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THE
BATES STUDENT

Vol. XII.



No. 4.

οὐ δοξεῖν ἀλλ' εἶναι.

➤✂ APRIL, 1884. ✂➤

PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF '85,

BATES COLLEGE,

➤✂ LEWISTON, MAINE. ✂➤

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THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XII.

APRIL, 1884.

No. 4.

Bates Student.

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

CLASS OF '85, BATES COLLEGE.

EDITORIAL BOARD.

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EDITORIAL.

WE are glad that we can give to the
readers of the STUDENT an article
on Music in Germany, from the United
States Consul, Geo. F. Mosher, who
is located at Sonneberg, Germany.
Most will remember that he was
editor of the *Morning Star* before his
appointment to the consulate at Nice,
France, whence he was transferred
to Sonneberg.

The ordeal through which the stu-
dents must pass before our college
band will furnish entertainment, we
are glad to say, is made as light as
possible by those who are practicing.
Hardly one of the large number who
have instruments practices during study
hours; and, besides, we are relieved
from the "grand review" on Saturdays,
because it occurs in the chapel of
Hathorn Hall. We hope to see a con-
tinuance of this pleasant feeling
between the members of the band and
the other students, resulting from a
just recognition of the rights of each
party.

The action of the Junior class in
deciding to observe Ivy Day is praise-
worthy. The classes of '83 and '84,

owing, we believe, to some internal disturbances, failed to keep up this very pleasant custom. Its disappearance from Bates was regretted, we feel sure, by all the students, and ought to have been by every friend of the institution. No day, perhaps, in the whole college course, is regarded by the students with pleasanter anticipations than is Ivy Day. Its observance is a source of pride to the participating class, a bright spot in the midst of college routine never to be forgotten. The relation of exercises of this nature to the college is peculiar. Without being a part of the regular college work, such exercises indicate, in a degree, the vitality and vigor of student life in an institution, at any one time. And inasmuch as they are a sort of high water mark of the buoyancy of an institution, their omission is, of course, regarded by the college world, as a sign of depression and lack of spirit. If we are right in our conclusions, then every class should feel in duty bound to sustain those exercises in Bates which have become established. If a class can not do this from a desire of present gratification, it ought at least to do it out of pride for class and college.

Longfellow is a very popular poet with students, but, strange to say, we find few who read his "Spanish Student." Containing as it does the very essence of student life, one would suppose this poem would be a favorite with undergraduates. The light chit-chat and social talk, and the broad humor of the lower characters are things that students particularly delight in. The

midnight serenade is romance itself; in fact the whole piece has a touch of that soft spirit of confidence and mystery which one feels in moonlight rambles and star-light talks.

Hypolito asleep in Victorian's room, waiting for his friend, is no fiction of student life; and when Victorian comes in, in the small hours of the night, and they sit and talk of love and women till Hypolito yawns and goes off to bed, advising his friend to do the same,—who however says "Good night," but adds as the door closes: "but not to bed; for I must read awhile," is as true a picture of student life as could be drawn. When the sarcastic Chispa says: "Throw that bone to another dog. Do I look like your aunt?" and gets the quick repartee, "No, she has a beard," who can restrain a roar of laughter?

The whole plot is intensely interesting, and breathes forth so strongly that atmosphere of mingled romance, dissipation, and seclusion which forms so large a part of almost every young fellow's life at college, that we think those who have not read it have missed a great deal of sympathetic pleasure.

We wish to say that we think the method employed in the Philosophy recitations of the Juniors, of having figures and diagrams of the different pieces of apparatus, put upon the board and explained from is a very good one. We think, however, that a little more study of the details, and a little better application of the rules of perspective, would have the effect of making things a little clearer, some-

times. When we are informed that a lot of impossible bottles or jugs, bearing some resemblance to a row of pickle-jars, is a battery of Leyden-jars, it takes some effort of the imagination, to think of getting any stronger shock from them than that of nitric-acid-white-vinegar. Still, this is much better than talking about an imaginary thing. We would suggest, though, that the lecture system could be very advantageously combined with the daily recitations, by having the pieces of apparatus which the college possesses in the class-room at the time of recitation, and letting the explanations be made from them. We are inclined to think that most of the class could have passed a better test on Clark's Machine if they had ever seen one, than from having seen certain lines, representing complicated wires and magnets, on the board, and studying the text, which turns out to be lettered incorrectly. Why couldn't the recitation be held in the lecture room, at least every other morning, (instead of once a week, as at present,) and thus greater intimacy be gained with the actual facts of Mechanics and Electricity?

The *Colby Echo* for March advocates the formation of an inter-collegiate oratorical association such as exist in several of the Western States. The purpose of such an organization is advancement in writing and speaking. The general plan is for each college to choose delegates by a preliminary contest, and then for these delegates to meet, alternating from year to year at the different colleges, in a final contest

for honors in composition and speaking. We believe that many benefits would result from such an association. None of the colleges in Maine have a large number of students. Such an association would bring each college in contact with men from outside their own small circle. As a result, breadth of view would be given; the exclusiveness into which we are apt to fall when shut up to ourselves would, to a great extent, be broken down; and above all, the purpose for which the association would be formed—advancement in writing and speaking—would be better attained than in a multiplication of home exercises in which the stimulant to great effort is often wanting. The columns of the *STUDENT* are open to undergraduates or any one interested in this matter who would like to express their views with more fulness.

We are inclined to think the value of art studies, as an educator, is underestimated. In ancient times, music and painting were among the first requisites for a liberal education; but in our day, except in their most elementary forms, these branches are relegated to the list of those studies which are to be pursued only by specialists. It is true that almost every child does get some instruction in the rudiments of vocal or instrumental music, and in some of our public schools, this instruction is quite good and systematic, but in most cases it stops far short of what it might be. If, instead of learning to play two or three "pieces" tolerably, or sing a few operatic songs in a manner that can be

put up with and even complimented once, but which grows terribly monotonous to the neighbors, scholars were taught more of the principles of harmony, they would acquire a power of analyzing and detecting its effects, and a greater appreciation, which would add much to their enjoyment of music.

The same may be said of painting. In a good part of our schools children are taught the rudiments of drawing, form, and perspective, which is certainly valuable. Many young people, especially young ladies, continue this training, which would be equally or more valuable if carried on in the right way. The trouble with this, however, is that most young students are too impatient and ambitious to study thoroughly the "first lessons" of art, but branch out into regions where many an old artist would think twice before starting. If, instead of ornamenting (?) plaques and drain-tiles with wonderful horticultural effects, and emblazoning satin banners with gorgeous "birds of paradise," which, whatever may be found in that little-traveled country, no ornithologist ever classified in this land of sin and woe, they would stick to humbler objects, and be content with *copying nature*, without improvements, they would be gaining a great deal more. The one who accurately and conscientiously sketches some common and familiar object, exactly as he sees it, and not as he fancies it should be; or if he must paint, faithfully copies some unpretentious picture, or does his best to reproduce on canvas some well-studied flower or small objects, will, if he only knew it, have not only a much

more artistic picture, and one which will interest both himself and others far more than any flighty and incorrect attempt; but at the same time he will be gaining a knowledge of the laws of harmony of form and color which will yield him many a rich treat in art and nature, that would otherwise be only so much common clay.

While presenting the claims of an inter-collegiate association as an incentive to greater efforts in oratory, we do not wish to show ourselves unmindful of the advantages for speaking and writing offered by our own college. The incentives that valuable prizes and honorable position can give, are, we believe, furnished to us in such measure that we have occasion to thank those who have this department of our work in charge.

During the Freshman and Sophomore years, the declamations and debates—prizes for which are furnished by the college and one of our professors—give opportunity to cultivate the talent for speaking and writing, in six public exercises. All in these classes appear in public three times; those that excel, six times. Later, the Junior orations and the Senior exhibition call forth the best efforts of our students. The generous friend of our college who has increased the prize for excellence in the Junior orations, by seventy-five dollars, has added interest to a department of our work, which, on account of its especial importance, ought to be encouraged. We cannot do less as students than show our appreciation of all this interest in our work, by honest efforts to improve.

LITERARY.

THE PUSSY-WILLOWS.

By M. K. P., '81.

My lover laid upon my outstretched palm
A spray of pussy-willow from the brook,
And as the downy, furry thing I took,
The life which all the winter slept in calm,
Distilling, thrilling with sweet spring's rich
balm,
Through all its myriad pulses leaped and
shook.
So 'neath my ardent lover's tender look
Rang in my heart the same exultant psalm,
Sung by the willows to the spring's caress:—
"The frost-king's stern and icy reign is o'er,
The air with gladness throbs around, above:
The blue-bird wooes his mate. Let us repress
The dainty buds of our sweet hope no more.
Since love is life, our life shall all be love!"

THE VITALITY OF THE DEAD LANGUAGES.

By A. M. B., '84.

JUDGING from the present agitation in regard to the so-called dead languages, one would be led to think that not only had their last feeble spark of life gone out, but that they had been hastily buried, their eulogy pronounced, and a monument erected to their memory. It surely becomes those who have spent no little time in the study of two of these languages to make some remonstrance against so strange and unfounded a charge.

The Sanscrit, the key to the science of philology, is forsooth, dead! The Greek and Latin languages are dead! To be sure it is claimed that they have exercised a powerful influence over our language and thought, but still "they are dead!" The nations that once spoke them are dead! In fact it would never have been known

that such nations had existed, were it not for a few musty old parchments, taken from the monasteries during the dark ages. The remnants of these decayed languages are of no practical use to the enlightened and cultivated people of the nineteenth century, and hence are fit only for old libraries and museums.

This is, in short, the substance of what is now being said in regard to the early language of civilization. How near these statements are to the truth will appear after the consideration of a few facts, which seem to show that these languages have, at least, some indications of life, if nothing more.

Are we to regard that force which moves all English-speaking people, by means of over thirty thousand Latin words, as dead or as living? If living, it has to-day ample means for protesting against those who would call it dead. To say nothing of Greek, Latin is now giving to the sturdy Anglo-Saxon element of our language both richness and beauty, and a capacity for nice discriminations absolutely unequalled. So fully has this element become incorporated in our language as to be essential to its very identity.

But aside from the etymological point of view, the ancient languages are a living power in modern experience. For centuries they have moulded thought as well as its expression. From the life of the ancient world, which still pulses in them, all subsequent ages have drawn their inspiration.

The epic poem has never been writ-

ten that had not the Iliad or the Æneid for its model, while a Macaulay laments that he cannot equal Thucydides in the delineation of history. To such an extent has the artistic development of their ideas entered into modern thought, giving it life, beauty, and dignity, that we often forget its origin, and attribute it to our own age. Such, then, is their mysterious energy that, if dead, they have sprung, like the Phoenix of Arabian mythology, from their very ashes into still newer life and beauty.

Yet it may be said—"We will allow all this, figuratively speaking, perhaps, these languages have some vitality; but we would cite as our authority for terming them dead, the definition of our great lexicographer—'A dead language is one which is no longer spoken or in common use by a people, and known only in writings, as the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin.'"

By this definition then, these languages are literally dead. But hold, what is language? Language is the mode of expressing thought peculiar to a race or nation. Now if no one of these nations under consideration has become extinct, not one of their languages is dead. For the mode of expression of a people is subject to change, and not to destruction.

Take as an example of this the growth of a child from infancy through youth to manhood. When the child becomes a man no one would say that the period of his existence as a child was a state of death. The change has been so constant and gradual that his

existence at one period could not be recognized as belonging to the same person as that of another period, yet it is but change. Just so is it with language, constantly changing it does not die. The Sanscrit has developed into the language now used by the millions of India, but it is not dead. The Latin still lives in the Romance languages of Europe, while on good authority, the Greek spoken in Athens to-day, is no more unlike the Greek of Pericles than is the English of to-day unlike that of Chaucer, and no one would any more presume to say that the language in which the "father of English poetry" wrote is dead than that in which Tennyson now writes is dead.

This being the case the never dying languages of antiquity still deserve that attention which up to this time has been rightfully granted them. However hotly people may argue that they are dead, they will assert their living force, and like the ghost of Banquo, will not "down."

A BOOK OF SONG.

[*Tauchnitz Edition.*]

By I. W. J., '87.

This booklet at a stall
I purchased with a small
Silver bit;
In Leipsic, from the press
It came; but who can guess
More of it?

Of facts I have but one;
This fact—to Washington
Some one brought
It o'er the ocean blue,
For on the Avenue
It was bought.

Transmuted now, perchance,
To flowerets that dance
In the breeze,
Its writer rests at Rome,
Tossed to man's timeless home
By rough seas.

Did maiden, fair and shy,
With her soul-speaking eye
Run each line,
While her white hand did turn
These leaves by steamboat's stern
On the Rhine?

Or did some cynic, wise
Only in his own eyes,
Read, and then
Condemn it without ruth,
Its truth with its untruth
By his pen?

Or like the ill-starred two
By Dante sung, did true
Lovers meet,
By moonlight reading this,
And, as they read it, kiss
Kisses sweet?

Or did these dulcet strains
Vex some poor German's brains,
While he sipped,
To keep said brains right clear,
An extra quart of beer,
As he skipped?

Though I bid Fancy stop,
And let a curtain drop
O'er each scene,
She laughs, nor heeds me; but
Still brings me views of what
May have been.

[From the German.]

DEATH AND SLEEP.

IN brotherly embrace the angel of sleep and the angel of death wandered over the earth. The evening was coming on. They lay down upon a hill not far from the dwellings of men. A solemn silence reigned about them; the evening bell also was silent in the distant village.

Still and quiet, as is their custom,

sat the two beneficent genii of mankind in familiar embrace, and already the night approached.

Then the angel of sleep arose from his mossy couch and strewed with gentle hand the invisible seeds of slumber. The evening winds bore them to the silent dwelling of the weary husbandman. Now sweet sleep took possession of the dwellers in rural homes, from the old man who goes with a staff, to the babe in the cradle. The sick man forgot his pain, the sad his sorrow, the poor his cares. All eyes closed themselves.

After his work was finished the beneficent-angel of slumber lay down again beside his sterner brother. "When the morning red awakes," cried he with joyous innocence, "then men praise me as their friend and benefactor! O, what joy to do good while unseen and in secret! How happy are we the invisible messengers of the good Spirit. How beautiful our silent vocation!"

Thus spake the friendly angel of slumber. The angel of death gazed upon him with silent sorrow, and a tear, such as the immortals shed, entered his large dark eye. "Ah," said he, that I can not as you rejoice in the happy thought. The earth calls me its foe and joy-destroyer!" "O, my brother," replied the angel of slumber, "at his awakening will not the good man recognize in thee his friend and benefactor and thankfully bless thee? Are we not brother and messengers of one Father?"

Thus spake he; then shone the eye of the angel of death, and tenderly the brotherly genii embraced each other.—*Krummacker.*

HYPERION.

MOST novels entertain; many instruct; "Hyperion" preaches. As a work of art it is unsurpassed. Its beauty is perennial. But this is not its chief merit. Its teachings are what render it dear to its many admirers. The story is almost wholly wanting in plot, yet the reader's interest never wanes. The author's success was due to his love and sympathy for his afflicted fellow-beings and his power to touch and reflect the hidden feelings of the human heart. I repeat it, "Hyperion" is a sermon; and the preacher succeeds wonderfully, not only in portraying the infirmities and sufferings of frail humanity, but also in applying a balm to the bleeding heart. No one can read the story without being strengthened thereby—without being more a man.

These are the lessons that the author would teach: "Work and wait"; be resigned to God's providences; strive after manhood that enables one to rise above disappointment and be ennobled by it. The hero of the romance is introduced as a man saddened and restless with grief, seeking diversion and peace of mind among new scenes in a foreign land. But all to no purpose. His mourning heart refuses to be comforted. The hero is pre-eminently a man of soul. All nature communes with him. The sighing winds, old ruins, the silent repose of the dead, the burdens and afflictions of fellow-beings, each tells to him its own sad tale. From all he gathers sympathy; but nothing more. In none of these and nowhere does he

find a panacea for his troubled mind. But now it is that the author introduces the heroine; now it is that the reader is reminded for the first time that he is reading a romance.

The heroine is what might be expected from a consideration of the attributes of the hero. Not fair, but intellectual. A woman, as the author would fain have us believe, with a soul. It seems to me, however, that the author was hardly successful in painting such a character as he evidently wished to paint. He leaves an impression on the mind of the reader, of a woman with noble forehead, fine eyes, and excellent intellect, but withal decidedly cold. Still she suffices the author's purpose, inasmuch as she elicited the deep, warm affections of his hero. In her, Flemming found a balm for his wounded heart, a response to all his unsatisfied longings; in her society and in thoughts of her, happiness that he had thought lost forever. At this point in the romance, the reader exclaims, "Its close is going to be like the close of all novels,—a *denouement* made to order." Not so. Flemming's love affair is in keeping with his former experiences. Disappointment and sorrow await him. His love for the darling of his soul is found to be unrequited. Not blaming, in his magnanimous soul, the lady, nor allowing his friend Berkley to reproach her, he leaves the place, additionally saddened and abstracted.

Now is the commiseration and wonder of the reader excited; his commiseration for the bereaved man, his wonder that the author should paint a hero

in a shadow from the first, successful in nothing. Gentle reader, your commiseration is uncalled for; your wonder shall vanish. Let us read a little farther. Bent but not broken, the hero of the story is slowly and unconsciously undergoing a change. At length comes the wonderful transition of feeling. What more fitting place than that old chapel, among the ashes of the departed dead, for that new birth! What more eloquent appeal for the uplifting of a human soul than this: "Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future, without fear and with a manly heart!"

The work is done. The struggle of his life is over. He goes forth "a man among men." A conqueror, neither in love nor in war, he is still the greatest conqueror. He has conquered self. He is indeed a *hero*. The author's success is complete. He has painted an ideal manhood and placed it within the reach of all. He has taught, and taught inimitably the greatest lessons, the grandest truths. The consolation and strength that awaits him, weary of spirit and infirm of purpose, in the beautiful teachings of "Hyperion," can only be understood by one who has taken deep and repeated draughts from the inexhaustible contents of Longfellow's best work.

I must choose to receive the truth, no matter how it bears upon myself; must follow it, no matter where it leads, from what party it severs me, or to what party it allies.—*Dr. Channing.*

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

By C. W. M., '77.

All winter long, earth's robes have been
Of sombre hue, or purest white;
But with the spring, lo! everything
Grows fresh and green from sheer delight.

From April skies fall plenteous showers,
Rich boons from out a generous hand;
And balmy breezes from the South
Bring new life to the waiting land.

The withered leaves are swept aside,—
Once Autumn's pride, now dry and sere,—
And nestled low 'mong leaves of green,
The sweet arbutus flowers appear.

O blushing blossoms of the spring,
Breathing sweet perfume on the air!
To those who listen ye may teach
A lesson, grand as ye are fair.

In life's dark ways we oft may find
Blessings unknown, but pure and sweet,
If we will only brush aside
The withered leaves beneath our feet.

—*The Household.*

MAMMOTH CAVE.

By F. A. M., '85.

TO attempt a description of one of Nature's greatest curiosities, and especially such an intricate labyrinth, filled with objects of the greatest historical, zoölogical, and geological interest, is confessedly a task beyond my powers. Cave City, the nearest accessible point by rail, is situated eighty-four miles south of Louisville, on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. There stages are in waiting to convey passengers over the rough hills to Mammoth Cave. Some, however, prefer to go horseback, and the ride of nine miles is not very wearisome.

Arriving at the hotel, which, with its quaint style of architecture and its beautiful surroundings forms a very de-

sirable stopping place, we refresh ourselves with a substantial meal. Then, in company with our guide, we proceed to visit the cave. Each one is provided with a torch. The guide carries two, and the haversack slung over his shoulder contains oiled papers, chemical lights, etc. At the entrance is an iron gate, where the guide takes the tickets and lights the torches. For the first twenty yards or so after passing the gate one must hurry, or the strong current will extinguish his torch. This current is caused by the inequality of the temperatures without and within the cave. The temperature of the cave is 54 degrees the year round. Thus the current is outward in summer and inward in winter. The first point of especial interest is the rotunda. This is a chamber of large dimensions. A chemical light is given here. In the bright, steady light we see the old saltpetre vats and the pump logs which were used in the manufacture of vast quantities of saltpetre. The earth was very rich in nitre, and this particular industry assumed no small proportions in the former part of this century. Also we see thousands of bats hung up for winter quarters. There are three routes from which the tourist may select—the long, the short, or the combination. This last includes the short route and a considerable part of the long. Whichever way you may choose you are obliged to traverse the main avenue about a mile. Although every foot is like the unfolding of a grand panorama, yet brevity requires that only the most noted places be mentioned.

Passing around the Giant's Coffin,

which is a stone about 40 feet long and 20 feet wide and shaped exactly like a coffin, we proceed to the Gothic Chapel, one of the most attractive features of the cave. The avenue leading up to it is about 40 feet wide, 15 feet high, and more than half a mile in length. In this avenue travelers have erected monuments, representing their native state or country. Each one as he passes by his own State's monument places a stone on it. Thus quite an idea can be formed of the number of visitors from each State. All of the States in the Union and many foreign countries are represented. Several colleges also have their monuments, and we improved the opportunity of starting one for Bates by laying a stone for each member of '85. Now we enter the chapel. It is a spacious chamber, the ceiling and floor of which are almost literally covered with stalactites and stalagmites. They are of all sizes. Some are opaque; others so transparent that a torch held on the opposite side of one a foot in diameter is plainly visible. In the center of the chamber is the altar formed by four massive stalactites reaching to the floor. Several marriage ceremonies have been performed here. "The last in September, 1882, was quite romantic," said the guide. "The facts of the case were these: The bride had promised her mother never to marry that man on the face of the earth, and she skillfully evaded her promise by marrying him here."

Retracing our steps, we go next to Pensacola Avenue. On our way we pass by two roofless stone houses. As

we were examining them the guide told us the story connected with them. Said he: "There were ten frame houses besides these stone ones that a company of consumptives built. They thought that the purity of the air and the evenness of the temperature would be beneficial to them. There were twelve or thirteen in all. They staid until one of their number died, when the rest of the number becoming frightened, came to the light, but did not survive but a short time." Pensacola Avenue is a long, winding channel, about 20 feet wide and 10 feet high. The ceiling is vaulted and is completely covered with flowers. These flowers are about two inches in diameter and consist, I think, of five petals, and are formed of pure white alabaster. It is also called Snow-ball Arch. You think that possibly they are artificial, but an attempt to remove them convinces you that nature has put them on, and put them on to stay. We come next to Gorin's Dome. By many it is considered the grandest sight in the cave. As we look through an aperture about the size and shape of a window, the guide throws down a lighted paper. When at length it has reached bottom, the whole dome becomes brilliantly lighted. It is about 30 feet in diameter and 250 feet high. The action of the water in the soft limestone has worn vertical, semi-circular grooves from top to bottom. It appears like the handicraft of some most skillful artisan. They appear also like massive curtains, "woven in nature's loom by crystal threads of running water." In close proximity to this is the Bottomless Pit, which, never-

theless, has a bottom down about 150 feet.

We now direct our steps to the Star Chamber. This is a roomy, spacious apartment. The ceiling is of black gypsum, studded with small pieces of magnesia. We sit on a little log bench, while the guide takes our lights off with him. Could there ever be more intense darkness! Over four miles from the outside world, not one ray of light could possibly penetrate. The stillness was so great and the darkness so oppressive that the beating of one's heart could be plainly heard. After leaving us thus for a few minutes the guide, by means of screens, threw the light on the ceiling. The effect was surprising. You would almost declare that you were sitting in a ravine and looking up at the stars in heaven. By passing objects before the light, clouds seemed to flit across the sky. Soon the guide appeared with the lights, and his cheery voice announced that the sun was up and his panorama ended.

We crossed the river Styx, and as we did so we looked around instinctively for the mythological shades flitting about the shore, but failed to find them. The Styx, a deep, sluggish river, is much inferior in size to the Echo. Passing along by Lake Lethe, we strike out for the Echo river. The way becomes smaller and more difficult to traverse. The Fat Man's Misery is reached. This path is about six feet high and one foot wide. The 300 pound men have to turn back here. Immediately following this is the Tall Man's Misery. This is about three feet wide and four high, and as we advance,

stooping, the guide sings out "that it won't do to get your back up here." After traveling a few moments in this manner, we came to the Echo river. There a boat is in waiting, and the ride down the river by the light of the torches is pleasant. We sing some college songs, and as their echoes reverberate over the river and through the deserted chambers, our hearts instinctively turn back to our *Alma Mater*. The river connects with the Greene river, and as there had been several storms lately, the Greene was swollen and the water had set back into the cave. There is an overhanging rock a short distance down the river, under which one must pass to continue his journey, and as the water had risen so as to prevent the passage, we were forced to return. Upon regaining the outer world, we found that we had been in the cave about five hours and had walked over eight miles. The company obtained fine specimens of stalactites, stalagmites, alabaster, gypsum, silica, and a soft rock of saltpetre formation. They were tired, but more than satisfied with their day's journey.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editors of the Student:

DRESDEN, March 17, 1884.

Germany has a well-merited musical reputation. She has not only produced many famous musical composers, like Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Bach, Beethoven, Wagner, Meyerbeer, Liszt, and Weber,—although

strictly speaking Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer were Jews, and Liszt and Weber were renown pianists,—but her citizens enjoy music as perhaps no other nation does unless it be the Italian. In the case of the latter the taste is for the romantic and passionate, while with the former the composition that is more scientific and classical is received with greatest favor. Hence in the church, the opera, and the popular concert the music that is most commonly heard is the very opposite of the sensational or commonplace. During all this winter the large Lutheran Church of the Cross in Dresden has been filled at each Saturday afternoon vespers, when such composers as Handel and Bach and Mozart have made up the programme; and the one piece that during the last four months has crowded the royal opera house to overflowing has been Haydn's Oratorio of the Creation.

While the music on ordinary occasions is such as I have mentioned, that which is provided for extraordinary services is of a correspondingly nobler quality. A prominent feature of the Luther celebration last autumn was the rendering of magnificent oratorios composed for the occasion. I heard one at Coburg, entitled "Luther at Worms," which seemed to partake of the very grandeur of the great reformer's life and work. Again at Dresden this winter the music of the Requiem that was celebrated in the Court church following the death of the Princess George seemed almost to come from another sphere, and I kept fancying that I was listening to the

chanting hosts that John the Revelator saw at Patmos. The wail with which it opened almost made me shudder, while the closing portion seemed to be only the musical rendering of the blessed assurance that death was swallowed up in victory. It was the *Miserere* followed by the exultation of the *Gloria in Excelsis*.

I have rarely been more forcibly impressed by the popular use of music in the praise of God than I was in a country town in Thuringia last Ascension day, while listening at noonday to a brass band stationed in the high tower of an old church and playing the familiar air in which we sing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." The rich full tones went waving away over the hills and valleys, while people gather in the street, or paused in their walks through the fields, to listen. This is a common usage on church festival days.

Not only at the Saturday vespers, to which I have referred, but at the nine o'clock morning service in nearly all the churches, in both town and country, the music is drawn from sources that suggest the very opposite from the familiar pages of "L. O. Emerson," "Root & Cady," and "Oliver Ditson & Co.," so often found in American churches.

I will not say that the German goes to church to hear the music rather than the sermon, because such a statement would be based mainly on an inference; but I do know that in many of the principal churches the doors are now locked just before the beginning of the sermon, to prevent the egress that had

become habitual at the end of the choral service.

While I am speaking of the churches I will add that the vocal music in nearly all of them is furnished by a choir of boys, and the possibilities of their voices in producing rich and harmonious choral effects are a constant surprise to me. Nearly every large city has its musical conservatory where the boys are taught music at the expense of the State, one of the conditions being that they shall sing in the churches whenever called upon. But the music at divine worship is instrumental as well as vocal, and often the orchestra will be the prominent feature of that part of the service.

When Catherine of Russia's favorite statesman described Germany as an "archipelago of princes," he might have added that each principality was destined to have its opera house. This is now almost literally true. Including the kingdoms and dukedoms that compose the German confederation, the opera houses at Dresden, Meiningen, Gotha, Coburg, Darmstadt, and Munich are not a tenth of those that might be mentioned as centers where not only the courts but also the citizens show great appreciation of the best operatic music. Making all due allowance for the spectacular effects that accompany the opera, I think there can be no doubt that the music is after all the chief thing with these people. Since I am not attempting a study of the musical question I shall not try to say whether the demand of the people has called these opera houses into existence, or whether the people have

simply learned to appreciate what has been provided for them. But it is a fact that the Saxon princes especially have been famous for five centuries for their appreciation of artistic effects, and the collections which they have made of the products of the silversmith, the jeweler, the lapidary, and the painter, as well as of the musical composer and his instruments, are excelled by none in Europe. The old Troubadours and Minnesingers found in them their most liberal patrons, and it was a musical contest at the beginning of the thirteenth century, under Count Hermânn of Thuringia, in the old castle at Eisenach that forms the sub-title of Wagner's well known opera of *Tannhäuser*.

Throughout the Empire the concert-garden is a familiar institution. Every village has at least one, and most of them two or three. They are usually located on the outskirts of the town, in a grove by a stream or on a height with a pretty outlook, and in them the best available music is to be heard nearly every afternoon throughout the summer. They are usually full of people in pleasant weather,—the mother with the children, the nurse with the baby, young and old together enjoying the passing hours. The father joins his family here after business hours, and neighbors and acquaintances sit in friendly converse until late into the evening, while the village band fills up the interludes with harmonious strains. In the vicinities of the larger towns and cities these gardens are on a more extensive scale, and are furnished with fountains, statuary, and *parterres* of

flowers, and in them the concerts are vocal as well as instrumental. Refreshments, principally beer and sausage, are freely consumed at these places. The Germans are unconventional in partaking of them. I have often seen a husband and wife biting alternately from the same end of the same sausage, and a pair of lovers drinking beer from the same tankard. The young man who drinks four or five good quarts of beer in an evening at one of these places rarely ever boasts of it, because he has only done what is a very common thing among his acquaintances.

In winter the same custom prevails, but the people assemble in a hall, always provided for that purpose, instead of in the garden. But so tenacious are the people of their out-door life that the delusion is kept up of calling these halls gardens. It is also possible that the habit of smoking much tobacco and drinking much beer, which so universally prevails in the actual out-door concert may explain why the same practice is still kept up within the halls. I know of no respectable assembly rooms in the United States, where ladies and gentlemen meet, and smoking is indulged in or even thought of by the gentlemen. But here I know of no respectable (*sic*) concert room where tobacco and beer are not the invariable accompaniments. In one of the leading concert halls in a large German city, where the best people assemble and where only the music of the masters is given, the management now advertise that on one evening in the week (Tuesday) smok-

ing in the hall will not be permitted. This is in deference to the taste as well as the complaints of the American and English colonies in the city. At a classical musical concert given under the auspices of the leading social club in a city in lower Saxony this winter, and where I would naturally have no sooner expected smoking than I would have expected it at an organ recital in Boston Music Hall, the first thing that attracted my attention was a request printed at the bottom of the programme that gentlemen would not smoke during the performances, and the next thing was that the smoke had become so thick that I was obliged to leave the hall before the concert was half completed. Meanwhile the ladies were drinking coffee and beer, and eating hot doughnuts (*pfauken*). To facilitate this manner of gratifying a musical taste the halls and gardens are furnished with small round tables (*tête-à-tête*) and chairs.

If I should be criticised for having strayed away from my subject, I should reply that my object has been not only to show how universal and how prized is music in this country, but also to show the circumstances under which it is listened to. There are exceptions, of course, to all general statements, but as to the concert in its most popular form, the prevailing practice is such as I have described. I think it is at least remarkable that such a manifest passion for and appreciation of fine music should not have exercised a more refining influence upon the people at large.

LOCALS.

A paint-on-a-plaque young miss;
A make-a-silk-quilt young miss;
A somewhat tyrannical,
Very piano-cal,
Doesn't-know-beans young miss.

Some of the boys use the gymnasium for a skating rink.

Shakespeare says "Beware the ideas of March"—probably referring to ideas of house cleaning.

"Spring, spring, gentle spring," murmured the Soph. as he made a six-foot leap over a mud-puddle.

"Protoplasm consists of a viscid, transparent, homogeneous, minutely granular, albuminoid mass."

"Neither animal nor man can live without salt," but it would seem as though some people had been a long time without it.

"Freshman's yeast" is what a student asked the grocery man for, when his boarding mistress sent him down town for a yeast cake.

The Juniors had a five-minute session in Mechanics the last day of last term and adjourned just as the professor was coming across the campus.

"College students in Siam are allowed two wives."—*Ex.* In New England colleges the Faculty usually weed out a fellow who indulges in one.

The friends of the college have been requested to meet at Chapel Hall on Thursday evening, April 17th. Subjects of importance are to be discussed.

Scene in Political Economy: Prof.—
"Mr. X., suppose that of the Gloucester fishermen, one in every five is lost, two have bad luck, and two make a

fair thing; what would you say of the business?" Mr. X.—"I should say they would get about two-thirds wealthy."

Scene in Butler's Analogy: Prof.—"Mr. D., can you give the argument?" Mr. D. (grumpily)—"No, sir; it's all I can do to learn the answers to the questions."

"Please write the subject of the examination at the head of your papers," said the Prof., and the innocent Freshman signed his name and address in full.

A hundred carefully selected volumes were added to our library recently, the gift of Rev. E. L. Magoon, D.D., pastor of the Broad Street Baptist Church of Philadelphia.

The Juniors took a unanimous vote recently to observe Ivy Day. Committees were chosen to make arrangements and we may expect an interesting exercise some time the last of this term.

The Juniors were startled the other morning by an unusual phenomenon, which was at first thought to be an avalanche, but was found to be caused by one of the class throwing his rubbers down by the stove to dry.

First Junior—"That was a good debate of yours, Cod, in favor of prohibition, this afternoon; you must have spoken as you felt." Second Ditto—"Yes, I did; had a first-rate glass of lager just before I went in."

The dignity and great-mindedness of the college Junior were illustrated the other day, in the Political Economy recitation, when some one accidentally

dropped from his pocket a marble of the twelve-for-a-cent kind, which rolled noisily across the floor, to the amusement of the class.

He had asked her for a song, and she asked him if he would like to have her sing "Forever and forever," and he said he thought he could stand it quite a while, but it might get to be monotonous. She doesn't bow, now.

A certain Junior in the Zoölogy class maintaining with considerable warmth that "real eggs" were now manufactured down in Connecticut; the professor gave it as his opinion that "hens had a close monopoly in eggs."

The short cut from chapel to recitation, through the "underground passage," or *descensus averni*, is very convenient these wet, slushy mornings, unless some mischievous underclassman happens to get round first and holds the door.

With a most alarming hat on
Out she goes;
And her cheeks and lips so very
Like a rose.
Such a lady is Miss Kitty,
Yet withal so wise and witty:
She's a *retroussé*—so pretty—
Little nose.

The Junior who swore off with his chum, not to go home with a girl unless he had to, this term, and has since become a member of "Ye Jollie Club," has hard work to convince his chum that all of his escort duty has been a work of necessity.

Professor (explaining the practical manufacture of electrotypes)—"The thin coatings are stripped off, and some-

times backed up with type metal: in the case of large patent medicine advertisements, however,—how is it, Mr. X? What are they usually backed with?" Mr. X—"With brass."

The large pictures of Margaret Math-er seem to be in favor as wall decorations. As high as fifty cents was recently paid for one, much to the disgust of a Junior, who thought he had it all fixed with the clerk, but concluded he couldn't lay over that.

President Cheney has issued a circular in the interests of the college, entitled "Bates College; its Work and Aims." The present needs of the college are set forth under the six following heads: more professorships; more scholarships; books; new and better apparatus; a permanent fund for the library; and new buildings.

First Junior—"Build the fire, chum; I've got to go down on Main Street and return an umbrella I borrowed last night." Second Junior—"Oh, come, that's too thin! You don't expect me to believe you've grown so honest all of a sudden as to return an umbrella?" First Junior—"Well, you see, this belongs to a young lady's father, and I don't want to get the old gent down on me."

A week or two ago a Holland Street darkey who carries on a flourishing business in the carpet-cleaning line, drove up to a down-town house and went in to get a carpet, leaving a couple of young picaninnies, of the ace-of-spades type, in the sleigh to watch the horse. As soon as the colored gentleman was out of sight his progeny left

the high-spirited quadruped to his fate, and started off to play with some Irish children who were sliding on the ice near by. When the father came out he looked round for his offspring, and seeing them at last, called out with a tone of mingled dignity and reproach: "Chilluns! chilluns! come right here an' git in dis sleighyer dis minit: *folks'll tink you'se Irish chilluns.*"

"Mrs. F——," remarked a Junior to his boarding mistress, one morning in March, as he came in from sunning himself on the back door steps—"Your sweet peas are coming up." "Oh, are they?" exclaimed the delighted lady, flying to the window. "So early! isn't that nice?" "Ye-as," came the unfeeling reply, "there are two hens out there, scratching them up."

The professor who attempted to cut prayers one morning last term, got left. It seems to be considered useless to pray for the boys after tests commence, so, unfortunately, the bell for prayers was not rung that morning. When the professor, some ten or fifteen minutes later, mistaking the eight o'clock bell for the bell for prayers, came walking leisurely across the campus, the class had disappeared.

Prof. Chase announced to the Juniors, the first of the term, the arrangements for the Junior Exhibition, which will take place in Commencement week. Twelve members will be selected by a committee to compete at the final exhibition. To the best of those not selected, a prize of ten dollars will be awarded. The

gentleman who last year so munificently gave seventy-five dollars as a prize in this exercise has made a similar donation this year. The second prize will be twenty dollars. Both literary and oratorical merits will be considered in making selections and awarding the prizes.

It is strange how much longer it takes a fellow to come from his home back to college, after vacation, than to travel the same distance in the opposite direction. Students who usually manage to be standing on the paternal door-steps within twelve hours of the time the last recitation of a term is over (and are sometimes obliged to cut a recitation or two, to take an early train) have been known to consume the best part of a week in getting back, on account of "unavoidable delays."

The second division of Sophomore prize declamations occurred Tuesday evening at college chapel. Wentworth, Morton, Merrill, Stevens, Prescott, and Verrill were chosen to take part in the prize contest. The program in full:

The World's Progress.—Anon. I. H. Storer.
Possibilities.—Lowell. *Miss L. H. Rankin.
Irish Aliens.—Shiel. T. D. Sale.
Concord and Lexington.—Curtis.

L. H. Wentworth.

MUSIC.

The Apology of Socrates.—Plato. G. E. Paine.
Duty of Literary Men to America.—Grimke.

W. A. Morton.

Hannibal on the Alps.—Swan. E. A. Merrill.
The Fate of the Indians.—Story. C. E. Stevens.

MUSIC.

Eulogy on Charles Sumner.—Curtis.

W. N. Prescott.

The Death Penalty.—Victor Hugo.

J. W. Goff.

Unjust National Acquisitions.—Corwin.

A. E. Verrill.

Cave of Dahra.—Anon. *W. H. Hartshorn.

MUSIC.

*Excused.

The declamations by the prize division of Sophomores at Main Street Church, Thursday evening, March 20th, were very interesting and very creditably rendered. The prize was awarded to J. W. Flanders, and A. E. Verrill received an honorable mention. F. L. Hayes, S. A. Lowell, and A. W. Anthony served as committee of award.

The program:

Eulogy on Charles Sumner.—Curtis.

W. N. Prescott.

Unjust National Acquisitions.—Corwin.

A. E. Verrill.

Hannibal on the Alps.—Swan. E. A. Merrill.

Eulogy on Phillips.—Long. H. C. Lowden.

Eulogy on Garfield.—Blaine. S. G. Bonney.

Duty of Literary Men to America.—Grimke.

W. A. Morton.

The Fate of the Indians.—Story.

C. E. Stevens.

Extract.—Kossuth.

Charles Hadley.

Grattan's Reply to Corry.

J. W. Flanders.

Spirit of the South.—Frye.

F. W. Sandford.

Anniversary of Concord.—Curtis.

L. H. Wentworth.

Against Moderation.—Galt.

J. H. Williamson.

The annual exhibition given at Main Street Church, by members of the Senior class, on Friday evening, March 21st, was fully up to the standard of such entertainments. Excellent music was furnished by Perkins. The program was as follows:

The Value to a People of the Historic Spirit.

F. S. Sampson.

The Divine Rights of the Individual.

*D. L. Whitmarsh.

America the Leader of Civilization.

C. S. Flanders.

The Vitality of the Dead Languages.

Miss A. M. Brackett.

Will Science Banish the Poetic Muse?

Aaron Beede, Jr.

The Moral Influence of Current Fiction.

Miss E. L. Knowles.

The Permanence of Oratory.

W. H. Davis.

Music and Emotion.

S. Hackett.

Emerson in Modern Thought.

E. R. Chadwick.

The Permanent in Literature.

Miss F. A. Dudley.

The Growth of the Representative System
of Government.

W. D. Wilson.

The Victory of Orleans and Rouen.

Miss H. M. Brackett.

*Excused.

A toller has recently been placed on the chapel bell, and the hours are now struck with clock-like regularity, instead of ringing the bell as formerly.

A good story has just leaked out of an absent-minded but very precise upperclass man, who recently took a young lady to an entertainment in City Hall. Being blessed with that happy combination of circumstances, a corn and a tight boot, he removed one of his overshoes, in order to relieve the suffering member. In this he so far succeeded as to become so deeply interested in the play and the fair one beside him, that by the time they were ready to leave the hall, he had become entirely unconscious of all such prosaic implements as feet, or their usual coverings. Noticing the empty arctic under the seat, he politely tapped several gentlemen on the shoulder, with "I think you've left your rubber, sir," but each time received only a stare for his trouble. When, however, his foot struck the ice of the Pine Street entrance, his face assumed a curious expression for a moment, as he exclaimed, "You will have to excuse me a moment, Miss C——, but that was *my* rubber! The young lady's smiles were certainly excusable.

One of our contemporaries, the (Wis.) *University Press*, informs its readers that "The BATES STUDENT offers us three solid pages of funny things, which it claims happened in Bates College during the past month. We decline to believe that the people of Bates are so much wittier than those elsewhere." Now, although we were

not aware that it *was* claimed all our "funny things" happened in Bates College during the past month, we dislike to have the authenticity of our locals questioned, and would just remark that we think our exchange has been unfortunate in the selection of examples (which it gives) of these "funny things." If our Co-ed. fellow editor would favor us with a call, some time when she is this way, we would be happy to introduce her to the perpetrator of the "pair-of-calves" joke, who still lives to pull the college bell-rope; while the victim of this same witticism at present wields one of the editorial pens in the STUDENT sanctum. As to the "man who isn't back yet," he is so numerous at the beginning of the winter term that he can be found anywhere,—except in recitation room. We are afraid the Wisconsin University must be rather a dull place, or that our colleague does not sufficiently understand how awful funny we are at Bates.

In the domain of intellect, as of nature, the stronger of two forces is sure to predominate. When a great thought takes possession of the mind no little thought can dislodge it.—*Felix Adler*.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI:

'68.—O. C. Wendell, Professor of Astronomy at Harvard University, has recently been elected a member of the "American Academy of Arts and Sciences," Prof. Wendell was also elected a member of the "American Associa-

tion for the Advancement of Sciences" in 1880; also a member of the "M. P. Club," an association of mathematicians and physicists of Boston and Cambridge, in 1881; and became a member of the "Boston Scientific Society" in 1882.

'74.—Thomas Spooner, who has been pastor of the Whitefield (N. H.) F. B. church for four years, has been unanimously called to the Farmington church.

'76.—The "Tabernacle Parish Visitor," published bi-monthly by the young people of Rev. F. E. Emrich's church, Chicago, indicates health and growth in the church.

'76.—O. W. Collins has resigned his position as principal of the Norway High School, and is taking a course of lectures at Bowdoin Medical School.

'77.—P. R. Clason is practicing medicine at Gardiner, Me.

'77.—O. B. Clason is President of the board of Aldermen at Gardiner, Maine.

'77.—F. F. Phillips is practical chemist for a large firm in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

'78.—H. A. Rundlett is traveling for a Lawrence, Mass., firm, introducing an emulsion of cod liver oil, but will resume the practice of medicine in Lowell, Mass., about June 1st.

'79.—R. F. Johonnett, Esq., of Boston, a graduate of Maine Central Institute and Bates College, lectured at Lyndon (Vt.) Institute, Tuesday evening, March 11th. The subject was "The life and Times of Thomas Erskine." The lecture is spoken of in high terms.—*Morning Star*.

'82.—J. C. Perkins was in town re-

cently and reports himself well pleased with his position in the Roxbury Latin School.

'83.—O. L. Gile, pastor of the Pine Street F. B. Church of Lewiston, recently received a visit from the members of the Theological School. They left a very pretty reminder of their wishes for the long life and happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Gile.

STUDENTS:

'85.—M. N. Drew, of the Boston University Law School, spent his vacation in town.

'85.—J. H. Dike has accepted a flattering position drawing fire maps. He is at present in Clinton, N. Y.

THEOLOGICAL:

'77.—C. D. Dudley is soliciting funds for the additional endowment of the theological department of Hillsdale College.—*Star*.

'83.—B. Minard has begun his labors as an evangelist and missionary in the Illinois Y. M.

'84.—W. W. Hayden is preaching at Lisbon Falls.

'85.—C. E. Mason preaches at North Anson.

'86.—A. W. Anthony preaches once in two weeks at South Lewiston, alternating with Mr. Smith of the Senior class.

'86.—Franklin Blake preached his farewell sermon at Greene, April 5th.

'86.—W. W. Carver will probably take Mr. Blake's place at Greene.

It is more dishonorable to distrust a friend than to be deceived by him.—*De la Rochefoucauld*.

EXCHANGES.

Readers of the STUDENT can judge, with some degree of correctness, what are considered the best of our exchanges. They are those, for the most part, from whose pages selections are made. A comparatively small number of the exchanges contain poems of sufficient merit to be seen in print at all, much less to be selected. Few that do not contain good original poems have literary excellence of any kind. There are, however, noticeable exceptions to this. The *Vassar Miscellany* rarely publishes a poem, yet it excels in many points. The opinions that are taken from the college press are drawn from a wider range than the selected poems. Among the whole number of our exchanges, wherever an article is found appropriate for the hour, or, perchance, on account of merit in thought or expression, we let that exchange speak for itself. Each STUDENT can only be understood as a single word of the judgment which the year will express; and besides, this judgment will, to a great degree, be partial, for a higher grade of excellence may not furnish so apt a selection as a lower grade. While we allow our exchanges to present their own merits to the limited extent outlined above, we still wish to greet them through the Exchange department proper. Some of our exchanges have dropped this department, and others are advocating such a course. If it is used to criticise the uninteresting parts of college journals, and for this criticism a reproduction of the poor parts is necessary, then we say, the sooner it

is dropped the better. Such a course, however, we think is not necessary, and we shall continue to greet our exchanges, placing them before the readers of the STUDENT as much as possible in the light of their own merits.

The *Colby Echo*, in favoring the formation of an inter-collegiate oratorical association in our State, shows a progressive spirit. Here is a subject for discussion especially appropriate for a college journal.

When we saw the neat appearance and appreciated the excellence in the make-up of the High School and Fitting School papers recently sent to the STUDENT, we thought, here is a source from which the college journals of the future will draw their strength. Vain hope for a large number of the Eastern colleges! Most of the editorial work on these papers is done by ladies. Very creditable work is presented by the latest aspirants for literary fame, the *Institute Chimes*, *High School Oracle*, *Argo*, *Echo*.

COLLEGE PRESS OPINIONS.

WHY NOT?

Among Western colleges there is a feature, due perhaps to that spirit of enterprise now proverbial of the West, which Eastern colleges wholly neglect. It is the custom of inter-collegiate oratorical contests. In Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin there are energetic organizations whose sole aim and effort is the promotion of good writing and speaking by means of these contests.

Is there any valid reason why we

Maine students should not adopt some such plan? Our colleges are all easily accessible, and beside the gain in a literary and intellectual point of view, the good that would result from an annual meeting of the students of the different colleges is an item of no small account.—*Colby Echo*.

THE SPRING FEVER.

"Lives there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
I, too, can pitch a curve —"

Spring, the spring poet, and malaria are upon us. But there are concomitants of spring and they are base-ball and the base-ball fever. One symptom of the latter sickness is that the patient becomes mentally and morally convinced that he can pitch a curve. The careful observer can, on any bright day, see numerous couples, of almost any class, scattered over the campus, in the full agonies of this disease. One, seemingly in great pain, will double himself up in the most approved Ward style, and then leap into the air, at the same time projecting a base-ball to the other, who catches it (or muffs it) in what he considers a most graceful style. The peculiarity of this sickness is a mental one. Every one of the pitchers is convinced that he is pitching a curve. He calls upon the catcher to perjure himself with reference to the amount of the curve, and sinks deeper and deeper into the mire of his delusion at every evolution. The good feature of this fever, and one that gives it a premium over all other fevers, is that the patient needs take no physic to recover. His recovery can be brought about whenever it is thought needful

by his friends, by substituting a George Washington catcher, and letting the sufferer hear his ideas on the curves, or rather would-be curves, he is delivering.—*Princetonian*.

AMONG THE POETS.

LORELEI.

Fair, petite, with sunny hair
Waving free;
Eyes, the blue that harebells wear,
As you see;
And a dainty, girlish pride,
(Oh! so quickly thrown aside)
As it naught could be denied,—
Look! but flee.

Aye, she weaves her syren spells
Round each heart;
Faithless Cupid never tells
Of the smart
Which her arrows, barbed with smiles,
Give the heart caught in her wiles,
For from Cupid she beguiles
Every dart.

—*Harvard Advocate*.

DAWN.

A rose flush stains the eastern sky,
The night mists flee away;
A sudden song of birds, and lo!
The dawning of the day.

A soft blush tints my lady's cheek,
Her eyes with soft light shine;
A gently whispered word, and lo!
A new, glad like is mine.

—*College Argus*.

COLLEGE WORLD.

COLUMBIA:

A dividend of twenty-five dollars (\$25) per editor was declared March 1, 1884, by the *Acta* board.

About two hundred persons sat down to the dinner of the Alumni Associa-

tion at Delmonico's on Friday evening, March 21st. Nearly all the classes from '40 were represented.—*Acta*.

The following is from the local department of the *Acta*: "Alumni dinner, as usual, a great success; speeches, glee club, 'convivium elegantia,' champagne, boom, fizz, headache."

CORNELL:

The gymnasium is lighted by electricity.

Of the instructors in the "Correspondence University," eight graduated at Cornell, six at Harvard, three at Yale, two at Amherst, and one at each of the following: University of Michigan, Agricultural College, Worcester Free Institute of Technology, Johns Hopkins, Vassar, Marietta, Brown, Columbia, University of Lewisburg, besides several from abroad.

Cornell is one of the few American universities invited to send a representative to the tri-centennial celebration of the founding of Edinburgh University. The delegation of James Russell Lowell for this duty will insure the University a prominent position among the institutions represented.—*Era*.

Charles Dudley Warner has been invited to a non-resident lectureship at Cornell, and will lecture during the spring term on English literature.—*Ex*.

DARTMOUTH:

The Dartmouth Faculty have lengthened the vacation, for the college teams to play practice games.

A part of the Junior class is threatened with suspension on account of

dishonesty in the recent examination.

At an enthusiastic meeting of the students, \$1,250 was quickly raised to support the college base-ball team.

The petition of the students to have the reading-room kept open Sunday afternoons has been denied.

HARVARD:

The largest private collection of meteorites in the world has recently come into the possession of the college.

Permission has been granted to play professional nines.

The average scholarship of the forty-eight girl undergraduates in the Annex is above that of young men in the University.

The library is to be lighted by electricity.

WILLIAMS:

The next issue of the *Athenæum* will be under the management of '85. H. A. Garfield has been chosen editor-in-chief.

The Williams "cane rush" lasted only fifteen minutes, being stopped by members of the Faculty.

YALE:

The *Record* offers three prizes of ten dollars each, for the best contributed articles—prose, poems, and items.

Prof. Cyrus Northrup has been tendered the Presidency of the University of Minnesota.

The Seniors receive instruction entirely by lectures.

Quip is the name of the new illustrated paper.

MISCELLANEOUS:

The Brown nine will play fifteen games during the month of April.

Rev. Lyman Abbott will deliver the Baccalaureate at Lasell.

President Seelye of Amherst recently talked to the students on the "Egyptian Question."

Mr. John Guy Vassar has presented the college with \$10,000, the interest of which is to be used in increasing the apparatus of the laboratory.—*Vassar Miscellany*.

LITERARY NOTES.

A magazine that has deservedly won a position among the best is the *Manhattan*. Its price is only \$3 per year, yet its literary excellence is not below any of the \$4 magazines. The quality of the paper and character of the illustrations compare favorably with the *Century*, while the list of its contributors includes the best writers of the present time. In the April number Henry C. Pedder has given a fine review of Edwin Booth. The paper is well illustrated, the frontispiece being an engraving of Booth by Velten. Julian Hawthorne, Matthew Arnold, Edna Dean Proctor, Ella Wheeler, and Edgar Fawcett, besides many others, have united, each with characteristic purity and vigor, in making the April *Manhattan* one of the best yet issued. Matthew Arnold's article on "Literature and Science" is a noticeable addition to the argument in favor of the classics. A new serial story of unusual interest is announced for the May number.

The general appearance of the *Foreign Eclectic* for April is much improved.

The new title-page gives it a more decided appearance. The publishers are to be congratulated upon the encouragement they have received, which is sufficient to warrant them in making improvements and establishing the *Eclectic* upon a firm basis. The selections are of the same high character as were those in the former numbers.

Literary Life is full of incidents and facts about authors. It contains just what we like to know. *Literary Life*, Cleveland, Ohio.

Le Citoyen Americain, containing columns of French and English side by side, is a novel enterprise. It appears weekly, and as a supplementary means of acquiring facility in speaking and writing the French language is of real value. It is a live paper, conducted by an eminent scholar, and deserves success. *Le Citoyen Americain*, Minneapolis, Minn.

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—*Yale Record*.

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Speaking of flirts, how is this? A Senior is questioned: "What is the name of that gentleman to whom you are engaged?" Senior blandly responds: "Which one?"—*Lasell Leaves*.

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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.

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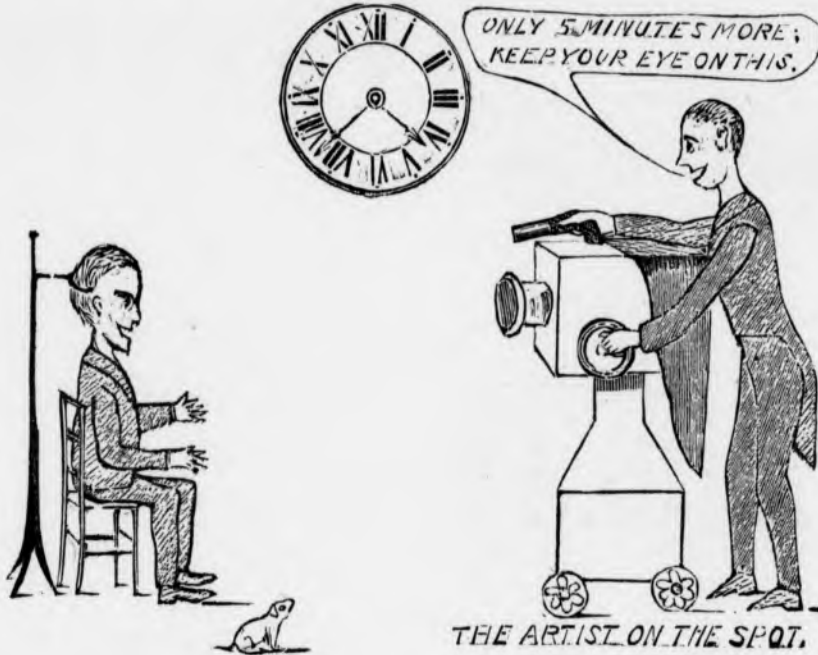
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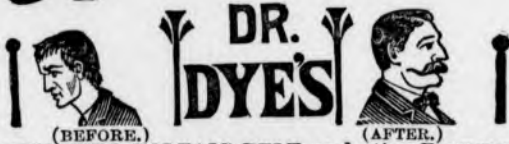
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