THE

BATES STUDENT

Vol. XII. No. 1.

PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF '85,

BATES COLLEGE,

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EDITORIAL.

WITH modesty, becoming those who are entering upon the most responsible positions so far in their lives, we enter upon our work as editors of the Bates Student. The efficient labors of editors in the past, have given the Student a worthy position among the college journals. Our hope is that it may not suffer under the present board of editors. To the friends of the Student we can promise only our feeble, though faithful, efforts. These we do promise. We shall endeavor to keep before us the distinctive objects of our work. These objects, as we understand them, are to furnish a repository for the literary productions of the students and those alumni who will contribute to our columns, to stimulate a taste for literary work in college, and to faithfully represent student life and student opinion.

There is among Bates students a practice, now become somewhat common, of offering uncharitable criticisms on their chosen college. The practice is an evil one, and not only that, it is impolitic. The relations of a student to his college are not severed at grad-
nation. These relations continue to exist in the form of common interests.
The student's scholarship, the legitimate child of his Alma Mater, ever deepening and widening, continues to bestow upon the old college, even after long years, true, filial affection. Around the old college haunts, cluster fond recollections and pleasant reminiscences. Friendships, true and abiding, that gladden and beautify the whole after life of the student, are formed during his four years in college. Thus it is, with the increasing prosperity and usefulness of his Alma Mater, the graduate's own joy and pride keep pace. How foolish, then, the persistent efforts of certain students to degrade in their own eyes and in the eyes of others, their struggling college. With every thrust at the college, they inflict a wound on themselves that will ever rankle.

The immediate evil results of the practice appear in a spirit of dissatisfaction and restlessness among the students. Thus the practice becomes seriously detrimental not only to the students but also to the college. But does some student say that all this disparaging talk about our college is justified by the facts of the case? How glaring the inconsistency between such an assertion and the action of that same student! Why did he enter Bates? Surely he could not have been deceived as to the advantages here offered for a liberal education. Or perhaps he was. If so, why does he remain? The student that continues to avail himself of the advantages here offered, it is reasonable to suppose, thinks he is doing the best thing. Then let there be a cessation of those foolish croakings, so extravagantly indulged in, by some students. We know that certain advantages, enjoyed at more wealthy institutions, are wanting here. We also know that certain evil tendencies, so prevalent at older colleges, are not encountered at Bates.

We do have faith in our college and in the benefits we are receiving. Our actions attest the fact more emphatically than any mere words. Then let us be loyal—loyal in word as well as in deed,—and in the not far distant future, when the prosperity of Bates shall have been established, we may look back, with something akin to satisfaction, upon our constancy to the dear old college, even in her days of greatest trial.

There ought to be no misunderstanding concerning the relation which our magazine sustains to the college. The Student was not established as the organ of a few students. Editorial work must be placed upon some one, thus securing responsibility for its faithful performance, but this work and responsibility should not suggest ownership.

The individuality of an editor may assert itself so that a friend can recognize the person in an article; others who have not this personal acquaintance with the writer will see only a college student. And so, beyond the limits of our own walls, the Student represents the college; its tone and character is an index of the life and character of our students. If this is
true, it behooves the friends of the college to watch with jealous care over the interests of our magazine.

To the alumni especially the Student offers an opportunity for showing their loyalty to their Alma Mater, not alone by sustaining the relation of subscriber, but, whenever an opportunity is given for advancing the interest of the Student, that of contributor. The ground upon which it is claimed that the alumni and friends of the college should encourage the Student is this: a college publication and its college must, of necessity, sustain relations of mutual helpfulness or hindrance.

We believe it to be absolutely true that if the work of the editors be well done, the college receives the honor; but that, if their work be poorly done, the college suffers the disgrace. No better proof can be given of a recognition, on the part of a college faculty, of this mutually helpful relation than the action of the Faculty at Bates College in excusing the editors from a part of their rhetorical work. Editorial work cannot be well done if in addition to it, the editors have the rhetorical exercises that classmates of equal ability are frequently unable to prepare on time. The course of our Faculty in this matter cannot be too highly commended. Policy should dictate such a course in all colleges. Justice demands it.

We do not purpose to assume the office of censorship at the opening of our editorial career. There seems to be, however, an evil in our college that should be removed. Believing that a college journal should advance those ideas that relate to the prosperity of the institution it represents, we take upon us the responsibility, not to point out (for it is already too evident), but to call attention to this evil. Every college has its own peculiar evil. Lack of ambition seems to be the evil threatening us at present. There is not enough emulation among the students. Although it is maintained by some that this spirit is hostile to a successful college course, yet from the history of our own college, such is not the case. We find on looking over the records of Bates that she has had times of prosperity, as well as times of adversity. We can not help noticing also the different degrees of enthusiasm among the students; and it is invariably true, that our seasons of prosperity have been those times in which the students exhibited, in a marked degree, a spirit of rivalry. We need now some of the enthusiasm of the days of "auld lang syne." It is true there is much to deaden this emulative spirit. The majority of us have to work our own way, and coming back to our studies, after a hard vacation's work to procure funds to meet the expenses of the succeeding term, we are better fitted for rest than for hard and faithful work.

But it should be remembered that the arrangement of our vacations is one of the numerous advantages offered by the institution, and without this arrangement many of us would be unable to obtain a higher education. With this fact confronting us, ought not every effort be made to procure
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an equivalent for time and money expended? The injustice of the ranking system also confronts us.

It is claimed to be wrong to study for rank. In our opinion, to study for rank alone is decidedly wrong, and he who does so misinterprets the true meaning of a college course. The height to be reached, and that which marks the height attained should not be confounded.

Rank is not the object, but the indication of study. It is to the student what the log is to the mariner, and is, or should be no more the object of study, than the mariner's motive in sailing his vessel is for his log to indicate a certain rate of speed.

There are also many other barriers in the way which might be mentioned. But the lack of this reviving spirit is noticed not in the recitation-room alone. It is noticed, and also keenly felt in our sports, and in matters that, although they do not come within the range of the college curriculum, are of vital importance to a college course. Our record for the past year as baseballists shows both a need of hard work and of unison in our work. Might not the same be equally applicable to some of us as society members?

The college has been well called "a world in itself." It presents all the functions of the material world, yet in many respects the college world differs from the material world. Our entrance to college ushers us, as we might say, into a new existence. Our surroundings are completely changed; our social condition is different; all the immoralities as well as the moralities of the college world are unfolded before us; in fact, a college air pervades it all. Yet whatever different aspects it presents, in one respect it is the same. Its vivacity, all the stir and bustle peculiar to the college world, its success, and in fact its very existence depends, in a large measure, upon the activity of those that comprise it. Our sphere belongs to the galaxy of American colleges, and in order for it to shine with a brilliancy equal to other college worlds, much depends upon our own efforts.

It is surprising how little conscience a large majority of students manifest with regard to cheating in examinations! They regard the Faculty as their enemies, and so exercise their wits to circumvent them. It seems to be considered proper, by many, to steal examinations, use crib, and some even carry their books when they take tests, while others, who would not steal or crib, do not hesitate to make use of their neighbor's work, a practice equally as bad. The necessity—if there is any necessity—of cheating implies one of two things: a lack of ability, or a want of faithfulness. No student of ordinary ability, who is in any degree faithful, need fear examinations; for they are intended, not to puzzle and defeat, but to test, and any one ought to be ashamed to confess himself unable to answer ten or twenty questions on a subject after three months' study. No amount of cheating can make up for lack of ability and hard study. It may tide one over a college examina-
tion, but it will bring harm to him by warping his sense of right; and there is danger that practices begun in college may be continued after the student has entered upon active life, where things are called by their right names, and where cheating and theft, instead of being subjects of mirth, are subjects for the courts. No student who has any regard for his character, can afford to cheat. It belittles him even in his own estimation, when he looks at the question fairly.

The Faculty cannot afford to have cheating practiced, as it lessens respect for them if the students find it an easy matter to outwit them. The teacher that commands respect is the one who demands and has square dealing.

Now, since it is for the interest both of instructor and instructed that cheating in examinations lie done away with, will not all right-minded students, both by precept and example, strive to arouse college sentiment against it; and will not the Faculty look upon those who persist in the practice as hostile to the best interests of their college?

The expression "How dull it is," has often saluted our ears during the last two terms, and, as we have sought for the causes that give rise to such an expression, we have come to the conclusion that one of the causes is the lack of a live glee club.

It has been almost impossible during the last year to have music at prayers, or in the societies, because we have had no organization of singers.

Of course the first requisite for a good glee club is talent. That we have. The second is an association to which we can look to furnish music at prayers and on other occasions, when it is desirable to have singing. This we have not. This being the case, would it not be well for all who are interested — and all ought to be—to meet as soon as may be, and form such an association as is needed. Weekly meetings for practice, with an instructor, would be profitable, for beside getting the drill, the club would be ready to furnish singing at short notice. A public rehearsal once a term would be highly appreciated, and might be made a means of paying an instructor. We like the idea that '86 has put into practice, of having a class quartette, and hope that the other classes will follow its example. Some one has suggested that the classes take turns singing at chapel exercises. There would be rivalry enough from such an arrangement to ensure good singing. The college band, though still in its infancy, shows signs of promise. Blow away, boys! though discordant sounds often reach the sanctum, we patiently await the day when practice shall have made you perfect. A little vigorous effort on the part of all who are musically inclined cannot fail of good results.

On Sunday, the eighteenth of last November, the time of nearly all railroads in the United States and Canada, was changed to conform to the new standard, and almost all of the larger cities and towns have also adopted it. The change was in no case more than
half an hour, and the inconveniences arising from it were such as to be hardly noticed by any, while the advantages were great. Though this change was brought about by the railroads, such reform has long been talked of by scientific men. It is a move in the direction that modern progress, quick communication, and rapid transit have been pointing for some time, and the ease and promptness with which almost all corporations and municipalities have fallen in with it, shows that there was already a place for it in the public mind.

It is not to be doubted, however, that this measure is only a step towards another and more radical change,—the adoption of an uniform standard of time over large portions of the earth’s surface, and, eventually, all over the world. This has been long talked of by scientific men, and advocated by many able astronomers, navigators, etc. At a recent meeting of scientists in Rome, the subject was discussed, though without any direct results. The plan is to take some place—say Greenwich or Washington—as a starting point, and reckon time absolutely from that as longitude is reckoned. This would of course cause many apparent anomalies at first. Sunrise might come at twelve, and dinner time at six. The greatest inconveniences would probably be those of travelers, who, accustomed to having twelve o’clock come in the middle of the day in one place, would be embarrassed at finding it coming at dusk in another. But this would not be so great as the annoyance of finding one’s watch an hour slow, and one’s self an hour too late for the train on crossing one of the standard meridians of the present system.

The greatest benefits would perhaps be to the officers of ocean steamers and ships. As is well known, under the present system, there must be two standards of time on every sailing vessel,—true time, and Greenwich or Washington time. In going around the world in one direction (or rather, in crossing a certain meridian, which has been arbitrarily chosen as the place for making the change) a day must be lost from a ship’s reckoning, and vice versa in going the opposite way. The absolute time of sailing between two ports, situated on either side of this meridian, may be the same, in either direction, but the apparent time will differ by two days. All this would of course be avoided by an uniform system of absolute time, and we are inclined to think that it will not be many years before we shall see such a system in use.

LITERARY.

THE NIGHT IS THINE.
By W. P. F., ’81.

The day may go for joy or woe,
For toil or grief or idle play,
And hate and strife may have their way,
But sweeter things the evening brings;

The night is thine,
O love, divine!

The day is white with glare and light,
With din and war the day is filled,
But ’neath the stars all sounds are stilled,
The night is best with home and rest;

O love divine,
The night is thine.

—Cottage Hearth.
AMERICA, THE LAND OF ROMANCE.
By A. B., Jr., '84.

A RUDE face that betrays a cold, unfeeling heart laughs at the soul's finer sentiments and calls them idle fancies. Did you ever see an audience hushed to death silence by gentle strains of music? This shows that the sentiments are real. Music, poetry, and romance are the sound of the soul's vibrating chords. As the note of a piano which makes the corresponding string of another tremble and emit a feeble sound, so these awaken in kindred souls a sympathetic vibration.

Poetry is the utterance of a soul struggling to harmonize two elements: pleasure and pain. Romance, on the other hand, glows with imagination, and its beacon light is wonder. The poetic is content with describing an ideal, the romantic demands its possession. A noble spirit wrestling with sinister fortune for the possession of some goal constitutes a romance. This is modern chivalry.

Hallam says that the romance of the Middle Ages rested upon three columns: chivalry, gallantry, and religion. It rested upon chivalry because its chief element in all ages is the aspiration for achievements; upon gallantry and religion because these were the all-absorbing themes of the age. Religion was just beginning to shine forth in her beauty, and by her side she led angelic woman whom she found degraded to the condition of a slave.

Romance is co-existent with freedom; taking its rise with Homer, it has gone westward with the course of empire. Wherever the human mind thrills with the greatest aspiration for achievements in any noble cause, there is her favorite seat of empire. Why, then, is America not a land of romance? She points the lowliest to the highest eminences to which imagination's eye can penetrate.

If romance could flourish only in some clime where the heavens have a peculiar influence, we might look for its sepulchre in the home of its childhood: on the banks of Tiber, in the regions of long-forgotten Troy, or in some enchanted spot whence the mystic Nile rolls its lordly waters. But it dwells not in space nor can bounds be set to its dominion. It is an outgrowth of the mind and it dwells upon the heights of humanity.

It is certain that America's people have an insatiable thirst for romance; even her historians must strike the romantic key if they would attract the popular ear. And this thirst for the romantic proves the reality of romance; for it is the first law of our being that every desire is answered with means for its gratification.

Where in all the classics do we read of a voyage more romantic than that of Columbus? The early settlers fleeing from tyranny, and taking refuge in the wilderness, the exploits of warriors in Mexico and Peru, gray-haired men searching for the fountain of youth, and De Soto buried by night beneath the waters of the Mississippi—these call for a history to vie with the romance of Scott. In our day, and especially in America, are more than
fulfilled the vast romantic dreams of former ages.

Who ever imagined a gigantic monster dashing over the earth by night with a fiery train sweeping behind it like a meteor in the heavens, or a messenger swift enough to leave London at sunrise and reach Washington before light the same morning? Bring the ghost of Archimedes before us, show him a telephone, and he will be more terrified at its workings than we at his ghost. To what shall we ascribe these romantic achievements? To the exalting influence of American institutions. The wand of American genius touched the elements and they flashed forth the inconceivable.

America's majestic rivers and her mighty waterfalls, her gigantic mountains with their awful yet beautiful gorges—what feelings they awaken! But when we ask Niagara and Yosemite for their history, our only answer is the water's ceaseless monotone and the sighing mountain winds imploring the tribute of a romance.

But after all the truest romance is found in the human heart. Search the heart of any American that has ever had one noble aspiration in this land of life and you will find written therein a vivid romance. When distance shall lend enchantment and time wreath her halo of imagination and wonder, of all ages our own will seem the most romantic and of all places America will be the enchanted spot of romance.

Men should not think too much of themselves, and yet a man should be careful not to forget himself.—Pren- tice.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.
By D. C. W., '85.

Merrily ring the Christmas chimes,
As they merrily rang in the olden times;
For hearts grown sad, and heads grown gray
Are young once more on Christmas day

Cheerily blazes the Christmas fire
On the old stone hearth as the flames mount higher:
For children that long have learned to stray
Come home again on Christmas day.

Joyously echoes the Christmas song
From youthful voices clear and strong:
For "Peace on Earth, good-will" was given
To the sons of men from the Son of Heaven.

LUTHER'S INFLUENCE ON THE WORLD.

The history of Europe before the Reformation is a record of widespread ignorance, conservatism, and superstition. In religion and government despotism had crushed the feeble attempts of the human intellect to control force. Rome, even, was almost destitute of learned men and philosophers. Everywhere learning was nearly extinct. Superstition and fanaticism necessarily were the ruling powers. Religion became indulgence. Torture superseded witness under oath. Ordeal supplanted judicial function.

In this period arose the spirit that led to the Crusades which despite fanaticism, flagellism, and religious phrensy may truly be called the great awakening power of mediaeval Europe. Then resulted a reaction from despotism to liberty. Reform in government followed. Learning revived. The art of printing was invented. Never before had there been so great an interest in adventure and discovery. The
mariner's compass had made practical the science of navigation. Columbus, the last and greatest of the crusaders, had voyaged to the discovery of a new world. Philosophy and literature flourished. The influence of poetry inspired the age with a desire for liberty and reform.

Then came the powerful actors of the age. Wycliffe, the morning star of the Reformation, had been the first that dared to oppose his intellect to the bigotry of the dark ages. Huss of Bohemia, and Jerome of Prague, had devoted their great learning and influence to the reform, until their characters and deeds were made still more glorious by the death of martyrdom. The light from the flames of their burning had shone throughout the world. Reuchlin and Hutten had consecrated their lives to the great cause. Erasmus had employed in the support of the truth his great learning and profundity of argument.

Then came Luther, of the great men of the age, the mightiest. It was Luther that was to lead the Reformation, rising from a fagot-gatherer to become occupant of the chair of theology at Wittenberg, the most powerful agent of reformed theology and the controller of his age throughout the world. The history of the Reformation is the history of Martin Luther. The whole cause of that great event, universal in its influence, was the searching of a sincere and lofty mind for the truth.

The son of a poor miner, a fagot-gatherer in his childhood, he enters a school of the Franciscans and begs his bread as a street singer. Not long after he is seen in the University of Erfurt—his progress has been wonderful; he is everywhere regarded as a genius. University honors are heaped upon him. He enters the study of law and it is his only desire to attain the highest civic honors. But, one day, he chances to find a Latin Bible that had been cast aside by its careless owner. That book upon which his eyes rested for the first time became a wonderful revelation. He forsook law to become a penitent and ponderer in the gloom of the monastery, a beggar through the streets, an Augustine monk.

There, where he expected to find peace and religious wisdom, he found only corruption and superstition. He visited Rome. He found it far different from the venerated city of his imagination. Its hideous crimes and corruptions needed but once to be looked upon in order to be known.

There a penitent, creeping upon his knees up Pilate's staircase, Truth revealed herself to him. He arose, stood erect and crept no farther up the stairs. He would no longer be the slave of mere forms and superstitions. That moment had changed the Augustine monk into the Reformer of the World. But how could one man alone accomplish such great results? He began by opposing with all his power the evils nearest him—the evils of indulgence and the Confessional. His great efforts made him great. Finally, he overthrew the papal supremacy, the monster that had held the world enchained. The results of Luther's Re-
formation prove that it was a revolution in thought, religion and government. From it civilization has spread and prospered. The influence and free exercise of the press, dating from that time, have diffused knowledge and learning. The arts and sciences have been cultivated and made to assume their places among the features of progress. Commerce, discovery, and manufacturing have developed and displayed their energies.

The truth that government is a science has been comprehended and accepted, and its laws have been revealed. Philosophy and benevolence have risen victorious over hatred and bigotry. Reformed religion has triumphed over superstition. And, greatest result of all, from the reformation of Luther dates the foundations of free institutions and of human freedom.

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RETROSPECTION.

By N., '77.

Once more upon the threshold of the year I pause
To glance into the misty past, and dream
Of days that are no more; while memories,
now sad, now bright,
Bestir themselves and wake to haunt me yet again.
I seem once more to kiss the pale, sweet face of her,
My childhood's mate; then leave her 'mid the winter snows
To peaceful sleep, until shall break eternal dawn.

Another form I miss, the gray-haired pastor, dear,
Who strove, in love, to guide our earliest steps aright,
And, in the swiftly-thinning ranks of friends beloved,
I seek, in vain, for many a well-known face and form.

Yet other faces in a distant clime I see,
That brightened at my coming; while those outstretched arms,
With warmest welcome, drew me to their fond embrace.

The secrets of my inmost soul, though not unveiled
To mortal eye, are part of the unchanging past.
The stain of sinful thought, of hasty word or deed,
No tears, repentant though they be, can wash away,
Nor kindly act nor generous impulse e'er efface.
Yet as I leave ye all, your memories I bear,
In trust that somehow, heaviest losses, yea, my sins,
May help to guide my faltering steps a surer way
Through paths unseen, o'er steeps unknown, untried.

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WHAT THE NEW WORLD TEACHES THE OLD.

By O. L. F., '83.

The framers of the Constitution of our government deliberately rejected the institutions to which other governments traced their strength and prosperity. The old world had settled down to the belief that hereditary monarchs, distinctions of rank, a strong political center, toward which all political power should tend, and great standing armies were the necessary conditions to give stability and order to a government. There had never been a government in the world but that had recognized one or all of these as necessary to their existence. Greece had her republics; but they were republics of a few freemen and subjects. Italy had her republics; but they were republics of wealth and skill, of families select and aristocratic.
Holland had her republics; republics of guilds and land-holders, trusting the helm of state to property and education. All these were supported by great standing armies.

The framers of our Constitution, founded, with an elective chief magistrate and no standing army, the Empire of Liberty upon the basis of perfect equality in rights and representation of all its citizens. With the birth of this empire, mighty in its very infancy, from inherent strength, the voice of freedom became audible. The people of France heard it, as they turned from feudal bondage; the people of Ireland heard it, as they rose with 80,000 volunteers, in answer to the call of the patriot Grattan; Poland heard it, and a declaration was read from every petty state. Such was the spirit spread abroad from the first moment of our national history, and it is still making the whole world feel the potent contact of its own influence.

From the great principle that all men are equal, we have for the first time triumphantly inferred, as a necessary consequence, that the will of the majority of the people is the source of all political power. That power is exercised by a suffrage common to all, rich and poor, educated and ignorant. When this principle was adopted, it proclaimed a right unknown in any country in the world. What Wycliffe did for religion, Jefferson and Adams did for the state; they trusted it to the people. France and Germany now have universal suffrage; England has doubled her elective franchise in the present century, and the whole civilized world has begun, under all forms of government, to think and reason on affairs of state.

Thus we have laid on the people a new responsibility—the responsibility of deciding national, state, and municipal questions. The healthful influence of this responsibility pervades the republic like the air, searching out the most remote points, and descending to the lowest depths. Great political questions stir the deepest elements of the nation; strong political excitements impel a people in advance of the age, and lift a whole people to a higher platform of intelligence and morality.

This, then, is our great instrument of education, and because of its universality there is more general information among our people than those of any other country. By this general diffusion of knowledge, we are able to turn the failures of other countries into national blessings.

From the down-trodden and oppressed of the old world, the United States has reared a civilization unrivaled in power, grandeur, or purity by any of the nations of Europe. She lifts the serf and peasant to the lot of a freeman and citizen, and imparts to them the self-respect that renders them safe and dignified participants in the great rights and great duties of self-government.

We have done what no other people, government, or age has dared even to try. We have showed the world that a state without a king, and with a representative government for all its citizens is an actual, every-day fact. We have founded a republic on the unlim-
The great problem of Plato, "How are we to rule men?" is thus solved by the great American people.

A little more than a hundred years have rolled away since that venture-some declaration, that God made all men to be free and equal. To-day, with territory that joins ocean to ocean, with fifty-five millions of people, with two wars behind her, having successfully grappled with the treacherous foe that threatened her central life, and having lifted to freedom and citizenship a whole race of bondmen, the great republic, stronger than ever, launches into the second century of her independence. The history of the world has no other chapter of such significance in its bearing on the future. America stands forth to-day, as one vast empire of civilization—an everlasting monument to Liberty and Equality.

COMMUNICATION.

COLUMBUS, Ind., Jan. 2, 1884.

Editors of the Student:

According to promise I collect a few facts, localisms, and a dog adventure, call them a letter and send them in. I am at present in Shelbyville, a bustling, active place of 3600 inhabitants. Shelbyville, like Indianapolis and several other cities of Indiana, that I have visited, is built on level ground. The streets are broad and straight, and intersect each other at right angles, thus dividing the city into numerous rectangles. The place presents a beautiful appearance at night when the street lamps are lighted.

There is a whiskey distillery here and it is considered one of the finest in the United States. They use 800 bushels of corn daily, and make from it fifty-two barrels of whiskey. All are probably aware of the fact that whiskey is the condensed vapor that arises from the beer. The temperature at which whiskey is made is usually 160°. While the proprietor of the distillery was explaining this, he added that by increasing the temperature to 170° they made their ten year old whiskey in a day and a half. The process that the corn undergoes from the time it enters the "crackers" and "cookers" until it becomes whiskey, is very interesting.

The soil is very productive. The principal products are corn and wheat. Hogs are raised in great numbers, and in many places hog and hominy constitute the chief articles of diet.

The people in many parts of the country are the veritable "Hoosiers" described by Eggleston in his "Hoosier Schoolmaster." With the exception of their broad-brimmed hats their dress is like that of the Eastern people. The pronunciation of some words and the manner in which they are used at once attract the attention of the stranger. For example: they say "onct," for once; "paw" and "maw," for pa and ma; "kiver," for cover; "I just lowed," for I think; "I reckon," for I guess, etc. The phrase,
"right smart" is used in nearly every conceivable way. As, we had "right smart" of snow last night, he killed "right smart" of rabbits yesterday. The word at is used in peculiar ways. Where are you stopping "at"? Where is your home "at"? Whenever "where" begins a sentence, the final word of that sentence is always "at." The following sentence exemplifies another use of "at": "Say we go up to court and listen "at" them this evening."

The majority of business places are kept open on Sunday. On this day the men, who have worked during the week, indulge in drunken revels and carousals. Society in general, though there are many exceptions, lacks the refinement, polish, and culture that is characteristic of the Eastern villages. At some of my stopping places the boarders have traveled quite extensively, and experienced a considerable of frontier life. After supper, they will draw about the fire and tell their stories of the "cow boys," and their narrow escapes from the "Greasers" until, when you creep up to bed, every door and chair seems to conceal a "cow boy" with his revolver, or a dirty Mexican with his knife and lasso.

This is a fine country in which to pursue the study of natural history,—that is, some parts of it. The canine species may be studied here to perfection. The English bull-dog seems to be the farmer's favorite, and in the expression of his sentiments he is not less bold than the dreaded bloodhounds of Kentucky. As Bud Means said: "If they onct take hold, heaven and yearth cannot make them let go."

If you will pardon a personal experience I will relate how the writer made the acquaintance of a dog in not the most agreeable manner possible. On the morning of December 6th, I knocked at a little log hut, not far from Bluff Creek. While awaiting an answer, one of the most ferocious dogs, that it has ever been my good, or rather, bad fortune to see, appeared on the scene. He came around the corner of the house, walked to within four feet of me and then stopped. As we stood thus looking at each other a fine opportunity was offered for mutual inspection. He would weigh, perhaps, seventy pounds. His eyes were bright enough to light a cigar by, but as I don't smoke, I didn't indulge. Taken altogether his appearance was as formidable to me as was Cerberus to those entering the infernal regions. To his collar was attached a chain about six feet long at the end of which was a block of wood that would weigh twelve pounds or more. The result of his meditations could not have been satisfactory, for, after looking at me a full minute—it seemed much longer—he made a spring for my throat. Anticipating his movements somewhat, I had barely time to raise my right arm before my throat when the brute's forepaws struck my chest, and, as my forearm was where he expected to find my throat he took that instead. The situation was fast becoming critical. Not a stone or a stick to be had, and no person within hearing distance. Well, the skirmish proceeded and at length I grabbed hold of his collar and
gave it a hard twist. That had the desired effect, and as he let go his hold an additional twist compelled him to gasp for breath. That sound was as pleasant to your correspondent's ear as the trickle of running water to the thirsty traveler on Sahara. Still retaining the twist I retreated to the gate, and giving the collar a final twist was off. If the collar had not been seized at the right instant, the readers of the STUDENT would not have seen a letter from Indiana in the January number.

Most truly yours,

F. A. M., '85.

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LOCALS.

Any one got a pony on locals? We'd like to borrow it a little while.

Two Seniors and three Juniors with quite a fair number of Sophomores and Freshmen, at chapel, the first morning of the term.

Chess was played quite extensively at Bates last year; we hope the interest has not died out. Couldn't a chess club be started?

Some one has at last found out the first, last, and only use of the ranking system—viz.: to furnish college papers with something to rail at.

Several of the boys visited the Foreign Exhibition in Boston, during the vacation. Almost all report themselves as most struck with the picture of "Luna and Endymion."

Prof.—"Mr. N., what is a node?"
Mr. N.—"I don't know," (sits down, and adds, sotto voce) — "Never know'd." Groans from those near him.

"How pleasant is Saturday night,
I haven't a shirt that is good,
Nor a stocking—my coal fire's out,
And I can't find a stick of soft wood."

A doubtful compliment: First Junior—"Did you see young Mrs. B. at the masquerade last night, Tom?"
"How did she look—she's pretty, isn't she? Second Junior—"Well—yes—quite, back to."

Traveling Tinker (who has called three times within a week—"Umbrellas to mend?" Soph.—"No, go 'long. Do you think we do nothing here but break umbrellas? We don't use 'em for base-ball bats."

"In six years Johns Hopkins University has turned out over one hundred professors."—Ex. Bates never had to turn out any of her professors; the corporation think they are good ones, and intend to keep them.

One of the local editors is rapidly losing his hair. As he is not a married man, it is supposed to be due to excessive brain work, in procuring matter for his column, in the absence of all the students during vacation.

Dudish Senior to Junior (who is eyeing him from head to foot) — "What are you looking at?" Junior — "That's just what I'm trying to find out." The flying coal-scuttle just misses him, as he dodges 'round the corner.

Prof. in Chemistry (to juvenile Senior, who is about to perform a blow-pipe analysis)—"Be careful, Mr. X."
Mr. X. (startled)—"Why, Professor,
this isn't explosive, is it?" Prof.—
"Oh, no, indeed. I was merely afraid you might singe your beard."

What a pity it is that our gymnasium is so imperfectly heated. At present there can be neither pleasure nor profit, but indeed great risk in practicing there.

Teacher (to small boy who has returned to get his geography)—"Ah! we are going to have a fine lesson tomorrow?" Boy (with fearless innocence)—"No; I am going to carry it home to have it covered!"

"Well, my son, how did your examinations come on to-day?" "Oh, finely; there were ten questions, and eight of them I answered correctly. I said 'I don't know.'" The father has fears concerning the value of a college education.

Erosion, contusion, etc., as the result of glacial action can be practically tested nowadays, on almost any of the sidewalks. One of the boys said the other day, he didn't mind falling, but he'd lie darned if he liked to strike on the same spot every time.

Enthusiastic Sophomore (to unappreciable Freshman at a reception)—"There! there she is! Ah! isn't she lovely? Hasn't she a heavenly nose?" Innocent Freshman—"Yes; her nose turns up, if that's what you mean."

Scene II. Place, behind the gymnasium; time, midnight; weapons, javelins.

Now is the time when the local editor hunts round in the back rooms, finds a bundle of old papers left by some former editor, clips out all the stale jokes, and publishes them as the new and sparkling productions of his own brain. And when some one claps him on the back and says, "Pretty good hit, that of yours," he smiles a sickly smile and says, "Yes, I thought so myself," and then wonders which one they meant.

"See there, father; is that a rhinoceros?" "No, my son, that is a local editor." "Why does he look so wild, father? Is he hunting for anything?" "Yes, my son. He thought he had at last found an item for his paper, but it got lost in the recesses of his brain. Come away; he might run at you, if he saw us looking at him."

Lewiston Young Lady Teacher (who had been trying to explain the curvature of the earth's surface to a class of young kids, but thinks they don't understand the little fiction of the ship—don't know a 'hull' from a 'spar')—"If I should come towards you, as far off as you could see, with a powerful telescope, what part of me would you see first?" Bright Four-year-old—"Yer feet!"

First Senior (who has been reading some of Emerson's works)—"Say, Bob, what does 'posthumous' mean?" Second Senior (who has just been looking it up)—"Oh, it's only a word they use to designate some article the author wrote before he died." Questioner is silenced, but revolves the questioner over in his mind, what they'd call it do you suppose, if he wrote anything after he died?
On a cold Sunday, recently, the water-motor of the organ in a Lewiston church froze up. As the music stopped suddenly, a young lady's voice was heard by the whole congregation distinctly to declare: "I don't care a bit. I do want a seal-skin sack."

A Freshman who teaches a class of young misses at one of the Free Baptist churches in the city, on asking one of his pupils where the Scripture text was found, the other Sunday, was somewhat astonished at hearing her reply, with her eye on the lesson paper. "From King Sam."

"Student—"Professor, I should like to get leave of absence for a few days, to go home to attend the funeral of my grandmother."

"Prof.—"Ah, Mr. X., your grandmother was an estimable lady. I remember of attending her funeral myself when I was about your age."

A Student editor asked a pretty young lady how she liked Lawrence Barrett. "Oh, he was just splendid," was the reply; "but I didn't like the play very well," she added, with more than the usual amount of dimple play in her cheek, "I'd much rather see them get married than killed."

"Soph. (to unworldly Theolog., who has dropped in)—"Just pass me that book of 'Tales and Adventures,' will you?" Theolog.—"Where, I don't see it."

"Soph.—"Why, that 'Scholar's Companion,' 'Helps to Read,' don't you see it there?"

Theolog. (blankly) —"'Helps to Read,' no, where?"

"Soph.—"Why, hang it, can't you see that 'cavalry' there,—'horse,' 'pony'—slide it this way will you?"

"Bewitching Lady Freshman (to Prof. in Greek)—"Professor, will you please excuse my absence from recitation, as I have been suffering from a severe sore throat?"

"Prof. (eagerly interrupting, with the sweetest of smiles)—"I'm very glad to hear it—I am perfectly happy to excuse you. Now don't you trouble!"

A young lady student, in declining an obnoxious invitation, wrote that she "could not express her regrets at being obliged to decline, etc." On the remonstrance of a conscientious friend, the young society diplomatist spiritedly exclaimed: "That's all true enough, and I mean it, every word! I haven't any regrets, so how can I 'express' them?"

One of the Juniors, who has been trying to raise a moustache during vacation, and who so far deceived himself and his friends that one of the latter even offered him coffee in a moustache-cup, concluded to try and have it photographed. He was so disgusted with the result, that he says he'll give the camera a wide berth next time, till he's sure he has something that will "take."

Mrs. Partington occasionally turns up. She is reported as having been met by a student last State Fair week, and having inquired if he was acquainted with a young friend of hers who was in the "Sophronia class at Bates-es College." She was also seen at Squirrel Island, last summer, where,
having been slightly sea-sick, she said she "would be thankful to Heaven if she ever set her foot on vice versa again."

The Freshman repeats:
"Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

The Soph. puts it:
"Late to bed and late to rise;
If I'm up to prayers it'll be a surprise."

The Junior writes home:
"Late to bed and early to rise
Is the only way to win that prize."

The Senior leans back and remarks:
"Early to bed and late to rise,
Is the proper thing for my weak eyes."

One of the Juniors, who has been
flourishing the rules this winter, tells a
little story at his own expense. He
had, in his school, a very promising
class in book-keeping, and was accu-
sted to have them write orders for
goods as one of the class exercises.

One morning the following was re-
ceived:
CAMDEN, ME., Jan. 10, 1884.
Crosby, Nichols & Co.: Please send me, by
male, 4 cases Tooth-brushes, 8 Lung Protectors,
5 Liver Pads, etc., etc., etc.

"Well, John," said the teacher,
"you have the place and date just
right. The name of the firm is spelled
correctly. P-l-e-a-s-e, please, that's
right; s-e-n-d, that is right; b-y, by;
m-a-l-e, male. Ah. John! that is
wrong. M-a-i-l spells mail—U. S.
mail; m-a-l-e means a person, a man."

"Yes," interrupted the young hope-
ful, "that's it. I meant for them to
send it by the stage driver."

One morning, as half a dozen or more
college girls were hurrying from differ-
ent directions across the campus, to
the expiring tones of the bell for
prayers, an Irishman, at work filling up
the excavation on Skinner Street,
stopped digging, and exclaimed in an
awe-struck tone of astonishment to a
fellow-laborer: "Be jabberly, Pat,
and fath dy'e spouse they lets all them
"gur-r-els go to the Bates-es Theerlogi-
kal Ministry Skule!"

It is to be regretted that among the
large audience which greeted Lawrence
Barrett at Music Hall, on the evening
of Dec. 20th, so few students could
have been present. The play presented
was Bohers' "Francesca Da Rimini."
Barrett assuming the role of Lanciotto,
the hunchback. The play is a strong
one, presenting in its characters strong
contrasts, and many opportunities for
fine acting. The poor hunchback, en-
dowed by nature with every mental
and moral gift, but confined in a
twisted and deformed body; his gen-
erous, loyal, and handsome, but weak-
spirited brother Paolo; the fine,
womanly qualities of the deceived and
sinning Francesca, with the cutting
railery and sarcasm of the jester, all
combine to form one of the strongest
plays ever presented on a Lewiston
stage. Barrett's personation of Lan-
ciotto is above any other part he ever
assumed, not excepting his "Cassius,"
generally considered his best. From
so complete a whole it is difficult to
choose any particularly fine passage;
but perhaps the grandest scene of all
was that at the close of the second
act, where Lanciotto first meets Fran-
cesca, and learns that she has been de-
ceived in respect to his deformity. The change from the agony and despair with which he freed her from the betrothal, to the supreme joy when she refused to be released was wonderfully fine. The climaxes to the last three acts, the wedding, the murder of the fool, and the double murder and suicide at the close were also fine. The support was the same as upon previous occasions, and was good, as usual, Mr. James as the jester, and Mr. Skinner as Paola, winning merited praise. May Barrett long continue to make his annual visit to Lewiston.

No CURE, NO PAY! Dr. Lawrence's Cough Balsam, when once used, takes the place of all others. See our advertising columns.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI:

'77.—Rev. Joseph A. Chase was installed as pastor of the First Unitarian church of Chelmsford, Mass., on Friday, Jan. 11, 1884. After passing a very satisfactory examination, the installation sermon was preached by Rev. E. E. Hale, D.D., from the text, "It is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you." Matt. x., 20.

'78.—A. Gateell is partner in a drug store at Monmouth, Me.

'78.—J. W. Hutchins is still acting as principal of the high school at Hyannis, Mass.

'78.—C. E. Brockway is pastor of the Free Baptist church of Fairport, N. Y., and recording secretary of the Central Association of Open Communion Baptists. Through his efforts and by his own hand has been prepared, and just issued a table of Benevolence of the churches, quarterly and yearly meetings, giving the membership of the churches, names of pastors, and the money contributed for various benevolent purposes.

'81.—H. B. Nevens is teaching in Bridgton, Me.

'81.—W. P. Foster is having good success teaching in Ellsworth, Me.

'81.—C. A. Strout is teaching in Warner, N. H.

'82.—L. M. Tarr is in the United States signal service at Fort Myer, Va.

'82.—G. P. Emmonds, who has been studying medicine in Portland, will enter the Bowdoin Medical School next term.

'82.—W. V. Twaddle was in town recently.

'82.—L. T. McKenney has arrived in town to take charge of the Lewiston Branch of W. C. King & Co.'s Publishing House, Office, No. 6 College Block.

'83.—Miss I. B. Foster is in the Eye and Ear Hospital, Boston, for optical treatment.

'83.—O. L. Frisbee who is studying law at Portsmouth, N. H., in connection with his labors as manager of the Oceanic, Isles of Shoals, was in town recently.

'83.—H. H. Tucker is teaching at Springfield, Me.

STUDENTS:

'84.—Wm. D. Wilson has returned
from Indiana, where he was working in the interests of "Our Home."

'84.—W. S. Poindexter, formerly of Bates, now at Tufts, has gone to Aiken, N. C., for his health.

'85.—J. M. Nichols is teaching at Woolwich, Me.

'85.—D. C. Washburn has so far recovered from his late sickness as to return to his work.

'85.—E. B. Stiles reports excellent success canvassing for the STUDENT.

'85.—F. E. Parlin will retain his position as principal of the Greeley Institute till the end of its school year, next May.

'85.—R. E. Attwood is teaching at Minot Center, Me.

'85.—H. A. Robinson has been engaged in cutting ice since the season opened.

'85.—A. E. Verrill is teaching in Sherman, Me.

'86.—J. W. Flanders did not teach in No. Berwick, but spent his vacation in New Hampshire.

'86.—J. W. Goff has returned from teaching at Milton Mills, N. H.

'86.—Chas. Hadley has worked during vacation in the Lewiston Mills.

'87.—J. W. Moulton has commenced housekeeping at the corner of Skinner and Nichols Streets.

'87.—Ira Judkins is teaching in Swanville, Me., and will enter the class the last of next term.

THEOLOGICAL:

'81.—Rev. G. A. Burgess was married Jan. 1, 1884, in Greenville, R. I., to Miss Emma C. Steers.

'81.—Rev. J. Q. Adams is preaching at South Parsonsfield, Me.

EXCHANGES.

One seldom feels fully at ease on being introduced to a company of strangers. If, however, he and the company have similar tastes, are engaged in similar work, or have similar experiences, the barriers that would keep them apart, are quickly removed, and before the first evening is passed, there are some who seem like old acquaintances. Something like this has been our introduction to the college journals and magazines. Though all were strangers before any one had spoken, yet a single sentence from a brother in the West, and another from a Southern brother, shows that we have common objects in view, and thus suggests that we may be mutually helpful. All may not agree as to the best method of being helpful, but most will acknowledge that a kind, frank statement of a fault, will do more toward correcting it than a cutting criticism. It is certain, at any rate, that the advice of friends true and tried, has more weight than that of strangers. Starting out with this thought before us, we shall endeavor to show ourselves friendly to the best interests of the work in which we are engaged, before we attempt to offer advice to our neighbors. Through the kindness of our predecessor we have been permitted to examine the December publications.

The Kenyon Advance comes out in a new dress. This, the editors say, may imply that they are in a healthy condition pecuniarily. They say, however, that such is not the case.

The most noticeable article in the
Harvard Advocate of December 17th, is a review of recent Harvard poetry. An extract from it is given under "College Press Opinions." We were attracted by the article on account of its novelty, and the fact that it came from one who pretended to give a criticism of the poetry of Harvard College. When the writer says that college poetry should be representative, we agree with him entirely; when he goes on to limit this representation by anything less than that to which the yearnings of poetic natures may aspire, we must disagree. We do not understand that the interest of college men is limited by such topics as love and college sports. On the contrary, we believe, that they, more than any other class of men, have universality of interest. If this is true, then the representative college poet may properly bring forth the creations of his mind upon such topics as his fancy or habits of thought may direct, and the college editors may properly admit his productions to the columns of their paper. Especially is this true, if the paper maintains a literary department. It may be proper to say here that the editors of the Advocate do not agree with all the opinions advanced in the article under consideration.

The Vassar Miscellany is one of the most interesting exchanges that we have been permitted to examine. The articles on "Romance of Scottish History," and "Conversation a Lost Art" are well written. Each department of the Miscellany is excellent, except that there is no poetry in the December number. We cannot blame the Vassar girls for speaking against the partiality shown in allowing one student to take visitors to witness the performance of a Philalethean play, and not allowing others. They say, "To our beclouded vision the presence of one gentleman is as much of an obstacle as that of a dozen." The rule is that no one shall take her guest. But we do not understand that the criticism given in the "Editor's Table," is so much in condemnation of allowing a few to take their guests, as that others are not allowed the same privilege.

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COLLEGE PRESS OPINIONS.

The first numbers of the college journals for the year have been issued. They are all well printed and carefully edited. They contain a good deal of college news, many jokes that sound flat to outsiders, but which may be side-splitting to collegians; much fairly good, and a good deal of fairly bad writing. They are all non-political and, for the most part, non-sectarian. They treat of many subjects of which we, in common with the writers, are ignorant; but they contain many articles which are cleverly written, and would do credit to grown up journalism. College journalism should be encouraged. The alumni who refuses to subscribe for the organ of his college, should be banished from alumni societies, and from all part or lot with the well-wishers of his Alma Mater.—The Argosy.

READING.

Reading is often in the line of some
literary exercise. But it is much better to make our literary work follow in the line of our reading: not to read that we may write, but to write because we have read. No one should be so bound down to his studies and his daily round of life that he can not carry on at the same time a process of thinking and questioning in his mind about a variety of subjects. According to the quality of this mental activity, will be the fecundity of the writer. To one in the habit of forming opinions, collecting facts and reading much, the expression of his thoughts on paper is an easy task. They pour forth in such a torrent that the arrangement and selection become the principal difficulty.

A course of reading is preferable to an indiscriminate swallowing of whatever pleases the taste at the moment. It would be well if all students had some particular subject, in which they were interested, to be taken up and pursued at leisure moments. Such a habit would correct the tendency of college work to superficiality. It would generate an enthusiasm and love of learning in itself, and give weight to character. All really original and vigorous minds are accustomed to take up subjects of investigations in this manner.—Oberlin Review.

THE CLASSICS.

The late utterances of England's great men, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge and Matthew Arnold, have shown in what estimation the study of Latin and Greek are held by those who owe much of their present power to the admirable training which these studies are capable of imparting. The opinions of these professional men, whose whole life has been so directed as to amply qualify them to judge of the merits of various courses of study, cannot be set aside as of little weight, but must be viewed as the clear deliverances of men of profound learning and wide experience, derived only after years of active public life. Latin and Greek are not likely to be excluded from our college curriculum so long as their utility as instruments of intellectual development receives the support of individuals so exceedingly well adapted to testify in their behalf. Lord Coleridge and Matthew Arnold are living examples of the power of the dead languages to develop the human intellect to a surprising degree, at least.—The Rutgers Targum.

COLLEGE POETRY.

General poetry, except perhaps, love poetry, ought to have no place in college publications. I quote from the Herald-Crimson: "What we demand, then, in our college journals, is that which pertains particularly to college life. It (a college journal) should represent all the institutions of a college, and represent them faithfully."

What is true of college journals is true of college poetry—both must be representative. The minute that a college writer indulges in verse, which, though it may be good, has no college interest, at that moment he signifies his willingness to be judged by the same standard by which other writers are judged; and, the moment college
editors admit such poetry to their columns, they are no longer editors of a college paper, but become a publishing committee for amateur authors. A poor poem on some college theme, will bring to the college poet a quicker recognition than will some elaborated verse, which, though intrinsically better than the other, has no college interest.—T. in Harvard Advocate.

LITERARY NOTES.

The January number of the Musical Herald, a magazine devoted to the art universal, appears in new and attractive form. The general appearance is fine; and the table of contents shows that the Herald must be interesting to all lovers of music.

Every family that desires to provide for its young people wholesome and instructive reading matter should send for specimen copies of the Youth's Companion, of Boston. It is the brightest and best of papers for young people. Its columns give more than two hundred stories yearly by the most noted authors, including J. T. Trowbridge, William Black, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Thomas Hardy, Mrs. Oliphant, and many others, besides scientific articles by eminent specialists, tales of adventure by noted travelers, papers of encouragement and advice by men and women of ability and experience, and reminiscences and anecdotes of famous people. With a circulation rapidly approaching 350,000 copies a week, the Youth's Companion can well afford to spread such a feast before its patrons: and spreading such a feast, it is no wonder it has such a tremendous circulation.

The January number of the Manhattan begins a new volume. It contains an interesting article by Prof. J. Leonard Corning, on "The Luther Monument at Worms," considered as a work of art. This article abounds with excellent illustrations. The frontispiece is an engraving of Luther, by Kruell, which art critics pronounce "the noblest conception of Luther that modern art has produced." Geo. Parsons Lathrop and Louise Chandler Moulton have each written an interesting poem for this number. The article by Henry C. Peeler on "Woman in Modern Civilization," will repay a careful reading. "Pompeii, Past and Present," from the pen of Anna Ballard, has some spirited illustrations from paintings by Sciponi, a living Italian painter. "The Door-Keeper, a New-Year's Masque," by Edith M. Thomas, has music composed for it by Dr. Leopold Damrosch. "Tinkling Cymbals," Edgar Fawcett's story of fashionable life in Newport, is continued. Geo. Ticknor Curtis presents the first of a series of articles on "Creation and Evolution." Other interesting matter is to be found in this excellent number. Terms, $3 a year; 25 cents a number. Published by Manhattan Magazine Co., Temple Court, New York City.

"Though I were dead, my heart would still beat for thee." If it were not slang, we would call that heart a "dead-beat."— Lasell Leaves.
COLLEGE WORLD.

DARTMOUTH:
The Dartmouth denies all responsibility for the statement that the college is to have a daily.

The Legislature of New Hampshire will hereafter give $5,000 annually to Dartmouth College in aid of indigent students.

The Dartmouth not only pays its own expenses, but usually has a small margin to divide among its editors.—Oberlin Review.

PRINCETON:
At a late meeting of the trustees, the standard of admission was raised in Greek, English, and Mathematics.

The question of making a course in the gymnasium compulsory is under consideration.

The Faculty have finally forbidden the issue of the Tiger.

Princeton possesses the identical electrical machine used by Dr. Franklin.

In the catalogue for this year, the minimum, average, and maximum expenses of the students are stated as $290, $400, and $700 respectively.

WILLIAMS:
Both sides of the question Free Trade vs. Protection will hereafter be taught at Williams.

The Cobden prize is henceforth to be awarded on the merits of competitive examinations.—Argo.

The Argo complains that too little attention is given to public rhetorical work, especially among the lower classes.

On the night of the President's reception to the Senior class, some one stole all the refreshments provided for the occasion. The editors of the Athens and Argo disclaim all responsibility for the editorials in their papers referring to the affair, entitled "A Disgraceful Proceeding."

AMHERST:
Matthew Arnold pronounced the audience that listened to him in the College Hall, Dec. 7th, the most appreciative he had met in America.—Student.

The Audubon collection of birds of America has been purchased by an alumnus of Amherst, and presented to the college.

The degree of Doctor of Philosophy will hereafter be conferred upon graduates of three years' standing who take an additional course of two years in literature and science.

The Senate has revoked the action of the Faculty forbidding participation in the inter-collegiate games. President Seeley, who presides over the Senate, is said to heartily approve of its action.

As an experiment salutatories and valedictories are to be banished for two years.

COLUMBIA:
Optional classes in French reading and conversation for the third year class are to be formed immediately after the holidays.—Acta.

The Columbia eleven has lost its membership in the foot-ball league.

At a recent meeting of the alumni an almost unanimous vote was passed against the admission of women.

It is said that the detachment of co-
The Bates Student.

eds. in the library hug the shadows these short days. It really gets so dark by five o’clock that one cannot say positively that they do not hug something else.—Acta.

CLIPPINGS.

Applicable to dudes: "There is plenty of room at the top."

" Non paratus " dixit Freshire
Cum a sud, a doleful look;
" Omne rectum," Prof. respondit,
Et " nihil " scriptum in his book.

Dean (in chapel, announcing)—
" The Professor of Chemistry, who is unable to meet his classes to-day, requests the Senior class to take arsenic."

—Kenyon Advance.

Pater—"Well, my son, how do you like college? Alma Mater has turned out some good men." Young Hopeful—"Ya-as—she’s turned me out."

He had been expelled.

A Freshman wrote home to his father—"Dear Papa—I want a little change." The reply came: "Dear Charlie—Just wait for it. Time brings change to everybody."

Prof. (to young lady student)—"Your mark is low and you have only just passed." Young Lady—"Oh, I’m so glad!" Prof. (surprised)—"Why?" Young Lady—"I do so love a tight squeeze."

Freshman (putting it delicately)—"Professor, what books do you think I need to take home this vacation?" Prof. (not wishing to hurt his feelings) —"Well, you’d better brush up some on Latin, and read over the Greek again, paying attention to verbs, and take a general review of your Algebra, and—that’s all.” Freshman—"Oh! Thanks!"—Athenæum.

AMONG THE POETS.

FOG.

Blear-eyed spirit of the fen,
Of the river and the glen;
Night companion of the moon,
Sometimes caught abroad at noon—
When the tired earth, wet with dew,
Sleeps so sound the whole night through
That she does not wake with day
At the farm boy’s early lay—
Thou hast watched for break of day
Till thy tresses have grown gray,
And the while, in fairy shower,
Sprinkled in each blushing flower,
Drops of dew that stir the bee
To a fit of jealousy.—Kenyon Advance.

A DISTINCTION.

As we wandered one day by the sea-shore,
While the wavelets broke at our feet,
She picked up a sea-shell and asked me,
In a voice inexpressibly sweet,
To listen awhile to its murmur,
And the meaning to try and repeat.

I took from her hand the sea-shell,
And put it up to my ear,
And answered, "Amid its low murmurs,
It sings, it can never be happy,
Unless its loved ocean is near.
If taken away from the ocean,
’Twill murmur the livelong day;
And lonely, ’twill sigh for the wavelets
It kissed and caressed in their play.
Oh, love, my heart is a sea-shell
That murmurs when you are away!"

But she answered, her blue eyes dancing,
"You have read the meaning amiss,
If you call me the sea; I’m a wavelet,
Can’t you guess the reason of this?
Why, it isn’t the sea, but the wavelet,
That the shell is accustomed to kiss."

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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.

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Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

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7:20 A.M., for Portland and Boston.
11:10 A.M., for Portland and Boston.
2:58 P.M., for Winthrop, Waterville, Skowhegan, Farmington, Bangor, Aroostook Co., and St. John.
4:15 P.M., for Portland and Boston, arriving in Boston via Eastern Railroad's Fast Express at 9:30 P.M.
11:10 P.M., (Mixed,) for Waterville, Skowhegan, and St. John.

Passenger Trains leave Lewiston lower Station:

6:30 A.M., for Brunswick, Bath, Rockland, Augusta, Portland, and Boston.
8:10 A.M., (Mixed,) for Farmington, arriving at Farmington at 1:42 P.M.
10:30 A.M., for Brunswick, Bath, Portland, and Boston.
3:05 P.M., for Farmington.
5:30 P.M., for Brunswick, Bath, Augusta, and on Saturdays for Waterville.
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7:25 A.M., for Portland and Boston.
11:14 A.M., for Portland and Boston.
2:48 P.M., for Winthrop, Waterville, Skowhegan, Farmington, and Bangor.
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10:45 P.M., (Mixed,) for Waterville, Skowhegan, and Bangor.

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