel. The first was on Swedenborg, by Rev. Julian K. Smith, a clergyman of the Swedenborgian Church in Roxbury, Mass. The second was on Oratory, by Prof. Emerson of the Munroe Conservatory of Oratory.


The Theologues turned out en masse some time since, and cleared all the underbrush from the pine grove at the
foot of the mountain, making that side look so well beside the rest that it seemed to give a broad hint to the college boys to complete the work. A large force would find it but the work of a few minutes, and certainly the improvement would repay them for the exercise.

The Seniors are busy preparing for Commencement exercises. Their concert promises to be a musical feast. The following talent has been secured: Miss Emma Howe, soprano soloist; Temple Quartette, consisting of W. R. Bateman, 1st tenor, E. F. Webber, 2d tenor, H. A. Cook, baritone, and A. C. Ryder, basso; Germania Quartette, consisting of E. M. Bagley, 1st cornet, B. Bowron, 2d cornet. E. Strasser, clarinet and saxophone, and G. W. Stewart, baritone and trombone. The date of the concert has been changed from the usual time to June 25th. Certificates for tickets are now for sale. Alumni and others can secure these, thus insuring good seats, by addressing the concert committee.

The members of one of the clubs were requested to be on hand at seven o'clock one morning in order that the house might be repaired. Considerable anxiety was felt by two young men, who usually first see the light when the hour hand is nearly ten spaces farther on, about being able to gratify the request of their boarding mistress. It is not certainly known that they took turns at hours of watch through the night, but certain it is that a pair of eyes, unused to being focused in the early morning light, mistook the hour. The owner roused his chum and hurried down the street, ar-

riving just at six o'clock. He skulked back, and found a man angrily pacing the gravel walk in front of Parker Hall. [All rights reserved. A true story.]

The outlook for the base-ball nine is not very bright, although it might be considerably worse. The boys deserve much credit for the courage they have shown in playing under so many adverse circumstances. The first game of the league was played with the Colby nine at Lewiston, May 9th. The following is the score:

**COLBY.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A. B.</th>
<th>R.</th>
<th>H.</th>
<th>T.B.</th>
<th>P. O.</th>
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<tr>
<td>Putnam, c. f.</td>
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<tr>
<td>F. Goodwin, p.</td>
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<td>4</td>
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<td>12</td>
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<td>Boyd, 3b.</td>
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<td>W. Goodwin, 2b.</td>
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<td>Pulser, c.</td>
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Totals .......... 45 15 16 18 27 18 10

**BATES.**

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<th>A. B.</th>
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Totals .......... 42 9 10 13 24 15 7

**SCORE BY INNINGS.**

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Following is the score of the second game:

**BOWDOIN.**

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<th>A. B.</th>
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<td>Bartlett, 3b.</td>
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The Bates Student.

Personals.

Alumni.

"75.—A. M. Spear will deliver the Memorial Day Oration at Hallowell.

"77.—P. R. Clason was elected, at the organization of the Gardiner city government, President of the Common Council, and also City Physician.

"77.—A. W. Potter was elected Supervisor of the town of Lisbon at their last election.

"78.—F. D. George arrived in Calcutta after a pleasant voyage.

"81.—G. L. Record has been appointed a member of the Board of Education in Jersey City.

"82.—S. A. Lowell and E. J. Hatch ('83), were admitted to the bar at the last term of court.

"84.—A. Beede is principal of the high school at Athens, Me.; he also supplies the pulpit at the same place.

"84.—Kate A. McVay is teaching in the Lewiston Grammar School.

"84.—R. E. Donnell has just finished a very successful year of school at Foxcroft Academy. He intends to study medicine during the summer vacation.

Students.

"85.—E. B. Stiles preached at the Congregational Church at North Powell recently.

"85.—A. F. Gilbert is teaching the high school at Clinton, Me.

"85.—F. S. Forbes has just closed a successful term of school at South Newburgh, and will return in a few days.

"85.—M. N. Drew, ex-'85, was recently admitted to the Androscoggin Bar.
'86.—C. E. B. Libby is teaching the Lisbon High School.

'86.—S. S. Wright has just closed a successful term of school at New Sharon.

'86.—F. E. Parlin is principal of the Greely Institute, at Cumberland.

'86.—F. W. Sandford and W. H. Hartshorn are meeting with good success in their school at Oakland, and will not return before the last week of the term.

'86.—I. H. Storer has gone home for a few days.

'87.—Roscoe Nelson will spend his vacation in Boston.

'87.—Miss Clara R. Blaisdell has left Bates, and will enter Wellesley College in the fall.

'87.—Miss N. B. Little is recovering from a slow fever.

'88.—B. W. Tinker has been confined to his room from a short illness.

'88.—F. W. Oakes will act as head waiter at Forest Hills House.

'88.—J. H. Mansur will not return this term.

THEOLOGICAL.

'81.—Rev. L. W. Gowen has closed his labors in Nova Scotia, and has engaged to supply the pulpit of the Evansville (Wis.) F. B. Church.

'87.—H. F. Young has been delivering a series of illustrated lectures at his church at Lisbon Falls.

Among the prospective missionaries to China are the captains of the Cambridge university crew and foot-ball team. They will go immediately after graduation.

EXCHANGES.

Our long-expected visitor, the Williams Literary Monthly has at last arrived in our sanctum and gives ample assurance that it will meet our expectations. Its aim is evidently higher than that of most college journals, and seems to be more elevated subjects, and a higher style. Its first article, "The Greek Question from the Student's Standpoint," presents many arguments against the study of Greek as now pursued. The opinion of the writer is that students learn nothing of consequence concerning Greek literature, politics, or customs, except what they learn from books written in the English language. "Father or Son" is a pleasant sketch which excites our curiosity and then leaves us to appease it as best we may. "A Ramble through the 'Quartier Latin'" gives us brief glimpses of Paris. The first number of the Monthly impresses us very favorably and we trust it will be a powerful agent in advancing college journalism.

But still another stranger craves admission; one closely related to the Monthly, no other than the Williams Fortnight. We gladly welcome him and proceed to examine his credentials. There is a merry twinkle in his eye and a general appearance of good humor about him. He abounds in witticisms, short sketches, and those lively, vivacious poems for which the Williams publications are noted. We wish the Fortnight success.

The William Jewell Student presents a good April number. "Improvement of the Memory" is a good article on an important subject. "A Recompense of Loss" is very fine. It is somewhat fanciful, but contains some poetical thoughts. The other articles of the Student, though not inferior, cannot here be mentioned.
AMONG THE POETS.

ARBUTUS.

Though covered long by lingering snows,
As soon as e'er the winter goes,
You peep from out your bright green clothes,
Announcing spring is here.

Soon from your hiding you'll be chased,
And then in dainty box encased
You'll go to grace my lady's waist,
Proclaiming her my dear.

A dainty note I'll then await
In anxious doubting for my fate,
And wondering if, at any rate,
Her blessed heart you're near.

—Fortnight.

THE VANISHED DAYS.

The vanished days: how faint they lie,
Like soft clouds in a summer sky;
The shadows dark which they enfold,
The pleasures which long since are cold,
Like phantoms of the past flit by.

The night winds thro' the branches sigh,
What does their moaning weird imply?
Are they by spirits grimly tolled—
The vanished days?

What tho' my life doth swiftly fly,
And Death's black stream is deep and nigh;
Far greater joys for me unfold
Than all this barren world can hold;
The future comes: it will outvie
The vanished days.

—Fortnight.

COLLEGE WORLD.

The Amherst College Senate arraigns
the '86 Olio board on the charge of publishing articles particularly forbidden by the Faculty.

The Amherst Glee Club has been on a Western tour, occupying twenty-three days. They gave seventeen concerts with great success.

The Princetonian has been changed into a bi-daily. The Faculty censured the last issue by the old board, and indefinitely suspended two senior editors from college. Once before this year the paper has been censured.

Theodore Thomas has invited the Yale and Amherst Glee Clubs to accompany him through Europe. Amherst has already accepted.

Forty men at Yale are trying for the Freshman nine.

Yale has now sixty-nine base-balls won from different clubs.

Lyon, of Yale, in the Dartmouth game, made a clean hit of 450 feet, one of the longest ever made in New Haven.

Harvard is discussing a new literary monthly.

At Harvard, eleven nines have been formed to compete for nine cups offered by the Crimson. All who have played on the Varsity nine, or any class nine, are ineligible.

The Boston Latin School is the oldest educational institution in America. It observed its 250th anniversary on April 23d.

At Cornell, among the students pursuing the military course of instruction, is one lady.

The Garfield memorial window at Williams has been finished at a cost of $8,645.

Union College has been for some time without a president. Ex-President Arthur was suggested for the position. Recently Stewart L. Woodford is proposed.

Bowdoin will expend $90,000 on her gymnasium, and the University of Pennsylvania $7,000 on her new athletic field.

Prof. Wentworth of Phillips Exeter Academy, has been appointed one of the board of examiners at the Naval Academy, Annapolis.

William H. Vanderbilt has donated $500,000 to the College of Physicians
and Surgeons in New York, for the erection of a building.

A judgment of about $850,000 has been secured against the Chicago University. The entire property of the institution is valued at only $400,000. It is feared that its doors will have to be closed.

The present members of the Intercollegiate Cricket Association are Columbia, Harvard, Haverford, and the University of Pennsylvania. The championship cup has just been handed over to Haverford, last season's victor.

Matthew Arnold has declined to accept the Mereton professorship of English Literature at Oxford, with a salary of $4,400 a year, on account of his determination to devote himself to literary occupation.

---

**DIAMOND SCORES.**

April 11, . . . Harvard, 11; Technology, 4.

11, . . . Yale, 5; Waterbury, 5.

14, . . . Waterbury, 17; Amherst, 4.

14, . . . Boston Union, 6; Brown, 4.

15, . . . Yale, 2; Bridgeport, 1.

18, . . . Brooklyn, 12; Yale, 6.

18, . . . Princeton, 2; Trenton, 1.

20, . . . Amherst, 10; Boston Union, 5.

21, . . . Technology, 7; Brown, 1.

22, . . . Yale, 3; Hartford, 4.

23, . . . Boston, 12; Princeton, 4.

30, . . . Brown, 9; Amherst, 1.

May 4, . . . . . . Harvard, 13; Amherst, 4.

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**CLIPPINGS.**

**WHIST.**

I was in their cozy parlor,
We oft would play at whist.
I thought her lips the fairest
E'er college man had kissed.

I had to bring my chum along,
As partner for her mother,
Tho' oft the place of chum was
Filled by her angelic brother.

I do not know that I am sad,
For what I've been here.
My chum got her, and as for me,
I got—well I got left. —Orienc.

The girdle of Venus—a coat sleeve.

---

An ordinary woman's waist is thirty inches around. An ordinary man's arm is about thirty inches long. "How admirable are thy works, O nature!" —Ex.

First Freshman—"Saw you at the museum last night." Second Ditto—"Did you? I didn't see you. What cage were you in?"—Ex.

"Angels call thee little darling"—so do the young men.—Ex.

"I've been longing to speak," he said softly, and the maiden drew close to his side, while in vision already she pictured herself a collegian's bride.

"I've been longing to speak," he repeated, and, as the maiden nestled her head on his bosom so strong and so manly, "For the temperance party," he said.—Ex.

The prize boarding-house steak has been discovered. It was so tough that the intended victim could not stick his fork in the gravy.—Ex.

Into the glowing grate he gazed
In silent meditation,
Until her eyes the maiden raised
And said, "What's osculation?"

The lover slowly bent his head,
And with some trepidation
He kissed her on the lips and said,
"Sweet love, that's osculation."

Then while her heart went pit-a-pat,
Till she could almost hear it,
She said: "I thought it must be that,
Or something pretty near it."

Professor in Chemistry—"Now, the question is: Why is this called the red oxide, and that the black oxide?"
The class, after fifteen minutes profound reflection, give it up. Prof.—"Because this is red and that is black." Class tumble.—Ex.

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GREEK: In three books of Xenophon's Anabasis; two books of Homer's Iliad; in Hadley's Greek Grammar.

MATHEMATICS: In Loomis' or Greenleaf's Arithmetic; in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' Algebra; and in two books of Geometry.

ENGLISH: In Mitchell's Ancient Geography; and in Worcester's Ancient History.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

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