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1874.
PARSON POLYGLOT'S SON.

CHAPTER I.

Look how the gray old ocean
From the depth of his heart rejoices,
Heaving with a gentle motion,
When he hears our restful voices;
List how he sings in an undertone,
Chiming with our melody;
And all sweet sounds of earth and air
Melt into one low voice alone,
That murmurs over the weary sea.

Lowell.

As the author of this story is not writing a book, he is denied one of the greatest privileges that authorship allows,—the writing of a preface. Under the shelter of that much-abused word, the book-maker, whether author, editor, or compiler, can, at the very outset, disarm criticism (excepting, of course, that which comes from critics in the employ of rival publishing houses), and gain the sympathetic attention of his readers. If he be witty, he can rob them of all desire to censure his faults, at least for a time; as the politic school-master secures a morning quiet by means of a well-timed joke. If he be wise, he can condense his preface into a few sentences, and let his readers pass, un wearied, to Chap I.; and, even if he be neither witty nor wise, there is no lack of expedients by which he can gain his object. The honest preface-writer, who disclaims great originality andcatalogues all his authorities; the patronizing preface-writer, who designed his work for the in-
intelligent few; the sentimental preface-writer, who awaits in tears the judgment of the critics; and the high-toned preface-writer, to whom a consciousness of work well done is an all-sufficient reward, all these are sure to be read with all the sympathy and interest that their works deserve. But the present writer, besides being debarred from all such privileges, can not even (like other authors) delay to point out the moral of his story. A thoughtful service, for the reader, certainly.

He has some consolation, however, in the thought that he is sparing his readers a great infliction, at least if they belong to that conscientious class of people who read every word from the title-page to the "finis," that they may not do the author an injustice by judging him without a fair hearing.

Instead, then, of expecting sympathy and encouragement, the writer feels that he can reasonably hope for only discouragement and neglect; and above all, when he confesses that, not once in all his labor, has he consulted Kuhner or Madvig; and that even Zumpt was not called upon to account for a peculiar declension of virtue in one of the characters. Further than this, it must be sufficient to say that the story is written by one who was an actor in the scenes described, yet of no more prominence than the dumb soldier that bears himself, warlike, across the stage, at the flourish of the trumpets.

* * * * * * *

To one who is not familiar with the customs and manners of those living in the seaport villages of Maine, the crowd which had assembled on Millard's Wharf, Mooseville, at the time our story opens, might have presented, at first sight, a somewhat startling spectacle. Some were running back to the village; some were gesticulating strangely, as they urged some point in eager discussion; and all were moving about in a distressed way, looking as forlorn as a nervous mother when her child refuses to be comforted.

The boatman alone, as he leaned against one of the piles that rose above the general level of the wharf, seemed silent and unconcerned. Indeed, as he stood there, he looked as if he never could be concerned about anything. His sou'-wester, held by a strap under his chin, looked not unlike a helmet; and his hard, sunburnt visage might have belonged to the fiercest of the crusaders. He must have heard the murmurs of discontent to which the party gave free vent; but if he did, he did not heed them. Humphrey Barstock knew his business.

Some of the party were almost exasperated. George Farjeon was leaning out over the very edge of the wharf and holding up a
handkerchief to see which way the wind blew, though a mere glance at the ruffled surface of the water would have been sufficient for his purpose. In a moment, however, he abandoned his unprofitable employment and advanced towards the boatman with the air of a man who has determined to make a last trial and submit to the alternative.

"Will you take us to Arnold's Cove, or not?" he asked, as he approached the boatman.

"No! I will not!" thundered the latter, "and I've told you so times enough! In the first place, it would take us three hours to make Lickityswitch Pool, and the Cove is a good five knot from there. And then, as to gittin' back,—p'raps these gals would like to bunk aboard the Spray tonight. But I'd give 'em my bunk! Oh, yes! one bunk for twenty gals! Plenty of room. Might be rather hard for you boys, though. Little kinky, you know, sleeping on solid oak; but you'd be all taut in a week or two." Oh, that would be nice, that would! But I won't go you see; so you can get somebody else."

During the delivery of this speech, emphasized by various sly nods and grins, George Farjeon made several attempts to interrupt the speaker. But Humphrey Barstock insisted on his own way.

At first George was inclined to be angry, but when he saw that Humphrey was likely to desert them in good earnest, his good nature returned in an instant. He was soon engaged in an earnest colloquy with Humphrey, as a consequence of which he approached the crowd of excursionists and, in a mock-declamatory style, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I promised you a day at the Cove, but our Palinurus informs me that both ΑΕolus and Neptune have conspired against me. In other words, old Barstock, having an errand in another direction, swears that it would be an absolute impossibility to reach the Cove and return to-day. The fates (I quote from Palinurus) seem to point in another direction. Far away to the south, lies a land which is pleasant and fair to look upon. Thither wind and tide direct us, and thither we will go, with your approval, of course. In a word, what do you say to taking a trip to the Devil's Paradise?"

At the mention of this name, some slight feminine screams were heard, mingled with such exclamations as, "O mercy!" "O heavens!" and others of like import. Then the voice of a man broke out in a sneering tone: "Pshaw! I might have known it. All a pack of women! Come, George, let's be off without them!"

If a man could be annihilated by a glance, Harl Linscott would have vanished into utter nothing-
ness on the instant. Or, as George Farjeon afterwards expressed it: "His friends would have had to mourn a double loss,—his life and his life-insurance; for it would have been impossible to prove his death."

But then, a man can not be annihilated by a glance; and so, Harl Linscott did not vanish, and his friends were spared their threatened affliction.

Far from vanishing, Linscott did not appear to be disturbed in the least. And the young ladies, finding that their indignation was not so withering as the high sun was beginning to be, tossed their proud heads, compressed their ripe lips, and walked off towards the boat with steps that struck sharply on the wooden wharf. All except Winnie Percival. She, braving the sneers of Linscott, still pleaded with her sister to remain.

"Oh, don't go there! Have you forgotten so soon the drowning cry of Charles Malley?"

At these words, some of the company, recalling a fearful scene which the Devil's Paradise had witnessed in the early Spring, hesitated; but a gruff shout from Humphrey sent them quickly to their seats, and the whole party, including Winnie and her sister, were soon apparently as thoughtless of their agitation as if it had never existed.

The town of Mooseville was built upon the slope of a considerable elevation. It was ancient, even at the time of our story,—or rather some of its houses were ancient. As a town, it had no claim to respectability on account of age. It had a traditionary battle-field, and the ruins of an old fort might be seen upon the eastern brow of the hill. The place was fast becoming known as a summer resort, and many of the houses had been built by merchants of Boston and other large cities as summer residences. Its attractions were not few nor inconsiderable. From the ruins of the fort, you might see a hundred islands variegating the crystal of the bay; from Grayfriar's Head, you might behold a scene which would live in your memory forever; or, wandering along the shore, you might run into those cozy little nooks where the warm sunshine about you is no more refreshing than the sight of the limpid water below; laugh with the laughter of the sparkling wavelets; or stand, bared-browed, before the majesty of jutting cliffs and thundering waves. Such was the place from which our excursionists started.

At first, as they crept slowly along by the wharves, the town seemed to have slid down the hillside and to be crowded together near the water's edge; but soon the houses began to separate, some of them went further up the hill, and the great white church, as if in shame, hastened back to its ac-
customed place on the very summit and, with an artfully unconscious gesture, pointed proudly upward.

Most of our party might have been occupied with thoughts of this kind; for they were silent and meditative. It is more probable, however, that the rebuke of Linscott was having its effect in making them, at first disdainfully, then sullenly, silent. It was evident that he must break the ice, if even the appearance of Spring was to be restored. Whether or not he recognized this necessity, he it was that first spoke.

"Old Barstock is quite a character," said he, half musing.

George Farjeon improved this opportunity to start a conversation.

"Do you know why you like old Barstock?" he asked.

"No! Tell me!"

"Because he is so much like yourself, self-contained and—and grouty."

This seemed to be dangerous ground. Some cast significant looks toward their neighbors, as if fearing that matters were growing worse; others, nods of approbation, as thinking it all a good joke. George Farjeon himself evidently remembered with some bitterness Linscott's agency in dampening the spirits of the company; for his face was flushed and his speech quick and nervous. But he was not one to harbor resentment, and his face cleared as he continued:

"But I'll post you, Harl. I'll let them know what you are. Ladies, beware of this man. He is an avowed woman-hater."

"No, ladies, I protest, George misrepresents me. It is not woman I hate, but the womanly element in man," he said, smiling.

"All a trick! All a trick!" cried George. "I have heard him say twenty times that he despised the sex."

The conversation would not probably have assumed a serious cast if Alice Percival had not entered it with some spirit. She spoke quietly but earnestly.

"Should a man show his manliness by always appearing stern and unfeeling?" she asked.

"A man should never be a woman!" he replied, sharply.

"Do you mean, then, that a man should never have womanly feelings? or that, if he has such feelings, he should never exhibit them?"

"A man has no right, I say, to degrade manliness by exhibitions of weak sentimentalism. If he really feels such things, I can only pity him. But no true man does feel them. And when I see men,—or women either,—trying to feel as sentimentalism tells them they ought to feel, then it is I despise them. I have seen a man try to weep when the effort cost him more exertion than a week's hard labor. Let women weep for me! Heaven save me from sniveling men!"
"If your studies have taught you this philosophy, Mr. Linscott, I am glad I dropped mine when I did. I found nothing of all this in Virgil or in Horace. And I imagined that a true culture would develop all those finer feelings that you condemn. But"—

"Hold on!" interrupted George Farjeon. "I beg your pardon, Miss Percival. But really, there is no hope of this discussion's ever coming to an end if I do not interrupt you, for Harl Linscott can string out an argument till doomsday. By the way, Miss Percival, how did you like the theatricals last evening?"

"Very much, indeed."

"Pshaw!"—from Linscott.

"Some parts of the acting were very effective," she continued.

"Yes," said one of the party, "I saw Frank Dinsmore cry like a child, when Harry Harlem was driven from his home in disgrace."

"Ha, ha," laughed Linscott, scornfully, "I don't know how any one could cry at the playing of such actors, unless he was touched with a feeling of their infirmities."

"There, Harl, do say something pleasant," cried George. "Don't you see that Frank Dinsmore feels hurt and the parson's son is shocked at your irreverence?"

"Come here, Frank," said Alice Percival to a lad who was standing apart from the others as far as possible. "Come. Never mind what they say, Frank. I don't think it was foolish, at all."

When, at last, the shy boy had reached Alice's side, he laid his head in her lap and burst into a flood of tears. He was the youngest of the party. He was a medium-sized, well-formed boy, with fine, silky, flaxen hair, intelligent blue eyes, a round face, clear complexion, and delicately curved lips. He evidently possessed a nature susceptible of the highest cultivation, yet was evidently weak to contend with discouragements. And, after all, at fifteen, as pure as an infant. Sensitive to the last degree, and possessing a dread of censure that amounted almost to morbidness, he lacked only development and opportunity to become a hero or a villain.

The boy of whom George Farjeon had spoken as "the parson's son" was tall and slender in figure. His hair was black and wavy. His eyes, besides a look of roguishness, often had a dreamy look as he lifted them to gaze on the laughing sea or the bending skies. His face was browned by exposure to wind and sun. Perfect health rested on his cheek. As George spoke, he turned and sat down in the stern of the boat, near where Humphrey Barstock stood holding the rudder.

"That's right, Charlie. Sed down," said Humphrey, smiling, or rather grinning with all his might. You would never think
of helmet and fierce crusader, now. Charlie was Humphrey’s favorite and this was Humphrey’s way of welcoming him.

“Say, Charlie,” he continued, “who is that feller that George calls Harl, or sumthin’ of that sort?”

“Why, that’s his tutor. Don’t you know him? But I don’t wonder, though. He has kept close ever since he has been here. George persuaded him to come today, for the first time.”

“ By George, he’d better keep a close mouth if he wants to say anything agin’ you. Here, Charlie, hold this rudder while I g’winto the cuddy and git some things.”

By this time, George Farjeon had succeeded in getting the rest of the company into good spirits, and enjoyment seemed to be in full reign.

When Humphrey had returned from the cuddy, he sat down, threw his arm over the rudder, and leaned forward towards Charlie, as if about to confide to his care a great secret. Neither of them observed that Harl Linscott stood near them, looking out over the sea.

“Charlie,” Humphrey began, in a tone as if calling his attention. “Charlie, you haven’t been up to our house for some time; have you?”

Charlie wondered what Humphrey meant, but he answered: “No, I haven’t.”

“Wall, what do you s’pose we’ve got, sence you was there?” Here Humphrey poked Charlie in the ribs and grinned, ejaculating: “Eh? what do you s’pose?”

Charlie began to see it all, but he preferred to put him off; so he said: “What can it be?”

“What! Don’t you know? Haven’t you heard?” he exclaimed, in the very extremity of wonder. Then he leaned forward still further, casting a sidelong glance to see that no one was near, and said, in a startling whisper: “A little —”

Suddenly he changed his mind and broke into a laugh,—subdued somewhat on account of the nearness of the others,—that it did Charlie’s heart good to hear.

“And you didn’t know it! That’s the best joke of all!” Then suddenly, in the same startling whisper: “It’s a little baby!”

Here Humphrey struck an attitude. He drew himself up, grasped the rudder firmly with his hand and leaned back to the full length of his arm, to observe the effect of his announcement.

“Is that so?” asked Charlie, in a tone of great surprise.

“She’s such a little thing, too,” said Humphrey, coming back to an erect posture. “His fingers ain’t no bigger round than a cod-line,” he added, with a total disregard of gender. “It’s got eyes, too, blue’s the Med’terranean.” Humphrey was getting poetic.

“And his feet paddle round jest
like lobsters, for all the world. And, Charlie," confidentially again, "if you'll come up, I'll let you hold her in your lap. I will,—honest."

Charlie thanked him and promised to go. At that moment, he distinguished these words, muttered near him: "A sniveling old man, after all. I thought better of him from his actions this morning. But they're all alike."

At this instant, George Farjeon cried out, "Here we are! All hands to the starboard! Make ready to pile out!"

As he spoke, he hauled the gig from its place at the stern, and Humphrey Barstock threw out the anchor at the same time from the prow. The gig conveyed them, a few at a time, from the Spray to a pebbly, crescent-shaped beach, bordered by a grove of evergreen trees. Little parties were soon wandering up and down the beach, now stooping to pick up some queer pebble, and now sitting down to chat and watch the anger of the hungry sea. But the delights of that day, with its careless romps and its picnic dinner blessed by the outstretched arms of waving trees and made odorous by the sea-breeze, need not be described. It seemed hardly an hour when Humphrey Barstock was heard shouting, "All aboard," and they sailed out from the Devil's Paradise, upon their homeward way. A noticeable quietness was prevalent among the company, but it was far different from that quietness which had characterized them in the morning. Any one that saw their contented faces could tell that. They sat watching the evening sun as he prepared to retire behind a curtain of fleecy clouds in the west; or listening to the sound of the little waves kissing the sides of the boat. Even the thoughtless George Farjeon was so lost in revery that, when a certain tack brought them near the land, he started up and exclaimed: "All hands to port," though they were still half a mile from the wharf.

"Oh, see, Harl!" he added, pointing towards the shore. "There's the place I told you about. How do you explain that?"

It was, indeed, curious. For some distance, the coast presented to the sea an upright wall of solid stone twenty or thirty feet in height, but just opposite where they then were, a narrow opening in the wall had been made, as if a brook had sometime fed the sea through this mouth. Yet the walls between which they looked were perpendicular, like those toward the sea. It was as if the wall had been made of wedge-shaped blocks of stone, placed beside each other with their blunt ends toward the water; and one of these blocks had, somehow, been left out or carried off by the waves. The villagers called it,
“The Devil’s Pass,” and most persons who saw it agreed that it was fitly named.

Harl Linscott gave no reply to George’s question. The boat stood off on another tack. Darkness began to fall. “Let’s wake them up with a song,” said George.

The good people of Mooseville paused, that night, and bent their ears to catch the sound of young voices, rising in glad harmony from the waters. If their pause was never so brief, they passed on with warmer hearts and holier purposes.

The boat drew up at the wharf.

“May I escort you home?”—Charlie Templeton to Winnie Percival.

“Going to church to-morrow, Bill?”—George Farjeon to one of the boys.

“Certainly, if you wish,”—Winnie Percival to Charlie Templeton.

“Yes, I guess so. Call, when you come along.”—“Bill” to George Farjeon.

“Good-night, Ella.” “Good-night, Jim.” “Good-night, Alice.” “Good-night.”—Sundries to sundries.

Good-night, reader.

INVOCATION TO SPRING.

Oh hasten, ye zephyrs, come up from the southward,
All fragrant with flowers and grass of the lea,
Stay not on thy journey to rest thy light pinions,
Nor toy with the waves of the loud-sounding sea.

Come bear us the swallow whose murmuring twitter
Begins with the morning and lasts with the day,
The robin, the sparrow, the thrush, and the linnet,
And all the fair birdlings you carried away.

Burst forth, laughing waters, so still on the mountain,
Oh, make the hills echo with music and glee,
We list for the rush of thine arrowy torrent,
Impatiently waiting for thee to be free.
You whisper of chasms and of sweet-scented bowers,
Of vine-covered alders, of rocks old and gray,
And seem like the moments with sorrow or gladness
Forever approaching, forever away.

Awake, tender blossoms, awake from thy sleeping,
The sun's rays are warm through the brown rustling leaves,
And gray tasseled catkins are bending above you,
Where hangs the thin web which the field spider weaves.

Come open your eyes to the mellowing sunlight,
And breathe out your breath on the fluttering air,
Your beauty enchants us, your perfume incites us,
For no Eastern incense was ever so rare.

Now gird on your verdure, nude arms of the forest,
Too long have your weird hands been pointing on high,
Too long have the cold winds caressed your bare fingers,
We wait for the rustle of leaves in the sky.

Come back, happy days, when the slow fading sunset
Illumines the mountains, the vales and the sea,
When angels push open the gold bars of heaven,
And show us the light that for us is to be.

The winter was chilly, and gathered a harvest
Of all that the spring and the summer caressed,
The birds and the blossoms, the songs of the rivers,
The verdure in which all the mountains were dressed.

And hearts that were happy with us in the spring-time
Were chilled by the coldness, and withered away,
And ties that were tender are hardened or broken,
And loves have grown cold with the wintery sway.

Then hasten, ye zephyrs, come up from the southward,
All fragrant with flowers and grass of the lea,
Stay not on thy journey to rest thy light pinions
Nor toy with the waves of the loud-sounding sea.
MEN of renowned literary merit agree, that no play of Shakespeare exhibits so perfect a portraiture of his great mind as that of Hamlet. One has said, “The perfection of art is to conceal art.” According to this definition, Shakespeare's plays are masterpieces in the art gallery of dramatic literature. His characters are faithfully painted. There are no random touches in their delineation. The minor incidents are so delicately shaded as to blend harmoniously with the main design. In your interest and admiration you forget it is a picture, and for the moment believe the events portrayed as actually occurring. After reading Hamlet one feels like exclaiming, Good! most excellent! grand! These are general terms, expressive of delight and satisfaction. But to be more specific. The play under consideration embraces many and varied characters. The central figure is Hamlet. For him the greatest interest is felt, and to him is extended our deepest sympathy. His movements throughout the play are watched with the closest attention, and the faintest whisper from Hamlet's lips is listened to in breathless silence. All the characters are most fittingly chosen, and use language becoming their profession. There seems nothing overstrained or unnatural in the demeanor or conversation of any. These characters do not represent individuals living in imagination only, but persons who walk the earth, talk, and act as men would under like circumstances. Though the play be not founded wholly upon facts, yet it is not impossible to find the counterparts in the actual events of life. Similar things have undoubtedly happened in the world's history. The play gives evidence of the author's keen insight into human nature; it evinces a thorough acquaintance with the intricate workings of the human mind. To this fact is due its immortality. Until human nature shall become radically changed, this drama will ever meet with unbounded applause, interest, and effect. Deserving especial notice in this drama is the timely introduction and exit of the characters. They enter not a second too late nor withdraw a whit too soon. They come and go just at the right time. Notice the first entrance of the ghost. Bernardo is in the act of describing to faithless Horatio its appearance a night or two ago. Notwithstanding the earnest and straightforward manner in which Bernardo tells his story, still Horatio is inclined to doubts. What better time for a ghost to enter
than in the midst of this conversation. This is only one instance of a timely introduction, but many more might be mentioned. An example of a timely, and ingenious withdrawal is seen in the exit of this very same ghost. Horatio, highly wrought upon by the sight, and in desperate eagerness, is on the point of conversing with it, when the cock crows, and suddenly the ghost disappears. The supernatural element is peculiar to this play. By some this may be considered as a blemish, but nothing seems more natural than for a ghost to appear under the then present state of things. The deed was foul and bloody enough to call back the murdered father. There is nothing in this piece to produce a weary, restless state of mind. The constantly changing scenes and the continued occurrence of unsuspected and startling events cause the interest to increase from first to last. Another thing of which it is said Shakespeare is the sole inventor, and which invention appears alone in this drama, is the introduction of a play within a play. Hamlet arranges with a company of players to act before the king and queen a scene of murder, similar in plan and execution to the bloody deed perpetrated by his uncle. His object is to draw forth some sign of guilt from the murderous king. This device is suggested by his having observed,

“That guilty creatures sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions.”

During the performance of the allotted parts, Hamlet eyes the king most sharply. He has previously said, in view of the proposed play,

“I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick.”

This strange project has its desired effect. The king, overcome, rises to go out, angered and self-condemned. What a cunning devised contrivance! Who but a Shakespeare would have thought of it? Notice what shrewdness Hamlet displays in naming the play. In answer to the king's question, “What do you call it?” Hamlet replies, “Mouse Trap.” A mouse trap indeed, and successfully sprung upon the old rat in that it drew forth signs of self-conviction. The above reply discloses the vein of humor which now and then crops out in Hamlet's nature. Again, the circumstance of the clownish jocularity of the grave-diggers fills us at once with disgust and pity. There is something repulsive in their light-mindedness. There appears a want of harmony between their conduct and profession. We can not understand at first how they can sing love songs, and engage in such foolish jesting while digging graves. Upon reflection, however, we see illustrated in this
harsh rudeness a principle of human nature; the same oft-repeated acts tend to lessen the novelty, and diminish the strength of impressions at first received. "Thoughts, by often passing through the mind, are felt less sensibly; being accustomed to instances of others' mortality lessens the sensible apprehension of our own." Without the scene of the churchyard, an important part would have been omitted. Now that it comes in we see how immensely it adds to the grand effect. We can not pass by Polonius, a character representing a class of persons too much concerned in other people's business. He is a meddlesome fellow, too willing to become a tool for others. At one time secreted behind the arras, intent upon listening to a private conversation between Hamlet and his mother, he receives a mortal wound from the rapier of Hamlet. Poor, wretched old man, how dearly didst thou pay for thy unlawful intrusion! Notwithstanding his glaring fault, Polonius had some good qualities. His advice to his son Laertes is most excellent and practical. His words give evidence of a close observance of human nature and the ways of the world. The soliloquy of the king soon after viewing the play introduced by Hamlet, contains important and essential truths. There is a moral philosophy in it. The king, goaded by conscience with the vision of the bloody deed distinctly before him, tries to pray; he seeks forgiveness, but is still unwilling to restore the unlawful possessions so treacherously seized. Whether Shakespeare knew it or not, he has given us in this soliloquy one view of the Scripture idea of repentance. "May one be pardon'd and retain th' offence?"

The king's wretched, blackened soul, conscious of guilt, presents a most frightful picture of the torments of hell. A question has been raised by some, whether the madness of Hamlet was real or feigned. No doubt the loss of his father, and especially the manner of his death weighed heavily upon his mind, and at times led him almost captive to his grief. But when we consider the shrewdness of his plans, and their successful execution; when we study his soliloquies, and observe the connection of his thoughts, we can not believe he was afflicted with anything but rational madness. Polonius himself says of Hamlet, "Though this be madness, yet there is method in't." Ophelia's madness was undoubtedly real. She was a victim to insanity in consequence of disappointed love. Poor, unfortunate woman. The play ends in a tragedy. The drama closes with a general scene of death, sad and horrible. Here, all is excitement, confusion and terror. The queen is poisoned. The king is stabbed. Laertes dies
a victim to his own treachery. Hamlet receives a death blow from the sword of Laertes while engaged in most desperate combat. The play of Hamlet can not be attentively read without much profit. One, two or three readings do not satisfy, nor with the same number can we discover all its beauty and strength. It teaches very impressively many moral lessons. In short, the play under consideration appeals to almost every faculty in man. His reason, imagination and affections are all regarded, and occasions are constantly furnished for their most lively exercise.

OUR INDIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Camp Angarnarl, India, January 21st, 1874.

MR. EDITOR:—The Santals are one of the aboriginal tribes of India. They have no written language, but the Bengali characters, and also the Roman, are used to represent their sounds. Their speech is most regular and complicate, and no grammar of it has yet been successfully prepared, though several attempts have been made. Like the Greek and the Sanscrit, the Santal language has three numbers, the singular, dual and plural. The verb is wonderfully flexible, and probably has more forms than that of any other language known to scholars. In a recent grammar of this remarkable language, the author lays down twenty-three tens-es! No wonder that the distinguished European linguist, August Schleicher, puts the Santal into the "Turanian family of speech," or what is denominated by him "compounding languages." I believe the unlettered speech of these interesting denizens of the forest will ere long attract the attention and claim the studious research of savans.

We are making a rapid run through the Santal country, inspecting schools and publishing the gospel. The other day, on entering a long tract of dense jungle, we came upon a few burnt sticks and some fresh leaves. My Santal guide was not slow to point out a chicken's head, a little rice,
turmeric, oil, red paint, &c., that lay on the ground, and to give us the history of a bit of bone, a fragment of a human skull, that we found in the grass. Shall I tell you what it was?

When a Santal dies, his body is burned, and from the pile of ashes, some one of the relatives takes away a piece of the skull bone. This is carefully buried under a tree until the time comes for visiting the Damudar, the Santal Ganges. Then the bone is taken to the edge of the forest and there the departed spirit is worshiped. A tripod of sticks supports the vessel containing the charred bone. A little oil is poured on the head of a chicken, already daubed with red paint, rice is scattered on the ground, a fire is kindled, and then the poor hen is beheaded and its blood sprinkled on the other offerings. All this accomplished, the superstitious man puts a bit of the skull bone in a bag, and giving the tripod a blow with a club, he walks off without looking round. This worship over, he takes the bag containing the bone and starts for the sacred stream. The journey occupies several days. On reaching the Damudar, a little rice and a few copper coins are flung into the water, and after these the skull bone. Unless all this is done, the spirit of the deceased can never rest in peace, but in many ways will be sure to vex the impious survivors.

In the sacred groves attached to every Santal village there are little sheds erected to the Maneko and Tureeiko. These words mean the Five and the Six, and refer to the spirits of those recently deceased. These are worshiped at regular intervals, and every child is taught to reverence and fear them.

But the greatest object of dread amongst Santals is the Marang Buro. This literally means Great Mountain, but refers to the Evil One. To appease Satan's wrath and gain his favor, they offer up many sacrifices. From the fear and service of this enemy, we are trying to win these poor, superstitious people to him who is the Friend of sinners. On New Year's day our first Santal church was organized, and we hope to see many more throughout the jungles. Let the Santals be remembered in the student's prayer-meetings, and may Bates soon send them help, even her own representative. J. L. P.
FOR the past month our meetings have been frequent and to ourselves important. Literary exercises, however, have been done away with. Of course, the good orthodox reader will give us up in despair as having thrown overboard the last moral hope. With a shake of the head he argues to himself—a club without literary exercises must be social, and social clubs are immoral.

The real, fundamental reason why the meetings of the Club have so degenerated, which we willingly allow, is that we are in the vortex of Commencement. "Cramming" for examinations,—reading up our "parts" and subjecting ourselves to a general reformation, in order to present the normal condition of a man, and, perhaps, something more, to our expected friends.

Our meetings are frequent, then, because we have a great deal to talk about; and important because the time is drawing nigh when they must be broken up. Besides Commencement matters, the main question is, "What are you going to do?" There are some fortunate ones who seem to have never questioned themselves as to the means they will use to win bread and a name.

But, on the other hand, the majority of us wander up through the years, and finally drift into the nearest harbor, there to grumble the remainder of our days because we didn't drift somewhere else.

It is quite probable that this is the last you will hear of the College Club, or any of its members. It has not claimed much dignity, and yet we trust it has not merited to be beneath the notice of respectable people. Dignity is no criterion of worth. A little good nature avails more. Most of us have more to do with individuals than with the public. If the Club has occasioned any loss of knowledge of books, this has been more than made good by the knowledge it has given us of men and things. It has developed our social bump, and this is the one on which we strike the world.

No paper had been assigned for our last meeting, and nothing of the kind was expected; but it had been whispered about that Harrie had been caught in the act of invoking the Muse, and after which bantering he owned, "merely a literal translation, of Horace which, to keep you quiet, I will read."
BOOK FIRST.

OF THE ODES OF HORACE.

ODE I.

Now has the Father sent o'er hill and vale
Enough of wasting snow and hail,
And, hurling down with flaming hand
The rural towers of the land,
Terrified the city.

Terrified the nations, lest once more,
With prodigies e'en stranger than before,
Return the age of Pyrrhus, sad to tell,
When Proteus led his flocks from out the dell,
Upon the mountains;

And tribes of fishes in the highest elms,
Entangled, when the water overwhelm'd
The wonted home of peaceful birds;
And o'er the waste swam startled herds
Of timid deer.

We have seen the Tiber's baffled waves—
Cast madly back by the sea that laves
The Tuscan shore—go hurling down
The gilded palace of the crown
And Vesta's Temples.

This fond river, leaving his moss-bed,
Far and wide o'erflows the mead instead,
Himself the vowed avenger bold proclaiming
Of deep grieved Ilia's complaining,
Jove disapproving.

Our children, few because of father's crimes,
Shall hear of Romans whetting swords in times
Of civil war (by which 't were better far to tell
The brave opposing Persians fell)
And battles fierce.
Whom of the gods shall Romans in this hour
Invoke to aid the Empire's dying power?
With what prayer shall the virgins plead
With Vesta, now unmindful of their need,
Their tearful hymns?

To whom, O Jupiter, wilt thou give the task
Of expiating crimes like ours, we ask?
O thou prophetic god, Apollo, haste,
Throw o'er thy radiant shoulders chaste
A dewy cloud.

Or laughing Venus, if thou think it best,
Around whom fly the gods of Love and Jest:
Or as descendants and a race neglect,
Thou dost, O Mars, regard us with respect,
Come to our aid:

Mars, whom clamor, harsh music of the fight,
And fierce assault of Moorish infantry delight,
And helmets bright against the enemy arrayed,
Satiated with thy sport, played
Mars too long.

Or if thou, O winged messenger of peace,
The son of gentle Maia, wilt release
Thy wings, and personate here on earth
A youth, becoming in our dearth
Caesar's avenger,—

Late mayest thou hence to the skies return,
And joyously among the Romans learn
To dwell; nor may an untimely blast
Bear thee from us horrified at last
By our crimes.

Rather let the pomp of triumphs here delight you,
The honors of father, prince, requite you;
Nor suffer unpunished the Parthians' raid,
Whilst thou our leader, art obeyed,
O Caesar.
CHARLES SUMNER.

IN the life and death of Charles Sumner is a lesson for every young man; especially for every educated young man. Here was a man who began his career as the advocate of a despised and apparently hopeless cause; who was almost always in the minority; who never sought for popularity, or yielded, against his conscience, to public opinion; who spoke again and again against the popular measure or the popular favorite; who was intensely hated by the whites of the South, and not always loved or respected by the North, and who, barely a year ago, was declared to be politically dead. Yet, when death closes the scene, and Charles Sumner passes into history, the nation mourns. The largest cities in the land beg for his body, though it be only for an hour. The villages and cities of New England vie with one another to do honor to his remains. Massachusetts sends her highest talent and culture to his funeral, and even in South Carolina the bells toll and the flags are at half mast.

What is the reason of this universal sorrow? Is it because of his surpassing genius? We think not, since even he said of himself, "People should remember that I am not a fountain. I am a cistern, and they must wait for me to fill up."

Was it not rather on account of his rigid, straight-forward honesty? because of his earnest conscientiousness? No breath of suspicion touched him. Amid all the chicanery and log-rolling of Washington he stood aloof. Friends and enemies alike believed in his honesty and devotion to duty. He ever had a distinct purpose in view which he pursued from a conviction of its rightfulness.

Here we believe was the main-spring of his success, and here is a lesson for us to learn. It is well for us to have a definite object for which to strive, in order that our strength may be concentrated. Otherwise, we pursue a given course for a short time only. A purpose is a balance wheel which regulates our efforts. But before deciding to pursue any object, we should be convinced of its worthiness, if we wish for true success.

If by success we mean simply the attainment of an object, Ben. Butler is a successful man, and yet we apprehend that few of our young men desire to obtain a sim-
ilar notoriety. Charles Sumner was morally, as well as intellectually, great. His purposes were noble, and he was terribly earnest in his efforts to carry them out. His dying words, "Don't let the civil rights bill fail," show us how his thoughts were bound up in the accomplishment of his great purposes, and however he may have been regarded hitherto, now that death has claimed him, all unite in pronouncing his life a success.

So is it ever. A man who resolves to do his duty in all circumstances, will never make life a failure. Sooner or later he will be appreciated. His sphere may be limited, but it is certainly better to do small things well, than to attempt great things and fail. Though we can not all be Charles Sumners, we can succeed according to our abilities, remembering always that, "The best gift of a man to his fellows is character, out of which alone flows noble service."

A NEED OF THE STUDENTS.

The students recently sent a petition to the Faculty, requesting that doors be cut through the brick wall which separates the two divisions of Parker Hall. The petition was laid on the table, as our petitions usually are; or, more likely, under the table, for we seldom hear anything from them afterward. We do not wish to be understood as finding fault with the Faculty, for, as a whole, we have great reason to respect them and honor them. But we did and do feel that this request is a reasonable one, and all unite in urging that it be granted. It is very inconvenient for students in the west end of the hall to be obliged to don overcoats and rubbers every time they desire to drop into the reading room, upon a rainy day, not to speak of frequent necessary errands between the two divisions. We understand that the chief objection offered by the Faculty is the danger which would be incurred in case of fire. We fail to see the force of this. The wall of division separates neither the attic nor the cellar, and if one end burns, so as to fall in, then the other must inevitably ignite. It has been objected, too, that if the building were to burn after the doors were cut through, nothing could be collected upon the present insurance policy. But the policy can be changed at any time. Dread of fire is really our strongest motive for desiring some means of communication between the two halls. There are no fire escapes connected with the building, and if the stairs were to take fire, there are no means of escape except by jumping from the windows, at the risk of broken limbs. Some provision for escape should be made; and this passage would answer every purpose, as both ends of the building are not likely
to take fire at the same time. It may cost a few dollars more every year for insurance, but the exigen-
cies fully warrant the cost, even if iron doors have to be hung to serve in the place of the wall. This is not a move in which a few students are interested; the desire is general.

BASE BALL.

The weather is pleasant, the ground is fast drying off, and Base Ball is gradually putting in an appearance. We learn that we are to have a regular nine this season, and it is generally under-

stood what men will be chosen to fill the positions, though the Captain has not yet made up his list. In view of this fact, we are sorry to see that same spirit evinced which caused so much trouble last year. We mean an indisposition on the part of some of our best players to practice. We are rather backward in the science of the game ourselves, but we believe it is generally agreed, that it is necessary for a nine to practice a great deal together, in order to become accustomed to one another's playing. We have noticed, too, that some of our surest players in the field are a little "shaky" at the bat. A little practice every day in striking would do much towardremedying this fault, and thus insuring a better score.

If we intend to play match or friendly games with other clubs, we ought to take more pride in playing a good game, instead of consoling ourselves under defeat, with the excuse that we were "out of practice, and came off a great deal better than we ex-
pected."

We certainly have material for a good club, and it is too bad to be beaten so often for want of practice. Something has been said about a uniform for the club; it would certainly be an improve-
ment, and we hope to see it.

POSTPONEMENT.

Apologies are always disagree-
able, both to the writer and reader, and it is with no feeling of pleasure that we write this. Ne-

cessity, however, compels us. Owing to the illness of the person entrusted with the duty of writing a sketch of the life and character of the late Dr. Balkam, we have been obliged to postpone the article promised for this month to the May number.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The Yale Literary Magazine for March is hardly up to its usual standard. It contains an amusing article on criticism, which many students would do well to read and profit by. The old board of Editors close their labors with this number. As a rule, we consider this our best exchange. — We are glad to welcome the Dart-
mouth to our table once more. It had been absent so long that we had begun to despair of seeing it again. The incidents of Web-
ster's home life are very interesting. As a whole, the prose articles are good, but we must confess that we fail to appreciate the poetry.—The Packer Quarterly is always carefully perused, but with the exception of Dream Fancies and Middlemarch and George Eliot, we found little in the last number to repay us.—The Williams Vidette is readable as usual. It contains a pleasant little poem, entitled, "Found! A Valentine." To be sure the ideas are not new, but the language is so fresh and the rhythm so easy and natural, that we hardly notice this. Let us have another poem by the same author.—The Advocate presents its usual fine selection, especially of poems. Of these, "A Dream" is very amusing, as well as "My Uncle's Madeira." The former will be better appreciated by the editor than by the general reader.—The Tar-gum for March is made up of short, pithy articles which interest us without being studied either in thought or expression. The poetry is about average.—The Olio is one of the best of our western exchanges. The last number devotes rather too much of its space to Quakers and Shakers. We wish the new board of editors the greatest success.—We have received the third number of the Alfred Student, and are much pleased with it, as, indeed, we have been with its predecessors. The Student has already taken a high rank in college journalism. We are glad to welcome it to our exchange list.—The College Mercury makes good selections of poetry, but where is the original? — The Madisonensis has an article on long lessons which we would like to have all Professors read and act upon. A few less "Flakes" would be an improvement.—The Western Collegian is quite rich in College news. It protests with reason against the discontinuance of the University Reading Room. It is certainly surprising that it should be thought of.

Note. We call attention to the advertisement of Robert J. Mulligan & Co., which appears for the first time in our columns. A large size Family Sewing Machine at the low price of ten dollars. This small sum brings the great labor-saving power within the reach of hundreds of families that are unable to purchase the more expensive machines. All would do well to read their advertisement carefully before purchasing elsewhere.

Literary communications should be addressed to the Editors. All subscriptions and advertisements to J. Herbert Hutchins, Manager.
ODDS AND ENDS.

A NOther "fish story;" — apply to Giles.

—The perception of the Faculty is growing very keen; they have detected several wrong doers (doors) lately.

—Two Seniors and a Sophomore have lately been engaged in a good work,—rather more hol(e)y than righteous.

—A new thing,—an unsolicited payment of subscription.

—One of our Juniors lately arrived at the astonishing conclusion, that, when time-pieces stop running, time comes to an end.

—A western paper speaks of "Bunion, the author of Pilgrim's Progress."

—The principal parts of college life at Harvard — Gormandizo, Guzzleiri, Snoozivi, Flunkum. — Williams Review.

—Scene. — Junior den, student scanning. There comes a tapping at the door — visitor enters, while student concludes his scanning, with the exclamation, "Quod si com-min-u-as!" — [Ex.

—If Prof. —— could have heard the expressions in which some of the Juniors indulged at the sight of the masons doing up that hole, he would despair of ever impressing them with Evidences of Christianity.

—A Senior, working hard upon his Commencement Part, and not liking to be disturbed, gave the candy boy a quarter to stay out of his room for a week. Next day boy was around as usual. "Here! young man," said the irate Senior, "didn't I pay you to stay out of here for a week?" "Yes," replied the youth, "but I ain't begun to stay out yet."

—Dr. Hopkins— "What does your enjoyment of a witty man depend on?" Student—"It is in proportion to his wit." Dr. H.—"Suppose he is a good man?" Student—"In proportion to his goodness." Dr. H.—"Well, suppose he knows a great deal?" Student—"In proportion to his nose." (Class howls.) — Williams Review.

VIRTUTIS NARRATIO.

The light of morn was coming fast,
As in to recitation passed
A youth, who, in his noble mien,
Proclaimed a virtue never seen,—

Stamina!
His brow was smooth; his eye beneath
Flashed like a sun-flower in a wreath,
And like a Freshman's fish horn rung
The accents of his supple tongue,—
Stamina!

In Parker Hall he saw the light
Of Vernon's fires gleam warm and bright;
Above a little hatchet shone,
And from his lips escaped a moan,—
Stamina!

"Do not go in," his class-mates said,
"With ancient Greek to stock your head.
Stay out with us. We'll rest to-day."
But this was all they heard him say,—
Stamina!

"You'd better stay," said one and all,
As he went through the outer hall.
A tear rolled down his manly cheek,
And he replied, "I'll go for Greek."—
Stamina!

"Don't mind the Prof's unjust request;
Beware the direful anapaest;
Such were the shouts sent on his track,
But still that unknown word came back,—
Stamina!

A moment more, and down the stair
He came with proud and lofty air;
A look of joy beamed in his eye,
As still he murmured with a sigh,—
Stamina!

He then went to his den and wrote
A mournful, sad, but silly note,
Of him who hacked the cherry-tree,
And a boy who cried beneath the sea,—
Stamina!

In that an axiom can be seen,
That things will "cut" if they are keen.
And while his holy words go round,
He still keeps up that wondrous sound,—
Stamina!

Molest him not, but let him raise
His songs of virtue and of praise.
And let the Class adopt his cry,
Resolved to shout it till they die,—
Stamina!

—A Suitable Gift. — We know of no present more suitable for a holiday offering than a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. Besides furnishing a continuous and almost inexhaustible channel of valuable instruction, its illustrations will be found a capital means of amusement to the old as well as the young. It has long been regarded the standard work of orthography and pronunciation, and we have yet to learn of any business, trade or profession which does not find full recognition among its hundreds of pages. To the minister, editor, professional gentleman and school, it is indispensable, and the time is almost at hand when it will be esteemed equally so in the home circle. — Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly.

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SECTOR.
There is great rejoicing over the fact that the college gymnasium is to be fitted up soon. It is to be hoped that the good work will not stop until some new balls are placed in the bowling alley.

The Germania Band, assisted by some distinguished vocalist, will furnish music for the Commencement Concert, the 16th of June. Persons out of town, wishing to secure seats, can do so by letter or telegram after May 1st. Address Thos. Spooner, Jr., Bates College, Lewiston, Me.

The orator for Commencement is Rev. A. P. Peabody, D. D., of Harvard University. Dr. Peabody was for several years the editor of the North American Review, and has lectured before lyceums quite extensively. The lecture will take place Wednesday evening, June 17th.

The Sophomore Declamations, of March 19th, came off very pleasantly at the Main St. Free Baptist Church. The declamations—partly original and partly selected—were rendered very creditably indeed. Mr. Douglass was awarded the prize, apparently with the approval of the entire audience.

The students of Princeton have long desired to publish a weekly or monthly college newspaper, and have made repeated requests to the Faculty for permission, but have been met with a peremptory refusal in every case.—Courant.

The Senior Exhibition occurred at the College Chapel on the evening of the 25th of March, and was certainly a success. The class was well represented both in numbers and talent. The subjects were happily chosen and ably treated, and each speaker held the attention of the audience throughout.

The new Yale boat-house will cost $12,000, and will be the best in the country. It will be built with a view to elegance as well as convenience; will be surmounted by a spire, have a covered piazza on three sides, and be capable of containing 80 boats.

The course of historical lectures by Prof. Malcom will commence Tuesday, May 12th. The lectures are before the Senior Class, and more especially for their benefit, but are open to all. They will be delivered in the college chapel as follows: May 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th, at 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.; 16th, at 9, A. M.; 18th, 19th and 20th, at 7 1-2, P. M.
'71.—J. N. Ham has tendered his resignation as principal of the Augusta High School.

'71.—J. T. Abbott was married to Miss Alice Merryman, of Boston, Mass., Feb. 7, and is now in the Conveyance Office of Fitch & Kern, Court Square, Boston.

'73.—E. P. Sampson is having a vacation of three weeks, and occasionally puts in an appearance at B. College.

'73.—A. C. Libby is at Lowell, Mass., in the Engineer's Office of the Lowell and Andover R. R.

'74.—F. P. Moulton, — *Nondum laureati*, — has been appointed Instructor in the Lewiston High School.

---

Class of 1869.

Files, George Byron.—Born at Troy, Maine, April 11, 1843. Son of Reuben W. and Mary J. Files.

1869—'73.—Principal of Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, Maine. 1871, August 14, married, to Miss Aroline M. Fernald, only daughter of Rev. Samuel P. and Hannah E. Fernald, Melvin Village, N. H.

1874.—March 28, was elected principal of the Augusta High School. Post Office address, Augusta, Maine.
This Institution is located in the city of Lewiston, Maine, and is named in honor of LYMAM NICHOLS, Esq., of Boston. The special object of the School is to prepare students for the Freshman Class of Bates College, though students who do not contemplate a College course are admitted to any of the classes which they have the qualifications to enter. The School is situated near the College and Theological School, and thus affords important advantages of association with students of more advanced standing and scholarship.

The Course of Study comprises three years and as many classes; that is, the first year, or third class; the second year, or second class; the third year, or first class. The classes are so arranged that students can enter the school at any time during the year.

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CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's Aeneid; six orations of Cicero; the Catiline of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and in Harkness' Latin Grammar. GREEK: In three books of Xenophon's Anabasis; two books of Homer's Iliad, and in Hudley's Greek Grammar. MATHEMATICS: In Loomis's or Greenleaf's Arithmetic, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis's 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. Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Wednesday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

COURSE OF STUDY.

The regular course of instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

EXPENSES.

The annual expenses are about $200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen Scholarships, and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise. Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

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.

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

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