THE

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

Published Fortnightly by the Students of

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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INDEX TO VOLUME XIX.

PROSE.

DEPARTMENTS.

Editorials......................................................... George B. Chandler, Editor.
1, 13, 27, 43, 67, 115, 129, 143, 157, 175, 189, 205, 219, 235, 249, 263, 275
Exchanges........................................................... J. M. W. Moody, Editor.
214, 227, 243, 257, 271, 286
Book Reviews....................................................... George W. Blanchard, Editor.
12, 25, 41, 61, 107, 122, 151, 169, 183, 227, 258, 286
Collegii Tabula..................................................... T. S. Burr, Editor.
9, 20, 36, 63, 124, 198, 153, 171, 200, 214, 228, 244, 259, 272, 287
E. H. Newbegin, Assistant......................... 110, 185
Personal.............................................................. C. S. F. Lincoln, Editor.
11, 23, 38, 65, 111, 126, 149, 155, 173, 186, 203, 216, 230
H. W. Jarvis, Editor.... 245, 261, 273, 278, 289
College World...................................................... A. V. Smith, Editor.
12, 24, 39, 66, 112, 141, 156, 173, 186, 203, 217, 231, 247, 262, 274, 290

GENERAL MATTER.

Page

Abstract of 'Eighty-Nine's Class History.................. W. M. Emery, '89.................. 90
Abstract of Prof. Everett's Oration....................... G. W. Blanchard, '90........... 123
Alpha Delta Phi Convention..................................... H. S. Chapman, '91........... 133
Angels, The...................................................... Edward B. Merrill, '57........... 126
Athletic Exhibition.............................................. C. S. F. Lincoln, '91.......... 128
Awarding Field-Day Prizes................................... T. S. Burr, '91................. 134
Baccalaureate Sermon........................................... President Hyde.................. 137
Base-Ball........................................................... T. C. Spillane, '90.............. 8, 18, 34, 60
Base-Ball........................................................... H. W. Jarvis, '91.............. 138
Base-Ball Practice.............................................. C. B. Burleigh, '87............ 210
Base-Ball........................................................... G. B. Chandler, '90............ 146
Board of Overseers............................................... C. S. F. Lincoln, '91........... 150
Boat-Races........................................................ E. H. Newbegin, '91.............. 153
Bowdoin to Have an Eight..................................... J. M. W. Moody, '90........... 154
Brunswick Sesqui-Centennial (outline)...................... G. B. Chandler, '90........... 75, 84
Class-Day ('89).................................................. H. W. Jarvis, '91............ 156
Class Oration ('89)............................................... G. W. Hayes, '89.............. 156
Class Politics in the 'Fifties................................ G. B. Chandler, '90............ 211
College Fraternities for Women............................... (G. B. Chandler, '90, (outline)
Commencement Dinner........................................... (L. A. Burleigh, '91, (short-hand work)... 102-6
Communications............................................... J. F. Hodgdon, '92.............. 8, 269
Confessio Amantis, A........................................... J. M. W. Moody, '90........... 179
Curiosity, A...................................................... J. F. Hodgdon, '92............ 163
Cyrus Woodman.................................................... Cyrus Hamlin, '31.............. 16
E. H. Newbegin.................................................. C. S. F. Lincoln, '91........... 90
Delta Kappa Epsilon Convention.............................. T. S. Burr, '91................. 166
E. H. Newbegin.................................................. C. S. F. Lincoln, '89........... 47
Eighty-Nine's Class Supper.................................... W. M. Emery, '89.............. 278
Eighty-Nine in the Legal Profession........................ F. L. Staples, '89.............. 278
Electricity, and Its Relations to the Present............. Earle A. Merrill, '39........... 266
Explanation of Re-arrangement of the Library... Professor Little.................. 163
Face and a Fancy, A............................................. G. B. Chandler, '90........... 70
Field-Day Tournament.......................................... H. W. Jarvis, '91.............. 52
Foot-Ball........................................................... H. W. Jarvis, '91.............. 151, 167, 182
Freshman Psychically, The.................................. J. M. W. Moody, '90........... 137
INDEX.—(Continued.)

Gleanings from the Alumni Reunions. G. B. Chandler, '90. 237
How to Write an Orient Article. J. M. W. Moody, '90. 50
In Memorial Hall (Ivy-Day). G. B. Chandler, '90. 55
In Memoriam. 24, 39, 246
Ivy Hop. J. M. W. Moody, '90. 59
Ivy Oration. G. F. Freeman, '90. 48
John Boyle O'Reilly in Brunswick. Chandler and Jarvis. 196
Journalism in Colleges. W. W. Poor, '91. 7
Lesson from Byron. J. M. W. Moody, '90. 106
Making Up Back Work. J. F. Hodgdon, '92. 18
Medical Graduation. G. W. Blanchard, '90. 96
My Three Girls. J. M. W. Moody, '90. 223
Mr. Maynard's Story. G. B. Chandler, '90. 280
Needed Addition, A. J. F. Hodgdon, '92. 136
New Bowdoin Cheer, A. H. S. Chapman, '91. 254
'Ninety-Two's Opportunity. "Ninety-Two". 241
Of an Evening. G. B. Chandler, '90. 269
Of Gall. C. S. F. Lincoln, '91. 46
Open Letter, An. W. M. Emery, '89. 17
Option or Compulsion. J. F. Hodgdon, '92. 149
Option or Compulsion. B. D. Ridlon, '91. 162
Other Side, The. A. P. McDonald, '91. 148
Our Reading-Room Far Excellence. J. M. W. Moody, '90. 181
Outlook in Athletics, The. H. S. Chapman, '91. 283
Outlook in Religion, The. D. E. Owen, '89. 262
Our Footing. E. H. Newbegin, '91. 33
Parting Address of Medical Department. H. I. Moulton, '87. 97
Perplexities and Possibilities of the Young Journalist. W. M. Emery, '89. 292
Pedagogical Perplexities. F. V. Guummer, '92. 178
Phi Beta Kappa. C. S. F. Lincoln, '91. 100
Plain Talk for the Nine. G. B. Chandler, '90. 224
Planting the Ivy. J. M. W. Moody, '90. 50
Plea for "Dora," A. G. B. Chandler, '90. 119
Play Ball. E. I. Young, '92. 241
Poems of Ossian. A. W. Tolman, '88. 193
Procession, The. E. H. Newbegin, '91. 50
President Robinson's Junior Reception. J. M. W. Moody, '90. 74
President's Reception. G. B. Chandler, '90. 196
Reading and Re-reading. G. B. Chandler, '90. 190
Recent Gifts to the College. G. B. Chandler, '90. 135
Senior's Last Chapel. G. B. Chandler, '90. 58
Southern Question (88 Prize). F. L. Staples, '89. 3
Sowing Wild Oats. G. W. Blanchard, '90. 6
Stolen Moments. G. B. Chandler, '90. 197
Tablets in Memorial Hall, The. G. B. Chandler, '90. 73
Theta Delta Chi Convention. C. E. Riley, '91. 199
Theme Writing. A. W. Tolman, '88. 208
"Those Sly Freshmen." J. M. W. Moody, '90. 198
Tear vs. the Chisel, The. F. V. Guummer, '92. 32
Tom Reed as a College Boy. G. B. Chandler, '90. 135
Will a Training Table Pay? (Other Colleges). 267
Young Men's Christian Association Convention. H. W. Jarvis, '91. 150

POETRY.

Above My Door. C. W. Peabody, '83. 270
Adapted. H. P. Godfrey, '91. 153
After Hearing Eighty-Nine's Class-Day History. W. M. Emery, '89. 124
Another Year. C. W. Peabody, '83. 159
At Les Ebolements. Duncan Campbell Scott. 205
Auf Wiedersehen. H. W. Kimball, '92. 256
Bad Off!! G. B. Chandler, '90. 213
Battle Scene Remains, The. George S. Berry, '86. 119
Biological. B. D. Ridlon, '91. 36
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Black Death, The</td>
<td>L. A. Burliegh, '91</td>
<td>197</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Verses</td>
<td>C. S. F. Lincoln, '91</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blushing Rose, A.</td>
<td>H. S. Chapman, '91</td>
<td>285</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Botanical</td>
<td>H. P. Godfrey, '91</td>
<td>173</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Centennial Poem</td>
<td>Professor H. L. Chapman</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Class Ode ('89)</td>
<td>W. S. Elden, '89</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Class Poem ('89)</td>
<td>F. H. Hill, '89</td>
<td>94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Co-educational</td>
<td>B. D. Ridlon, '91</td>
<td>110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conversations at a Picnic</td>
<td></td>
<td>134</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Did You Ever?</td>
<td>H. W. Kimball, '92</td>
<td>270</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Easter Idyl, An.</td>
<td>B. D. Ridlon, '91</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elm Branches</td>
<td>C. W. Peabody, '93</td>
<td>226</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Epie</td>
<td>T. S. Burr, '91</td>
<td>168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For All Athens, A.</td>
<td></td>
<td>149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For Its Russian, You Know</td>
<td>B. D. Ridlon, '91</td>
<td>296</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forerunner of Spring, A.</td>
<td>G. B. Chandler, '90</td>
<td>257</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fountain, The</td>
<td>C. W. Peabody, '93</td>
<td>194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Genius</td>
<td>P. E. Stanley, '93</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Good Investment, A.</td>
<td>G. B. Chandler, '90</td>
<td>285</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hancock Brook</td>
<td>H. Bernard Carpenter</td>
<td>219</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hardly</td>
<td>G. B. Chandler, '90</td>
<td>227</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He Knew the Game</td>
<td>H. S. Chapman, '91</td>
<td>271</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Her Charms</td>
<td>T. M. Lincoln, '91</td>
<td>157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Home by the Sea, A.</td>
<td>C. W. Peabody, '93</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horticultural</td>
<td></td>
<td>213</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Bachelors' Hall</td>
<td>C. W. Peabody, '93</td>
<td>243</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In the Lab</td>
<td>B. D. Ridlon, '91</td>
<td>172</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ivy Ode ('90)</td>
<td></td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ivy Poem ('90)</td>
<td></td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joke(ose)</td>
<td>L. A. Burleigh, '91</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kisses and Yessos</td>
<td>L. A. Burleigh, '91</td>
<td>243</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Last Waltz, The</td>
<td>C. S. F. Lincoln, '91</td>
<td>129</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let Her Flicker</td>
<td>G. B. Chandler, '90</td>
<td>242</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Locomotive Whistle, A.</td>
<td>C. W. Peabody, '93</td>
<td>273</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maid of Athens, A.</td>
<td></td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mood, A.</td>
<td>G. B. Chandler, '90</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Misplaced Confidence</td>
<td>B. D. Ridlon, '91</td>
<td>257</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mistaken</td>
<td>H. S. Chapman, '91</td>
<td>270</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Gentle Country Lass</td>
<td>G. B. Chandler, '90</td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old, Old Spell, The</td>
<td>G. B. Chandler, '90</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ode to Night</td>
<td>T. S. Burr, '91</td>
<td>213</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ode to the Fog</td>
<td>C. S. F. Lincoln, '91</td>
<td>129</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Girls, The</td>
<td>G. B. Chandler, '90</td>
<td>216</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Only a Glance&quot;</td>
<td></td>
<td>277</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Only This and Nothing More&quot;</td>
<td>G. B. Chandler, '90</td>
<td>215</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parlor Legislation</td>
<td>L. A. Burleigh, '91</td>
<td>257</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Past and Future</td>
<td>B. D. Ridlon, '91</td>
<td>180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Practical</td>
<td>F. V. Gunner, '92</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reunion Poem (Portland)</td>
<td>A. W. Tolman, '90</td>
<td>329</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rhyme from Catullus, A.</td>
<td>H. W. Kimball, '92</td>
<td>285</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ribble Rhyme, A.</td>
<td>G. B. Chandler, '90</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reverie, A.</td>
<td>C. S. F. Lincoln, '91</td>
<td>257</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Sic Volvere Parcas&quot;</td>
<td>C. S. F. Lincoln, '91</td>
<td>242</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Skater, The</td>
<td>T. S. Burr, '91</td>
<td>228</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song of the Junior, The</td>
<td>T. S. Burr, '91</td>
<td>262</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spring Song, A</td>
<td>C. S. F. Lincoln, '91</td>
<td>285</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spring Spasm, A</td>
<td>C. S. F. Lincoln, '91</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunset on Mount Kearsage</td>
<td>P. E. Stanley, '93</td>
<td>122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Telegraphic Idiosyncracies</td>
<td>F. V. Gunner, '92</td>
<td>268</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three Tides, The</td>
<td>C. W. Peabody, '93</td>
<td>242</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Through the Mist</td>
<td>C. W. Peabody, '93</td>
<td>162</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Our Printers</td>
<td>G. B. Chandler, '90</td>
<td>270</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Texas, A.</td>
<td>B. D. Ridlon, '91</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To My Room</td>
<td>C. S. F. Lincoln, '91</td>
<td>242</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trouble Ahead</td>
<td></td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When His Feet, They Struck the Floor</td>
<td>G. B. Chandler, '90</td>
<td>213</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why Dust Thou So?</td>
<td>J. M. W. Moody, '90</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wise and Otherwise</td>
<td>G. B. Chandler, '90</td>
<td>285</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The ORIENT is the representative publication of our college. It is the organ of no class, clique, or fraternity. Its aim should be to represent candidly and liberally the legitimate claims of those bearing either complaints or commendation. It should have no tinge of local coloring or personal prejudice; but at the same time it should be free to render any criticism or champion any cause which falls within the scope of educational and educational institutions, whether at Bowdoin or elsewhere. While possessing that mixture of chaff and wheat which is characteristic of the life it represents, it should also look with a wary eye to the distorted opinion of college enormities, which the public persist in entertaining.

Such, in brief, is our ideal of the publication which has fallen to our lot; an ideal which, as we are well aware, our prejudices, abilities, and restrictions will not permit us to attain. We only ask that our patrons will consider the degree of our failure as the degree of our fallibility and not of our intentions.

The board under whose charge the ORIENT has been for the past year have well maintained the previous standard. Its editorial columns have jealously guarded college interest and college honor, and have rendered
searching and unbiased criticism upon all delinquencies and assaults. They have been practical, forcible, and straight to the mark.

The local editor, as is always the case, has possessed the difficult task of discriminating between what is of interest and what is stale and unreadable, and of serving up commonplace events in a racy, catching style. This has been done in a manner much in advance of those preceding volumes which have come under our observation.

For the personal column, we feel that we can add nothing to the satisfaction expressed by the alumni.

To emphasize the sincerity of our commendation, let us add a word of criticism. In two or three instances party and class prejudices seem to have cropped out just a little. If, however, the present volume shall be equally free from any such tendencies, we shall feel that we have acquitted ourselves most satisfactorily.

The publication of the '68 prize essay needs no explanation. The occasion of its delivery is one of the leading college events, and its attainment one of the leading college honors. Hence it seems to us as worthy of publication and interest as Ivy-Day and Commencement parts. We commend the present essay equally for the interest of the subject and the manner in which it is treated.

Do you want to get on the Orient? So great has been the difficulty in securing contributions, especially for the summer term, that one of the previous boards went so far as to offer prizes for the best written articles. It is a matter of regret that the present condition of the Orient exchequer will not warrant any such disbursement, but in view of that melancholy fact, we will adopt the next best course, namely, to impress upon all aspirants that, other things being equal, articles handed in during the present term will count more than those handed in later. It has generally been the custom to wait until there are only three or four issues remaining, and then to bombard the Orient office with an invoice of hastily written matter; it comes at a time when the editors are old in experience and loaded with manuscript, and some of real merit, must of necessity, be crowded out. In the summer term, on the other hand, are an abundance of topics, a dearth of matter, and a grateful but inexperienced board. Now is the time to play the winning card.

There is something strangely inspiring in the forceful unison of a college or class yell, and it is a matter of some surprise that amid the successful popularity of the latter, the former is as yet unflledged. The base-ball season is approaching and our ears will soon be regaled with the familiar "Boom-a-lack-a, boom-a-lack-a, boom, Bates, boom" of a sister institution. It is a small thing, but it is one of those seemingly insignificant features whose aggregate impart to college life its peculiar charm; and it would be strange if some semi-poetic genius could not devise a medley of syllables into which the venerable name of Bowdoin would fit with the euphony and force which it deserves. A practical scheme would be to start a subscription paper and offer a prize for the best combination.

As often as the seasons come around there appear the same stereotyped praises and extravagant predictions concerning the nine. This is a wrong—a wrong to the nine, to the alumni, and to the college. It is a wrong to the nine because it gives the public a false estimate of their strength, and places them in an embarrassing position; it is a wrong to the alumni because it is their desire to learn as accurately as possible just what the prospects are, and, when the pre-
dictions are invariably good, they cease to be any index whatever; it is a wrong to the college because it is thus laid open to the old accusation of "Bowdoin conceit." Therefore, it will be the aim of the Orient to give the opinions, not of itself, but of the student body, regarding this, the most central and interesting of all sports.

The selection is the best that could have been made, provided the men are played in the right positions. Fish should catch, and Hilton and Thompson are at present the most promising pitchers.

In fielding the nine promises to be up to the average. In batting it is strong—exceptionally strong.

But as the game progresses and becomes a science as well as an art, more and more depends upon the pitching. There is just where we are uncertain. We may have the best twirlers in the league and we may have the poorest. It is largely an experiment, for neither of them have served in a league contest. Hilton possesses good curves and that indispensable quality, a clear head. He did good work on local clubs last summer and is making a good showing. Thompson possesses the advantage of being left-handed, and last fall succeeded in holding the Colby's down to six hits, with no earned runs. The captaincy is efficient, and the society feeling dormant.

That is all we know about it; the alumni can judge for themselves.

From diminutive "yaggers" we should expect nothing else, nor should we from a certain class of more mature years; but from the students, those by whom the nine is supported, the management have a right to expect something different. Indeed, the resident patrons are hardly culpable for doing that in which we are, ourselves, a conspicuous example.

Such a proceeding cannot be dignified by the name of economy; it is sordid. It is not in harmony with our liberal Bowdoin spirit.

Every student, as a young man of education and culture, should consider it a blot upon his self-respect to join the rank and file of "yaggers" in hanging over a ball-ground fence.

THE SOUTHERN QUESTION.

By F. L. Staples.

There is no more important question before the American people to-day than the Southern question. It is important because the future of a race depends on its solution. It is important because our most cherished institutions are imperiled by its existence. It is important because the sacred honor of the United States is bound up in its settlement.

The question is a national one. If the future of the South is at stake, no less is the future of free government in America. The equality of its citizens and the purity of the ballot are the two fundamental principles upon which our government rests. Anything which threatens to destroy the one, or violate the other, is a menace to our institutions. The Southern question threatens in both these directions, and because it thus threatens it imperatively demands the serious attention of the people and the most delicate, careful, and matured action on the part of their representatives.

The social and political phases of this question so shade into each other that it is
not easy to say where one ends and the other begins. Yet they are distinct and the solution for one will apply only in a limited degree to the other.

The chief obstacle in the way of a speedy settlement of this problem is race-prejudice. The use of the term casts no reproach on either the white or the black. A love for one's own people is a sentiment implanted in man. In this case it is not, as some assert, a result of the war. It is innate in the races.

At the close of the war we find four millions of negroes, ignorant beyond conception, poor beyond imagination, helpless as infants. In an instant, by a stroke of the pen, they had been raised from the most degrading slavery to the full measure of American citizenship. Reliable statistics tell us that in 1865 not one negro in five hundred could read, not one in one thousand could write, not one in five hundred had five dollars' worth of property of any kind. Without experience in providing for themselves, debarred even from earning their daily bread, they were suddenly brought into direct opposition with a people, famous for self-reliance and love of rule, whose hatred and contempt for the inferior race had become intensified a thousand-fold by the issue of the conflict just closed.

Was there ever a more unequal struggle? On the one side, wealth, learning, culture, experience; on the other, abject poverty, dense ignorance, utter helplessness.

The result was precisely what might have been expected. The government would lend no aid, might conquered right, and the black yielded sullen obedience to a power with which he was unable to cope. His long-looked-for freedom has become like the apples of Sodom. Nominally he is free. In reality he is bound by fetters more galling than those which slavery imposed upon him.

Four remedies have been proposed—migration, amalgamation, disfranchisement, and education. But we may as well make up our minds that the negro is here to stay, and he is to stay as a negro and not as a half-breed. He will not migrate. He will not amalgamate, and you cannot disfranchise him. But you can educate him.

It is surprising, nay it is infamous, that with an overflowing treasury, the government should refuse its aid to any plan that promises to untie, even slowly, this Gordian knot in our domestic economy. Every consideration of justice, of humanity, of self-preservation, urges us to educate the negro. The government took from him all the means of support he had. It enrolled him in the Union army, and his enthusiastic and unquestioning loyalty, his fidelity and valor, illumine some of the brightest pages of American history. The wrongs he has endured, the injustice he has suffered, call for something more than a declaration in a party platform or an occasional speech in Congress.

If this question is ever settled, if justice is ever done, it will come through the channel of education. It is the indispensable requisite of intelligent citizenship. Without it the ballot becomes a two-edged sword in the possession of a force capable of inflicting terrible injury. Under a government like ours, the intelligence of the citizen is the only guarantee of the permanence of our institutions. Take it away and their stability is gone. They may exist for a time, but only on toleration. Once let some issue present itself which, to their uneducated minds, threatens injury to their race, and in an instant the hordes of Ignorance and Superstition crystallize around a common center and rush blindly to the destruction of the best interests of themselves and of the country.

It often happens that the remedy which is safest and surest is longest in producing material results. It is so in this case. Edu-
cation is, without doubt, the only remedy for the malady. Other things may check and repress, but this alone will cure. It will not cure in a day nor a generation, but it will in time.

In educating the negro we must begin at the bottom, we must begin in the common schools. It is not great colleges and universities that the negro needs. It is one vast people's college. It is a school-house and a church at every cross-roads, a primary-school teacher and a missionary in every hamlet until the South is honey-combed with schools and Bibles.

When his rudimentary education has been finished the scholar should be promoted, but not to what in the South is called a college. The mind of the average negro is not yet fitted to grapple with Philosophy, Science, Art, and Calculus. The next step in his education should be technical schools, trade schools, schools of the practical arts. He must learn how to work. He must learn the power of persistent application. His inherent tendency to laziness must be counteracted and overcome, and he must learn that to earn his daily bread by the sweat of his own brow is the only way to permanent and true success.

When this rudimentary and technical education has been completed, several beneficial results will follow. In the first place a more general diffusion of the negro will take place. He will not be compelled to remain in a locality where he is handicapped by a single way of earning a livelihood, and where excessive competition displays its most ruinous effects. He will be free to seek a home in a locality where he can support his family by the craft he mastered in one of the technical schools; in a locality where he can become a respected member of a community in which "law is the rule of conduct," and courts, not mobs, execute its penalties.

The power of the illiterate masses will be broken. Situated as they now are they can collectively wield a vast power for evil, but when they become more widely diffused the ballot of the ignorant and uninformed voter will be neutralized by that of the intelligent citizen. But to educate so many millions of people requires a vast sum of money. Where will it come from? Some will say, "Let Philanthropy furnish it." The answer is not satisfactory. Philanthropy has already done so much that we cannot decently ask for more. For a quarter of a century the money of northern philanthropists has flowed into the South. Whatever the motive, fame, good report, or human kindness, matters not. It has been supplied and with a lavish hand. But it is too spasmodic in its flow and it is not systematically applied. The case demands a regular, systematic application of funds, distributed in the respective States according to the proportion of illiterates; expended in building school-houses, in paying teachers, and providing books.

The plea that the government cannot constitutionally appropriate the funds is invalid. The Constitution gives Congress the power to provide for the common welfare of the United States. "Laws for the support of Southern schools rest on the same fundamental principle as the various acts for the support of the military and naval academies." Says Judge Tourgée, under various acts nearly two billion acres of the public domain have been appropriated for purposes of education. Schools have been established, funds have been created for the establishment in various States of institutions of a peculiar class or character. Indeed, the whole course of the government tends to show an almost universal concurrence in the idea that the power to promote science and the useful arts must include that master-key to all science and art—the general intelligence of the citizen and the prevalence among all classes of the
people of that rudimentary knowledge without which neither science nor art can flourish.

Finally, will education solve the political problem? I answer, not directly, and by no means immediately. The men who commit the assassinations in the South, men who have no scruples about taking human life, will little heed the influence of the spelling-book. The strong arm of the law is the only thing they fear and they should be taught to cherish that wholesome reverence. Such men are simply felons. They have no claim upon the mercy of a court. They should be given a fair trial, sentenced to the full extent of the law, and be put forever beyond the bounds of executive clemency.

For twenty-five years the cries of this oppressed and downtrodden people have rung in the ears of the North. For a quarter of a century the black man has pleaded for justice. He has suffered untold wrongs, he has been beaten, scourged, and maimed. He has seen the government for which he shed his blood send ships loaded with food to foreign lands, while his family were starving at home. He has seen the government spend thousands of dollars to save a purjurred horse thief from the clutches of Mexican law, while it refuses to lift a finger to punish the murderers of his kindred. He has seen the children of his white neighbor surrounded by every advantage for obtaining an education, while his own children are driven from the school-house door, and must grow up in ignorance. Time after time he has begged for bread and as often has the nation given a stone.

Must this always be so? Must the United States forever bear the stigma of ingratitude and perjury? Is there no remedy? Yes. "The remedy for darkness is light; for ignorance, knowledge; for wrong, righteousness. Let the nation undo the wrong it permitted and encouraged; let it educate those whom it made ignorant and protect those whom it made weak, not as a matter of favor to them, but of safety to the nation." —

SOWING WILD OATS.

Why is it that many people think a fellow must sow a few wild oats in his youth?

In this opinion are they simply making allowance for the natural overflow of his animal spirits? Or do they reason that because many bright, active men have been wild in their youth, a young man who isn't has no spirit?

Their judgment must be founded upon one of these ideas, though if confronted with them they would probably evade them both by saying that "boys will be boys." They would not care to lay themselves open to the charge of idiocy by saying that the "natural overflow of animal spirits" cannot be directed into proper channels instead of being allowed to destroy the head and heart and body of a young man; nor would they have the hardihood to argue, that because some geniuses have been dissipated in youth, a fellow who is a little wild is in a fair way to become a genius. Yet you and I have met scores of persons who do hold the opinion stated in the beginning, though, strange to say, there were among them no mothers of boys.

This, by way of preface. I wish particularly to speak of the fellow who scorns to perform faithfully the routine of his college course; who thinks to indulge himself a little during this period, planning to settle down, when he gets through (?), into a sober, industrious citizen.

Now, to such a man, a college course is useless. He ignores its very object. Instead of developing a clear, logical mind, with powers of observation and close application, he is dwarfing these faculties by neglecting to use them. And this is not all; he is weak-
ening his will power by self-indulgence, and depriving himself of the very strength which he will need in order to overcome the vices that may get a hold on him.

Geniuses are rare, and the average young man, to succeed in the rush and struggle of our American business life, needs to have all his faculties trained and completely at his command at the start. The man who has neglected them during his college course is four years behind in the race.

The time that a man spends in college is the most plastic period of his life, and it is a sad thing for him to throw away the prospect of a useful life for the trifling pleasures of the moment.

JOURNALISM IN COLLEGES.

In our conversations with men of the present day, how often do we hear journalism denounced! The ignorant deem it a trick of coining falsehoods for money. Many of the educated, amazed at its rapid growth, entertain serious doubts as to its effect upon the nation. And some of our most popular writers ridicule the idea of a college education for an editor by giving utterance to remarks such as that of Greeley, “Of all horned animals, a college graduate in the editorial chair is the worst.”

To-day, the press is the most powerful element in shaping the destinies of a republic. In no other way can one exert a greater influence over the people. Thus it is natural that those who are desirous of swaying the popular sentiment should resort to this method, as did the ancients to oratory.

A century ago the press was content to follow in the wake of popular opinion; to-day it aspires to direct the mind of the public. The question then arises, who shall take upon themselves this responsibility? Shall it be men who have first been provided with a liberal education, or those who have picked up their information in a printing office and obtained their experience from observation? Undoubtedly an education of this latter sort is beneficial, but it leaves the man selfish and his intellect narrow. The argument in favor of this course is the fact that a great number of our journalists have acquired their education in this manner.

But when we consider that the boy who enters the printing office is likely to stick to the work, and that the one who has real talent is sure to be recognized and brought forward, we do not wonder that so many of our journalists have been uneducated men.

But when we make a careful inquiry into the lives of these men, and closely examine their works, we are conscious that through the lack of education they themselves, as well as their country, have sustained a heavy loss. On the other hand, when we notice the natural antipathy to any form of composition in our colleges, and when we consider the fact that the most of those who have become journalists chose their profession before entering college, we arrive at the conclusion that no great part of this talent is utilized.

Considering the proportions that journalism is assuming in its influence upon the public sentiment, and the great impetus that would be given to the interests of education should the highly educated become the ruling element, is it not the duty of every college student as a citizen of a great republic and promoter of our systems of education, to develop all the talent he may possess in this direction? And also the duty of the professor, which he owes in part to the students, but more to his country, to carefully estimate the ability of each, and encourage those who may possess this talent to any extent to make special exertions in this department.
AN EASTER IDYL.

A Senior grave, whose brow serene
A haven of classic thought doth seem,
With dignified and stately mien,
The church he seeketh.

He sits in his accustomed seat,
And hears the choir the hymns repeat;
The melody, so soft and sweet,
Upon him creeps.

He hears the revered parson, old,
Whose voice the Scriptures doth unfold,
In monotone so slowly rolled;
He nods; he sleeps.

COMMUNICATION.

In the last issue of the Orient, in the article, "What We Need," the writer speaks of the address at the end of the year before the Athenæan and Peucinian Societies, by an eminent speaker. Of course there is a great need of some general literary society in every college, and Bowdoin is sadly lacking in that respect. But because we lack in one thing should we lack in another? Because we lack general literary societies, should we sit down and lament the loss of certain of the accompaniments of the societies? Is it not possible to have an address at the end of the year, before the whole body of students, without the existence of such societies? Could not a committee be appointed by the different fraternities in the college to obtain a speaker to deliver an address before the body of students in the same manner as formerly the Athenæan and Peucinian Societies did? Much time seems to be wasted in lamenting our sad fate, which might be profitably used in bettering our condition. Cannot some action be taken in regard to this matter?

In college seniority the Hon. Geo. Bancroft, the well-known American historian, is the oldest living Harvard alumnus, having been born October 3, 1800, and graduated in 1817.—Exz.

BASE-BALL.

Bowdoin, 10; Bath, 6.

On Saturday, the 20th inst., our nine played the Baths with the following results:

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BATH.

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Earned runs—1. Two-base hits—Thompson and Parks. Home run—Freeman. Stolen bases—Freeman, 4; Fogg, 2; Thompson, 1; Hilton, 1; Fish, 1; Jordan, 3; Hastings, 1; Dunning, 2; Hubbard, 1; Parks, 1; Farnham, 1. Base on balls—Freeman, 3; Fogg, 1; Hilton, 1; Hubbard, 1; Farnham, 1. Struck out—Bowdoin, 8; Bath, 4. Hit by pitched ball—Thompson, Hastings, Dunning. Wild pitches—Brown, 3. Passed balls—Dunning, 4; Hastings, 3. Double plays—Brown, Parks, Dunning. Time of game—2 hours 15 minutes. Umpire—Haskell, of Medical College.

Probably the richest college professor in the world is Professor E. E. Salisbury of Yale. He is a millionaire, and his fortune was made by investments in Boston real estate. Professor Salisbury is about seventy years old, is a man of courtly demeanor, and has traveled over nearly the whole world.—Exz.

Oberlin College claims the honor of being the first to open its doors to women, while the Georgia Female College was the first that was exclusively devoted to them.
Merrill, '87, was present at the '88 prize speaking. The Sophomores are beginning to resurrect their water falls, and stroke their Phi Chi hats with a loving torch as they meditate on the possibilities and probabilities of the approaching spring campaign.

Humphrey, '90, has rejoined his class after a protracted illness.

Tutor Brownson was tendered a farewell reception and banquet by the Δ. K. E. Fraternity at their hall, March 29th.

A Portland writer in the Lewiston Journal, speaking of the college boys who pass their vacations at home, adds the following, which will be appreciated by many of our Maine cities:

The college boy, bless his dear heart! One day he appears on the street in a three-button cutaway, without overcoat, gloves and cane in hand, the latter grasped tightly about two-thirds of the way to the end, arms out, toes in. The next day, irrespective of temperature, he strides along in a trailing ulster. But then, we can't get along without his rollicking good cheer. He's the jolliest, most open-hearted, most generous, most careless, kindest, merriest, and liveliest creature on earth. Long live the college dude!

Bodge, Clark, Elden, Files, Merrill, Neal, Owen, Fred Russell, Stacy, and Stearns, have received provisional appointments for Commencement.

A youthful Freshman who has but recently begun to crop the down from his lip and chin, blossoms out thus:

I illustrate my manly upper lip
Each blessed time when shaving,
For every gash from the razor's slip
Is a steel cut, or engraving.

Frank Russell represented his charge at the annual New England convention and banquet of O. Δ. X., at Young's, April 17th.

R. F. Bartlett, '92, passed his vacation in Boston.

Mitchell, '90, occupies the principal's chair of the Pembroke High School, with W. O. Hersey as assistant.

The Υ. T. Fraternity is boarding at the Tontine this term.

The Juniors will divide on electives for the spring term as follows: Astronomy, 18 19; history, 10 15; botany, 8 14; anatomy, 8; French, 3 5; chemistry, 2; physics, 1; undecided, 8. The two required studies are German and Mineralogy.

The Senior's take ethics, this term, through a series of lectures delivered by President Hyde. No text-books are used.

It is rumored that Prof. Hutchins, with the aid of the Sophomores, contemplates the publication of an
edition to be known as the Child's Comprehensive Physics. Optical Instruments, Measurement of Electricity, and Relation of Electricity to Magnetism, will be the principal subjects considered. The Sophs will furnish facts, the Prof., criticism and correction.

Humphrey, '90, has for some time been engaged upon the construction of quite an elaborate dynamo, to be used in connection with a storage battery. The castings were made in Bangor, after Mr. Humphrey's patterns, and he has put the various parts together. The dynamo weighs about 150 pounds, and represents a large amount of work.

Bean, Cummings, Emery, Gilpatrick, Godfrey, Hardy, Jarvis, Lee, Newman, Scales, Shay, Smith, and Young passed their vacation in Brunswick.

Representatives of the Maine College Base-Ball Association met in Waterville, April 5th, to make arrangements for the intercollegiate games. C. W. Richards, of Richmond, and Mr. Watkins, of Orono, were chosen umpires. It was voted to adopt the Spalding League Ball and to play by the rules of the National League for 1889. The following schedule was agreed upon:

| Apr. 30, | Bowdoin versus Colby, Brunswick. |
| May 4,  | Bates " Colby, Lewiston. |
| May 4,  | M. S. C. " Bowdoin, Orono. |
| May 8,  | Colby " Bowdoin, Waterville. |
| May 11, | Colby " M. S. C., Waterville. |
| May 11, | Bowdoin " Bates, Brunswick. |
| May 15, | Colby " Bates, Waterville. |
| May 18, | Bowdoin " Colby, Lewiston. |
| May 18, | Bates " M. S. C., Bangor. |
| May 22, | Colby " Bates, Brunswick. |
| May 24, | Bowdoin " M. S. C., Brunswick. |
| May 25, | Bates " M. S. C., Lewiston. |
| May 30, | M. S. C. " Colby, Bangor. |
| June 3, | M. S. C. " Bates, Orono. |
| June 8, | M. S. C. " Colby, Orono. |
| June 12,| M. S. C. " Bowdoin, Bangor. |
| June 15,| Bates " Bowdoin, Waterville. |

Some of the Prof's. handle the cards in the recitation room in a manner which shows that they are not entirely unfamiliar with the more gaudy pasteboards. There is one rule, however, which they always neglect, and that is to allow their opponents (in this case the man on the front seat), to cut the pack before proceeding with the deal.

Instructor Whittier is putting the freshman crew through a thorough course of training on the river. The crew is made up as follows: stroke, R. F. Bartlett; No. 2, Poor; No. 3, Shay; bow, Swett.

The next themes of the term are due May 1st. The subjects are, Juniors: I. Uses of Color in Nature. II. Does the Reputation of a College Depend More Upon its Undergraduates than its Alumni. Sophomores: I. Forest Trees and their Flowers. II. Was Washington a Great General?

Just after Prof. Chapman took his seat after reading a hymn at the Congregational church, Augusta, a few Sundays ago, a large piece of the ceiling, jarred by the strains of the organ, fell a distance of thirty feet upon the very spot where he had been standing. Although the plaster fell within two feet of him, Prof. Chapman did not move a muscle, but standing upon the debris, preached an eloquent sermon.

Two hundred and twenty-five dollars is the amount subscribed for base-ball up to the present time.

Andrews, '91, of the Medical School, has been obliged to leave on account of his eyes. At present he is in Boston being treated.

The Freshmen, thinking what is good enough for Harvard is good enough for themselves, have chosen crimson as their class color.

Hearn, the photographer, has erected a studio on Federal Street, opposite the residence of President Hyde.

Mosquitoes and Mayflowers have made their annual spring debut.

This term the chapel bell will summon the student from his pleasant Sunday afternoon ramble through green pastures and beside the still waters, at four o'clock instead of five, as in previous years.

The Bowdoin Glee Club and a drilled squad of young ladies will give an entertainment in City Hall, Lewiston, May 2d.

J. M. Hastings and Thompson, '91, took prominent parts in the melodrama, "Nevada, or the Lost Mine," presented in Town Hall, April 3d.

Easter witnessed the usual blossoming of spring hats, spring coats, spring trousers, and spring gaiters, on the part of the boys; and of bewitching spring bonnets on the part of the giddy Brunswick damsels.

Besides the above we have since been informed that "Whisker" donned the long trouser for the first time, Easter.

Bodge, Doherty, and Rogers are taking an advanced course in constitutional law. Bodge and Doherty are also taking Justinian with Prof. Pease.

The Glee Club cleared about $20 apiece, as the result of last term's work.

The Seniors in Bible study are ranked as inferior to an intelligent Sunday-school class, by the sarcastic Professor of that branch.
Staples, '89, will study law in the office of Hon. Orville D. Baker, after leaving college.

Field, '91, took the school census in Belfast, during the spring vacation.

Quite a number of the students, several members of the Faculty, and one of the Board of Trustees, were painfully noticeable, Saturday, taking in the ball game from a position outside the fence. This is hardly the proper caper. Base-ball must be supported, and the only correct thing for each one to do is to pay his quarter like a little man, and enjoy the game with a clear conscience, and a comfortable seat in the grand stand.

A Freshman, in the innocence of his heart, wishes to know if there are booby prizes for the Field-Day contests.

O. R. Smith will act as scorer this season.

Ward, who has been taking a special course, has left college. He will enter the Medical School next year.

A certain Junior, roaming in South Appleton, recently received, by express, a dog of the mongrel cur breed, whose life he intended to offer up on the altar of Biology, as a sacrifice to the instructor. The cunning canine, catching on to the dire design, took a mean advantage of a kind-hearted Sophomore, who let him out of his cage for a few minutes, and skipped for parts unknown. At last accounts the dog was making a bee-line for Augusta, while the Junior, with a tired cast of countenance, was beating up green fields and pastures new, in search of other biological material.

'21.—Dr. Rufus King Cushing, of Bangor, died suddenly of heart disease, March 28th, aged 86. He was born in Brunswick, in 1802, graduated at Bowdoin in 1821, and the Bowdoin Medical School in 1824. He married a daughter of Dr. Hosea Rich of Bangor. Dr. Cushing was the first city physician of Bangor, in 1834, and a member of the Bangor city council in 1835. He practiced in Brewer, from 1836 to 1870, but has since resided in Bangor. He was a member of the Maine Medical Association, and of the Penobscot Medical Association, and was at one time president of the latter. He was held in the highest esteem as a physician and citizen. Dr. Cushing leaves a daughter, and brother, John S. Cushing of Augusta.

'27.—Hon. Alphens Felch, of Michigan, is one of the four living members of the Senate in 1847. The other three are, Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, Hon. James W. Bradbury, '25, and Jefferson Davis of Mississippi.

'36.—Cyrus Woodman, Esq., died suddenly at his home in Cambridge, Mass., March 30th. He was born in Buxton, Maine, June 2, 1814. He entered Bowdoin and graduated with honors in the class of '36. After graduating he studied law in the office of Hubbard and Watts in Boston, and after a course in the Harvard Law School opened an office in Boston, in partnership with George Bartow, Esq. From 1840 to 1844 he resided in Winslow, Ill., as agent of the Boston and Western Land Company. In 1844, Mr. Woodman formed a copartnership with Gen. C. C. Washburn at Mineral Point, Wisconsin. In 1856, Mr. Woodman traveled with his family in Europe for several years. He was elected representative to the Wisconsin Legislature in 1861, and in 1863 he removed to Cambridge where he has since resided. Mr. Woodman was very much interested in historical research, particularly in the history of his native town. He published a memoir of Rev. Paul Coffin in the Maine Historical collections, and "The Woodman's of Buxton," which does great credit to his patience and accuracy. Mr. Woodman was a man of much force of character and was remarkably devoted to his friends. He was very liberal, but gave in such an unassuming manner that few were aware of his generosity. Mr. Woodman was a loyal Bowdoin man, one of the most useful overseers, and always ready to advance the interests of the college. By his death the college has lost a most faithful son and a most liberal benefactor.

'43.—Col. George W. Dyer, at one time a member of the class of '43, and who afterward received a degree from the college, died at his residence in Washington, April 13th. In the breaking out of the war, Colonel Dyer was on the staff of the Governor of Maine, and was afterward Paymaster in the army, stationed at Washington. Leaving the army at the close of the war, he began the practice of law, making a specialty of patents. Colonel Dyer was employed largely by Edison, and was very successful as a patent lawyer. He was twice married, and his second wife and nine children survive him.

'48.—Dr. C. S. D. Fessenden, of the United States Marine Hospital Service, for the past three years
stationed in Norfolk, Va., is now stationed at Louisville, Kentucky.

'55.—Hon. William L. Putnam has been appointed on the commission to oversee the enlargement of the State capitol.

'61.—Professor A. S. Packard and family sailed for Europe, March 15th, to remain through the summer. Professor Packard also intends to visit Northern Africa for scientific investigation.

'68.—Nicholas Fessenden, ex-'68, will be unable to accept the position of permanent secretary of the valuation committee.

'69, '76, '85.—Dr. C. A. Ring, '69, Dr. C. A. Baker, '76, and Richard Webb, ex-'85, are members of the Portland School Board.

'73.—Hon. Francis M. Hatch, a lawyer in Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, is visiting his father, Hon. A. R. Hatch of Portsmouth, N. H.

'73.—Professor F. C. Robinson was in Alabama on a business trip, during the last vacation.

'82.—Mr. E. U. Curtis, a member with W. G. Reed, '82, of the law firm of Reed & Curtis, has been elected City Clerk of Boston. Mr. Reed is one of the Board of Aldermen.

'85.—The Providence Journal speaks very highly of Mr. O. R. Cook, the principal of the Warren (R. I.) High School.

'86.—Mr. A. A. Knowlton, who has been teaching in the English and Classical School, Providence, R. I., since his graduation, is now studying in Germany.

'86.—Levi Turner, Jr., Esq., has been unanimously elected supervisor of schools for Rockland. Mr. Turner is a resident of Somerville, Me., and represented that town in the recent legislature.

England has only one college paper edited by undergraduates, the Review, which is published at Oxford.

The Vanderbilts have purchased 1000 acres of land in North Carolina, for the purpose of establishing an Industrial School.

While Bismarck was in college he fought twenty-eight duels.—Pulse.

The funny Fresh shinned up the tree,
All for to hang an effigy
That would the Soph'mores vex.
The funny Fresh slid down the tree;
His eyes stuck out a rod when he
Discovered himself thereat to be
Confronted by the—President.—Ex.

Forty-one books have been published by Yale professors within the last seven years.—Yale News.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Maid of Bethany. By Albert H. Hardy.

This little brochure gives us a touching picture of the last days of the Saviour's life. The maid of Bethany is a girl who, having seen Christ in her native village, falls deeply in love with him, and despite the entreaties of her parents and friends follows him to Jerusalem. Michael, a young man who has loved her from his youth, comes to the city to try to induce her to return, but his efforts are fruitless. Although she is told that her love is sacrilegious, she persists in her hopeless passion, and when she sees Christ upon the cross, falls dead in Michael's arms.

The author lets us infer that this girl was the one who poured the precious ointment upon Christ's head when he sat at meat in the house of Simon the leper. The story is well conceived and well written.


Alden's Cyclopaedia gives all the new words, all the latest discoveries in science, and many biographical sketches of living men which cannot be found elsewhere. There is nothing in an unabridged dictionary or any of the large encyclopedias which is not touched upon in this publication, while some subjects are treated which are not included in either, for example, the articles on dormant vitality and double consciousness, in this volume. The fifty-page article on education gives statistics up to 1887.

RECEIVED.

A MOOD.
How often I sit, of a moon-lit eve,
Or the twilight’s sacred hush,
And dreamily gaze o’er the campus still
At the sunset’s parting blush.

How often I list to the floating tone
Of the distant college song,
And strange and sweet, like a soothing balm,
Are the thoughts that o’er me throng.

Past is the spell of the quiet eve,
And myriad joys are rife;
My soul is refreshed and the heart is full
With the halcyon throb of life.
The death of Ernest E. Briggs, of the Junior class, is one of those startling events which check the quick pulse of college life with a sadness all their own. We pause for a moment and the stream goes flowing on. Not so the memory; the impress of a strong and faithful life endures. His room-mate, his society, his class, his instructors, his acquaintances will remember him, throughout their lives, as one of the few men who did their whole duty. He was a man whom the world could not afford to lose. It would have been better for his living in it. He probably would not have achieved that brilliancy which as often blinds as illumines; but he would have possessed the clear head, the noble heart, and the willing hand which are the bone and sinew of our latter-day civilization. We feel that the resolutions which we publish in this issue are something more than an empty form; they represent that warm regard, genuine appreciation, and deep feeling, which can always be found in the innermost chambers of the college boy’s heart.

There are in the Literary Department of the college over one hundred and seventy-five students. Eleven of that number are chosen to represent the college upon the intercollegiate diamond. Probably seventenths of the remainder have, at some time, played ball, and perhaps three-tenths could make a respectable showing in an amateur game. Yet the only organized club, outside the respective classes, is the “Varsity,” and when that aggregation desire practice, they must seek some extra college team. This seems to us a fault.

A second nine would afford two advantages. First, more efficient practice for the college team. The present system seems to us inadequate, in that it affords too little practice for the batteries. While the field are practicing on ground and fly balls, the pitchers and catchers, who are the very core and rallying points of the nine, are doing nothing that will be of material assistance in a game. They, of all others, should feel perfectly at home in their positions, and to take them from the ordinary easy-going practice of simple throwing, and place them before a strange club and a critical audience, and then expect a steady head and hand is too much. Were there an efficient second nine, either the leading batteries might be pitted against each other in practical practice, or new ones developed. In base-running, again, it would be an invaluable aid, and in holding men on bases it would be equally efficient.

Second, it would develop new material. At the opening of the season, the ORIENT stated that the selection seemed the best possible. But such statements are always open to the confirmation of facts. We do not know whether the college possesses better players or not, for they have no chance to show themselves. Nor can this be wholly laid to the management, for were they to make continual trials of new men, they would be laid open to the counter-accusation of breaking up the nine.

We would not wish to be understood as condemning this practice with outside clubs; there cannot be too much of it. But we claim that it ought to be supplemented by more game work within the college. It is rather humiliating to have a “Bowdoin defeat” bruited before the public every time we want to try a new man.

Now if this is a mistake, whose is the fault? Certainly not of the management, for they were chosen to run the college team, not a second nine. The fault lies with the student-body. If there be those in college who think the club can be improved upon,
let them show their loyalty by organizing the unused material into an efficient team, with regular times for practice. Let the first nine have some one to play against these afternoons, and our already flattering prospects will receive a new impulse. We have made a glorious beginning, and let us not leave an expedient untried.

The fatal Colby spell is broken. So often has defeat attended our contests with that club on the home grounds that it had become almost a battle with destiny. The boys have been defeated before the struggle. Last season we easily led them in the league. We played all around and over them, in fact; nevertheless they came down on our own grounds and administered the regulation defeat.

Too much praise cannot be given our nine for thus, in the initial game of the league contest, breaking an uninviting record. It will send a thrill of joy to the heart of every loyal alumnus and we trust they will show their appreciation by rendering that pecuniary assistance which they know to be indispensable.

The recognition of a college by the most progressive review in the land, whether it be through the institution itself or some one representing it, is a trustworthy index to its standing, and in view of this fact, it is indeed flattering that our President may be ranked as one of the contributors to the Forum. It is flattering, not because the college has anything to do with the contribution, but because the President may be considered as its representative, and any recognition of him must be reflected upon the institution over which he presides.

The article by President Hyde, which appears in the May number of the above-mentioned review, possesses an increased interest, because our examination system was attacked last term by undergraduates. It may be profitable to epitomize President Hyde’s ideal system and see in what degree, if any, our Faculty fail to follow it. However, we would not wish to be understood as making any plea for the infallibility of the method, or to, in any degree, question the right of every instructor to pursue just that mode of instruction and examination which, in his opinion, will most promote the intellectual growth of his pupils.

President Hyde gives as the aim of the examination a desire “to exhibit the healthy vigor, the capacity to enjoy, the power to work, the ability to comprehend, which is the outcome of assimilated knowledge.” “Assimilated knowledge” is the result of three processes: simple memorizing, the application of principles to concrete cases, and the contemplation of the subject as an “organic whole.” Corresponding to these three stages of instruction should be three kinds of examination: First, a short examination, either oral or written, carried on in connection with a daily recitation, and embracing all the important facts of the three or four previous exercises. In the scale of one hundred, fifty marks should be given on this as a basis. Second, an examination of a practical nature, extending over some period of time, in which the student makes what individual research he chooses (as, for example, in mathematics the computation of some tangible area). Thirty marks should be given on this as a basis. Third, at the end of the term or period of study, to select those prominent features and “fundamental relations” which will place the subject before the class as an “organic whole”; to inform the class just what the exercise will consist of, and then let them make all the preparation they see fit. The remaining twenty marks should be given on this as a basis.

Such, in very brief and imperfect outline,
is our interpretation of the scheme. In our present examination system, the first and the second forms are generally employed. We have our quizzes on technicalities, and our articles, or their equivalents, for individual research. But in final examinations there is oftentimes a lack of that comprehensive view of the subject which President Hyde advocates. They do not always observe the "laws of perspective." The "minor details" sometimes obscure the "main features." Frequently whole examinations are on some one phase. They do not contain those fundamental relations which are the soul and essence of the subject. There may be notable exceptions, but this is the trend. Though, perhaps, far along the way, we are still in the transition period between the catch-question system of "ye olden tyme" and that ideal method which should exhibit the complete assimilation of knowledge.

Such is our undergraduate view of this very important feature of education. We invite contributions from both Faculty and students.

CYRUS WOODMAN.

BY REV. C. HAMLIN, '34.

LEXINGTON, April 23, 1889.

Editors Orient:

Dear Sirs,—I hope you may find a place for this humble wreath upon the tomb of my dear friend and benefactor, Woodman.

Yours sincerely,

Cyrus Hamlin, '34.

One of the alumni of Bowdoin College has passed away whom his brother-alumni and all friends of the college will sorely miss. Cyrus Woodman, of Buxton, of the class of '36, was a student and man whom no one would forget after even the most casual acquaintance. There were frankness, goodness, simplicity, perfect independence, straightforwardness, and cordial friendliness, which made you remember him as one you would like to meet again.

For the study of law, to which he first gave himself, he seemed naturally fitted, not to be a "Philadelphia lawyer," but one who would easily discern the right and boldly and clearly maintain it without resort to any questionable measures.

The circumstances and interests of life rather led him to the management of land and railroad enterprises, in which he had eminent success. His business habits were exact, his judgment excellent. There were no loose ends, no ragged edges, no dirty corners in his affairs. Any one could see his character in his letters.

The handwriting was bold, clear, uniform, and as easy to read as the best printed page. What he had to say was said in fitting words, tersely, compactly, with no obscurity or possibility of it. Having said just what he wanted to say, his note, letter, or argument closed with no labored peroration.

He was a man to be trusted with your interests fully. You would be sure to be kept informed of the exact state of things without gloss or exaggeration. But there was another side to Mr. Woodman's character more difficult of exact delineation, if not of comprehension. He was, like a great many others, a kind hearted, generous man. But he had his own peculiar way of doing a favor. He had a singular insight into the right time and best way, which would sometimes suggest the idea that spirits unseen had been mediums of communication. I will give an illustration, although it is personal. He once sent me a check, giving as a reason an old favor which I had done him and which he said had not been suitably recognized by him. The reason was entirely out of place for it had been covered deep by greater favors. But the check fell into the exact place where it was wanted and filled it. The memory of it will last with others after I have passed away. There was no possibility of his knowing anything of the existing exigency.
You might say it was all chance, and if only one such happy guess had occurred, you would be justified in saying so. But I could give other cases quite as singular. Such things happen only with those who watch for occasions and who have a faculty of observation and judgment, so that it becomes a sort of natural instinct to do the right thing at the right time. I was not of his class, nor of his college society. I was orthodox, he unitarian, but we always met cordially as friends, whether because we were alike or unlike I do not know and do not care. None of my Bowdoin friends have done me such repeated favors as he. I shall always keep upon my desk a memento inscribed,

Cyrus Woodman
to
Cyrus Hamlin.

Lexington, April, 1889.

A SPRING SPASM.

Buds from out the branches swelling,
Unexpected showers of rain,
And the bull-frog from the marshes
Tell us that 'tis spring again.

Farmers plowing in the meadow,
Birds in joyous carol sing,
And the flowers in field and forest,
All proclaim that this is spring.

In the city, town, or country,
Where'er man has made his home,
House cleaning with all its trials
Indicates that spring has come.

Thus do skilful art and nature
By their mutual labor bring
All the varied combinations
That make up the gentle spring.

AN OPEN LETTER.

Mrs. Amelia Rives Chanler,

Dear Madam,—I confess I am somewhat behind the times in addressing you at this late date, but the fact is, that from causes not to be here recounted, ten months elapsed before I read your remarkable work, "The Quick or the Dead?"

My state of mind on laying it down can be imagined, or perhaps, by your defenders, Wm. S. Walsh, Edgar Fawcett, and George Parsons Lathrop, it can’t. I had previously read your poetry and your entertaining tales of Southern life, all unmistakable buds of promise, and it was indeed shockingly painful to think that one so talented should for mere popularity’s sake debase her God-given gifts. The path to true literary success, on which you had undoubtedly started, is, I am aware, a straight and narrow way, but leading to green fields eternal; while the branching road to popularity or notoriety, as in your own case it has proved, is broad and most inviting, but fraught in too many instances with eventual destruction. The saddest mistake of your twenty-five summers, my dear madam, was made when you decided to be one of the many to go in thereat.

But you published your sensational story. Your evident attempt to produce a French novel succeeded. While your honored father, to whom all your other productions had gone for approval and revision, was absent, you rapidly composed and sent forth a story which he would be unwilling you should read, much less write. Your intellectual nightmare, whether or not caused by unhealthy mental food, has, unlike other sable nocturnal steeds, itself become unhealthy and a sure germ of moral infection. Yet not a few have spoken in your behalf. Mr. Lathrop said of "The Quick or the Dead?:" "It is sensuous, as it had to be, but not gross." Now I hold that your study did not require sensuous treatment. Others have harped on your rather threadbare theme without touching your chief string. Did they produce discord? No. Have you produced harmony? No. But your work is more than sensuous, despite Mr. Lathrop’s asseveration. There is not space here to introduce
quotations in evidence, so I can merely maintain without fear of reasonable contradiction, I think, that there are passages, however delicately worded, so indelicately suggestive that we should blush to hear them from the lips of man or woman at a respectable evening gathering. Good society would relegate to the rank of a pariah whoever should be guilty of some of the language used in your book. "To the pure all things are pure," is tritely thrown up by the defense. Such persons would allow an innocent young girl to sit down to insidious "Don Juan," or other kindred works, and when reproached for reading the seductive rhymes, coolly reply: "If you see immorality here you hold the mirror up to your own soul. I find these poems sensuous, as they have to be, but not gross." My dear madam, you fairly out-Byron Byron. From a man of the world, of deep passionate nature, we might expect such a work as "Don Juan," but from a pure American girl, whose days have been quiet passed amid innocent and healthful recreations on the Virginia farm, it is the last thing of which we should dream. Truly, the impressions gained by your ancestry at the gay French court have been to you a most unfortunate inheritance.

One critic thinks that if "The Quick or the Dead?" should be suppressed as deleterious, we ought also to banish from our literature other writings, notably, "The Scarlet Letter," of similar tenor. The works cited dwelt on the immoral side of life, it is true, but with a moral purpose in view; to make virtue more highly prized by artistically setting forth the deadly wages of sin. Your story cannot plead this in extenuation. It was merely a character study with no lesson to be taught. Under such conditions what moral end the immorality might subserve is not even apparent to our sneerer, in a recent *North American Review*, at "False Modesty in Readers."

I have called your book a violation of good sense. The love scenes are silly in the extreme. I cannot discuss your heroine's character. I can but say "You are a woman and your fine sensibilities can appreciate how strongly a Barbara Pomfret might feel. I am a man and cannot because less sensitively organized." But because I am masculine I can see how ridiculous it is in any woman to press her lovely lips to so filthy a thing as a half-burned out cigar—even her dead husband's last. You are a woman and do not know how mawkish is the taste when smoked the next day, of a partially consumed Havana.

I have written from earnest convictions. Your extenuators love to quote Bible to me, so allow me a quotation from their same favorite apostle: "Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Write only of them too, I add, and let me urge you to meditate on the advice of that pure bard, the beloved Longfellow:

Whatever hath been written shall remain,
Nor be erased, nor written o'er again,
The unwritten only still belongs to thee,
Take heed, and ponder well what that shall be.

RICHTHUR ARMOND.

BASE-BALL.

*Bowdoin, 6; Saco, 5.*

The game played at Saco, Wednesday, April 24th, resulted as follows:

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<th>A.R.</th>
<th>B.</th>
<th>B.H.</th>
<th>S.B.</th>
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*P. O.*
BOWDOIN ORIENT.

19

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Totals, | 37 | 5 | 10 | 2 | 24 | 21 | 5 |


Bowdoin, 11; Colby, 9.

It was on the one-hundredth anniversary of Washington’s inauguration.

"The curfew tolled the knell of parting day," as the train rolled slowly out of the old Brunswick station, bearing homeward (fireworks and all) 118 tired men from Colby. They came to see a game of ball, and they saw it—saw it all.

They brought with them Parsons, familiarly known as "Tip," a man with golden hair and pugilistic eye, who throws an inverted parabola. Our boys have a yearning after parabolas, so the combination worked finely—worked to the extent of a total of nineteen hits. "Tip" is no infant with the stick, however, as the record shows. But as "Rodney" remarked, he could knock the ball over the fence as many times off Parsons’s delivery as Parsons could off his: this the record also shows.

Jordan, Fish, and Freeman, of the Bowdoin, also took kindly to the sphere; the same may be said of Wagg and Foster of the Colbys.

The visitors occasionally cast longing glances at second base, and a few of the uninitiated, exhorted by Pet, "slid." This was a very unwise and disastrous proceed-

ing, for Fish was behind the bat. They will not let it happen again.

At the end of the sixth inning, Thompson and Fish retired in favor of Hilton and Freeman. The ball was there, but the Colbys couldn’t find it. The score:

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Totals, | 44 | 11 | 11 | 7 | 27 | 11 | 7 |

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Totals, | 38 | 9 | 9 | 4 | 27 | 16 | 8 |

Earned runs—Bowdoin (2); Colby (1). Base on balls—Downes; Megquire (2). Struck out—Tukey (3); Hilton (3); Foster, Kalloch. Two-base hits—Thompson, Fish, Jordan (2). Three-base hits—Fish, Thompson, Parsons (2), Foster, Megquire. Double play—Gilmore, Megquire. Passed balls—Foster (5). Wild pitches—Parsons (2). Umpire—Doc Richards. Time of game—2 hours 30 minutes.

The Yale Faculty will not accept the base-ball schedule, except with the understanding that there will be no demonstration until after the last game.

Mr. Herman Oelrichs, of New York, has offered to defray the expenses of the Yale crew while abroad in case they decide to visit England and row Cambridge. Several New Haven gentlemen have also agreed to contribute a sufficient sum to pay their passages over and back, so that the scheme begins to assume a feasible aspect. The Yale crew themselves are said to be very anxious to take the trip. It is believed that the new Waters boat, in which Yale would row, would give them a great advantage over their English rivals.

The latest in the photograph line is a picture of "Whisker," his beaming physiognomy thrust through the center of a large sunflower.

The Juniors have appointed June 6th and 7th as their Field and Ivy Days.

Thompson, '91, will take Briggs' position in the Library.

President Hyde has an interesting article in the April number of the Forum, on "School Examinations."

Amateur photography is having quite a boom just at present. Several of the students have purchased cameras, and some very good views have been obtained.

Born April 29th, to the wife of Prof. Johnson, a daughter.

Bowdoin took a firm grip on the college pennant in the opening game with Colby.

White, '89, has left college for the present on account of the illness of his father.

A number of the medical students, with the Banjo Club, surprised several of the Brunswick young ladies with a delightful serenade, Monday evening, April 29th.

It is rumored that Owen, Hersey, and Stearns, of the Senior class, will enter the Andover Theological Seminary next year.

The last themes of the term are due May 15th. The subjects are: Juniors—I., The United States Civil Service for College Graduates; II., The Literary Style of Edmund Burke. Sophomores—I., Baseball as a National Game; II., Manufacture of Iron.

First Funny Man—"What compliment did Cæsar pay Ireland when he came to the Rhine?" Second F. M.—"Dunno." First F. M.—"Why, he proposed to bridge it." Both F. M.—"Ha! Ha! He! He! Guffaw!!"

The divine, godlike, and, we may add, much enduring Parsons! With what a bold and confident air he swaggered into the pitcher's box, Saturday. Yet eleven hits, with a total of nineteen, does not look very bad, eh, Parsons? Oh, yes, when the boys get acenstomed to the flash light, chain-lightning, etc., etc., delivery of "Kid" Madden's apt Colby pupil they may hope to do something with the stick; but this will take practice; they cannot of course hope to bat friend Parsons yet. Oh no, he's a ter-ror, but cheer up, boys, cheer up and practice, and you may even now get a hit off this phenomenal cork-screw twirler before the season is over.

Messrs. Fox, Dana, and Payson, of Portland, were in town April 30th, to witness the Bowdoin–Colby game. These three gentlemen are among the finest tennis players in the city, and put up a great game. They easily defeated the different college champions in several very pretty sets.

Payson and Dana are both fitting for Bowdoin. Payson will enter '93, and Dana, '94.

Field and Ivy Days will soon be here, and among other improvements to be made in the appearance of the campus in honor of the approaching festivities, it seems as if something ought to be done to render our base-ball ground a little more presentable. What we want is a new grand stand. The one in use at present is anything but ornamental, besides not being half large enough to accommodate those desiring seats, as was plainly seen in the recent Bowdoin–Colby game. It would be but a comparatively slight expense to put up a substantially covered building, extending far enough toward the catcher's fence to give a seating capacity at least half as great again as the present structure affords. Let the proper ones take the matter in hand, so that when Ivy Day comes we can point out to our friends, instead of the old rickety, blackened, bleaching boards, which at present grace, or rather disgrace the field, a neat, comfortable grand stand which shall be in harmony with our delta, our nine, and the little strip of hunting that we hope to see floating triumphantly from our flag-staff at the close of the college base-ball season.

The last year's local editor, a Senior, and the '91 man at present officiating, can now cry "quits." It will be remembered (perhaps) that the account
of the Sophomore prize declamation was inadvertently omitted in the number of the ORIENT immediately following that event, though it subsequently appeared in a later issue. The same thing happened in regard to the '68 Senior speaking. Perhaps it is not too late, however, to state that such an event did take place on the evening of April 4th, and Staples was awarded the prize, and that Grimmer furnished excellent music. Following is the programme:

**MUSIC.**


GREELY, '90, is teaching in one of the Brunswick schools.

The game with the Brunswick, Thursday, unearthed for Bowdoin another phenomenal twirler. The marvel is none other than Manager Rice, who, with his wonderful straight ball delivery, retired in one, two, three order the last six men on the Brunswick batting list as they vainly attempted to wield the ash for base hits for victory and for their native land. Considering that Mervyn pitched only the last two innings, this is a record of which any man might well be proud.

Gibson, '83, Brown, '84, Barton, '84, and Wardwell, '85, have visited the campus recently.

One of the members of the ORIENT board had the pleasure (?) of riding down from Augusta on the same car with the Colby boys, Tuesday. The Colbys were in a terrible state of anxiety lest they should be unable to find any one at Bowdoin willing to risk an almighty dollar on the result of the opening game. Later in the day, however, many of them had just cause for rejoicing that their railroad tickets, the only thing in their possession which they had been unable to put up, were safe in their respective vest pockets. Yes, Colby was needy that night, very needy, while Bowdoin, with the air of a millionaire stalked serenely down Main Street smoking ten cent straights and rattling more crisp new bank notes than the meagre pocketbook has seen in many a weary day.

The Bowdoin Presumpscot game, to have been played April 27th was postponed on account of rain. League games to be played in Brunswick are Bowdoin vs. Bates, May 11th; Colby vs. Bates, May 22d; Bowdoin vs. M. S. C., May 24th.

Prof. Woodruff is the happy father of two remarkably bright little boys. The little fellows are much interested in base-ball, and may be seen in the grand stand at nearly every game, climbing lovingly about the knees of the kind old Greek, as he explains to them in words suited to their childish ears the mysteries and intricacies of our great national game.

Quite a number of the students attended the reception given by the Mummy Club at the Court Room, April 23d.

In cases such as the '68 Speaking, where but one prize is offered, why wouldn't it be a good idea for the judges to grant honorable mention to the man standing second among the competitors, as is done in awarding the Mathematical Prize. It would be but little trouble to those having the matter in charge, while to the man in question it would be a great satisfaction to know that he had stood somewhere near the top of the list.

A few days ago a robin, starting out for a morning ramble, became entangled in a bit of twine which had lodged in the branches of one of the trees. His frightened notes soon attracted quite a crowd of spectators, one of whom with a well-directed bullet succeeded in cutting the twig to which the string was attached, thus setting the little songster free.

Sam Small and the Athletic Exhibition seem to be the only attractions capable of filling Town Hall this year. Sam delivered his famous lecture, "From Bar-Room to Pulpit," before a large audience, April 26th. He is an interesting and eloquent speaker, and those who failed to hear him certainly missed a rare treat.

A Colby correspondent of the Boston Globe bursts out with the announcement that had Hilton started in to pitch the game against Colby he would have been mercilessly batted out of the box. That's right, Colby, satisfy yourself by throwing mad at the pitcher off whom your sluggers succeeded in making but two safe hits. Vic says that when a Bowdoin pitcher is batted out of the box he knows enough to know it. Vic also states that this shows a greater degree of intelligence than is exhibited by some university pitchers of his acquaintance.

The old superstition in regard to the Colby is at last broken down. For the first time since 1884 Bowdoin has downed Colby on the home grounds,
was all that could be desired for the M. S. C.-Bowdoin game. The ball ground, however, and especially the outfield, was in a decidedly decayed condition. The delta is built on the edge of a marsh, and a fielder to do good work should be equipped with a canvas canoe and a bathing suit. State College men with their best lungs and a brass band filled the grand stand, over which proudly floated the pennant which Small and Rogers won last year. Quite a number of Bangor teams, several of them flying the Bowdoin white, were on the ground, and many of the Bangor young ladies were adorned with the Bowdoin ribbon. The M. S. C. band did not find opportunity to enlarge upon itself for some time, but when the Maine States tied the score in the sixth inning music rolled forth that would have done credit to the side show of Barham's Greatest on Earth or the wails of an Uncle Tom's Cabin galaxy of street musicians. After this M. S. C. took the lead and held it until the close of the game, winning by a score of 11 to 8. To an outsider the game must have been rather uninteresting. Errors were frequent and often costly, neither side playing as if they really meant business. We will make no excuses for our nine, as we are not members of the university on the Kennebec, but will say that we think they can and will do better next time. There is one thing to be truly thankful for, and that is that our men have done their annual cranberry-bog wading on the M. S. C. grounds, and that hereafter the fielders will have the privilege of playing where they will not dig graves for themselves if they stand still five minutes, or lose their boots in trying to capture a long fly.

During the past ten years Bowdoin has won league games from Colby on the delta as follows:

June 28, 1879, ........................................ 28 to 11. 
June 26, 1880, ........................................ 14 to 12. 
June 1, 1881, ......................................... 7 to 5. 
June 16, 1883, ........................................ 4 to 3. 
May 31, 1884, ........................................ 6 to 3. 
April 30, 1889, ........................................ 11 to 9. 
October 4, 1884, Bowdoin defeated Colby in a practice game on the delta, 10 to 4.

Fourteen New England colleges have formed a Commission on Admission Examination. The Commission is composed of one member of the faculty of each college represented. The object is to advance the standard required for entrance into the New England colleges. The standard is uniform in all.—Ex.
37.—Rev. George W. Field, D.D., of Bangor, who resigned from his pastorate last fall, has, at the request of his parishioners, withdrawn his resignation.

44.—The following is taken from the New York Tribune, and is only one of the many illustrations of the success of Bowdoin alumni: "The city of Platteville, Wis., was in gala dress a few days ago to do honor to President Pickard, of the Iowa State University, the founder and principal of the Platteville Academy from 1846 to 1860. Mr. Pickard went to Platteville from Bowdoin College, a young man of 22 years, and opened his school in a frame building with only five pupils. His power as a teacher soon became known. Students flocked to his school from all parts of the West, and Pickard's Academy gained the reputation of being a preparatory school which had few, if any superiors. In 1853 a large three-story stone building was erected (now the north wing of the State Normal School), additional teachers were employed, and for the remaining six years of Mr. Pickard's service the academy had a marked success, preparing a large number of students for college. In 1859 Mr. Pickard was elected superintendent of public instruction in Wisconsin, and the Platteville Academy in course of time was merged into a State Normal School. As Superintendent of Public Instruction, Regent of Normal Schools, and Regent of the State University, Mr. Pickard's work is well known to the people of Wisconsin. In the autumn of 1863 he was elected Superintendent of the Chicago Schools, and for thirteen years filled that position with great ability, and to this day he is called the 'Father of the Chicago School System.' In 1876 he accepted the presidency of the State University of Iowa, performing the executive duties of that great institution with marked success until June last, when he resigned to take a much needed rest.

50.—Gen. O. O. Howard is spoken of by the press as being one of the most prominent figures at the recent Centennial celebration in New York.

59.—The Scribner Magazine announces among the articles soon to be published, "The Principles of Electricity," by Professor Cyrus F. Brackett, of Princeton College, one of the foremost authorities on the subject in this country.

60.—Hon. W. W. Thomas, Jr., and family sailed for Sweden, Wednesday, May 24.

66.—The many friends of Dr. F. H. Gerrish will be glad to learn that he is steadily improving in health, and is much benefited by his Western trip.

68.—Rev. George M. Bodge has published "A Memoir of John F. Anderson, Esq.," in the April number of the New England Historical and Genealogical Register.

73.—Dr. A. G. Ladd was unanimously nominated for mayor of Great Falls, Montana, but was obliged to decline on account of his professional duties.

73.—Rev. P. A. Wilson, of Billerica, Mass., who recently declined calls to Belfast and Woodfoord's, and to Lowell, Mass., has received a very complimentary call to the Free Congregational Church, Andover, Mass.

79.—Dr. John Warren Achorn won the competitive examination on Saturday, April 20th, and has been appointed House Physician in the Brooklyn City Hospital.

81.—Rev. W. I. Cole has accepted a call to the Congregational Church, Houlton, Maine.

82.—Wallace E. Mason is manager of the New York Teacher's Agency, 6 Clinton Place, New York City.

84.—Rev. Ernest C. Smith is pastor of the Unitarian Church in Seattle, Washington Territory.

84.—Mr. R. I. Thompson, of Rockland, was married to Miss Etta Strong, of Thomaston, April 11th. Mr. Thompson is practicing law in Rockland.

86.—Mr. J. W. Calderwood, ex-'36, visited the college Fast Day. He is traveling for Ginn & Co.

86.—Mr. Charles W. Tuttle was married to Miss Nellie Jordan, of Brunswick, April 24th. Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle have gone to California for a short time.

87.—F. D. Dearth has been appointed railway mail clerk, and has been assigned to the Bangor and Greenville line. Mr. Dearth recently resigned the principalsip of the Groton (Mass.) High School.

The matriculation cards of students in German Universities admit their holders to the theatres at half price, shield them from arrest by the civil authorities, and give free admission to many of the art galleries and museums of Europe.
IN MEMORIAM.

Bowdoin College, May 1, 1889.

Whereas, It has pleased the All-Wise and merciful Father to remove from our midst our beloved classmate, Ernest E. Briggs; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Class of '90, while we bow in humble submission to the Supreme Will, deeply mourn the loss of a true and faithful friend, who has endeared himself to us by the noble and manly beauty of his character;

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the sorrowing relatives and friends;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family and the Orient.

A. S. Ridley,
W. I. Weeks,
H. C. Wingate,
Committee for the Class.

Hall of A. Δ., May 1, 1889.

Whereas, It has been the will of our Heavenly Father to call unto Himself our beloved brother, Ernest E. Briggs, of the class of '90, a devoted student and a faithful member of our Fraternity;

Resolved, That the members of A. Δ., while recognizing in this, their affliction, the hand of an all-wise Providence, do mourn the loss of their brother, endeared to them by so many ties of fraternal interest;

Resolved, That the Chapter extends to the family and relatives its heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our departed brother and inserted in the Bowdoin Orient.

G. W. Hayes, '89,
A. S. Ridley, '90,
W. S. Foss, '91,
For the Chapter.

By the will of the late P. P. Norris, of Philadelphia, the University of Pennsylvania will receive his extensive law library, valued at $100,000.

Tufts College has received the skin and tusks of Jumbo, Barnum's deceased monster. The American Museum of Natural History has received the remainder of the skeleton.

'TWAS LENT.

I woked a maiden, young and sweet,
In mid Lent's dullest part;
I threw myself at her dear feet,
And asked her, for her heart.

She smiled and arched her lovely brow,
And said, quite innocent:
"I cannot give my heart, just now,
Because, you see, 'tis Lent."—Ex.

In 1885, Germany spent for the education of her people $10,900,000; England, $36,000,000; France, $15,000,000; Austria, $9,000,000; Russia, $5,000,000. The United States in that year, spent $100,000,000 for education, or as much practically as the five nations combined.—Ex.

Oberlin College (O.) has never had a college yell, college colors, a college song, or a chapter of any college fraternity.—Ex.

The chairs of the Edinburgh Medical Faculty are each worth $17,000 a year. The professorships at Glasgow in Greek, Latin, and Mathematics are each worth $9,000 yearly—larger salaries than are paid in any American college.

Clarks University, the buildings of which are rapidly nearing completion, will take rank among the foremost universities of the east. Its courses will contain no academical studies, but will consist entirely of specialties adapted to the needs of college graduates who wish to secure a higher specialized education. The facilities for original research will be such as to place it on a level with the best German Universities.—Ex.

A FALLEN IDOL.

Three years ago when fresh and green I entered
The university, my mind to store,
Methought the entire sum of knowledge centered,
To full completeness, in the Sophomore.

Three years have past. This Freshman-like delusion
Gives away to what experience teaches, for
In light of facts, I've come to the conclusion
To thank kind fate that I'm a Soph-no-more.

—Cornell Magazine.
General Washington received the degree of L.L.D. from Harvard in 1776, from Yale in 1781, from Pennsylvania and Brown in 1790.

The plan for the wearing of caps and gowns on class day, by the Senior class at Yale, has been abandoned, as not enough men were willing to purchase them.

Freshman—"Professor, shall we head our examination paper Freshman Latin?" Prof.—"No, sir. Any one would know it."—Ex.

The Cornell crew pull eight miles a day.

The cabinet of shells given to Yale College by Dr. Eldridge of Yarmouth, Mass., included ten thousand specimens, and over two thousand varieties, coming from all oceans of the world. One of the most valuable features is a collection of the different kinds of nautilus shells, which are very rare in museums.

Gladstone's library contains 15,000 volumes.

Harvard has organized a fencing club with large attendance.

English is taught in all the Japanese government schools.

The University of the Pacific is to have a conservatory of music costing $35,000.

At Williams it is customary for the scorer of one season to become manager of the next year's team.

Amherst is to have a professorship of physical culture, in honor of the late Henry Ward Beecher.

The University of California, chartered in 1868, has now over six hundred students, 350 of whom are at the college proper in Berkeley. The university includes the colleges of letters and science at Berkeley, the colleges of medicine, dentistry, and pharmacy in San Francisco, and the astronomical department, which includes the famous Lick Observatory on Mt. Hamilton. There are also, throughout the State, agricultural experimental stations connected with the university of invaluable assistance to California farmers.

Germany has 38,922 college students, against 32,316 in this country.

Oxford University has appliances for printing in 150 different languages.

The president of Pekin University, China, is translating Shakespeare's works in Chinese.

Yale has engaged a bicycle trainer, who is now training riders on the University track.

The Faculty at Dartmouth have taken away the scholarships from the students who were concerned in last term's disturbances.

BOOK REVIEWS.


There is no one thing more indicative of healthy moral being than a love of nature, making up as it does a large part of the love of the good and beautiful, without which there would be no morality. The study of Botany and Zoology and kindred sciences, inasmuch as it tends to cultivate the love of nature, are eminently useful. The earlier in life such studies are begun the better, but the "Book of Nature" usually employed in the public schools is far from yielding good results, because it is not written in a way to interest the scholar.

A book that shall treat these branches in such a manner as to render them easy of comprehension to a child, and at the same time make a vivid impression on his mind, will not fail of the appreciation of all educators. These are the objects aimed at by the author of this series of books, and her efforts are surely crowned with success. She has the happy faculty of dressing a subject in simple language without seeming to "write down" to the reader, a thing which a child despises when he recognizes it. She devotes the first ten chapters to plants, giving a graphic description of the life history of a plant, with a pretty full account of plant classification. From a consideration of the way in which insects aid fertilization, she passes to insects themselves, then to birds, and finally to fishes. By employing a conversational style she is enabled to avoid the stiffness of the ordinary text-book.

The effect of this book upon the scholar will be to so interest him in the subjects treated as to lead him to pursue them further and make investigations of his own.

This, it seems, is what the author seeks; in the preface she says: "I sing an old song when I say that we are a nervous race, and our children are more intensely nervous than their parents. The antedote for this nervousness and its consequent train of disasters is to be found in the open air, in healthful out-of-door exercise, in the serene calm of nature, in the peaceful joys which the investigation of nature affords us. If we can open wide the gates of 'the fairy land of science'; if we can bring the child near to the heart of Nature; if we can absorb his hours of leisure, and many of his hours of brain work in the study of nature out of doors, we shall have done much towards making him robust in body, sound in mind, cheerful in disposition, and useful in the future."
BOWDOIN ORIENT.

* RESTAURANTS *

Union Depot, Portland, M. C. Café, Brunswick, M. C. Café, Bangor.
The Union Depot Café is the most elegantly appointed place of its kind in America, and we are prepared to do first-class catering, not to be excelled by any one in New England.

Also, our Café at Brunswick offers Special Rates to Students and Clubs.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

All business transactions please refer to the Proprietors.

GEO. E. WOODBURY & SON, PORTLAND, ME.

MAINE CENTRAL R. R.

On and after April 28, 1880,

Passenger Trains Leave Brunswick

For Boston, 7:43, 11:30 a.m., 4:25, 4:48 p.m., 12:35 (night).
Bath, 7:45, 11:30 a.m., 2:30, 4:50, and 6:15 p.m.
Rockland, 7:45 a.m., 2:30 p.m.
Lewiston, 7:45, 11:32 a.m., 2:30, 6:15 p.m., 12:40 (night).
Farmington, 2:30 p.m.
Augusta, 7:48, 11:35 a.m., 2:32, 6:15 p.m., 12:40 (night).
Waterville, 7:48, 11:35 a.m., 2:32 p.m., 12:40 (night).
Belfast and Dexter, 2:32 p.m., 12:40 (night).
Skowhegan, 7:48 a.m., 2:32 p.m., 12:40 (night).
Bangor, 11:35 a.m., 2:32 p.m., 12:40 (night).
Ellsworth, 11:35 a.m., 2:32 p.m., 12:40 (night).
Bar Harbor, St. Johns, Calais, and Aroostook Co., 2:32 p.m., 12:40 (night).

F. E. BOOTHY,
PAYSON TUCKER,
Pass. and Ticket Agt., General Manager.
PORTLAND, ME.

J. W. & O. R. PENNELL,
Have a Line of
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

Vol. XIX. BRUNSWICK, MAINE, MAY 22, 1889. No. 3.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.
PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

EDITORIAL BOARD.
Geo. B. Chandler, '90, Managing Editor.
F. J. Allen, '90, Business Editor.

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Extra copies can be obtained at the bookstores or on application to the Business Editor.
Remittances should be made to the Business Editor. Communications in regard to all other matters should be directed to the Managing Editor.
Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions must be accompanied by writer’s name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

CONTENTS.
Vol. XIX., No. 3.—MAY 22, 1889.

Restless (poem) 27
EDITORIAL NOTES 27
How to Write an ORIENT Article 30
Why Dust Thou So? (poem) 31
The Tear vs. the Chisel 32
Our Footing 33
The Alpha Delta Phi Convention 35
Base-Ball 34
COLLEGI TABULA 36
PERSONAL 38
IN MEMORIAM 39
COLLEGE WORLD 39
BOOK REVIEW 41

RESTLESS.
Sometimes I long for the freedom
Of some far-distant shore,
For the wild and glad pulsation
Of a wandering troubadour;
To fly o’er the foaming billows
Of the restless, bounding main,
And roam o’er the Swiss’er’s hill-side
Or the rich ocean plain.
’Tis a strange, unnatural yearning
That my words cannot express,
When the soul is filled with longings
I scarcely dare confess.

We wish to announce to all contributors that we want no articles upon national topics. Furthermore we want nothing upon “Success,” Perseverance,” “The Value of Education,” or any of the long list of kindred subjects. We want no lofty, grandiloquent rehearsals of those truisms which nobody has questioned since the Renaissance. What we desire is the discussion of live college, educational or literary topics which are conspicuously before the college world. Any ebullition of genuine wit will, of course, be gratefully received.

All contributions, with the exception of locals, must be passed in by the Wednesday preceding the day of publication. There
will be found in this issue a graceful little story, with a trite but true moral. It will be our intention to publish something of the kind frequently, and, if possible, vary that monotony which is apt to be the distinguishing characteristic of college papers.

We protest against the unjust tabulations and summaries of our defeat at Waterville, May 8th, given out to Boston and Portland papers. We were fairly beaten, and the circulation of the same in the widest possible manner was perfectly natural and legitimate; but the torsion to which the summary, etc., was submitted amounts, on the part of the reporter, either to the preclusion of sanity or the assumption of deliberate falsehood. We will not call it a violation of intercollegiate courtesy, for after the uniform cordiality and apparent good feeling with which our large delegation was received at Colby, we feel positive that the scores either emanated from some resident reporter or from some overzealous partisan who is no fair representative of the college as a whole.

The delay in the appearance of the '90 Bugle is particularly annoying in that it places its criticism in the hands of those least qualified to render unbiased judgment.

The function of the college annual is not, as runs the usual definition, to merely record those events and associations which may not be found in the catalogue. It is to hold the mirror up to college life, to bluntly and forcibly express the opinion of the student-body upon anything which imperatively demands reform, to slug relentlessly those who, from the feeling of the class by whom it is issued or the general consensus of college opinion, seem to deserve it, and to furnish harmless diversion for present students and recent alumni. Such are the characteristics which may be termed essential; and if to these are added the accidents of attractive exterior and raey typographical oddities, the merit of the publication is by so much enhanced. It is not to propagate any great moral reform or establish any deep philosophical principle. It is not a sabbath-school publication; it should take college as it finds it, for good or for bad, and adapt itself to it.

In college men there are blended some strangely inconsistent elements: the good and bad are shaded with a happy touch that defies portrayal. In a colony by themselves, apart from the refining influences of the more delicate half, they unveil themselves with a robust recklessness which is the natural outcome of their age and position. In the breathing-spells of study there is a sort of happy-go-lucky overflow of animal spirit, when they hit out to right and left, regardless of method or results. In its reflection of college life the annual would be strangely unfaithful, were this phase omitted; but if we attempt to reconcile its seeming inconsistencies with the eye of an outsider, we encounter the same difficulty which we found in the life it represents.

Whether or not the image given by the '90 Bugle is distorted or true, and whether or not it fulfills those other characteristics which we gave as essential, it becomes us not to say. The college can judge as it will. It is evident that no effort was made to cater to the prudish tastes of those members of the fair sex, who have no more sympathy with the vigorous flush of college life than Bunker Hill Monument for the rich verdure of a Virginia garden. It was published for college boys, not for them; and whether or not it meeteth their exalted conception of the truly good is immaterial.

The only cut to which we could offer any objections is one for which the editors are not responsible. The retoucher and engraver, by putting a strained interpretation on the injunction, "put some spice into it,"
...added those features in which a certain class of minds might see points for criticism. It had been engraved and proof returned when retraction was out of the question.

The typographical work, which is second to that of no publication we have seen, is from the press of Winship, Daniels & Co., Boston. By their uniform courtesy and strict integrity they have won the confidence and esteem of the board.

\[\text{At the time when the officers of our Athletic Association were elected, mention was made of a Maine intercollegiate Field-Day. In comparing our own with the records of other New England colleges, we find ourselves not taking the place that becomes the college of Sargent, and we have no doubt but the other colleges of the State might make a similar comparison with similar results.}\]

In a recent conversation with an Amherst student mention was made of the Worcester contests with their eager training and intense enthusiasm; and the assemblage of the students of the institutions there represented was spoken of as one of the most enjoyable events of the year.

The Maine colleges are in an eddy by themselves, and participation in the above-mentioned contests is impracticable. Were this not the case we have no reason to suppose that the boys of our State would not take the prominent position that its sons have always taken in whatever they have entered into. But however much removed from the great current of the college world, the situation of the Maine colleges and the railway connections are admirably adapted to the establishment of such an organization within our own confines.

In the first place, while arousing a healthy and more intense competition (and “competition is the life of trade”), it would at the same time bring the colleges into a more intimate relation, and serve in a large degree to raze the present unnatural barriers. Tribal factions are a relic of another civilization, and between colleges, the heirs of all high thought, and the very essence and fact of our present age of culture they are singularly out of place. The ill-feeling that now exists is diametrically opposed to the aims of college founders and the trend of higher education.

Again, it would react upon the institutions represented for their mutual advantage, and in this way: Many live young men of superior intellectual and athletic ability object to entering our Maine colleges, because they lack the snap and vigor of more closely related institutions. There is a fascination about entering those colleges which throb with the healthy pulse of athletic competition. The eager and by no means detrimental excitement of the Worcester contests, and those kindred to it, strikes a responsive chord in the breast of every vigorous young man.

The students should co-operate with the faculties in keeping the keen, alert boys, who are fitting in our Maine high schools and academies, in our own institutions. We should not look at it in the narrow light of local prejudice, but from the broader standpoint of intercollegiate co-operation. In no way could pleasure and profit be more happily combined than by such a move. We make no claim that it would do all that is proposed above, but it would be a potent force in the desired resultant. Whether or not it is too late to do anything this year we cannot say, but push and immediate action will do a good deal in a little while. We invite the opinions of Bowdoin students and of other college organs regarding the scheme.

It seems quite as necessary that the campus and college buildings present an attractive exterior upon Ivy Day as upon
Commencement Week. The character of the exercises upon the former occasion is such that they attract just that class of visitors upon whom it is desirable that the college make a good impression. It is the time which sub-freshmen usually take to look us over and decide whether they will cast their lot with us. The Commencement guests are largely alumni, whose fidelity to their Alma Mater is founded upon something more lasting than a clipped lawn or a gravel walk. It has usually been the custom to defer renovation until shortly before the close of the year. We hope that those in charge will consider this matter and, if they think favorably of it, take the proper action.

The expectation of occupying the Commencement stage will perhaps strike its fortunate possessors in a new light, if, as no doubt it will, the thought occurs to them that its trepidation and difficulties are only those which have been shared by many another, now eminent in every walk of life, and by those "other eminent," whose fruitful courses have borne them, loaded with honors, to the graduation final.

Our Bowdoin scribe evidently caught something of this spirit when the happy thought struck him of writing up the article which appeared in the Lewiston Saturday Journal of May 11th. Seldom do we encounter anything more interesting or timely.

From it we learn that Longfellow was compelled to write two articles before he could satisfy the fastidious taste of himself and his father; that the historian, J. S. C. Abbott, devoted himself to discussing the comparative merits of Byron, Scott, and Irving, which our scribe of sixty-four years later joins us in calling a "rather strange medley"; that President Franklin Pierce held forth on "The Influence of Circumstances on the Intellectual Character"; that Egbert C. Smyth, the most eminent of American theologians, wrote upon "The Old Age of Milton"; Chief Justice Fuller upon the usual theme of Salutatorians, and Hon. Thomas B. Reed upon "The Fear of Death"; while we, whose aspirations for a Commencement Part are vain, can solace our grieved spirits with the reflection that "the great Hawthorne" was similarly debarred.

Though not conspicuous in the above list, in most instances we find the same ponderous titles as at the present day, and we have no doubt but they possessed the same lack of perspicuity in perspective that has been the fault of most the graduation essays we have ever listened to.

HOW TO WRITE AN ORIENT ARTICLE.

For the benefit of those who are ambitious to get on the Orient board, but experience difficulty in so doing, as well as for our own encouragement and self-guidance in the literary way, we "typography" the following ideas:

The first obstacle to successful amateur authorship among undergraduate students, which, by the way, is only a supposed one, but is, nevertheless, allowed to hold many a young man helpless, is the plea, "I don't have time." Probably no expression is oftener used for quieting consciences pricking over lost opportunities than this. With a man who has nothing but his regular studies to attend to it is misapplied and meaningless. If he really wants to write in order to become an Orient man, or for any other purpose, we earnestly advise him to take time. He will find that if he sits down in a business-like way and completes an article or does what he can on it and then takes it up again he will have exactly as much time for committing his morrow's lesson, nor will his prospects for that philosophical oration at the end of his course be at all injured.
This may seem paradoxical, but it is true, for he will throw aside his dreamy moments, of which every one has more or less, and make the last hour before recitations count for more than double the study of any other time, just as the last two minutes and a half before chapel exercises count for more boiled eggs and running than any other period. But the one who, having been shown this, dares not try his pen or time, is the case to be despaired of. If he would really like to be on the editorial board of his college’s publication, or acknowledges any other ambition, but has not the original force or mental momentum to twist out of the plain and steady ruts of life marked out for him by those who know nothing of his predilections (in this case the college Faculty), he may well be relegated to that large and inevitable class whose principal characteristic is, “I can’t get round to it,” and whose chief source of gratitude should be for the peace that obscurity affords.

With the few who pass this chimerical, but in most cases fatal difficulty, the question arises, What and how shall I write?

In general, you will produce a more effective article by writing on a subject upon which you have your own ideas—ideas that have been derived from your own observations and practical experience in life, not those from between the covers of some ancient sage’s work found mouldering within the library alcoves and imperfectly resuscitated by you. Your own ideas will naturally be clothed in your own language and here, perhaps, is where the key to a successful article lies, for their freshness and vigor will stand forth with surprising clearness when compared with the feebleness of those that have been partially borrowed in substance and in garb. Original thought, be it ever so opinionated and wrong, coupled with free, genuine expression, almost always carries with it an irresistible charm, for it brightly reflects the personality of the author—a thing that is forever interesting.

If a sentence or idea comes to you in a form different from that in which some one else would put it, don’t, on that account, discard it. This will probably be its single merit and salvation. Shortness, sharpness, terseness, brightness, peculiar turns and odd ideas—these are the very life and soul of your literary art. The commoner parts serve merely as connective tissue and contain not the essential principle of true, living composition.

To begin an article a single good, clear-cut idea that is your own, upon any subject, no matter how common, is sufficient. By the time you have gotten this into form you will be surprised to find how many minor ones, apparently allured by the prospect of good company, will have grouped themselves about it awaiting your disposal. They can be jotted down in any order. You then have the substance; it only remains for you to arrange and prune it.

WHY DUST THOU SO?

Returned to college sad and blue,  
I sat upon my stoe;  
My feet were on the mantel-piece,  
I chewed a pungent clove.

This dark reflection came to me,  
As round I cast my eye,  
"O Dust, thou art a fearful curse!  
Why art thou here? Oh, why?"

Submissively I bowed my head,  
Like contemplative bird;  
The question quick resolved itself,  
There came to me this word:

"O youth of aspiration high,  
Who dwellest in this room,  
A good housekeeper needest thou,  
One that will wield the broom."

"Ill fitting 'tis for thee to dwell  
In celibacy dry,  
Life's common comforts you thus miss.  
Why dost thou so? Oh, why?"
THE TEAR VS. THE CHISEL.

It was one of those chilly autumn nights, when whirling leaves and rattling shutters warn us of approaching winter, that a young girl sought a night's shelter in some secluded nook along one of the avenues of a certain wealthy and populous city. Her clothing was ill-adapted to protect her slight form from the frequent gusts of wind which swept about her, and the harp which she bore would sorely tax a stouter frame than hers. One looking upon the singular beauty and pure expression of her countenance would be forced to admit that her present humble condition was due to a fortune extremely adverse and not to sins of her own committal.

On this day the simple melodies which she sang had failed to attract the passer-by, as he hurried to the warmth and light of his fireside, and to purchase a night's lodging was for her impossible. She had been unsuccessful in finding a place to rest her weary and aching limbs, each endeavor being greeted by "Move on" from a burly policeman, until, approaching the suburbs, she sank exhausted upon a discarded block of marble, half buried in the gutter. In despair she cried aloud:

"O cold marble, thou art not colder than the hearts of men! What have I to live for, or why should I try to be good? The wicked are happier and succeed better than I, and why not be one of them? I will no longer shun evil associates, but will seek comfort and happiness wherever it be."

Thus was the poor girl sorely tempted, when tired nature asserted itself and she fell asleep. She dreamed that she was about to choose between two roads. Duty pointed out the one, while a strange fascination allure her toward the other. When entering the latter she looked up and saw a beautiful face filled with sympathy, and tears of sorrow were in the eyes. Then, retracing her steps, she followed the dictates of conscience and was happy.

The sun was shining brightly next morning when two men paused before the objects just described; a sculptor, richly attired and with a face which, while handsome, betrayed a cold and selfish disposition, and a laboring man with soft blue eyes, indicating a loving heart beneath his workman's suit. The proportions of the marble block had attracted the attention of the one, while that face pinched with cold and hunger brought tears to the eyes of the other.

Just then the young girl awoke, and her eyes fell upon the sculptor regarding her with curling lip and scornful eye. She shrank from his gaze, but her heart grew harder and the resolve of the previous night crept closer into her soul. Then she mechanically glanced toward the other, and was it to be wondered at that the friendless girl thought her dream proved true? Here was some one weeping for her, an outcast! Not since her dear mother left her had any real sympathy been shown toward her, and bursting into tears she swooned before them. The laborer had her carried to his humble home, while the sculptor measured the marble and ordered it conveyed to his studio.

A grand building, situated in the most beautiful portion of the city, has just been completed, and is being dedicated to the service of the public. A vast assembly of people is gathered within its walls. One name is on every tongue, that of the architect whose work is being commemorated. He is also a sculptor, and has presented a beautiful statue which has been unveiled, receiving the admiration of all. Both press and people heap honors upon this gifted man. But there is, far back in a corner of the room, another individual who has met the sculptor before. What of him? There appears before the audience a beautiful woman, and everything else is forgotten in listening to this queen of song. Many a heart is stirred and tears fall,
for she sings from the depths of her soul. And this is the work of the other man, the common laborer. His tears of pity touched a string of her heart hitherto unused, and by a remarkable energy she has fought her way upward. She herself and the statue by her side were crude material in the gutter one night long ago. An angel was brought out of the stone by the chisel, while the better nature of a woman was aroused by a tear. Which was the nobler work?

OUR FOOTING.

A man entering college may be well compared to a stream, which, coming from whatever source it will, flows into the ocean and there finds its level. We can see that it is so with the college man; for, no matter how he has been borne along thus far, from the time that the college doors open to receive him, he must rest on his own merits and on them alone. If he has talent and ability in any direction, in no place will he find men more ready to recognize and appreciate it. If he has noble traits of character, they are sure to be shown amid the many and peculiar temptations of college life, before many weeks have passed.

It is quite generally believed by outsiders that money makes the man, in college. This, perhaps, may be true to a certain extent in a large university, but as regards the average college it is a most mistaken idea. To be sure, a man may, in any place by a lavish expenditure of money, attract to himself flatterers, who will care only for what they can get out of him, and will despise him for his pains, but in order to gain the respect and regard of his fellows he must prove himself worthy of it, in some way.

If a man is talented, open-hearted, upright, he will be sure to be respected, if he has never so scanty an income. On the other hand mere poverty will avail one no more than mere wealth; for centuries it has remained an axiom, that to have friends one must give proof that he is worthy of them, must be able to inspire confidence and give something in return for what he receives. Few men can successfully dissimulate. We are almost invariably given credit for what we deserve, not more, not less.

THE ALPHA DELTA PHI CONVENTION.

The fifty-seventh annual convention of the Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity was held with the Yale Chapter in New Haven, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 7th and 8th. Monday evening the chapter hall was filled with delegates to the convention and Yale men, who initiated into the Fraternity nine men from Johns Hopkins University, who were the charter members of the new chapter just established there.

Tuesday morning was occupied by the business session of the convention, which met in the Masonic Temple on Chapel Street. Some forty-five delegates from eighteen colleges were in attendance. Tuesday afternoon the convention photograph was taken on the steps of the Sloane Laboratory, and then a reception was tendered to the visiting Alpha Delta by the Yale boys in their hall. Opportunity was also given for inspecting dormitories and other college buildings and for watching the Yale nine practice. In the evening the public exercises took place in the Hyperion Theater, before an audience which filled the house. Rev. E. E. Hale, Prof. G. T. Ladd of Yale, President Gates of Rutgers, Rev. Dr. L. W. Bacon, and Hon. W. W. Crapo took part, and the exercises were among the most interesting of the convention. Cappa's Seventh Regiment Orchestra furnished fine music here and on Tuesday afternoon and evening.

On the following morning the business of the convention was completed, and in the
afternoon a trip down the bay was taken at the invitation of the Yale Chapter, which was greatly enjoyed by all. On the return, the visitors saw the famous Yale crew row against time.

In the evening came the banquet, which was a great success in every sense of the word, and greatly enjoyed by all the one hundred and fifty who partook of it. Rev. E. E. Hale, President of the Fraternity, presided, and the toasts were responded to by such men as Judge Patterson, Hon. Joseph H. Choate, President Dwight of Yale, Professor Peck, and Hon. S. W. Kellogg. Great regret was expressed at the enforced absence of Rev. Phillips Brooks, who was to have responded to a toast.

The boys separated at a late hour, all speaking in high terms of the splendid management of the Yale boys and the complete success of the convention. The Fraternity meets next year at Rochester, N. Y., with the Rochester Chapter.

BASE-BALL.

Colby, 15; Bowdoin, 10.

The Colbys took revenge for the drubbing our boys gave them, by returning the compliment on the Waterville grounds. One hundred and fifty from Bowdoin attended. In the first inning, by some judicious hits on the part of Colby and some bad errors on the part of Bowdoin, the former succeeded in obtaining a good lead.

Thompson pitched a winning game, scattering the hits effectively. Errors by Freeman and Packard were responsible for the defeat. The fielding of Roberts, the catch of Fogg, and the batting of Parsons were the features. A continuous fusilade of “Bow-d-o-i-n” and “Co-l-b-y” was kept up between the two colleges. The following is the score:

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<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foster, c.,</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kalish, r.f.,</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, 2b.,</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mcquire, s.s.,</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Merrill, l.t.,</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Totals, | 44   | 15   | 11   | 15   | 27   | 12  |

Earned runs—Bowdoin, 2; Colby, 2. Base on balls—Packard and Hilton, Parsons and Roberts. Hit by pitched ball—Merrill. Two-base hits—Fish (2), Parsons and Merrill. Three-base hits—Foster. Passed balls—Fish, 1; Foster, 5; Stolen bases—Bowdoin, 7; Colby, 11. Umpire—Ezra Nevins of Lewiston.

Bowdoin, 21; Bates, 5.

The first Bowdoin-Bates game was one-sided and uninteresting. The former picked up the ball in the first inning and simply ran away with it. In the sixth inning Wilson, who has been suffering this season with a lame arm, was batted out of the box. The Bowdoinians fielded cleanly and batted hard. Hilton pitched well, Newman made one of his characteristic left-field catches, Freeman performed the almost phenomenal feat of running from second to first to back up the latter, thereby cat聆ing an otherwise costly wild throw from third. Fish batted out four clean hits with a total of six, and for Bates, Graves spoiled, by bad throws, some truly professional pick-ups. The score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>BOWDOIN</th>
<th>A.B.</th>
<th>R.</th>
<th>B.</th>
<th>T.B.</th>
<th>P.O.</th>
<th>A.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Packard, 3b.,</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Freeman, 2b.,</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fogg, c.f.,</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thompson, p.,</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fish, c.,</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jordan, s.s.,</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newman, l.t.,</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hilton, r.f.,</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Downes, 1b.,</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Totals, | 48   | 21   | 16   | 20   | 26   | 19  |
### BOWDOIN ORIENT.

#### RATES.

| Gravet, 3b. | A.B. | 4 | B. | 0 | T.B. | 2 | P.O. | 0 | A. | 1 |
| Wilson, p., 2b. | 5 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 2 | 4 | 0 | 3 |
| Putnam, l.f. | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 4 | 0 | 1 |
| Daggett, 2b., p. | 4 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 6 | 1 |
| Call, c.f., | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 0 |
| Gilmore, 1b. | 4 | 2 | 5 | 0 | 0 | 8 | 0 | 0 |
| Little, c.f., | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 2 |
| Knox, c.f., | 2 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Garcecon, s.s., | 2 | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 8 | 1 |
| Emery, r.t., | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |

**Total** | 36 | 5 | 7 | 8 | 26 | 1 | 10 | 10 |

**SCORE BY INNINGS.**

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Bowdoin, | 4 | 5 | 0 | 1 | 8 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1
Bates, | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 5


**Presumpscots, 8; Bowdoin, 6.**

By far the most interesting and skillful game of the season was played against the Presumpscots on the delta last Wednesday. The Bowdoins tried Gately, and the success which he had in scattering hits against the strongest batting club in the State, warrants his donning the Bowdoin white in the future and being placed upon the bench for an emergency. The first three innings was a model game, and they ended with the score 1 to 0 in favor of Bowdoin. In the fourth the Presumpscots secured a lead of two runs, while in the fifth and sixth Bowdoin again forged ahead bringing the score up to six-three in their own favor. In the eighth and ninth, however, Webb began to send the balls singing over the plate, and a few hits, assisted by one or two costly errors, gave the Pre- sumpscots the game.

Newman played great ball, capturing some hard flies and throwing two men out at home plate. Freeman and Morton led the batting. It would be well for some of our cultured (?) college teams to emulate the exceedingly gentlemanly demeanor of the Presumpscots, and the manner in which their captain addresses his men. The following is the score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PRESUMPSCOTS.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>A.B.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morton, 1b.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Webb, p.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Batchelder, 2b.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Files, l.f.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Campbell, s.s.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clark, r.f.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, c.f.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilson, 3b.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harmon, c.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Totals** | 41 | 8 | 13 | 17 | +26 | 18 | 6 |

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>BOWDOINS.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>A.B.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Packard, 3b.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Freeman, 2b.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fogg, c.f.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thompson, r.f.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fish, c.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jordan, s.s.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newman, l.f.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Downes, 1b.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gately, p.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Totals** | 43 | 6 | 11 | 14 | +26 | 20 | 6 |

*Thompson hit by batted ball.† Winning run made with two out.

**SCORE BY INNINGS.**

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Presumpscots, | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 8
Bowdoin, | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 4 | 0 | 0 | 6


**Bowdoin, 8; Colby, 4.**

The last of the three games in the Bowdoin-Colby series was won by the former, at Lewiston, May 18th. Our boys easily out-played their opponents at every point, and in the series have conclusively demonstrated themselves the stronger team. The features of the game were the battery work of Fish and Hilton, the playing of Freeman at second, and the base running of Packard. The score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>BOWDOIN.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>A.B.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Packard, 3b.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Freeman, 2b.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fogg, c.f.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thompson, r.f.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fish, c.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jordan, s.s.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newman, r.f.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hilton, p.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Downes, 1b.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Totals** | 38 | 8 | 9 | 12 | 27 | 16 | 5 |
BOWDOIN ORIENT.

 Colomb.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>A.B.</th>
<th>R.</th>
<th>E.</th>
<th>B. H.</th>
<th>T. B.</th>
<th>P. O.</th>
<th>A.</th>
<th>E.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Parsons, p.,</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wagg, lb.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foster, c.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roberts, c.f.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kalloch, r.f.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gilmore, 2b.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bonney, lb.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Merrill, lf.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, s.s.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Totals: 33 4 5 7 24 19 9
Earned runs—Bowdoin, 3; Colby, 1. Umpire—Nevins of Lewiston.

Bowdoin now leads the list with every prospect of winning the championship. There is the best of harmony among the players and in the college, and every member of the team is in good condition.

STANDING.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Played</th>
<th>Won.</th>
<th>Lost.</th>
<th>Per cent.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bowdoin,</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>.600</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colby,</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>.500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bates,</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>.500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. S. C.,</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>.333</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

We will grant that life is sweet, yet,
Why does this gross flesh enfold us,
Why should matter grow at all, and
Why are we not maple trees?

Chapman, '91, represented his chapter at the A. A. E. convention held at New Haven, May 7th and 8th.

The chapel choir recently dwindled down to two men, Messrs. Gilpatrick and Simpson. The duet was much enjoyed by the boys who were fortunate enough to be present.

Brunswick celebrates her sesqui-centennial June 13th. Prof. Chapman will deliver the poem of the occasion.

Pejepscot is a favorite name in Brunswick. There is a Pejepscot Historical Society, Pejepscot Lodge, I. 0. O. F., Pejepscot Canoe Club, Pejepscot Bicycle Club, Pejepscot Water Company, Pejepscot Hook and Ladder Company, the Pejepscot steamer, and the Pejepscot Bank.

The Juniors have at last settled the knotty question of class election. The officers are: President, W. R. Smith; Vice-President, W. W. Hubbard; Secretary and Treasurer, E. L. Bartlett; Orator, G. F. Freeman; Poet, F. J. Allen; Marshal, E. A. F. McCullough; Curator, G. W. Blanchard; Odist, F. E. Simpson.

The Juniors have voted to wear the cap and gown, Ivy Day.

A. P. McDonald, '91, and Webb, '90, were delegates to the national Y. M. C. A. convention at Philadelphia, the 11th.

The Sophomores have drawn up and had printed a constitution and set of by-laws by which the class is to be governed in its meetings and elections. This is a move in the right direction, and one which should be followed by succeeding classes. A little document of this kind, signed by representatives of the class, may often be the means of settling a disputed point, and perhaps of preventing that which is to be most dreaded in class elections, a deadlock.

Flies, '89, attended the Psi Upsilon Convention at Rochester, N. Y., May 15th and 16th.

Allen, Brooks, Chandler, Freeman, Hunt, Ridley, Royal, Tolman, Turner, and Wingate are the lucky men for the Junior Prize Speaking.

The Lewiston Journal of May 11th published quite a lengthy article from the pen of Emory, '89, on "Commencement Parts of Famous Bowdoin Graduates." The article is written in a highly entertaining style, and contains much information.

BIOLOGICAL.

We have learned that protoplasm
Is the chief thing of our make-up;
That without its quickening presence
Soon would cease all care and strife.

But there's one thing, kind Professor,
That you never seem to take up,
And we wish would ask the question,
Pray, Professor, what is life?

You have said that living matter
Long ago, when first created,
All contained the self-same substance,
And 'twas now the same as then,
Only by some freak of nature
It had differentiated,
Some had grown to maple trees, and
Some had reached its growth in men.

Yet there's something yet unsettled,
One thing yet you have not told us,
And we crave to ask a question,
You may answer at your ease.
of value to the weary "Senior, undecided about his graduating theme."

Aspirants for Field-Day fame may be seen practicing daily in favorable spots on and about the campus. Here and there various long-legged men practice the different jumps, while ever and anon there appears through the trees the manly form of some long-winded athlete indulging in his regular mile run around the college grounds. Nor are the sprinters idle or the heavy men or the boat crews, but all are steadily training for the coming spring contests. If hard work and the number of men entered are any indication, we may safely prophesy that our athletes will demoralize several Bowdoin records on the approaching Field Day.

What has become of the spring tennis tournament? As yet nothing of this kind has materialized and something ought to be done. Several of the Fraternities are playing off among themselves, but no general college movement has taken place. Why not have each Fraternity by a series of games pick out its best single and double teams and let the men thus chosen play it out? In this way the present doubtful question in regard to the college championship would be fairly settled without all the confusion and red tape of a general tournament.

Moody, '90, has returned from teaching.

How about that new grand stand?

About 150 of the students went to Waterville the eighth, to take in the second game in the Bowdoin-Colby series. Wingate's plug hat was the Hoodoo, and Bowdoin failed to get there. Pull off that hat, Bill, and give us a show for the pennant.

The article in our last issue on "The Quick or the Dead," received quite a neat notice from the Lewiston Journal.

The Senior class supper will occur at the Ton-tine on the evening of June 5th, after the final exams. Mr. F. L. Staples will be toast-master.

Jordan worked in his usual two-bagger in the Bates-Bowdoin game.

In the same game Vic succeeded in putting the sphere over both fences, and on to the A. D. tennis court. Unfortunately the ball was foul, but it was a great bid for a home run nevertheless.

A well-known special and an equally well-known town boy gave a pleasing athletic exhibition at Augusta, on the return from Waterville.

Bowdoin has nothing to complain of in regard to her treatment at Waterville. The Colbys acted like white men, and the boys came home well satisfied with everything but the result of the game.

Richards and Rice are a good brace of men to have on hand at a ball game. Rice takes care that there shall be no superfluous chiming in the grand stand, and it is noticeable that Doc. generally succeeds in persuading the coaches to address their discourses to the other players rather than to himself.

The two-umpire scheme was worked for the first time on the Bowdoin delta in the Presumpscot game.

In the second inning of the Bates-Bowdoin game Freeman and Downes took charge of everything outside of the battery work. Three grounders were knocked in succession to Freeman, who gathered them in, giving Downes three put-outs at first.

What's the matter with the way Hilton and Fish watch bases?

President Hyde tendered the Seniors a reception at his residence on Federal Street, May 14. Among those present were Prof. Chapman, Lec, Robinson, and Pease, with their ladies, and the Crescent and Mummy clubs representing the leading young ladies of Brunswick. After refreshments, college songs were sung; Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Pease, and Prof. Chapman rendering several solos. The company broke up at a late hour, having passed a most enjoyable evening.

Through the courtesy of manager Crawford the Presumpscot and Bowdoin ball-tossers attended the performance of "A French Marriage," presented by Maud Banks, at Town Hall, May 13th.

Wilson, the Bates pitcher, occasionally puts on the same razzle-dazzle motion that Kelly, of the Portlandis, works. It's a very pretty motion, but it can't catch Bowdoin just the same.

How about that Hormung throw from left field to home plate? Newman? Yes, he's the man that did it, and still they say that Bowdoin hasn't any fielders.

Quite a crowd went to Lewiston, Saturday, to witness the deciding game in the Bowdoin-Colby series.

Sear's Special and the Pettitt seem to be the favorite tennis rackets this year.

If M. S. C. had won her game with Bates she would have stood at the head of the league; as it
is she foots the list. One game sometimes makes quite a difference.

The Seniors observed Arbor Day by setting out what promises to be a fine elm in the space between Memorial and Massachusetts Halls. Speeches were made by the president of the class, Mr. G. L. Rogers, and by several of the other members. After being photographed by Weeks, the assembly adjourned with an appropriate verse of "Phi Chi."

Downes is not much on batting, but, as he says, "What is the need of a base hit when a man can get his first every time on balls, and score on errors?"

Invitations for Class Day can be obtained from Clark about June 1st.

It has been decided to have the Commencement dance on the green, if the weather permits. If unpleasant it will be held in Memorial Hall.

William Condon, LL.D., Lord High Functionary of the Mucker Department, is getting in some very judicious work on the walks.

At last the Bowdoin-Colby series is finished and Bowdoin is the winner. For the first time since 1885 our nine has defeated the university team in two out of three games, and at present every-thing seems to indicate that this year the pennant will honor old Bowdoin.

The boys who staid over in Lewiston, Saturday night, to take in the great Fantasma, report that those who came home on the early train missed it. The Fairy Queen and the other fairies were worth seeing, so Foss says.

Saturday, the Colbys had an opportunity to bat Hilton out of the box, as a Colby correspondent of the Globe a few days ago predicted they would. The heavy hitters, however, did not put in an appearance, even Parsons, the star batter, failing to touch the ball safely. Five hits, with a total of seven, was the best they could do, and they ought to be thankful that West allowed them as many as that.

Princeton College is to have a journal managed and edited by the Faculty. President Patton will be editor-in-chief, and departments in the different branches of learning will be conducted by the various professors. They will call it the Princeton College Bulletin. What fun that president will have chasing professors for matter.
Supervisor of Schools, and was Postmaster just before the Cleveland administration. Judge Chase leaves a widow, one daughter, and three sons.

61.—President M. C. Fernald, of Maine State College, is director for the State of Maine of the National Education Association, which meets at Nashville, Tenn., in July.

62.—John S. Derby, Esq., is editor of the Daily and Weekly Standard, Biddeford, Maine.

71.—Rev. Everett S. Stackpole has just founded a school in connection with his missionary work in Rome, Italy. Mr. Stackpole is to take charge of the theological department.

78.—D. H. Fitch, Esq., has taken his abode in Cheney, Washington Territory.

80.—Dr. W. R. Collins is located at Spokane Falls, Washington Territory.

80.—Rev. Thomas F. Jones, the newly appointed pastor of the Methodist church in Augusta, is the son of Rev. W. S. Jones, Presiding Elder of the Portland District, and is some 35 years of age. He received an education at the Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Bowdoin College, and after studying for the ministry was admitted to the Maine Conference in 1881. He has held successful pastorates at Bowdoinham in 1881-2, at Gorham in 1883-4, Berwick, 1885-6, and Winthrop, 1887-8.

80.—The many friends of Mr. H. B. Wilson will be glad to hear that he has entirely recovered from his recent serious illness, and is now in business in Utsaladdy, Washington Territory.

81.—Rev. C. E. Harding, rector of the Church of the Holy Evangelists, in Canton, a part of Baltimore, has begun the creation of a mission house fund for the benefit of the working men in that growing portion of the city.

81.—John W. Wilson is cashier of the First National Bank, Redlands, California.

82.—Hon. D. J. McGillvraedy, of Lewiston, has been invited by Gen. Stevenson to deliver the Memorial Day address at the National Soldiers’ Home at Togus.

IN GENERAL.

Military Bowdoin Men.—We cut the following from one of our exchange papers: "No less than four of the Governor’s Staff claim Bowdoin as their Alma Mater. They are Col. E. J. Cram, ’73, Col. Geo. L. Thompson, ’77, Col. D. A. Robinson, ’73, and Col. Stanley Plummer, ’67. It is certainly a fact that Bowdoin has sons in all the higher walks of life, and in this respect, size considered, stands easily foremost among the colleges of the country."

IN MEMORIAM.

Psi Upsilon Fraternity, Kappa Chapter, 
Bowdoin College, May 10, 1883.

Whereas, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from our midst a beloved brother:

Resolved, That by the death of Brother Thomas Tash, of the class of ’42, and a founder of this Chapter, the Fraternity has lost an upright and honorable member;

That we tender to the relatives and friends of the deceased our heart-felt sympathy;

That copies of these resolutions be sent to the family of our departed brother, to the several chapters of our Fraternity, and to the press for publication.

C. H. Fogg, ’80,
P. W. Brooks, ’90,
R. W. Mann, ’92,

For the Chapter.

TAKEN.

He took her fancy when he came!  
He took her hand, he took a kiss;  
He took no notice of the shame  
That glowed her happy cheek at this.  
He took to coming afternoons,  
He took an oath he’d ne’er deceive;  
He took her father’s silver spoons,  
And after that he took his leave.—Ez.

Cornell’s new library will cost $250,000.

A German University has conferred the title of Doctor of Divinity on Prince Bismarck.

Michigan University has now more students than any other American institution of learning.

Over one hundred and sixty women matriculated at a Philadelphia woman’s medical college last year. They represented nearly every nation
on the earth, some being from China, and others from Australia, while there were two or more from every State in the Union.—Ex.

Of the 315 students that entered Harvard last year, only 26 were familiar with the Greek language.

There are three hundred students studying at German universities with the special purpose of adopting Christian mission work among the Jews.

The Argentine Republic has two government universities which rank with Yale and Harvard in curriculum and standard of education.

Senator Stanford hopes to open next year the great university founded in memory of his son.

Ex-President White of Cornell, who is at present traveling in Egypt, recently sent a valuable collection of antiquities to Cornell.

Yale will row Harvard, June 25th, and the University of Pennsylvania, June 21st. The Freshman crews from the latter colleges will meet June 25th.

Columbia has decided to put no nine in the field this year.

A university in honor of the late President Garfield is to be established in Wichita, Kansas, and Mrs. Garfield has given $10,000 towards the enterprise.— The Acadia Athenaeum.

DOUBT.

If the lesson is hard and you knew you're up next,
And think you know nothing about it,
Will you not look ahead a few lines in the text?
Well maybe you won't—but I doubt it.

If some day a difficult word is found, and
There's a mystery hanging about it,
If it's cribbed in your book, won't you hold up your hand?
Well, maybe you won't—but I doubt it.

If by measures like these a high mark you should take
And your grade would be lowered without it,
Will you tell the professor it's all a mistake?
Well, maybe you will—but I doubt it.—Bromoven.

In Michigan University a larger proportion of women than of men are taking the full classical course.—Ex.

The present Yale Freshman crew is the heaviest Freshman crew Yale ever had. The average weight is 167 pounds.

Presidents Eliot, Dwight and Patton were pallbearers at the funeral services of President Barnard last Thursday.

Ex-Gov. Pillsbury recently gave $150,000 for the maintenance of the Minnesota University.

Fisk University at Nashville, Tenn., has just completed a new gymnasium, the only one for colored people in the world.—Ex.

A Japanese student at Lafayette has been elected president of the Sophomore class.

The students at Lehigh have decided to wear the cap and gown regularly on Sundays.—Ex.

The Yale Freshmen, while rowing the '86 boat on the harbor, May 4th, were swamped by a swell, and the shell broken in two.

Professor C. H. F. Peters, of Hamilton College, and Charles A. Borst, of Johns Hopkins, are in litigation over the ownership of a catalogue of 35,000 stars. This is the largest that has ever been made.

A number of professors from German, French, and English universities have agreed to occupy chairs at the new Washington University.

Quiney A. Shaw, Jr., the Harvard tennis player, expects to make a trip to the English championship meetings to be held in June.

One hundred years ago Harvard had 153 students, Dartmouth 131, and Yale 115, while each of the other half dozen colleges in the country had less than a hundred.

Yale's new library will be ready for the reception of books some time during the present summer. The reading-room will contain seats for ninety students, and wall space for 4,000 volumes of books of reference. In its western wall will be placed a memorial window, said to be the finest work of its kind in the country.

A BAD BREAK.

We were seated in the hammock;
It was some time after dark;
And the silence grew longer
After each subdued remark.

With her head upon my shoulder,
And my arms about her close,
Soon I whispered, growing bolder,
"Do you love me, darling Rose?"

Were her accents low, to equal
All my heart had dared to hope?
Ah! I never knew the sequel,
For her brother cut the rope.—Tech.

A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which the sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper runs while the sleeper sleeps. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper, the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper until the sleeper which carries
the sleeper jumps the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by striking the sleeper under the sleeper on the sleeper, and there is no longer any sleeper sleeping in the sleeper on the sleeper.—Boston Journal of Commerce.

The Billings Library, built for the University of Vermont by the Hon. Frederick Billings, and already considered one of the six finest college library buildings in the country, is to receive an additional wing by the benevolence of the same patron of the institution.

The Cornell students are making an effort to establish a co-operative store.

Eight million dollars is said to have been collected for the new Catholic University at Washington.—Ex.

The largest college in the world is that at Cairo, Egypt, with 300 professors and 10,000 Mahometan students.

The number of books in the Libraries of the principal colleges throughout the country foots up to something like 2,500,000. Harvard leads with a Library of 340,000 volumes.—Ex.

I thought that I had won her heart,
That she was mine alone;
No more would rivals rouse my fears;
Henceforth her love I'd own.

For she had asked in tender tones,
In which true love-sighs were,
If I my latest photograph
Would kindly give to her.

Deceitful wretch! She gave it to
The maid who cleans the halls,
But first she wrote upon the back:
"I'm out when this one calls."—Yale Record.

The late president of Columbia College received a larger salary than any other college president in the country.

$100,000 is being raised to endow a chair of protection at Yale, through which the free-trade teachings of Professor William G. Sumner are to be combated.

Harvard's Library was increased by 16,000 last year.

The largest library in the world contains two million volumes. It is the Imperial Library at Paris.

University of Virginia: Students are allowed to bring their dogs into the class-room but the professors draw the line on horses.—Ex.

A college is a see-saw; at one end, the faculty, at the other, the students; should one desert the other, action is abortive.—Ex.

The Dartmouth nine have had a padded frame built, upon which they practice sliding bases.

Harvard gave its first degree of LL.D. to George Washington.

Fifty per cent. of Madison's graduating class are students for the ministry.

Over $81,000 has been subscribed by Williams alumni for the erection of a memorial building in honor of the late Dr. Mark Hopkins.—Ex.

BOOK REVIEW.


College annuals are tending more and more to the elaborate. The time when a pamphlet of a dozen pages was considered good enough has passed. This year's issues have been more than usually fine, regarded both as works of art and as literary productions. In these respects the present volume compares very favorably with any that we have seen. Much of the poetry possesses real merit, something that we rarely find in a publication of this kind, and many of the engravings are of a high order. The book is printed in green ink on heavy tinted paper, and neatly bound in light green covers. Its whole make-up is a credit to the editors.

NOTES.

The first number of the Bugle was published in July, 1858. Its editors were Isaac Adams, Stephen J. Young, Edward B. Nealley, Jacob H. Thompson, and Samuel Fessenden. It was a small four-paged paper, only three columns of which were devoted to editorial matter; the rest was taken up by the secret societies, the college and class officers, college awards, Commencement program, with the appointments, literary societies and various clubs of the mushroom order. In November of the same year the second number was published, and for every year following, up to 1871 two numbers were issued. The Bugle retained its original form till 1867, when it appeared in the form of a pamphlet. Thereafter its growth was so rapid that from 1871 its increased size rendered it expedient to publish but one number a year.
MAINE CENTRAL R. R.

On and after April 28, 1889,

Passenger Trains Leave Brunswick

For Boston, 7.43, 11.30 a.m., 4.25, 4.48 p.m., 12.35 (night).

Bath, 7.43, 11.30 a.m., 2.39, 4.56, and 6.15 p.m.

Rockland, 7.45 a.m., 2.30 p.m.

Lewiston, 7.45, 11.32 a.m., 2.35, 6.15 p.m., 12.40 (night).

Augusta, 7.48, 11.35 a.m., 2.32, 6.15 p.m., 12.40 (night).

WATERVILLE, 7.48, 11.35 a.m., 2.32 p.m., 12.40 (night).

BELFAST AND DEXTER, 2.32 p.m., 12.40 (night).

SKOWHEGAN, 7.48 a.m., 2.32 p.m., 12.40 (night).

Bangor, 11.35 a.m., 2.32 p.m., 12.40 (night).

ELLSWORTH, 11.35 a.m., 2.32 p.m., 12.40 (night).

Bar Harbor, St. John's, Calais, and Aroostook Co., 2.32 p.m., 12.40 (night).

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BOSTON, MASS.
By far the pleasantest of all our college customs is Ivy Day. It finds the campus in the rich bloom of early June, the students all in college, base-ball and athletics at their height, the Seniors just through with their final examinations, and everybody wearing a smiling face and full of good-cheer. It is the very out-blossoming of all that is genial and attractive in college life. It brings the thoughtful mother, the kind aunt, and the coy sister, and—anon, the petite form, winsome face, and kindly inquiring eyes of some other fellow’s sister. Its exercises are a happy, unconventional overflow of college wit and college wisdom, and are followed by that most fascinating and almost pathetic of exercises, the “Seniors’ Last Chapel.” Long may the emblematic vine clamber on the walls of old Bowdoin!

The class of ’90 would indeed be exacting to demand a fairer Providence than that which smiled on the day of the above-mentioned exercises. The sky was cloudless and the temperature perfect. As we do not recollect ever having heard any school or college comment on such exercises that did not pronounce them the “best yet,” we will spare our readers the sickly formula. Suffice it to say that ’90 glided harmoniously
and honorably through the day without a single break, and the festivities were crowned with a grand and successful hop, which sent every one homeward aglow with satisfaction.

The oration, which will be found in this issue, deals with a living and vital issue in a practical and liberal manner. It makes no unseemly attacks on any creed. After briefly referring to the importance of the subject, Mr. Freeman proceeds to show that the question of "Religion in Our Public School" is neither a religious nor an educational, but a national one. He shows how the standard of religious training has been gradually deteriorating, and gives, as one of the causes, the vast influx of foreign immigration. After stating the axiom that a nation's life must have some religious spirit, he pertinently asks the question whether the State, as such, can make any public recognition of its God, the answer to which can be readily inferred. He shows that the children are the foundation of the future nation and that religion they must have. He claims that the public school is the natural and ideal place for its instruction, but that at the present stage of our national development it cannot be done on account of the strict line between the two great creeds of Christianity. His conclusions are that, since the church and home cannot do it all, the best expedient is a day-school class under the supervision of unbigoted workers, supplemented by the reading of healthy books.

The poem by Mr. Allen is narrative in its nature, with no trite maxim as a wind-up. He has made a welcome innovation in transferring his scene from the realms of fair Spain, historic Rome, or ancient Greece, to our own hemisphere, which certainly possesses ample poetic nutriment. The particular locality and time chosen is that scene of carnage and romance in which Pizarro overcame the ancient Incas. With a happy touch- ing of love and chivalry he leads the youthful recreants over Andean height and Amazonian plain to a pathetic tomb in tropic wilds.

The presentations passed off in a natural, easy manner, and were seasoned with frequent thrusts of humor. That of Mr. Moody, the Social Man, fairly sparkled with genuine wit.

The Ivy issue finds base-ball enthusiasm at a low ebb. We are out of the race for the pennant, and the only thing now left, is for us to keep as near the top as possible. After the last Colby victory our prospects were bright; Hilton was pitching great ball and apparently in good condition. Our circumstances were such that success depended on the right arm of this one man. If that failed, the pennant was lost; if it held out, it was won. The arm gave out and Bowdo in is again "in the con somnacé." He will be unable to play again this season.

Bates is without doubt the winner, and as such deserves our best congratulations. She has won her honors in the face of an adverse fortune. Her best pitcher and most valuable in-fielder have been in succession laid up by accident and over-training.

The second position lies between Bowdo in and the Maine State College.

We think, however, that our league competitors will in fairness admit that, barring Hilton's disability, we had unquestionably the strongest team in the league. But such is base-ball.

The Field-Day contests were less interesting than usual, owing to the lack of competitors from the two upper classes. The two such contests which we have been able to attend seem to be open to a criticism which may as well be stated now as any other time. It is the slow dragging manner in which they are conducted. Judging from the list less expression of some of the spectators the exercises as a whole, for the past two years,
at least, were an unmitigated bore. We students, who are all allame with class spirit, forget how tame they must appear to an uninterested outsider. The only proper way is to have everything in perfect readiness, every spectator away from the track, some competent Freshman "supes" appointed, and thus have everything pass off with the rapidity of the annual athletic exhibition at Town Hall. This is no airy theory. It can be done; it ought to be done.

The manner in which the exercises have been allowed to drag along for the past two, and, we presume, all the previous years, is a disgrace to the college. Not a team or a spectator should be allowed between the grand stand and the course. It is to be hoped that the class of '91, with their characteristic spirit, will make a radical change, that all the classes will make an agreement to enter into no combinations, and that the year 1890 will witness the grandest athletic contests Bowdoin has ever held.

It seems impossible for President Bartlett, even during his California sojourn to resign the hot-bed of unpopularity which he has so successfully stirred up. His latest eruption is the article in the Independent on "College Outrages," in which he characterizes the natural and, oftentimes, commendable spirit which deters students from turning college evidence against their fellows as a "tyrannical code," and arraigns it as a "combination against law and order." His fallacy lies in assuming an exact analogy between state and college law. The one is absolute and arbitrary, and is framed for a heterogeneous public, embracing every class of society down to the lowest criminal, and in its catagory are included all crimes even to the very basest. The other is a mere variable expedient, and is framed for an aggregation of young men mostly of high ideals and good character, and the offenses which come under its jurisdiction are of necessity those of a minor nature; for if, as may sometimes happen, anything criminal is committed by a college student, he is amenable to state law like any other citizen, thus exempting President Bartlett or any one else from interference. Hence any attempt to apply the same stringent methods to each, drifts into an obvious inconsistency by encountering the proud spirit and close friendships which are marked characteristics of college life. The offenses are largely those of habit rather than specific acts. Young men object to being summoned before an improvised bar to swear away the characters of their friends as in a common criminal action, and it is a significant fact that this objection is by no means peculiar to college men, but is instinctive in all schools even down to the very primary-school children. It is also significant that no student of true manly character ever resorts to the tattling system. President Bartlett in his frosty old age has undertaken an unequal and hopeless conflict with a principle of human nature, and neither he nor the Y. M. C. A., which he unjustly criticises, will ever make college men "blow" on their chums.

The recent suspensions by the Faculty of Colby University, if viewed in the light of the information at our command, are absurd and uncalled for, and out of harmony with the more advanced methods of college discipline. It seems to be pretty well established by all past experience that students at the college age have not yet acquired a self-poise sufficient to warrant absolute freedom. Consequently, college faculties still claim the right and duty of restricting personal action, under certain circumstances. At the same time, however, all our best institutions agree in giving that wider latitude by which alone students can, by self-development, attain the strongest type of charac-
ter. They recognize that the perpetuation in college of fitting-school discipline either makes machines of the students or drives them to the other extreme of desolution; for any lark which has to be conducted under the cover of deceit possesses a certain fascination which is sure to lure its perpetrators on to greater extremes and at the same time foster an underhandedness of character which is extremely dangerous at the plastic college age. In view of this, they let pass unnoticed those petty offenses and annoying customs which violate no important principle. College students are like a hive of bees, and except in very culpable cases, the better way is to let them alone, for the more you stir them up the worse they will act.

Now we claim that the cause of the suspensions at Colby was not one of those “very culpable cases,” and the gross exaggerations and misrepresentations to which our sister institution has been subjected, shows that the bees have been “stirred up,” and that the re-action is mighty more disastrous than the action. Granted that it would be rather difficult to find any manual of etiquette that would uphold a young man in turning a tempting hose on the boudoir of a tempting “co-ed,” and granted that in the excitement of the moment the perpetrators carried the joke beyond the limits of their more sober judgment, and that in the fracas the fair pedants enjoyed an unexpected shower-bath before retiring, is it any reason that a venerable Faculty should take the matter up and submit the participants to the mortification of suspension? Did cold water ever harm anybody? Hardly. If the Colby “co-eds” are too divinely good to take a harmless joke without making a fuss about it, they would better go to Wellesley or some other Tennysonian realm, where, sheltered safe in the fold of their strong-minded constituents, they will be forever safe from us great, horrid things. Is this one of the fruits of our higher education of women, that its recipients run about tattling like school-children? It looks as though it might be a good thing, if, with their vaunted college honors they would sandwich in a little good horse-sense. But let them drop; we are not surprised; it is a natural outcome of co-education. The action of the Faculty, however, is undignified, if not ludicrous. It reminds us of those good old days when, in the little yellow school-house, we used to vibrate daily to the swing of the proverbial shingle. It saviors of “petticoat government.”

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**OF GALL.**

[An unpublished essay of Lord Bacon, from manuscripts recently discovered, published by permission of the British Museum.]

All Gall is divided into three parts, Chin, Cheek, and Brass. Sometimes they exist separately and sometimes in combination in the same person, and the more they be in one person, so much the more he becometh unendurable unto his fellow-men.

That aspect or division of Gall which is called Chin availeth well at times, but he who useth it much, as a book canvasser, is speedily discovered by men, as the expression goeth, “They be on to him,” and in time it profiteth him nothing. Often the student who is not so wise as he seemeth to be, or who have not mastered his task, tryeth, by evasive or delusive speach, to convince the teacher that he knoweth it all, but the wise teacher soon discovereth the deceit, and the student’s position is only the more base. Such pernicious practice hath been filly named “Chinning for Rank.”

The second division, Cheek, being of like nature with the former, and closely akin to the latter, strongly resembleth both. It is that which imposeth upon one’s fellow-men, not so much in word as in act. It blindeth the eyes of discretion, and so leadeth its possessor into places whither he would not, if he was not possessed of its hateful full power.
It encourageth to deeds of oppression, that is, the taking advantage of those who would not, and do not return the same, to deeds of discourtesy oftimes; and is oft displayed in that selfishness which demandeth its own, regardless of the interests or wishes of others.

Brass is that which deadeneth the mind to a sense of shame at its own unworthy acts. It resembleth shamelessness, and is a sort of iron-clad covering for the depraved soul, upon which the rebukes and admonitions of the world make but little impression.

In short, all three of these debasing qualities which are included under the general head of Gall, are born of pride, arrogance, and self-will, and can best be remedied and corrected in the youth by the association with other youths, as in college life and in persons in general, by contact with the unfeeling world at large. And certainly this is as it should be, for as Caesar hath most facetiously said, when Brutus sat upon his neck after having stabbed him seven times, "Sic semper tyrannis."

'EIGHTY-NINE'S SENIOR SUPPER.

Tuesday afternoon, June 4th, the class of '89 finished wrestling with trap dike and the other paleozoic specimens of the examination room, and having successfully slaughtered them for the last time, became non diutius collegians, sed yagores. They determined to celebrate their newly acquired freedom by a supper in the evening, and accordingly, nine o'clock found them at the Tontine Hotel, armed to the teeth.

For a while they sang on the veranda, but at length the line of march for the dining room was taken up. Thirty-seven seated themselves at the long table, only two, Adams and F. C. Russell, unavoidably out of town, being absent. Grace was said by Chaplain C. F. Hersey, and then the boys proceeded to do justice to the supper—a rich one served in great style.

Mine host Spear made ample provision for the Seniors' comfort, and to the slightest detail every arrangement was entirely satisfactory. Happiness reigned supreme. After two hours or so of terrific gastronomic demonstration, "the wit and wisdom of the intellectual feast floated forth with the smoke of the post-prandial cigarros." Mr. Frank L. Staples, of Benton, was Magister Bibendi. He opened with a well-turned speech, and introduced the speakers in his most felicitous manner. The toasts were responded to as follows:

The Wide, Wide World.
Wm. M. Emery, New Bedford, Mass. '89's Turkey Supper.
Lincoln J. Dodge, South Windham. The Faculty.
James L. Doherty, Houlton. '89 in Athletics.
Sanford L. Fogg, South Paris. The Girls of '89.
Bernard C. Carroll, Lewiston. '89 in College Interests.
Daniel E. Owen, Saco. The Class of '89.
F. J. Libby, Auburn. The Class of '89.

The list and the responses themselves were none too long, and were all listened to with delight as eloquence and scintillant wit alternated with each other in rapid succession. We should transgress the sacred privacy of a family at their evening meal to divulge what '89's orators said around that table, but we might intimate that one of the most timely hits of the occasion was Mr. Owen's: "The town, as cities of old, is now ruled over by a despot, but modern civilization gives his name a more euphonious pronunciation, à la Francais."

A brief meeting was held in the Tontine parlor, where the Marshal, Mr. Lynam, was appointed a committee to take charge of the matter of a class cup, and Mr. Emery was elected permanent secretary and compiler of the class record. After a few hours of song and other nocturnal festivities, adjournment
was made to the campus, where each end was visited, and such a jollification indulged in as carried every man back to his Sophomore year. As the sun began to come up through the morning mists they separated, and doubtless to many a mind occurred the verse:

"Labor and care are o'er,
Bell signal now no more
Measures our day;
Silent the floors we've paced,
Problem and form erased,—
From head and heart effaced
Ever away."

IVY ORATION.
RELIGION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.
By George F. Freeman.

The subject on which I am going to speak this afternoon is one in which we are all deeply and deservedly interested. The question of the religious foundation of American society goes down to the depths of our public and private life, and in it I think the educational bearing is the most important. This subject all true American citizens should fully comprehend, and on it our leaders of American opinion should think profoundly and speak soberly, namely, "Religious Instruction in the Public Schools."

This question has long ceased to be purely a religious or an educational one, but is a national one and is equally important as the questions of civil liberty; for it not only includes our duty to our nation and our fellowman, but also more fully our duty to our God. A hundred years ago this question was a comparatively simple one. In most of the states the Christian religion explicitly, and the Christian church impliedly was recognized, and the people possessing substantially a common faith desired to have their children educated in that faith. At the foundation of the government, however, there was a principle still nearer the hearts of the people, and that was not so much the abolition of hereditary government, not so much the obtaining of universal suffrage as perfect freedom to worship God. Then the immense majority of the people raised the cry with one voice, that there should be no connection between state and church, that is, no state religion. Since then the population has become heterogeneous and the faiths diverse. On the ground of religious freedom, religious instruction has practically been excluded from the schools, and from a state without a church we have really passed to a state without religion. The powerful hierarchy which obtained this, now demand the abolition of the schools themselves, alleging as a reason that the absence of religion renders the instruction Godless. Thus it is obvious, adopt what course we may there will still be a dissatisfied element.

The importance of this question has not been fully realized until it was recently brought forcibly to our minds in the controversy over parochial schools. On it more than any other question there seems to have been an utter confusion of thought, and it has been discussed under many false issues. Underneath this plea for conscience and this veil of a petty wrangle about children's textbooks, lies the fundamental question: Can our state, through any of its public institutions, make any public acknowledgment of God to mankind? This means a moral crisis which goes deeper than the question of liberty and union which formerly convulsed our people, and we must look at its true bearings.

We are all agreed that our national life needs religion pure and undefiled to sustain it. For at the same time history proves what an abuse state religions have been, it also proves that all successful governments have been founded on some faith above itself, a power above that of the majority. As Plutarch well says: "If you travel through the world well, you may find cities without
walls, without literature, without kings, moneys and such as desire no coin; which know not what theatres and public halls of bodily exercise mean; but never was there nor never shall there be any one city without temple, church, or chapel. Nay, methinks a man should sooner find a city built in air, without any plot of ground whereon it is seated, than that any commonwealth void of religion should either be first established or afterward maintained in that estate. This is that which containeth and holdeth together all human society; this is the foundation stay and prop of all.” The religion the nation needs is the faith in God on a basis of which the individuals shall build their morals; this is the only basis that ensures freedom from corruption, and freedom from corruption is the only thing that will perpetuate our nation. Good moral men are needed, and mere education without religion will not make them, they must build on a firmer basis. Our hope lies in the children, and thus it is natural that the public school with its eight million scholars is first looked as a means of reaching them.

Whatever has entered into the life of the school enters into the life of the nation, neither is there any time in the life of man more fitted for instilling right principles than the period of school education, nor any place where these principles can be more firmly fixed than in the school-house. Simple Christian principle could be taught without violating any creed or the spirit of the constitution, and should be demanded in the name of patriotism if not of Christianity. We should aim to raise up the character of the masses, and on what other foundation can it be than the laws of justice and righteousness in the Bible? And as Jesus Christ lifted up his teachings above the races, sects, and nations of mankind, so we have recognized no particular creed, but American institutions have been founded on this absolute religion. With this religion our greatness has developed, on this corner-stone was builded the temple of national liberties. Why, then, cannot the schools recognize this religion? There is only one plausible answer, and that is that the sects will not come to an agreement. They all agree that religion should be taught, but when the question comes, “What shall be taught?” we can go no further.

There is hope for a common agreement between the different sects of the Protestant religion. But between the Catholics and Protestants, I question whether there could be now, or ever can be, any agreement arrived at conducive to the welfare of the country. Although the abolition of religious instruction in the schools is without precedent among great nations in history, still there never was a country where there was perfect religious freedom and such an equally divided number of the two great faiths. The fact that European immigration has thus practically driven from the schools the elements constituting the life-blood of American society, taken from them the Bible and threatened their very existence is painful, yet true. And though the religion is taken away, still it must not die out in our nation, neither should our public schools be abolished. Of the meeting of these two dangers I will now speak.

The parochial school, supported by a division of school funds, is proposed as a means of giving the religious instruction. This would give sectarian religion also broad divisions, and what we strive for is unity. It is a system foreign to American ideas, and one which, I think, will never be tolerated. Deep as is the desire to have religious instruction, still deeper is the desire to have public schools, and certainly the public and parochial school cannot be co-existent.

Moreover, we know that however much of a failure the public school system may be
called, it is singularly efficient in lessening religious hatreds, and that it has done more than any other institution towards assimilating our foreign population. Its failures can be remedied, and if ever we needed its assimilating power it is now.

The public school is the one place where all children could be reached, but there is still the church with its workers, the home with its mothers, and what is comparatively a new method in our country, day classes in religious instruction. The church and home do their work, but it is recognized as not sufficient in all cases, and what is clamored for is a religious teaching in a mild form suitable to the needs of all classes of citizens. This has not yet been found, but in one of our New England cities a woman bent on the realization of a grand idea recently instituted a Monday class in religious instruction and demonstrated to us that such a method could be successful. In cities at least, where the children can conveniently assemble in one place, she has shown it possible to interest three hundred boys and girls of all sects, week after week, and that the interest is without extraneous attractions. These children were those in attendance upon the public schools, and besides the simple instruction in the Bible they receive such moral and social influence as can be obtained from the reading of healthy books. As it is now, the highest motives to moral living cannot be taught in the public school because of the present divergence of opinion as to what is the ultimate law, and who the sole arbiter and interpreter of the truth. The people have missed the religious instruction, and this experimental method seems the only way at present of supplying the need. In this case the work is not under supervision of the State, but of devout and earnest workers.

On this the success of the system depends, and too much stress cannot be laid upon the need of workers of this kind. It cannot accomplish all that religious instruction in the public schools would, but it is the best substitute for it, and also could take the place of parochial schools. This scheme which, if it be but a stepping-stone at present, seems the best and claims our hearty, earnest support.

This need of our country should occupy a prominent position in every patriotic mind. If we are to be a nation of good moral citizens, we should see that the children are rooted and grounded in that which is the essence of character. We should forget creed and dogma in the all-embracing Christian principle, and thus serve best what is dearest to all hearts, “Our Country.”

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**IVY POEM.**

**A TALE OF THE TROPICS.**

*By F. J. Allen.*

I.

In that wild and trackless forest, by the mighty Amazon,
Virgin to the English trader, virgin to the Saxon tongue,
In that solitude unbroken, unremembered, unbeknown,
Side by side in tropic mante stand two modest funeral stones;
And the dust beneath their foundings, now so many centuries old,
Once contained the warmth and lustre of two ardent, throbbing souls.

II.

It was when the grasping Spaniard crossed the wild and foaming main,
Bent upon a wider conquest and a cursed love of gain;
When the superstitious Incas, credulous, half-civilized,
Fell the prey to subtle intrigue, lost the land they long had prized.

III.

There had been a world of fighting, subtle craft, and weltering gore
Ranging through the olden by-ways and along the dotted shore.
There had been the cries for mercy, shrieks of pain, 
bowls of rage,
Till an ancient race was blotted from the sad histo-
rian’s page.

IV.
Ranged within the royal court were haughty chief 
captive hand,
Child of prince and child of beggar crouching ’neath 
the tyrant’s hand.
There were double-armoured Spaniards, fiercely 
frowning, void of soul,
Flushed with all the haughty manners that invest 
the victor’s bowl.
Fiercely frowned the grim Pizarro as he gave the 
fatal stroke:
“I have triumphed, let the hand of execution do its 
work.”
Vain were all the cries for mercy and the low and 
plaintive moans,
Mingling strangely with the fetters clanking on the 
heartless stones.
“On the morrow,” quoth Pizarro—“louder wails will 
there then be heard—
Thou shalt die, for I have said it; mark ye well the 
stranger’s word.”

V.
Lying ’mid the fettered captives, with her head 
bowed low in grief,
Was the fair and fragile daughter of an ancient Inca 
chief.
Standing ’mid the haughty victors, looking sadly at 
the sight, 
Flushed in his noble anger, stood a stately Spanish 
knights.
They had met, these two young natures, met with 
answer and request;
Other fancies lightly flitting once had filled their 
youthful breasts.
Turned the proud young Roderigo to his cruel Span-
ish lord,
With his dark eyes hody flashing and his hand upon 
his sword:
“I have served thee well, Pizarro, served with heart 
and served with hand,
I have borne thy cursed emblems into many a foreign 
land,
But for once, my lord Pizarro, thy command I shall 
deny.
Mark ye well, for I have said it; yonder maiden shall 
not die.”

VI.
Then within one little moment all were hushed with 
fearful dread,
Hushed until the storm of fury fell on Roderigo’s 
head.
“Sieze him!” yelled the dazed Pizarro, “sieze the 
traitor, for I swear
By the cross of the Crusader and the powers of earth 
and air,
That no weak and love-sick stripling ere shall stay 
Pizarro’s hand,
Which has braved the wintry surges and o’ercome 
an unknown land.”

VII.
Like a statue Roderigo stood, and uttered not a word;
Calmly looked he on his comrades, calmly on his 
Spanish lord.
Not a hand was raised against him, rave Pizarro as 
he might,
And, as ever, to his barracks Roderigo went that 
night.

VIII.
It is midnight, and in sleep are hushed the erewhile 
throbbing breasts,
And the waning tropic moon is rising o’er the Andes’ 
crests.
You may hear the sentry’s footfall grating on the 
granite floor,
And the ripple of the brooklet or the torrent’s distant 
roar,
And, anon, a captive sobbing or a long-drawn, weary 
* sigh,
While o’er all in stately silence hangs the starlit 
southern sky.

IX.
Should you haply cast your glances on the sleeping 
soldier band
You would see Don Roderigo rising with a steady 
hand;
You would see him softly stealing toward the fettered 
captive throng,
And would hear a bond dismembered by his grasp so 
firm and strong;
You would see two forms retreating through the 
ancient Inca hall,
And, with youthful vigor, bounding o’er the distant 
city wall.

X.
On the morrow, wild and weirdly did they seek the 
fleeting pair,
Wild and weirdly did they scurry ’mid the storm-
cloud’s drenching air.
There were rushings through the hall-way, there 
were surgings to and fro,
There were hurrying hoof-beats sounding and the 
sentries pacing slow.
But upon the lofty Andes, far from all the couriers 
fleet,
Rested these two throbbing bosoms by the streamlet, 
wrapped in sleep.

X.
Time, the queller of all tumult, stilled the wild and 
eager quest,
And the band of eastern robbers found in wealth 
their long-sought rest;
Reveled in their sordid riches, traveled o'er the 
surging main,
Found in scenes of rest and pleasure respite from 
their toil and pain.

XII.
Come with me from scenes of bloodshed o'er the 
grand and towering heights,
Scale the lofty, rock-ribbed Andes with their strange, 
entrancing sights;
Come, descend the wavy bases, enter on the tropic 
plain,
And I'll show you Roderigo and the maiden once 
again.
Tropic scenes and tropic silence, tropic sky and 
tropic air,
Tropic fruit and tropic fancies waft the strange, 
romantic pair.
Hand in hand they journeyed onward, like the sacred 
primal two
That from Eden's blushing borders brushed the 
crystal, morning dew.
Gone the scenes of ancient Cuzco, gone the mountain 
cliff and thorn,
Comes the rich perennial verdure and the mighty 
Amazon.

XIII.
Gladly fled the full weeks by them 'mid the fruits of 
tropic clime,
Wandering through the grand old forests, keeping 
languid, blissful time
To the sway of breezy branches and the rich and 
dulcet strain
Of old Nature's dreamy chorus, humming in its 
quaint refrain.

XIV.
But that dread and fatal season, scourge of many a 
southern land,
Sowing fell disease and darkness with a broad and 
lavish hand,
Creeps upon the happy lovers and invades their 
sacred rest,
Fills them with a burning fever surging through 
each throbbing breast.
Exiled there and far from succor, banished from a 
mother's care,
In a storm of drenching torrents, all alone, they per-
ished there.

XV.
Call it Fate, or call it Fortune, on the morrow, pass-
ing by,
Came a native, vaguely wandering, and there met 
his wondering eye,
Rigid, white, and cold and pulseless, with their 
hands still clasped in death,
Spanish knight and Inca maiden as they drew the 
farewell breath.

XVI.
Something in their sacred pathos roused his dull and 
dormant soul,
Roused that bond of higher feeling that unites one 
mighty whole;
And beneath the sighing branches where they wan-
dered oftentimes,
By the grand and kingly river, murmuring on in 
liquid chimes,
In a grave all closely sheltered, mantled by the touch 
of God,
With their hands still clasped, he placed them under-
neath the southern sod.

FIELD DAY.

Although the usual struggle for class supremacy was wanting this year, yet none 
will deny that the Field Day of '89 was a decided success. To be sure, there was the 
usual abundance of showers, but the only 
harm they did was to make the track a trifle 
slow on the further side, while they kept it 
free from dust. One thing was especially 
oticeable—the best of feeling prevailed 
throughout the contests, and there was no 
"kicking" from beginning to end. The fol-
lowing is the order of exercises:

1. 100-yards dash. Winner, Packard, '91; rec-
ord, 10½ seconds; second, Hardy, '91. It was very 
close between the first two men, and in the first 
dash Hardy won by several feet, but as Spinney 
foaled Packard just before reaching the line, the race 
had to be run over. Packard lowered the best Bow-
doin record one-eighth of a second. Spinney, '90, 
came in third.

3. Two-mile run. Brown, '91, whom many thought would drop out, made a fine spurt in the last quarter, and won with ease; record, 12 minutes 50 seconds. Second, McCullough, '90; third, Poor, '91.


5. Half-mile run. Sears, '90, won easily, with a record of 2 minutes 21½ seconds; second, Cilley, '91; third, Riley, '91.


7. Standing broad jump. Winner, Ridley, '90; second, Fish, '91; third, Burleigh, '91.

8. 220-yards dash. Much interest was felt in this contest, which was quite close and exciting. It was won by Hardy in 23½ seconds; second, Packard, '91; third, E. Hilton, '91.

9. Running broad jump. Ridley, '90, first; Fish, '91, second; Mahoney, '91, third. Record, 17 feet, 6⅜ inches.


11. Standing high jump. Winner, Ridley, '90; second, Burleigh, '91; third, Fish, '91. Record, 4 feet and three-fourths of an inch.

12. Three-legged race. Winners, Hardy and Crossett, '91; second, Merriman and Bean, '92; third, Sears and McCullough, '90. In this race Hardy and Crossett broke the best Bowdoin record, making the remarkable time of 13¾ seconds.

13. One mile run. Winner, Sears, '90; second, Parker, '91; third, Merriman, '92.

14. Running high jump. Winner, Ridley, '90; second, Fish, '91; third, Mahoney, '91.

15. Throwing base-ball. George Downes, '92, threw the ball 335 feet and 4 inches. We may well consider this the best throw ever made at a Bowdoin Field-day, as when Wilson, '89, make his great record he was aided by a very strong wind, and Talbot, '87, who also threw on the same day, put the ball just two feet less than the celebrated Williams pitcher, while the year before he threw the ball only 317 feet. Burleigh, '91, was second; and Parker, '91, third.


17. Knapsack race. Winners, McCullough and Sears, '90, first; Merriman and Bean, '92, second.


A. S. Ridley, '90, bore off the honors in jumping, and O. E. Hardy, '91, in the dashes. The best class record was made by '91, having won 62 points out of 106, and the best individual record by Ridley, '90, who made sixteen points and is the happy owner of five first prizes.

Taking everything into consideration, the records were better than could have been expected. The long distance running was made much slower than it would otherwise have been by the very poor condition of nearly half of the track. Two college records were broken, and that, too, by members of the Sophomore class. The Freshmen showed that they have some very good material, and, taking everything into consideration, we may reasonably expect that our next Field Day will be even a better one than we have enjoyed this year.

BOAT RACES.

The outlook on the morning of June 6th was anything but favorable, for it gave promise of a continuation of the rainy weather which had made the first part of the week very disagreeable, but it was determined to have the race unless the weather should absolutely forbid it. Shortly after half-past nine the sun appeared, and soon people could be seen in almost every direction wending their way toward the boat-house; some in carriages gayly decorated with class and fraternity colors; some jolly parties in barges, and a great many on foot. Soon the boat-house and the adjoining bank were filled with eager spectators.

A little after the appointed time the Freshman crew came down the platform of the boat-house bearing their shell above their heads and wearing their fine new uniforms of white, edged with crimson, and displaying '92 in crimson on their breasts, while from their admirers on the shore went up the yell, "Rah, rah, hoorah, Bowdoin, rah, rah, duo
"kai enenékonta," which was continued until they had pushed off from the float.

Next came the Sophomore crew in white caps, peacock-blue jerseys with '91 on the breast, and white trousers. Another yell was heard, this time the familiar "Rah, rah, rah, second to none, Eta, Theta, Kappa, Lambda Bowdoin, '91." The Sophomore crew were in fine form, and showed a marked improvement over last year.

Both crews rowed leisurely down the river to the usual starting place, while the crowd on the bank was impatiently waiting for the signal. Both started at the same time on a pistol shot by D. M. Cole, who acted as starter, and for a few strokes kept even, then the '91 crew by a hard spurt cleared their opponents and took the inside course. In spite of the proverb that "a stern chase is a long chase," the '92 crew did not lose courage, but pulled steadily and well; nevertheless they were too light for their opponents, who pulled under the bridge with a long, smooth stroke, leaving a good space of clear water astern, amid the cheers of their classmates. The time was 6 minutes 59 seconds. The stroke of the Sophomore crew was about thirty-four strokes per minute, and that of the Freshman thirty-six per minute. The following is the winning crew with their weight and height:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Weight</th>
<th>Height</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>F. E. Parker, stroke,</td>
<td>170 lbs.</td>
<td>5 ft. 11 in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ch. Hastings, No. 3,</td>
<td>160 &quot;</td>
<td>5 &quot; 9 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N. E. Allard, No. 2,</td>
<td>162 &quot;</td>
<td>5 &quot; 8 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. P. Coley, Jr., bow,</td>
<td>151 &quot;</td>
<td>5 &quot; 7 &quot;</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Professors Moody and Hutchins acted as judges and time-keepers.

Next after the boat races came the log race which proved to be one of the most amusing features of the day. The number of contestants exceeded the number of logs provided, which rendered it necessary to draw lots; Royal, '90, Thompson, '90, and Bean, '92, were the lucky men.

Just before the start, Instructor Cole came unpleasantly near taking an impromptu bath by reason of a misstep on the lower plank of the bridge, but he recovered his balance and started the race as if nothing had happened.

Bean drew the best log, and keeping his balance in an admirable manner easily won the first prize. Thompson and Royal were by no means so fortunate, and their repeated but fruitless efforts to keep right side up afforded the crowd an immense amount of amusement, and for a good part of the time the lower extremities were all that could be seen of these luckless men. Thompson was finally beaten by Royal, who thus won second prize.

Taken altogether the races were a decided success, and with the large crowd and unusually large number of fine turn-outs made this part of Field Day one of the most interesting.

Presentation of Field-Day Prizes.

At 1.30, Friday, a few strokes of the bell were sounded, and the students, with their friends, began to assemble in the Chapel, where President Hyde was to award the prizes to the winners in the contests of the previous day.

First came the victorious crew, and as the four sturdy men who had worked so long and faithfully marched up the aisle, bearing before them an oar decorated with the blue and gold of '91, cheer after cheer burst from the lips of the exultant Sophomores. President Hyde presented the silver cups in a few well-chosen words, complimenting the crew on their good form, and making very favorable comparison with the former famous oarsmen of old Bowdoin.

After this, amid vigorous applause and bursts of class yells, the other victors were crowned with laurel in the shape of silver medals, prettily engraved, and bearing suit-
able inscriptions. The second prizes were of silver, being similar to the first but a trifle smaller. Ridley won the greatest individual record, winning five firsts and one third, while the colors of '91 will decorate the disputed cup for the coming year, that class having taken sixty-five points.

**IVY DAY.**

**IN MEMORIAL HALL.**

It was shortly after three o'clock when the sixteen blended strains of the Salem Cadet Band floated out over the gay, expectant throng that had assembled in Upper Memorial. In the hush that followed the overture every head was turned toward the entrance. As the oaken doors unfolded, the martial strains broke forth, and the class of '90, in cap and gown of lustrous black, came slowly marching through. And an impressive sight it was, the Marshal in the van, his ribboned baton keeping measured time to the step of his classmates, who, shoulder to shoulder, in a long column filed up the central aisle. With never a break, in two divergent lines they ascended the lateral stairways and stood in their places. At the fall of the baton, the sable expanse sank to their seats as one man, and at the moment there arose a storm of applause from the audience.

At the close of an admirable selection from the orchestra, Chaplain Weeks offered a devout and earnest prayer.

He was succeeded by the Orator, Mr. George F. Freeman, of Everett, Mass., who spoke eloquently for fifteen minutes of our much-discussed public school and its alleged irreligion.

Mr. Allen, the Poet, took his hearers back to those olden days when the strangely fascinating Inca civilization fell beneath the Spanish hand, and told them a pathetic tale of love and war and flight and death. Despite the evident trepidation of the speaker, it touched the tender feelings of the fair visitors and the cultured hearts of the tractile Brunswickers, and its rhythmic numbers nestled softly and long in many a yearning bosom.

Mr. W. R. Smith, President of the class, then arose and addressed the audience briefly, as follows:

**Ladies and Gentlemen:**

Life has often been compared to a journey. Nowhere is this simile more apt than in college. We are toiling on, day by day, step by step, toward a definite goal. But here, as on a journey, we stop occasionally for a short rest. Ivy Day is one of these resting places. This occasion has a varying meaning to the different undergraduate classes. The Freshman looks on it simply as a holiday. The Sophomore as a chance to sport his hat and cane. The Senior is filled with the sad thoughts of his last chapel. But it is to the Junior that the day especially belongs.

Ivy Day is important to the Junior as the first occasion of real dignity in his course. It is the first time that a class comes conspicuously before the public. And so a few brief remarks, that will serve to recall past events in our college career, may not be un timely. 'Ninety entered college with thirty-nine men, one more than she has to-day. In one respect we have been exceedingly unfortunate. Generally the men who leave a class during its course are such as can be easily spared. But the men whom we have lost have been among our best. At the close of Freshman year one of our ablest scholars left these peaceful scenes for the stirring life of West Point. Last fall we were startled by the news that we had lost another, a man whose energy and ability had ever made him the leading spirit of our class. Twice has death entered our ranks. Once in the early part of the Freshman year, before we had had time to form more than a casual acquaintance. The second death was but a few short weeks ago, at a time when college ties are at their strongest. The grim destroyer took from our midst one who, by his kind and cheerful heart had won our love, and by his manly virtues our respect; one whose place in the class and in the college will not be filled. At the beginning of Sophomore year we were strengthened by the addition of four men, who since that time have ever stood in the front rank.

Considering the fact that we have always been outnumbered by the classes on either side of us, it would be useless to claim a list of victories unbroken
by defeats. All we claim is an honorable record, and to that record the caps in yonder library bear abundant testimony. One characteristic of '90 in these various contests has been the absence of that beauteous spirit and overweening ostentation, which has been so marked in a certain class with which we have not always disastrously come in contact. When we set out to capture the peanut drunk of '91, or to win the Field-Day cup, we said but little. Yet, to use a somewhat worn expression, we got there.

Whenever any great crisis has arisen, '90 has proved equal to it. A year ago last fall we were confronted by one of the most numerous classes of Freshmen that has ever entered Bowdoin, and how did we fulfill the duties devolving on us as Sophomores? Our answer is, compare the class of '91, as it is today, with what it was when we took it in hand. Then they were without form or comeliness, despised and rejected of men. Now a strong and united class, a power in the college. Yet, as even they themselves have the candor to acknowledge, all this improvement has been due to our own precept and example.

Ivy Day has one sad thought for us, in that it marks the near completion of three of the four years of our college course. Three years of college life! What a world of meaning in those short words. The drudgery of Freshman year and the wild freedom of the next! We have now nearly reached the end of that fabulous period, Junior ease. But one more year and we must leave this loved campus to return only as strangers. We plant the Ivy in order to leave behind us a living memento of the class. But no soulless vine can preserve the memory of any class. If we wish '90 to be remembered in the future, each day must be an Ivy Day ennobled by some deed that will be a lasting memorial of the doer, and through him of the class.

Colleges have been censured as one-sided because they recognize only one kind of ability. But excellence in any line is sure to be seen and honored by our fellow-students. It has been customary, on this occasion to give public recognition to some of those kinds of merit that may cause our Faculty more anxiety than pleasure.

Mr. Smith then proceeded to awaken the expectations of the audience by reference to some unknown songster who had "charms to soothe the savage breast." He explained how they had found ample opportunity for exercise upon his room-mate. A ripple of surprise and admiration broke over the audience as he conferred upon Mr. J. B. Pendleton, of commercial renown, the miniature kitten which was appropriately termed "Nocturnal Charmer."

Mr. Pendleton received the donation with an appreciative smile, and proceeded to analyze his own musical virtues in a manner that elicited frequent bursts of laughter from the audience, and concluded by remarking that as he saw the audience casting meditative glances at the doors and windows, in fear that he should render them a solo, he thought it best to desist; and with that he returned to his seat.

Mr. Smith then took up the tripod, which was fittingly designated for the Class Oracle, and proceeded to explain the similarity between its immediate recipient and that worldwide individual depicted by Mark Twain in his "Innocents Abroad." Mr. Charles Hutchinson was the sage beneficiary. He arose deliberately and in clear, distinct tones pronounced the words of wit and wisdom which become one in his high station. After a series of happy hits, many of them at the expense of the donors, he concluded with the well-timed remark that if any one failed to see the point of his response he had well fulfilled his office, for never yet nor never shall there be any one so astute as to see the point of any oracle's response. Mr. Hutchinson carried his part admirably, and resumed his seat amid rapturous applause.

President Smith next proceeded to the analysis of the Weary Man. He referred to the indisputable fact of his having been born tired, and in explanation of the fact referred to the theory of transmigration of souls, of which he considered Mr. A. E. Stearns a typical example. After complimenting the recipient on the fortitude with which he bore his lot, he presented him with a rocking-chair. Mr. Stearns grasped the useful memento with a languid hand, and said: "Shakespeare says, 'Some men are born
great, others achieve greatness, and still others have greatness thrust upon them." I say, some men are born tired, others achieve tiredness, and still others have tiredness thrust upon them." Taking this as his text, he proceeded to apply it to his own case. In speaking of some of his experiences he said that his first act upon birth was to debate the advisability of breathing, by finding that his maiden soliloquy involved more effort than the act itself, he forthwith submitted to the course of nature, and hence his present existence.

The President then proceeded to the Social Man, whose beauty he described as that "over which spring poets rave and which causes Apollo to tear his ambrosial locks with envy." After alluding to his gastronomical qualities he proceeded to enumerate his social propensities, and spoke feelingly of the manner in which the class of '90 had borne his infictions. He then turned to Mr. J. M. W. Moody, the trenchant Orient scribe, and spoke as follows:

Allow me to present you with this fan, and at the same time to express the heartfelt wish of the class that you may have continued success on the waxen floor, and that when at last you feel old age drawing on and wish to exchange these lovely pleasures for the quiet bliss of domestic life, you may select from the throng of your admirers such an one as will prove to you all that you can wish.

Mr. Moody advanced with that calm and placid smile for which so many of the Brunswick ladies are pining, and in a speech in which delivery and diction combined for the most taking effect we have ever witnessed upon that stage, he held the audience captive. He was uncertain whether his sociability referred to his connections with the "fastidiously cultured college youth of the nineteenth century," or whether it referred to the society of the world and his "peculiar affability with those exquisite devices that comprise its main-stay and support—namely, the ladies." Whenever he entered a public place, be it post-office or dance hall, these matured cherubim hovered about him like butterflies around a chalice of nectar. He attributed to Isaac Watts a law which said that society "improves and increases as the square of its sociability." But suddenly caught on the wings of inspiration, he diverted to the thoughts suggested by the fan. It suggested to him thoughts of repose, poetry, and a moral. His thoughts of repose centered on the college church, where he should recline and, with the "good fan suspended above the apex" of his "probecis," he would "swell the breezes." "While my companions are enduring physiological torments over the depth of the discourse, all superfluous humidity will be removed from my physiognomy, nor will the phosphatic waste of my brain be great." Its usefulness for poetry was illustrated then and there by a happy effusion, in which the words fan and Fanny became happily tangled, after which he burst into an ecstatic apostrophe, "Ah, there! my fan, my Fanny," etc., which was drowned in the thundering applause of the audience. Its moral was "Keep cool," which he said was the "basal maxim" upon which "all of Poor Richard’s aphorisms were founded."

After the Social Man came Plugger, to whom was presented an oil can all gilded and adorned with 'Ninety's ribbons. Whether, it was significant of the proverbial midnight oil or as typifying mental lubrication to augment application, was not stated. Mr. A. V. Smith, the fortunate man, replied in a well-chosen and appropriate speech, which, had it been audible to the entire audience, would have been one of the best.

As the President truly remarked, the last of the presentations, that to Popular Man, was made in all sincerity. Mr. H. H. Hastings, the recipient, as was proper, made no attempt at the ludicrous, but spoke feelingly of his relations to the class and affection
for its members, and closed amid sincere applause, in which the class heartily joined.

The parts were good and well delivered. We will indulge in no stereotyped adulation nor unseemly boastings in behalf of the class. Their exercises were, in all fairness, as a whole, as good as any of their predecessors. They certainly far exceeded the expectations of both participants and audience. Their marching in and out was perfection. The caps and gowns were in themselves a feature. The music was of the first order, and the general effect of the day one of symmetry and satisfaction.

PLANTING THE IVY.

This took place shortly before half-past five, immediately after the exercises in the hall. The class marched solemnly round to the east side of Memorial Hall, where was the rough slab bearing the tasteful marble ivy leaf, with "90" raised in handsome figures upon it. Grouping themselves quietly about this, the class remained until the rootlets of the plant had been consigned to the fostering soil, and its delicate tendrils trained artistically over the slab by the deft hands of the Curator, Mr. G. W. Blanchard. The ivy was one taken from the ruins of the Acropolis at Athens, said to have been planted by Pericles just before making his maiden speech in the Areopagus, and which was forwarded to the class by the American consul at that port. After a few informal and appropriate remarks by the Curator and different members of the class, there was feelingly sung the

IVY ODE.

BY FRANK E. SIMPSON.
AIR—"Fair Harvard."

The long day is closing, and o'er all around
The shadows steal softly and slow,
While memories fond, surging back as we sing,
Make each heart with feeling overflow;
And here, sheltered safe by the old chapel wall,
This ivy we plant 'neath the sod.

Oh! ever like it, may our souls upward rise
Till they gain the fair city of God.

Happy years have we passed 'neath these buildings old,
Oft upon this fair campus we've played,
And the whole world around us with beauty seems filled,
Jeweled bright with the friendships we've made;
And when, college days o'er, as strangers we roam
Through these scenes so oft mused upon,
This blossoming vine will recall to our hearts
The sweetness of years that are gone.

After being photographed in their caps and gowns by Reed and Hearn, the class repaired to the chapel gallery, which had been specially reserved for them, and beheld 'Eighty-Nine's last chapel exercise.

SENIORS' LAST CHAPEL.

So many Orient scribes have grown eloquent over this impressive scene that we can hope to add no new features. This year, as usual, the chapel was crowded. The rear gallery was filled with Juniors fresh from the planting of the ivy; the extra seats were crowded until they gave scant room for the class, and the doorway was blocked with an eager mass of faces straining and twisting to catch a glimpse of the scene. What single thing is there that makes a more vivid impression on the mind of the Bowdoin student than the strangely tinted sunlight flowing over floor, faces, and forms! Is it any wonder that the boys love to write about it? On Thursday afternoon the sun shone on '89 and '90 alike, and the rich clouds of blue light crept slowly across the scene with the course of the sinking sun. The college quartette sung a sweet and stirring hymn without accompaniment. President Hyde offered one of those ever-new and sincere prayers that we all know so well. Marshal Lynam took his position at the head of the long central aisle, and at the beat of his baton the class of '89 filed slowly out by the familiar forms for the last time, and forming into the accustomed
square, went swaying down the hall singing
the well-known strains of the Scotch Lowland bard.

I wonder did they think as, clasped together, they surged slowly down by the
old forms, down the old walk it had taken
them four crowded years to ascend—did they
think on the many mornings and Sabbath
evenings they had sat there together; did they
think on those struggles and rivalries
whose sacred community had thus united
them in form and in heart?

'Ninety had hasted down from the rear
gallery and in two lines, with bared heads,
waited their old enemies. But somehow
the class feeling wouldn't respond. She
would never compete with '89 again. The old
bitterness was drowned in a flood of kindred
feeling, and as her ancient rival marched
slowly down through the lines of under-
graduates and took her place at the foot of
the column, she never gave a lustier cheer
than that which then and there pealed forth
for old '89. And the Seniors' college days
were over.

THE IVY HOP.

The Old, Old Spell.

How softly steals the music o'er me,
Blending with the scene before me.
With a rhythmic and a strangely mystic charm!
Comes the thrill of something fairer,
'Tis the dainty hand of Clara
Gently resting, like an angel's, on my arm.

Loving eyes are softly smiling,
With the pure and rich beguiling
I remember in the happy days of yore,
When we sat alone together.
On the soft and yielding heather,
Ere I mingled in this stream of college lore.

You will leave me on the morrow,
Dearest Clara, and the sorrow
Leads a sadness to the glamour and the charm;
But the music and the dances
Interrupt my happy fancies—
"Let me introduce you, Clara, to my chum."

It was exactly 8.12 1/2 p.m. by '90's watch
when the orchestra of the Salem Cadet Band
stepped forth upon the platform in Town
Hall and were received with rapturous ap-
plause from the loaded balconies. A few
moments later the expectant air was all
ecstatic with such thrilling strains of melody
as only Jean Missud and his arch-musicians
can evoke from their soul-stirring lyres.

Soon the dance floor was thronged with
'90's shapely gallants, each with a vision of
fragile loveliness clinging with palpitating,
yet serene, confidence to his well-nerved arm.
Nor was there lacking a generous represen-
tation from others of the college classes. The
reposeful dignity of the Senior added char-
ter to the scene; the rich-blooded, living,
kicking Sophomore, afloat with animal life,
with his uniformly red-cheeked, bouncing
dame contributed vivacity and spirit to the
company, while the sprinkling of Medicals
and towns men relieved the occasion of that
appearance of absolute exclusiveness which
is always so undesirable.

Just before the first grand march the
scene presented to the observers in the bal-
conies was such as was never before looked
upon by the inhabitants of this historic town.
They gazed with astonishment and trans-
ports down a vista of beauteousness inde-
scribable. It was a most gorgeous sympo-
sium of changing color and shade, costumes
of the rarest fabrics of the East, sparkling
gems and radiant womanhood—all this be-
ing strengthened and supported by the
noblest gentry of the Pine Tree State; and
there was just enough of sound wafted up
on the perfume-laden atmosphere to suggest
the rippling of a summer sea in grottoes of
opaline basalt.

At 9.31 1/2, '90's Floor Director, Mr. Bill
Dunn, led his fairy partner forth upon the
spotless wax to signalize the initiation of the
grand march, as he did so, receiving an en-
thusiastic ovation from every feminine hand,
for each heart had been for some minutes
a-flutter with suppressed eagerness for the
airy sport. And when the orchestra struck
up the noble strains of "The Lord of the
Himalayas," it seemed that every human
atom in the dizzy circle was set throbbing
in rich sympathetic unison, and all through
the glorious night was such buoyancy of
limb and spirit inspired as probably few had
ever before experienced.

The dance-orders were most elegant and
of the very latest style, being gotten up
from rough stock with embossed plates, con-
taining on the outside two beautiful original
engravings of antique vignettes, and having
the inset embellished on the first and fourth
pages with photogravure work of rare ex-
cellence. The orders opened laterally and were
fastened on one side by very dainty extra
heavy silk cord in the '90 colors, manufac-
tured expressly for the class by Philadelphia
parties.

Shortly after twelve, feeling the need of
something more substantial than the product
of the soda fountain, the dancers repaired to
the dining-hall. Here a surprise, indeed,
waited them. The repast was served by
the Maine Central Café Company, Union
Depot, Portland, considered by many as per-
haps the best appointed catering establish-
ment in New England. Never before, on the
occasion of an Ivy Hop, have the banquet
boards presented an appearance so resplen-
dent. Every need that could be detected
by the fastidious eye of an expert was abun-
dantly supplied. The viands were suitable
and varied, the table appointments superb,
while perhaps the most delightful feature of
all, the exquisite floral decorations, were from
the costliest cuttings of metropolitan green-
houses. Trained colored waiters in full dress
were in attendance. In fact the whole mat-
ter of the banquet was passed off with char-
acteristic snap and brilliancy, and from it
the invigorated multitude returned to the
waxed floor, whence, after two or three
hours spent in the enchanting whirl, they
betook themselves to their respective pillows,
fairly weared out with a superabundance of
pleasure.

A few of the noteworthy features of the
evening were, perhaps, the music, the large
number of couples, about sixty; the number
of supper plates sold, one hundred and thirty
odd; the richness of the ladies' costumes
and the scarcity of anything but dress suits
upon the backs of the gentlemen, and the
flowers of the banquet. It is generally re-
marked about town and college that never
before was there seen such an aggregation
of feminine beauty in Town Hall.

BASE-BALL.

[At the request of one of the alumni we publish the following
score to correct the glaring errors contained in some of the
Maine papers.]

Bowdoin, 8; M. S. C., 12.

Bowdoin vs. M. S. C., at Orono, May 4th.

BOWDOINS.

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<tr>
<th>A.B.</th>
<th>R.</th>
<th>B.H.</th>
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M. S. C.

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SCORE BY INNINGS.

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Two-base hit—Blackington. Hit by batted ball—Babb.
Umpire—Watkins, of Orltown.
M. S. C., 12; Bowdoin, 11.


BOWDOIN.

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Freeman, 2b., 2 3 1 2 1 3 0
Fogg, c.f., 2 2 1 1 0 0 0
Thompson, r.f., 4 1 1 1 0 0 0
Fish, c., 5 0 2 4 1 1 1
Jordan, s.s., 5 1 0 0 1 3 5
Newman, l.f., 5 2 2 3 1 0 0
Hilton, p., 3 3 1 3 0 0 0
Downes, l.b., 2 1 0 0 0 0 0

M. S. C.

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Rich, r.f., 6 1 2 3 3 0 0
Bird, 2b., 6 0 1 0 0 2 2
Haggett, l.f., 5 3 2 2 0 1 1
Vickery, c., 6 3 3 3 9 0 0
Babb, l.b., 5 3 1 1 8 0 0
Drew, c.f., 4 0 1 3 3 0 0
Lord, s.s., 3 1 0 0 3 2 0

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Jordan, s.s., 5 1 0 0 1 3 5
Newman, l.f., 5 2 2 3 1 0 0
Hilton, p., 3 3 1 3 0 0 0
Downes, l.b., 2 1 0 0 0 0 0

SCORE BY INNINGS.

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Bowdoin, 1 1 1 0 3 1 2 3 2 1
M. S. C., 1 1 3 1 0 0 0 0 4 2 1 2


Bates, 11; Bowdoin, 8.


BOWDOIN.

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Thompson, r.f., 4 1 1 1 0 0 0
Fish, c., 5 0 2 4 1 1 1
Jordan, s.s., 5 1 0 0 1 3 5
Newman, l.f., 5 2 2 3 1 0 0
Hilton, p., 3 3 1 3 0 0 0
Downes, l.b., 2 1 0 0 0 0 0

SCORE BY INNINGS.

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M. S. C., 1 1 3 1 0 0 0 0 4 2 1 2


BATES.

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Graves, 3b., 5 3 1 1 0 0 0
Daggett, p., 5 3 1 1 2 8 2
Call, c., 4 0 0 0 6 1 1
Gilmore, l.b., 5 1 1 1 8 0 1

BOOK REVIEWS.

SIR THOMAS WYATT AND HIS POEMS. Presented to the Philosophical Faculty of Kaiser Wilhelm's University at Strassburg, for the Acquisition of the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy. By W. E. Simonds, instructor in German, Cornell University. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 8vo. Flexible cloth; pp. 156.

One who did so much for English poetry as Thomas Wyatt ought to be more widely known than he is. The reason for his comparative obscurity lies in the fact that till very recently almost nothing was known of his personal history. The publication, however, of recent volumes of the "Calendars of State Papers," has placed within reach material heretofore inaccessible, and brought to light many important facts in the life of the poet-statesman. These and all other sources of information have been carefully worked over by Mr. Simonds, and the results of his labors embodied in a very interesting memoir. The second part of the volume he devotes to a consideration of the texts, the metre, and the interpretation of the poems. From reasons based mainly upon internal evidence, he separates them into six groups, according to the time of composition. This chronological arrangement, as we should expect, aids greatly in their interpretation,—poems that would otherwise have no meaning, when associated with circumstances of his life with which we are acquainted, take on a new interest. Mr. Simonds' efforts in this direction give evidence of rare power of analysis. A few words of the introduction give his reasons for printing the volume: "This work is in the truest sense an essay, and will attain its modest purpose if, by its statements or suggestions, it throws any light upon the career of a man whose life and works seem charged with the romantic spirit of a romantic time; if it shall aid in penetrating the obscurity that has
wrapped the poet's life; or, possibly, tend to animate
a collection of dry poems with the interest and
personality of the author's passion."

RIVERSIDE LIBRARY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE, No. 1. THE
WAR OF INDEPENDENCE. By John Fiske. Houghton,

There is no department of literature in which we are
so lacking as in good books for young people,—
books that are instructive as well as entertaining.
Just such books the publishers of "The Riverside
Library" are offering: books of History, Biography,
Travel, Natural Sciences, etc., from the pens of
writers whose ability to handle the topics assigned
them is unquestioned. In his "War of Independence
Mr. Fiske has endeavored to answer some of the
questions which naturally arise in the mind of the
student, but which the old-fashioned text-books
ignore. Why was George the Third so bitter against
the colonies? Why did Massachusetts and Virginia
take the lead against him? "Was the conduct of the
British government in driving the Americans into re-
bellion merely wanton aggression, or was it not
rather a bungling attempt to solve a political
problem which really needed to be solved? Why were
New Jersey and the Hudson river so important?
Why did the British armies make South Carolina their
chief objective point after New York?" And so on.
He begins with picturing the condition of the
colonies in 1750, and ends with the inauguration of
Washington, in 1789. He regards this as the proper
limit of the revolutionary period beginning with the
Declaration of Independence in 1776. The imme-
rate and remote causes of the war, and its effect upon
English politics, are fully discussed. His description
of the war itself, and of the five years immediately
succeeding it, so fraught with danger to the country,
is as fascinating as a novel. The story has been told
many times before, but never better than it is told
here.

A LONDON LIFE, and other tales. By Henry James.

Mr. James is too well known to need introduction.
From the time that Mr. Howells recognized his gen-
ius by placing him among the contributors to the
Atlantic, his popularity has increased, till now he
stands with Howells himself, at the head of American
novelists. His short stories are charming. In them
he displays that deep insight into character, and that
equisite taste in arrangement, which distinguish
him in his other writings. It may seem strange to
one who has never thought of it, but it is very rare
that the successful novelist is also a successful writer
of short stories. To write short stories well is a gift
in itself. This volume contains four tales: "A Lon-
Temperly," of which the last originally appeared
under another title. They are some of Mr. James' best
work.

ELEMENTARY PSYCHOLOGY. By Daniel Putnam, M.A.,
Professor of Mental and Moral Science, and of the The-
ory and Art of Teaching in the Michigan State Normal
12 mos., cloth, 90 cents.

Psychology is becoming an eminently practical
science; why, then, should it be confined to the col-
lege curriculum? Do not the features that make it
useful for the college student make it also useful to
the student in the high school, whose education in
the majority of cases ends there? Ought he to re-
main in ignorance of a branch of study so "inval-
uable for guidance in the affairs of life?" The author
thinks not, and this book is the practical outcome of
his opinion. If the lack of a proper text-book has
been the only hindrance to the introduction of this
study into secondary schools, Mr. Putnam has re-
noved it. This volume is designed especially for
such grades, and is a marvel of perspicuity. The
use of different kinds of type adds something to the
clearness. The subject of each paragraph appears
at the beginning in heavy type, and any sentence that
is of the nature of a definition is printed in italics.
For the subject matter he claims no originality, but
the treatment of it certainly is his own, and in this
he has been very happy.

BOOKS RECEIVED.
(To be reviewed in the next issue.)

Nineteenth Century Authors. By Louise Manning

Wit and Humor: Their Use and Abuse. By
William Matthews, LL.D. S. C. Griggs & Co.,
Chicago, 1888.

Memory Training. By William L. Evans, M.A.
(Glasg.); A. S. Barnes & Co., New York; 1889.

The Pleasures of Life. Part II. By Sir John
1889.

The emergency fund of $100,000, made necessary
by the depreciation of Baltimore & Ohio railroad
securities, has been secured for Johns Hopkins Uni-
versity, and the work of the institution will go on for
five years at least without embarrassment.
The kind old Greek has of late become a very familiar figure as he wends his way among the various dormitories in search of chapel absentees. Let the delinquent Sophomore beware.

At one of the recent ball games a young man who is evidently unacquainted with the college world, observing the two foul flags, innocently remarked: "Well, I declare! I didn't know Bowdoin won the championship last year. Say, how long have they had two pennants, anyway?"

It is rumored that Wilson, the famous Williams pitcher, formerly of Bowdoin, '89, will twirl the sphere for Portland, this summer.

Somehow or other, when the boys receive an invitation, through the class officer, to call on the President, they never send regrets. Strange, isn't it?

A few days ago a '91 man stepped briskly up to director Hastings, and asked that his name might be put down against several of the Field-Day contests. The director did as requested, and then remarked, by way of a joke: "O, Mr. ——-—, you may as well pay your entrance fee now as any time. It has been reduced to fifty cents this year, and by paying now you will save us the trouble of collection." A sad smile illumined the face of the Sophomore as he drew forth the bright shining half, and placed it in the engulfing fist of the jovial Bob, thus making himself the victim of the latter's pleasantry.

The above would have been pardonable in the case of a Freshman, but it was rather a riley trick to put up on a Soph.


Following is the programme of Bowdoin's eighty-fourth Commencement, to be held at Brunswick, June 23-29, 1889:

SUNDAY—4 P.M. Baccalaureate Sermon by the President.
MONDAY—8 P.M. Junior Prize Declaration.
TUESDAY—Class Day. Oration and Poem in Memorial Hall at 9 A.M. Exercises under Thorndike Oak at 3 P.M. Illumination and Dance on the Green in the evening. Annual meeting of the Maine Historical Society at 9 A.M., in Cleveland Lecture Room, Massachusetts Hall.
WEDNESDAY—9 A.M. Graduating Exercises of the Medical School of Maine, in Memorial Hall. Address by James MeKee, Esq., '04, of New York City. 11 A.M. Meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa Fraternity in Adams Hall. 3 P.M. Oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Fraternity, in Memorial Hall, by Hon. George Foster Talbot, '37, of Portland, Me. 8 P.M. Vocal and Instrumental Concert in the Town Hall, under the auspices of the Senior Class.
THURSDAY—9 A.M. Annual Meeting of the Alumni in Adams Hall. 10.30 A.M. Commencement Exercises, followed by Dinner in Memorial Hall.
Alumni are requested to register their names and procure tickets for Commencement Dinner, between the hours of 8 and 10.30 Thursday morning, at the Cleveland Lecture Room.
8 P.M. Reception by the President in Memorial Hall.
FRIDAY—8.30 P.M. Examination of candidates for admission to College at Cleveland Lecture Room.
SATURDAY—8.30 A.M. Examination for admission continued.

The contest for the Brown Extemporaneous Composition Prizes occurred Tuesday, May 28th. The following were the competitors: Bodge, Carroll, Clarke, Crocker, Doherty, Elden, Emery, Files, Hershey, Libby, Merrill, Owen, Prentiss, Rogers, and Staples. The subject was "The Significance and Value of Decoration Day." The first prize was awarded to Wm. M. Emery, the second to Frank L. Staples.

Senior examinations were held Monday and Tuesday, June 3d and 4th. A radical change was made in them this year, from the fact that for the most part the class was examined in only the spring term's work. The examining board was represented by James McKeen, Esq., '04, of New York City, Rev. Geo. M. Adams, D.D., '44, Holliston, Mass., and the perennial S. F. Dyke, of Bath.

The last recitations in Greek for the term were held June 4th.
White, '89, will probably study medicine after graduation.
Δ. K. E., Ο. Δ. X., and Ψ. Ψ., held their Senior Treats, Friday, May 31st.

The Freshmen have decided to adopt a class cane for next year.
A resolution to abstain from ducking next year has been circulated among the members of '92. As will easily be imagined the signers of the document are decidedly in the minority, and a sufficient number of level headed men remain among the about-to-be Sophomores to check the ardor of such Freshmen as become too hilarious next fall.

Gummer and Garnett, both of '92, were applicants for the position of organist. Gummer received the appointment.

The first General Catalogue of Bowdoin ever issued is now out, and can be obtained from the Librarian. It was compiled by Prof. Little, assisted by Miss Lane, and contains information of much value, both to undergraduates and alumni.

Wednesday, May 29th, the invincible nine from '89 met on the sands of the delta, and proceeded to settle the knotty base-ball problem. The two teams, at the head of the one Bodge, of the other Stearns, represented the great and small of '89, and the contest was long and bitter. The Razzle-Dazzles (such was the name of the heavy team) got in good work with the stick, but the Pigs in Clover were right on deck, and connected with the ball in a way that was surprising. At the end of the sixth inning the score stood 31 to 31, when the game was called on account of hunger, and has not yet been played off.

Field, '91, has been appointed to the library corps.

With each copy of the new catalogue is found a small slip containing the following sentiment: "Compliments of the Librarian of Bowdoin College: vivre, vale: si quid norasti rectus istus, candidus unparti; si non, his utere mecum."

Bell ringer for '90, Cummins.

Merrill, '87, was in town May 31st.

The Commencement parts have at last been decided. Files will deliver the salutatory, while Emery and Staples were the lucky writers. The other speakers are Bodge, Clark, Elden, Merrill, Neal, Owen, and Stearns.

The Sophomores seem to be imbued with the base-ball spirit. Since the last number two crack nine, the Physics and Greeks, composed of the scientists and classics of the above class, have waged the conflict on the delta, each nine winning one game. There is considerable interest among the '91 men and the tie will probably be played off soon.

In the Junior class there is a certain youth who answers to the nick-name of "Professor." The other day at one of the ball games, another student seeing the first young man sitting a few seats in front of him sang out in stentorian tones, "P-R-O-F-E-S-S-O-R!!" Immediately five learned physiognomies belonging to five different representatives of the Faculty, turned inquiringly toward the speaker, who, with perturbed countenance, suffused with rosy blushes, sank back in his seat as far as possible, and, for the remainder of the game, relapsed into a state of "innocuous desuetude."

Prof. Woodruff conducted chapel services Sunday P.M., June 2d.

Pushor, '87, took in the Ivy exercises.

It would be hard to find three prettier specimens of engraving than the '90 Ivy invitation, programme, and dance order.

The Ivy Hop was largely attended, and in every way a great success. It was by far the finest looking assembly of young ladies that ever graced the Town Hall, and among so much beauty it would be rather a delicate undertaking to pick out the belle.

It is amusing——

To see the gay student work two whole days rejuvenating his room and shoveling away the dust.

To see him meet a pretty young lady at the train, and escort her to his room.

To hear his profuse apologies for the appearance of his den, but really he has been "plugging" so hard that he could not find time to pick up things, and he hopes she will excuse appearances, etc., etc.

Ivy Day, Bowdoin, 8; Lovells, 8, in 8 innings.

It is the general opinion among the boys that Bowdoin could have downed the Lovells in another inning.

The Seniors celebrated their last class racket at the Tontine, Wednesday evening, June 4th. For further particulars read another column, also Despeaux.

Despeaux grows livelier as he grows older and plumper.

The boat race, Field Day, was sort of a procession. The Sophs easily walked away with the '92 boys, defeating them by several boat lengths. No effort was made for a record on account of rough water and the unfavorable tide.

President Hyde delivered the baccalaureate at Fryeburg Academy, June 9th.

It is a curious fact that only one young man in Bates College smokes. No cigarette law need apply there.—Lowiston Journal. That "one young man" seems to have the power of reproduction by self-division when a crowd of Bates students come down to witness a ball game.
The Colby students of the sterner sex have always been vigorously opposed to co-education, and the presence of the young ladies, who always manage to take the best rank and in other ways make it unpleasant for the boys, has been a cause of trouble for the latter. An amusing story is now being told of how co-education came to be established at Colby. At a meeting of the trustees, the measure providing for the admittance of the weaker sex to participate in the advantages of the college course was introduced and, after some discussion, put to vote. Then came the ludicrous part of the performance. Each trustee, although disapproving of the measure, trusted to his neighbor to vote it down and cast his own ballot in its favor. Behold the result! Co-education at Colby established by a unanimous vote.

Field and Ivy week presented a queer combination of weather. From Sunday until Thursday, Nature's face put on a grim and doleful appearance. Thursday the old lady condescended to smile on the athletes occasionally, while Friday she attended the Ivy exercises attired in green verdure and a broad and joyous grin. Saturday, however, she again veiled her countenance, which up to the time of writing has not ventured to reappear.

A plain granite monument has been placed above the grave of the late Professor Avery.

The project of sending the '91 crew to Quinsigamond was voted down in the meeting of the Boating Association, in Memorial Hall, Monday afternoon.

Since the last issue a decided change has taken place in the base-ball standing. At that time Bowdoin was well in the lead, with a very good chance of scooping things, while Bates, "the pennant flyer," was third in position. It was unfortunate that Hilton's arm should give out at the time it did, for, beyond doubt, with effective pitching our nine would have taken the games from M. S. C. and Bates, thus placing Bowdoin at the head of the college league. As it is, all we can do is to secure second place, and unless M. S. C. goes under, Wednesday, even this is doubtful.

The University of Michigan has no marking system, class rank, honors or prizes, except the diploma of graduation.

Hanover Freshmen recently asked for shorter lessons. Not succeeding, they bolted classes. Each member was then notified that he must apologize to the President or be suspended. '92 declared that they would not apologize, and the other classes stood by them. The Faculty gave in and the Freshmen went back to shorter lessons.

'34.—Hon. P. W. Chandler, who has been ill for about two years, died at his home on Beacon Street, Boston, May 28th. Mr. Chandler was born in New Gloucester, Me., April 18, 1816. He was fitted for college at the Bangor Seminary, and graduated at Bowdoin with distinction in the class of 1834, at the age of eighteen. Among his classmates were Chief Justice Appleton, Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, and George M. Weston. He was a liberal benefactor to the college, the Cleveland Cabinet, so called, being fitted up by him in memory of Professor Cleveland. In 1867 he was honored by the degree of LL.D., from Bowdoin, and in 1871 was made a trustee. Mr. Chandler studied law with his father, partly in Boston in the office of Hon. Theophilus Parsons, and partly at the Harvard Law School. While a student in 1836 he became connected with the Daily Advertiser as law reporter, and early gave proof of his legal ability. He was admitted to the bar in 1837, and entered upon a law practice which increased constantly, and which he carried on for many years. He originated in 1838 the Law Reporter, conducting it with great ability for several years. Mr. Chandler was chosen to the Common Council from ward six in 1843-5, and the last two years he was the presiding officer. In 1846 he was chosen City Solicitor which office he held until 1853, when he resigned, though he retained his connection with city affairs many years, his revision of the city charter in 1854 being one of his most notable works. He was a member of the legislature from 1840-6, and was a recognized leader in the House, his extensive knowledge, his skill in debate, and his thorough knowledge of human nature qualifying him for the position in an unusual degree. In 1854 Mr. Chandler was chosen a member of the Executive Council during the governorship of Emory Washburn, and again in 1862-3 he was in the House, accepting a seat at the earnest solicitation of Governor Andrew. As a member of the bar, Mr. Chandler ranked with the highest and ablest of his profession, and practiced with marked success from the first. He was a pleasing speaker, and many interesting stories are told of him in connection with his public speaking.
He was a Whig, and later a Republican, being a strong supporter and personal friend of Governor Andrew, and his memoir of Governor Andrew written for the Massachusetts Historical Society is one of his best productions. Among his other works are books upon the bankrupt law and "American Criminal Trials," in two volumes, and he had for years until 1886 been a contributor to the Daily Advertiser, of which paper he was at one time the leading proprietor, to many legal journals, and to Every Other Saturday, edited by his son H. P. Chandler. Mr. Chandler was a man of sagacity, with much force of will, an organizer with great practical ability, both in business and politics. In social life he was thoroughly genial, and always ready with an anecdote to enliven conversation. Although he was afflicted quite early with deafness he did not allow it to cloud his life. He was a member of many prominent clubs, and a man who will be greatly missed both by his college, the community, and his friends. Mr. Chandler leaves two sons, Horace P. and Parker C., and a daughter Miss Ellen Chandler. Mrs. Chandler who was a daughter of Professor Cleaveland, died in 1881.

60.—Amos L. Allen has been appointed special agent of the Treasury Department to prevent violation of the contract labor law and to aid custom house officers, and is now stationed at Newport, Vt.

65.—John B. Cotton, of Lewiston, has been appointed Assistant Attorney-General.

70.—The Frank Leslie's Weekly for June 1st contains a picture and biographical sketch of Hon. Alva S. Alexander, the recently appointed District Attorney for Northern New York.

73.—Seth M. Carter has succeeded to the interest of John B. Cotton in the law firm of Frye, Cotton & White.

88.—George F. Cary was married May 18th, to Miss Charlotte Coleman of Hartford, Conn.

VIDUA COLLEGIARIA.

I had called in to see her. I cannot now tell
When it was we had yielded to love's magic spell.
But yet each had the love of the other divined,
And her head on my bosom now gently reclined.

Then that silence so golden, to lovers so old,
Which is far more expressive than words, we are told
Like a spell of enchantment, a dream ever fair,
In the silence of evening came over us there.

Yet that vision of happiness soon fled away,
And I woke with a start which I feel to this day,
For she tenderly said as I sweetly looked down;
"Your watch ticks the loudest of any in town."

—Brunonian.

JUNE.

Like a maiden shyly sweet,
Creature of the moment's mood,
Standing with reluctant feet
On the brink of womanhood.

Here, with hesitance—a thrill,
All the happy world in tune,
Dreamy-eyed and doubting still,
Fair May yields to fairer June.

—Brunonian.

James Russell Lowell is to fill the new lectu-reshape in poetry at Johns Hopkins, next fall.

There are one thousand two hundred and twenty-nine, students registered at Cornell, an increase of two hundred and seven over last year.

Geo. Bancroft, the historian, is the only living member of Harvard, 1817.—Ez.

The University of Vermont has received a bequest of $10,000 for its library.

The Faculty of Lehigh command that all students wear the cap and gown and appear every Sunday in collegiate costume.

The Senior editors of the Yale News receive $250 to $275 per annum for their work on the paper.

The Faculty of the University of Pennsylvania have forbidden smoking by the students under penalty of expulsion.—Owl.

The San Diego College seems to make instruction in Music a specialty; it has six professors of this art, among whom there is an instructor in Banjo playing.

Mr. J. D. Rockefeller has offered to donate $800,000 towards founding a Baptist University in Chicago. This sum will probably be increased to three millions.

The Boston teachers have formed a mutual benefit association.

The trustees of Dartmouth have sent a circular letter to all the alumni who received pecuniary aid from the college while in attendance, asking them to repay the amount received if their circumstances permit.
One of the most significant features of the celebration was the constant reference which the speakers made to our college. It would almost seem that they were celebrating the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Bowdoin instead of the town in which it is situated. And truly the memories of the old town on the flats and those of the old college on the hill can never be separated. Nothing could be more flattering than the tribute received from our distinguished alumni of '60, whose massive and overawing presence, heavy, penetrating voice, strong, flowing rhetoric, and keen, comprehensive mind made him the very rallying point of his party in the recent tariff crisis in the House of Representatives. Mr. Reed said: "Many a man besides myself can say that to have been graduated at the college on the hill is one of the great good fortunes of his life. Bowdoin has many superiors in wealth and size, but for the production of men of sound sense, culture, intellectual grasp, and capacity for affairs, it has few rivals and no superior." How the hearts of Bowdoin boys thrilled with pride and exultation at the words of the great orator. Ah! the little eastern college with its twin towers, dotted halls, and maple-shaded campus was dearer than ever to us on that day.
The preceding editorial leads logically and almost irresistibly to the consideration of another, namely, the educating power of celebrations and reunions. The cold and sordid mind says: "What do they amount to?" We reply: "To you they amount to nothing." But who, with the true sensibilities of young manhood could listen to the above words without feeling his affections deepened, his patriotism intensified, and his whole nature refreshed and invigorated? It is something more than a mawkish sentiment. It means the uprising and outflowing of those inner emotions which, however impracticable for steady fuel, are the gusts and breezes that fan us into action. Right along this line come the class suppers and society banquets that dot our college course, and, later on, the class and society reunions that bind us to the past. And, indeed, the class spirit, which often decried and sometimes overdone, may claim an indirect hearing. It is true that work, steady and earnest work, is the core of life, but it is necessary for the ideal character that there be a sprinkling of sentiment. It is well that we halt occasionally by the wayside to quaff from the spring and rest in the cool shade.

The latest of the series of progressive moves which our college has entered into for the past three or four years is the adoption of the rule that no student shall be allowed to enter the succeeding class without his ticket. It should be welcomed by every student, for the majority of us have not the determination and power of voluntary application to undertake a term's back work without compulsion. It has become an unmitigated nuisance, this letting work go from year to year, often until the final Senior vacation. However much the Faculty may have facilitated their own work by this move, their own convenience becomes insignificant when compared with the boon they confer on forceless students. We may writhe a little under the unexpected burden, but when we enter on the next year's work with light hearts and a clear record, we shall bless the measure that brought it about. The only criticism to be made is that its sudden adoption, without notification, comes rather hard on those most in arrears.

We very much regret the mistake of the officers, on account of which the Medical students withdrew from the procession at the recent celebration. We thought at the time that, as a matter of etiquette, they should march ahead; for among them are many having the degree of A.B.; they are older, their course is practically post-graduate, and they are nearer active life than we are. To be more certain, we have consulted members of the Faculty, who gave the same decision.

Technically, however, the Classical students were right in holding their position. It was so printed on the programme, and the Commander-in-Chief of the procession gave orders that they should march there. The retaliatory measures taken by the Medicals and the distorted reports given out to some of the Maine dailies, were childish and absurd. At the time we were strongly in favor of them, but their subsequent conduct has brought about a reaction that we cannot wholly overcome.

At one time the intercollegiate base-ball pennant was in our very grasp. To-day Bowdoin is in the third place. She had a batting team that every pitcher feared, and at times her fielding was of the first order. She had two admirable catchers, one first-class pitcher, and another that would have been first class, had she been practiced any before the season was over. What has been the matter?

The first error, and one which Bowdoin always persists in committing, was the tardy organization of the nine. The members of
the team were never elected until late in the winter, and then largely on the merits of their gymnasium practice. The gymnasium is no test whatever of a player’s ability. The proper method to pursue next fall is this: As early as the first of the second week of the term the officers should be elected, the captain chosen, and the nine temporarily organized. A series of eight or ten games with the best clubs in the State should be arranged, and everything set in motion just as eagerly as at the beginning of the summer term. Those games of the fall term should be played “for blood.” Every man should be given to understand that his election to the nine depended on his work at the bat, in the field, and on bases, on his steady habits, and on his determination to train in accordance with the orders of the captain and manager. So much for the core of the base-ball system.

This should be supplemented by a series of games between the classes, in order that not a single good player should, by reticence or prejudice escape notice. To facilitate this a permanent cup should adorn the library, known as the Class Championship Base-Ball Cup, and its attainment should be considered as much an honor as the Field-Day or Boating Cup.

In addition to these two features, a more extended series of games in the fall term for the “Varsity” and a series of class games, there should be a third, namely, a permanent and efficient second nine to give practice to the “Varsity.”

This system should be kept up during the fall term, at the end of which the nine should be elected and sent into the Gym.

The second fault with the old régime is the society feeling and the partisan method of selection. Our scheme for obviating these would be this: To have five electors chosen, one from each society—men of sound sense and good base-ball judgment, whose duty it shall be to choose the nine and make any subsequent changes.

At least four pitchers and three catchers should be kept in constant training all winter.

As soon as possible after the close of the National League an efficient coacher should be engaged, and kept as long as the cash holds out. The reason for engaging one early is that the pitchers may have as long as possible to practice any new curves he may show them.

The money should be raised during the fall term, and if, in the summer term, there be a deficit the paper could again go the rounds, for by that time the boys would feel liberal again.

Our plan is, in short, this: to simply transfer all preparation of every kind from the summer to the fall term. It is always easy, at the end of the year, to look back on mistakes. Next year, let us commit our errors in the autumn, when they don’t cost anything.

We have the opinion of one of the oldest, ablest, and most universally respected members of our Faculty, one who is not given to the making of unwarranted statements, and whose long connection with the college amply qualifies him to judge, that there is no truth in the rumor that the late Peleg W. Chandler cut from his will a liberal donation to Bowdoin. The professor in question said that for a number of years he had thought Mr. Chandler was not intending to give anything more to the college. We have also learned, indirectly, that the same statement comes from others who are in a position to know.

No one will ever gain anything by starting such rumors. Sooner or later they will recoil on the heads of the inventors, whoever they may be. They will not harm our institution nor its president. The enemies
of the college and its representative cannot combat the irresistible prestige of a well-
earned success.

We would call special attention to the review of the General Catalogue of Bow-
doin College, to be found among the Book Reviews. It is compiled by Prof. Little, assisted by Miss Lane of the library staff. It is the first general catalogue of Bowdoin, in English, ever published, and its author deserves the utmost gratitude of the alumni for so valuable a contribution.

We are glad that our financial prospects enable us to give in this issue the full text of President Hyde's Baccalaureate Sermon. We know that our patrons will appreciate it; and even if their appreciation comes not in the form of financial gains, we shall have the satisfaction of knowing they are all grateful for the opportunity of perusing something more than the usual cramped and meagre abstract. It seems to us of peculiar interest. It shows that in the continuous struggle between the old and the new, between bigotry and liberality, Bowdoin College is unhesitatingly arrayed on the side of progress. It shows that the Cleveland and Packards and Woods and Smythes, who have made it what it is, are succeeded by men who have the courage and capacity to make it what it may be. It shows that Bowdoin is abreast of the times, that the great current of progressive human thought flows just as vigorously up here in the north-eastern eddy as in the great stream outside.

By a single bold stroke he has cleared away a great deal of the "rubbish" that has collected about a great central truth. His ideas are not new to the world, but they are new to Bowdoin. They have been dis-
cussed and re-discussed, and the controversy is by no means over. But it requires no

prophet to forecast the result; it requires no very technical knowledge of the details even. The half-grown mind of the college student can stand back and watch the current, and we venture the statement that, while his more learned elders are wrangling our technicalities, he will half the time get a better idea of the general trend.

Some, and in fact most, questions require an accurate knowledge of the facts to fore-
tell their outcome, but in great waves of thought, where all high intellectuality is tending in our direction, only those "who having eyes see not" can fail to predict accurately.

The enthusiasm with which President Hyde's sermon was received by the students is very significant. With that sympathetic and almost instinctive insight which is the peculiar gift of young minds, they appreciate that a conflation of its teachings would mean a reversal of that great principle of progress which is so plainly visible in all history.

We are all proud to be members of an institution that leaves the ruts of tradition and takes a bold stand "in the foremost files" of thought.

A FACE AND A FANCY.

She was one of those quiet, musing damsels, with large, expressive eyes, an oval face, and dark wavy locks. She sat leisurely back in the car-seat amid her myriad bundles, with an air of unobtrusive yet im-
pregnable proprietorship hardly to be expected in a lonely traveling maiden. I was standing in the crowded car casting yearning glances at the partially-filled seat oppo-
site her. Her eye met mine, and something like the shadow of a smile played over her rich features. She pushed aside the bundle and with an almost imperceptible inclination of the head, motioned me to be seated. Half
hesitating and half confident, I did her bidding. She made no remark, and, after looking leisurely out of the window a few minutes, opened a dainty satchel that closed with a soft click, strangely in harmony with the personality of its possessor. She took out a small volume and went to reading. I did all there was left for me to do—stared and thought and studied faces. A sort of uneasiness crept over me that I could not explain. I felt awkward and out of place, and heartily wished for some secluded corner where I could study my fair benefactress less conspicuously.

At length the train shot out of the wood, and beyond green vistas and gabled villas there spread out before us the great, blue ocean. She let the book fall softly upon her lap and seemed drinking in the scene. Now was my time. I made some axiomatic remark on the view and she looked up with a smile that flowed all over me, but vouchsafed no reply. I was crushed but not broken. After a few moments, summoning my courage, I again addressed her with a straight question that she could not avoid: "Are you acquainted in this locality, madam?" Never raising her eyes she calmly shook her head, picked up her book and went to reading. I was squelched, and devoted the next half hour to that agonizing memorial action familiarly known as "kicking one's self." She had such a fine, intellectual face, neither pedantic nor girlish, such an exquisitely rounded figure, such an easy, self-confident air. Once or twice she raised her exquisite eyes and caught me staring, and my only hope is that she raised them as many other times and caught me not staring. And thus the train rolled on.

By and by the conductor came through and blurted out some unintelligible name and the train slowed up at a quiet country village with green lawns, one or two spires, and perhaps a half-dozen stores. My fair opposite began gathering up her bundles, and I eagerly offered my assistance. She declined with easy tact and well-turned expression that was more grateful than many a girl's acceptance would have been. I saw her give directions for her luggage and enter a phaeton containing a gray-haired lady and drawn by a pair of docile, but shining ponies. Just as the train moved out she turned and gave me another of those rich, refreshing smiles, and we were gone in an instant.

I do not know her name and probably never shall. I cannot guess her occupation or circumstances. Perhaps she is the governess in some wealthy family, perhaps the spoiled and petted daughter of some local magnate, perhaps the Boston cousin home on a visit to the country friends, and perhaps she is— the sweet, young wife of some other lucky dog. But let her be what she may, that sweet, expressive face with its large, beautiful eyes, and rich smile, has been with me ever since. But then, we college boys are full of fancies, and I presume this one will wear off as others have before.

'NINETY-TWO'S CLASS SUPPER.

The class of 'Ninety-Two, appearing for the first time with tall hats and canes, and with that independent air which is one of the most noticeable characteristics of the Sophomore, left the Brunswick station Thursday afternoon, amid the cheering of the upper-classmen, in a special car decorated on both sides with banners running the whole length, bearing in large letters, "Bowdoin; '92."

The ride to Portland was as jolly as possible; crowds stopped to admire the class as they marched from the depot to the Falmouth, and several ladies were heard to remark that "this was the best looking class that had come to Portland from Bowdoin for a long time." Any one acquainted
with Bowdoin students will appreciate the value of this compliment.

At 9.30 the class met in the parlors of the Falmouth, and dinner was announced shortly after, consisting of the following:

**MENU.**

Little Neck Clams. Mock Turtle (claire).
Cucumbers.
Boiled Penobscot Salmon, Egg Sauce.
Green Peas. Parisienne Potatoes.
Spring Lamb, Mint Sauce.
String Beans. Asparagus.
Browned Mashed Potatoes.
Sweet Breads, Larded, with French Peas.
Roman Punch.
Boiled Spring Chicken (à la Mitre d'Hotel).
French Salad. Saratoga Potatoes.
Tutti-Frutti.
Strawberries with Cream.
Coffee. Cigars.

When the chairs were pushed back and the cigar smoke began to perfume the air, President Mcintosh called the class to order, and Mr. Linscott was called upon for the opening address. Mr. Linscott said that "though this was the opening of the class supper, he hoped that it would also be the opening of three years prosperity and warm friendships." Mr. Thomson, the toast-master, was then introduced, and after a few well-chosen remarks said that "he intended to give seven cans of preserves to some of the members of the class to open. They might try to pass them for fresh, but in reality they were all stale, as they were put up some six weeks ago.

Mr. Rich had the first can, "The Forest City," of which he spoke at some length in a very pleasing manner.

The next can was "'Ninety-two," responded to by President McIntyre, who said "he was glad to toast a class of which Bowdoin College was justly proud."

Mr. Fobes said in response to the toast, "The College," that in that far distant time, Freshman year, we had been as mere twigs of a tree but now had become a part of the tree itself.

The toast-master said he thought he displayed rare judgment in calling upon Mr. Wood to respond to the toast, "The steeds of 'Ninety-two." Mr. Wood began with: "Shakespeare had his pen, Napoleon had his sword, but we have our horses." He spoke long and eloquently, often falling into poetry in praise of his noble steeds. In the course of his speech he addressed an ode to his horse, à la Horace: "O carissimus equine! O both my patron and my sweet glory! How can I ever express my gratitude to thee for thy kind ministering care! Thou hast ever been ready to assist me in that very delightful and most frequent blessing—the golden ten-strike.

Mr. Emery responded to the toast, "The Girls of 'Ninety-two," and made some very witty hits on those who had spoken before him.

In toasting "Athletics," Mr. Merryman said that "he thought it one of the most important things in a college course, and that there was good material in 'Ninety-two.

The last toast, "Our Relations to 'Ninety-three," was well responded to by Mr. Pugsley, who said that "'Ninety-three should be made at home at Bowdoin by 'Ninety-two, which he thought could be done without the loss of any Sophomore dignity."

It was 12.20 when the class adjourned to the parlors where the rest of the exercises were carried out.

Mr. Durgin, as an Orator, was excellent. He spoke eloquently of the past year, touched upon the present moment, and gave a bit of good advice for the future.

The Historian, Mr. Gurney, said that to write a history of a class like 'Ninety-two was worthy a Prescott or a Mortley, but even they could have done no better than he.

The poem, written by Mr. Perkins, and
read by Mr. Bartlett, was very unique and beautiful.

Mr. Gately, as Prophet, had that peculiar faculty of making hits at every one, which kept the class in a constant roar of laughter, and yet hurt no one's feelings.

At 2.30 the class dispersed with a few ringing yells and some verses of old Phi Chi, glad that they were no longer Freshmen, but with a shade of regret that the year was so soon passed.

THE TABLETS IN MEMORIAL HALL.

It has, without doubt, been known to our readers for some time, that through the munificence of Brigadier-General Thomas Hamlin Hubbard, our honored alumni of '57, those sons and students of Bowdoin who risked or lost their lives in the late civil war, were to receive specific and tangible recognition on the interior walls of the hall erected in their honor.

We learn from the manufacturers, the Baynes Tracery and Mosaic Company of New York City, that Gen. Hubbard set no limit in the price but gave orders for the finest thing that the firm could produce.

The tablets are nine in number, placed on the right-hand side of upper Memorial as one enters the door. Eight of them contain the names of the students and alumni who took part in the war, and the ninth an inscription reading as follows:

Here are inscribed the names of those graduates and students of Bowdoin College who served in the war to maintain the Union in its time of peril, 1861-1865, and to perpetuate the government of the people by the people and for the people of the United States of America.

They are of bronze, mounted on heavy tablets of native black marble, and attached to the wall by bronze-headed bolts. The lettering is modified from the alphabet con-


tained in the celebrated book on "Proportion" by the distinguished artist, Albert Dürer. They are considerably raised above the background, casting an interesting shadow. The edges are slightly beveled, thus increasing the number of the reflections and at the same time breaking them up.

Those tablets containing the lettering are mounted upon still others of native black marble, thus forming a border six inches wide and receding about two inches. This border is adorned with elaborate tracery of bronze work. The tracery is in semblance of sprays, leaves, and blossoms of those trees, shrubs, and flowers which are conspicuous in the Pine Tree State. Fully eighty varieties are represented, each variety having received a vast amount of thought from artists who are entirely American, and all either graduates of or students in the leading United States schools of art. Among the varieties represented are the golden-rod, wild aster, several species of oak and maple, dog-tooth violet, wild rose, water lilies, mountain holly and mountain ash. The tracery is oxide instead of the conventional glaring bronze, and a careful study reveals many a feature that might have been omitted, had there been any desire to save work or cost.

They differ from any tablets heretofore made in that they are entirely etched, all previous ones having been either cast or engraved. The superiority of etching lies in the fact that it can thus more closely approach the original design, and the fact that it admits the use of much better metal; as for engraving the bronze requires to be softened by the addition of lead, and for casting the metal used is much more porous.

Ex-President Joshua L. Chamberlain, and Professor George T. Little have rendered invaluable assistance in the undertaking, the former in the way of botanical infor-
There was soon handed to each individual a card, somewhat resembling a dance order, with small pencil attached by a tasty red ribbon, bearing the following subjects for five-minute conversations:

1. The Recent Celebration.
2. The Floods in Pennsylvania.
4. Should Brunswick Become a City?
5. “Check” as an Element of Success.
6. Athletics.
7. Comical Events you have Heard of or Witnessed.

Every gentleman was expected to secure a different partner for each of the several topics, and after a half hour’s eager and friendly rivalry the programmes were filled. The signal for the opening and closing of individual topics was the ringing of a small bell, and oftentimes did its silvery tones interrupt many an earnest conversation, that, had it been permitted to flow on, might have ended—but ah! we dare not say.

“Co-education” was, unquestionably, the subject most vivaciously discussed by the ladies, being unanimously decided in the negative (it has since impressed itself upon the Juniors that our Faculty co-eds are absolutely necessary and delightful in every way), while the “Floods in Pennsylvania” was more seriously considered by the philanthropic Junior mind.

After the exhaustion of the programme, but not of the discoursers, refreshments were served—which were followed by singing college songs, heartily joined in by all. As the boys passed out of the door they collected on the lawn, where, without Despotic interference, three rousing cheers were given for Professor Robinson, after which they journeyed campusward, singing “He’s a Jolly Good Fellow,” thoroughly persuaded to the belief that this was a most happy termination to a year’s work in chemistry under our good Professor.
A TOAST.

To the town of old Brunswick this toast let us offer; She whose sons oft have perished her freedom to save; Who can boast of full many a fair young daughter; And to our dear old college a birthplace once gave.

May she long be in peace and prosperity growing; May her sons and fair daughters continue to be Ever loyal and true, let whate'er winds he blowing, And as countless on land as the sands of the sea.

THE BRUNSWICK SESQUI-CENTENNIAL.

On Thursday, June 13th, our college town celebrated its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary. The weather was fine and the day from beginning to end was one grand success. At sunrise the slumbering inmates of the old college halls were awakened by the heavy salutes fired in front of the Congregationalist church. These salutes were repeated on the occasion of the arrival of the Governor, and at sunset.

At seven A.M. occurred the antique fantastic parade. At 9 A.M. occurred the literary exercises, in the First Parish Church on the hill, and the platform was covered by many men of high station, among whom were Hon. T. B. Reed, and the Governor and Council. Dr. Alfred Mitchell presided, and opened the exercises with an able speech. The two features were, of course, the oration by Professor Everett of Harvard, one of Brunswick's sons, and the poem by our own Professor Chapman. We here insert an abstract of the former, while we feel glad to be able to present to our alumni and student-patrons the full text of the latter. We feel that it will enhance the lasting value of the present issue.

ABSTRACT OF ADDRESS BY PROFESSOR C. C. EVERETT OF HARVARD COLLEGE.

We gather to celebrate the birthday of a town. From certain points of view it might seem as if this were hardly worth the celebrating. The world is full of towns. There are hundreds of thousands which no man can number. Think how they have sprung up all over our country like the grass on the prairies. Think how they are springing up to-day; springing up in fluttering canvas that in a few months will harden into wood, or in a year or two, perhaps, into brick or stone. The first flower of the spring we greet with delight; but when our fields and gardens are full of flowers, how little we notice or care for the opening of one or another.

A better comparison is suggested by the lives of men. Among the uncounted multitudes of men that throng the earth, there are few whose birthday has not an interest for some. Each commemorates it for himself, and about each is a larger or smaller circle to whom it is in some degree sacred. What is the birth of an individual to the birth of a town? It is the town that makes the life of the individual in any sense possible. It is the town that brings a certain refining or elevating element into life. Men, it is true, often live in the country, happier or better lives than are common in the town; but it is the town that, to a very large extent, makes such life in the country possible. The town is the ganglion that receives and dispenses the energy of the world. It receives from the country the material of living, and sends back refinement and stimulus and the sense of a larger life.

He spoke of the relation of the town to the state and the nation; how towns are the units out of which nations are made, and how the central government is only representative of the town.

We have thus looked at the town merely in what may be called its external relations. When we look at it from within, the significance of the anniversary is still more marked. For how many lives does it stand! Of how many tender experiences has it been the enfolder! What gladness of childhood,
what enthusiasm of youth, what beauty of romance, what depths of sorrow, how many comedies, how many tragedies have their place within it! And all this is not for one generation only, but for generation after generation.

Not men only, but places, too, have that mysterious something which we call "personality." I cannot, however, believe that it is merely this subjective illusion that makes Brunswick seem to us to have a character and attractiveness of its own. This confidence, perhaps, it would not be easy to justify by words. Brunswick has filled its place in the state and nation. It has furnished its share of men who have been prominent in the State, and the army, and the church. We are proud of them to-day. But it is not this that gives to its name the special significance of which I speak. Perhaps it is in part the charm of its situation. It is, indeed, surrounded by no magnificent scenery of which it is simply an added feature.

The town is the center to which the nature about it is tributary. There is the river which curves about it as if with a gentle caress. There are the falls in their beauty, and the rocks that rise by their side, while the noise and jar of mills, and the pungent odor of the freshly sawed boards add something to the charm of the scene, so far as the practical mind is concerned, and hardly lessen it for the lover of the picturesque. There are the pines that stand in their stateliness encircling the village, and there is, not far off, the sea, whose breath comes softened and strained through the pine forest. Within, there are the broad and shady streets and the pleasant mall. There is the college yard, sometimes so full of life, but in the vacation seeming shut in, as it is by its hedge of lofty trees, with its smooth, unbroken beauty of grass, with its fair chapel and its quiet halls, as if it might be the scene of a new story of "some sleeping beauty." Behind the college is the spot to which many hearts turn with the tenderest love; a peaceful, sunny nook, about which the solemn pines, together symbolizing the glad and the sorrowful memories that mingle there.

If from this outward picture we turn to the inner life of the place, we recognize a population that, to us at least, seems more intelligent and refined than that of most villages of its type. There have been generations of modest and sterling citizens, and quiet pleasant homes. When I knew the town most intimately there was a society that for its charm could hardly be surpassed. Think for a moment what the college has done for the town in this respect. Think what citizens it has brought to us as presidents and teachers. Bowdoin College, like Brunswick, has a character of its own. Here again it may be the result of personal interest and association, but I confess that it seems to stand out from among the colleges of its class, if indeed, there are any colleges precisely of its class. Think, I say, of the men and of the families that it has brought to us. There were the early presidents whose descendants remained to add to the stability and charm of the place. Their features are known to us by the familiar engravings. McKeen, whose face is marked with mingled sweetness and strength, while the thoughtful spirituality of Appleton makes itself still felt by us in spite of the passing of the years. Not to name the living or to go back beyond the memory of many of us, what dignity and graciousness were added to the town by the presence of Leonard Woods! Where could we find in these later generations a man precisely of his type? There was a mediaeval richness in his nature. Even his voice gave some hint of the quality of his mind. Of those whom the college has brought to us as teachers, I dare not begin to speak.
The personal characteristics of some of them stand out in memory or tradition, as sharply defined as those of some work of fiction, and some are held to-day in tender remembrance. The presence of the students, these waves of young men coming year after year, may be also reckoned among the elements that have given to the town its distinctive quality. It is pleasant to think how many of those who were for a while among us will feel a special interest in our celebration to-day. From how many widely sundered regions of the earth the thoughts turn to us of those who remember Brunswick as we remember them.

I have thus attempted, in an imperfect way, to explain the characteristics of our town which may justify our special feeling towards it. Whether it may be thus justified or not, the feeling is there, and it is this that inspires our gathering to-day. This feeling will not be satisfied on an occasion like this without a glance backward at the history of the town we love.

He spoke briefly of the prehistoric ages, and of the time when only wild beasts and savages possessed the region. He then sketched at some length the early history of the town, and the hardships of the first settlers, telling how Anglo-Saxon pluck and enterprise won its way and made possible this fair town. He said in conclusion:

Civilization, by itself considered, is like a magnificent body. It is possible for this to be animated by a soul, and when this soul is present there is a fullness, a richness, and a loftiness of living that may justify the cost at which the triumph has been reached. The gain, it will thus be seen, is a possibility not a necessity. One may be so entangled in the details, may have so narrow an outlook, and such narrow aims, even if his position be a fair one, that he shall not reach the good which lies at the heart of this nineteenth century. At best, the ideal is but vaguely and partially distinguished, and at best what is held is but partially made real.

Consider that form of the ideal which we might suppose to be most perfectly fulfilled in this America: the ideal of democracy. How far is this from its fulfillment? The fear was once of the tyranny of the majority. That peril may exist at some time to come; we have not reached it yet. The tyranny from which we suffer is the tyranny of the minority. Look at one or two examples. The strike is the working-man's one weapon of defense, as it is his alienable right. When the oppression of capital can be no longer borne, then a strike, honestly and earnestly entered upon and carried out, may restore the social equilibrium, as a thunderbolt restores the equilibrium of the atmosphere. How few strikes are of this nature! How many simply obey the demand of a blatant and defiant minority, while the man, who under other circumstances would have died to preserve his liberty, stands as if bound hand and foot and sees the fruits of a life-time vanish, and those whom he loves better than himself suffer because he does not dare come to their relief.

Consider the spoils system in our politics. The country does not need it. I never heard it urged that railroads would be better managed if its employes were changed every four years, or oftener, if a change in the management has taken place. Is the business of our country of less importance than that of a railway? You and I do not want this system. We want our business done in the simplest and most straightforward way possible. The two great parties of our country do not want it. They vie with one another in the strength of their condemnation. The Presidents selected by one or the other of the two great parties do not want it. They, too, denounce it, and when they yield to its demands, as one of them does not, they claim that it is against their will. I cannot believe that our heads of departments and our Congressmen in general want this system. It overburdens them with work, which to most of them must be distasteful, and demands strength and time which could better be spent in the legitimate duties of their office, though there may be some who are pleased to win in this manner an influence which they fear whatever talent they possess might not otherwise obtain.

Who then does want it? It is a minority to whom politics is a game, which, without this system of spoils, is as insipid as to an old gambler is a game of cards without stakes. I think it was Charles James Fox who said that "the greatest pleasure in life next to winning at cards is losing at cards." So these men would rather see the spoils distributed by a successful opponent, according to the rules of the game, than enjoy a victory which would be to them barren without this frutage. More powerful even than these is the smaller minority, to whom politics in its lowest form is not a game but a business, who grow rich by the buying and selling of votes, who
make bargains and “deals,” and who, whatever happens, find their gain. It is these who bend parties and Presidents and Congresses to their will. It is this minority that so far rules over us.

I do not say this in any spirit of discouragement. We are gathered to thank God and take courage. I refer to this great burden which rests upon us because the occasion itself suggests a hopeful outlook. In its early days of weakness and struggle our patriotic little town took the name of Brunswick, and it named its fort “Fort George.” It honored thus in its simple loyalty what was in fact (alas that I must say it here to-day), the meanest dynasty that ever held the fate of England in its hands. Because the occasion brings us face to face with the reign of the Georges, I may speak of our own civil service with encouragement. Think of the state of the civil service of England then, a condition of things which makes our civil service of to-day seem clean. Think of Sir Robert Walpole at the time when our little town was beginning its corporate existence, as the representative of the government, meeting members of Parliament with open bribes, and rarely if ever finding reason to doubt the truth of his often repeated saying, “Every one of these men has his price.” We are told of bribery to-day, but it comes, let us be thankful for that, not from the government. Think of the time when in England, without such open bribes, not even the most needed treaty could be ratified. Think of George the Third, late even in the eighteenth century, managing the affairs of a nation according to the methods of a ward politician. Remember, too, that this political corruption did not stand alone. Church livings, even Bishoprics were given on the same principles of personal or partisan service. All this went, at least so far as the upper stratum of society is concerned, with social corruption. Our political spoils system is a partial relapse into a single phase of a condition of things, such as I have described. Think what time and the resolute endeavor of earnest men have accomplished in England within the life-time of our town and take courage; but remember that time alone, without such endeavor, can do nothing.

We stand in the presence of a yet grander ideal, yet more dimly seen; that of a humanity in which is felt the power of common life; in which man as man, is felt to have unmeasurable worth. It is this for which the arts of our civilization are preparing. It is this which our democracy symbolizes. It is this which, so far as the worldly life is concerned, is the meaning of Christianity. It is the presence of this ideal and its partial fulfillment which justifies our joy in the triumph of civilization over barbarism. It is this which condemns us; but it is this which thrills our hearts with hope and courage. That the future will judge us, is of itself a prophecy of good; for it means that the ideal will one day be more clearly seen and have more power over the hearts and lives of men.

When we turn from that which the town in its short history has seen, and that larger life in which in the future it will have its part to that which has been seen within the town, a different lesson comes to us. Whatever the world may have in store, whatever gain in the appliances of life and in life itself, there is one thing in which the future can never outdo the past. Heroism is always the same. The world will never have heroes nobler than those which have already lived. Patience and courage and self-forgetful energy are alike precious under all forms and circumstances of life. To-day we lift the heroism of the fathers of our town up from the obscurity in which their lives were passed, and honor it. Let it be an inspiration to our own lives, so that when the great light of the future is turned back upon our memories, as we turn back the light of the present upon theirs, we, in the peace and comfort of our homes, shall be seen to be no unworthy successors of those whose strong arms and brave hearts conquered for us the wilderness.

CENTENNIAL POEM.

By Professor Henry Leland Chapman, of Bowdoin College.

I.

In the sweet tones of music breathes a spell
Of twofold power to touch the human heart,—
A spell that Nature weaves, no less than Art,
Herself an instrument wherein doth dwell
The harmony of sounds that sink and swell
In varying chords,—now suited to impart
Gladness to life, and now to soothe its smart;—
A harmony more rich than speech can tell.

A spell of twofold power, that leads the soul,
Thro' pleasant melodies, into the land
Of memory; or with notes more full and free
Unveils the realm of hope; so is the whole
Of life by subtle concord sweetly spanned,
The years that have been, and the years to be.

II.
The river, flowing onward to the sea,
Sings to itself, and sings to all that hear,
A pleasant song, alike at work or play;
Its foamy fingers sweep, with careless skill,
The wheel revolving 'neath the busy mill,
And straight it seems a harp of tuneful key,
Whose liquid melody beguiles the ear
That listens to it on a summer's day.

This is its work; and when its work is done
It hurries forth to greet again the sun,
And gleams and sparkles on its winsome way,
In all the rapture of unfettered play.
It ripples o'er the stones, and, like a brook,
Trills a clear strain of wanton merriment;
It rests a moment in some eddying nook,
Crooning an air of undisturbed content;
With deep-toned mirth it leaps the threatening fall,
Hearing below the rich melodious call
Of the full current, in the tranquil pride
With which it moves to meet the ocean tides.

But in this changing music of its moods
We catch the whispered accents of the woods
Bending to parley with the siren stream
That flashes by them like some transient dream;
We hear the singing birds that dip their bills
In the cool current; 'mong the quiet hills
We hear the woodman's axe, in echo ring
Thro' the still air, and listen to the spring
Whose tiny voice begins the haunting theme
That runs through all the music of the stream;—
A theme that still invites our feet to roam
Back with the river to its early home,
And 'gainst its current, in our thought to glide
Thro' meadow, hamlet, wood, and mountain-side,
To the clear rill, whose unforgotten note
Seems, like a waft of Melody, to float
Adown the current, sweetly to compel
The thoughts of men to yield to memory's spell.

III.
A solemn cadence thrills the patient shore
Beaten by tides, and by the waves that break
Upon it, while their low-voiced echoes wake
Desire to know the secret evermore
Held by the sea, yet uttered o'er and o'er;—
A secret which the wayward clouds partake,
Drifting across the upper deeps that make
No answer to the ocean's ceaseless roar.

It is the secret of the vast Unseen,
Stretching away beyond our feeble ken;
And in the music of the waves we hear
Hints of far shores, and shrines, and islands green
Where Hope, the enchantress, dwells, and beckons men
To seek the riches of her unknown sphere.

IV.
O town beloved! Mistress of our hearts,
Proud in the beauty that thine age imparts,
Proud in the reverence that thy children pay
To thee, in memory of thy natal day,
Bending a look of recognition sweet
On us who gather at thy gracious feet
What shall we offer at thy festal shrine?
What but the love that is already thine,
The loyalty renewed that feeds its fires
With the fond memories which this day inspires,
The wishes, that our tongues but faintly frame,
For added lustre to thine honored name?
These be our offerings; nor wilt thou refuse
To take them at our hands, while thou dost muse,
With eyes down-dropt, submissive to the spell,
In which the past and future seem to dwell,
The spell of music falling on thine ears,
Where thou dost sit amid thy thronging years.

For through the chorus of thy children's praise
Steals thy fair river's reminiscent song,
Leading thy thoughts, by sad and sunny ways,
Back to remembered scenes now vanished long.
The present fades before thy dreaming eyes,
And the bright visions of the past arise.

The pioneers, who tilled thy virgin soil,
Salute thee, pausing in their patient toil;
The captains, from their homeward-speeding ships
Shout a glad greeting through their bearded lips;
Light-hearted youths, in ever-changing thongs,
Repeat thy name in academic songs;
And stalwart soldiers bid thee brave adieu
As they go forth to join the boys in blue.
Kindles thine eye with unaccustomed light
As these fair visions pass before thy sight,
Summoned by that soft spell the river throws
About thee, as its constant current flows
Close by thy side, and chants a low refrain
That calls the vanished centuries back again.

While thus thou sittest, wrapped in grateful thought
Of days departed long, yet not forgot,
The ocean with its never-resting tide
And rhythmical passion, presses to thy side,
Breaks at thy feet, and thrills thy listening ear
Like the deep voice of some prophetic seer.
And lo! thine eyes are lifted, and alight
With hopes that rise upon the quickened sight,
Gilding with light the untold years that wait
To add new beauties to thy queenly state.

For like the babe that rode to Merlin's feet
On a wild wave, the realm's great king to be,
Floats a fair promise to thy wave-washed seat,
Borne on the diapason of the sea;—
A promise of the grace, yet unrevealed,
That coming years shall to thy presence yield;
Of gifts more precious from the sunlit skies
Than those which charm thy backward-turning eyes;
Of wealth, love, learning, and the happy pride
Of her whose sons in loyal faith abide.

So listening to the river and the sea,
Whose voices blend in sweetest harmony
Of hope and memory, thou dost seem to greet
Thine elder sons and future, as they meet
And join with us, who throng about thee now
To crown with living love thy radiant brow.

THE PROCESSION.

The procession will long be remembered
as the best ever yet seen in Brunswick, and it
was in every way a marked success, and did
much credit to those who composed it. There
were in the procession seven divisions, as follows, each under the care of a marshal and aids:

FIRST DIVISION.
Chief Marshal Townsend and Aids.
Collins' First Regiment Band.
Vincent Mountfort Post, G. A. R.
Chamberlain Guards.
Invited Guests and Citizens, in Carriages.
Peepecoat Wheel Club.

SECOND DIVISION.
F. H. Wilson, Marshal.
Faculty of Bowdoin College, in carriages.
Students of Bowdoin College.

THIRD DIVISION.
School Committee, Teachers and Pupils of the Public
Schools, in barges.

FOURTH DIVISION.
St. John's Band.
Brunswick Fire Department.

FIFTH DIVISION.
I. H. Danforth, Marshal.
Drum and Fife.
Floats.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH DIVISIONS.
Industrial Exhibits.

The students made a good showing, but
did not turn out in as large numbers as
might have been desired. Their ranks com-
prised portions of the three lower classes, and
in front was borne a white silk banner with
the inscription in gold:

Bowdoin College
1794-1889,

and each class also bore a streamer displaying
their class colors.

The Juniors were clad in cap and gown,
and excited much favorable comment. The
Sophomores upheld their dignity with the
traditional tall hats and canes, while the
Freshmen wore no distinctive dress, but with
a peculiar appropriateness carried umbrellas.
Owing to a slight inadvertency the Medical
students did not take part.

The Wheel Club made a fine display, and
deserve much credit. The public schools
well earned the praise they received for their
part in the procession, and the floats were
numerous and well gotten up, adding greatly
to the appearance of the whole.

The procession started at noon, and passed
over the following route: Down Main to
Mason, through Mason to Federal, to Bath,
through Bath to Potter, to Union, down
Union to Lincoln, to Main, up Main to
O'Brien, to High, to Cushing, down Cus-
hing to Pleasant, down Pleasant to Main, to
railroad crossing, to Park Row, to Main, to
Bank, to Federal, where it was dismissed.

THE AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES.

It was three o'clock when the five hun-
dred occupants of Town Hall had finished
the bounteous repast. Dr. Alfred Mitchell
called the company to order, and after a few
appropriate remarks, called upon Mr. Frank E. Roberts to respond to the toast, "The Town of Brunswick."

He was followed by Governor Burleigh, on "The State of Maine." In the course of his preliminary remarks, before directly approaching his subject, he said:

The large beneficial influence of Bowdoin College to Maine in rearing so many of her sons for the professions and in maintaining the standing of our popular institutions of education, proves its inestimable value, not only to Brunswick, but to the entire State. I may be allowed to express my regret that it was not permitted me to share the discipline and stimulating advantages of this institution, which has been the nursery and classic home of so many distinguished literary and public men, but I have given my earnest appreciation of its great importance in that I have sent to be taught by its honored professors those in whom I have reason to cherish the dearest regard of blood and affection.

The next toast was "Our Country," responded to by Congressman Dingley. In concluding he made a good-natured thrust at our much-honored alumnus of '60, whose subject was "All Creation." Mr. Reed said:

I am sorry, ladies and gentlemen, to be obliged to commence what I have to say by an apology. I am sorry to be obliged to say to you that my presence here to-day was one of the reasons why Governor Dingley was not born in Brunswick. [Laughter.] I remember, some little time ago, sitting in the rain for some fifteen minutes while the Governor paid a beautiful, touching, and eloquent tribute to the town of his birth—the town of Unity, in Waldo County. [Laughter.] I found, to my astonishment, a few months ago, that the Governor was also born in the town of Durham, in Androscoggin County. [Laughter.] And nothing but my presence here, I say again, has prevented you from hearing or rather sharing the honor of his being his birthplace. [Great laughter.] I felt, therefore, that I ought to be apologetic, for in history it will be a great honor to any town in this State to have even shared the reputation of being the birthplace of Governor Dingley. [Applause.]

I had prepared myself somewhat for personal reminiscences in regard to Brunswick by getting up at half past four this morning, but to my astonishment I found that, contrary to what was the case when

I was in college, it is light at that early hour. My recollection of the getting-up time in Brunswick is that it was always dark. But we seem to have changed that now, and I am unable, therefore, to go into the reminiscent vein.

I am only going to trouble you with some general observations which I regret to state I have not had the opportunity of preparing. But it seemed to me, as I was listening to the oration of Professor Everett to-day, that even if you leave out of account the record of the rocks to which he referred, and take into account only written history, that one hundred and fifty years, or even two hundred and fifty years, is a small period of time to take much account of. If it were antiquity alone that we were celebrating to-day, it would not be worth either the trouble or the expense, but these celebrations take deeper root upon the human heart than the mere lapse of years. They touch our souls because they are instinct not with years, but with humanity.

I suppose that it is the dream of every educated American who has not already done so, to travel beyond the seas in lands of historic glory. We do not desire to go there simply because years have rolled over the mountains and the valleys and the great structures of architecture. Our mountains are as old, our buildings are as fine, and yet they have not to us that attraction which they have abroad. With our mountains are not connected, as with the Alps, the passage of Hannibal and the triumphal march of Napoleon. Our capitol at Washington can take its place in grandeur and in beauty alongside any palaces of the past, but it is not yet thronging with associations of great men, of brave men, and of noble women. That is what gives the attraction to the human heart in those buildings of the historic countries. What makes Westminster Abbey beloved of us all? It is not the grandeur of the stones piled upon each other to the top of the pinnacle and the summit of the towers; it is not the beautiful tracery of the windows nor the rich light of the stained glass. It is because it is the home of England's noblest dead. Wherever you have the touch of humanity, wherever you connect scenes with the deeds and doings of men who have lived and fought and suffered as we are doing, the chain is beyond the power of breaking to the human being. Hence it is that these celebrations have such a hold upon our hearts. It brings before us the deeds and doings of those who have made life easier for us by their sacrifice in the past. It is no discredit to a town to be a mere spot upon the surface of the earth, when it is lighted up by some deed of human heroism or human self-denial, and it adds to our strength as a people and as a nation to fill our
minds with the associations of noble deeds connected
with our towns and with all our localities.

Therefore it is that I hail with pleasure any such
scene as this. I believe that the great deeds of the
past are incitators to us forever for noble deeds to
the future, and the history of Brunswick is full of the
same. These celebrations also bring up to us the
associations which make life pleasant and happy.
There is to me no more pleasant thought than that I
belong to the list of those who were graduated at the
noble college on the hill. It is not so great as many
a university. It is not so famous as many a college;
but for the production of men of sense, of culture and
of learning, it has almost no equal, and I venture to
say, no superior. [Applause.]

One sentence more and I am through. It ought
to be the effort of every citizen of Brunswick to do
his best that the generation which makes the next
celebration will be able to speak as well of you as
we who talk to-day can of those who are dead and
buried now. [Applause.]

President Mitchell then called upon Pres-
ident Hyde to respond to the toast, “Bow-
doin College.”

President Hyde outlined the founding
and growth of the institution, and spoke of
the reciprocal benefits town and college had
received by contact. “Many of the sons of
Brunswick have received a collegiate educa-
tion here, and some of the daughters, though
detained from the classical course, have
become daughters-in-law of the college, and
have it to thank for loving husbands and
pleasant homes.” [Applause.]

This was fittingly followed by a toast,
“Town and College,” responded to by Pro-
fessor Everett of Harvard University. In
the course of his remarks he said:

My first memory of the relations between the
college and town is, perhaps, hardly creditable.
There have been the French and Indian wars and the
war of 1812; but historians have not given sufficient
attention to the “Yagger war.” I remember once,
when a small boy, my father was called upon one
evening to assist President Woods in quelling a
“Yagger war,” which were at that time rather dan-
gerous and decidedly unpleasant. President Woods
at one time reprimanded a student for taking part in
such a scrimmage, and for throwing rotten eggs.
The student is reported to have disclaimed the oti-
that “rotten,” and to have said the eggs were good
ones. But the president said that he could answer
for it that one egg at least was not good, as it came
within dangerous proximity to his nose.

The toast, “The Maine Medical School,”
was responded to by Dr. I. T. Dana of Port-
land, as follows:

In 1820 the Medical Faculty was com-
posed of Parker Cleaveland and Nathan
Smith, of New Haven, very distinguished
men. Each one of them taught in many
departments. The school was held in the
upper story of Massachusetts Hall. The
quarters there were very cramped. Dr. Dana
remembered that the quarters were so
cramped that the tall men used to sit in the
end seats, where they would get up occasion-
ally and stretch their legs down the aisle.

The deportment of the school was good
when Dr. Dana knew it; but there were tra-
ditions of feuds with the town people. Dr.
Woods had once said that the time was
when the coming of the medical class was
a terror, “but now, gentlemen,” Dr. Woods
had continued, “you are a model to us all.”

Speaking of Parker Cleaveland, Nathan
Smith, R. D. Mussey, Fordyce Barker, E. R.
Peasley, and Willis Warren Green, the
speaker said it would be hard to find, con-
nected with the staff of any medical school
in the country, six more eminent names than
these.

In 1820, when the school was founded,
there were few in the country, not over three
others. Most of the doctors practicing were
graduates of no school, but had studied with
older doctors. The school did much, as soon
as it got to work, to elevate the character
of the profession throughout Maine. [Ap-
plause.]

President Mitchell paid tribute to Con-
gressman Boutelle by introducing him as the
hero of Albemarle and a distinguished jour-
nalist and statesman:

I might say in the borrowed language of days gone
by, I came not here to talk, but I am afraid that John
Furbish and Charley Townsend might say I was trenching too much on the speech of the past. But I have come here simply and solely to rejoice with you on this occasion. While I have not the honor to claim Brunswick as the city of my nativity or of my present residence, I cannot forget that for nearly twenty years this village represented everything included in the word home.

Great changes have taken place here, not only in one hundred and fifty years, but in the short time since I have known the town; and if you should wish to present a picture of the contrast, I do not think you could do better than bring that old town hall that I knew and put it up here in a corner of this.

I was not a graduate of Bowdoin College, much as I should be pleased could I point to that honor, but I was not without a course of study in this old town. Well I remember the school kept by Aunt Susy Owen down here in the old yellow house on the corner of Main and O'Brien Streets. And I remember how the task was carried on by her daughter. Then I remember well Susan Springer, Amanda Knight, the sisters Hinckley, and Miss Owen, whom I see here to-day. [Applause.]

I admire the spirit and work of those teachers who whipped into semblance of order the untierified young cubs of that day. There were Leonard Townsend, Charles Francis Adams, and Jonathan Adams, whom I am glad to have as a fellow-citizen in Bangor.

I might also speak of the contrast of the school-houses between that day and this, than which nothing could show better the progress of this town.

Mr. Bottelle then spoke of Brunswick's enterprise and prosperity, making especial reference to the ship-yards, and in conclusion wished the town a continuance of the blessings of the past.

Rev. E. C. Guild spoke for "The Clergymen of Brunswick." He said:

When I first came to Brunswick, as a stranger, I found it rather hard to get acquainted with the people; I found it rather hard to get inside of the Brunswick families. But I also found that when you had once gotten in you never wanted to get out again.

The stability of good things here in Brunswick has always been very noticeable to me. It is a very beautiful thing to see the affection still for such men as Professor Smyth, Dr. Lincoln, Dr. Adams, and President Woods. Another thing which has struck me about Brunswick is the difficulty of getting the people to support a new movement, but if they once get interested in a thing it is sure to be done.

Owing to the absence of Weston Thompson the "Lawyers of Brunswick" was not responded to.

Dr. Wheeler spoke for "The Physicians of Brunswick." The remainder of the exercises consisted in remarks by Mr. Howard Owen, a toast, "The Farmers of Brunswick," responded to by Mr. Holbrook, and the prophecy, by Mr. Isaac Plummer.

**BALL GAME.**

**Presumpscots, 11; Bowdoin, 10.**

In the meantime a ball game had been begun on the delta, which resulted as follows:

**BOWDOIN.**

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**EVENING.**

In the evening the old town was lurid with pyrotechnic art, while the interior of
the new and elegant Town Hall was magnificently draped by Boston decorators, and brightly astir with dancers. The feature of the fire-works was a design:

**BRUNSWICK**

150

The music for the hop was furnished by Chandler of Portland. The floor was covered by the élite of Brunswick society and college gallants. It was gratifying to see town and college merged in the dizzy whirl, and enthused by common patriotism and common pleasure. It is indeed surprising that an occasion entirely free of cost should have been so exclusive. Whether it was due to the efforts of the committee or not we are uninformed.

**THE ORDER.**

2. Quadrille. 5. Portland Fancy.
7. Lanciers.

**Extras (1), All Round Dances.**


Before the commencement of the hop, a concert was given by the Bowdoin Glee Club and the Orchestra.

**BACCALAUREATE SERMON.**

By WM. DEWITT HYDE, PRESIDENT OF BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

Delivered before the Class of ’89, at the Congregationalist Church, Brunswick, Me.

Render unto Cesar the things that are Cesar’s, and unto God the things that are God’s. Mark xii:17.

No individual potentate to-day seeks to divide our allegiance between himself and God. We are not called upon to decide between the rival claims of a theocracy and an empire. The separation of state and church is so complete that there is little occasion to enforce the particular precept which our text sets forth. Yet there is over us all, to-day, a great secular power, mightier than the mightiest of the Cæsars, whose sway extends beyond what were the farthest boundaries of Imperial Rome, the progress of whose conquering legions neither walls, nor arms, nor tears, nor flags of truce can stay.

This secular power is Science. And there are not wanting Pharisees and Herodians in our day to put to us the question respecting this or that hypothesis of physical science, or result of Biblical criticism, or counsel of political economy, the puzzling question: Is it lawful to give adherence to this view? Is it legitimate for a Christian to believe that man descended from the lower animals by natural selection and the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence through ages of unrecorded time? May a man regard the Pentateuch, in its present form, a product of the age of Ezekiel and Ezra; the book of Jonah an instructive parable; the book of Daniel a pious and patriotic exhortation to the contemporaries of the Maccabees, and the authorship of Matthew and the Apocalypse uncertain, and still be a loyal servant of God and follower of Christ? Can a man stand ready to accept whatever restriction of the state, in the interest of individuals, or whatever limitations upon the individual, in the interests of society, social science may prove to be expedient, and at the same time be a Christian?

These are questions which have been asked, are being asked, and will be asked with unceasing urgency and importance. To them all we have the final and conclusive answer, in the spirit of our Lord’s reply, which, applied to our modern problem, would be: Render unto science the things of science, and unto God the things of God.

First, render unto physical science the facts and laws of the physical world. Render to geology the structure of the earth, its age and process of formation; to astronomy the movements of the heavenly bodies, and the history of the solar system; render to biology the functions, structure, and mutual relationships of living organisms. Recognize that on all these matters science is the absolute and final authority, and do not commit the wretched folly of setting up passages of Scripture against the clear and demonstrated verdict of physical science, on any single point. The record on the rocks is older than any record on parchment or papyrus, and if read aright is far more reliable on scientific matters than any verbal communication in documents, sacred or profane, can be. As a matter of fact neither the Old Testament nor the New Testament were intended to teach strict science, in the modern sense of the
term, and hence no conflict between physical science and revelation is possible.

There cannot be two truths about the same matter of fact, and there is no authority conceivable by the human mind, not even the ipse dixit of God himself or of his accredited messengers, that can gainsay, or disprove, or overthrow a well attested, thoroughly established fact of physical science. From the time, fifteen or twenty million years ago, when, if the nebular hypothesis be correct, sun and earth, planets and satellites were one vast cloud of heated gas diffused throughout the entire space now occupied by the solar system, down to the time, five or ten million years hence, when condensation and contraction shall have made, first, our earth as cold and lifeless as our present moon, and then the sun itself as dark and rigid as the earth, from first to last physical science is the sole authority for the history of past physical facts, and the prophecy of future physical events.

It is high time to recognize, once for all, that the age of the earth, the process of its formation, the origin of species, the history of the forms of life that have lived upon it, and their successive modifications; the relation of man to the lower animals; in general, the whole modus operandi by which the Author of the world made it what it now is, fall within the domain of physical science, and unto physical science it is our duty to render them.

Second. Biblical criticism is the science which deals with the authorship, date, structure, and interpretation of the sacred Scriptures. The notion that the Bible was a ready-made product of magic or miracle has no place in any enlightened mind to-day. The Bible is a collection of books written under all sorts of circumstances, by a great variety of persons, and in many distinct literary forms. Biblical criticism undertakes to tell us when each book, or portion of a book was written, by whom it was written, where the materials of which it is composed came from, to whom it was addressed, and what the writer intended his composition to accomplish. For instance, respecting the Pentateuch, it asks whether these books were written in substantially their present form by Moses, in the fifteenth century before Christ, or whether the law of Israel grew under the Divine guidance from century to century, until it was finally given its present shape in the days of Ezekiel, Nehemiah, and Ezra.

It asks whether the last portion of Isaiah was written by the author of the first portion, or by a later preacher of righteousness. It asks whether it was the intent of the ancient authors, or the stupidity of modern readers which has given rise to the notion that the books of Job and Jonah are to be regarded as literal descriptions of historical events, instead of dramatic and parabolical representations of spiritual truths. It recognizes the fact that the gospel story, like Israel, had its forty years' sojourn in the wilderness of oral tradition, and asks to what extent the narratives are affected by that undisputed fact.

It discriminates those epistles which are beyond a shadow of doubt the work of the author to whom they have been attributed, from those which may have been written by devout disciples who, according to the recognized custom of the time, used the name of an apostle to give currency to what were understood to be his views and principles.

These questions are questions which belong strictly to the science of Biblical criticism. They are to be decided solely upon the evidence which that science furnishes. They are to be decided finally upon the authority of specialists in that science, just as the questions of chemistry, biology, and astronomy are to be decided finally by specialists in their departments. And, as long as there is no substantial agreement among specialists in historical criticism, as on many of these questions is the case at present, they are to be regarded as open questions, and the honest man will wait with patient interest until the verdict is declared.

Biblical criticism is the only authority on these matters, and if any priest, minister, or layman, council, synod, or assembly, undertakes to tell us what we must believe on these matters, on any ground other than the evidence which historical and Biblical criticism affords, they are assuming prerogatives which do not belong to them. They are bidding us render unto religion what reason and common sense bid us render unto science.

Render unto Biblical criticism all these matters with impartial mind, and await the issue with patience and confidence, for unto Biblical criticism these things belong, and the truth, whatever it may prove to be, will not work lasting harm to God or to his cause.

Third, social science. The great fundamental fact about man is that he has two sides to his nature, one particular, the other universal; one animal, the other intellectual and ethical; one natural, the other spiritual; one individual, the other social. The complete and final adjustment of these centrifugal and centripetal forces has not yet been wrought out. There is no likelihood that its solution will be sought in the United States to-day by the violent methods of France in 1789. And yet the world will never again rest easy until, especially in the industrial sphere, some very considerable improvement on the existing order is attained. Some look for the solution to individualism; and would tone down
individualism by profit sharing, by voluntary co-operation, by benevolent associations and comprehensive charities on every side. Others look to socialism; but all wiser socialists are beginning to see that socialism would have to be toned up to self-reliance and self-sacrifice before it would be endurable; and the tonics which are to do this work have not yet been discovered. On this question of the ideal social order, I have no particular scheme to indorse. But I do say this: These questions belong to social science, and by social science they are to be decided. The measures are to be considered on their merits; tested by all the methods known to science, and accepted or rejected according as they harmonize or fail to harmonize with the facts of human nature, the conditions of human society, and verified economic laws.

The questions, what particular modes of taxation are best; what kind of property shall be taxed; to what objects money raised by taxation shall be appropriated; to what extent the nation shall enter into industrial, educational, and moral operations, are purely scientific questions. They are to be settled by calm and thorough scientific investigation. The verdict must be rendered on scientific, not on religious grounds. No man has a right to speak on the question of what subjects shall be taught in the public schools; what temperance amendment shall be added to or subtracted from a constitution; what kind of property the State shall tax, and in what kind of enterprises it shall engage, in any other name than in the name of social science.

Render unto social science the determination of all these matters, for unto social science they belong. To appeal to any other tribunal is a confession that you have lost confidence in the truth and justice of your cause. The social order that cannot justify itself at the bar of social science is doomed. For social science is the God-given, God-ordained authority for the settlement of social questions.

Thus far science holds her rightful sway supreme. We have given the secular its due. In giving this large sphere over to secular science, have we been robbing God? Is there not left enough for religion? Let us see what things remain which we are to render unto God.

Let us then for the sake of argument grant every thing that science can ever rightfully claim in these three spheres; remembering that whatever remains unclaimed by science is to be rendered unto God in religious worship and service.

First, again, let us take physical science. Let us grant that the solar system was once a fiery mist; and that moon and earth and sun are destined some day to swing through space frigid, dark and dead. Let us recognize that by gradual stages the earth has assumed its present form; and that by the uplifting force of fire within, and the denuding action of air and water without, the continents have assumed their present outlines. Let us give to environment, and variation, and natural selection all that is claimed for them in differentiating species from species. Let us accept as highly probable, the origin of man from some race of apes now extinct. Let us recognize the presence of unvarying law throughout the universe.

Does the knowledge of these facts and the recognition of this law include the whole of man's relation to the physical universe? Does it answer all his questions about it? Does it satisfy his whole mind and heart and soul as he stands before it? Oh! no.

The more we know of the universe, the more we wonder whence it came? and how it exists? and whither it is tending? And the more fully we find the universe to be permeated by thoughts that we can think out, and governed by laws which we can formulate, the more profoundly is the conviction borne in upon us that the thought, intelligence, and reason manifested in nature is akin to the thought, intelligence, and reason that is in us. Thence it is but a step to the conclusion that the source of the rationality and orderliness of nature is not inferior in dignity to the principle of reason and intelligence in us. Hence if we, as rational intelligences, call ourselves persons, and if personality is the crowning glory of our humanity, surely He who is the source of the infinite reason expressed in nature and reflected in our finite minds can not be less than personal. And so, not primarily by prodigies and marvels, but by the more prodigious and marvelous uniformity, and universality of reason and law do we rise to the conception of an Infinite Thought, an Absolute Will, a Universal Reason; to the recognition of a Supreme Person; to a belief in God.

And because He is great and glorious, and wise, and beneficent beyond all power of language to express, or thought to grasp, we owe to Him the awe and reverence, the gratitude and devotion of humble minds and thankful hearts. Render then to science all the facts, all the formulas by which the facts are grouped together; yes all the theories about the modus operandi by which the facts were made as they are. And having done all that fully and fairly, do not omit to render unto God the homage due from frail, finite creatures to the Infinite, All-Wise, Benevolent Creator who made the world so wondrous in its harmony and so glorious in its beauty; do not omit to render unto God the homage due from immortal souls to the Author of their being, who has
endowed them with capacities of thought and will and feeling like his own and made them in the image of his own rational and spiritual nature.

Second, Biblical criticism. It is unfortunate that here claims have been made in the name of Biblical and historical science, which were entirely unwarranted and which have aroused a needless degree of alarm and prejudice.

The myth theory, the legend theory, the tendency theory, with the necessary accomplishment of a very late date for the composition and very unreliable origin of the New Testament writings, all claimed in the name of Biblical criticism positions which that science has itself been forced to abandon.

Let us admit however all that is claimed with approximate unanimity by the higher criticism.

Let us regard the Mosaic legislation as akin to the English rather than to the American constitution in its process of formation; as the growth of centuries rather than the product of an individual or a generation. Let us regard as dramatic, poetical, pictorial, and parabalitical all that gives evidence of such a nature in its literary style; let us admit that some things which we have called prediction may have been delivered as pious and patriotic exhortation at a later date. Coming to the New Testament let us acknowledge frankly that the gospels were preserved for forty years more or less in the form of oral tradition within the early church; and that inaccuracies, extensions, and omissions on matters of external detail may have befallen the story while it existed in that form. Let us acknowledge that several of the epistles are of uncertain date and authorship; and that the formation of the canon was a process of slow and gradual selection rather than sudden and miraculous supervision.

When, however, your critical sitting is concluded, and your critical results are attained, have you done with the Bible? Have you by this process exhausted its meaning, and appropriated its truth? Far from it. You have only cleared away a little of the rubbish that has gathered around it. You are then just ready to begin to use the Bible for its chief purpose and to appreciate its priceless worth. There remains the lofty ideal of righteousness set forth in the Old Testament; the certainty that obedience to God in righteousness will be rewarded, if not with prosperity and plenty at all times, yet with peace of conscience, purity of heart, and nobleness of character; and that sin and wrong and oppression are doomed to both speedy ruin of fortune and inevitable destruction of character.

There remains the manifested God in the person of the Jesus of the Gospels. Some things tradition can originate. It is fertile in the invention of artificial prodigies and extraneous embellishments. But tradition never has invented, and never could invent a character, a spirit, a person so symmetrical, so complete, so holy, so thoroughly human, that the world would ever after see in it the portrait of its God.

The picture of Jesus given to us in our gospels is not an abstract catalogue of virtues, or a collection of complimentary adjectives. It represents a life, lived in concrete human conditions, brought in contact with all sorts of living men and women, dealing with the most perplexing problems of human existence, associating with hypocrites and pretenders, extortioners and sinners, as well as with the true and humble, and upright and virtuous; and in all these manifold relations; subject to flattery and fawning; offered partnership on profitable terms with pride and pretense; called on to condemn the manifestly guilty; surrounded by disciples who were very slow to understand Him; watched by enemies who were eager to betray Him; exposed to every type of test and trial known to human experience; and yet throughout all there is manifested the hearing, the teaching, the conduct, the spirit which is in every case perfectly expressive of self-sacrificing, sympathetic, holy love toward God, and toward every man, in so far as he is worthy to receive it. If it be true that God is love, and that no man hath seen Him or can see Him except as he sees love embodied and expressed; then it follows that he that hath seen Jesus hath seen the Father; that Christ was one with the Father; that He is God in the only sense in which the word God can have a spiritual significance to our minds, and a religious claim upon our hearts.

A God of righteousness and love revealed as Father, Saviour, Friend, is clearly made known to us in the Bible. This great central fact is untonched by criticism, undimmed by tradition. This spiritual truth shines by its own light. It shines with such brilliancy and purity as to preclude the possibility that men should have invented it, or substantially have altered it. It can no more be attributed to tradition, or confounded with it than the light of the sun can be attributed to the clouds its shining first illumines and afterward dispels.

Now to the God thus revealed in the Bible to the Christ portrayed in the gospel story, to the spirit manifested in the Christian church, we owe implicit obedience, absolute trust, entire devotion. For the God therein revealed is the perfect ideal of moral and spiritual excellence.

There is no quality of virtue, no height of holi-
ness, no trait of character, no plane of duty, no reach of sympathy, no depth of love conceivable by human minds that has not its perfect expression and embodiment in Jesus Christ; in the Father, to whom He bore witness; and in the spirit which He breathed into His apostles. And because the God revealed in the Bible as Father, Son, and Spirit is thus complete in all spiritual excellence, therefore it is that we owe Him our complete devotion. Therefore it is that we ought to commune with Him in prayer, and study diligently the Word wherein His nature and will are revealed. Therefore we ought to seek His counsel and approval on everything we undertake. Therefore He is the only one to go to when we have sinned, and are weighed down with guilt and shame. Because He is so good, so true, so faithful, so holy, He should be our most constant companion, our acknowledged Master, our trusted Saviour, our dearest Friend. This confession of Christ in public and in private, this daily walk with God, this complete surrender to His guidance and entire trust in His grace is what you owe to God. We have given science her due. And there is no excuse in the name of science, and no pretext in the name of intellectual honesty that can be offered as a reason for the neglect of this prime religious duty.

Third, social science. This, as I have indicated, is in a very hazy condition at present. I hold up no one of the various theories of social organization for your approval. Study them all. Treat with consideration and respect every proposition seriously put forth with honest intent to make human life more glad and happy, and human society more generous and just. Bear constantly in mind the extreme complexity of the problem, and the almost utter impossibility of finding a formula for human nature that will be at once so comprehensive and so fixed that it can be used safely as the basis of long and intricate discussions. Patience, candor, caution, should characterize your investigations and speculations in social science. Then you will of course yield your assent to the theory which seems to promise the greatest good to all concerned. But when you have reached your satisfactory theory of social institutions, whether you find yourself on the side of individualism or socialism, you are still at the beginning of your labors. No theory will work itself. No arrangements, social, economic, or political, can eradicate the conflict of the two selves in each individual man, nor bridge the mighty gulf between the private and public interests of each member of society.

The only way to bridge that gulf, the only way to make the individual man regard the interest of his fellows as his own, is to be found in God. God is the righteous Father of each one of us, and the loving Father of us all. All His children are alike dear to Him. And the only practical expression that we can make of our love to Him is in manifesting our love to them.

Reader, then, to God that which belongs to Him. Render to every man with whom you stand in any relation just that which the common Father of us all would render to that child of His if He were in your place; in other words, do God's will to every fellow-man with whom you deal. Without this religious basis for the brotherhood of man in the Fatherhood of God, no social scheme will relieve the misery and wrong of which the world is full today. With this religious principle behind it, either individualism or socialism would make of earth a paradise.

Reader, then, to social science whatever scheme it may succeed in proving to be best. But while we are waiting for her verdict, let us prepare the way for whatever social order the future has in store for us, by rendering to every man, in the name of God, that justice, kindness, and consideration which, as children of our loving Father, is rightfully their due.

Members of the graduating class; the principle I have been setting forth is nothing new to you. For four years you have been members of an institution where science is taught scientifically, and God is worshiped reverently. You will bear witness that never have you heard scientific fact or scientific hypothesis depreciated, or undervalued, or distorted in the interest of religion; nor have you heard religion depreciated, undervalued, or distorted in the interest of science. Alas! The world into which you now enter is filled with the clamor of two contending parties, each thinking their own supremacy in their own field, involves of necessity some subjection of the other in fields which properly belong to them. That complete and thorough separation of science and religion which you have become used to regard as a matter of course, will be the rarest of rarities in the real world of prejudice and misconception where henceforth you must live and work. You will meet accomplished scientists who sneer at religion, and worthy Christians who shrink from the conclusions of science. You will meet brilliant scholars who will tell you that historical criticism has relegated Christianity to the domain of fable. And devout saints who will warn you that unless you believe all that they believe your soul will be in danger. You will meet reformers who demand that you shall throw overboard all regard for God, as a condition of membership in the society of the future;
and you will be thrown in with conservatives who think that everything new must be from the devil.

Keep clearly in mind the distinction between the two spheres. In all matters of science, face the facts fully, fairly, fearlessly, and rest assured that he who is guilty of no worse fault than fidelity to truth, has no more to fear before the judgment-seat of the God of truth than a child who looks up into his father's eyes or falls asleep in his mother's arms. And on the other hand, let your reverence and obedience and trust toward God be equally full and frank and free, knowing that you are none the less loyal to science because you worship and adore the Infinite Source of law, and harmony, and progress.

Our oldest university bears on its seal two mottoes, veritas upon the open book in the center, and Christo et ecclesia on the circumference enwreaping all. So let there be first of all strict truthfulness in all you think and speak and write; and over and around all your purpose and your action let there be unwavering devotion to God and to His kingdom of righteousness and love. Be broad, brave men. Stand ready to be misunderstood and maligned by both extremes of error, if so you may hold fast the golden mean of truth that is not false to duty, and love that does not hate the light.

CLASS DAY.

A fine day, good speaking, and excellent music each contributed to make Eighty-Nine's Class Day a most decided success. By ten o'clock Memorial was well filled with a large and cultured audience, who had come to hear the really excellent exercises to which they were to listen.

Mr. Hayes' oration was a very carefully written part; and the generous and hearty applause which greeted the poet at the close of his effort, spoke plainer than words of the genuine appreciation of the audience.

"Old Prob" seems to have taken a shine to Eighty-Nine, and the exercises under Thorndike Oak, which are usually marred by bad weather, passed off under most favorable circumstances. At three o'clock the Senior class, headed by the Salem Cadet Band, which was playing a medley of lively airs, crossed the campus, and the speakers took their positions on the stage. The following programme was carried out:

Opening Address. . . . . T. S. Crocker.

History. . . . . . . . W. M. Emery.

Prophecy. . . . . . . . F. J. C. Little.

Parting Address. . . . . L. Prentiss.

SMOKING THE PIPE OF PEACE.

SINGING THE ODE.

CHEERING THE HALLS.

FAREWELL.

The opening address was delivered by Mr. T. S. Crocker in a clear, distinct tone, and won frequent bursts of applause.

Mr. W. M. Emery, of New Bedford, Mass., the Historian, was the hero of the day. His article was written with that racy and versatile old pen that the Bowdoin boys know so well, and which we all hope will not desert us in the future. We cannot better describe it than with one of his own pet adjectives—"scintillant" with wit. It was delivered with an easy, nonchalant air and calm, suggestive smile, whose contagious influence not even the piqued and pouting Brunswickians could resist.

The Prophecy, by F. J. C. Little, was well written.

The Parting Address was just what we all expected it would be—able, noble, sincere—the very impersonation of its author. Those who have been so fortunate as to meet Lory Prentiss know what that means.

At the conclusion of the literary exercises, the class, sitting in a circle on the ground, smoked the pipe of peace. This, of course, produced the usual merriment. Then the class arose, and, headed by the Cadet
Band, marched to each one of the college halls and gave them three rousing cheers.

CLASS ODE.

Air—"Aura Lee."

Four years we've been together,
'Neath these friendly pines;
Now the time has come to sever
Joyous 'Eighty-Nine.

Chorus—'Eighty-Nine! 'Eighty-Nine!
Comrades tried and true;
President and Faculty
We bid you all adieu.

While in future years we roam
And life its work is bringing,
We'll still think of our college home
And of the boys now singing.

So farewell Bowdoin! Farewell boys!
Let mem'ries sweet be twined;
Companions of our hopes and joys,
United 'Eighty-Nine!

DANCE ON THE GREEN.

The Dance on the Green was a reality this year and was all that could have been asked for as a success. The old oak decorated with flags and bunting, the festoons of Chinese lanterns, and the gay costumes of the ladies, all illuminated by two large arc lights made a scene of beauty not soon forgotten. The floor was in excellent condition, and the Salem Cadet Band at its best. At intermission, which was shortly after eleven, supper was served in Lower Memorial, by Robinson of Portland. After supper dancing was continued in Upper Memorial until about half past two. The dance orders were tasteful, and '89 is certainly to be congratulated on the most successful Class-Day Hop ever held.

ABSTRACT OF CLASS HISTORY.

By W. M. Emery.

Mr. Emery began the class history with reference to the thirty-nine young men who entered Bowdoin in the fall of '85, and also spoke of a fortietli, "who although not on the roll of our class, has attended chapel and recitations with us, has played tennis

with us, and has delighted in our other sports and various college ceremonies. Dr. Hyde, the genial and learned boy president has ever commanded our highest respect and admiration. His successful administration is due not a little to the fact of being for four years under the influence of our auspicious star." The subject of horsemanship was then touched upon, and the statement made that the "Bohn-y steeds and even the freest of the famed Harperian stud were 'Eighty-Nine's salvation way into Junior year," and the members take no stock in the injunction of the Psalmist, "A horse is a vain thing for safety."

A summary of the success of the class in the full athletic contests was next rehearsed, followed by a few incidents of the humors of the recitation-room, ending with the account of a fellow who once used the Latin non paratus, instead of the conventional "not prepared," when taking his customary "dead" in Greek. After a few words about their Freshman peanut drunk, Mr. Emery paid his respect to Brunswick, its charms, and its charmers. He said at the dancing school four years ago occurred the first meeting of the 'Eighty-Niners and the Forty-Niners. "One fellow said that his partner was the real débutante with whom Longfellow led his class-day hop, and the youth came near calling her 'mamma' several times during the first evening."

The Historian thought the Brunswick storekeepers were worthy successors of Uncle Thomas Purchase, the town's first settler, who charged the Indians exorbitant prices for an inferior quality of goods. "As there are no Indians to-day, the college boys are found convenient victims." The Brunswickers care nothing for the students except as a means of causing the "coins to cavort copiously into their cavernous coffers."

The story of the Sophomore year was then rehearsed, and the strained relations between '89 and '90 discussed upon. Allusion was also made to the wild fun indulged in at recitations during that year, when chestnut bells were rung, rattling shot thrown about, and paper caps exploded in the class-room.

Mr. Emery, in speaking briefly of the Junior year, paid a heartfelt tribute to their late classmate, Herbert Merrill. 'Eighty-Nine's general brilliant record in athletics and the improvements in the college during the past four years were treated at length, followed by these statistics:

Number at entrance, 39; total number ever connected with the class, 47; number at graduation, 39. Four are sons of Bowdoin alumni, Emery, Rice, Robie, and O. R. Smith.

Oldest man, Hersey, 29 years 5 months 16 days; youngest man, Stacy, 20 years 11 months 7 days; average age, 23 years 5 months 9 days; nearest average, Staples,
23 years 4 months 29 days. Tallest man, Bodge, 6 feet 4 inches; shortest man, Stearns, 5 feet 3 inches; average height, 5 feet 8 inches; nearest average, Merrill, 5 feet 8 inches. Total weight of class, 3 tons 753 lbs.; heaviest man, Bodge, 200 lbs.; lightest man, Elden, 128 lbs.; average weight, 135 lbs., which is the weight of Doherty, Gilpatrick and Rideout. Largest hat, Carroll; smallest, Hill, O. R. Smith, Watts and White. Largest shoe, Bodge; smallest, C. H. Fogg and E. B. Smith.

Dark hair, 21; light, 9; medium, 9; dark eyes, 18; light, 17; medium, 4; mustaches, 19; sides, 1; 38 men shave, 1 tries to; 5 wear eye-glasses occasionally, 1 all the time. Religious preference, Congregationalist, 24; Unitarians, 4; Baptists, 3; Methodists, 2; Episcopalians, 1; Catholic, 1; Universalists, 3; no preference, 1. Politics: 30 Republicans, 7 Democrats, 1 Prohibitionist, 1 Independent. Co-education, the class is unanimously against, now, always, and forever.

Seven men are engaged; 13 have best girls; 18, neither; one man all three; 18 carry feminine pictures next to their hearts; Carroll is acquainted with the most girls, 317.

Intended occupations: Law, 13; business, 7; teaching, 5; medicine, 5; journalism, 2; ministry, 2; missionary work, 2; banking, 1; chemistry, 1; electric engineering, 1.

Favorite studies: History, 7; Chemistry, 6; Ethics, Political Economy, and Latin, 3 each; Greek, 1; English Literature and Physiology, 2 each; and classics, Modern Languages, Languages, French, Psychology, Philosophy, Politics, Rhetoric, Mineralogy, Biology and Electrical Engineering, 1 each. One has no favorite study.

Favorite drinks: Water, 19; soda, 5; lemonade, 3; milk, 2; one each, for tea, coffee, egg-nog punch, champagne punch, lager, port, porter, 40-rod whiskey and Dover beer.

Twenty-six dance, 13 do not; 33 play cards, 6 refrain; 24 bet more or less, one only on a sure thing; 23 smoke, 2 chew tobacco, 38 chew gum, and one does all three—Centennially; 2 have never horsed, 4 never flunked; 16 play musical instruments; one says he throns with a spectreum on a theorbo.

The history concluded with these passages: "May 'Time, the great Transcriber,' never chronicle a base or unworthy deed on our spotless scroll as we lend each his aid in the performance of the world's work; and when the threescore and ten are honorably finished, may He inscribe beneath the solemn 'Finis,' 'Well done, thou good and faithful servants.' Perchance in after years many of us thirty-nine seated musing in the twilight, shall often feel another light stealing over our inmost souls with a thrilling, mystical spell. This light, the memory of old college days with their wealth of boyish fun, ambition, love, and romance, shall come to us softened and subdued through the vista of years, as the light of the orb of day comes through a window of yonder hallowed chapel, 'the stained glass of the shielded sentenceon blushing with the blood of martyrs and the glories of sunset.'"
might be sustained with a considerable degree of plausibility.

One, influenced by habits of life which have led him to regard principally the extension of territory, or the commercial interests of the several states or nations might name as the chief factor in our new civilization the introduction of steam; while another, led by a career more or less public in its nature, might feel that he had abundant proof looking to the establishment of the printing press as the most potent factor in American life. One, filled with a sense of the duties owed the young would exclaim, the common school; while another, touched with a spark from Franklin's kite, would accord precedence to electricity. And the opinion of none is wholly without weight. In support of the first view might be argued the doing away with those months of perilous voyaging over thousands of miles of ocean which formerly separated New England from California, and the establishment of such commercial relations as have, by bringing the inhabitants of foreign countries into friendly business contact, done much to place on a firmer foundation the universal brotherhood of man. For this view might also be argued the opening up of a country rich beyond comparison in natural resources, laden with the accumulations of centuries, when there were none but wild beasts and wandering savage to partake of its fertility, and which is now the home of the freest, happiest, most civilized nation on the face of the globe. How, in truth, are we to account for this great change, if not by the fact that the introduction of the steam engine, by making distance seem as naught, has brought the hemispheres together and made the products of every people and every clime the objects of barter for the products of every other people and clime?

Regarding the printing press, volumes as many and as true could be written as those which herald the use of steam. For what was the condition of the world before the introduction of the art of printing? Nations illiterate! Not even an old edition of the almanac obtainable. The only books in existence—and those would not now be regarded as worthy the name—had been written by some sequestered monk, and were kept carefully concealed from the public gaze within the fostering protection of his monastery. How different now! The library of the rich man, has, on its shelves, beautifully bound volumes containing the thoughts of the world's greatest minds on poetry, science, and religion, and his poorer neighbor may be almost equally well supplied. The art of printing has placed a copy of the Bible within the reach of the poorest peasant, and every day scatters broadcast over our land a diary of the world. Take from us the art of printing and we should soon relapse into a state of warlike barbarism. Zealous advocates of the common school, as the principal factor in modern society, have reasoned something like this: A state is its citizens; a barbarous state is a community of barbarians; a civilized state is a body of civilized men. Subtract a barbarian from a civilized citizen and you have education as the remainder. The application of the proof verifies the result. Add education to the barbarian and you have a civilized man. To perform this seemingly simple process of addition is the function of the common school. Wherever it flourishes most, there are our best citizens. Just in the proportion that it is wanting, by so much do we approach barbarism.

Let these suffice. The arguments in favor of electricity are similar and different persons will hold different views as to their relative importance. These factors are all of value in making up the sum total of our social fabric. They all bear their share but no one of them alone, perhaps not even the
The combination of all, is in itself sufficient. They are the ends rather than the means, the results not the causes. But if this is so, the question arises, what is the power behind all these and of which these are the results? Where are we to look for a cause for this great improvement in human conditions if not in these most noteworthy advances?

Human nature is the same as the world over. The same incentives that spurred men on to action in the ancient world are the driving forces in the progress of modern times. There is nothing new in nature. Long before the angry waters compelled Noah to retreat with his worldly possessions and pets to the raft, the law which says that water, at a certain temperature, expands by heating, was as potent in physics as it is to-day. Water was vaporized off the shores of our rock-bound coast before the Old World had produced a Columbus to seek out a way hither; and for aught we may know it would still be serving only these natural functions had not a New World with its Fulton found for it other employment. No more is electricity a new element. It played about the armies of old, auguring good or evil to the royal legions, and even now might have been held in common dread had not some far-seeing Franklin visited it with his sceptre of knowledge and converted an object of superstition and fear into one of greatest usefulness. Well has he been called epitome of wisdom. Held in reverence by a nation for his public services, yet three times honored for his scientific wisdom, that was no idle compliment paid him by the French poet, who said:

"Legislator of our world! Benefactor of two! All mankind owes to you a debt of gratitude."

None of these elements are new. The laws of Nature are as old as Nature herself, and it is only in the later developments, to which they have been subjected, that we realize such grand results.

The only thing new which has been instrumental in bringing about this change is new thought. The advances made from time to time, in any department of science or the fine arts, are accounted for by the one word, thought. The difference between the New England of the Pilgrim Fathers and the New England of to-day is wholly the result of thought. "Men of thought and men of action" have supplanted the superstition of their fathers with the light of reason which shines so resplendent in our own time. They have done away with the empty forms of ancient ceremony, and established in their steady habits of life in accord with the calm judgment of modern thinkers.

But who are these men of thought and men of action? Who are these thinkers to whom we are indebted for so much? Is it the exception or the rule that they are the educated of our land? Are these scholars, these men of action, the product of the university or of the common school? If they are from the former, it seems that the university is of major importance, while the common school ranks secondary; that instead of the university being an outgrowth of the common school, the common school would, in the natural order of events, have been evolved from the university. And the facts seem to bear out this last supposition. Strange as it may appear to some, scholars are not so much the outgrowth of thought on the part of the masses as they are instrumental in bringing this thought about. Here, for once, the law of evolution is reversed. Think not that I underrate the part the common school plays in our educational system. Think not that I am unacquainted with that hackneyed illustration which says something about beginning to build your edifice at the top and having no foundation. But here the old adage, often as it has been used to illustrate the case in point, seems to have been misplaced. In the case of educa-
tion, surely, the best is not evolved from the poorest.

Statistics, too, corroborate this view, that the university is not an outgrowth of the common school. Oxford was a flourishing institution with 3,000 students in the year 1201. The University of Paris had 25,000 members in the fifteenth century. These, and other great European centers of learning that might be mentioned, did not have their origin in any primary system, for they antedate everything of the kind. But it is not necessary that we go so far away for data on this subject. The very first act of the Pilgrim Fathers looking to education—one performed only six years after the arrival of the Massachusetts Company—that body of brave men, ten per cent. of whom were graduates of the old English universities—was the founding of Harvard College. And right here in Brunswick, old Bowdoin was sending out annually, men who were to become powers in literature and the affairs of state before our most flourishing city had anything that could, by the longest stretch of the imagination, be construed into a school system.

But these institutions were no more than might have been expected of a people guided by the instincts of the early Puritans. Men of exalted character themselves, they looked for the higher motives to be imparted by the higher training. From these early colleges were to be sent forth the men who make the state, and it was the impetus given to learning in these very institutions that was to be instrumental in establishing the common school over all our broad land, making our people what they are, the most enlightened, most intellectual people on the face of the earth.

For the early Puritans did exert an influence over posterity beyond the power of man to comprehend. Doing their duty in an humble way, their works have lived after them. In the face of almost certain failure, they persevered and founded an inheritance, the preservation of which rests a sacred duty on all future generations. From the rough and rugged shores of old Plymouth we seem almost to hear their voices, charging us in tones of thunder with the responsibilities of our position.

It would be a grand thing to be a scholar. It would be a grand thing to belong to that galaxy of stars, round which the destinies of the nation must hover. But how charged with responsibility? Upon the shoulders of our educated men rests a nation’s weight. They are steering the course of the present, and it is only as they remain at the helm of the old Ship of State that we may look forward with any degree of hopefulness to our country’s future. It is entirely in their power to allow, by their neglect, the demon of self-interest to obtain possession of the government, or, by being ever mindful of her welfare, to transmit the nation a glorious inheritance to posterity.

All honor to those wise men who founded this glorious inheritance, and may the same spirit which animated them ever be with the rulers of our republic, to enable them, if possible, "to act wiser than they know."

CLASS POEM.

By F. H. Hill.

If but the men of destiny would show Why Favor sought out them from countless ones; Why Honor from her lofty throne stooped low And caught them up, embraced, to be her sons; Why Fortune’s every handmaid kissed their cheeks, And bent fond looks on them as they passed by; The fountains of Hope would burst—be living creeks,— Each man of us a man of destiny.

II.

In Mexico’s cathedral stands A sculptured stone of ponderous size; Wrought, ages past, by skillful hands; Known to the present, through all lands As the Stone of Sacrifice.

Here twenty groups of figures two surround A head that rises from the central ground.
In every group a warrior grim
On captives' helmet right hand presses.
The conquered offers flowers to him
To charm caprice, or capture whim,—
Sweet and mute addresses.
The warrior's heart, reflected in his face,
Of pity or of yielding shows no trace.
The central head is for the soul;
The figure of the warrior stern
Man's body, and the onward roll
Of lusts that animate the whole
And make it chill and burn;
Virtues the score of pleaders represents,
Doomed to deep dungeons for their innocence.
All men have longings after fame,
And wield their means to suit their ends.
True happiness should be the aim
But seldom, in the race for name,
The two pursuits are friends.
The virtues are the sunlight of the soul;
Banish the virtues and you banish all.

III
The north pole, frozen in the northern sea,
Wraps her white robe about her peacefully.
She smiles on those who would invade her peace,
Bids them "God speed!" and slumbers till they cease.
Or, if they be too rash, a single frown
Fashions a hero's grave—a hero's crown;
Sending to southern lands a northern chill,
To southern homes a messenger of ill;
Perhaps may break an hundred tender hearts.
Security is might, and conquers arts.
Gibraltar, from her heights in southern Spain
Fears not a foe o'er land or raging main;
Looks out on ocean, continents, and sea,
Proud of her might, supreme in majesty.
Truth! there is pride in greatness, a just pride
When one has courted power and won his bride.

IV
Where mountains rear their dusky peaks,
Blending earth's green with heaven's blue;
Where brooks run swift, and pebble speaks
To pebble in the murmuring creeks,
As the waters ripple through:
"Tis here the soul of man proclaims its own,
Rules in its might, the power of body gone.
Perhaps the chopper's axe is heard
From day-break until sunset skies;
With crashing tree the air is stirred,
Then silence, or a frightened bird
Circles up with startled cries.
The echoing crash a sweet enchantment lends,
Breaks up the silence, and in silence ends.
But night in such a spot is grand!
Rich, rare and rich, is nature now.
For shadows cover all the land.
The tree-tops, by the night-winds fanned,
Dance with the moonbeam's glow.
Now comes, like solemn precept "Peace, be still!"
The midnight ditty of the whip-poor-will."

Full oft have tales of war been told,
And songs of thrilling peril sung;
I sing of one in pleasures old,
In whom all love had long been cold,
And sentiment undone.
No ancient legend bears this tale to me;
'Tis far too common in life's history.
Within a mountain shadow lay
An aged man, with head in hands.
Swift sped the hours on their way,
The night had driven off the day
To be with other lands.
The pale moon cast her beams across his form;
The night-hawks dipped above him, slumbering on.
He stirs! a moonbeam kissed his cheek,
Played for a moment in his locks,
Then, like a bashful maiden, meek,
Hid in the foliage o'er the creek
Or behind the mountain rocks.
Perhaps the moonbeam's kiss had been as light
As that which his first school-day love did plight.
He wakes! His eye meets but the dark;
Upspringing from his forest bed,
He looks around, bends low, and—hark!
Music? Aye, sweet as song of lark,
Or requiem for the dead.
Weeping as tho' his thoughts were far from there
The world-worn man began this meaning prayer:

V
"Reach me thy hand, O Death!
Receive my fleeting breath
To breath with thine.
Clasp me in thy embrace
O Death! unveil thy face,
'Twill soon be mine.
"O Death! encircle me,
Bear me away with thee
To realms unknown;  
Where the freed soul can find  
Rest in the infinite mind,  
The soul's true home.

"My soul I never saw;  
Heaven's diviner law  
I never needed.  
I wished for high estate—  
The nation made me great.  
What more was needed?

"O happiness! O joy!
Searched playthings of the boy  
Man casts aside.  
Embarked in ship of state,  
Peace comes, alas! too late  
Across the tide.

"A man of destiny!"  
So all the people cry,  
And point with pride.  
Better be honored less  
If peace and happiness  
Will then abide."

VI.

Swell out! belch forth! ye all triumphant notes,  
Wake up the echoes from your brazen throats!  
Let all the joy that mortal heart can feel,  
Or mortal tongue can coin, or voices peal,—  
Let all the joy that ever gladdened earth  
Find full expression in our classic birth!

Secure, like North Pole in the Northern Sea,  
With naught to break its calm tranquility;  
Proud, like Gibraltar, in the south of Spain,  
Feeling its might to battle and maintain  
Against all foes the magic wand of power,  
And swift to strike if ever comes the hour;  
Wooing the virtues; ever offering vice  
Not virtue, on the Stone of Sacrifice;  
Seeking,—not Death, as he of high estate,  
Who lost his freedom that he might be great—  
But seeking Life, in the light of other lives  
And never cease to hope while life survives;  
Secure, proud, virtuous, hopeful, and discreet,  
May our beloved class the future meet:  
And every member's life be work divine  
For Bowdoin's honor, and for 'Eighty-Nine.

THE MEDICAL GRADUATION.

The graduation exercises of the class of '89, of the Maine Medical School were held in Memorial Hall, Wednesday morning.

At nine o'clock the hall was filled and to the strains of the Salem Cadet Band the class marched in and took their seats on the platform. Following is the programme:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.

Address.  
James McKeen, Esq., New York.

MUSIC.

Parting Address.  
H. M. Moulton.

MUSIC.

Presentation of Diplomas.  
President Hyde.

MUSIC.

Those who received the degree of M. D. were: E. C. Andrews, South Paris; Dr. W. Chase, Boston, Mass.; C. F. Curtis, Bath; G. Gaudrau, Waterville; C. E. Harvey, Pittsfield, N. H.; A. F. Hunt, Deering; H. M. Moulton, A.B., Cumberland; L. S. Merrill, Solon; H. M. Nickerson, Portland; F. E. Nye, Brewer; M. O'Halloran, Lincoln; G. M. Nye, Brewer; M. O'Halloran, Lincoln; G. M. Randell, Riverside; G. D. Rowe, Oakland; M. F. Ryan, Baring; C. P. Small, A.B., Portland; C. B. Sylvester, Caseo; F. C. Small, A.B., Portland; C. B. Sylvester, Caseo; F. W. Searle, Portland; A. J. Taylor, Caribou; A. B. Townsend, A.B., Waterville; George Thompson, Union; P. H. S. Vaughan, Skowhegan; F. N. Whittier, A.M., Brunswick; E. A. Wight, Gorham, N. H.; C. A. Whitney, Boston, Mass. The four men taking the highest rank were Taylor, Sylvester, Searle, and Hunt.

The eloquent oration of James McKeen, Esq., of New York City, fascinated the audience. We print Moulton's address in full, and it speaks for itself.

One-third of the university students of Europe die prematurely from the effects of bad habits acquired at college; one-third die prematurely from the effects of close confinement at their studies; and the other third govern Europe.—Guizot.
PARTING ADDRESS OF MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

OUR CHOSEN PROFESSION.

BY H. M. MOUTON.

Members of the Faculty, Members, Classmates, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Realizing that I must appear at a disadvantage, following the scholarly and eminent orator of the day, and also the difficult task I have before me, in saying the farewell words to those with whom I have been, in the close and intimate relations of a fellow-student, I ask your indulgence.

Oliver Wendell Holmes once said that there are four important epochs in a man's life: First, at his birth; second, at his graduation; third, at his marriage; and fourth, at his death. While the majority of the medical graduates of '89 have been reaching those epochs in the order given, nevertheless there are some who have so far changed the order of their occurrence as to have had the third come before the second. With others the third will follow closely upon the second. We are also compelled to admit that there are those among us who have set their teeth in bold but suicidal determination never to celebrate the third.

But however this may be, we are each and all about to enter upon new and important relations with society. Thus far our lives have been largely those of preparations, of gathering together a storehouse of knowledge that shall not only serve us as a guide, as we are tossed about on the billowy sea of life, but as a nucleus for the further accumulation of knowledge.

To-day as a class we are about to launch our barks upon the ocean of professional life, and as we stand upon its banks and look back, counting the steps by which we have attained the present epoch, let us, as students of "old Bowdoin," bravely grasp the helm, turn our faces seaward, and await the command, Sail! The profession that we have chosen for our future life-work, is preëminently not only an honorable but also an historic one. Upon the pages of its history we read the names of some of the brightest lights this world has ever seen; we read of deeds of heroism that well may kindle in our breasts enthusiasm. There, too, we learn of the devotion and love for humanity which still, like a mighty river, will continue to flow down through all the ages, emphasizing that grandest of human principles, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

The history of medicine has an intimate connection with that of human nature. In the dark ages of the world, we find its history to be that of the society of the times. There is no science which ignorance and superstition has hampered more. Hand in hand with civilization its march has been steadily onward.

In Greece, where art and letters attained a height which we are unable to equal, there, too, medicine first came to take on the form of a science. The acute mind of the Greek was the first to attempt to determine the underlying cause of disease and apply rational treatment. In common with the deeds of heroes and gods, Homer sings of the earliest physicians and their practice.

When the practice of medicine first began, we cannot say. When man was in a savage state his diseases were few, strongly marked, and easily recognized. Tuscany has been the prolific fount of disease. As man looked, in simple faith, to a Supreme Being to whom he was indebted for his food and clothing, so he considered that from him, also, comes his sickness and sorrows. Thus the priests, as ministers of the divinity, were turned to as having in their hands the means to relieve the sick.

As an age of reason succeeded that of blind belief, medicine, in accord with the
spirit of the times, took to itself a new relation.

Egypt may undoubtedly be considered as having given birth to medicine. The priests were the physicians, and they were bound by law to follow a prescribed form of treatment. If they departed from this and the patient died, they must answer for it with their lives. From this crude form of art, it is with pleasure that we pass to consider the early medicine of Greece. Here Apollo and Diana presided over medicine, and their deeds of healing are celebrated by Homer, Euripides, and Plato. Being preëminently a warlike nation, it was necessary that the hero should be the physician as well as the leader of the soldiers. And who could be better fitted? However, their treatment, at best, was rude, and the ability to appease the divinity was a large element in the cure of the disease. The occurrence of death in all cases was explained by the disobedience or fault of the patient. Verily, we may say that history has repeated itself in this present day of Christian scientist and mind cure. The Gymnasia seem to have served later as schools of medicine. Their directors gradually became to be far from skilled in the arts of healing.

Time compels us to pass by Hippocrates, Herophilus, Celsus, the father of surgeons, and many other honored names, and come down to more recent times, when in the earlier part of the seventeenth century Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood. With this discovery came a new impulse to the study of medicine, which has been gradually increasing as the years have been rolling by. But perhaps no greater victory was ever achieved for medicine than that won by Edward Jenner, when he introduced vaccination, and demonstrated to the world that one of the most loathsome of diseases could be practically shorn of its terrors. We are amazed at the mighty advancement the legitimate practice of medicine has attained—a place in the hearts and minds of men from which it can never be dislodged, and wherever found it shines forth from the scholastic heavens, shedding its soft and gentle beams of hope, relief, and comfort upon suffering humanity.

There is no profession that calls for more self-denial or untiring zeal in its pursuit than that of medicine. The physician is eminently the servant of mankind, and there is not a man among us who, though he may already realize the importance of the relations that he is assuming toward society, yet, will in the future shrink when he is brought face to face with the fact that in his hands is the life of some fellow-being. Then it is that calm self-possession and accurate knowledge will decide the day. Our profession has often been accounted fortunate in its opportunities, both intellectually and practically.

No one has ever summed up the scientific scope of medicine better than Sir James Paget, in his opening address from the Presidential chair of the great International Congress of the profession, which met in London in 1881: “It is not only,” he said, “that the pure science of human life may match with the largest natural sciences in the complexity of its subject matter; not only that the living human body is, both in its material and its indwelling forces, the most complex thing yet known, but that in our practical duties this most complex thing is presented to us in an almost infinite multiformity.” For in practice we are occupied, not with the type and pattern of human nature, but with all its varieties in all classes of men, of every age and every occupation, in all climates and all social states; we have to study men singly and in multitudes, in poverty and in wealth, in wise and unwise living, in health, in all the varieties of diseases; we have to learn, or at least try to learn, the results of
all these conditions, while, in successive generations and in the mingling of families, they are heaped together, confused, and always changing. In every one of all these conditions, man, in mind and body, must be studied by us, and every one of them offers some different problems for inquiry and solution. Wherever our duty or our scientific curiosity, or, in happy combination, both, may lead us, there are materials and there are opportunities for separate, original research.

While these are the more intellectual or scientific opportunities of the medical calling, it has, according to the same exponent, correspondingly great privileges in the sphere of conduct and practice. I dare to claim for it, that among all the sciences, ours, in the pursuit and use of truth, offers the most complete and constant union of those three qualities which have the greatest charm for pure and active minds,—novelty, utility and charity.

However, the whole history is an exceedingly interesting one, having its origin far back in the earliest ages of our race and has been steadily progressing; jostled at every point by ignorance and superstition, being, for the most part, led by Christianity, until now in the latter half of the nineteenth century, she has shaken from her shoulders the robe of mystery and stands out in bold relief among the sciences; but the end is not yet.

Let us, then, brothers,—members of the class of '89, throw our sail to the breeze and speed out into the open sea of our chosen profession with brave and manly hearts, showing, when the whirlwind encircles us, and the breakers rise as though to crush us, that we have taken our latitude and longitude from "Old Bowdoin," and, that by holding straight to the course as given us here, we shall again emerge into a calm, a peaceful sea, and at last anchor safe in the desired haven of rest.

Mr. President, when we take our departure from "Old Bowdoin" and in the years to come, when we turn our eyes toward the east and behold the rising sun streaking the heavens with the first steps of day, then the golden threads of memory will bind us like the "Rock of Ages" to our Alma Mater.

And, my friends, it is hoped that we, the members of the Medical class of '89, both individually and as a class, will so conduct ourselves professionally, that when the closing years of our lives are gathering around us, like the shadows of twilight around the closing day, that they may be like the setting of the autumn sun, while not so full of strength and energy as when in their zenith, yet richer and more magnificent.

And may we all so live, that when we are descending the hill of time, into the deep, dark valley and shadow of death, "His rod and his staff may comfort us."

BOARD OF OVERSEERS.

At the meeting of the Boards, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, much business was transacted. The following are some of the most important:

Prof. Ernest M. Pease was re-elected to the Winkley professorship of Latin.

Thomas H. Hubbard, '57, of New York, was chosen a trustee.

A vote of thanks was extended Prof. George T. Little, '77, in appreciation of his labors in preparing the general catalogue.

Messrs. Joseph Titcomb and John S. Sewall, of the Board of Trustees, and Chas. F. Libby and Edward B. Nealley, of the Board of Overseers, were appointed a committee to consider the propriety of giving medical instruction of the college in Portland instead of Brunswick, and, if it seems advisable to then make such change; that they ascertain whether a suitable site can be obtained, and whether suitable and sufficient
buildings, apparatus, and equipment can be provided without expense to the college, and report at the next meeting of the Boards, with such definite plans and propositions for carrying into effect the proposed change as they may obtain.

Mr. John E. Matzke, a fellow of Johns Hopkins, was appointed to fill the vacancy made by the resignation of Professor B. L. Bowen, the Assistant Professor of French and Latin.

It was voted to construct a new recitation room in North Winthrop.

It was voted that hereafter the Boards will meet in the recitation room of Memorial Hall and the Commencement Dinner will be served in the gymnasium room.

Voted that a committee be raised to consider the question of the erection of a residence for the President. The committee are: J. W. Bradbury, Augusta; S. J. Young, Brunswick; General John Marshal Brown, Portland, and Galen C. Moses, Bath.

It was voted that the gymnasium be named Sargent Gymnasium, in honor of Dr. Dudley A. Sargent, '75, whose generous offer of apparatus gave first impulse to the effort to secure a building, and whose interest and advice have added to its efficiency.

Albert W. Tolman, '88, of Portland, was appointed tutor in Greek and Rhetoric.

It was voted that such alterations be made in the north wing of the chapel as will fit it for additional library room.

It was estimated that additional room for 15,000 volumes was needed.

It was voted that the thanks of the college be extended to Gen. Thomas Hubbard, '57, for memorial tablets erected by him in Memorial Hall.

An appropriation was made for the maintenance of a chapel choir.

Appropriations were made for the library and the various departments.

Hon. L. A. Emery, '61, was chosen Professor in Medical Jurisprudence in the Medical School

Mr. J. C. Parker, '86, was elected tutor in Biology, to assist Professor Lee.

A committee was appointed to prepare the charter and laws of the college, and report at the next meeting.

Rev. Dr. Charles F. Allen, Kent's Hill, Rev. Jonathan E. Adams, Bangor, Major Samuel Clifford Belecher, Farmington, were elected to fill vacancies on the Board of Overseers.

PHI BETA KAPPA.

At the meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa in Adams Hall at 11 a.m., the following were elected:

President, Rev. E. C. Cummings; Vice-President, D. C. Linscott; Secretary and Treasurer, Professor F. C. Robinson; Literary Committee, Hon. J. W. Symonds, Professor H. L. Chapman, M. C. Fernald, Rev. Newman Smyth, Frank A. Hill; committee to attend general meeting in September next at Saratoga, Augustus F. Libby, J. C. Robinson, Barrett Potter.

The following honorary members were elected: Hon. W. W. Rice, Hon. George F. Talbot, and Professor J. Y. Stanton.

The following were elected members from the class of 1889: Lincoln J. Bodge, Wallace S. Elden, William E. Wallace, William M. Emery, John R. Clark, Charles F. Hersey, Earle A. Merrill, Albert E.Neal, Fred C. Russell, Edward R. Stearns, Sidney G. Stacey, George T. Files, Oliver P. Watts, and Daniel E. Owen.

Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock the Society, headed by the Salem Cadet Band, with Mr. Oliver Crocker Stevens, '76, as Marshal, marched to Memorial Hall, where Hon. George F. Talbot, of Portland, delivered a very scholarly oration on the subject of "Public Dangers."
**COMMENCEMENT DAY.**

The Commencement Day of '89 dawned most auspiciously.

The meeting of the Alumni Association was called to order by Vice-President Charles F. Libby, '64, in the absence of President Gerrish. Messrs. James McKeen, '64, Arthur T. Parker, '76, and Llewellyn Dean, '49, were appointed a committee to carry out the scheme of elections by the alumni to the Board of Overseers. The scheme proposed is the same as that used now at Harvard and Amherst.

The Boards were in session until about 11 o'clock, when the alumni began to gather in front of the chapel. Headed by the Salem Cadet Band and marshaled by Hon. D. C. Linscott, '58, the procession marched to the church. In the line were men even from as far back as '22, which class was represented by Judge John Appleton of Bangor.

The church was well filled by alumni and friends of the class and college.

At 11.15 o'clock, the graduating exercises occurred. The following was the programme:

**EXERCISES FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS.**

The Anglo-Saxon Element in English Literature; with Latin Salutatory.

George Taylor Files, Portland.

Our Public Schools.

Lincoln John Bodge, South Windham.

Twenty Years in the History of a Nation.

Edward Roland Stearns, Saco.

Russia's Treatment of the Protesting Party. Earle Abbott Merrill, Farmington.

John Keats.


The Influence of Art.

Wallace Stedman Elden, Waterville.

Commercial Union with Canada.

John Rogers Clark, New Portland.

The Church Universal.

Daniel Edwin Owen, Saco.

Chaucer.

Albert Edward Neal, Portland.

The Southern Question.

Frank Leslie Staples, Benton.

**EXERCISES FOR THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF ARTS.**

The Necessity of Popular Education.

* Frederick Lincoln Smith, Newmarket, N. H.

Valedictory in Latin.

* Walter Vinton Wentworth, Ticonderoga, N. Y.

* Excused.

After the exercises, the following honorary degrees conferred by the Boards were announced:


A.M., Honorary—Henry Jewett Furber, Jr.; Dr. Israel Thorndike Dana, Dr. Stephen Holmes Weeks, Henry Lombard Nichols.


A.M., Out of Course—John E. Walker, '81; Leland B. Lane, '81; Llewellyn Barton, '84; Wilson R. Butler, '85.

The Goodwin Commencement Prize of the best written and delivered Commencement part was awarded to F. L. Staples of Benton.

Honorary appointments in the graduating class for the four years' course have been made as follows:

Salutatory—George T. Files, Portland.

English Orations—Lincoln J. Bodge, South Windham; John R. Clark, New Portland; Wallace S. Elden, Waterville; Earle A. Merrill, Farmington; Albert E. Neal, Portland; Daniel E. Owen, Edward R. Stearns, Saco.

Philosophical Disquisitions—Wm. M. Emery, New Bedford, Mass.; Charles F. Hersey, North Waterford; Fred C. Bassett, Lovell Centre; Sidney G. Stacey, Kears Falls; Oliver P. Watts, Thomaston.

Literary Disquisitions—Bernard C. Carroll, Lewiston; Wilber D. Gilpatrick, Saco; George W. Hayes, Lewiston; Frank H. Hill, Cape Elizabeth;
Lory Prentiss, Saco; George L. Rogers, Wells; Verdel O. White, East Dixfield.


Honors in Latin—Wallace S. Elden of Waterville.

THE DINNER,
as usual, was a grand success.

MENU.
Boiled—Ham, Tongue, Corned Beef.
Roasts—Turkey, Chicken.
Entrées—Salmon, with Dressing, Lobster Salad, Chicken Salad, Plaho Lobster, Lobster Patties.
Vegetables—Mashed Potatoes, Green Peas, String Beans, Cucumbers, Radishes, Lettuce.

In turning from the feast of viands to one of intellect, President Hyde, in the opening speech, gave the following interesting facts:

The exercises of to-day conclude a college year of uninterrupted prosperity. The college has maintained the steady rate of increase that has marked the past few years.

We now have all the students that we want. We have given the Medical School encouragement to move to Portland. We have withdrawn from the catalogue our offer to give post-graduate instruction. We purpose henceforth to have simply and purely an old-fashioned country college, with the classical curriculum, and we propose to have that the best of its kind.

We never expect or wish to become a large college. We propose to have a college where each student will feel the immediate personal influence and guidance of every professor; a college where each student shall be held individually responsible to the college community for his conduct; and to his instructors for industry and interest in study.

To do the work of a college in this direct personal way requires more than double the men, the money, the apparatus, the books, and library accommodations that are required merely to hear classes recite from text-books. The college needs at once an addition of $100,000 to its general fund. We need $1,400 more to complete the fund for an observatory, and I earnestly urge the friends of the college to take this matter to heart at once, and clear this out of our way so that we can give attention to larger matters that are pressing.

We need an endowment for the purchase of books for the library. In case the Medical School is removed to Portland we shall want to fit up a Physical Laboratory on the second floor, and a Biological Laboratory on the third floor of Adams Hall. The friends of the college have had a long rest from our importunity, and now they must prepare to be generous.

Turning to lighter matters, if the athletic interests of the college are not as conspicuous in the public eye as they have been, they are healthy and vigorous, and a help rather than a hindrance to the moral and intellectual life of the college.

Our most considerable college prize is the Smyth Mathematical Prize. Its value is $300, and it is based on the results of two years' work in that most difficult of studies. Yet in the four years that I have been here, I have seen that prize taken once by the pitcher of the ball nine, once by the catcher of the nine, and once by the best performer on the trapeze.

The hall in which we meet is for the first time completed. It was designed as a memorial of the sons of the college who served in the late war, and by the gift of Gen. Thomas H. Hubbard, of New York, a series of unique and beautiful brass tablets inscribed with the names of all who served, adorns and completes its walls.
At the conclusion of his remarks, President Hyde called upon the Rev. Dr. Webb, of Wellesley, Mass., to speak for the Board of Trustees.

He expressed himself as extremely anxious that the alumni respond to the President's call for money, and added the suggestion that all who had received aid from this institution ought to repay it by establishing scholarships. Half jocously and half sincerely he remarked that he could see a large number before him who would do it. He thought there ought to be fifty such scholarships.

He complimented the outgoing class highly on the quality of their articles, saying that they showed that broad grasp which is the outcome of good instruction. He considered it discourteous in the undergraduates not to remain in the church during the entire exercises, and thought that the years of association ought to have awakened friendship and interest enough to induce them to listen to a final oration.

He said the absence of himself in so many past years, and that of many other loyal graduates could be explained by the present arrangement by which one was obliged to remain in town from Tuesday until Thursday.

The profession of the ministry was one of special solicitude to him, and he was earnest in the expression of his desire that Bowdoin continue sending out able clergymen.

In conclusion he said:

And let me tell you, young men, this also, that whatever may be said about the church, or about the divergencies of belief in the various denominations, the great questions that are to agitate this country in the days to come will circulate around theology as a center. So I am too delighted when I see this spirit of Christianity prevailing in the college. My prayer is that instead of a diminution of the number of ministers, there may be a great increase every year, and that those places scattered through the country, which are without ministers, may be filled largely by the men of Bowdoin.

President Hyde then called upon Senator William P. Frye, of '50, who spoke with an easy flow and ready wit which alternately charmed and convulsed his hearers. He does not shine as a theologian, however. The following is his speech, partially verbatim:

"A brief sermon, first, to the young men who have to-day graduated. Young men, you have received the word 'go,' Get. [Laughter and applause.] You needn't be surprised even if a learned LL.D. tumbles into the language of the turf, for there have been races just above my house the last four days. Besides, the most delicious chapter in 'Ben-Hur' is the horse race. You young men, some of you, will win prizes, some of you will be distanced, some of you will be barred out, some of you will have the judgment of 'foul' against you, some of you will bolt, some of you will break, some of you will lag. Whether you win the prize or not depends entirely upon you. The world will do absolutely nothing for you. It doesn't owe you a single son to-day. On the contrary, you are debtors from the day you were laid in the cradle up to the moment you depart from this college; debtors to parents, debtors to friends, debtors to those who helped to form your minds. The world will pay you not one single son. But in my experience, I feel that I am right in saying that the world is just. It will give you just exactly what you yourself are entitled to and no more. It will pay you to the full. It makes no gifts; there is no generosity about it. It does pay its debts, and whether or not in this great race of life upon which you have entered you are to win the prize, depends upon your fidelity, your bravery, your honesty, your energy, your faith, your trust in God.

"There is one solemn warning I want to give you. If you are ever invited to make an after-dinner speech, run—bolt—break. [Laughter.] Tell a white lie, if absolutely necessary, to get rid of it."

Senator Frye then told in his humorous, semi-serious way how the aged, wise, sagacious, and discriminating Board of Trustees had subjected him to this "vanity and vexation of the spirit," by electing him to represent them at the Commencement Dinner. "But I determined that I wouldn't," said the speaker, "and went home; and then, to make the thing absolutely certain, a telegram came to me that I was a distinguished Doctor of Laws, and I took the bribe and came back." [Laughter.] The trustees hadn't assigned him any subject upon
which to speak, hadn't offered any suggestions, hadn't helped him in the slightest degree. Perhaps they thought that such a speech as he would make wouldn't require the slightest preparation. A certain United States Senator's hobby is the tariff issue, and whenever this is touched upon in debate he is on his feet in an instant and is off in a whirlwind of eloquence. On the occasion of one of these fiery outbursts, one of the Senators remarked to another: 'I should think that he would kill himself. I should think that he would be utterly broken down.' Oh, no indeed,' replied his neighbor, 'he's resting his intellect while he is talking.' [Laughter.] Very likely these learned Trustees imagined that he was resting his intellect while he was talking."

The Senator, continuing, said that in an after-dinner speech the trouble was that you have got to say something about nothing. He could undoubtedly talk politics for fifteen or twenty minutes without any heavy strain on his intellect. But he was radical, dreadfully radical in politics and the first thing he knew he would be getting up a mutiny. "To be sure," said he, "the mutineers would be in the minority in a company like this. [Applause and laughter.] But, unfortunately, it would be headed by the President of the College." [Prolonged laughter in which President Hyde heartily joined.]

He might talk about religion. But he was just as radical in his religion as in his politics. Somehow or other he couldn't help respecting that man's religion, who, a hundred years ago, went over on to that hill-top in the dead of winter into that meeting-house unwarmed, and sat down on that unpainted, hard plank, and complacently and attentively listened to the word of God from "firstly" to "forty-secondly," more than he respected the religion of the Christian of to-day, who sits in his cushioned and carpeted pew and feels anxious and disturbed if the minister doesn't stop at thirty minutes. Somehow or other he had more respect for even the blue laws of Connecticut which hold Sunday as a sacred and holy day given only to the worship of Almighty God, than he had for the religion which tolerates a sacred concert even, or for the liberality that tolerates an opera or a theater on that holy day. He respected more that fourfold heat of the ancient hell than the moderate warmth of the modern haves, as comfortable as a steam-heated drawing-room. There is danger that what we admire to-day as tolerance and liberality may to-morrow be license; that the religion of to-day may be a veneer which you can scratch through with a pin.

Perhaps he might talk about law, but he was silenced by the presence of the distinguished judges of the Supreme Court.

"How about medicine? Well, anybody on the face of the earth can practice medicine, but it takes a bright man to talk it."

He would stop, he said, with a few words to the men he saw before him. We have a magnificent country. It is not boasting to say that it is the best one in the world. We have a splendid government. It is not boasting to say that for the average man it is the best government that has ever been invented or devised. We have the richest country in the world. We have a country which manufactures more than any country in the world. We have a country with the best internal commerce of any country in the world. A proposition had come before his committee, not long ago, calling for the expenditure of two millions of dollars for the repair of the Sault Ste. Marie canal, near Lake Superior. Having occasion to investigate the subject, he was surprised to learn that while it was open only seven months in the year, during those seven months there was more freight passed than passed through the great Suez canal. We have the greatest mining country in the world. We have a country which opens its doors more broadly than any other country in the world to the people of other countries. Without boasting he might say that we have to-day the most powerful country in the world. It has no armies—only enough men to do police work. It has no navy. Why, a cyclone at Samoa the other day destroyed half of its navy. Yet he had no hesitation in repeating that this is the most powerful country to-day in the wide world.

The speaker referred to the efforts of England and France to establish a monarchy in Mexico, which would be a constant menace to this republic. General Grant turned his face toward Mexico; England and France went home, and Maximilian died. Not a word said, no threats made. The power was there, silent, but efficient. In the late war England destroyed our commerce and became supreme on the sea. But it was noticed that after slight demurring on the part of England, General Grant's demand for retribution was recognized to the extent of fifteen million, five hundred thousand dollars.

Continuing, Mr. Frye reviewed the salient features of the Samoan question and the attitude assumed by the German, English, and American
nations in reference thereto. What did Bismarck do? What he would have done to others? Did he say what he would have said were he dealing with any other country: "I, God helping me, will take and maintain possession of it"? No, not a bit of it. He said: "Let’s have a conference." The conferences were appointed and America obtained what she demanded without army and without navy.

"There are men living here who, if our republic is perpetuated, will see this entire continent into states of the United States of America. There are men here, if this republic is perpetuated, who instead of seeing five hundred thousand men from Europe coming in here every year, will see two millions or three millions coming in a year.

"Now will the republic be perpetuated? Can it stand? Can it endure? The large majority of these foreigners will come to your shores without any knowledge of your institutions. Thousands and tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands will come to you inimical to your institutions, and with a determination to break your republican institutions down and destroy the republic, and that will be true for the next twenty-five years to come. Will you control them? Will you mould them? Will you make them American citizens in all the best and truest thought of what American citizenship means? Will your civilization be the civilization of the whole republic when it embraces the continent? Will your civilization be the civilization not only of this continent but of the whole civilized world? Will your Christianity be the Christianity not only of the United States of America, but the Christianity of the whole world that you reach to-day? Will your English language be the language which is to be spoken ultimately by all the civilized peoples of the globe? Will your republic endure and achieve what God intended it should achieve when he permitted it to be launched amongst the nations of the earth. The men I see before me—men like you, have, in yourselves, the only answer to these questions. You to-day have two millions of voters in this country who can neither read nor write. You have more or less corruption at the polls, you have more or less violent interference with the rights of citizenship.

"Have you the courage and the power and the moral strength to overcome these things? Not only to overcome them, but the hundred times greater oppositions and evils which to the thoughtful man are seen in the near future? Why, these colleges and higher institutions of learning are turning out to the world every year thousands, and tens of thousands, and twenty thousands of thoroughly equipped men to go into the battle for the republic, the greatest battle that has ever been fought, requiring more strength and more courage and more energy and more faith than to go into the battle of men with muskets. And who can measure the power of one thoroughly equipped young man going out into life with the full, fixed determination to achieve honor for himself, for his country, and his God? There is no limit to his influence and his power. And if the young men who are educated in this republic of ours, who are going out every year into life, will remember that the republic is their mother, that the republic is their father, that the republic should be next to their God with them, for the good it does to the American people and the people who come to rest under it in peace and quiet,—if they only remember that, and to be brave and true and faithful and earnest, under God this republic shall live forever and ever." [Applause.]

Mr. F. M. Drew, of Lewiston, who is at the head of the Grand Army of Maine, was fittingly called upon to express the thanks of the alumni for General Hubbard’s gift of the tablets. He said:

"Mr. President,—The placing in position of the tablets completes this building, erected in memory of those students and graduates who, in the hour of our country’s sorest need, enlisted in the service. I am asked to respond and give expression to the feelings of graduates, and especially of those who participated in the war, in regard to these gifts. I regret that the gentleman who was selected for this purpose has unexpectedly been called away, and has left this duty to me without preparation. But I venture to express the grateful approbation of the alumni for this beautiful hall, and especially the satisfaction and pleasure with which they behold the crowning act of Gen. Hubbard, and their desire to unite with the President in the tender of their thanks for it.

Bowdoin College long ago demonstrated its ability and its fidelity in its great preparation of its young men for the discharge of the duties of citizenship. It gave to all the learned pursuits and the professions its best gifts. It has given to literature the names of Hawthorne and Longfellow. It has given to medicine the brilliant name of Fordyce Barker. It has given to law, Justice Appleton, and later still, the Chief Justice of the highest tribunal in our country. It has given to statesmanship those
great names of Evans, Fessenden, and Pierce, but, until 1861, had not shown that it had taught the great lesson of courage; but the bronze roll above shows that nearly three hundred students and graduates of this college were in the late war. They were in all branches of service. They occupied all positions from that of private to major-general, and the record shows that in that great and decisive battle of the war at Gettysburg, the right of that army was commanded by the one-armed hero, John Howard. [Applause.] The left of that army was commanded by Gen. Chamberlain. [Applause.] Our graduates in the army not only faithfully performed their duties, but they won credit for courage.

But all of those three hundred have not returned. The cypress is woven with the laurel, and it is because of those that did not return that I express the gratitude of our alumni. As class after class shall go forth from this college; as they shall here read in this building and in the bronze above the stories of the deeds of our brothers, it shall inspire in their hearts that same patriotism which inspired our brothers when they performed the deathless deeds and made the supreme sacrifices which render them immortal. [Applause.]

John B. Redman responded for the Board of Overseers, giving some interesting facts in an entertaining and eloquent manner.

Judge Haskell, of Calais, though not a graduate of the college, paid it an eloquent tribute as being the banner college of Maine. He referred to its prominence in legislation and every other branch of thought and action.

He was followed by Judge Emery, of Ellsworth, the recently elected Professor of Medical Jurisprudence. He complimented the sincere and faithful work of the Medical Faculty, and referred to the fact that at the establishment of the Medical Department, the Legislature wisely determined that it could not be put in better hands than those of the Overseers and Trustees of Bowdoin College. He closed with this sentiment to both departments, "Sana Mens in Corpore Sano."

President Hyde then proceeded to call upon representatives of some of the classes.

Dr. Allen responded for the class of 1839. He said that he had always found that his Alma Mater made no distinction between Methodist and Congregationalist, and concluded by making a touching allusion to those classmates, living and dead, of whom he was the sole representative.

The representative from '59 was absent, and Oliver Crocker Stevens, of '76, the generous donor of our organ, spoke in his place. He was very solicitous for the progress of the Observatory, and said that he felt it to be due from the younger graduates to complete the scheme which their elders had set on foot.

Clarence Hale, Esq., of Portland, spoke for the class of '69. He went somewhat into a reminiscent strain at first, after which he referred to what he considered the distinguishing characteristic of Bowdoin men, namely, strong individuality and broad, generous liberality of thought. He said that Bowdoin had a "faculty" of producing such men.

President Hyde next called upon W. H. Pierson, Secretary of the class of '64. He, among other able remarks, paid a high compliment to the President of the College.

As Mr. A. L. Lumbert, who was to have responded for the class of '79, was not present. This closed the speaking. Filled to the utmost with their intellectual feast, the guests went their various ways.

PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION.

In the evening Upper Memorial was filled with the Faculty and their wives, the sons of the college and their wives, and all the host of visiting friends. As usual, Brunswick was liberally represented. Until 11 P.M., gay laughter, ready wit, and learned discussion were afield. And thus terminated the most successful year in the history of Bowdoin College.
BOOK REVIEWS.


In the preface to this little work Professor Hodgkins explains that it was originally prepared in the form of leaflets to accompany a course of lectures. "A frequent demand for single copies from teachers, leaders of literary clubs, and students from other colleges" subsequently led to their publication for wider and more general use.

The work deals with twenty-six authors, eighteen of them English and eight American. In the case of each author there are given a list of biographical works, a brief list of what are called "significant facts" in his life, a group of personal friends, the titles of his more striking works, or references to selected passages from them, and a list of critical books or essays upon various phases of the author's character or work.

It is evident that these carefully prepared leaflets would be of most value in connection with the lectures which they were designed to accompany. The line of exposition or criticism followed by the lecturer would be emphasized and illustrated by these groups, selections, and references, and the pupil would be stimulated and assisted, not only to listen more intelligently to the lecture, but also to follow out the line of thought by personal reading and research.

The work, however, has an independent value, and this is fortunate for those who cannot enjoy the privilege of listening to Professor Hodgkins' lectures. The authors are well chosen, the biographical works and critical reviews are judiciously selected, and the books and passages indicated as representative of the several authors are wisely chosen and generous in number. Altogether it is a book to be heartily recommended to the private student of modern English literature, to literary clubs, and, perhaps, to teachers.


A good memory is a priceless possession. Every one realizes the fact. It is not marvelous that "professors" of memory training find plenty of people willing to pay heavily for a "system" that will restore a weakened memory, or build up one that was never strong.

Such systems are not essentially different from those that have been employed for hundreds of years, and the efficiency of any one of them is questionable. When you read the advertisement of any new discovery in this line, you may safely set it down as a trick to get money from the gullible.

The author of this book does not pretend to set forth any new system of mnemonics, and though he introduces into it a number of series to be committed, he does not claim any merit for them but that of strengthening the powers of concentration. The bulk of the book is a scientific treatment, both from a physiological and a psychological standpoint, of "Memory as a power of knowledge." The volume is full of useful hints and is, altogether, the most thoroughly practical work on this subject that has ever appeared.


In the preface Mr. Mathews states his belief that we Americans are overworked and over-serious, "and too generally lack the faculty or feeling of ridicule, the counterfeit detector all over the world, and are therefore gullled by all those pretences which require a vivid sense of the ludicrous to be detected." This is a bold assertion to make of a people who are reckoned as the shrewdest in the world, and will hardly be admitted by the reader. However, that wit and humor, so potential for good, are often perverted by us to illegitimate uses, is all too true. It is this fact especially that tempted him to write the present volume.

Mr. Mathews' ability as an author it would be ridiculous for us to discuss in this place; he has long stood out as one of the finest prose writers that this country can boast. The book before us is fully in keeping with the high standard that he has set for himself in his former works. It sparkles with bright things collected from the literature of every age. The field is a new one, but it will be hard for any writer coming after to cover the ground more thoroughly than Mr. Mathews has done, and his work will remain for a long time the most valuable contribution to the literature of the subject.

This volume is the most recent addition to Heath’s German Series. The play itself is a highly esteemed production of an eminent modern writer of fiction. It is a play which suffers seriously when merely read and not assisted by the stage. The notes of the editor, Professor Toyn, seem to us excellent and well calculated to sustain the interest of the reader. There is at the same time a great deal wisely left for the teacher to do in the way of throwing light on the customs of the middle-class life of Germany, in which the scene is laid.

La Société Française au XVII. siècle. An account of French society in the XVII. Century, from contemporary writers. Edited for the use of schools and colleges, with an introduction and notes by Thomas Frederick Crane, A.M., Professor of the Romance Languages in Cornell University. New York: G. P. Putnam’s Sons, 1889.

We take special pleasure in drawing attention in the few lines at our disposal to the above volume. Its 262 pages of contemporary description of the brilliant French society of the seventeenth century have been selected with the same care and skill shown by Professor Crane in the earlier companion volumes, “Tableaux de la Révolution Française” and “Le Romantisme Français.” The abundant notes give evidence of wide research and are in the best sense stimulating. They are rich in bibliographical help and are well adapted to serve both teacher and student as a guide and introduction to the period of the great French classic writers.


One of the prominent features among the recent publications of Heath & Co. is the idea of furnishing short stories, well edited, in a convenient and inexpensive form. This idea is an excellent one, and the choice of texts, thus far, has been highly satisfactory. This is eminently so in case of the above story by Souvestre. The text is well printed, the press-work bearing the usual clear and tasty appearance which is typical of all the works of this house. Prof. Super has added, to this story of some fifty pages, three pages or less of notes, or an average of one page of notes for seventeen or eighteen pages of text. This seems rather scanty to say the least. His three pages of notes touch only historical points, or render idiomatic phrases and constructions. He has no word to say regarding anything of an etymological nature, a feature which can ill afford to be overlooked at the present day. The edition, as a whole, commends itself, as in fact do all of this series, to teachers of French generally.


While Prof. Hutchins was prosecuting post-graduate studies at Harvard, in 1886–87, he was led to undertake the solution of some problems in radiation. The most interesting and absorbing of all problems of this character is that which concerns the amount of radiation from the moon, and it was to the investigation of this matter that Professor Hutchins applied himself. Lord Rosse once tried to determine the amount of heat from the moon, and since his time another great astronomer, Langley, has made a second trial. The results obtained by different observers before his time exhibited great discrepancies, so that it may be said with safety that Langley is the first man to have attained to any accuracy whatever. One of the great difficulties to be overcome in an investigation of this kind is the imperfectness and lack of sensitiveness in heat-measuring instruments. Langley obviated this difficulty by inventing his now famous bolometer, a complicated device which answers admirably for measuring small quantities of heat.

Professor Hutchins followed in the footsteps of his predecessor in the study of lunar radiation to this extent—that he, too, invented a very sensitive heat-measuring instrument. But he has not followed Langley in devising a complicated machine. The new thermograph described in the paper before us is simple in the extreme. This is a great recommendation and goes far towards confirming our faith in the results obtained, for in all instruments intended for measuring small quantities of heat, the matter of simplicity is a very grave one.

The greater part of the paper is taken up with an account of the observations made upon the radiation from the moon, the computations necessary, etc., etc. It will not be possible to consider these matters at length in this place, it is enough to say that the twenty pages of the “Proceedings of the American Academy” stand for a great deal of painstaking labor. They are a monument to the industry of our instructor in Physics, and every man in Bowdoin ought to be proud that the college can boast of so thorough and promising a scientist.
Not the first General Catalogue of Bowdoin College ever issued, as the last Orient stated, but the first ever printed in English, has after two years' assiduous labor by the editor, at length made its appearance. That it fully satisfies all expectations need not be said. It exceeds in scope and magnitude any previous like publication of Bowdoin, and takes a foremost rank for plan, accuracy, and execution among the general catalogues of our American colleges. A Triennial in Latin had been published regularly up to 1881, the catalogue appearing that year being from the painstaking hand of Prof. Johnson, but since, with the exception of "Additions and Corrections to the [Biographical] History of Bowdoin College," 1887, no partial or complete list of the alumni has been put into print. It is expected that either a new edition of the 1889 catalogue or the names of living alumni, with their post-office addresses, will be issued in 1894. Thus the intention is to change from a Triennial to a Quinquennial, a proceeding which will prove practically as convenient to the users of catalogues.

After the mere lists of officers of government and instruction, come short biographical sketches of the academic, medical, and honorary graduates, while the necessary index and addenda and errata follow. Many entries are incomplete, especially those of Medical graduates, of whom no record, other than of names, had previously been kept.

This chronological table occupies the first page: Incorporated, 1794; Instruction Commenced, 1802; First Class Graduated, 1806; Medical School Organized, 1820; First Medical Class Graduated, 1821. A peep into the succeeding pages reveals the many famous names, both among the faculties and alumni, of which Bowdoin has always been so justly proud. They need not be mentioned; they are already familiar. The names of some of the eminent honorary graduates, however, may bear repeating: Marquis de Lafayette, '24; Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, '49; Jefferson Davis, '58; Hon. Hugh McCulloch, '63; Gen. U. S. Grant, '65; Hon. James G. Blaine, '84; and President Hyde, '86.

The oldest living academic graduate is Rev. Daniel D. Tappan, '22, Topsfield, Mass., born in October, 1798, but there is one who, though younger, graduated earlier, and now represents the earliest class having a member living, Rev. Thomas T. Stone, '20, of Bolton, Mass.

The first class graduated 7 members; the latest, 39. The 81 classes have had an average of 28 men each. The largest class was '60, 55 men; '57 and '61 each contained 51 men. The smallest class was the three men of 1807. The most famous class, '25; graduated 38, of whom now six, 64 years after, still remain. The whole number of academic graduates is 2,286; medical, 1,185; honorary, 244. Deduct for repetitions and the total is 3,915. There are living 1,326 academic graduates, 886 medical, and 75 honorary. Again deducting for repetitions the total is 2,221.

To Prof. George T. Little, '77, is due the credit for the useful and handsome catalogue we now have. He has labored indefatigably to perfect even the slightest detail. Nothing was too inconsequential to leave standing incorrect, and with praiseworthy zeal and ardor he has delved into musty archives and records to make right some apparently trivial matter or to collect scanty items of information. Hundreds of letters have been written, and in this line alone enough delays and vexations have occurred to discourage even the most enthusiastic cataloguer. Vacations and periods which should have been given to rest and recreation have been devoted to the catalogue.

The Professor's enormous efforts were largely a labor of love, as he assumed the editorship in addition to his other onerous duties. All through his work he has had the efficient aid of his assistant, Miss Lane, to whose faithful co-operation the success of the book is due in no small measure.

NOTES.

D. C. Heath & Co., will publish in September, "A German Reader: For Beginners in School or College. By Edward S. Joynes, Editor of the Joynes-Meissner German Grammar. The purpose of this book is made known by its title. Happily the many excellent editions of complete texts now render the old elaborate "Readers" no longer necessary. Hence, the effort will be made here to give only what may enable the learner to read for himself in any further course, but to give this thoroughly and helpfully. The selections will be easy and attractive; and the notes and vocabulary will be prepared with the aid of long experience in teaching. The book may be begun almost with the earliest lessons in grammar, and the whole may be accomplished in one year of school, or one term of college.

Theodore B. Wanamaker has given one million dollars to Princeton, the income to be given annually as a prize to students performing the best work in English history and language.
CO-EDUCATIONAL.
That you're pretty, my dear, not a soul will deny,
And your manners, sometimes, are quite taking;
But, O gentle Co-ed, do please tell us why
All this fuss about water you're making.
You have come here to learn on the same terms with us,
To enjoy the same blessings and favors;
Now, pray, pretty Co-ed, why make such a fuss,
If with water we moisten your labors?
Do you think, if on us, to restrain our sharp tongues,
You should turn some cold innocent water,
We would shut the thing forth at the top of our lungs,
Like Pa's "outraged and insulted daughter "?
My dear, there is one little thing you must learn,
If to college you're bent upon coming;
And that is, you must with the rest take your turn,
Whether in classics, or science, or funning.

Brown, '91, will manage the reading-room during the coming year.

The result of the examination for the Sewall Latin Prize was announced Monday, June 17th. C. H. Hastings was awarded first, and A. S. Dyer received honorable mention.

Smith was the successful competitor for the Sewall Greek Prize.

It is the general sentiment among the boys that the college made a mistake in not sending the '91 crew to Quinsigamond. Plaisted, of Portland, was confident of their ability to win, while Mr. Curtis, of Boston, offered to bear the entire expense. It seems strange, when there was nothing in the world to do but get aboard the train and go, that the college should put its foot in the matter as it did in the meeting of the association. It was not treating Mr. Curtis fairly, and the '91 men certainly did not do the square thing by their crew. The boys had worked hard and faithfully and had demonstrated their ability to row, but when the question came up of sending them to Worcester, without an item of expense to the college, a meeting of the Boating Association sends up a vigorous "No!"

The annual spring flood of circulars has struck the town. Quite a number of the students will canvass during the vacation.

In the ball game with the Presumpscot, "Vic" surprised all of his admirers by his fine throw from the out-field.

A large crowd witnessed the ball game on the 18th. If we could always do as well, it would not be long before there would be no more need of a subscription book.

Williamson, '88, attended the celebration in the interest of the Kennebec Journal.

Once more we hail with delight the annual visitation of our venerable examining committee.

Mr. Booker has just finished laying with much valuable assistance from the students.

Our Tug-of-War team easily defeated the Colby team. They got six inches on the drop, and held it without difficulty, making no attempt to pull their opponents any farther.

Fish, '91, won the Smyth Mathematical Prize of $300. Cuts was a close second.

The prize men of '91 "treated" their classmates at Given's, on the evening of the 22d. Fish furnished the ice-cream, and Hastings & Smith the cigars. Everybody made congratulatory speeches and afterwards marched up to the campus singing the grand old "hymn."

It is rumored that there is to be a new Sophomore elective next fall.

The library has received a gift of $1,000 from the Rev. Elias Bond of the class of '96.

The account of the Bowdoin-Colby Tug-of-War in the Boston Globe adds one more to the many misrepresentations which we have received at the hands of Colby this year, through the medium of the Boston papers. We can only construe it as a contemptible mode of revenge for the defeats which they have suffered from us, and it is inexcusable on any ground whatsoever.

At last, inscriptions, suitable to the character of the building, have been placed in Memorial Hall. They are of fine artistic work, and are the gift of Gen. Thos. H. Hubbard, '57.

The Junior Prize Declamation came off on the evening of the 24th, before a crowded house. The following were the contestants: H. C. Wingate, Bangor; O. W. Turner, Augusta; A. E. Stearns, Quincy, Fla.; G. F. Freeman, Everett, Mass.; L. W. Brooks, Augusta; G. B. Chandler, N. Fryeburg; H. C. Royal, Auburn; V. V. Thompson, Friendship; H.
H. Hastings, Bethel. G. B. Chandler was awarded first prize and Brooks second prize. The music was furnished by Given’s Orchestra.

The Boards have been asked by the Faculty to convert a part of the lower floor in North Winthrop into a new recitation room.

There is no apparent reason why the campus should not be made as attractive for Ivy Day as for Commencement. The expense of cutting the grass twice a year ought not to be enough to bankrupt the college treasury.

The Freshmen held their class dinner at the Falmouth, in Portland, on the 20th, with the customary amount of jollification. The following is clipped from the Sunday Telegram.

The Bowdoin College boys created quite a sensation on Thursday afternoon, as some forty or fifty of them passed down Congress Street, each with a cane at his shoulder and wearing a tall black hat, and singing “Marching Through Georgia.”

It is very probable that the north wing of the Chapel will be shelved in order to furnish the much-needed room for the library.

A singular phenomenon—a class day without rain.

All of the Greek-letter fraternities held reunions on Wednesday evening after the Commencement Concert.

It is said that Mr. Graves, that eminently respectable member of the Brunswick police force, anticipates a quiet summer. He certainly deserves a vacation, as he has labored hard during the past year. Mr. Graves is a (self) protectionist.

There were three vacancies to be filled in the Board of Overseers, and one in the Trustees, this Commencement week.

Donworth, ex-'90, now of United States Military Academy at West Point, was here Commencement week.

Bowdoin students are not mean enough to bet on a certainty. Two of them recently were known to put up a wager on the age of a Brunswick damsel.

The Sophomore German Prizes will not be awarded until the end of next term, as the work is not completed until then.

The following is a synopsis of Professor Little’s report as Librarian for the past year: The number of volumes now in the library, 40,083, exclusive of pamphlets, which exceed 8,700, and the library of the Medical School, which is estimated at 4,000. The accessions for the last twelve months have been 1,087 volumes and 200 pamphlets. The great need is for an adequate book fund, which Professor Lit-}

tle recommends should be raised to $25,000. "The total number of volumes loaned during the year has been 5,933, a daily average, including vacations, of nearly nineteen. The largest number issued on any one day was 77, on February 24. While there has been a slight decrease from the previous year in circulation, the use of the library for purposes of reference and study seems on the increase. Ninety-seven per cent. of the undergraduates are borrowers of books, and none have failed to make some use of its advantages. The library has been open on an average seven and one-half hours per day, including vacations.

The man who was so unfortunate as to suffer from a mistake in making change with an Orient editor for extra copies, Commencement afternoon, may receive his due by notifying the Board and giving proper and conclusive description of the amount and character of his loss.

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55.—Gardner C. Vose, Esq., one of the oldest members of the Kennebec bar died at his home in Augusta, June 13th. Mr. Vose has held various city offices and has represented the city in the legislature. He leaves a widow and two children.

56.—General O. O. Howard was one of the speakers at the twenty-fourth anniversary of the National Temperance Society, held in New York City some weeks ago.

71.—Dr. W. K. Oakes, of Auburn, represented the Maine Benefit Association at the national meeting of the Mutual Life Insurance Companies in Washington.

Ex-'75.—Mr. F. L. Furibish was in town for the celebration. He is General Agent for the State of Kentucky, for the Edison United Manufacturing Co.

73.—A. J. Boardman, Park Commissioner of Minneapolis, is at the head of a movement to erect a Longfellow memorial chapel at Minnehaha Falls.

75.—The engagement of Mr. Francis R. Upton to Miss Storm is announced.

77.—Mr. O. M. Lord, lately principal of the Butler School in Portland, has been appointed Su-
perintendent of Public Schools to succeed Mr. Thomas Tash, '42, recently deceased.

'85.—Mr. John C. Hall, of Bangor, was married June 12th, to Miss Clara E. Sawyer, also of Bangor. Mr. Hall is a graduate of the Bangor Theological Seminary, class of '89, and has just accepted a call to the Congregational Church at Presque Isle.

'87.—C. H. Verrill, who is in the labor department of the Department of the Interior, will take a little trip to the Paris Exposition in company with several of his fellow clerks.

IN GENERAL.

One of the pleasing features of the recent celebration was the large number of Bowdoin men who were present and who helped to make the occasion a success. At the anniversary of the First Parish Church, Rev. Aaron C. Adams (36), Professor William A. Packard (51), and Professor E. C. Smyth (48), were among the speakers. At the anniversary of the town, Dr. Alfreed Mitchell (59), was president of the day. Professor C. C. Everett (50), delivered the oration, Professor H. L. Chapman (66), the poem, and Hon. T. B. Reed (60), responded to one of the toasts at the dinner. While among the reporters the familiar form of Williamson, '88.

RECORD OF THE CLASS OF '87 FOR THE PAST YEAR.

Austin, C. M. Principal of grammar school, of several hundred scholars, at Westfield, Mass.

Austin, H. B. Manager of the pool and box factory at Weld, Me.

Boutelle. Admitted to law practice at Minneapolis in October. Member of the firm of Boardman, Lancaster & Boutelle of that city.

Burleigh. Chief proprietor and managing editor of the Kennebec Journal, Augusta, Me.

Burpee. Member of class of '90, Boston Law School.

Cary. In department of Biology at Johns Hopkins University.

Choute. Medical student, Salem, Mass.

Dearth. Until lately principal of high school at Bolton, Mass. Recently appointed to railway mail service. Also studying law.

Fowler. Employed by Edison Electric Light Company. Located at New York City.


Goodwin. Attending Johns Hopkins in department of Greek.

Kimball. Studying law with his father at Norway, Me.

Lane. Night editor, Kennebec Journal.

Little. Law student, Auburn, Me. Since January at the Boston Law School in the class of '90. Means. Engaged in banking and real estate business at Orleans, Neb.

Merrill. Employed in the Eastern Office of the National Loan and Trust Company, at Portland, Me. Also studying law in the office of Nathan and Henry B. Cleaves.

Moulton, C. T. Has been studying medicine at Cumberland, and at the Maine Medical School.

Moulton, H. M. Studying medicine at Dartmouth, and the Maine Medical School. M.D. at the latter school, class of '89.

Parsons. Principal of grammar school at Winthrop, Mass.

Perkins. Law student in office of Symonds and Libby, Portland.

Plummer. City editor, Bath Times. Also engaged in other literary and correspondent work.

Pushor. Law student in office of Nathan and Henry B. Cleaves, Portland.

Robinson. Principal of Washington Academy, East Machias.

Sewall. Principal of high school at Gorham.

Skolfield. At Johns Hopkins, department of Chemistry.


Varney. Principal of high school at Walpole, N. H.

Verrill. Employed in the United States Labor Department, Washington, D. C. Also studying law.

There are eight Japanese students at Cornell. The Institute of Technology offers a prize of $100 for the best college song.

Examinations for admission to Yale will be held in nineteen different cities.
The new telescope for the Washington observatory is to have a sixty-inch lens, the largest in the world.

—Ex.

Rev. Dr. J. H. Harris, for twenty years principal of Keystone Academy in Pennsylvania, has been elected president of Bucknell University.

"Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Are the pretty graduates sweet;
In their gowns of silk and satin,
Getting sheep-skins done in Latin!
What a dainty beauty show!
And—Sakes Alive! How much they know!
—Washington Critic.

The race between Cornell, Columbia, and University of Pennsylvania was rowed June 25th, the day before the Yale-Harvard race.

The election of a President for Columbia College has been postponed till next October.

Oxford has twelve American students, the University of Berlin has 600 and Leipzig has about 200.

More than thirty Yale men have signified their intention of going to the Chautauqua Summer School.

No less than $1,500 was received as gate money at a recent Yale-Harvard game at New Haven.

Realizing the disadvantages of society strife, the students at Williams are endeavoring to raise, by subscription, two hundred thousand dollars, to build a general chapter house.

The Rutgers College students contributed one hundred and fifty dollars for the Pennsylvania sufferers. Cornell University collected eight hundred dollars, and a large number of the graduates of the college of Physicians and Surgeons offered their general services.

Mr. Alexander Agassiz, representing an unknown person, has recently purchased more than 70,000 square feet of land fronting on the Charles river. It is the intention of the purchaser to present this land to Harvard College for the use of the Harvard Rowing Club. The land is situated in a direct line from the college ground, and owing to the absence of strong tides at this point is better adapted to the use of the club than its present situation.—Crimson.

Yale won the cup at the Intercollegiate games this spring for the second time in fourteen years.

Professors Allen and Greenough, the writers of the Latin Grammar, have written a comic opera "Old King Cole." Professor Hardy has this year written both a treatise on Geometry and a beautiful story, "Passe Rose," published in the Atlantic Monthly.

Mr. Henry W. Sage, the princely patron of Cornell University, has announced a gift of $300,000 for the endowment of the library, and his purpose to make good the cost of the library building, amounting to $200,000, in case the university finally loses the Graw-Fiske suit.—Mail and Express.

PARLIAMENTARY.

We've been holding weekly meetings
At the house of my dear Bess,
And to-night I send her greetings,
For they've been a great success.

Weighty things we've been deciding,
In our little meetings there,
I, of course, have been presiding,
That's to say, I've held the chair.

But last night the session ended
In a very pleasant way,
When the conversation tended
To the power of love to-day.

And to end the great congestion
Of our thoughts, I said "Dear Bess,
Are you ready for the question?"
And she sweetly answered "Yes."
—Brunonian.

The Persian language is taught at Cornell.
Dartmouth offers $500 for the best essay on prayer.
Harvard has received $500 to start a special German library.—Ex.

Stanford University will probably secure as its president General Francis A. Walker, now head of the Boston Institute of Technology.

The McGill University of Canada has refused to admit all lady applicants.

Sixteen colleges and universities in the United States are without presidents.—Ex.

The rage for costly college gymnasiums is not yet over. Vassar is to have a new one costing $30,000, and ground has already been broken for the foundation.

Yale students use the broad granite steps of the new recitation building instead of the historic fence. It is said that they will become as much of an institution at Yale as the fence ever was.

Two Dartmouth Freshmen have been suspended for the remainder of the year, because "for a little harmless fun" they scattered asafetida in one of the recitation rooms.—Ex.
Thurston's * Piano * House

Located at 3 Free St. Block,
Portland, Me.

Is one of the old, long established, and successful business houses of Maine. We believe in Maine. We first drew our breath in this good old State, and hope to draw our last here also. We have no time to enlarge on this point, but if you, or your friends are about to purchase a Piano or an Organ, a Stool, or a Cover, come right here and buy. You can't do better; you might do worse.

Samuel Thurston, - - - 3 Free Street Block, Portland, Me.
The college begins the year '89-90 with the largest number of students and the largest and ablest corps of instructors in its history. The co-operation between students and faculty is perfect, the order is good, and the tone of morality is unexcelled by any college in the land. Everything that professor and undergraduate can do is being done to increase the numbers and efficiency of the institution. Can the same be said of the alumni? The undergraduates think not. They expect a great deal from their elders. They point to them with pride and admiration, and they are inspired by their example and renown. They can see among them men, not only eminent in law, medicine, and theology, but also in finance. But they look to the college and see her in need of funds, sorely in need. They look to their rival institutions, and see legacy after legacy showered upon them and new buildings going up every year. They know that neither of them have graduates half so wealthy or half so eminent as their own. They see Colby with three of the best fitting schools in the State and Bowdoin with practically none. They, at the same time, see the latter still forging to the front, picking up large classes wherever she can, some from rival fitting schools, some from stray academies, some from the city high schools, from
sheer force of prestige and superiority; and yet she is poor. The undergraduates feel that the alumni owe the old institution better treatment than that. They feel that she has earned it and is earning it every year of her prosperity.

Last commencement President Hyde told the alumni at the dinner that they had had a long rest from importunities and that now they must prepare to be generous. They were generous with promises. Now we would like to see a little cash. We have got enough of history and patriotism for our present needs. They are nice, but they do not build dormitories and observatories; they do not buy apparatus. Occasionally an Oliver Crocker Stevens appears in the horizon and shows that his heart is as large as his reputation, but men of his stamp are sadly deficient. We do not think the main body of our alumni are disloyal; they are simply asleep.

As undergraduates, we claim that our voices should have some weight in a matter of so pressing need. Work, able instruction, students and reputation are a good deal, but they are not everything. This is an age of apparatus and equipments and buildings and endowments, and just so sure as Bowdoin does not receive them, just so sure she falls behind in the race, sooner or later.

The college is entering upon a reform, and the measure of its success will be the measure of its moral strength. The reform proposed and already begun involves a radical change of front, both on the part of the Orient and of those whom it represents. The former unhesitatingly and unreservedly arrays itself in behalf of the new move, and in so doing it is confident that it represents the almost unanimous sentiment of the college.

The formal and, as we are informed, unanimous action of the class of '92 commends itself to the admiration of the college world.

There could be no more significant indication of the spirit that pervades the institution than this quiet, unassuming, voluntary renunciation of a custom which, with all its faults, is endeared to upper classman and alumnus by some of the most pleasant recollections of his college course. When we look back upon the high expectancy with which we entered upon our fall campaign of Sophomoric escapades, we can the better appreciate how great is the commendation due to the present class.

The custom has heretofore had the approbation and support of the majority, which in a democratic institution was sufficient vindication of its right to exist. But in a moment, as it were, the fallacious garb of prejudice, sentiment, and sophistry which has enveloped the old custom has fallen off, and the student body see it as it is in all its pernicious relations. The majority has swung around and the beam of the scales tips the other way. There undoubtedly are those who, partly from pride and partly from conviction, would prefer to see the custom continue; but in nothing do they show their good sense as much as in calmly submitting to public sentiment. They might, if they choose, find trumped-up excuses and continue a sort of border warfare throughout the year. But such a course would be productive only of injury to the college and humiliation to the participants. Dear as the old custom may be to us, the world has relegated it to the realm of social antiquities, and Bowdoin has been singularly backward in falling into line. But the class of '92 have taken the decisive step, and the old college tardily takes its station in the ranks.

A word to Freshmen: You are receiving the best treatment of any class that has entered the college for the last half century, and that solely through the generosity of the Sophomore class. It is fitting that you
appreciate the situation and exercise the utmost care that there is no cause of offence. Indiscretion on your part might kick the whole thing in the head.

The change is only formal; the prejudice still remains. Bodies of men do not undergo an entire change of feeling so quickly. Judgment may tell them to exercise toleration, but passion is not so easily educated. You must remember that a Freshman is a Freshman, even though he be as dry as an Egyptian mummy. You may be just as good and just as worthy of respect as an upper classman, but you can't make people think so. This prejudice may be all wrong and doubtless is; but it exists and since it does exist, you are bound to respect it. It will take more than one decade to extirpate it.

Educated men respect privileges, mobs abuse them. If you wish to be treated as upper classmen, you must show yourselves worthy of it. As much depends upon you as upon the class above you, and if you are false to your position you can hardly expect those who have the prejudices of the past year to contend against to be true to theirs. Radical changes cannot be effected in a minute, and you must not expect the full measure of freedom at the outset. Keep your mouths shut. The class of 1903 may be allowed to talk, but you must keep quiet.

A recent editorial in the Boston Herald gives some interesting facts and opinions on the universal increase in the size of new classes. In Yale the number of Freshmen in the academic department is two hundred and twenty, while at the time of the writing, there was a prospect of about three hundred at Harvard. These were but fair examples of the increase all over the country. After commenting on the large number of technical schools and on the encouraging fact that the increase in college attendance more than keeps pace with the increase in population, it goes on to attribute the same to the increased attendance in our public and private schools. As the rolls of the one increase, the rolls of the other must increase also. "The question has been raised frequently, within the past few years, whether institutions for advanced study were not multiplying in this country more rapidly than the need for them was wanted. The latest statistics as to college attendance seem to furnish a sufficient answer to this inquiry."

Does the college advertise to take care of the things that are left in our rooms during the summer or does it not? If it does, it would better do it or reimburse the losers. If it doesn't, it would better put up a printed placard to that effect, so that those of scanty wardrobe can make calculations on the probable loss and provide for the cold winter months. The students have always manifested a deep interest in the Brunswick poor, and their sportulae have always been well attended. But like Bacon they believe that generosity the most praiseworthy, which chooses well its recipients, and consequently would prefer to be consulted before parting with their earthly effects. For this once, we will forgive the fact that something of more or less value has been stolen from nearly half the rooms, among them being a valuable carpet. But, let his Janitorship and the powers behind the throne look well to the future. Perhaps it would be well to charge it to "average repairs."

We should practice at least four pitchers and three catchers; we should crowd as much work as possible into the Fall term in order that the election of members be early; we should engage a professional coacher, by all means, and that as soon as possible after the conclusion of the National League contest, so that the greatest possible amount
of time can be given to practicing any new methods he may teach. The reason why it is especially desirable that a professional be secured, is that our presumably weak point is the box; and that is just the position which a professional would most strengthen. We have four or five men in college, who, with proper training, would be first-class pitchers. Why not furnish it?

The above is nothing more or less than a rehash of what we said in the commencement number. It is the opinion of all the best base-ball judges whom we have consulted; and because it is such, it claims the attention of the management.

It is to be hoped that some mode of ventilation will be furnished for the Reading Room before long. There are times when from twenty to thirty persons are stowed away there for a considerable time with no fresh air except what comes in from the occasional opening and closing of the door. The effect of this is heightened by a leaky coal stove, usually kept under light pressure. There are times when the air is positively unendurable to one coming in from out of doors. The old room is bad enough, but just at present it seems necessary. But it is manifestly absurd to augment necessary evils with those which can be easily avoided.

In accordance with the usual custom of the Orient and all similar college journals, we send our publication to each member of the Freshman class, and shall enter their names upon our subscription list.

MAKING UP BACK WORK.
A WORD ON THE NEW RULE—ALTOGETHER TOO RIGID.

In the workings of nature we see evidences that all life requires rest. The soil does not bring forth fruit the year round but requires a season of rest. The same soil will not always bring forth the same kind of crops so successfully two or three years in succession, but one year produces one crop, another year, another. Thus the rest to the soil is brought about by bringing its different properties into work at different times. Fruit trees producing abundantly one year do not so much the next year. In animal life we see the endurance of a horse. Yet a horse can be and often is used beyond his strength. Hurried, worried and compelled to draw too heavy loads, it is soon rendered entirely unfit for use. With oxen and other beasts of burden it is the same. With man it is still more so. A business man hurried in his daily routine, with no respite whatever, soon becomes worn out and at a premature age is compelled to retire from business.

A student attempting more work than he is capable of doing, is soon wearied and his mind is confused with ideas forming no slightest connection. The college course here is one which any student remaining in college, by hard work, can master. Yet there are many students whom financial affairs compel to remain out of college a portion of the year, engaged in the honest labor, which enables them to obtain an education. Until the present time this has been possible, but according to a new rule made last year, requiring all back work made up before entering a higher class, it is, in some cases, entirely impossible, and this rule threatens to deprive some hard-working student of his desired education or to so completely exhaust him while in college as to render him entirely unable to work for a long time after his college course is completed. This rule was passed by the faculty, to check the tendency some students have of taking too great advantage of the great liberties in this line heretofore allowed. No one can deny that such tendency should be effectually checked, but who can say that the present measures are not too stringent. In some cases students are obliged to be out
of college during the spring term, and then, after working hard all summer, return to college in the fall, to find themselves unable to go on with the studies of their class till their back work is completely made up. During this time the work of the fall term is accumulating and has to be made up also. This extra work, coming all together, is very injurious to the health, wearing to the nerves and exhaustive to the whole human system. The student requires respite from labor as surely as does the clergyman, lawyer, professor, business man and others. While we realize that the former system of allowing the student to take his own time for making up back work is very hurtful, yet is not the present system altogether too rigid? Instead of enforcing such an iron-clad rule as at present exists, why not allow each student a certain length of time to make up his back work, thus giving all equal chances. Justice, we know, is the practice of rendering to each man his due. Is it justice to compel one man to perform in ten weeks a task for which another man is allowed twenty. "Unto every man his due."

THE BATTLE SCENE REMAINS.
By George S. Berry, '86.
[From the Standard, New Bedford, Mass.]

Somewhere in the expanse of heaven
Is photographed the scene of every fight
Where man with man contended:
The flash of guns, the cannon's smoke,
The sturdy grandeur of each sullen front
Is placed and held forever.

The memory of each bloody field
Is held till death by all who fought;
To all the rest a battle's but a name;
We see no landscape, listen to no sound;
We cannot see the charge, the rout,
And comrades falling one by one.

The battle scene of Gettysburg,
And kindred fights, is fresh to-day
Within the depths of many thousand minds;

The mention of the name brings up
To many hearts the old exciting fire,
The aspect of a hill, a dale, a brook,
With bullets flying, and men falling.

But slowly as the days go by
These visions fade, first here, now there,
As death goes stalking round,
And takes the picture from each mind;
Until at last not one is left,
And heaven alone retains
The picture of that awful day.

A PLEA FOR "DORA."

"Dora," the child-wife of the inimitable
"David Copperfield," stands out in fiction
like a deserted waif, without a single
champion. Now I am perfectly aware of
the fact that for greatness of soul, depth of
thought and altitude of conception, the
little girl would hardly reach par value in
the feminine stock market. But if the old
saying that "marriage is a lottery" be true,
I am equally confident that a fellow might
draw a worse ticket than "Dora." It is true
that she couldn't run a kitchen nor keep a
grocer's account; that she would get entangled
in a mathematical maze and swim out of it in a flood of tears; that she
mightily respected the strength of her husband
and of the other sex in general; all of
which characteristics are rank heresy in the
eyes of our modern strong-minded female.
I am aware that she never attended a female
college nor delivered a lecture on woman's
rights, which would equally bar her from the
latest type of femininity. I am also aware
that her love of "Doady," the sincerity of
which no one will question, was not at all of
the Platonic brand, but that it was what our
modern intellectuo-spinsterial female would
term "blind." In fact, I believe Aunt
"Betsy Trotwood" did use that very
adjective, though in a somewhat different
relation.

But after laying bare her multitidinous
faults in all their criminal depravity, I am still ready to take up the cudgel and enter the lists in her defence. In the first place she was good. Undoubtedly our female critic will say she didn’t know enough to be bad. If so, why well and good. She was “good” all the same; so score one point for “Dora.” Secondly, that “blind,” unphilosophical love of hers was true and lasting and possessed just that soothing confidence which spreads itself over a fellow’s soul like a ray of sunshine. This syllogistic affection may be logically invincible, but it doesn’t fill the bill in a sentimental world; I may be far behind the times, but I cling to the rabble and yearn for the old style. Thirdly, she would never pull a man down, even if she did not inspire him to noble action, and of late years that is getting to be a characteristic of somewhat rare excellence. Fourthly, she would never rasp on a man’s nature nor bridle his individual freedom. He could come home from his office at night with the perfect assurance that no shrewish phillipics were in store for him, and the smile that met him at the door, even if it didn’t reflect the soul of a Madonna, would sit well on his tired nature, nor would it detract from his appetite for tea. After supper he would feel perfectly free to light his Havana in any room of the house, don his dressing-gown and slippers, take any chair he chose, deposit his feet on the centre table and settle down to an evening’s enjoyment without a single compunction of conscience or connubial remonstrance. He could eat apples and fire the cores in the grate, pop corn and spill it on the floor, and, in short, violate the whole code of domestic laws in peace and security. And through it all “Dora” would look kindly and approvingly on, and pur and cuddle like a pet kitten. Is marriage a failure? No.

Love is the key of heaven.

READING AND RE-READING.

Said Webster, “Many other students read more than I did and knew more than I did, but such as I read I made my own.” In this short article no attempt will be made to treat the different phases of the many-sided subject of reading; I shall only seek to enlarge and specialize the one idea suggested in the above quotation.

It is not so much what one reads, as how one reads, and in respect to method, there are, in general, two classes of readers: The one are those who select a book of standard merit, perhaps read it over once, thoroughly or hastily as the case may be, and throw it aside forever. In their way, they are diligent and sincere, but they imbibe no permanent and valuable thoughts, and their chief hobby in conversation is the rehearsing the names of authors and their productions.

The other class are those who, like Webster, make the topics of their reading their “own.” Books are like friends—for all life. The first reading is like first acquaintance, and in it is formed a sort of general impression of the character of the work. The second reading is like the inception of intimacy, and it induces a closer study of its nature, an appreciation of its faults and virtues. Subsequent readings and references are like the constant associations and consultations of close companionship.

When one considers the various interpretations and suggestions afforded by a single sentence, like the one quoted above, when the course of his reading carries him along through hundreds of others equally pregnant, and when he adds to this the mental adjustment of part to part, the organization of a system of ideas and (if he be one), the reciprocal criticism of an independent thinker, he will then begin to have some conception of the shallowness and absurdity of a single reading. Unless a volume be so
thoroughly known that its reader can find any sentence or idea that occurs to him, half its utility will be lost; for the world is full of vague, intangible ideas that cannot be materialized. When a worthy book is found, it should be read and re-read, and at each reading new and richer thoughts will occur, old thoughts will turn a new and unexpected side, and the whole work will increase in charm and value.

THE FIRST WEEK'S SPORTS.

HORN CONCERT, COMMENDABLE MODERATION—FOOT-BALL RUSH, BALL SECURED BY COTHREN—FOOT-BALL EASILY WON BY '92; BASE-BALL EASILY WON BY '93.

As the year 1889 is to be become celebrated in Bowdoin annals as the one in which are comprised the days of demarkation between ancient Sophomoric tyranny and Freshmen's bliss and innocence unharmed, it is well that there be recorded in the Orient an authentic account of the first sports of this untried, but no doubt excellent new era. As near as any way, we may say that they opened on Thursday evening of week one with the usual Sophomore horn concert. In this affair the participants displayed commendable moderation and few consumptive symptoms. Everything passed off well, especially the tall hats and canes. In the passing off, many honorable and memory-reviving scars were won by Sophomores in the defense of sacred personal property upon which an unscanty band of "yaggers" and other campus impedimenta paid most unwelcome and importunious court. All turned out satisfactorily to the Sophomores, however, as several white hairs and shaking bedsteads were reported among the Freshmen next morning.

The post-chapel exercises of the next day, Friday, were no recitations and the Sophomore foot-ball rush, wherein some glory may have been won by several members of the class, and which terminated after seventeen minutes in Cothren capturing the ball and using excellent leg calculation in getting into his end with the same. Great prowess was exhibited by "Mull."

About three o'clock p.m., Friday, the Sophomores, with their usual symbolic decorations and mild demeanor, marched forth to the foot-ball contest, chirping the strains of old "Phi Chi" to the tintinnabulations of Emery's brass band and Wood's umbrella. The field was soon taken. Over the southern portion stalked the lordly Sophomore, while scattered over the northern, by the aid of a field-glass, might be detected, buttoned tight in their dickeys and corduroys, minute specimens of the genus Fresh. The Sophomores started in enthusiastically and well, and would have put the ball across the path with a rush, had not the contest been prolonged by outside influence in the shape of a meagre number of upper classmen serving involuntarily in the capacity of Freshmen pro tempore. With a very few entertaining exceptions the Sophomores admirably suppressed their complaints and slugging propensities, and in due time Hull, '92, had driven the ball to the desired goal. Sophomore referee, S. H. Erskine, '91; Freshman referee, F. M. Tukey, '91; Judge, "Cosine" Smith, '90.

The Sophomore-Freshman base-ball game on Saturday was more interesting than for some years, proving a walk-over for the Freshmen, to the tune of 31 to 10. Somewhere about eight innings were played, when the game was called by reason of darkness and rain. In the first inning Young, the Sophomore catcher, was disabled by a dislocated finger and Andrews, special, took his place to the general satisfaction. The Freshmen won the day by hard batting and close fielding, the Sophomores after the first inning playing a listless game. Spring's pitching showed speed, but was rather wild at times. Neither Gately nor Downes were specially
effective and were poorly supported in outfield. Some features of the game were Gately’s hot catch from the bat in the third inning, Spring’s two home runs, one on errors, the other mostly on merit, Jones’ fly catch in center field in the seventh, and Bartlett’s line catch at second. The “chinning” was notably of a moderate type, rational in the compliments afforded, and presented from a gentlemanly distance. Every one (except Despeaux) is to be congratulated upon the general serenity of the occasion. Following is the score:

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>SOPHOMORES.</th>
<th>A.B.</th>
<th>R.</th>
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| SCORE BY INNINGS. | 55  | 31 | 20  | 23  | 24  | 10 | 13 |

**BOOK REVIEWS.**


Few authors are so difficult to popularize as Wordsworth. To present him favorably and fairly to the general public, and especially to young people, is no light undertaking. His nobler thought is grave and almost austere; his philosophy is so essentially spiritual as to seem at times obscure; and his literary theories, although sound in principle, were forced by opposition to such extremes that the poems in which he sought to illustrate them are almost ludicrous. Yet the man and his work present such a simple front of personal manhood, and are so integral and unique, that no element which was really there can be left out with justice, even in the most condensed presentation of him.

The volume of Mr. George offers an admirable selection of his poems. In these days of specialties it has come to be an art by itself to make a judicious selection from the works of a voluminous author, at once comprehensive, fairly representing the different qualities of his work, and at the same time instructive, educating the taste alike by what it omits and what includes.

A comparison with Mr. Arnold’s selection seems inevitable, although the two men made for different purposes. Mr. Arnold has written his own strong personality on every page of his little volume. Not only in preface and notes, but in the selections themselves, you feel that you are not seeing Wordsworth for yourself, but seeing him with Mr. Arnold’s eyes. Mr. George’s adoption of the chronological order, instead of Mr. Arnold’s arbitrary classification, brings you at once more closely and directly to the thought and heart of Wordsworth. An explanation, however, should somewhere have been given of the...
double date at the head of each poem—date of composition and date of publication—otherwise likely to be a source of confusion to the beginner in literature. Mr. George has omitted more of those poems which provoked the harsh criticism of contemporaries than Mr. Arnold did, yet he has included all that the world has learned to love. He has, therefore, presented Wordsworth at his best, which is, after all, what we want, especially in a book for young people.

The notes are admirable, both in their fullness and their restraint. Almost all the best written on Wordsworth are introduced to the reader by allusion or quotation (we have noted over thirty), but in form so brief as not to be cumbrous. Yet we could wish that the books quoted had been indicated by title; they might often have served as a guide to lead the young student into very stimulating and instructive lines of reading. The notes afford also many striking passages of original criticism and points of comparison with other poets, and the editor's reverence and love for Wordsworth are pleasantly felt throughout. With the volume on the Prelude and the one which will doubtless follow on the excursion, the student will have an adequate outfit for the thorough knowledge of Wordsworth.

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This syllabus contains, in parallel columns, the names of the more prominent English authors, together with a few selected topics in literary and political history of the English people, with the evident design of exhibiting the syn-chronistic relations in the two lines of study. It does not aim at being exhaustive, and it is only in a general sense that it can be called comprehensive. We may accept the author's statement that he has found it of advantage in his own classes, without sharing in his hope that its publication will "further that spirit of literary and historical study which aims to appreciate the dominant impulses in the life of the past, and which, by encouraging the study of standard works, will end the divorce of literature and history."

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No recent book by an American author has called forth so much favorable comment as the one before us. With preparatory study, with only a keen imagination backed by a lively human sympathy, Mr. Bellamy has given here a clear and simple solution of the social problem. Even those who have devoted most time to working this vital question have not been able to give so complete an idea of social reform.

And they admit it. Howells, Hale, Stedman, Frances Willard, hail it as a true prophecy, and even those who do not share their sanguine hopes, lay down the book with a sigh because they cannot.

Speaking of the way in which he happened to write the book, the author has said that his original intention was to write a fairy tale of social felicity—of an ideal government; but further thought upon the subject and a contemplation of the efficiency of the military system now being adopted by European governments, led him to conceive the idea of a great industrial army in which the individual should contribute his stated share, not to destruction but to production, and caused him to throw up his original plan for the one worked out in the present volume. As the work grew under his hand he became more and more convinced that he had found the true theory.

That he has succeeded in setting people to thinking, the amazing popularity of the book is a sufficient proof. The pretty little romance running through it, by no means detracts from its sale. Indeed the charming way in which he tells the story would alone win for Mr. Bellamy the high place that he will henceforth hold among our writers. The characteristic of everything from his pen is a style so clear and simple that you forget that it is a style.

If his shorter stories were happily expressed, certainly in this more sustained effort he has not been less fortunate.

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The impulse to make the most of ourselves, the instinct of spiritual self-preservation is deep-seated in us all, and especially vigorous in youth. It is to this healthy instinct that the "Pleasures of Life" appeals. It embodies the results of the extensive reading, wide observation, and rich experience of a well-to-do man of affairs, and accomplished scientist, and a thorough-going utilitarian. It points out the rich treasures that lie all about us in Ambition, Health, Love, Art, Poetry, Music, Nature, Religion, and the Hope of Progress. It shows us how to be better friends with ourselves and more at home in this beautiful and glorious world.

It is neither profound nor original. It does not move on a high moral and spiritual plane. But it is healthy and hearty; and it sets forth the maxims of worldly wisdom in a charmingly simple and lucid literary style.

The literature of Biography has received no more noteworthy addition than the series of lives of American Statesmen recently appearing under the editorship of Mr. Morse. The editor has himself contributed several volumes to the series, this one among them.

Mr. Morse's peculiar adaptability to this sort of writing was apparent in his former works but nowhere more than here. Though he has labored under the misfortune of having been preceded in his undertaking by so able a biographer as Parton, his work does not suffer by comparison, nor will the bright, original way in which he has handled his subject fail to impress itself on the reader. We do not share in the author's belief that his work has suffered from being constricted to these four hundred pages. Bulk has ceased to be a desirable feature of biography.

The typographical appearance of the book is just what we have learned to expect from these publishers—elegant in every point.

Notes.

No. 17 of the Old South Leaflets is a copy of the letter of Verazzano to the king of France, in 1524, giving the results of his voyage to the West, and an account of the new lands discovered. It is the earliest discription known to exist of the shores of the United States.

These leaflets are designed to place within easy reach of students, documents having important bearing on the history of our own country. Their editors deserve encouragement.

The Freshman peanut drunk is now in order.

I understand that the Sophomores have given up the time-honored custom of ducking," remarked an Orient man to a member of '92, a few days ago. "Yes," replied the '92 man, "that is, we shall do no class ducking, though of course an individual pail now and then, in cases of extreme provocation, will still be in order." This explains a mystery. It will not be long now before some thirty or more sophomoric individuals will be "hiving up" the stairs of the good old College Hall, each eagerly waiting to throw his "individual pail" of water upon the unfortunate individual from '93 who has committed some slight act of "extreme provocation."

After Hearing 'Eighty-Nine's Class-Day History.

"Those belles whose reign began of yore with George the Third's.—Byron's "Waltz."

Some seasons past, when Boston tongues
Did nothing but rehearse
Dear Henry Dixey's praises,
I ran across this verse:

"When the girl who saw him first
Grown into an aged crone is,
Dixey, he'll be dancing still—
The perennial Adonis."

"Conversely this I'll demonstrate,"
Spoke out my chan no gay.
"Take 'College boy' and 'Brunswick girl';
Our theorem runs this way:

"When the Fresh. who met her first
Knows second childhood's fancies,
We'll find the same perennial belle
Still leading Bowdoin dances."

It was during a Sophomore Physics lecture. The Prof. was illustrating to the youthful mind the difference between the forces adhesion and cohesion. "Now, gentlemen," said he, "the affinity of water for Wood —!!!" Loud applause!! general woodup, etc.!!!

The odor of vinegar, mingled with a tinge of kerosene, in the reading-room on the morning of the 25th ult., revealed to the college world the fact that the Sophomores had enjoyed their turkey supper the night before. Well done, '92! Well done!

Randall, '92, is teaching in Whitefield.

Bowdoin meets Bates once more on the ball field, at Lewiston, October 5th.

Smith is the only man from '91 possessed of sufficient nerve to tackle the Junior Latin.

It is rumored that the Junior Latin Class has forsworn the vicious practice of "wooding."

A new addition to the Brunswick police force recently attempted the arrest of an honored member of Bowdoin's faculty.
A. W. Tolman, '88, the new instructor in English Literature, will take charge of themes this year.

The first themes of the term are due October 9th. Theme subjects are as follows:

**Juniors.**

I.—Should the Government Own and Control Railroads and Telegraph Lines?

II.—Recent Labor Troubles in England.

III.—The Prose Style of Edgar Allan Poe.

**Sophomores.**

I.—Should Bowdoin Have a Rugby Eleven?

II.—Are Dickens' Character Sketches True to Life?

III.—A Description of Scenery or a Walk.

Among the alumni who have visited the college recently are W. E. Frost, '88; Wright, '83; Pushor, Merrill, Little, and Burleigh, '87; Williamson, '88; Files, Neal, Rideout, Elden, and Watts, '89.

The following facts may be of interest to the incoming class: The class of '25 entered Bowdoin with thirty-three men; '33 brought in thirty-four men; '43, fifty-three men; '53, twenty-nine men; '63, fifty-six men; '73, thirty-three men; '83, thirty-nine men, and now '93 comes upon the Bowdoin boards forty-eight men strong.

Wingate, '90, passed his vacation at Tacoma, Washington State, and other points in the West.

Where is that Freshman peanut drunk?

J. C. Parker, '86, is acting as assistant in Biology under Professor Lee.

At the regular fall meeting of the Base-Ball Association officers were elected as follows: President, Allen, '90; Vice-President, Jordan, '91; Secretary and Treasurer, H. C. Emery, '92; First Director, Pendleton, '90; Second Director, Brown, '91; Third Director, Durgin, '92. At a later meeting J. D. Merman was chosen Treasurer, vice Emery, resigned.

The Topshams gave the boys a surprise party by their brilliant playing Saturday.

G. F. Freeman, captain of the ball nine, is laid off at present with a lame ankle.

Buy base-ball goods at Pendleton's.

Speaking of free "ads," how about that one President Hyde gave "Whit" in chapel, Sunday.

Loring, '91, is the latest addition to the Library force.

Several important changes have been made in the arrangement of the Library during the past summer. Considerable room has been gained by building alcoves and shelves in the old cast room in the north wing of the chapel, the casts being arranged here and there throughout the library, and the sketches placed in the Walker gallery. The periodicals have been removed to the south wing, and the door of the wing, so long closed, has been opened for the greater convenience of the student body.

It is probable that a general literary society will be formed among the students some time during the term.

The last newspaper accounts from Colby reveal the fact that hazing has been abolished at that institution.

And now the season is at hand when the Orient feels in duty bound to "bob up serenely" as usual on the perennial base-ball question. Never have the prospects been better. Last year Bowdoin was weak at third and short, and there seemed to be an alarming scarcity of pitchers, but with the new men from '93, and Burleigh and Bangs, who were unable to play last season, from '91, it begins to look as if every point will be well covered. Packard should be allowed to play his old position at first, and with Burleigh, Downes, and Hilton in good working condition Bowdoin certainly cannot be called weak in the box. The Orient hopes to see the nine run this year in the interest of the college, without regard for society advantages. It should be run on the principle that the man who works the hardest and plays the best ball shall be given a trial on the team, no matter to what class, or to which of the five Fraternities he may belong. With this system of management and with conscientious training on the part of the players, there seems to be no reason why Joe's nine should not be the best aggregation of ball players in the college league.

Professor Matzke of Johns Hopkins University, is taking charge of the French this year.

'91 and '92 have gone into partnership on the French question.

Elective French is to be no "schnap" this year.

South Appleton boasts an artist of no ordinary ability. A fine pastel, entitled "Sympathy," is among his finest productions.

The room in North Maine formerly used as a Y. M. C. A. room, has been fitted up as a recitation room and placed in charge of Professor Johnson.

It took twenty-five rushes to settle the Sophomore-Freshman foot-ball game this fall, Hull finally kicked the ball over the line.

The Sophomore foot-ball rush this year was one of the ganiest contests of the kind ever witnessed
at Bowdoin. Several plucky dashes were made, Cothren finally securing the prize.

Tutor Cole is wielding the Brunswick pen for the Bath Sentinel.

At the annual meeting of the Pejepscot Canoe Club, Fish, '91, was elected purser.

Burleigh, '91, will report the proceedings of the Y. M. C. A. convention to be held at Waterville the latter part of the month.

The elective French division held a short session Monday.

Rugby foot-ball is being played quite extensively at Bowdoin just at present. A new ground has been laid out at the south end of the campus, below Appleton, and a long line of demoralized cripples can be seen each evening in the gathering twilight wending their way from thence to their respective apartments.

There has been some talk of arranging a game with Tufts to be played at Brunswick.

Pennell, the all-around base-ball man from Bates, has entered '93.

The new rule in regard to making up has left a number of "visitors" on the hands of the college.

The Junior, (90) German prize has been awarded to Blanchard.

Wood, '93, captured the Freshman French prize.

The annual horn concert which was advertised by the Sophomores to come off on the night of September 19th resulted in general hat, horn, and cane rush between '91 and '92. The disputed cane was finally won by the Juniors, and most of the '91 men now boast a hat and horn to hang triumphantly above the book-case.

Is tennis on the decline? It would certainly seem so, judging from the lack of energy or inclination to arrange a fall tournament. '93 has brought the college some fine tennis material, and the question of the college championship should be decided.

A fund of $1,000 has been placed in the hands of the trustees, the annual income of which is to be offered as a prize in English composition.

'84.—Z. W. Kemp has been elected Assistant Principal of Tabor Academy, Marion, Mass., at a salary of $1,100.

'83 and '86.—Mr. F. M. Fling, '83, late Principal of the Biddeford High School, and Messrs. A. R. Butler and A. A. Knowlton, '86, are studying at the University of Leipsic.

'28.—Mr. Henry Weld Fuller of Boston, the designer and treasurer of the Woodlawn Cemetery, died suddenly at his home on Wednesday evening, August 14th. Mr. Fuller came of an old Maine family, his father being Judge Henry W. Fuller of Augusta. Chief Justice Fuller was a nephew and Margaret Fuller a near relative. Mr. Fuller was born in Augusta, January, 1810, and at an early age entered Bowdoin. He graduated in 1828 and was salutatorian. He studied law with his father and at the Cambridge Law School. He traveled in Florida in 1830, and on his return was admitted to the Kennebec Bar and for ten years was a partner with his father. In 1841 he moved to Boston, where he was for thirteen years in partnership with Charles A. Derby and for eleven years Clerk of the Circuit Court of the United States. Since resigning, Mr. Fuller has been trustee and treasurer for various persons and corporations. He has been connected with the Woodlawn Cemetery ever since its construction in 1851. Mr. Fuller married, in 1835, Miss Mary Storer Goddard, daughter of Nathaniel Goddard, a well-known merchant of Boston. His three daughters survive him, two sons having died many years before.

'53.—Dr. George B. Upham, a prominent physician of Yonkers, N. Y., died August 9th, after a short illness. Dr. Upham had been failing in health for some time. He was a son of Professor Upham, and graduated at Bowdoin in the class of 33. Dr. Upham practiced in Yonkers successfully for many years. At the time of the war he was appointed a member of the Board of Enrollment in the Ninth Congressional District. At the close of the war Dr. Upham was appointed examining surgeon of claimants for pensions. Dr. Upham was highly esteemed, and will be mourned by a large circle of friends. Mrs. Upham, two daughters and a son survive him.

'61.—Past Assistant Engineer Joseph B. Upham, U. S. N., retired, died in Portsmouth, N. H., Tuesday, August 13th, of heart disease. Mr. Upham was born in Portsmouth, December, 1840. He was educated at Phillips Exeter and at Bowdoin. He entered the Navy the year after graduation and served as Engineer until his retirement in 1875. Mr. Upham
was a member of the DeWitt Clinton Commandery, K. T., and of the order of Cincinnati.

'71.—Mr. A. G. Whitman is Professor of Biology in Clark University, Worcester, Mass.

'86.—W. W. Kilgore of Mazo, Minn., has removed to Marshall, Minn.

'87.—L. B. Varney has been chosen Principal of the Fairhaven, Mass., High School, vice Z. W. Kemp, '84, resigned.

'88.—F. L. Smith has been chosen Principal of the Needham, (Mass.) High School.

'88.—Mr. G. H. Larrabee was married in Rockland, in August, to Miss Grace D. Evans.

'88.—A. W. Meserve is Principal of the Monson Academy, Monson, Me.

'88—H. L. Shaw is Principal of the Grafton (Mass) High School.

'88.—M. P. Smithwick is Principal of the High School at Thomaston, Me.

'88.—W. W. Woodman is Principal of the High School, Gorham, Me.

The following report of the class of '89 is kindly furnished us by the class secretary, Mr. Emery:

CLASS OF '89.
Adams, teaching; McIndoes Falls, Vt.
Bodge, law student with Boutelle, '87, Minneapolis.
Carroll, on a trip across the continent with Hayes.
Carroll intends to remain in California several years and study law.
Clark, Principal Kennebunk High School.
Crocker, law student, Paris, Me.
Doherty, law student with Madigan & Madigan, Houlton; also teaching a grammar school in the town.
Elden, enters Johns Hopkins University, this fall.
Files, enters Johns Hopkins University, this fall.
Fogg, C. H., with the Frederick Taylor Co., hardware, etc., Lowell, Mass.
Fogg, S. L., Principal High School, Island Pond, Vt.
Freeman, teaching a grammar school, Thomaston.
Gilpatrick, in business, Saco, Me.
Hayes. (See Carroll.)
Hersey, preached at York during the summer.
Entered Andover Theological Seminary this fall.
Hill, insurance business, Portland.
Libby, has passed a successful civil service examination at Washington, and been put on the Maine eligible list for a government position.
Little, Principal North New Portland High School.
Lynam, enters Maine Medical School, February 1890.
Merrill, Electrician; Edison Electric Light Co., 432 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Mitchell, Principal Freeport High School.
Neal, law student with Mattocks and Neal, Portland.
Owen, entered Andover Theological Seminary, this fall.
Phelan, will study for the Unitarian ministry.
Prattiss, attended Springfield (Mass.) Training School for Y. M. C. A. gymnasium directors, during the summer.
Rice, enters Columbia Law School, this fall.
Rideout, enters a wholesale druggists' in Portland, the first of October.
Robie, farming.
Rogers, Principal Farmington High School.
Russell, F. C., Principal Warren High School.
Russell, F. M., in business, Boston.
Smith, E. B., head clerk, United States Marshal's office, Portland.
Smith, O. R., junior partner of the firm Ellis & Smith, clothiers and dealers in gents' furnishings, Middleborough, Mass.
Stacy, enters Johns Hopkins University this fall.
Staples, law student, with Baker, Baker & Cornish, Augusta.
Searns, entered Andover Theological Seminary this fall.
Thwing, law student, with N. & H. B. Cleaves, Portland (?).
Watts, enters Clark University this fall.
White, intends to enter the Harvard Medical School.

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This is a Christian college; such was the intention of its founders and such has been the aim of its overseers and instructors. A Christian college implies a more or less intimate connection with some Christian church, and for that reason it was put in close relations with the old church on the hill. Nearly a century's fruitage of strong men has justified the wisdom of that provision. The church and the college have been a mutual inspiration to each other and have grown strong and vigorous side by side.

Efficiency in a church means a lively and fervent interest in its sermons and the healthy respect which that interest begets. This comes only by adapting the methods and discourses to the character of the congregation. The power of adaptation lies with the minister; if he willfully fails to exercise this he is false to his duty. If he is unable to do it, but stands in the light of some one who is able, he is equally false to his duty. Furthermore, if the leading members of the church appreciate the situation and make no move toward betterment, they also are false to their duty.

Attendance upon Sabbath service is one of the rules of the college. The letter of this is well observed; the spirit is sadly violated. Physically the college is well repre-
sent; intellectually it is absent—some with Dickens, some with day-dreams, some with Morpheus. It is nothing more or less than a farce. This is a strangely unnatural sight—over a hundred keen, alert, impressive, responsive young men, the very representatives and essence of the cultured life of the coming generation, sitting there totally indifferent to the enunciation of that principle to which they are indebted for their opportunities, and which they all, converts and non-converts, recognize as the great central fact of this enlightened age. What is the trouble? Are the sermons poor? Highly educated men say, No. Can't the boys appreciate a good thing? Undoubtedly they can. Where is the hitch, then? It is right here, the preaching is not adapted to their tastes. They don't like it, and they never will. It is able; it is erudite; it is fervent; but it does not have the clear ring, the rich shadings, and the impetuous flow that awakens response in the college boy's heart. It will not snap them up in their pews and set their brains and hearts to working. Nor does it command that hearty respect which we have reason to believe characterized an earlier day. It provokes enough of cheap waggery, while slighting criticisms are not wanting from some of the students who are professed Christians.

This is a delicate subject and one calculated to bring down vials of righteous indignation from some source or other. But it is a fact all the same, and one of no small bearing upon the efficiency of the college. Something ought to be done; just what or how, we have not the remotest idea. The Faculty are prominent members of the church; they ought to know how matters stand. Nay more, the pastor ought to know, also. Of course it is not necessarily any reflection upon a clergyman's ability that he cannot interest a pack of college boys; it simply shows that he has not found his level. Lyman Abbott, if we may credit his own statement, was a total failure in a certain Western church, but it appears he was good enough to edit the Christian Union, and to fill the place of Henry Ward Beecher at Plymouth church. Who knows —?

Perhaps some of the good Brunswick fathers will say, "What have those impertinent young scamps up at the college got to say about it any how?"

Fair and easy, my grave and reverend sirs, fair and easy! The students are the college; the college is the right arm of the church. Without the students there would be no college; without the college there would be much less of a church, as instance, the citations and reminiscences of more than one speaker at the church reunion last summer. It is the official college church, and the one which the professors of the college attend and support. It carries with it the prestige of the college and owes a large degree of its success to it. For these reasons we claim the privilege of having something to say about the preaching.

Our earlier premises would lead to still other conclusions that would better be inferred than stated, perhaps. Take them for what they are worth.

We would advise the incoming class to take any criticisms they may hear made by upperclassmen against instructors for what they are worth, and then enter the first recitation and form their own opinions.

Unfortunate is the Professor who does not win the popularity of his classes on his immediate arrival, for to pull back into favor against the current of tradition and prejudice is a long and tedious task. It would seem that educated young men, who of all classes should be most liberal in their ideas and most generous in their impulses, would be least apt to cling to old prejudices, but experience, in
this college at least, has shown that the contrary is the case. Once let a Professor get the ill-feeling of a class and it will be handed down to succeeding generations with an almost vindictive persistency. Every Freshman class goes into the initial recitation with a vivid expectation of all his faults and foibles, and a predisposition not to like him. He may have changed his whole methods and demeanor from that under which he first fell into disfavor, and yet he encounters the same perennial wave of unpopularity. He is handicapped.

We would in no wise underestimate the importance of the fact that some men were not born to instruct or to govern. We are well aware that there is a subtle, indefinable presence about other men that compels attention and inspires thought. We are well aware that some Professors are troubled with a certain over-consciousness in the exacting of tasks and the fulfillment of their duties, which defeats the very ends for which it is intended, and that it takes an inexcusably long time for them to learn that popularity is the price of success. But they learn it after a while, and it is a deep injustice for tradition to deter incoming classes from meeting them half way. A man may not be a born teacher, but to say that persistent training and observation will not make him one in time, would be to dispute a fundamental law of development. Because a man was not a success once, it by no means follows that he may not be one now.

We were never able to understand why the reading-room is not supplied with a Sunday paper. This issue is admittedly the most interesting and profuse of the week. It is the one into which the management throw the most of ability, editorial and reportorial, and is, in consequence, the one which we can least afford to spare. Take, for example, the Sunday Herald of October 6th, and we find an entire page devoted to fresh and scholarly editorials upon the leading issues of the day. These are not the mere vaporings of some pig-headed literary autocrat, who sits in his sanctum and grinds off editorials, to order, upon any subject that is given him. They are articles written by various men from all parts of the country. All the leading papers are coming to hire specialists to write their editorials, and consequently they carry with them the weight of authority, partisan it may be, but authority all the same. A good illustration of the topics treated is found in the issue just alluded to. They include such subjects as "What Destroyed Slavery?" "Safety in Restriction" (of coinage), "A Word to Our Visitors" (referring to the delegates to the Pan-American Congress), "Marriageable, but not Married" (criticising the growing custom of close chaperonage for young ladies, a touching subject), "The Second French Election," and "Should the Pope Quit Rome?" These are all topics whose enumeration is sufficient recommendation. So, if only from an editorial point of view, it seems a pity to have the Sunday edition left off the list.

Aren't these small boys getting to be rather a nuisance? It is somewhat tiresome to respond to a rap at the door eight or ten times a day solely to answer the query, "Want any work done?" We know nothing of the present attachées' character, but past experience has taught us that the average Brunswick small boy is not above helping himself to what comes in his way. He knows a good thing when he sees it. This fact of itself should have some weight, but it is insignificant compared with the annoyance occasioned by the solicitation above referred to. If they would confine themselves to
reasonableness it would be more endurable, but the irrepressible smartness which characterizes their demeanor does not tend to mitigate one's wrath after responding to rap number eight. Wouldn't it be a good scheme to adopt the indispensable W. S. and the invaluable Mahoney, and bid all others avaunt. What say, Mr. Booker?

The class of '92 have, indeed, showed a spirit of true manhood in adhering so firmly to their resolutions. They will, and doubtless have found enough to sneer and jibe at them,—never was there a reformer in history, from Luther to John Brown, but found that. There is always a certain class, opposed to law and order, who hate reform and who have no respect for majorities or popular opinion. They always give the impression of being more numerous than they are because their capabilities for noise are infinite. But they are not the safe party to trust as councilors. You have all the leading colleges in the land on your side. You are in good company, 'Ninety-Two. Stand by your position and you will see the day when the very ones who most oppose you will admire your spirit.

We would especially commend to the attention of our readers the article on "Recent Gifts to the College," not that it possesses any literary merit but because it tells something of the college's friends and the way in which their friendliness is manifested. It is to men of this stamp that we owe our present advantages, and to whom the bulk of the higher education of the land owes its existence. The applause which greeted these successive announcements by the President expressed more significantly than any words could do the degree in which these kindnesses are appreciated.

**COLLEGE FRATERNITIES FOR WOMEN.**

**THEIR INTRODUCTION AND GROWTH—BROAD IDEAS OF COMMON HUMANITY—SUBSTITUTE FOR HOME INFLUENCE—HOW THE GIRLS FISH; "CAMPAIGN SEASON"—A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.**

**BY A COLLEGE GIRL.**

In several of our magazines of late there have appeared articles on college fraternities which have excited general attention. Strange to relate, however, these articles have either entirely omitted or have relegated to the background the account of the rise and development of the college fraternity for women.

It came about in this way: The mutual help and friendship gained in the young men's fraternity life, could not but interest the young women of the co-educational institutions of the West where this system is seen in its most ardent form. Gradually this interest took definite shape and the spirit of absolute equality on which our Western colleges are, for the most part, based, prompted these enterprising girls to found societies of a similar character themselves. It is surprising to see how rapidly these organizations have grown and how powerfully their influence is felt. In this age of club-making and leagues of every kind, by no means the least important is this banding together of young college women for the purpose of a closer intimacy that shall lead to a nobler and more useful life. It has the advantage indeed of all more technical associations, in that the aims of fraternity are broad and underlie the special aims which have given rise to great and beneficent institutions.

Women have always been accused of a kind of native aristocracy, a predisposed sentiment in favor of caste feeling. The education of centuries of contracted and narrow life is responsible for this phase of
woman’s character, rather than any native predisposition. But acquired as it has been in some way, what could be more potent in bringing young girls up to broad ideas of a common humanity than an association which requires not wealth or social position as passports to membership, but a high morality and a quality of good comradeship?

Mothers, too, may feel safer in sending their daughters away to college where the guiding influence and authority of senior members and fraternity will be as good a substitute for home care as can be found. Many a young girl has come from a distant home to a college where everything is unfamiliar to her and where she might go through the entire course with but a limited acquaintance if it were not for the strong influence of fraternity life, that immediately gives her prestige and a greater chance to mould the tone of her associates and the whole college. She is backed up by influential friends, and is spurred on by them to a greater appreciation of what can be done by a combination of forces. Membership to a fraternity requires a unanimous vote of the chapter. But any very promising candidate will be almost sure to be invited by more than one society, and then comes the tug of war.

It is in this season of invitation—"the campaign season"—that the various policies of the fraternities are best seen. Some hold receptions, give invitations to dinner, treat to chocolates and soda, and make themselves so materially agreeable that many an unsuspecting Freshman has fallen a prey to these wily methods. Others, and these are happily in the majority, become as well acquainted as possible with the new girls and find out whether they have the requisite qualifications for membership. They then present facts in regard to their fraternity and chapter, and, instead of urging an immediate acceptance, give the candidate as much time as she desires to make up her mind in order that a rational choice can be made. In the flurry of the moment, one is too apt to pledge herself to a course of action which she may afterward bitterly regret. In all such cases the rule must be for the young Freshman to keep her eyes open and not be duped by any flattery to pledge herself hastily.

In many institutions there has been, of late, a movement toward inter-fraternity legislation in regard to a date before which no student can pledge herself. It is to be hoped that this plan will increase in favor, and perhaps it is not too hopeful to look forward to the time when not only the individual chapters but the fraternities as a whole may enact laws that shall do away with all unfair or small-minded dealings during the "campaign season."

Every girl who is making up her mind where she will go, naturally looks first at the chapter with which she would be so vitally connected. But if she is thoughtful and far-sighted, she will also look into the history, government, chapter roll, policy and general reputation of the fraternity of which the chapter is so small a part. Here she will find a motley crowd of statistics that will be enough to discourage the most earnest seeker.

Out from among these myriad facts, the fraternity authorities have kindly furnished the following information:

The oldest college fraternity for women is Kappa Alpha Theta, which was founded at Ashbury University, Indiana (now De Pauw), in January, 1870. Kappa Alpha Theta has fifteen chapters and a total membership of seven hundred and eighty-two. These chapters extend from Vermont to the Pacific coast with one in Canada. The badge is a kite, and the publication is the Kappa Alpha Theta Journal at present in the hands of the Kansas State University Chapter. Among her prominent members, Kappa Alpha Theta numbers Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, formerly the President of Wellesley College.

In October of the same year, 1870, Kappa Kappa
Gamma appeared at Monmouth College, Illinois. Kappa Kappa Gamma is the largest and most prominent woman's fraternity, having a total membership of about one thousand five hundred, and a chapter roll of twenty-two. This society is generally recognized to be the best organized. The government consists of a biennial convention and a Grand Council which is in control during the interim. The badge is a gold key. The magazine, the first to appear among fraternities for women, is called The Key, and is published under the auspices of the Boston University Chapter. Other publications appearing this year are a catalogue and new song book. Julia Ward Howe and Mary A. Livermore are honorary members of Kappa Kappa Gamma.

In November of 1872, Alpha Phi appeared at Syracuse, where they have a very pretty chapter house—the only chapter house for women in the country, although others are now in contemplation. Alpha Phi has five chapters and a total membership of two hundred and eighty-five. The management is a general board and annual convention, the badge a gold monogram, the magazine, The Alpha Phi Quarterly, published by the Northwestern University Chapter. Frances Willard and Jane Bancroft are members of Alpha Phi.

In 1874 two fraternities appeared, of which the most widely known is Delta Gamma, founded at Oxford, Miss. The catalogue of 1888 shows a chapter roll of thirteen and a total membership of four hundred and twenty. Their official organ is called The Anchora and their badge is a gold anchor. Delta Gamma ranks third in strength and general excellence.

Gamma Phi Beta, founded in 1874 at Syracuse, has five chapters and two hundred and twenty-five members. An annual convention governs the society. The badge is a jeweled monogram surmounted by an encamelled crescent. A catalogue is soon to be in press.

Alpha Chi Omega, a fraternity open to music students only, was founded at De Pauw University in 1885. There are but two chapters, and the total membership is less than one hundred. The Alpha Chapter governs the society. The badge is a lyre.

In 1888 the I. C. Sorosis entered the Greek world under the name of Pi Beta Phi. The I. C. was established in 1867 at Monmouth, Illinois. The fraternity now numbers over thirteen hundred members with a chapter roll of twenty. An arrow is Pi Beta Phi's badge, and their magazine bears the same name. Grand officers have the business and control of the fraternity between conventions, which take place biennially. Pi Beta Phi is established at present in many inferior institutions, but with its present vigorous and progressive policy, that looks toward Eastern extension, a bright outlook is assured for the future.

Delta Delta Delta is the most recent of women's fraternities, being founded in November of 1888 at Boston University. Its second chapter is stationed at Simpson College, in Iowa, and there are prospects of further extension. The badge is a crescent bearing the three Deltas on its face and encircling three stars.

Besides these mentioned, there have been, from time to time, others of ephemeral existence which have had no importance or extended influence. From the above list it is seen that there are eight women's fraternities, of which Kappa Kappa Gamma may fairly rank first in organization and extent, Kappa Alpha Theta second, having the added prestige of an earlier foundation, and Delta Gamma third.

It must be remembered, however, that a general estimate cannot take into account many minor points which may appeal to the varied tastes of the individual while numbers would appeal to one, they might utterly fail with another.

The principle of organization and what is known as the "fraternity spirit" have little hold over some compared with the local character of the chapter with which one is connected. A bird's-eye view often fails to give as clear an insight as one would wish. What must be the perplexity of the newly matriculated student who is in the midst of the arena?

The safest and best rule is to take a careful, comprehensive view and make a choice founded on reason as well as sentiment, on facts as well as fancies.

CONVERSATION AT A PICNIC.

There, here we are,
It's such a nice place,
I'd no idea 'twas quite so far.

You sure the boys have all the baskets, Grace?

Now, let us stay here,
Where, we can see the water;
It's not too near.
Pass me the bread, my daughter.
Here in the shade of these high rocks
We'll have our dinner,
I've got the sardine box—
Give me the can-opener, you little sinner.

How nice it is we had a pleasant day
To come so far;
I'd really like to stay!
That child will smash the butter jar.

My! what a lovely place this is—
Close by the sea.
What time is it, Liz?
Mercy! we've got to take the boat at three.

[Exit.]

RECENT GIFTS TO THE COLLEGE.
COMPLETION OF THE SIBLEY LIBRARY FUND—ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR A PRIZE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE AND ENGLISH COMPOSITION—RARE AND COSTLY VOLUME OF ASTRONOMICAL PLATES.

We desire the benefactors of the college to know that what they give finds warm appreciation with the undergraduates as well as the Faculty, and that they are given something more than a mere passing comment. The three gifts which we have thus far received this year are indicative of an intelligent appreciation of our needs as well as disinterested generosity.

The first is from Mrs. Charlotte Sibley, of Groton, Mass., and consists of $500, the amount necessary to increase to $5,000 the original gift of her husband, the late John Langdon Sibley, for many years the librarian of Harvard College. Somewhere about ten years ago Mr. Sibley gave to the college the sum of $3,000, the income of which was to be expended in buying for the library of Bowdoin College such books as should be deemed necessary by those in charge. This was not to become available, however, until it should have reached the sum of $5,000. The original sum was invested as seemed best, and up to last summer had reached the amount of $4,500. As the demands of the library were much above the supply of its fund, Mrs. Sibley generously made up the $500 deficit, in order that the investment might become immediately available.

Mr. Sibley was born at Union, Me., in 1804 and died at Cambridge, Mass., in 1885. He graduated at Harvard College in the class of '25. He at first entered the ministry, but was afterwards devoted to literature. He was subsequently chosen librarian at Harvard, which position he held many years. In 1856 Bowdoin conferred upon him the degree of A.M. He was an editor, a biographer, and an indexer.

Another gift is in the nature of a prize, given by the late Dr. Thomas J. W. Pray, of Dover, N. H., a graduate of our college in 1844. The following extract from his will will explain the nature, amount, and conditions of the bequest:

"I give and bequeath to Bowdoin College the sum of one thousand dollars, the income of which shall be given to the best scholar in English Literature and original English Composition, under the decision of a committee of three disinterested persons, to be chosen annually by the alumni of said college."

Mr. Pray was born at Somersworth, N. H., in 1818. Immediately after graduation he was engaged in teaching, but afterward studied medicine at Harvard Medical School, from which he was graduated in 1843. Since that time he has been practicing his profession at Dover, N. H. He has been a correspondent for several medical journals, and was a recognized authority among those of his profession. He was prominent in both local and State education, and was twice representative to the Legislature at Concord. He died December 9, 1888.

Still another gift comes in the form of a seventy-five dollar volume on Astronomy, and is the most valuable scientific work presented to the library for the last quarter of a century. It consists of fifteen reproduced plates of "The Trouvelot Astronomical Drawings," together with "Manual." The originals of these drawings are probably the
most celebrated in the world and were made by Professor E. L. Trouvelot, formerly connected with the observatory of Harvard College, Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and member of the Selenographical Society of Great Britain, in charge of a government expedition to observe the total eclipse of 1878. They are intended, in his own words, "to represent the celestial phenomena as they appear to a trained eye and to an experienced draughtsman, through the great modern telescopes, with the most delicate instrumental appliances." The dimensions of the plates are about three by four feet, and they are bound in mammoth covers. Among those of special interest are "Sun Spots," "The Great Comet of 1881," "The November Meteors," and "The Great Nebula in Orion."

The donor is Mr. Mark Pitman, of the class of '69, one of the college's firmest friends. Teaching has been his chosen profession, he having been successively in charge of academies at St. Stephen, N. B., Foxcroft, and Durham, Conn. Since 1872 he has been in charge of Woolsey Public School at New Haven, Ct., with a daily attendance of over fifteen hundred pupils and with thirty-three assistants.

This completes the list of the gifts thus far for the year, and if we may consider it a presage of what is to come, the $100,000 which it was stated last Commencement was needed will not be so very long getting here.

(Note.—Just as we go to press we learn that the Rev. Elias Bond, of Kohala, Hawaiian Isles, a graduate of the college in the class of '37, has given the Library the sum of $5,000. Mr. Bond has been engaged in missionary work for nearly fifty years. Concerning the conditions, etc., of the gift we will speak more extensively in the next issue.—Ed.)

Of 170 applicants for admission to Harvard, at the recent examinations, there were but twelve who received credits for proficiency in English.—Ex.

A NEEDED ADDITION.

Bowdoin, during the college year, has a large number of visitors who are very profuse in their praises of everything connected with it. Our beautiful Chapel, excellent and copious Library, Memorial Hall with its elegant memorial tablets, the beautiful Cleaveland Cabinet, the Gymnasium, and the extensive campus in which they are set, all come in for their due share of praise. Bowdoin, with its surroundings, has always been the recipient of universal praise.

Yet there is one thing the lack of which is greatly deplored by every student who ever has the pleasure of showing the institution to his relatives and friends. Scattered about in the various buildings on Bowdoin's campus are many fine works of art, such as portraits, busts, and casts. These are very much admired by visitors, and curiosity concerning them is always aroused. Yet there is nothing whatever to show at whose portraits you are gazing or whose bust presents itself before your eyes. To be sure the works in the Walker Gallery are numbered, very imperfectly though, and there is generally a catalogue somewhere in the vicinity, but in Memorial Hall there is nothing whatever to guide the visitor.

It seems that the portraits and busts are considered worthy of places in our halls. Are they not worthy of some signs by which they may be known to the visitors and friends of the college? In many large fitting schools and in sister colleges we find the portraits of their honored alumni and former members of their Faculty with signs indicating their personality. Why should the leading college of the Pine Tree State be, in this matter, behind institutions in other respects inferior. Every person connected with Bowdoin should have feelings of deep regret at seeing a matter so small, and yet so important, as is this so
sadly neglected. At a very slight expense the name of the person and his connection with the college could be affixed to each portrait and bust in the collection. The casts in the Library should also be marked, as all Bowdoin's students and visitors are not so well versed in mythology as are the members of our esteemed Faculty. Improvements about the college are always in order. Why not consider this question and let this much-needed improvement be made?

THE FRESHMAN, PSYCHICALLY.

One of the most wonderful psychical phenomena that comes within the range of investigation of the enthusiastic psychological student in our American colleges is the newly-arrived Freshman whose mind is as devoid of the crisp wisdom of college life, as well as of that substratum of thoughtfulness and knowledge which always comes to intellects matured in reflection—enriched in the vapors of contemplation, so to speak—as his boyish cheek is devoid of a beard. In his excessive naturalness, his complete ignorance of the requirements of conventionality, his perfect selffulness, in short a peculiar interest attaches to him in the study of the various mental states passed through by him as exemplified by his outward muscular activities.

This is according to the well-known scientific doctrine that a psychical subject is only valuable for inspection when he is in a condition of total unconsciousness of the interesting part that he is playing, otherwise he will verge away from his natural self, either toward a feeling of embarrassment or of over self-importance which renders him nothing but a vexation and a confusion to the observer.

The Sophomore or upperclassman is of no value as a specimen for the scientist. He is still a Freshman, but an anomalous Fresh-

man; a Freshman with an incrustation of worldliness and self-consciousness. His natural self, or its remnants, only show through a maze of artificial acquirements. He is no longer the open-faced, easily-examined flower, a child, but the closed, tough seed-pod, a man.

From a Sophomore upward an individual's knowledge is a hard subject to understand; but in the early days of Freshman year it can readily be gotten at and analyzed, and it is found to consist of but one element, according to Dewey, cognition or apprehension. This apprehension is so dominant that he has no interest or feeling in anything else but this one mental pain. No examination upon his elemental feeling, hard or otherwise, is given him upon entrance to college, in previous years the Faculty supposing it to soon after be knocked into him by his Sophomore guardians. How this will come about under the new régime cannot as yet be told. Volition, likewise, is supplied to him through the medium of physical stimuli by his outside brethren, and he will do well to follow its dictates without even assuming to possess any will of his own. In this way his college course will prove harmonious and he will find himself in Senior year in all three elements developed, a psychological success.

Looked at in the light of a psychological student we find, as might be inferred from parts of the foregoing, that the Freshman is incapable of performing introspection upon himself, nor can he arrive at definite conclusions by the comparative method more than in so extreme a case as himself and an insane person to possibly discern or claim a difference. The difference between himself and an infant he could hardly be expected to define.

On the line of the Freshman's associations, they are found to be wholly contigual; these largely spatial when considered with reference to post-office associations, though
possibly *temporal* when it comes to following them down to the bridge in proper order. The *habits* of the Freshman we may always know to be in compatibleness with his associations just described.

**BASE-BALL.**

*Bates, 17: Bowdoin, 6.*

On Saturday afternoon, October 5th, the nine went to Lewiston and was defeated by Bates, 17 to 6. This score, however, would mislead one as to the relative strength of the clubs. All but one of the home team's score were made in two innings. Hilton, who went in to pitch the first inning, was out of condition and was pounded for nine hits. He was succeeded by Burleigh, who pitched a superb game, only three scattering hits being made off his delivery in five innings. Excellent work was done by Wilson, Putnam, and Pennell for Bates, and Packard, Jordan, and Burleigh for Bowdoin. The score:

**BATES.**

<table>
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<tr>
<th>A.B.</th>
<th>E.R.</th>
<th>E.H.</th>
<th>S.H.</th>
<th>P.O.</th>
<th>A.E.</th>
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<td><strong>12</strong></td>
<td><strong>18</strong></td>
<td><strong>12</strong></td>
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**BOWDOIN.**

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<td><strong>7</strong></td>
<td><strong>18</strong></td>
<td><strong>10</strong></td>
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**SCORE BY INNINGS.**

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<th>Bates</th>
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<td>0</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1-17</td>
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A meeting of the students was held in lower Memorial Hall, October 24, for the purpose of organizing a college foot-ball association. The following officers were elected: President, T. S. Burr, '91; Vice-President, Hubbard, '90; Secretary and Treasurer, Riley, '91. Directors: Sears, Hastings, W. R. Smith and A. V. Smith, '90, and Cotthen, '92. The directors were instructed to draw up a constitution to be presented at the next meeting, for governing the proceedings of the association.

Foot-ball is already proving popular at Bowdoin. The new grounds at the south end of the campus present a scene of animation these pleasant October afternoons, as the candidates for the eleven rush hither and thither in their too often vain endeavors to make connections with the lively leather bag.

Bragdon, '91, will probably finish his course at Wesleyan University, Conn.

About $100 has been subscribed for foot-ball up to the present time.

Professor Robinson is delivering a course of lectures to the Juniors in Chemistry, preliminary to the laboratory work.

Gilley, Rounds, Hilton, Cutts, Nelson, and Riley, are the only survivors of Professor Hutchings' ('91) physics division. They are taking a course of laboratory work.

Allard and Heald, of '91, have not yet rejoined their class.

The only Sophomore escapade thus far reported is the demoralization of the modern language room, presumably by members of '92. Some hitherto unknown chemical substance was plentifully sprinkled about, the fragrance of which still assails the nostrils of the unfortunate French electives.
Dumley (rushing wildly, without knocking, into Chumley's room) — Blank blankety blank, old man!!! Chumley (very, very coldly) — Mr. Dumley, allow me to introduce you to my mother, sir. [Tableaux.] 

Riley, Nelson, and Newbegin are taking Junior mathematics. 'Ninety-one is the first class, since '87, to be represented in this branch of the electives.

Bowdoin makes her debut on the foot-ball field Saturday P.M., October 26th, playing the Tufts College eleven on the Portland base-ball grounds.

Several of the boys accompanied the nine to Lewiston, October 5th, only to see Bowdoin given a razzle-dazzle by the Bates aggregation. Although defeated, nobody has reason to complain of our base-ball prospects. With the exception of the first inning Bowdoin clearly outbatted her opponent, Burleigh holding the Bates down to three hits in the last five innings, and in one inning retiring the side with three pitched balls. And still we are weak in the box.

Acting on the suggestions of the Orient, the Freshmen have at last waked up, and in the wee sma' hours of the night of October 4th, a goodly band from the class of '93 sallied boldly forth and, after feasting freely and long on the fragrant peanut and the soul-inspiring cider, cracked the jug on the chapel steps, thus projecting it into the Sophomores, by successfully celebrating their long awaited peanut drunk.

It may be well for us to add, regarding the cane-rush which succeeded the recent horn concert, that it was by no means restricted to '91 and '92. It amounted to a plucky fight made by perhaps twelve or fifteen members of the Sophomore class against the two upper classes. They succeeded in retaining their hold on the cane for over an hour against overwhelming odds, and only yielded from sheer exhaustion. 'Ninety-two has enough of spirit, and that the right kind.

The Stockbridge course for the season 1889-90 presents an unusual array of attractions. There will be three courses, the "Stockbridge," the "Pops," and the "Matinees." Among the familiar attractions will be the "Bostonians," the three Stoddard lectures, Mr. Leland T. Powers, humorous readings by Bill Nye and James Whitcomb Riley from their own productions, "Midsummer Night's Dream" with Mendelssohn's music, a lecture by the famous Frenchman, Max O'Rell, Gilmore's Band, Songs of Scotland by the Balmoral Choir of Glasgow. Mr. Stockbridge always furnishes entertainments of a high order. We get hardly enough of scenic, musical, and rhetorical display in this antiquated town—in fact, as a nation we are popularly, if not from a metropolitan standpoint, far behind the Germans and other nationalities in which the stage is more of an established institution. It is a necessary part of one's education. Money could not be better invested than by taking in some of these first-class affairs. Why not get up a big crowd and "do" the town some night, and Mr. S. in the bargain?

Recitations were suspended on Friday afternoon on account of the Fair at Topsham.

The perenniel "Triangle" joke comes again to the front with the usual number of victims. Several verdant beings applied at the Library for grand stand tickets and went away disappointed. "Triangle" bids fair to outlive many a younger steed yet.

D. M. Cole has charge of the Brunswick department of The Bath Times.

It is rumored that one fraternity secured the country for thirty miles in search of a goat.

The list of cripples seems to be growing. Capt. Packard sprained his wrist in the ball game at Lewiston, and Riley is a victim to foot-ball to the extent of a sprained ankle.

Horne, '91, and Poor, '92, are teaching the Pemroke High School.

At a meeting of the Base-Ball Association the resignation of Freeman as captain of the nine was accepted, and Packard was elected to that position in his stead. We feel sure that the ability of our popular first-base man will prove equal to the requirements of the position. Two new directors, F. Drew and Ridley, were also chosen.

The following men were given over to the tender mercies of the various goats last Friday night: & Delta — Baldwin, Jones, Emery, F. Shaw, P. Shaw, Ridley, Hutchinson, and Savage, '93; & Delta Chi — Abbott, '92; Barker, Baker, Buckman, Howard, and Spring, '93; & Tau — Fahyan, Filing, Peabody, Machan, Jenks, Hussey, and MacArthur, '93; & Kappa — Carlton, Clifford, Chapin, Frost, Goodell, Hagget, May, Whitcomb, '93; & Zeta — Bean, '92; Chamberlain, Whitney, and Briry, '93.

Ernest Cole, '92, has left college. He is intending to pursue a course at the Gorham Normal School.

At a meeting of the directors of the Foot-Ball Association, the following men were elected conditional members of the "eleven": Kempton, '91; W. Hilton, '91; Freeman, '90; Sears, '90; Parker, '91; H. H. Hastings, '90; Foss, '91. The remainder of the eleven and four substitutes will be chosen after more practice. It is expected that a game will be arranged with the Tufts College eleven, to be played at Portland on the 26th of this month.

Hastings, '90, is assisting Whittier in taking the dimensions of the Freshmen.

The system of class-officers has been abandoned and the functions formerly vested in them have been transferred to Tutor Tolman who will hereafter act in that capacity for the whole college.

We understand that the church and chapel absences are to be placed on the term bills separately.

Kelly, '91, was back for a few days last week; he is teaching near Biddeford.

Singing has been resumed in the chapel and there seems to be considerable material for the glee club developing there.

The ball game which was to have taken place Saturday last between the Topshams and Bowdoins has been postponed.

The arrival and departure of numerous jugs upon the campus is a harbinger of cider times.

Quite a number of the recent alumni were back to the initiations Friday night, among them, Card, Shorey, Woodman, '88, Lynam, Russell, Thwing, Clark, Emery, Mitchell, Staples, O. R. Smith, Phelan, Rideout, and Crocker, '89, Moulton, '87.

Why would it not be a good plan to have a college tennis tournament this fall? The courts are in excellent condition and the number of good players is unusually large. The fall is an especially good time for a tournament as there is not much going on in the line of athletic sports.

The following members of the class of '89 attended chapel last Sabbath, being the survivors of the initiatory exercises of the previous Friday night: Clark, Staples, Russell, Thwing, Emery, and Phelan. During their stay they held an informal and rather hilarious reunion in South Maine.

At the regular meeting of the Bowdoin Boating Association the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Commodore, Sears; Vice Commodore, Parker; Secretary and Treasurer, Professor Moody; Assistant Secretary and Treasurer, Bean; Directors—1st, H. H. Hastings; 2d, J. R. Horne, Jr.; 3d, J. D. Merriman. The feasibility of putting an eight-oared crew on the river next year was discussed, and it was voted to correspond with some of the colleges with this in view.

'42.—Rev. Frederick Gardiner, D.D., Professor of the Literature and Interpretation of the New Testament at Berkeley Divinity School for twenty years, died Wednesday night, July 17th, in Middletown, Conn. He was a quiet, unassuming man, but one eminently beloved for his personal characteristics and esteemed for his knowledge and ability. He was especially proficient in scientific research. Born in Gardiner, Maine, September, 1822, he graduated at Bowdoin College in 1842, and immediately took up the study of theology at the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York. He then held charge over parishes in Saco and Bath, spent the year 1855 in Europe and returned to Lewiston to render parochial service. For some years after his course was interrupted by the duty of assisting his father in the care of his large estate, but in 1865 he accepted the appointment of Professor of the Literature and Interpretation of the Scriptures in the Theological Seminary at Gambier, Ohio. Two years later he removed to Middletown, where he first assisted Dr. Frederic Goodwin in the Berkeley Theological School and then, in 1869, received the full professorship. Prof. Gardiner was a diligent student and published several valuable books on biblical topics. In 1869 he received the degree of D.D. from Bowdoin. He was married in 1846 to Caroline Vaughn, daughter of Col. William Vaughn, of Hollis, and had several children.

'41.—Mr. Samuel F. Gibson, one of the oldest members of the Oxford County Bar, died at his home in Bethel, Sunday, October 6th, of apoplexy. He lived in California for a few years soon after his graduation, and then returned to Maine and settled in Bethel, where he has since resided. Mr. Gibson held the rank of captain during the rebellion. He was sixty-six years old at the time of his death.

'50.—Hon. S. J. Young sailed for home, with his family, October 2d, having been in Europe three years.
'61.—Professor A. S. Packard, of Brown University, has just returned from Europe where he has passed the summer.

'68.—Charles O. Whitman, and not A. G. Whitman, '71, is Professor of Biology at Clark University, Worcester, Mass.

'73.—J. F. Elliot has been elected principal of the East Boston High School.

'74.—Rev. S. V. Cole has accepted a call to the Broadway Congregational Church, Taunton, Mass.

'75.—Jere M. Hill has resigned his position as Principal of the Bangor High School, to become principal of the Hyde Park (Mass.) High School, at a salary of $1800 a year.

'81.—Trinity Church was the scene of an interesting wedding in the marriage, Tuesday evening, of Miss Sophie Marie Apenes, the Swedish singer, and Mr. Edgar Oakes Achorn, '81, the Boston lawyer. There was a large attendance, the body of the church being filled with invited guests, and the galleries and other parts of the edifice thronged with spectators. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Roland Cotton Smith of Boston at 8 o'clock, the bride being given away by Hon. Linus M. Childs. She wore a handsome gown of white satin, with tulle veil, caught up with orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of white roses. There were no bridesmaids.

Dr. J. Warren Achorn, '79, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was best man, and the ushers Messrs. E. Henderson, '79, of Whitman, Carl F. Ahstrom of New York, A. Elliott Dennett of West Roxbury, Henry Goddard, '81, of Boston, Isaac Jackson of Plymouth and Timothy W. Coakley of Boston. After the ceremony there was a reception at the Thorndike, where Mr. and Mrs. Achorn were serenaded by a Swedish singing society.

'87.—Mr. John V. Lane, of the Kennebec Journal, was married in Augusta the latter part of August to Miss Gallagher.

'87.—F. Pusher has been elected President of the Law Students' Club, Portland, Me.

Johns Hopkins University will begin the new year the first of October with unimpaired efficiency. Neither the salary of the President nor of the Professors has been cut, and several new appointments have been made. By the will of John W. McCoy, the college inherits his library of eight thousand volumes and is made the residuary legatee of his estate estimated at above $100,000. A new building, given by Eugene Levering of Baltimore, is now going up, and a lecturership in literature has been endowed by a gift of $20,000.—Journal of Education.

GOOD ADVICE.
She sat close by his side while out sailing one day,
And as they slow drifted along,
He tossed his arm carelessly close round her waist,
And asked her if she thought it was wrong.

"If I were a man, I'd ne'er do it," she said,
"I don't think such things are nice.
"But of course," with a blush, she then added,
"You don't have to take my advice."—Ex.

Hurrah for old Phi Chi!—Colby Echo.

The Freshman class at Amherst is unusually large, having one hundred and two members. There have been several additions to the other classes. The report is not true that the number of students is limited to three hundred.—Ex.

"What are the wild waves saying, sister?"
Little Johnny loudly called.

"We waive the question," roared the breakers,
And little Johnny stood appalled.—Yale Courant.

Out of twelve hundred undergraduates at Cornell nearly two-thirds come from the State of New York, and both sexes are largely from the farming region of the interior.—Ex.

WHO KNOWS?
Her hair is night, her neck is snow,
Her ears seem tinted carven shells;
Her half-turned cheeks with beauty glow
As morning's flushed horizon tells
Of rarer glories hid below.
What was that preacher saying though?
This vision all my thought compels.
Those shoulders!—bush, he's near the close.
Now dawns the day!—she turns to go,
By Venus!—heavens, what a nose!—Yale Courant.

The great English boat race between Cambridge and Oxford was won this year by Cambridge.—Ex.

The incoming class at Yale is estimated at two hundred and twenty in the academic department and one hundred and thirty-five in the scientific department. The class is the largest to enter Yale College.
RICHMOND

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SAMUEL THURSTON, 3 Free Street Block,
PORTLAND, ME.
In this issue will be found an article criticising one of our recent editorialis. We were anxious that the subject be not continued; but a refusal to publish opposing views would be an admission of weakness. The editorial referred to was written only after much hesitancy and careful consideration, and its sole incentive was a sense of duty to all concerned. Nor should we prolong the matter by reply, were not the criticism referred to calculated to give rise to grave misapprehension to those unacquainted with the circumstances, or not having perused our preceding editorial.

Our friend begins by making the allegation of reflection upon the character of the pastor, than which nothing could have been more foreign to our intentions or desires. But with a beautiful inconsistency he has failed to dispute a single point or, as we shall attempt to show, refute a single argument. If the pastor be the victim of such grave slander, it were incumbent upon his defender to specify and controvert.

Again, our friend appears to think he has discovered a glaring fallacy in the following: "The editor begins by saying 'This is a Christian college,' and towards the end of his article we have the other premise, 'Students are the college.'" He then concludes, by implication, at least, that all the students, the
editor included, must be professed Christians. He falls into error by not noticing the double signification of the word Christian— as the religious principle by which a nation or an institution is governed, and as the devotee of some evangelical church. To illustrate, suppose we say: This is a Christian country; the people are the nation; therefore John Smith, Tom Jones, and forty-nine others are Christians, that is, professors. The absurdity is manifest. One course of reasoning is as true as the other. Our friend will doubtless see the point.

He takes exception to our statement that efficiency in a church depends upon the methods and sermons of the pastor. Internally, he may be correct; that is, there are doubtless many things which the members can and must do to assist the pastor. But to the outsider, and he is the one whom it is necessary to reach, the sermons and methods of the minister are the very magnet and regenerator of any Christian church.

Then, fortified by scriptural quotations, he devotes a long space to the etiquette of church-going. We entirely agree with him. It is not only discourteous but profane to conduct one’s self with impropriety in church. We knew the faults of the boys when we wrote the editorial. We knew their habits and deplored them; but we also knew that it was no way to begin a reform on the outside. Whence the habits? Did their mother’s teach them to them? It will do no good to talk bald etiquette to the boys; you must furnish an incentive.

And finally he attacks our adaptation principle, and intimates that perhaps “that high calling has fallen greatly the last few days.” Perhaps so, but if we remember aright, the greatest Teacher that ever came on earth was the one who carried this power of adaptation to its highest perfection. How about the parables; do we find Him above catering to the “tastes” of his hearers?

Our friend has confused the end with the means, the vehicle with the thing to be borne. That was about two thousand years ago; let us come down to the “last few days.” What about the lengthening shadows of a week ago last Sabbath! Did Elijah Kellogg, that grand old son of Bowdoin, with the weight of nearly eighty years upon him, but with a heart as large and a mind as fresh as in his halcyon days of twenty-one—did he shun resorting to those “rich shadings” which our friend chooses to denominate “tinkling symbols”? And did not every single boy in that whole audience go out feeling better and nobler and more divine, if you like, for having been there?

This is the last the Orient will publish on this subject under its present administration, and in conclusion it wants to submit the two following suggestions to the prayerful consideration of the members of the First Parish Church of the Town of Brunswick: First, that they will look up at the one hundred and fifty students above them and think of the grand possibilities for good they represent. Second, that they look about them and count up the number of young men of their own town who will go to make up the church when the present members die off. These are serious suggestions, even if they do come from an “impertinent young upstart,” and will bear the best and most sober thought they have to give.

When the idea of introducing foot-ball was broached, the Orient was conspicuously silent on the subject. Its reason for this was that it would detract from base-ball. It considered that there was just about so much sporting enthusiasm in an institution, and that what was put into one sport could not go for another. Furthermore, it very much doubted the ability of the institution to make an advantageous showing against
the old and established elevens of Massachusetts colleges.

But it is needless to say that we are converted. We believe that so far from its detracting from base-ball it will, perhaps, materially assist it. For we are now inclined to think that our former standpoint, namely, that an institution possesses an arbitrary measure of sporting enthusiasm which can be dished out, like corn, to the various interests of the college is an untrue one. Sporting interest is relative; it is a living thing capable of growth; and within certain limits it is diversity that favors that growth. That is, the whole matter in a nutshell is this: The introduction of a new sport imparts a new impetus to sporting in general, and along with the rest, base-ball will get its modicum of benefit. Certainly, we have not done any better in base-ball since boating was dropped out.

The game has come to stay; the magnificent showing which our boys made against the Tufts demonstrates our possibilities. Only three or four of the eleven had ever seen a game of foot-ball; yet the contest was the closest possible and the score remarkably small. "Down-East muscle" has always been proverbial, and perhaps we have struck our "calling." Who knows? Bates has evidently caught the spirit—much more readily than our sister on the Kennebec. She has signified her willingness to meet us, but Colby declines. Perhaps the latter thinks it a "Bowdoin trick," but she will do well to remember that last summer she proposed an innovation, the Tug o' War, to which we heartily acceded, and it is nothing more than fair that our sister do the same in foot-ball. The Maine colleges may as well settle down to this first as last. Foot-ball has come to Maine to stay; and it is a question of whether they heartily join the ranks and share with Bowdoin the honor of its introduction; or whether they wait three or four years to lag reluctantly behind and enter at a disadvantage. Bates evidently sees the point.

We might add that Professor Matzke signified his sympathy with the boys, and his identification with their interests by attending the game at Portland.

The college has voted to establish a debating club, the more exact nature of which will be known by the time this reaches our readers. To speak of Bowdoin's lack in this would be but to rehearse the past few years. The old Athenaean and Peucinian Societies had their day and gave way to their younger brother, the secret fraternity. These have had a fair trial and have been "weighed in the balance and found wanting." What is needed is something that will bring the brainiest men of the college into conflict with each other. We need the intellectual quickening of the forum.

Speaking before the members of one's own society is what Emerson would call the "small-pot-soon-hot" style of oratory, or the "two-inch enthusiasm." The same was he who said, "another needs the additional calorie of a public debate." What profits the mumbling of an occasional lame syllogism before twenty-five or thirty members of one's own society? It is no inspiration, and what is worse it is liable to give one a false estimate of his strength. The man who can talk glibly before a select circle might flat out before a larger audience, while the one whose brain was sluggish before the few might flash into brilliancy before the many.

The election of Mr. Seth Low to the Presidency of Columbia College is indeed an innovation. He has been widely known as the efficient ex-mayor of Brooklyn, and a rising young politician of the higher stamp. He is not a divine, however, nor do we learn that
he has been distinguished as profound technical or general scholar. His recommendations to the position were sterling character and speaking and executive ability. In a large college where the administration approaches more nearly that of a town or city, this seems a wise departure, but in a small institution, where some degree of instruction and a considerable degree of personal contact are required, it would not be safe to depart from the old rule. Mere business capacity and oratorical ability will not do there. The position needs to be invested with an atmosphere of learned and reverend gravity.

We hear nothing about that coacher for the nine! He must come. The boys must be generous. This is an age of trainers and training. It is the trained man that wins the race, in the field, the forum, or the sanctum; and it is the trained club that floats the pennant. Base-ball is a science among the great league players, and a man who gets on one of those clubs must be master of his profession. If it will pay to hire an elocutionist to teach one to speak, or a dancing-master to teach one to dance, it will pay to hire a coacher to teach one to play ball. To say that instruction from one who is master of his profession will not be valuable in any line is a manifest absurdity. No coacher, no pennant—and perhaps not, any way—who is that man talking about a glorious past?

The Lewiston Journal favored us with a half-humorous slug after our last issue. Thanks. Perhaps the scribe who juggles the "State Chat" is the same who wrote up the last ball game between Bowdoin and Bates. If it be, we would congratulate him on the most inglorious attempt to ape "Tim Murnane," of Boston Globe celebrity, that we ever recollect having seen. The writer should remember two things: First, that the paper on which he is employed claims to be a state organ, and not a local sheet; and, secondly, that cheap figures do not constitute wit.

The Rev. Elias Bond, whose generous gift to the Library was noted in our last issue, was a member of an especially celebrated and loyal class. The class starts out with the names, John A. Andrew, Fordyce Barker, and Elias Bond, while a cursory glance down the list brings out in bold outline the names of D. W. Fields, donor of the Fields Scholarship, and J. A. Fisk, the oldest member of the Board of Trustees. This is not the first instance in which we have been the objects of Mr. Bond's benefactions. There are doubtless those of us still here, who may recollect the previous $1,000 given for the same purpose. There were no conditions attending the present. It was simply a check, to be employed as the judgment of the Librarian should dictate.

We feel that the college owe the choir a vote of thanks for the fine selections they have given us for the past two Sabbaths. Mr. Simpson is admirably demonstrating his supreme fitness for the position of leader and teacher.

BESS.

AN IDEAL COURTSHIP.

"By Jove, old man!"

"Hullo, what's up now?" And Harry Stoddard looked up from his Political Economy with that quizzical, half-amused expression that he was wont to wear on occasion of his chum's explosions.

"Vacation closes at Wellesley to-day, and Bess will come on the 4.30 train to-morrow. I always wanted you to meet my little sister,
and you were a boor not to pay us that promised visit last summer.

"The boys looked at each other with a look of genuine affection beaming through the good-natured banter. At length Harry replied:

"Well, I suppose we can give her some valuable points on a few educational phases, which she don't get at Wellesley;" and he looked about the chaotic room with a despairing grin. "By the way, Jack, why can't I take her to the assembly to-morrow night; I'm left in the partner line, and would be mighty glad of an opportunity to sail into the hall with a college girl on my arm."

"Great scheme," replied Jack, "I was just wondering what I could do with her; you see I have the old article on my hands, and just at this part of the play it won't pay to cut, and I'll be hanged if I take them both."

So it was agreed, and Harry returned to his Political Economy, while Jack, after lighting his Havana, disported his feet on the center-table and settled down to the last Ethics lecture.

The next day the old room underwent a renovation that must indeed have been a surprise to it, and by train-time it presented an appearance of tolerable respectability.

Bessie Harland, sister of the aforesaid Jack, and the young lady with whom our narrative deals, was a Sophomore in Wellesley College. She was a petite, golden-haired girl of some eighteen summers, with a fair complexion, and large inquiring eyes which would occasionally light up into an expression of mingled jest and sincerity as contagious as it was incomprehensible.

In the due course of time the train rolled in, rooms were secured, and the brother and sister took their way to the college on the hill. The introduction over, and the chairs are soon grouped about the open fire, a happy trio. Bessie spared her criticisms on the room, although she betrayed something akin to a smile as he noted the fantastic arrangement of some of the knick-knacks she had from time to time contributed.

At length she was hustled off to her room at the hotel, and when the hour of the assembly had arrived, Harry was on hand with the stunningest get-up that the united contributions of the room afforded. The town girls looked, and whispered, and criticised, and the boys crowded around Jack for an introduction to "the sister." But it was evident that her collegiate training had not been devoted largely to Terpsichore, for she was undeniably a poor dancer. But Harry didn't mind, only that he had for his partner a handsome stranger, and that a college girl.

The intimate friends all got their dances, and it was after intermission that she complained of weariness and they sought a corner of the hall for rest and conversation. As the ice gradually thawed beneath the genial warmth of intellectual friction, they drifted into one of those rich trains of thought and speech which undoubtedly represent the highest form of human enjoyment. They talked of sights they had seen and experiences they had had. They talked of college and study, and of woman and her place in the past and future. They talked of people they had seen and books they had read. They talked of "Copperfield," and the dead mother whose golden hair flowed over him on that last afternoon, "like an angel's wing"; and of "Agnes," with her sacred and almost angel character. They talked of "Dombey," and "Florence," and little "Paul," and the "golden water," that fancifully played on the blind. The time sped on with the pulsing music, but they forgot all else in the flow of kindred thoughts. Harry had occasionally had such talks with the boys, those few boys in whom he could find such
sympathy, but with a girl—never. It was a new experience, and it drifted into his hot young life like a fragrant summer breeze.

Alone in the solitude of his room he sat long and musingly by the fire that night, and the oil in the lamp burned low; and the light died, and died, and died away and left him there alone. We will not invade the sacredness of his thoughts, but his ideas had undergone a great change in those few past hours. He had found a girl with kindred tastes and intellectual sympathy, to whom he could pour out the more sacred thoughts of his inner nature in reciprocal sympathy. They were not tossed against the rock to return with a chilling rebound; they found fertile lodgment in another bosom and came back in living form, enlivened by the response of another soul. The ennoblement which his conception of woman had that night experienced was destined in the future to save him from many a pitfall.

It goes without saying that Jack didn’t have to reproach his chum with any more unfulfilled promises in the visit line.

It is now three years since the night of the assembly in the old Brunswick hall, and many changes have been wrought. Harry has graduated from Ann Arbor Law School; Jack has completed his course in Bellevue Hospital, and Bess has graduated from Wellesley. Merrily ring the marriage bells at Redmont. Merrily throng the guests. It has been a scene of solemn joy. The tremulous vow has been spoken; the wedding ring has been placed, and all is over. A sense of serene satisfaction and supreme fitness seems to brood over the whole scene. After the last guest has departed, there sit a little circle of three in the back parlor. They are Harry and Bess, and Jack. Little was said, for there was little to be said. Their hearts were too full for that. At length Jack said:

“Do you remember the old assembly at the Brunswick town hall, Bessie?”

“Indeed I do, and the memory is a sacred one,” she replied.

“And do you, Harry?”

Harry’s eyes seemed far away, through and beyond the glowing coal on the grate, and he slowly and thoughtfully replied:

“Yes, I think I do, Jack; we were fast friends then, weren’t we, old boy? And with God’s blessing, we have been brought into a closer relationship. And as to you, Bess,” he said, with the same old smile he used to wear in his college days, “you couldn’t dance a little bit, but you had a nobler heart and prettier face than all the girls in the hall put together. If we ever have a boy I’ll tell him to fight shy of the good dancers.”

“And if ever we have a daughter,” she said, “I'll tell her to go to good, old Bowdoin to visit her brother in a smoky room, if she wants to find a husband with a noble head, a loving heart, and a strong arm.”

And the fire glowed and glowed upon the grate.

THE OTHER SIDE.

THE "ORIENT" REPLIED TO—EDITORIAL FALLACIES—LISTENERS HAVE DUTIES AS WELL AS PREACHERS—CHURCH ETIQUETTE—HIGH-FLOWN WORDS BUT A TINKLING CYMBAL.

The editorial in the last issue of the Orient reflecting on the character of the person acting as pastor of the Congregational church, and the students of the college, seems to me to be very unjust to both. The editor begins by saying, “This is a Christian college”; toward the end of his article we have the other premise: “The students are the college.” Therefore, according to his own reasoning, the students are Christians. But it is very evident that the editor either lacks one of the greatest Christian principles, or that in a careless way he considered only one side of his question. Let that be
as it may, the attitude toward the pastor is certainly an unchristian one.

"The efficiency," he says, "of the church depends on the preacher and his sermons." The editor is not the only one harboring that idea. There are too many who think the congregation have nothing to do, but that all depends on the pastor. It is this duty of those who listen to the preacher that the editor omits.

No man who is a Christian, or who respects Christianity, will enter a church—a place dedicated to the worship of God—with a novel, text-book, or newspaper, to pass away the time and to profane the house of God. Besides, no Christian can repeat the prayer Christ taught his disciples, "Hallowed be thy name," and enter a place of worship with plans intentionally made to profane it. We detest a student that uses profane language; but here is a greater fault. It is a sad reflection on the character of the forty active members of our Christian Association, as well as on every young man who has self-respect. As a college we can not deny the charge against us, but to lay all the blame of our faults on a just man is not right. "Cast out the mote out of thy own eye, then shalt thou see clearly how to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."

"The preaching is not adapted," he says, "to our taste." Is it the duty of a preacher to examine into the tastes of his congregation and preach for that, as a guide? If that is so, that high calling has fallen greatly the last few days. The pastor should question into the needs of his people, but that does not necessitate him to resort to sentimentalities, nor to high-flown words, which, like tinkling cymbals, may have a "clear ring"; nor to "rich shadings to please the eye"; nor to "the impetuous" flow of words without thought; but using the clear, simple words of his guide he can accomplish all. It is only just to consider both sides.

FOOT-BALL.

Foot-ball! Foot-ball!! Hear them shouting;
   Yelling, screaming it like mad;
Dancing, shouting, round the campus,
   Foot-ball, while new comrades add.

Soon the band is all assembled.
   Grim resolve in every eye.
Like so many Spartan warriors,
   They are bound to do or die.

Now they're off, in mad confusion;
   Tumbling, rolling on the ground.
One beneath, the rest above him;
   Writhing in a human mound.

Now they're up (those who are able);
   Maimed and dead are cleared away.
Off they go, like fiends in fury,
   After the foot-ball, come what may.

OPTION OR COMPULSION?

ATTACK ON COMPULSORY CHURCH—CHRIST DID NOT RESORT TO COMPULSION—HARD SEATS AND DRY SERMONS—OBSTINACY A PRINCIPLE OF HUMAN NATURE.

A young man on entering college is old enough to be fully capable of knowing what he should or should not do. He knows for what purpose he is in college, and sees the opportunities open for him to make a man. Doubtless it is a good thing for the students that recitations are compulsory, for a student may easily, without realization, become very careless concerning his attendance at recitations. In regard to compulsory church and chapel attendance, there are other considerations. The religion of Jesus Christ is too sacred to be tampered with. We find in the life of Christ no instance of His ever compelling any one to follow Him against his own will or even attempting it. Christ would not have accomplished so much in the salvation of this world if he had adopted the compulsory method. If this method had been the better one Christ would have adopted it.

Obstinacy is one of the principal characteristics of the human race, and just so long
as we feel that we are compelled to perform certain tasks, we feel it our duty to rebel. A person compelled Sunday after Sunday, month after month, and year after year, to attend church, sit on the most uncomfortable seats ever made, and listen to sermon after sermon not in the least adapted to his understanding or spiritual requirements will soon, not seeing that he derives any benefit from the service, lose all interest in the affairs of the church, and will lose his respect for the religion of his Maker. However, the compulsion being removed, the obstinacy finds nothing to rebel against, and the student will, from his own desire, attend church more regularly than he now does, being compelled by rule. It is a comparatively easy matter, even under the present system, to find some excuse for not attending church, and thus a student may avoid it, by dishonest means, however. A student attending church of his own accord will seek some place of worship where the sermons are adapted to his individual tastes and requirements. He will thus retain his respect for the church and its religion and will attend divine worship with more reverence than he would under compulsion. Is not optional church and chapel superior to compulsory? The writer would like very much to see the advantages of the compulsory system explained.

Y. M. C. A. CONVENTION
AT WATERTVILLE—BOWDOIN DELEGATES ROYALLY ENTERTAINED BY COLBY FACULTY—ABLE AND SCHOLARLY ADDRESS BY PRESIDENT SMALL—NEXT CONVENTION AT LEWISTON.

When the train bearing the Bowdoin delegation arrived at Waterville, they were met by a number of Colby men, who at once escorted them to the Y. M. C. A. headquarters. When the building was reached, stirring shouts of "B-o-w-d-o-i-n, rah! rah! rah!" rent the air. Here excellent accommodations were soon provided, four going to President Small's, two to Professor Hall's, and one to Judge Hall's.

In the evening the delegates were welcomed to the city by Rev. Mr. Spencer, of Waterville, and by J. P. Cilley, of Bowdoin, in behalf of the state committee. The convention was then addressed by Rev. Smith Baker, of Lowell, on the subject of "The Obligation of the Churches to Young Men." His discourse was masterly, brilliant, and witty. Mr. F. M. Lamb, of New York, rendered several selections during the evening. He has a fine tenor voice, and his singing was very much enjoyed throughout the entire convention.

The next morning the delegates met for organization, and Mr. Pearl, of Bangor, was elected President. To this gentleman, in great measure, is due the credit for the prompt and satisfactory way in which all business was disposed of. During the days of Friday and Saturday the convention was employed in devotional exercises, discussions of various topics, reports, papers, business, etc.

President Small's address, on Friday evening, was very able and scholarly, and created much favorable comment.

Mr. H. M. Moore, of Boston, addressed the convention Saturday evening. His discourse was earnest and scintillant with wit, and was listened to with rapt attention.

One of the most pleasant features of the convention was the reception and banquet given to the college graduates and students by the Colby Y. M. C. Association, in the Baptist vestry. Here was tried the practice recommended at Northfield of each man wearing a slip of paper on which was written his name and college. It worked to a charm and everybody seemed at home.

Meetings were held in the various churches on Sunday, led by the general secretaries. The great mass meeting occurred in the afternoon in City Hall, conducted by Messrs.
H. M. Moore, of Boston, and A. H. Whitford, of Cambridge. In the evening the farewell service was also led by Mr. Moore. At its close a circle was formed, and, with joined hands, the hymn “Blessed Be the Tie That Binds” was sung, and, after receiving the benediction, the convention adjourned.

The Bowdoin delegates were: Webb, ’90; Cilley, Jarvis, and A. M. McDonald, ’91; Lee, A. M. Merriman, J. D. Merriman, and Osborne, ’92; Stanley, ’93. They expressed themselves as much pleased with the way in which they were used by both Faculty and students of Colby.

It was voted to hold the next convention at Lewiston.

**OUR FIRST FOOT-BALL GAME.**

**TUFTS, 8; BOWDOIN, 4—TUFTS SECURE ALL ITS POINTS IN THE FIRST TEN MINUTES—GREAT SHOWING OF GREEN MEN—HILTON SECURES THE TOUCH-DOWN—MAGNIFICENT BRACE ON THE HOME-STRETCH.**

The Bowdoin men met the Tufts on the Portland base-ball grounds, Saturday afternoon, and were defeated in a very close and exciting game by a score of 8 to 4.

The game was called at 2:45, and the Tufts had the kick off. The Bowdoin men were rather inexperienced and the Tufts rushed the ball down the field and scored a touch-down. Then they punted out for a fair catch, but they dribbled and they rushed it across again securing their second and last touch-down. From this point on the Bowdoins braced up and played a fine game. They worked the ball up towards the Tufts goal, and fine runs were made by W. Hilton and Packard, Hilton finally securing a touch-down, from which Andrews failed to kick a goal. The Tufts then worked the ball back into Bowdoin’s territory and would probably have secured a touch-down if time had not been called, Captain Powell of the Tufts doing particularly fine work. In the second half of the game Bowdoin rushed the ball well down toward Tufts goal and lost the ball to Tufts, who in their turn worked the ball up to within a few feet of the Bowdoin goal. The ball was then lost to the Tufts through carelessness, and Bowdoin in the last few minutes rushed it way down nearly to the Tufts goal, Haskell, Packard, and Kempton doing great work. The features of the game was the playing of the backs on both sides, the rushing tactics of the Tufts rush line. Much praise is due to Haskell, who captained our team in fine shape and played a strong game. Andrews and Parker were injured, and Kempton and Carlton took their places. The best individual playing was done by Powell, Stover, and Rose for the Tufts, and Haskell, Packard, W. Hilton, Sears, and Kempton for Bowdoin.

The teams were made up as follows:

**TUFTS.**

Cunningham, Snow, Foster, Lane, Williams, Brown, Hickock, rushers; Rose, quarter-back; Powell, Stover, half-backs; Edmunds, full-back.

**BOWDOIN.**

Freeman, Downes, Foss, Haskell, Parker, Carlton, Hastings, Sears, rushers; E. Hilton, quarter-back; W. Hilton, Packard, half-backs; Andrews, Kempton, full-backs.

**BOOK REVIEWS.**


Immediately upon the heels of the new movement in education has followed a large number of textbooks designed to set forth the principles which that movement evolved. The histories, geographies, grammars, and spelling books of the common schools have undergone a complete transformation. Instead of a “stale and unprofitable” aggregation of facts, we have emphasized the principles which underlie these facts, and with which alone the true education is concerned.

No less true is this of the books for higher schools and colleges. The Natural and Mental Sciences, Modern Languages, and even the Classics, which we
had been accustomed to look upon as a perfected study—all, are feeling the impulse.

As a result of this radical change, there is more demanded of instructors. Under the old system I have seen a teacher, who had been in the same grade for a dozen years, and had taught the same things over and over till one would have thought she must know it like the alphabet, depend solely for her questions upon the printed lists at the end of the sections, reading them from the book lying before her. Had that teacher the right to be surprised that this question-and-answer fusilade of text-book matter grew stale for the pupils?

With the new views of education this class of incumbents has been relegated to the mummy-case. Henceforth a teacher must demonstrate her right to her position by being "up with the times" and thoroughly in touch with her pupils.

General works on pedagogy and treatises on the method of teaching particular branches have multiplied, till now the subject has a considerable literature.

Among the recent and more valuable additions are the two books before us. Mr. Redway has already published several books upon geography, bringing to his work the experience of a traveler and explorer, as well as that of a teacher. It is safe to say that this little volume is far ahead of anything of its kind that has ever appeared. The first part is rich in hints to teachers, based upon the new system of instruction. He says in substance: Observation and oral instruction should take precedence of textbook work in the lower grades, and in higher grades, where, of course, textbook work must come in, the topical recitation, when the pupil is once trained to it, will furnish a test of his faithfulness during the study hour. Not only this, but it also trains the pupil to express his thoughts fluently, concisely, and correctly in his own language. This alone, if nothing else were accomplished, would be a valuable discipline.

But the true work of the teacher begins at this point; namely, to round off the facts recited by developing their logical connection, their sequence, and the operation of the causes which produce effects. This can be done only by skillful questioning—questioning like that by which the expert lawyer ferrets out the innermost secrets of a recalcitrant witness. It goes without saying that the questions available for such work are not the ones to be found on the printed page of the textbook; on the contrary, the questions not found there are those which will best arouse mental activities.

The second part is devoted on excellent treatment of "Modern Facts and Ancient Fancies of Geography," touching every live question of geology, hydrography, etc. It is a work of sterling value.

Mr. Nichols' "Topics in Geography" contains graded courses for instruction and should be used in connection with Redway's Manual. Mr. Redway himself heartily recommends it.

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Mr. Alden's characteristic enterprise never showed itself more fully than in the work of which the present volume is a part. He has conceived and is carrying out a scheme, originating entirely with himself, of combining under one alphabet an unabridged dictionary and a complete cyclopedia.

The magnitude of such an undertaking can be comprehended when we see that thirteen 500-page volumes have been required to reach as far as "exclaim." Still the articles are not lengthened beyond the absolute demands of the subject treated; nor is space needlessly devoted to obsolete words, which could have little significance to any one but the philologist.

The work is made for the people, but its recentness makes it a valuable accession to the library of any specialist. As a book of handy reference it has not its equal in the field of cyclopedia literature, and its extraordinary cheapness places it within the reach of those of the most modest income. Its neat, substantial binding—half morocco—gives it an added attraction.

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NOTES.

D. C. Heath & Co., will publish in October Lessing's "Minne von Barnhelm," a comedy in five acts, edited with notes and an extended introduction by Sylvester Primer. The play is highly interesting, since the style is Lessing's best and the dramatic effects well sustained. The study of Lessing as a dramatist and critic is essential to a comprehensive knowledge of Germany's great classic period; hence the importance of this masterpiece to students of German. In the introduction the editor gives the progress of German literature from the time of Opitz to Lessing, the condition of the German stage, and something of the intellectual development of the people during this period. A discriminating biography of Lessing and a "critical analysis" of the play, gives a full analysis of the characters and an account of the historical and other sources, while its national importance, as being truly German, is well brought out.
BOWDOIN ORIENT.

153

ADAPTED.

"You are full of airs as a music-box,"

Said John to the sweet young girl
Who refused to let him see her home,
As she tossed her saucy curl.

With complacent smile on her countenance,
She answered him open and frank:
"That may be true, but I proved to you
I do not go with a crank."

Hastings, '91, has returned and rejoined his class.

A North Appleton Junior is thought to be meditating suicide, by reason of some one's unexpectedly borrowing of him a jug of the enlivening apple juice which he had not had time even to sample.

Rev. Elijah Kellogg, '40, delivered a very eloquent sermon before the Y. M. C. A., on Sunday of last week.

The new uniforms of the foot-ball eleven consist of the regulation canvas suits, with a large B on the breasts, and black and white caps.

The candidates for the glee club are practicing regularly every night now.

The amount netted from the sale of the reading-room papers a week ago was considerably smaller than usual. The Independent brought the largest sum.

Kennan's lecture on Siberia was one of the intellectual treats of the year. He was induced to lecture here by Professor Robinson.

Quite a number of the students betook themselves to the festive town of Bath, Wednesday night, to attend the fair.

The names of Chandler, Munsey, and Young may be added to the list of foot-ball victims.

Bates College has organized a foot-ball eleven and expects soon to meet Bowdoin on the gory field.

The Juniors have just begun laboratory work in chemistry. They have been separated into two divisions owing to the size of the "Lab."

'Ninety-one's dancing school starts out Wednesday of this week, with Professor Gilbert, of Portland, as instructor. The committee are Chapman, Fish, Hastings, Lincoln, Loring, and Ridlon.

The next themes will be written on the following subjects: Juniors—I. "Ought Convict Labor be Employed on Public Works?" II. "Should the Phonetic Method of Spelling be Adopted?" III. "Characteristics of the Modern Popular Novel." Sophomores—I. "Should the Maine Probationary Law be Repealed?" II. "The Value of Arctic Explorations." III. "How Much Time Should the College Student Devote to General Reading?"

Apropos of themes, why would it not be a good plan to have an extra copy of the theme-subjects posted in the library, as some public-spirited individual is almost sure to appropriate the one on the bulletin-board.

The State Convention of the Y. M. C. A. was held at Waterville on the 17th, 18th, and 19th insts. All the Maine colleges were represented. Webb, '90; Cilley, Jarvis, '91; Lee, Osborne, A. M. Merryman, J. D. Merryman, '92; and Stanley, '93, represented Bowdoin.

The Freshmen are at present pondering over the momentous question of a class yell.

A. O. Reed, the genial photographer, recently transferred to paper the physiognomies of the members of '91. The group was taken in front of Memorial.

Bowdoin white adorned the proud breasts of nearly one hundred sturdy Bowdoin men at Portland, Saturday.

Subscriptions for foot-ball up to the present time amount to $185.50.

Thompson, '91, has come out of the woods and rejoined his class. He has been enjoying a hunting trip in Northern Maine, and reports game plenty.

Mul also has been gaining golden laurels as a sportsman. Thus far three partridges and an innocent robin stand to his credit.

Jameson, '80, was on the campus recently canvassing for Chambers' Encyclopedia. The easy terms offered induced a number of the boys to order sets.

Rogers, '89, visited his Alma Mater recently.

Greely, '90, is assistant in the Brunswick High School.

Turner and Wingate, '90; Burr and Nelson, '91; R. F. Bartlett and Swett, '92; and May, '93, attended the forty-third annual convention of Delta Kappa Epsilon held at Boston, October 15th, 16th, and 17th.
Dudley, '91, has left college for a time on account of ill health.

Candidates for the nine are to take a systematic course of training this winter, under the direction of Professor Whittier.

Brown, '91, has in his room a very ingenious specimen of his skill and handiwork in the shape of an exact model of a woodman's ax carved helve and head from one solid block of pine. The ax was made with a knife and a piece of sand-paper, and represents many of the owner's spare moments during the summer vacation.

Pendleton has laid in a fine stock of gymnasiun goods to dazzle the eyes of the aspiring athlete.

Saturday morning, when the boys awoke from their slumbers, it was found that a sneak thief had visited the campus the night before, and had pretty thoroughly cleaned out the two ends, North Windthrop and North Appleton. Several articles of wearing apparel were found to be missing, together with a watch, several clocks, a considerable sum of money, and one of the '91 prize boating cups. The case was put into the hands of Despeaux, and Saturday night the missing articles were traced to George Seco, alias "Whisker," who had presented the silver cup as a love token to the young lady of his heart. Georgie's castles in the air were stepped upon by the heavy foot of the law, and it is to be hoped he will rebuild them behind the bars, where thieves cannot break out and steal.

The Juniors enjoyed adjourns in chemistry all last week.

Professor Whittier has purchased from Dodge & Co., a new set of parallel bars for the gymnasium. This new piece of apparatus is made of gas pipe covered with leather and is quite the latest thing in the parallel line.

Regular exercise in the gym will begin about November 1st.

The bright and caustic editorial in the last number of the Orient in regard to the college church, could not fail to attract attention in the sanctums of the Maine press. The Lewiston Journal thus concludes a somewhat lengthy notice of the article: "Perhaps what the boys most need is a muscular divine to snap them up in their pews and set his broad and pious palms to spanking! What rich cuticular shadings such vigorous treatment might produce! What an impetuous flow of collegiates blood through the collegiates surface veins." All we can say to the Journal is, come up and see us some Sunday and see what your tune will be then.

Professors L. A. Lee and C. C. Hutchings recently received invitations to accompany the government expedition to South Africa, under the charge of Professor Todd of Amherst, to observe the eclipse of December 22d. The Lewiston Journal remarks; "It is quite complimentary to the Faculty of the college." How complimentary it would have been to the members of the expedition if our two Bowdoin lights could have been added to their already brilliant galaxy. Fortunately for Bowdoin, however, Professors Lee and Hutchings were unable to accept the invitation and will remain in charge of their classes during the year.

Professor Whittier has adopted Dr. Sargeant's new Hand Book of Developing Exercise. It is a great improvement over the old pamphlet, being more complete and containing cuts well illustrating the various positions to be taken in the use of the different pieces of apparatus.

The Juniors will exercise with the "single sticks" during the coming winter. The principal object is to learn how to handle a cane effectively in a hand to hand fight with a crowd.

The Exchange Editor has taken a wise step in placing college publications on file for the benefit of the students.

A rattle of wheels on the college walk
A man from the window leaned
"Bring up a couple o' jugs o' the stuff,"
It was the cider fiend.

A student was standing before the glass
And over the bureau leaned
To view the whiskers in front of his ears
He was the cider fiend.

Both cider and sider are quite prevalent just at present.

A well attended meeting was held in Lower Memorial Hall, October 17th, to consider the feasibility of forming a general college debating society. Chandler, '90, was elected president pro tempore, and W. R. Hunt, Ridley, Spillaine, E. H. Newbegin, Newman, and Pugsley were appointed by the chair as an executive committee to draw up a constitution of by-laws, etc. Everybody present was given an opportunity to express his views as to what the nature of the society should be, and it was the unanimous opinion that the attainment of excellence in debate ought to be made the primary consideration. It was proposed to devote a short time to the discussion of the current events of the day every two weeks, the intervening week to be devoted to a lecture, either by some member of the Faculty or by an
outside lecturer. The committee were to report Monday, October 28th, when a permanent organization was to be effected.

Efforts are being made to secure another game of football with Tufts. Why wouldn't it be a good idea to try conclusions with Exeter and Andover also?

The Tufts thought the Portland grounds a little rough for football. The Orient wonders what they thought of the Bowdoin boys.

The Hilton family and Packard are bad men to oppose when they get a start with the ball.

The Boston Globe says, "The Bowdoin boys were no match for the Bay State kickers." Bowdoin is not quite so sure of that, my friend. The score was only 8 to 4 any way, and it was the universal opinion that ten minutes more would have made the honors equal.

So Whisker is behind the bars at last. What will the college be without his genial smile and his stove polishing apparatus. No more will he be seen vigorously removing the dust from the college carpet; no more will his plug hat and cane bring fortune to the boys in their spring base-ball contests. Alas! alas! O Whisker, why didn't thou give that boating cup with the owners name engraved thereon to thy dark complexioned girl with the cork-screw hair. But for that recreant act, might you still have eluded pursuit and escaped the all-seeing eye of the avenging Despeaux.

Singing in the chapel is being carried on on a more extensive scale this term than ever before. A sum has been appropriated for the support of an octette, and it is to be hoped that the fine music with which the students were favored, Sunday, will be continued.

Only three members of last year's Glee Club are still in college. New men, however, under the instruction of Mr. F. S. Simpson are rapidly coming forward, and from the number of candidates in the field it looks as if Bowdoin is to be well represented in musical circles this winter as usual.

A car was bowling merrily along over the cobble stones of a Portland street. A crowd of students, among them a worthy representative of the Orient board, were standing comfortably in a genial crowd on the rear platform. Suddenly the Orient man became dazzled (not razzle-dazzled) by a vision of feminine loveliness, which, arrayed in holiday attire, was sailing complacently down the street. A wild desire seized the Orient man to take a nearer view of the aforesaid vision. He broke from the crowd and would have leaped gracefully from the car had he not been brought up in green pastures and beside still waters where horse railroads do not exist. Alas for the would-be masher. Instead of removing himself from the car in the ordinary way he made a backward leap, when lo! head, cobble stones, car, and a thousand electric sparks appeared before his eyes together with numerous stains of Portland mud upon his clothes, while the vision, with an audible smile, sailed slowly around a neighboring corner never to appear again.

Class Secretaries would confer a great favor on the Board by informing them of any items of interest in regard to their classmates which would not be likely to appear in the papers. As we are almost entirely dependent on the Maine and Boston dailies for our personal news, the supply is sometimes very limited.

'25.—Nathaniel Dunn, who has lived for many years in New York City, died Thursday, October 17th, at his home, No. 3 Bank Street, where he had lived in retirement for nearly twenty years. He was born in Portland, Me., in 1800 and graduated from Bowdoin in the famous class of '25. On leaving college he became a tutor at Wilbraham Wesleyan Academy, Mass. He went to New York in 1829 and taught there for many years. At one time he was teacher of Chemistry at Rutgers Female College. Mr. Dunn was a strong abolitionist and is said to have been one of the founders of the first Republican club in the twelfth ward. He was the author of a volume of verse, entitled "Satan Chained."

'30.—Rev. David Quimby Cushman died in Warren, Me., October 13th. He was born in Wiscasset, December 2, 1806, and graduated at Bowdoin in the class of '30. He graduated from Andover Seminary in 1834 and was ordained at Millville, Mass., as a Congregational minister. He settled in Boothbay in 1836 and has also preached in Warren, Newcastle, Pittston, and several places in Massachusetts. In 1838 Mr. Cushman was married to Miss Emeline H. Sewall of Bath, and during the latter part of his life he lived in that city. Since his wife's death he has..."
been living with his daughter, Mrs. W. H. Hodgman, in Warren. Mr. Cushman was a member of the Maine Historical Society, the New England Historical Society, and the Genealogical Society.

'41.—Rev. Dr. Nagoun, ex-President of Iowa College, has just published a new book, entitled "Asa Turner, a Home Missionary Patriarch and His Times," a personal history of the famous Iowa Band and of the planting of Congregationalism in Illinois and Iowa.

'41.—We learn through the Telegraph of the death of Dr. Albion W. Knight of Jacksonville, Fla. Dr. Knight was a former resident of Brunswick and a graduate of Bowdoin in 1841.

'81.—Rev. C. H. Cutler, of Bangor, has a sermon in the Christian Union for October 17th.

'86.—Charles A. Byrne, for some years principal of the Freeport Grammar School, has been elected principal of the Bangor High School in place of Jere. M. Hill, '75, resigned.

'89.—W. D. Gilpatric is teaching a district school in Scarborough, Me.

'89.—V. O. White is in the Harvard Medical School, and also assisting Dr. F. H. Morse, Melrose, Mass.

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College World.

Engraved on his cuffs
Were the Furies and Fates,
And a delicate map
Of the Dorian States;
And they found in his palms, which were hollow,
What is frequent in palms—that is, dates.

—University.

A colored student, Clement G. Morgan, of the Senior class of Harvard, has been elected class orator by his fellow-classmates.

Of over 1,200 students in Cornell University last year, only 605 paid tuition.—Wellesley Prelude.

The Harvard Glee Club have offered three prizes, twenty-five, fifteen, and ten dollars, for the three best compositions, either glee or college songs.

The higher institutions of learning in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, also Italy, have become co-educational.
There is more truth than poetry (not to cast any reflections on its literary style) in the little poem, entitled "Practical," which appeared in our last issue. The unfledged college-boy inflicting himself on the practical, common-sense country-folk is a by no means uncommon type. Unendurable as he is to his less-affected fellows, he must be a thousand-fold more so than the hard-handed, hard-minded old farmer who performs his perfunctory duties with unshrinking fidelity, nor asks aught of the votaries of science.

This college student is a much-talked-of being, and even to this enlightened day, so great are his absurdities that a quite respectable school of common-sense thinkers unite in condemning college education altogether. So exclusively does he associate with those of his own years that he takes on an artificial coloring that is inconsistent with his age and sex. He is essentially sui generis; newspaper wags have tried to classify him and have wasted a good deal of cheap printer's ink for their pains. But he still thrives.

We do not intend to pose before our readers as moralists or dyspeptics; we only desire to propose two simple remedies for this sometimes fatal malady. The first is contact with one's elders; the second is some business during vacation. Youth is flippant and manhood is grave; and, despite the say-
ing of the poet that "youth and crabbed age" cannot live together, something there is in each that inspires or refreshes the other. The one takes on gravity and is beaconed on to new endeavor; the other imbibes fresh vigor from glimpses of the past. The Monday evening receptions are too little availed of, and there is too little contact with those few men of the town who would gladly know us better. There is always opportunity for association with one's elders even to the college man.

The best method of demagnetization, however, is the business of a summer vacation. It takes but a very short time for our young lord of creation to find out that with the keen, working men of the world, the college man, as such, is not worth a sou. If there be anything beneath the stars that it were desirable to make compulsory for this aspiring young divinity, it is work during vacations. It would keep him nearer earth.

Foot-ball may now be considered as formally inaugurated in Maine, and tardy enough has been its advent. Bates has met Bowdoin, and, though defeated, showed up well, especially in tackling. Garcelon and Emery did as fine individual work as have any the Bowdoins have met. We hear complaint that Bates College does not support its eleven. If such is the case, we call it pretty hard lines. The boys who, inexperienced and with only two hours' coaching, came down and put up the gritty game they did, deserve hearty support. They were handicapped; they entered the field under every possible disadvantage.

They have fine sprinters and tacklers, but are unfortunately weak just where we are strong, viz., in the rush line; hence the disproportionate score. We do not think the eleven that came down could ever beat the Bowdoins, but we do think the score a mis-leading index of the relative strength of the teams.

So brace up, Bates! You have beaten us at base-ball, so why not strengthen up your rush line, get one or two games with Massachusetts elevens, and invite us up for another tilt at foot-ball. It is a bad time for you to leave off. If the Bates eleven only saw fit, with such a field as Lewiston and Auburn to draw from, they could make money on every game they might play, and snap their fingers at the college.

Foot-ball is to the fall term what base-ball is to the summer term. A college that does not have it savors of the backwoods. Bowdoin goes in the "swim," Bates wavers, and Colby declines with thanks. Maine State College we hear nothing from. She is a genuine surprise party, any way, and we should think it nothing strange, if some fine day eleven uniforms should come this way, labeled "business." All we can say to our boys is, "When they come, make no predictions."

It is a rather unnatural, and yet in a sense a perfectly natural, fact, that Bowdoin is not an object of especial solicitude to certain Maine sheets—save where some college scandal comes to light. The Portland Argus and the Kennebec Journal, each with a son of the college at the helm, are staunch adherents. We know of no reason why the Ranger papers are not well-wishers of the college, also.

There are, however, certain influential papers, which claim to be cosmopolitan State organs, but are as rankly partisan for other colleges as any sense of reason will stand. A Bowdoin success is given an insignificant position with an irrelevant heading; a Bowdoin defeat is flaunted before the public with all the vindictive exultation of spread-headings and heavy type. Of course this is a hard allegation to prove and an easy one to
deny, for there is no fixed rule for headings, type, or prominence of position. But we have the supreme satisfaction of knowing it to be a fact all the same, and that some other people will know it also, should this haply fall beneath their eyes.

This is not a plaintive wail of injustice. We are not trying to cry ourselves into favor. We know better than that. Bowdoin has too much past record and too much present prosperity to allow it. What we aim at is simply this: To impress upon the boys of the college who have journalistic proclivities that, if we are to get our share of free advertising in the Maine press, we must be up and doing. Send off reports of all important happenings; let every paper in the State have its college correspondent. Let the people know that we are alive. It will count. Let the papers refuse our reports, and then it will be time enough for us to protest. The only way to do is to compel recognition by doing our own reporting. It is only the matter of a stamp, an envelope, and a little cheap paper. One cannot show his love for the old institution in any better way.

Judging from the signs of the times, we feel constrained to generalize a little more on the relations of professor and student as to work and recitations.

The success of all teaching is grounded in this one principle—to require only as much work or attention as one can compel the execution of; or, as the vulgar hath it, "not to bite off more than one can chew." The most enthusiastic and faithful instructor is often the one to educe the least intellectualness. In his very earnestness he is apt to try to reach at a single bound what, in reality, requires an infinitude of steps. The end of instruction is undoubtedly the highest possible degree of mental growth that can be educed by the topic in hand, consistent with the other demands of the curriculum. That this is not reached is undoubtedly a fact; that the enthusiastic professor is determined it shall be reached is also a fact; but it is none the less a fact that if that same enthusiastic professor starts out with the ideal requirement, his ideal will be trailed in the dust. The result will be that the lessons are not half learned, that the boys will get down on him, and at a late day he will learn the old, old lesson that the most successful instructor is the one who leads up by invisible cords through gentle but determinate gradations. If the boys mistrust what he is about, they will brace their feet like so many mules; and even if they are compelled to move along, the trip is so marred with stoppage and friction that there is no real, earnest work done. The professor must learn to wink at many "omissions and commissions" until he gets a foothold with the class. We do not mean that he is to surrender his dignity and become mere putty; there is a via media.

Our next-door neighbor, the Colby Echo, takes exception to our quoting a line from its local column. It was "Hurrah for old Phi Chi." It imputes to us motives entirely foreign to our intentions. We quoted the line in question just for the joke of the thing. It pleased us to see the good old song, though symbolic of something which is happily defunct at Bowdoin and Colby alike, perpetuated in the columns of our contemporary. It seemed like a happy gleam from the days of "wild oats." May it never die; may it live in song like the ballads of Captain Kidd and the Buccaneers of the Spanish Main, though, like them, the thing it celebrates is relegated to the realm of tradition.

So, friend Echo, please divest your mind of any such misconceptions as the tone of your protest would seem to indicate. We can easily see how, in the light of the past, you gained a wrong impression. When you
come to Brunswick next spring to see our boys play the old game, just give us a call and we will “kill the fatted calf”; and if you should still persist in harboring your present opinion, we will be as humble as you please. The Orient may be a trifle aggressive sometimes, but in all things it intends to be frank, free, and above-board.

Again are we compelled to call attention to the fact that some members of the college hung over the fence, à la yagger, at a recent foot-ball game. They were mostly Freshmen, we are glad to note, and undoubtedly thought it was pretty. It is not so, my young friends, so do not let it happen again. It is a very judicious scheme that some of the boys have adopted, to form a barrier and cut off the view. A few umbrellas or ladies’ hats would be of material assistance. Let it continue, and our young friends will soon learn to bring their twenty-five cents and step inside the gate with all the sovereign glory of incipient manhood.

We have reason to believe that many of the students hesitate about consulting the Librarian regarding topics and, in some instances, regarding the position of volumes; and perhaps under the stress of work attendant upon the re-cataloguing, there has been reason for this. However that may be, it is certain that, this year, Professor Little is not only at liberty to render any assistance in his power, but that he also is very desirous that the students feel perfectly free to avail themselves of it.

There ought to be some courtesy shown regarding books or periodicals in the library hearing on the questions of the Debating Club. It now amounts to nothing more or less than a grab game, and the one who gets left is put in a rather hard position. The books should be left in the library for consultation during regular hours.

A LESSON FROM BYRON.

The mind of every man is possessed of a certain dominant mood which influences his achievements and through them is evinced. With the lawyer it is shown by his conduct of a suit, with the farmer by the appearance of his estate, but more clearly than in any other case is the controlling passion of the author revealed by his writings, and, on the principle that like attracts like, it is according as this passion meets the temper of each individual reader that the writer’s works will be appreciated and liked, or rejected by that reader. That is, an author’s best admirers are those people who most closely resemble him in nature and, inversely, a person’s “favorite author” is the one whose pages most truthfully reflect himself. Thus the man of a purely religious turn who sees God’s teachings in every natural object will find his chief delight in studying Wordsworth—who likes a little incident or narrative worked in with his morality, Longfellow. The good reader of Tennyson must have a keen sense of sentiment, the most refined and beautiful. If I thoroughly enjoy Scott, I will be full of action,—love the hunt, the tournament, revel in scenery in its rougher, wilder aspects, and drink in most heartily a landscape with elements of life prominent in it.

But what is my mental bent if I am a lover of Byron? We will see. Byron’s was a nature peculiar to itself, as the pervasive tone of his writings proves. Some, judging from these, say that it was a nature of war and opposition to everything established and reasonable. Perhaps it was, as exhibited in places, but it was not altogether so. What was at the bottom of it all,—of Byron’s poetry and conduct,—was a mind innately the incarnation of despair. Byron’s despair was of a sort the deepest, even bottomless—hopeless, and therefore, helpless. And what added to and aggravated it was an intense self-consciousness which made him apply
everything to himself, and caused it to reflect to his own vision his hopeless spirit, already too sore from contemplation. There is an undercurrent of this everywhere in Byron’s poetry, and at times it wells up and becomes the very theme itself. What shall we say of these words from “To Inez,” found in Canto I. of his “Childe Harold”:

“...And dost thou ask, what secret woe
I bear, corroding joy and youth?
It is not love, it is not hate,
Nor low ambition’s honors lost;
It is that weariness which springs
From all I meet, or hear, or see;
It is that settled, ceaseless gloom,
That will not look beyond the tomb,
But cannot hope for rest before.”

And then the self-consciousness comes in.
Thus:

“What exile from himself can flee?
To zones, though more and more remote,
Still, still pursues, where'er I be,
The blight of life—the demon Thought.
What is that worst? Nay, do not ask—
In pity from the search forbear;
Smile on—nor venture to unmask
Man’s heart, and view the Hell that’s there.”

Without stopping to dilate upon the wretchedness depicted here, it is easy to see that only the man whose nature has an element of hypochondria can realize the full significance of these lines. No one of a constantly light, happy turn can begin to measure such despair. It is the life-sick soul that takes a full draught from this Byronic well of misery, and says amen, with the conviction that here, in the maker of it, was a true fellow-sufferer.

Any one can, perhaps, by close application, read himself into a Scott or a Tennysonian mood, but for the light-hearted, healthy mind which has the unfailing support of a comfortable body full of rich, fast-flowing blood, to read itself into a genuine Byronic mood is about as impossible as for a forlorn foreigner to sadden a bobolink by playing to him “Home, Sweet Home.” To these spirits there is no such “demon” as “Thought,” for they do not think. Their minds are too thoroughly occupied with the flush and rush of life, with its business, joys, and anticipations, to do so unheard-of a thing as to stop and think. It is on, on, with no thought but of the present, of the external life replete with its joysments.

And considering that man’s great object in the world is the attainment of happiness, (as it undoubtedly is), is not that the happier and better class of people who have no Byronic vein within them, and so have no disposition to contemplate themselves, and imagine and brood over a “secret woe,” or feel “a weariness,” or a “settled, ceaseless gloom”; who, as the world goes, are contented with themselves and like not and know not what to them is the preposterous idea of being “Exiles,” who from themselves would flee?

Is there not a lesson, then, to be learned from this? Would it not be better for that large part of humanity, who naturally do stop and think and can occasionally appreciate a little Byronic melancholy, to suppress this faculty of theirs, to ignore it, kill it—to purposely fill their lives so full of businesses and pleasures that they have no chance to think and give self-consciousness free rein, which thing always plunges them in mental misery? In short, it comes to this: Is it best for the man who has a thoughtful side to his make-up to indulge it, or, to put it in equivalent Byronic terms, is it best for the man who has a little Hell in his heart with a little demon, Thought, enthroned therein, to stir it up by unmasking and viewing it?

It is yet a question, for, as each man loves himself, and prides in his own foibles,
I would dread to give up that other side of my nature and become a mere basker in the sunshine of the world, without ever resting in its darker spots.

THROUGH THE MIST.

Of an afternoon I dreamed,
Fainter but more real it seemed,
Than the strange and unsubstantial
Magic visions of the night.

Through the mist that quenched the day
Flew my spirit far away,
Floating gently, as if wafted
By a current soft and light.

Silence hovered o'er the ground
Till was heard the welcome sound
Of the ocean, beating, dashing
On the cliffs with distant roar:

Like an echo from the sea,
Half lost memories flooded me,
Laden with the foam of Ocean,
Fresh with incense from the shore.

Visionary pictures gleamed
On the bank of mist that seemed
Like a panorama, bringing
All the past to me again.

But the shadows there revealed
Still within my breast are sealed,
Vivid here, and yet defying
All the art of tongue or pen.

OPTION OR COMPULSION?

In the last Orient an article appeared in which its author declared himself in favor of optional attendance at church. Now it is very probable that there may be other supporters of this view in college, and doubtless the writer could find many who would support his side of the question, for reasons of their own, if not for those laid down by himself.

Of course there are two views of this question, and the writer seems to have taken the less practical one. He looks at it from an imaginative standpoint, and reasons as if this were an ideal age, in which everybody keenly felt the moral obligation of duty, and acted up to their convictions with an unflattering fidelity. Looking at the question from such a standpoint, the idea of compulsory attendance at church is manifestly absurd.

But suppose we take another view of it. The writer begins by saying that "a young man on entering college is old enough to be fully capable of knowing what he should or should not do." This, perhaps, may be so. Probably, in most cases, the young man is old enough to know right from wrong, but it does not necessarily follow that that young man must be a little saint on earth, the beau ideal of a perfect man.

In another place, the writer says, that compulsory attendance at recitations may be a good thing, "for a student may easily without realization, become very careless concerning his attendance at recitations." Why does not this apply equally as well to the student, in regard to his attendance at church? Attendance at recitations is a duty that a student owes to himself, and to his parents or guardian; attendance at church is a duty that a student owes only to himself. Yet our subscriber believes that attendance at recitations should be compulsory, and at church optional; that his ideal young man would be more liable to disregard the double duty owed to himself, and to those who send him here, than he would to fall into carelessness concerning a duty owed to himself alone.

One other point that the writer makes in favor of option is, that obstinacy is a principal characteristic of human nature, and that a person generally feels it his duty to rebel against anything like compulsion, and go to the opposite extreme. You might say also that imitation is a principal characteristic of human nature, and without the aid of reason, we should seek only to imitate,
as a child, persons whom we see around us whether their acts were good or bad. A man who is obstinate merely from principle, who displays his pig-headedness and lack of common sense on every occasion is, let us hope, a thing of the glorious past.

Possibly there may be advantages in this optional system, but the writer has doubtless overlooked them. His reasoning seems a little vague and unpractical, and he evidently puts too much faith in that feeling called moral obligation, forgetting that he is still dwelling among mortals.

In closing, the writer expresses a desire of seeing some of the advantages of the compulsory system explained. But my dear classmate, why do you ask that? Do you not see every Sunday, the results of this laudable system? Do you not see the seats in church and chapel filled with the smiling faces of your fellow-students? Have you not marked the cheerful regularity with which a student, after obtaining fourteen cuts, attends divine worship on Sundays? Look about you, my friend, and you will see abundant proof of the effectiveness of our compulsory system.

A CURIOSITY.

Bowdoin has always made loud claims for precedence in Maine. The validity of those claims concerns not what we have to say. But who, on looking at our reading-room alone, would ever imagine that she possessed anything to bear them out? An old settee, an old table, and a desk of no earthly use, comprise its furniture. The papers, within one hour from their arrival, are scattered over the table and floor, or, haply, are entirely missing. One sure fact is that they are never in their proper places. This is, of course, due to the carelessness of those who use them; but who can expect a student, having a maximum of fifteen seconds in which to make connections with chapel or recitation, to hunt out the proper place to put a paper, when there is a table handy on which to throw it. The table is nothing more nor less than a nuisance. One, if not more than one, of the other Maine colleges, possesses a reading-room far superior to ours. Aside from its inconvenience and barrenness, should we allow Bowdoin to be surpassed in any way by a sister institution. A very slight outlay will place it on a level with any in the State, and will make it more attractive and convenient than it now is.

A desk around the sides of the room with the papers locked to it, would be a great improvement on the present system. By this means we might be able to keep on hand, for reference, a few of the back numbers. Should the reading-room be improved in some such manner, it would become one of our most useful and best appreciated benefits. More students would spend a part of their time there, and the intelligence of the undergraduates concerning the important issues of the day be greatly increased.

Pleasant environment is an important subsidiary in all intellectual work.

EXPLANATION OF THE REARRANGEMENT OF THE LIBRARY.

By Professor Little

The changes in the arrangement of the library during the summer vacation have been so great that it is proper they should be recorded in the columns of the Orient. The first change to attract attention is that in regard to the entrance. The architect who had the difficult task of joining a church and a library under one roof apparently endeavored to atone for the indignity to which he subjected the library in placing it in the rear, by providing it with two front doors as well as an entrance on either side. The disadvantages involved in the use of the
northern side entrance have been obvious during the winter and spring months. Though the change was necessitated by the use of the North Wing as an additional library room, it is believed that the south front door will prove a more convenient, if not a more natural and appropriate entrance. The vestibule, though not so spacious as the former one, is better lighted and offers increased facilities for the disposal of hats and overcoats.

Once within the South Wing the most noticeable change is in the contents of the ten cases standing in the center of the room. The first six of these are given up to the collection of periodicals indexed in Poole's Index. These are arranged in alphabetical order, the starting point being the table by the charging desk on which may be found the Index itself with its Supplement and continuations. The different cases have, on the side adjoining the main aisle, placards indicating the sets of periodicals to be found in each. In general the South Wing as heretofore is given up to Literature, to which division belong all numbers beginning with the figure 8. Books bearing numbers 800 to 899, a group that includes works on rhetoric and elocution, are placed on the south side of the room near the door to the librarian's office. Following these are the numbers 810 to 818, given to American literature in its sub-divisions of poetry, drama, fiction, essays, oratory, satire, and miscellany. English literature, 820 to 828, divided in the same manner, succeeds, occupying the remainder of the south wall and nearly all of the north. Minor authors in recent English poetry, 821.89, have the lowest shelves nearest the entrance door, and English drama, 822, begins directly behind the charging desk. It should be remembered that special numbers are given to prominent authors, and that their works often occupy so much space as to obscure the numerical arrangement.

Shakespeare's number is 822.33, and to his writings and to his books about them are given seven shelves, more than is required by all the rest of English drama. As a rule all the works of an author are in one place. Scott, for instance, has the number 823.73, and here may be found his poems and miscellanies as well as his novels. German literature, 830 to 839, occupies the east end of the room, and French, 840 to 849, the central case adjoining. This is followed by Italian literature, 850 to 859; Spanish, 860 to 869; Latin, 870 to 879; Greek, 880 to 889; and the series closes with literature of minor languages, 890 to 899, on the east side of the case next to the radiator, and seventh in order from the entrance door.

For convenience of reference, works on Philology, 400 to 499, which are arranged in divisions with the same numbers as in literature, are also placed in this room on shelves surrounding the radiator just mentioned. The shelves about the upper part of the room, which can only be reached by the use of ladders, are given up to the set of Congressional documents which is of considerable value from its completeness, being second in that respect to few others in the country. Near the charging desk are kept the volumes reserved for the use of special classes.

Banister Hall, the main library room, is devoted to History, a division that includes travels and biography. The most frequently consulted reference books keep their old place at the center of the west side. Works on history in general, 900 to 909, occupy the two adjoining alcoves. Geography and archaeology, 910 to 918, are arranged on either side of the former entrance door. Travels, 914 to 919, occupy the north end of the room and the adjoining alcoves on the east. Collective biography, 920 to 929, will be placed in the case between the pillars, while individual biography forms a sub-division marked by the letter B, and is arranged
alphabetically by subject in the center of the east side. Ancient history, 930 to 939, is near the second window on the same side. English history, 942, occupies the adjacent corner, and that of the United States is near the door leading to the librarian's office. The case behind the east of the Dying Gladiator is given to numbers 974 to 999. It is proposed to use the galleries for duplicates and large sets which can not conveniently be placed in strict numerical order.

The North Wing contains all books whose class numbers begin with 0, 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, or 7. The numerical order commences at the west end. The first case is devoted to Philosophy, 100 to 199; the next three cases and one side of the fourth are given up to Religion, 200 to 299. Then follow Sociology, 300 to 399, and Science, 500 to 599. In the small room, to be known as the Cataloguing Room, the first case is allotted to Useful Arts, 600 to 699, the second to Fine Arts, 700 to 799, and the third to General Works, 801 to 899, except such periodicals as are referred to in Poole's Index.

The writings of alumni, the publications of the college, and books relating to the history of Maine are shelved in the librarian's office. It is intended to label each shelf in the library with the class number of the books thereon; but this is a work involving a considerable expenditure of money as well as of time and can hardly be finished before the close of the academic year. Meanwhile the librarian and his assistants are not only willing but anxious to give all necessary aid in finding desired books. A revision of the card catalogue and the addition of a large number of subject references will be begun early next term.

Most of the paintings have been re-hung, and those now in the Walker Gallery belong, with few exceptions, to the original Bowdoin Collection. The cases containing the drawings by the old masters have also been placed in that room. The Boyd Collection, as well as several paintings recently given to the college, are hung in the cataloguing room and the old vestibule. This room through the replacing of stained glass by plain has lost much of its former gloominess, and is of great service in the re-arrangement of the art treasures. In Banister Hall full compensation has been made for the room now taken by the eight large casts by the removal of the four tall book-cases which cut off the light from the corners of the room besides occupying much of the floor space.

The portraits of graduates and friends of the college have been moved to Memorial Hall. In accordance with a suggestion made in a recent number of the Orient, steps have been taken towards affixing proper labels to each of these. A manuscript addition to the printed catalogue of paintings is being prepared, and when properly bound will be placed for reference in the Walker Gallery.

GENIUS.
[In the library is a worn copy of "Horace" used by Longfellow while a student here.]

A rough old volume is a prize
Than which there is no greater
Among the classic wealth which fills
Our noble Alma Mater.

For, years ago, a glowing mind,
Among her student forces,
In this old "Horace" raised the veil
Which covers wisdom's sources.

The fingers pressed this soiled page,
In midnight meditation,
Which guided soon, with fearless strokes,
The pen of inspiration.

Genius is not a lightning flash
That brings the gods' assistance,
To passive men, who neither aid
The gift, nor give resistance.

But as on Niltus' sunny plains
The pyramids were placed,
And block by block through weary years
Without neglect or haste,
The work went on, until at length,
A structure tall and fair,
Invites dull plodders of the earth
To climb to purer air;
So, by the stream of busy life
Toiled Bowdoin's great Aluminius
To rear a pyramid of thought
And open up before us
A way to reach the higher planes
Of thinking and of seeing,
A ladder to the upper air
Of purer, broader being.

DELTA KAPPA EPSILON CONVENTION.

The forty-third annual convention of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity was held at the Parker House, Boston, October 15th, 16th, and 17th. Delegates from twenty-eight Chapters and eight Alumni Associations were present. Theta was represented by Turner and Wingate, '90, Burr and Nelson, '91, R. F. Bartlett and Swett, '92, and May, '93. An informal reception in Parlor 3 of the Parker occupied the time Tuesday evening, and Wednesday and Thursday forenoon were devoted to the secret sessions. New York was unanimously chosen as the place of the next convention. Wednesday forenoon, after the business session, the delegates were grouped in front of the State House, and photographed by Pach, the New York artist. In the evening the public exercises of the fraternity were held in Tremont Temple. Seats in the body of the house were reserved for the delegates, members of the council and the executive committee of the New England Alumni Association being seated upon the platform. Baldwin's Cadet Orchestra furnished music, the initial number being the Delta Kappa Epsilon Grand March, which was played as the delegates filed into the hall. Hon. George A. Marden, of the Pi Chapter, presided, and after a brief speech of welcome to the delegates, introduced the speakers. Mr. Winfield Scott Slocum, of Amherst, '69, was orator of the evening in the place of ex-Governor Long, who was unable to be present. He spoke at some length on the strength and growth of the fraternity, and went on to emphasize the value of education as the foundation and hope of the republic. The poem, "Only in Service Can Greatness be Found," was delivered by Benjamin R. Bulkley, of Concord, and elicited hearty applause.

General Samuel F. Hunt, of Cincinnati, President of the Trustees of Miami University, was called upon as a representative of the fraternity in the West. He spoke eloquently of the advantages of the Greek letter fraternities, and of the opportunities of honor, usefulness, and good awaiting the young men of to-day. The speaking was interspersed with selections by the orchestra and the singing of J & E songs.

Thursday P. M., after the secret session, the delegates were given a drive through the beautiful suburbs of Boston. Cambridge and Harvard were first visited, and an opportunity given those who wished it to inspect the Hemenway Gymnasium and other points of interest about the college. From there the procession of thirty barouches took its way to Newton, where the party became the guests of Hon. Samuel L. Powers, at his residence on Arlington Street. Refreshments were served, and, after fraternity songs and cheers, the carriages rolled away, returning to Boston by way of Brookline.

Thursday evening witnessed the happy termination of the convention by a banquet at the Parker House. One hundred and fifty members were present to do justice to the delicious viands and applaud the brilliant wit of the post-prandial speakers. Hon. Geo. A. Marden officiated as toast-master, and presented the following toasts: "The Council," D. G. Downey, Wesleyan, '84; "Our Alumni Associations," Tracy C. Drake,
FOOT-BALL.

Bowdoin, 44; Boston Latin School, 0.

The second game of foot-ball in which Bowdoin has ever participated, and the first ever witnessed in Brunswick, was played on the delta, November 2d, before a large audience. The home eleven was victorious, easily defeating the Boston Latin Schools, 44 to 0.

The game was called at 2.45. The Boston boys had the ball, and forming a V, made their finest rush of the game, carrying the ball well down toward the Bowdoin goal; but they soon lost the ball by failure to gain the required five yards. For Bowdoin, W. Hilton makes a magnificent rush, covering fifteen yards before he goes down. Brooks, Downes, Carleton, and Kempton then force the ball ahead, when it is passed to E. Hilton, who, amidst great applause, makes the first touch-down of the game. Haskell kicks a goal. Score, 6 to 0.

Bowdoin met Bates on the delta, Saturday afternoon, and defeated her in an interesting, though one-sided game, by a score of 62 to 0. Although the heavens were anything but propitious and a thick mist fell throughout the early part of the game, over three hundred people assembled to see the first game of foot-ball ever played between two Maine college teams. Bates played a

before his side lined up. Haskell immediately pounced on it, broke through the Boston Latin School’s demoralized line, and running unmolested the length of the field, scored a touch-down. The try at a goal failed. Score, 10-0.

Bowdoin secured one more touch-down and time was called. Score, 14-0.

In the second half the Boston boys played with less spirit, while the Bowdoin men worked like beavers to pile up the score. During this half touch-downs were secured by E. Hilton, Brooks (2), Haskell, W. Hilton, and Carleton. On the last, Haskell kicked a goal, but on the others no attempts were made. Score, 44-0.

The features of the game were the tackling of the Boston Latin Schools and the work of the Bowdoin rush line. Kempton, who was slightly injured in the first half hour, was succeeded by Foss. The best individual playing was done by Mackie, Quigley, and Anthony for the Latin School, and Haskell, W. M. and E. Hilton, Brooks, and Carleton for Bowdoin. The teams were made up as follows:

Boston Latin School—Rushers, Gould, Tower, Wilson, Whitney, Anthony, Butler, Waters; quarter back, Quigley; half backs, Hersey, Shea; full back, Mackie.

Bowdoin—Rushers, Haskell, Hastings, Carleton, Freeman, Sears, Downes, Bartlett; quarter back, E. Hilton; half backs, W. Hilton, Brooks; full backs, Kempton, Foss.

Bowdoin, 62; Bates, 0.
plucky game, but was unable to stand against the Bowdoin rush line. Excellent work was
done by Emery, Garcelon, and Hoffman for Bates, and Packard, the Hilton brothers, and
Foss for Bowdoin. Garcelon, a small, muscular fellow, distinguished himself by carrying
Bowdoin’s heaviest player several yards on his back.

Play was called at 2.45, Bates having the
kick-off and the westerly goal. Garcelon
passed the ball to Emery, who, by a fine
dash, made a gain of eight yards, but on the
next rush, by superb work on the part of the
Bowdoin rush line, Bates lost five yards. In
the next rush Bates lost the ball on a fumble.
From this time on, when the Bates boys had
the ball, they almost invariably failed to make
any considerable headway against Bowdoin’s
solid rush line. E. Hilton passed the ball to
Packard, who made the finest rush of the
game, carrying the ball to within a few feet
of the Bates goal, and, after rushes by Downes
and Foss, Packard secured the first touch-
down of the game. Three minutes later
Packard made another, from which Andrews
kicked a goal, and five minutes afterwards
W. Hilton planted the ball behind the Bates
goal, and again Andrews’ eye did not fail
him. Score, 16–0.

Foss next scored a touch-down. No goal.
E. Hilton secured the last in the first half, and
the try at a goal was successful. Score, 26–0.

In the second half Hoffman was sub-
stituted for Garcelon, and Dutton for Pennell.
On the kick-off, E. Hilton made a fine dash
of fifteen yards. Packard followed this up,
and by a magnificent rush carried the ball
behind the Bates goal in one and one-half
minutes. After this, six touch-downs and
three goals were secured for Bowdoin, making
the score 62–0. The players:

Bates—Cutts, Pennell, Dutton, Putnam,
Bruce, Moulton, Plummer; quarter backs,
Garcelon, Hoffman; half backs, Woodman,
Emery; full back, Garland.

Bowdoin—Freeman, Downes, C. H. Has-
tings, H. H. Hastings, Bartlett, Foss, Sears;
quarter back, E. Hilton; half backs, W. M.
Hilton, Packard; full back, Andrews.

EPIC.

In ancient times some Spartans bold,
I’ll not repeat their names,
Each gained at last a laurel wreath
In the Olympic games.
Each victor in some manly art,
O valiant men were they!
Some young and fair with golden hair
Some bearded, old and gray;
Some grizzly giants of ponderous weight
With massive arms whose blows
And coestus hard and innate skill
Had conquered many foes.
Some light and agile, swift of foot,
Swifter by far were they
Than the eagle in his airy flight
Or the swallows in their play.
And there were mighty wrestlers, too,
Their like could not be found;
No man would stand before their rush
Or bring them to the ground.
This group of mighty men one day
Assembled one and all
And made a new athletic game
’Twas glorious old Foot-ball.
And ever since all spirits bold
When seeking sport or fame
Have risked their bodies and their limbs
In the ancients’ grand old game.
In Bowdoin’s Halls there is a band
Like Sparta’s men of old,
Of plucky, swift and sturdy lads,
Athletic all and bold.

On Saturday we played a game
With a team from Lewiston,
And glory rests upon our names
Upon our brows the crown.
But alas for human arrogance!
Though our eleven won
I hobble round on wooden legs
Or hop around on one.

The idea of reducing the college course from
four to three years, is being earnestly considered by
the Faculty of Harvard.
BOOK REVIEWS.


Professor Corson describes this work, in the Preface, as "an attempt to indicate to the student some lines of Shakespearian study which may serve to introduce him to the study of the Plays as plays." It presents, in successive sections, the following topics: Shakespeare's Contemporary Reputation, and Some Features of his Dramatic Art; the Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy; the Authenticity of the First Folio; the Chronology of the Plays; Shakespeare's Verse; Verse and Prose in Shakespeare's Plays; the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon Elements of Shakespeare's English, etc.; Notes and Commentaries on six of the Plays; Miscellaneous Notes; and Examination Questions.

These are interesting subjects, and in the main they are well treated, with competent scholarship, good sense, and with occasional fervor. It is perhaps, open to question whether they are, in all respects, just the subjects that would best introduce one to the study of Shakespeare's plays; but it is not necessary to press that question. They are, at all events, important topics, and topics which must be considered at some stage in Shakespearian study. If Professor Corson chooses to set them before us as an introduction to the study, we may defer to his judgment, and not grumble at our fare.

In the section that treats of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, assuming that the topic is sufficiently in keeping with the aim of the book to be admitted, a little space might profitably be occupied by a brief statement concerning the history of the controversy, and the lines upon which it has been conducted. Professor Corson is quite justified in the impatience he feels that the question should have been raised; but if it is worth while, in a book of this character, to maintain, by argument, the authenticity of Shakespeare's work, it is equally in place to show the grounds upon which it has been disputed. The answer, however, which Professor Corson makes to the original and fundamental assumption of Shakespeare's inability, through lack of knowledge, to write these plays, is thoroughly good. It has the merit, moreover, of pointing out and emphasizing a characteristic of Shakespeare's work which it is well to keep in mind in studying the plays. Every appreciative student of Shakespeare will agree with Professor Corson that no other author exhibits such direct and intuitive perception of truth; and that, certainly, is an endowment of genius, and not an acquisition from books.

In the sections which treat of the chronology of the Plays, and of Shakespeare's verse, there is only a passing allusion to the labors of some members of the New Shakespeare Society in formulating and applying various "verse tests" as a means of determining the chronology. The rhyme test is referred to and discussed, but no mention is made of the end-stop and run-on test, the weak, light, and double endings, which figure so largely in Fiey's Manual. Nevertheless, the principle which is at the foundation of the several tests is recognized, and is made the basis of Professor Corson's distinction between the recitative verse of Shakespeare's earlier work, and the spontaneous verse of his later plays.

The distinction is an interesting one, and it is admirably described and exemplified.

Professor Corson thinks that our lack of biographical details concerning Shakespeare, is a blessing rather than a misfortune. "Could we," he asks, "have possibly known more of the real man Shakespeare . . . . than we know from his plays, even if he had written for us his own biography . . . . or even if he had had a Boswell to record his life as minutely as 'sleek wheedling James' recorded Samuel Johnson's? Could we, indeed, have known as much of the real man? Would not a full record of the man's outer life, with all the shortcomings, distortions, obliquities, and imperfections of judgment, and prejudices in one direction and another, which as a human production, would necessarily have marked it, even if it had been written by a personal and intimate friend, and that friend the best conditioned to appreciate him, have tended rather to obscure the real man, as he is breathed forth from the Plays and the Sonnets, than to reveal him more distinctly?" To this last question, notwithstanding its rhetoric and, indeed, its plausibility, we feel compelled to answer, No! Carlyle, from whom Professor Corson borrows the descriptive phrase, "sleek wheedling James," calls Boswell's picture of Johnson "a full-length image of his Existence," "a more free, perfect, sunlight and spirit-speaking likeness than for many centuries had been drawn by man of man." Indeed, Professor Corson himself, in his remarks upon the authenticity of the First Folio, says that Ben Jonson's "character is to us as distinct as that of his great namesake of the 18th century." Now what is it that makes the character of the great namesake so distinct to us, except that a full-length image of his existence has been drawn for us by Boswell? We do not question the value of the Plays
as reflecting the personality of Shakespeare, but a more perfect, snlilt, spirit-speaking likeness of him, as drawn by a faithful biographer, would certainly help to harmonize men's opinions of him, which are hitherto somewhat discordant.

The space at our command will not allow us to say all that might be said concerning the various excellencies of this book. It contains much that is interesting and valuable; much, also, that is striking and suggestive. It exhibits a wise and independent conservatism in the treatment of Shakespeare's text. The commentaries on the half-dozen selected Plays are at once acute and profound. The notes on difficult passages and disputed readings are both learned and sensible. The tone of the book is confident without being offensively dogmatic. Altogether it is a book to be grateful for, and to be heartily commended.

NOTES.
The American Amateur Photographer; November; Vol. I., No. 5. Published by W. H. Burbank, Brunswick, Me.

Each successive number of this attractive magazine has shown a growth in power and scope. It has already demonstrated its fitness to take a high place in the periodical literature of the subject. The present number contains several illustrated articles of a technical nature; correspondence from different parts of the world; club news, etc. A pleasing feature is the frontispiece, a photogravure entitled "The Village Blacksmith." We can readily understand how, with its "excellent lighting, good grouping, and richness of detail," the original photograph won a diploma at an exhibit.

RECEIVED.

Among the books.
The Object of Prof. Little's Zeal Approaching Realization—Recent Valuable Accessions—Dr. Green's Gift.

Those who are unacquainted with the chaotic condition of the Library when Professor Little took charge of it in 1885, cannot fully appreciate the wonderful transformation that he has succeeded in bringing about in it. At that time there was no system of cataloguing or arrangement. It was only by a happy chance that one found the book he wanted. He was as likely to find "Enoch Arden" among the Patent Office reports as anywhere else, or a volume of Jonathan Edwards' discourses wedged in between "The Code of Honor" and "How to Play Billiards." The magazines had not been bound for years.

Few men could have been induced to undertake to straighten out such an agglomeration—a task involving no end of hard, disagreeable work. Yet Professor Little voluntarily assumed it, and the result is a monument to his untiring, disinterested labor. The demand of the growing Library for more room made it necessary to shelve and above the north wing, and he omitted his summer vacation to oversee it. The re-arrangement as now completed gives us one of the best working libraries in the country.

Over 600 volumes have been added within the past two months. The latest accession, a gift of 173 volumes of Classical and Philological literature, from Hon. Samuel A. Green of Boston, fills many important gaps in our collection. Professor Lee has added 50 volumes to his departments of Biology, Botany, and Geology, and Professor Smith for his department of History has obtained as many more. The literatures of the other sciences have been enriched, notably that of Psychology.

The most valuable purchase in the field of Biography was the first nineteen volumes of the Dictionary of National Biography, an English publication of an immense range, as the nineteenth volume reaches only to "FOR." The nine volumes of American Literature contain choice samples of the style of every American writer of merit. The bound volumes I. and II. of "The Writer" are filled with most useful hints to young writers.

To the already large collection of Shakespearian literature, there were added, during the vacation, 48 volumes of the publications of the Shakespeare Society. The Century Company's "War Book," four volumes, easily takes the lead of the elegant publications of the last few years.

Among several valuable books recently presented to the library by Miss Caroline Coddington Thayer of Roxbury, Mass., was a complete set in four volumes of Thane's British Autography, a rare and interesting work of the last century. It consists of copper-plate portraits with fac similes of the autographs of nearly three hundred royal and illustrious personages who have played a prominent part in English history. Of certain of the plates only one hundred impressions were issued and the writer knows of only one other complete set in this country. Its money value has greatly diminished since the publication of similar more extended works, but it may be of interest to note that a set was sold at auction in 1817 for one hundred and fifty dollars.
Several members of the Freshman class are taking a course in special mathematics under Prof. Moody. At present they are engaged on continued fractions, and later will take up surveying.

A large crowd was at the depot to see the Boston Latin boys off after the foot-ball game, November 2d. The various class and college yells were indulged in, together with a verse of the grand old hymn, to all of which the boys from the Hub responded enthusiastically. Among other cheers from the defeated eleven were three vigorous ones for Brooks and Haskell, the Bowdoin twins (adopted).

Professor Tripp's Historic Lectures did not prove such an attraction as many of the boys had expected. The morning after his slaughter of Napoleon a large number of seventy-five cent. tickets were offered at the purchaser's own price.

The usually veracious Orient was guilty of several errors in the number for October 30th. In the first place Mr. Charles A. Byram, '88, who has recently been elected principal of the Bangor High School was accused of having taught the Freeport Grammar School for the last few years, when in reality he has occupied the position of principal of the Bangor Grammar School since his graduation.

Secondly in the report of the Tufts-Bowdoin football game the honor of winning the touch-down for Bowdoin was attributed to W. M. Hilton, when in reality it was the plucky run of Emerson Hilton which secured the four points for Bowdoin. We stand corrected.

Prize speakers from '92 have been elected as follows: Percy Bartlett, R. F. Bartlett, Bean, Durgin, Emery, Fobes, Lazelle, Linscott, J. D. Merryman, Pugsley, Rich, and Wilson.

Following the example of her predecessor, '92 has adopted a constitution for the government of class actions.

The Juniors were taking their first morning's work in the chemical laboratory. The hour was devoted to the discussion and illustration of chemical change. "Now," said the Prof. "a manifestation of heat, a violent action, a change of color, etc., would indicate chemical change. Mr. H., did you succeed in effecting a chemical change?" "Yes, sir," "Explain if you please, sir." "Well," replied the would-be chemist, "I mixed a little strong sulphuric acid with a cut on the end of my thumb and by the violent agitation of the end of the digit, and the bluish tinge which the air round assumed, I should judge that a very stable compound had been formed. He took a "strike."
BOTANICAL.
Said old Bill Jones, the gardener,
To his neighbor, Mrs. Worth:
"All things will grow, I surely know,
When planted in soft earth."

Now Johnny Worth, the lady's son,
In stature was quite brief,
And this sad fact to him was cause
Of lamentable grief.

When he had heard this fact profound,
An idea struck his mind,
That he like other folks might be
If he was so inclined.

That day our hero vanished,
The house contained him not;
But a thorough search revealed him,
in the midst of the garden plot.

By the side of a royal pumpkin,
His golden locks were seen,
While the sun's fierce rays were warded off
By the plant of the hithsome bean.

His pedestal was beneath the soil,
To the depth of a good three feet;
His lower half could not be seen,
And he was aught but neat.

Although besmeared with kindred mud,
His face with joy did glow.
As he cried, "Oh, Mother! I've planted myself!
Just wait and see me grow."

Professor Smith has assigned topics for special study to the Juniors as follows: Alfred; Dunstan; Saxon Methods of Administering Justice; The Succession to the English Crown on the Death of Edward the Confessor; Compare the Reign of Henry I. with that of Henry II.; and The Third Crusade. Papers are to be prepared on any one of the above subjects, and must be handed in before the Thanksgiving recess.

Thursday, October 30th, Professor Robinson gave the Juniors an interesting account of the matters taken up by the Public Health Association, at their recent convention at Brooklyn.

A Quartette and Banjo Club, composed of Messrs. Simpson, Turner, and Freeman, of Bowdoin, Dr. Harry Nickerson of Portland, and Mr. Monahan of Saco, furnished music for a recent exhibition at the North Whitefield High School.

Professor Smith is conducting a large class in Bible study. The class meets Monday evenings.

The first meeting of the Bowdoin Debating Club was held in Lower Memorial, Tuesday evening. The following question was ably discussed. "Resolved, That the attitude of the Democratic Party toward the Pension Question is preferable to that of the Republican Party." Affirmative—G. B. Chandler, E. H. Newbegin. Negative—A. S. Ridley, J. P. Cilley, Jr.

A few days ago a Freshman became weary of life. At least everything seems to point that way. Seeking a means of removing himself from the world with neatness and dispatch, he repaired to the gymnasium. The long rope ladder caught the eye of the would-be corpse. He ascended round by round, and at last, by successful manipulation of the apparatus, found himself in the embrace of the grim destroyer. He was so twisted into the rope that the arm was brought directly across his breathing apparatus, rendering those generally indispensable organs useless. Unfortunately a Junior who was inspecting the building, saw the precarious situation of the '93 man and came to his assistance. After his release the Freshman declared that his peculiar anties on the rope ladder were accidental, but we shall keep a watchful eye on his gym evolutions in the future, just the same.

Bates complained that the Bowdoin played too rough a game. Wouldn't this make some foot-ball players smile?

In point of fact the game Saturday was remarkably free from "slugging," and was a gentlemanly game. Foot-ball is necessarily a game of roughness, but it is a good-natured roughness, and nobody who pretends to know the sport would ever think of complaining on that score.

IN THE "LAB."
Sundry sights of smutty faces,
Bending over cluttered desks;
Sundry whiffs of salts and bases;
Mingled there o'er cluttered desks.
Sundry gleams of cheeks distended,
Purple as red and there with pain;
Sundry glances hotly blended
With the blow-pipe's pointed flame.
Sundry muttered exclamations
Mingling with the smoke arise;
Sundry half-breathed profanations
For the fumes in smarting eyes.

Merrill, Harvard, '89, acted as referee, Saturday, and Fred Drew, Bowdoin, '91, umpired. The victory was won by a "straight" Bowdoin team, Haskell, the Bowdoin "coach," being merely a spectator.

The last themes of the term are due November 20th. Subjects are: Juniors—I. The West as a Field for College Graduates. II. Is the Sunday Newspaper a Necessity to our Civilization? III. The Element of Weirness in Hawthorne's Style. Sophomores—I. Should the World's Fair be held at New York or Chicago? II. Newspaper abuse of Public
Men. III. Ought Translations to be Used in the Study of the Classics?

The Hilton boys have retired from foot-ball.

Steps are being taken to secure more complete drainage to some of the college buildings.

The Freshmen have at last decided upon a class yell. The following will salute our ears at Thanksgiving: "Treis Kali, Enenakonté, Boomerang, Boomerang, Bowdoin, Rah, Rah." This is a slight departure from the regulation metre of the yells of the three upper classes.

There is a prospect that Arthur Clarkson, brother of the famous Boston twirler, will coach the nine this winter.

'32.—Rev. Dr. Cyrus A. Bartol has resigned his pastorate of the West Church in Boston, where he has labored faithfully and successfully for fifty-two years.

'41.—Ex-Governor Robie left home November 2d, for a six weeks' tour in California and other Western States.

'46.—H. G. Herrick, of Lawrence, Mass., was on Tuesday, November 5th, elected for the ninth time high sheriff of Essex County.

'53.—Harper's Weekly states that there is a movement on foot in Chicago to make Chief-Justice Melville W. Fuller Democratic candidate for President in 1892.

'66.—Russell D. Woodman has resigned his position in the Portland Custom House.

'81.—Henry S. Payson, of Portland, was married in that city in October to Miss Margaret W. Milliken. The ceremony was performed at State Street Church by the pastor, Rev. Frank T. Bayley, in the presence of the relatives and friends of the bride and groom. R. C., Payson, '93, a brother of the groom officiated as best man.

Ex-'81.—George H. Townsend, a young and promising lawyer of Portland, died in that city October 14th. Resolutions were drawn up by the Cumberland Bar in token of the respect and esteem in which Mr. Townsend was held by his professional associates.

'83.—Joseph B. Reed has opened a law office at 30 Exchange Street, Portland, Maine.

'84.—J. A. Waterman, Jr., has settled in Brunswick for the practice of law.

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**Bowdoin Orient.**

**Personal**

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**COMMENCEMENT.**

The Senior is dancing with infinite joy,

The Junior doth drift on the stoop,

The Sophomore chats with a maiden so coy,

But the Freshman is left in the soup.

—Lampon.

A new boat-house is being built for the Harvard crew. It is the gift of M. G. W. Weld, of Boston, and will cost fully $20,000.

An innocent Freshman asked the other day, what a "pony" was. He will know the full meaning of the word before he is four years older.—The University News.

Three members of the Sophomore class at Yale were recently brought before the Faculty for having, but were released in compliance with a petition, signed by four hundred Sophomores and Fresmen.

A plan is proposed for a school of music at Yale.

The students of Yale are endeavoring to establish a sort of loan library, whereby the students who are poor may have an opportunity to procure the college text-books free of charge.—Amherst Student.

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HER CHARMS.

Oh the light that lies in a maiden's eyes
As she meets the fateful glance of her lover,
Is brighter by far than the gleam of the star
That shines in the darkness above her.

And the fleeting blush of a maiden's blush,
The bloom of the rose defying,
O'er her countenance flies as the maiden sighs,
Like the dream of a zephyr dying.

And the power to bewitch in a maiden's smile,
And the sound of her voice so thrilling,
Make a lover crave to become her slave,
Her slightest behest fulfilling.

But the sweet creak of a maiden's chink,
And the gleam of her gold so yellow,
More than Cupid's dart will touch the heart
Of the most unsusceptible fellow.

—Yale Record.
manner to our slow-going ancestors across the Atlantic. Foot-ball differs from each, in that it is a game of the whole English-speaking race. It appeals to a fundamental race characteristic—that force, fearlessness, and physical courage which has always been predominant in Saxon nationality. Tennis is a game of all nations, involving neither the courage of the Saxon nor the cruelty of the Spaniard, but that force of will and application of adroitness and attention which is to be found in greater or less degree in all civilized races.

Thus it is perfectly natural that the three of these great out-of-door sports which have taken root in the American college are base-ball, foot-ball, and tennis. Base-ball is our own property; tennis and foot-ball have come across the sea and been adopted into congenial soil. Cricket has remained at home because it has no place with us. It may come some time, but at present it is confined to British-Americans, or to those anglo-manics who are as much out of place with us as the game they seek to introduce. When our taughtly-strung society shall have become toned down a little, cricket may come, but at present we are too rapid for it.

Now all ye kind fathers, mothers, sweet-hearts, sisters, cousins, and aunts, who look aghast at the reports of our "brutal" college sports, and throw up your soft hands in holy horror if, perchance, your "own boy" sustains a sprained ankle or a black eye, lend us your ears! And you other fathers, fossil-fathers, who preside over schools and colleges, and would restrict these manly sports on the part of your foster-children, give ear also! The sports which you decry are the direct outgrowth of social conditions. Sports there always have been and always will be; and the best sports have always been those which grow up logically and take firm hold of whole peoples. Your boy who will play foot-ball and base-ball is only playing his natural part in the age in which he lives. If he don't do it, you can make up your mind there is something the matter with him. He either lacks courage, skill, or energy; or he is a "crank." You may prohibit it, and if he has been brought up according to the most approved plan, he will obey. But you can make up your mind to one thing—that if he doesn't play foot-ball and base-ball, he will play something else. His surplus energy will find concrete expression somewhere, and, in the opinion of the Orient, it is a good deal better to have him get a black eye before an audience at foot-ball than to get a black heart at some other games which are not played before crowds. College sports are the great safety-valves of student life. So be chary of your mandates!

The lines are gradually loosening. News comes from across the water of the establishment of Mansfield College at Oxford, England. It is for the training of "dissenting" clergymen. The day has not long passed when the intolerance of English conservatism would not recognize the intellectual, social, or religious equality of dissenting clerical graduates.

We think we are justified in asserting without an undue assumption that, with all the faults of our bustling civilization, we are considerably in advance of our transatlantic brothers in this respect, at least; that in this particular case it is an instance of the child leading the father. Religious equality in American colleges has been an established fact for several decades. Catholic, Protestant, Hebrew, and Infidel stand with equal respect upon the common ground of intellectual attainment.

But as almost all American colleges have been and still are under the guardianship and fostering care of some particular denomination, and as social progress is always gradual, we should expect to find some linger-
ing traces of the old intolerance even here. It does not retain its old form, however, but has merged into a system of delicate proselytizing. We feel proud to confidently assert that in Bowdoin College there is not even a suspicion of this. The fault is most apparent in those small institutions, about the size of our own, where there is to be found a narrower creed and the intenser feelings which are its invariable accompaniment.

There is nothing which so touches that sense of pride and independence which is dominant in the nature of every young man of alert and vigorous mind as any trace of denominational shading in what is advertised as a course of liberal instruction. Young men have an intuitive grasp on the spirit of the times and a predisposed hatred to anything which is at all averse to it. The establishment of Mansfield College is but one of the many indications of what that spirit is. It is so plain that he who runs may see it.

It looks as though the Harvard Foot-Ball Association had taken a very unwise and undignified course in withdrawing from the league, and alleging as a cause of its withdrawal the ineligibility of Princeton’s players and the unfairness of their modes of play. As a prominent Harvard graduate has said through the columns of a Boston daily, it looks as though there was a large element of soreness behind the whole action.

Princeton, in reply to the charges of the employment of illegal players, publishes an explicit statement in the New York Herald of November 27th, which had been signed by the dean of the college, the registrar of the college, and the secretary of the committee on out-of-door sports. It is, in substance, that every member of the eleven is a regular member of the college, and that all but two are in the undergraduate department; that no one of them receives any pecuniary assistance from the institution; and, finally, that no one receives pay for his services upon the team.

As to the charge of unfair methods of play, it is the most childish pretext imaginable. As that same Harvard alumnus has said, as long as the Cambridge boys were winning, the men might “slug” to their hearts’ content and receive only cheers therefore, but as soon as the tide of the game began to turn, the air was blue with denunciations. If Princeton had the better men, and if at the same time the umpire found no grounds for disqualification, why should the Harvard boys demur? Public sentiment is against them, and about the only thing left for them to do is retract as gracefully as they may. A few more such somersaults by the most venerable institution in America will run college athletics into the ground.

There is one subject which we have hesitated about giving a place in our columns. It is the treatment accorded certain female visitors upon the campus. It has forced itself upon us so many times and so forcibly, however, that we will feel it our duty to make the mention. We do not question but the class who sometimes are seen meandering about the walks, and to whom the slight discourtesies and thoughtless jests are extended, have forfeited all claim upon our respect. Nor do we propose to play the part of a moralist by referring to the lowering of self-respect which such conduct entails. We know too much of college life not to appreciate the cynical smile which our truism would elicit.

The point to be brought out is the practical and un-fogy-like suggestion that there is danger of making a deplorable mistake. In fact, we understand that such things have happened before now. It is conceivable that the country sister whose orbs of unalloyed
innocence would be a clear index of her character, but whose lack of Brunswick gloss might be somewhat misleading when seen from an adjacent walk, might some time be placed in an exceedingly painful and embarrassing position by what was intended for a mere time-killing jest.

A rush for the train, a long ride, a loving greeting, a turkey dinner, a call on old friends, another rush for the train, another ride, and Thanksgiving recess is over. It drifts into one's life like a gleam of sunshine. Nor is it all sentiment which we have said. These little breaks in the routine of college life are something of an educator. They take us from the one-sided life in which we live and give us a glimpse of the world as it is. They renew the affections of the home, and keep alive those homely joys which the cold intellectuality of the college course tends to obscure. The home is the social unit. It is the fountain of all that is noble and true in this world, and, generally, in the next. In view of the arctic society of this beloved town, it is doubly important for our fullest development that these little excursions into real life be improved to their utmost.

The cold and cheerless aspect of the Y. M. C. A. rooms at some of the recent meetings does not reflect very creditably upon the management. It is difficult enough to gain attendance even under the most favorable circumstances, without adding any such suicidal features as low mercury.

PEDAGOGICAL PERPLEXITIES.
The Ruminations of a Martyr, and an Occasional Valuable Hint.

It falls to the lot of many a college boy to teach the country school. Such a one, starting out some cold Monday morning in December, is undertaking a task that has its peculiar cares and responsibilities, and he should realize that the requisites for success in teaching the ungraded school are as fixed as in other more pretentious occupations.

The advent of the "master" is looked forward to with much interest and curiosity throughout the entire district; all the heads of families would like to board him; the large girls sigh for something "fresh" at the parties and huskings; the boys are ready to resent any intrusion upon their rights of conquest; and the younger population are prepared to report every event which happens at school to the family ear at home. Moreover, he must expect to be an encyclopedia, an unabridged dictionary, and a Peck's Calculus combined, since sundry obtrude questions, gleaned from Farmer's Almanacs and like sources, will be put to him for solution.

Thus, from being in the college community where his personality is somewhat obscured, the student teacher moves in a circle where his every action is noticed and commented upon.

At the close of the first day of school he comes to the conclusion, especially if the school be large, that he never was more tired in his life. He is confused with the thought of arranging about thirty-five recitations in such a manner that each pupil shall be employed on a lesson that is to be recited immediately after its preparation; that Mary can study this and that with Jane; that Tommy can have his spelling come before recess and be dismissed; that things may in some measure correspond with the much quoted last teacher's methods, of which he knows nothing. Besides, several things that have happened during the day trouble him a little, if he has not taught before. Charlie Brown, in his play at recess, got hurt and went home. Mr. Brown promptly put in an appearance and gave him to understand, that, during intermission, it was the duty of the teacher to be in as many places at the same time as a dozen pairs of legs could carry as many sturdy boys, all going in different directions.
Mrs. Cripps sent a note at noon saying that her Moses knew as much as Bessie Wood, and unless he could be in her class would leave school.

This matter of parental interference is well illustrated by an event that occurred in the early educational history of Brunswick. A young teacher had the hardihood to enlarge the curriculum of his school to the extent of adding Grammar to the three R's. Boys never studied Grammar in those days, so his class consisted of a few large girls. While this class recited the remainder of the school suspended operations. With mouths wide open they listened to "I love, thou lovest, he loves, etc." with now and then a correction on the part of the teacher, saying that he loved, too. Soon the scandal spread abroad that the new master did nothing but talk love to his large girls, and a speedy ejection was the result.

But let us return to our young teacher. He finds the classification of the school to be wretched. The older pupils select some study that, as they say, will "do them some good," and consequently two or three are engaged in Book-keeping, History, Physiology, Algebra, etc. He has no objection to these studies, but no justice can be done to them in a school which is already a primary, intermediate, and grammar school combined. The younger ones aspire to an advancement far beyond their capacity, and have a horror of being "put back."

I will not mention any difficulty he may find in maintaining good order. All schools have their giggling, snickering girls; their rebellious, sulky boys. The teacher must learn to recognize the sly I-am-studying air, as well as the different facial expressions indicating innocence and guilt.

Suffice it to say that the student, who thought his only care had departed when he received his appointment, does not always find that to be the case. And he who main-
tains a careless indifference toward the perplexities mentioned above, will probably complete the term amid the general opinion that the money has been wasted. To such is due the distinct prejudice that exists in some localities against student teachers.

But the conscientious fellow, who has a care for the little things, will find in the country school plenty to tax his skill and ingenuity. Let him, while having due regard for the local customs and peculiarities, independently follow the dictates of his own judgment, and generally he will find his efforts appreciated, at least by those whose opinion he cares for most.

---

MY GENTLE COUNTRY LASS.
She sat before the open fire,
My gentle country lass,
The wind was howling in the night,
The frost had seamed the glass.

The pitch-pine knots were crackling, boys,
And they sent a ruddy glow
O'er a homely scene of simple love,
On that night of long ago.

The old arm-chair was spacious, boys,
And, the old folks gone to bed,
She came and sat upon my knee;
But I won't tell what we said.

The old clock banged full many a stroke,
The pitch-pine knot burned low,
I remember yet, with a glad, wild thrill,
That night of long ago.

I've grown away from scenes like those;
My boyhood days are past;
But I'll ne'er forget the hours I've spent
With my gentle country lass.

---

A CONFESSIO AMANTIS.
OF YE OLDEN Tyme.
Among the most interesting of the relics possessed by a prominent member of the present Senior class in this college is the letter below published, which doubtless fairly represents the type of confessions
of the ordinary rural lover of the earlier ante-bellum days. The letter, as printed, is a perfect copy of the wording, spelling, and punctuation of the original, except that, as both the writer and recipient of the missive are still alive, able to read, and backed by a considerable legion of their own begetting, the editors have, out of policy, suppressed their names.

The writing was done on the inside of a big sheet of the thin linen paper of those days, which was folded, sealed with wax, and the outside used for the address. There was no stamp but the payment of postage was indicated by a "Paid 5" scratched in ink near the address which was:

Miss——
Gread falls New hampsiar.

The inside ran as follows:

Bowedain April the — 1847

I take this opportunit to write a fewe lines to you to let you now that wee are all in good helth and i am in hopes that these few lines will find you the same. I am agoing to ask you one question that is to see if i can enjoy your coping for i should be very happy. It bese hin a long time finally ever since i first became aquinted with you. I thought if ever i married it must be to you. Their four your answer to this will prove to my ever lasting happiness or to my ever lasting woe. Could i have your affections how happy i should be. I mis you very much i was always happy. When i was in your coping you never have chance to make me happy for life or make me grieve. i cannot say how long i have a nuf more to write but i will not write any more about this at present Bleveme ever tru.

Your foks are all well have not much news to write except Wm tubs has heird out fore 6 monts and James is agoing in the shipyard as soon as the river opens I was glad to hear you gut their safe but i am inhoesp that you will take god care of your helth. Charles wyman has moved and mr berry has moved in the house that Charles left.

Write me answer as soon as you can maket convent

And bleve me to be ever tru. excuse all mistakes and my dreadful poor writing as my pen is poor comply with my Wishes if you can from your servir freind and lover

It may be worth noting for the sake of showing that Cupid's vagrancy was quite as great then as now, and for the encouragement of lovers of the present time who are in straits similar to our hero's, that the wooer was rejected; and, though he speaks of "my everlasting woo" (woe), it is still certain that not long after, he began paying court to another damsel who concluded differently when he "popped," being now his wife. His happiness seems to have been as great as that of the average of mankind, though the statement may appear incredible when we inform our readers that the "Mary" to whom the letter was written, a year or two later returned home, married another man and settled down as our hero's near neighbor. But this is not all. We may gain a faint idea of how amazingly complicated is the web of love, and how much stranger is truth than fiction, when we learn that the letter was found by the father of its present owner among the effects which he had purchased at auction of an old bachelor. This old bachelor had evidently at one time been a "flame" of Mary's and so far shared her confidence as to receive from her this letter of a former lover. And yet he had, in turn, become a rejected suitor; and it is known that his somewhat early death seemed to have been caused by some great secret sorrow of which he spake not.

As we have before intimated, both the parties immediately concerned in the letter are now living and the parents of two thrifty lines of progeny extending unto the grandchildren.

PAST AND FUTURE.
I sit and gaze upon the coals,
My book half closed upon my knee;
And England's past for me unrolls,
Unrolls, and shows itself to me.

A past, how full of glorious deeds,
Of love, of war, of joy, of woe!
A past wherein have sprung the seeds,
That mighty lands have helped to sow.

I see the stately kings and queens,
The noble groups of dukes and earls,
And, slowly floats before me, scenes
That shine with gold or gleam with pearls;

And faces come and fade away,
Of which the features melt and blend,
And form themselves anew to stay,
And smile as if upon a friend.

How great, how glorious is the past,
That throws its glamour o'er the land
In which the lots of those were cast,
Who once the sparks of freedom famed!

And yet, though small our past appears,
And quite devoid of lords and sirs,
Our future may, in coming years,
Be quite as long and great as her's.

OUR READING-ROOM PAR EXCELLENCE.

Among the articles contributed to the Orient by the "reform" element of the college was one in our last issue, wherein its author, under the heading of "A Curiosity," painfully assailed the appointments of the reading-room, and asserted that with slight outlay the present barrenness and inconvenience of the place might be supplanted by order and elegance. He further argued that another Maine college possessed a reading-room more to his notion, and that Bowdoin, if she would maintain her claims to superiority, should in no respect allow herself to be surpassed by a sister institution; adding that pleasant environment is an important aid to intellectual development.

And first we would inquire, since the college resources are already overtaxed, whence the means for this "slight outlay" is to come. The call may be insignificant, but the college administration is already perplexed with so many of these "slight" demands of more importance, that it has probably not yet seen its way to follow this fresh suggestion. If our "reformer" were to try raising the funds by subscriptions among the boys, we believe he would meet rebuff, even from that body of generous and progressive spirits who follow around after the treasurers of the various sporting associations begging them to accept large contributions, the reason being that the present reading-room is in the best of keeping with its purpose, and satisfies all practical demands.

The table, the special victim of our friend's anathema, is the most convenient thing in the world. It is by means of this alone that we can make those fifteen-second nips between times count for something, for a man can rush in, hang one leg over its corner, seize a paper and get a skeleton idea of the whole Brazilian revolution, in time that, if the handsome room and stuffed furniture were in vogue as our "reformers" no doubt wish, he would be wasting in sitting down and realizing how comfortable he is. As for the big stationary desk proposed to take the table's place, we never want to see it. We have tried those desks and they are tortures. Suppose you have a fixed light, either way up out of sight, or square in your face, a paper fastened at a fixed angle to a fixed desk—the desk being such that a short man must stand on tip-toe and stretch his neck like a Shanghai eating from a barrel, to see the print, and a tall man lean on it with all fours—and you have a correct idea of our friend's proposed improvement. There is no contrivance known, except dynamite, that will destroy good eyes so fast as this. The man's own suggestion defeats the idea of convenience and pleasant environment.

The reading-room is a place to consult the newspapers. Its essential attractions are those papers, and any one interested is bound to get their benefit, whether they happen to be fastened by brass locks to black walnut desks in a handsome room, or whether he pulls them from a pile and sits on a pine
table as he reads, dangling his legs where he listeth. The idea of a reading-room for a pack of boys like ours is not a conservatory of comfort, nor a loafing rendezvous. It is not the purpose of the college to make it a place more delicate and attractive than the average dormitory room, so that the youth of the campus may find it agreeable to congregate therein a large part of their time. If it were, the authorities might put in a smoke-house, billiard saloon, and beer-garden, and furnish it with thrones and other palatial appliances, whereon for the dukes of leisure to recline. It is easy to see that the immediate tendency of this, or anything approaching it, would be to make every man in college lazier than a '91 Junior.

And then, in another way, do not the college powers show their appreciation of the eternal fitness of things in maintaining the present order? Are not the reading-room equipments quite compatible with the usage they receive? Could the college afford to provide more expensive furniture to meet the periodic onslaught of Turkey Suppers, Hallowe’ens, and Spring Initiations, when the whole outfit is usually left stacked like rubbish, or perhaps, destroyed? It may be answered that first-class furniture would appeal to the respect of the raider, and thus derive better treatment, but we have pretty conclusive proof from the last spring scrape and similar happenings occurring from time to time, that neither sanctity nor goodness of any sort makes very powerful appeals to the mercy of the nocturnal fiend. The famed sagacity of the ancient Bowdoin management, enabling it to comprehend reasonings of this kind, perpetuated down the line to its successors of the present time, may be easily adduced as one great reason to explain the validity of Bowdoin’s claim to superiority over all her kind in Maine.

We believe that the Bowdoin reading-room is good as it is (though it would be well enough to have a few back numbers on file), and we furthermore feel assured that our cool-headed Faculty have not rasped their craniums to any extent in their anxiety to follow our friend’s suggestion.

FOOT—BALL.

THE BOWDOIN WHITE STILL FLOATS.—THE “REVENGE” COMBINATION FROM MASSACHUSETTS SENT HOME CRIPPLED IN BODY AND IN SPIRIT.—RAIN PREVENTS THE ANDOVER-BOWDOIN GAME AT PORTLAND.

Bowdoin, 18; Picked Eleven, 10.

The college eleven went to Portland, November 16th, and defeated a picked eleven, made up of men from Harvard, Boston University, Amherst, and Bowdoin. On the side of the winners the best work was done by Downes, Carleton, W. Hilton, and Foss. The latter would doubtless have secured a touch-down in the first half, but for a foul tackle around the neck, which obliged him to retire from the game. For the losers Stacy and Brooks made the best showing. The teams lined up as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>BOWDOIN</th>
<th>RUSHERS</th>
<th>PICKED ELEVEN</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Freeman.</td>
<td>Left End.</td>
<td>N. C. Haskell.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Downes.</td>
<td>Left Tackle.</td>
<td>Chandler.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Carleton.</td>
<td>Right Tackle.</td>
<td>Tukey.</td>
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<td>Scars.</td>
<td>Right End.</td>
<td>Hatch.</td>
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<td>W. M. Hilton.</td>
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<td>Stacy.</td>
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<td>Spring.</td>
<td>Substitutes.</td>
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Referee, Merrill, Yale, ’89. Umpire, F. Drew, Bowdoin, ’91.

Bowdoin, 24; West Roxbury, 0.

Bowdoin scored her fourth consecutive victory, October 23d, by downing West Roxbury 24 to 0. The Roxburys are a fine team, and they were free to inform people that they had come down to do Bowdoin up, but it seems that they reckoned without their host.

The game opened at 3 p.m., with the teams lined up as follows:
This game was simply a repetition of the Bates and Boston Latin School games. The visitors, finding that they could not make headway against their opponent's rush line, kicked the ball repeatedly; while Bowdoin would slowly work the ball toward Roxbury's goal and score. Stevens, of Roxbury, acted as umpire, and F. Drew as referee.

The Thanksgiving rain prevented the Andover-Bowdoin game at Portland. It was the subject of some comment at the hotels, and would undoubtedly have been viewed by a large audience. We would like to have seen our boys engage something worthy of their "mettle."

BOOK REVIEWS.

The State: Historical and Practical Politics.

Professor Woodrow Wilson, lately called to Princeton, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Professor Johnston, is already well known by his work on "Congressional Government" in which he gives such a full and entertaining account of the actual working of Congress. His new venture is far more ambitious than his former one. In it he undertakes to give an analysis of the principal constitutional systems of government employed in the world from early times to the present day. The proportions observed in the work are as follows:

About one hundred pages are given to Greece and Rome; two hundred to France, Germany, Switzerland, Austria-Hungary, and Sweden-Norway; two hundred to England and the United States, and one hundred to a summary and general study of government.

Aside from the clear and forcible style which one expects to find in anything from Professor Wilson's pen, the work has two conspicuous merits. First, it furnishes, in a single volume, an historical and comparative study of constitutional governments. The histories of the countries selected have been sited for governmental features, and these are collected and presented in a form suitable for separate study, or for comparison with each other. In carrying out this plan the author had the field to himself. No previous work in the English language has attempted to occupy it since Freeman's great work on the "History of Federal Government from the Foundation of the Achaian League to the Disruption of the United States" came to an abrupt stop when our civil war ended in a manner so different from that which he expected.

The second great merit of this book is that it gives us a careful account of the leading governments of Europe as they exist at the present day. In this, the central and most interesting portion of the book, the author has done for us a much-needed work which has been hitherto neglected. The governments of Greece and Rome, of England and the United States, have often been written about, and can be separately studied in standard works which are easily accessible. But where can the American reader, without searching through periodicals of various kinds, going back more than twenty years, find even partially satisfactory accounts of the Third French Republic, of the new German Empire, and of the unique arrangements under which Austria and Hungary, or Sweden and Norway work together? This book furnishes the desired information.

It was evidently not in the author's plan to describe the constitutions of all modern states. No mention is made of Italy or Spain or the smaller European states whose governmental systems follow the parliamentary type, or of the South American Republics whose constitutions are such close copies of our own. But a few were selected either for their importance, or interest, or representative character. After describing these, as already mentioned, the book closes with a few chapters on the nature, functions, and objects of government.

A few words from the author's preface will show what is expected of this work as a text-book. He says, "In hoping that the book will be acceptable to teachers at the present time, I have relied upon that interest in comparative politics which has been so much stimulated in the English-speaking world in very recent years. I have meant that it should be in time to enter the doors of instruction now in all directions being opened wider and wider in American
 collegest, to a thorough study of political science. I believe that our own institutions can be understood and appreciated only by those who know somewhat familiarly other systems of government and the main facts of general institutional history."

The book was announced some time ago and has been eagerly looked for, and the present Senior class are to be congratulated on its appearance in time for their use. It will be introduced as an elective in our course during the present year.

**MAGAZINES.**

*The New England Magazine* for November is emphatically a New England number. Its frontispiece is a beautiful picture of the "Old Wayside Inn," at Sudbury, which Longfellow's verse has made so famous; and among the other illustrations that so generously fill the pages we are almost from first to last in a New England atmosphere. "An Old Connecticut Town" is a charming article on Milford, Conn., which has just celebrated its two hundred and fiftieth birthday. A similar memorial article is devoted to the old Cape Cod towns of Sandwich and Yarmouth. Mr. Mead furnishes the article on the "Wayside Inn," paying tribute in it to the new history of Sudbury, by the publication of which that town has just celebrated its anniversary. The recent celebration of the old church at Quincy is remembered in the publication of the address by Charles Francis Adams, and Mr. Cranch's fine poem. There is much about Clark University, including a bright notice in Mr. Hale's "Tarry at Home Travels." A strong and sensible article by Rev. J. H. Ward, on "The Revival of our Country Towns" is very appropriate in this number of the magazine, devoted so largely to old New England towns. An article by Edwin A. Start, on "The Country Newspapers," has special value in the same connection. Washington's visit to New England, in October, 1779, is noticed by the re-publication of a curious account of it that year. Professor Hosmer's "Haunted Bell" is continued, and there are other stories and essays, and a short poem by H. Bernard Carpenter. The three articles, however, which will chiefly interest the great body of readers are those on "Francis Parkman," by George Willis Cooke, beautifully illustrated; on "Edwin Arnold at Harvard," with a striking portrait, the first we remember to have seen of the author of *The Light of Asia*, who is as popular and seems to feel himself almost as much at home in America as in England; and on "The Boston Symphony Orchestra," by Louis C. Elson, with portraits of the new conductor, Mr. Nikisch, of Gercke, and others. This is an article of exceptional interest to the musical world.

*The Harvard Monthly* for November is full of interest. The article by Francis C. Lowell on "Harvard and the Continental Universities" takes up the wholly variant attitudes of the Anglo-American and the continental theory of higher education, as touching the moral training of the student. In this setting forth of the two systems, the superiority of our method over the *laissez faire* policy of the continental universities is apparent. In "A Pupil of Giotto," H. McCulloch, Jr., gives us a beautiful theory of the origin of the famous fresco in the little church at Arezzo. Mr. Carpenter furnishes an admirable rendering of the first and second acts of Henrik Ibsen's "Lady of the Sea." Among the other articles of interest are a short poem by J. R. Corbin, entitled "Reverence"; a communication upon the reduction of the course of study in colleges to three years; and a sound editorial upon Yale's tricky conduct in retaining four graduates for her football team. Harvard has taken the lead in doing away with that sort of thing and it is to be hoped that Yale will soon see the error of her way.


Messrs. Heath & Co. are to be congratulated on the excellent manner in which they are carrying out their purpose of presenting to students of French and German Literature the classical writings of those languages, in neat editions, at moderate prices.

The present number of the series is especially interesting to those who are reading the great master of French Literature, Victor Hugo. "Bug Jargal," though written when Hugo was only sixteen years of age, and that, too, (for a wager) in a fortnight, displays, nevertheless, in a remarkable degree, that purity of style which characterizes the productions of his riper genius. After the body of the work follow some fifty pages of notes, in which Professor Boielle has handled difficulties of syntax and textual rendering, in an admirable manner.

"Ned Klim's Wallfahrt in die Unterwelt," by Holberg, has also been added to the series.

The students of Brown University are supporting a missionary in the Congo valley.

Only seventy of the two hundred and fifty applicants passed the examination for Clark University. The standard for admission is said to be higher than that of Johns Hopkins.—*Daily Crimson*.

A new telescope has just been completed by Alvin Clark & Sons for Harvard University. It is to be used for photographing the stars.
Mr. Fisher, pastor of the college church, will go South on a six-months’ leave of absence for his health.

Rev. Dr. Hill of Portland, ex-President of Harvard College, delivered the last of the series of doctrinal lectures at Unitarian Church.

The project of a Massachusetts trip for our football team has been abandoned. It was found that the expenses would far exceed the receipts, and under the present state of our exchequer it was not thought advisable to make much outlay.

The Juniors have had another class picture taken since the last issue of the Orient.

The “only genuine” Bohemian Glass-Blowers held forth to delighted (?) audiences at the Town Hall for an entire week.

We regret to announce that the “young Prex” failed to get elected. He was buried beneath an avalanche of fourteen votes. It is needless to state that money flowed freely. In the future we would recommend that the Australian ballot system be tried.

The Freshmen have a foot-ball eleven in practice now, and expect to play the Westbrook Seminary soon. It is a very commendable step, as the formation of class elevens will serve to keep up the interest in the game, and will develop players for the college eleven.

The piano will not be placed in the gym until next term.

Weeks, ’90, has returned to college.

The Sunday Herald is now taken regularly at the reading-room.

A part of President Hyde’s Sunday address might be construed into a free “ad” for the Brunswick dames.

Dyer and Burr, ’91, are at home sick.

The new catalogues are out, and show the following number of students: Seniors, 37; Juniors, 56; Sophomores, 40; Freshmen, 45; Specials, 6; Medicals, 77; total, 261.

The number of books added to the library, this term, has been unusually large.

Hill, ’89, was in Brunswick for a short time, recently.

Professor Chapman delivered a very interesting address before the Y. M. C. A. on the 17th.

Quite a number of the students were attracted to Lewiston by Henry George’s lecture on “The Single Tax.”
We do not feel that it is an unreasonable demand that the students are making in regard to lighting the gym. Under the present condition of affairs it is practically useless, for from four to six o'clock, the period when most of the students have time for exercise, it is in total darkness, save, perhaps, for the glimmer of some philanthropic individual's candle. Every student is charged upon his term bill $2.00 for the gym, and true American instinct prompts us to ask if we are getting our money's worth.

Lee, '92, will teach at Phipsburg during the winter.

The Roxburys say that the Bowdoin rush line is the heaviest they have ever met. It averages more than the Harvards.

Bragdon, ex-'91, spent Sunday at Bowdoin.

Doherty and Thwing, '89, took in the foot-ball game with the Roxburys.

Offensive partisanship is rife in North Appleton. It even went so far, recently, as to burn the caudal appendage of a magnificent rooster which had been displayed in honor of the late election.

Two men were disabled on the Roxbury eleven during the game here—one by a sprained ankle, the other from an attack of colic, presumably caused by an unwonted dose of cold water.

Austin, '87, stopped over in Brunswick for a short time.

Erskine, '91, is to teach school at Solon for the remainder of the term.

The town boys gave a dance on Thanksgiving night in the court-room.

At last it has been about decided that Lyons, who was star-pitcher on the Syracuse nine, last year, will coach our ball nine this winter. He is highly recommended by Morrill of the Bostons, and is considered one of the most promising young pitchers in the country. If we can only get our pitchers into good working order, there is no perceptible reason why we should not make a good showing when the base-ball season opens.

Horne, '91, returns to the Pembroke High School.

Hardy will take up his duties as a teacher at New Sharon.

Those from Bowdoin who attended the Theta Delta Chi Convention at Boston were Webb, Riley, W. O. Hersey, and Hodgdon.

The failure of the "Gaiety" to appear was the occasion of some grief to the gallant youth on the campus.

We are glad to be able to state that the Hilton brothers will still continue to grace the foot-ball team, the interdict from their governor having been removed.

Professor Lee's absence was the cause of two adjourns and much rejoicing to the Biology division.

John Boyle O'Reiley will lecture here on December 10th. It is very seldom that we have an opportunity to hear anything really good in the line of lectures, plays, etc., and this will be an excellent occasion for the students, as well as for the worthy denizens of Brunswick to see that we can appreciate a thing of real merit as well as the third-class theatrical performances with which we are compelled to regale ourselves.

Some of the Juniors are reading "L'Abbé Constantine" as an honor course in French.

It is rumored that Rev. E. C. Guild will deliver another course of lectures before the students this winter. We sincerely hope that this is founded on fact, as his lectures last winter were highly appreciated.

Professor Ropes of the Bangor Theological Seminary addressed the Y. M. C. A. on Sunday, the 24th.

A part of the elective work in French for next term will consist of private readings in Faguet's "Etudes sur le XIXe Siècle."

The Juniors held a class meeting for the election of officers, but failed to arrive at any definite conclusion.

There will be a series of six assemblies held after the close of the dancing school.

The next meeting of the Debating Club will be held December 17th. The subject for discussion is: Resolved, That the public money should not be appropriated by the government for internal improvements. Affirmative—W. R. Hunt, Negative—H. C. Wingate, O. C. Scales, O. K. Newman.

The unfortunate aspirants after literary fame are now reminded of their failings in a personal interview with the powers that be, instead of by letter, as formerly.

Pendleton, '90, will teach at Hillside this winter, coming in on the train every night to attend to his trade.
'33.—Major Nathan Weston, of Dorchester, Mass., died at his home in that city, Monday, November 11th. Major Weston came from a distinguished Maine family, his father having been chief-justice of the Supreme Court for many years. Major Weston graduated from Bowdoin in 1833, and chose the law as a profession, which he practiced many years successfully both in Maine and in Boston until he retired. In the Mexican War he served as paymaster under General Taylor. In early and middle life Major Weston filled many responsible positions in the gift of the Democratic party in Maine. He was an uncle of Chief-Justice Fuller, of the United States Supreme Court, and a gentleman of high intellectual attainments and strict integrity. Major Weston leaves a widow and several sons.

'38.—Solomon Bates Starbird, whose death at Denver, Col., September 29, 1889 has not been previously reported in this column, was born in Fairfield, Maine, October 1, 1832. He began teaching at the early age of seventeen and defrayed in this way the expenses of his preparatory course which he took at the Somerset Academy. The four years following his graduation from college, he spent in teaching, the first at the Cherryfield Academy, the last three in New York City. In September of 1862 he enlisted in the 127th New York Volunteers, as a private, was commissioned second lieutenant in June, 1864, and was mustered out in the fall of 1865 as first lieutenant of the 55th Massachusetts Volunteers. In 1866 he married Miss Hannah E. Judkins, of Cornville, Me., who also served in the war as a regularly enlisted nurse, and again engaged in teaching at Tarrytown, N. Y., with David S. Rowe, class of 1838, at Claverack, N. Y., and at Newark Academy. He had meantime been engaged in the study of law and was admitted to the bar at Albany, N. Y., in May, 1868. In 1869 he removed to Plattsmouth, Neb., where he acted as topographical engineer for the Burlington & Missouri Railroad. He also practiced his profession here and for a time was principal of the high school. In 1876 he removed to Colorado, and the remainder of his life was given to mining and mining interests, his home being at Canon City until May of the present year, when he went to Denver. He soon contracted typhoid fever which terminated after a prolonged illness in his death, September 29th. Mr. Starbird lived an honorable and useful life and leaves to his widow and two sons precious memories of kindness and faithfulness.

'59.—Hon. George W. Merrill, recently United States Minister to the Sandwich Islands, made a brief visit to the college last week. Mr. Merrill now intends to pursue the practice of his profession in San Francisco.

'84.—William Cothren has been elected a member of the American Society of Electrical Engineers. Mr. Cothren is with the Edison Electric Light Company in New York.

'85.—Eugene Thomas, who has been practicing law in Boston for several years, has settled in Fort Payne, Alabama.

'87.—C. J. Goodwin, who has been studying at Johns Hopkins for the last two years, has been elected a member of the American Oriental Society.

'87.—W. L. Gahan is in charge of the Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium at Chattanooga, Tenn.

'87.—At a recent court of the Boston University Law School E. T. Little was one of the associate judges. E. B. Burpee was counsel for the plaintiff and R. W. Goding, '88, counsel for the defendant.

COLLEGE WORLD.

It is quite complimentary to the Faculty of Bowdoin College that two of its members were invited to accompany the United States expedition to South Africa under charge of Professor Todd, of Amherst, to observe the eclipse of December 22d. Professor C. C. Hutchins was asked to assist in the astronomical work and Professor L. A. Lee, who served as chief naturalist successfully in the last scientific expedition to the Pacific, was requested to conduct deep-sea dredgings, while the main party was engaged inland. Both Professors felt unable to accept, on account of their college duties, the invitation to join what will doubtless be a pleasant as well as profitable expedition.

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W. Noyes of Chicago, the maker of Dictionary Holders, sends upon receipt of a two-cent stamp to pay postage, a series of very pretty blotters of most excellent quality. One has a cut of a little drum-major caput at the head of two long columns of Dictionary Holders, and this is his speech: "I am a quiet little 'drummer' for the Noyes Holders. It is my mission to call attention to the fact that these are the only Holders that have strong springs to hug the book firmly together, thus keeping the dust out of the upturned edges. The possession of Noyes' Dictionary Holders has made about 125,000 families happy and accurate in the use of words. Buy a Noyes Dictionary Holder from your bookseller and see how much more frequently you will refer to the dictionary."

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SAMUEL THURSTON, 3 Free Street Block, PORTLAND, ME.
We begin in the next issue a series of articles by a recent alumni. Their aim generally will be to tell something of those pursuits into which the newly-fledged graduate enters, their relative advantages, how a fellow feels, and what he must do. We have the promise of an article from Daniel E. Owen, '89, now in Andover Theological Seminary, and feel safe in announcing one from the strong and racy pen of Bill Emery, '89, now with the Lowell Evening Citizen. We also hope to be able in our next issue to announce one from Geo. Files, '89, at Johns Hopkins University, and Earl Merrill, '89, now with the Edison Electric Light Company, New York City. Mr. F. L. Staples, who was Managing Editor of the Orient last year, will, undoubtedly, take pity and give us something on the legal profession. Those of us who are nearest graduation will here have a good chance to cast about us and see what particular form of obliquity is best adapted to our individual tastes.

Professor Smith's course is now admirably arranged. In Junior year it consists of two terms of English History, studied according to the modern method of individual research and comparative reading, and one term of Myer's Mediaeval and Modern History. The
Senior fall is given to the study of American History and American politics, the aim being to trace the growth of the political parties and the issues which have divided them down to the present day. During the remainder of the Senior year, two terms each are given to the study of Political Economy and Woodrow Wilson’s new book on “The State.”

There is, in addition, a special course in Political Economy, limited to four or five, which consists in weekly essays on assigned topics. It is wholly a matter of personal research, and thus applies in its true form the ultra-modern system of higher education.

Certainly, one ought to come out from a two years’ course like this better prepared for intelligent citizenship.

At the conclusion of an exchange note which certainly ought to be gratifying to the present ORIENT board, The Dartmouth makes the following criticism: “The prose articles are too heavy and dull for the taste to which they are supposed to cater.” We admit the criticism, and would supplement it by a few hints to our contributors and readers, and also to the editorial board of one of our contemporaries to which we cannot but believe the same would even more aptly apply, namely, the Bates Student.

College journalism is progressive, as is the life it represents. It was not so very many years ago that Commencement parts and prize essays were largely given to dabbling in those abstruse philosophical and religious questions which were hazy enough even to the instructors themselves. This has largely passed away, we may say wholly in the larger and more progressive institutions. But the progress has by no means been confined to any one phase of the college system; it has permeated its entire fabric, entering into college journalism with the rest.

From this it follows that the measure of a college journal’s practicalness, the measure, in other words, in which it deals with the actual issues and events of its own and other institutions, is the measure of its standing in the college world. Every article that is published in the old essay line is a relic of another day. We would by no means deny that a good literary criticism or a good discussion of any popular topic is admissible anywhere, but it is of the utmost importance that it be imbued with the true college spirit, and the extreme rarity of such productions is enough to debar them altogether from being incorporated into a general rule.

We suspect, however, that The Dartmouth failed to take into account the fact that in the absence of a “Bowdoin Lit.,” the ORIENT is compelled to perform a double function. Nevertheless, were it not for the fact that we have found from past experience that any too radical move toward the abolition of “heavy” articles invariably arouses the chronic kicker (a gentleman whom our Dartmouth friends have doubtless met), we would have made the change long ago.

The following illustrates the absurd attitude taken by some writers on this question of college journalism. We find it in the College Rambler, clipped from the University Mirror: “The college journal is too much confined to local and scholastic topics. This is error . . . the literary department of the college journal, and the editorial pages may properly be devoted to any popular subjects, and should be made interesting, instructive, and readable, as any other journal.” The writer also suggests that college papers should secure some eminent person to write a series of articles regularly for its columns.

This entirely misconceives the function and resources of the college paper. There is an amusing inconsistency in such an article’s appearing in a publication entitled “Mirror.” True it is that it is the sole function of the
college sheet to reflect college life, and we are of the opinion that if the latter paper were to follow the advice of the article it prints, it would not be the lively publication it is.

The writer speaks of "popular subjects." What are popular subjects? They must be such as are treated in the great reviews of the country. Such being the case, it is manifestly absurd to suppose that any rational being is going to expend his time over the empty platitudes of the undergraduate, while the Forum and the North American Review are at hand. The average undergraduate article upon such topics is not worth reading. It cannot be, from the nature of things; it lacks ripeness of thought and, above all, the weight of a known personality. So when the writer speaks of their being made "interesting, instructive, and readable as any other journal," he shows that he has had but little experience in looking over college manuscript. His proposition, that an eminent writer be secured, is impracticable in the extreme. In the first place any one who can write anything in those lines which is worth reading can find enough who will pay him for it, and, if the college paper secure his services, where is the money coming from? In the second place it would be to turn every college journal into a mongrel review, a department of literature that is already overcrowded.

There is but one sphere for the college paper, and that is college life and college issues. "Cobbler, stick to thy last."

The agitation of the question of reducing the college course from four to three years seems to us an unhealthy indication. The degree of A.B. means little enough now, to say nothing of the promiscuous granting of higher degrees, a custom which has called forth much foreign criticism.

The question would naturally arise as to which end of the course the year will be taken from. Certainly not from the latter, for that would be to degrade the college into a high school. There are enough so-called colleges already. Again, even under the present system, it is impossible for a man to break the ice in all the seemingly essential fields which open up in the last two years.

If not from the latter end, then from the former. That would mean building an inverted pyramid. Even now grave doubts arise in the minds of prominent educators as to the adequacy of the Greek, Latin, and Mathematical foundation. From our own experience and observation we feel that it is certainly meagre enough.

There could be but one result of such a move. It would induce superficialness. So far from believing that such a step will ever be taken, we are inclined to the opinion that any change must be in the opposite direction; for as civilization advances the field of knowledge is broadened and the demands upon learning are increased; while, at the same time, wealth and leisure, the prerequisites of all higher education, are becoming more and more.

Sundry impressions of cold feet have been forcing upon us, of late, the advisability of expending some of the money taken at the annual Athletic Exhibition for carpeting the bath-room in the Gym. A cold floor has no affinity for a sole of fine sensibilities, which will doubtless explain the fact that Orient men are proverbially dilatory regarding Gym work. This calls to mind a little incident of last year in which the last Managing Editor played a prominent part. It appears that that august gentleman was much annoyed at having his literary labors broken in upon by the hours for physical culture, and when the announcement of compulsory Gym came out he was in dire perplexity. At about the same time, however, a new elective, Bible Study, was announced.
Happy thought! He would see which the Faculty of Bowdoin College considered of the most importance: the body or the soul. Acting on this impulse he forthwith repaired to the "powers that be," and made the proposition that if they would excuse him from Gym he would take Bible Study as an extra. The "powers" smiled serenely and decided in favor of the body. The ORIENT man came sadly back to his room, and, ever since Commencement has been trying to find out upon whom the joke fell, himself or the "powers."

Senator Edmunds is promulgating an idea for the establishment of a national university at Washington. He suggests that, as the Catholics have one university at that city, this should be Protestant. Any such move as the establishment, under the care of the government, of a denominational institution would be in direct opposition to American spirit, and never would meet the approbation of the leading thinkers of either of the great branches of religious faith. The Catholics will never be induced to abdicate their erroneous position upon the public school question by any such one-sided measure as this. It appears Mr. Edmunds was antedated by about a century in his proposition, by a no less personage than George Washington, who made bequests to the amount of $125,000, for a similar purpose. The endowment, through some mismanagement, has been lost sight of, but without doubt, if Mr. Edmunds introduces his bill into the Senate, the government will take some measures to look the matter up.

The recent informal dance at Town Hall is reported as having been a very satisfactory event. The action of some of the Faculty and their wives in co-operating with the students for the introduction of a higher social status, cannot be too highly com-

mended. The same may be said of a prominent Brunswick clergyman, who has so often showed his identification with student interests. Their presence imparts dignity and tone to the whole affair, and will doubtless tend to eliminate sentimentalism. The lack of normal relations between town and college society has kept more than one student away from the institution. If the people of the church on the hill would break their shells, and show half the open-heartedness toward the stranger-student that those of a little society down town do, the term "college church" would not be the misnomer it is.

After our last issue, we received the following from an alumnus. Perhaps there is no more effective way of making up for the incompleteness than by publishing the letter:

Editor of ORIENT, Bowdoin College:

Dear Sir,—I was both glad and sorry to see your spirited editorial on Tom Reed (our possible next President)—glad because you praised him, but sorry that on the glory roll you did not mention Everett, who is one of the prince of thinkers in these late days: Howard, one of the very great soldiers of the late war, in history it is safe to say; Kimball, known all over the civilized world for his life-saving work; these if no more!

Yours Truly,

We were especially favored in being able to meet—some of us personally—Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly, the greatest of Irish-Americans, and to listen to his eloquent lecture. The impromptu gem which he so gracefully dropped in chapel ought to be especially gratifying. His checkered career, of which we give in this issue the veriest outline, would almost carry one back to the days when romance was a reality.

Amherst College received a silver medal for her exhibition at the Paris Exposition.
THE POEMS OF OSSIAN.

Whatever opinions may be held as to the authenticity of Ossian's poems, there certainly can be little dispute regarding their poetic beauty. Fragmentary, declamatory, and often bombastic, they nevertheless contain many fine passages. They are full of romance and of a wild, fitful melody. Ossian shows a marked appreciation of nature. He abounds in picturesque figures, and some of his descriptions are truly Homeric. Most of his illustrations are drawn from the natural forces at work around him. He speaks as a poet whose soul has been impressed and molded by the grandeur of the Scottish highlands. Earth, sea, and sky supply him with simile and metaphor. Listen as he sings of a beautiful woman:

"If on the heath she moved, her breast was whiter than the down of Cana; if on the sea-beat shore, than the foam of the rolling ocean. Her eyes were two stars of light. Her face was heaven's bow in showers. Her dark hair flowed round it, like the streaming clouds. Thou wert the dweller of souls, white-handed Srinadona!"

As naturally would happen in an early and half-barbaric age, Ossian's poems deal chiefly with war and with the chase. His verse is simple and vivid, and remarkably free from faults. The poems are neither blood-thirsty nor immoral. Even the most warlike strains show little of that ferocity which sometimes appears in the heroes of Homer. In spite of the petty feuds and injustices which they often describe, their tone is elevated and inspiring. Ossian is emphatically a poet of nature, and to this fact is due much of the lofty spirit of his writings.

His apostrophe to the sun furnishes a good illustration of his style:

"O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall: the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art forever the same; rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests; when the thunder rolls, and the lightning flies; thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm."

It is not fair to Ossian to compare him with modern poets whose works are composed in quiet and seclusion. To do so is like placing wild heather blossoms beside carefully-nurtured exotics. We should demand of the Celtic bard no more metaphysics than we do of Homer. We should only ask, "Do these songs have the ring of true poetry?" A candid reader will acknowledge that they do. They are called bombastic; and, to a certain degree, they are. A warlike bard singing to exultant victors would not be likely to prime his songs with fastidious precision. In his ringing lines there is more breezy freedom than in the carefully-finished productions of many a modern poet.

Picture to yourself a circle of warriors gathered on the dark hill-side around the fire of glowing oak, with its ruddy light flashing fitfully from their polished arms; or the rude banquet in the long low hall lit by streaming torches and by the huge logs blazing on the hearth. Such were the scenes amidst which we may imagine that these songs were first heard.

Ossian was a wild singer, and he sang to a wild age. The Celtic warriors who listened to him were half-civilized mountaineers, yet they had the hearts of men. Literary taste may vary with culture, but the human soul is the same forever, and only that which stirs it deserves the name of poetry. The fiery, impulsive Highlanders who rolled back from their native hills the tide of Roman conquest, were as truly susceptible to poetic influence as the refined dwellers of the Eternal City. As the foremost bard and expo-
nent of the sentiments of this race, Ossian is worthy of a high rank among the early poets of the world.

THE FOUNTAIN.

"Clear as this spring," the lover cried,
"Pure in its love, is my heart, untried;
And from that fountain my love for thee
Shall flow, like this brook, to eternity."

From the moss-girt spring in the birches' shade,
The stream gurgled out through the forest glade,
And glided, sparkling with twist and turn,
'Neath mossy logs and arches of fern.

Two lovers stood close by the fountain's brink,
And vowed that their love a constant link,
Like brook and river, should ever be,
Of their lives to the sea of eternity.

The summers were gone like the morning's mist,
The sunbeams to the moss and the fern beds kissed,
For the wood that o'erhung where the streamlet ran
Had bowed its head to the will of man.

The hills were stripped of their stalwart pride
The ground was bare; the fountain dried;
But 'en though the waters were drained from the sea,
The lovers had loved to eternity.

TOM REED AS A COLLEGE BOY.
WHAT KIND OF A FELLOW IT TAKES TO MAKE A SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE.

It was in the autumn of 1856 that Tom Reed came straggling up from the old Brunswick depot to matriculate as a Freshman of Bowdoin College. He was not what, according to modern nomenclature would be called a dude, nor would the Brunswick fair have singled him out from the verdant herd as a subject for conquest. He was a tall, slender, round-faced, brown-eyed stripling of seventeen, erect of posture, but awkward and overgrown—a very unpretentious being, but bearing the germ of genius. Nor would we have our readers infer that he was of uncouth manner or slouchy apparel. He only gave that impression of general too-muchness which is characteristic of all youth who grow fast and big.

His chief characteristic as a Freshman was what we now call "brashness"; or, to make the term more intelligible to the folks at home, he was not inclined to conform to the rigor of Sophomoric tyranny. In consequence he was subjected to all the popular indignities of the time, and we doubt not that if he had entered under the efficient discipline of the '91 regime he would have been among the first to encounter the annual "line storm." But as the "era of good-feeling" has arrived, we hold that as a forbidden subject, and will proceed.

The first indication of what was in the man occurred during his Sophomore year. It was on the occasion of a joint debate between the old Athenæan and Peucinian societies. His speech was a revelation. In that hard, clear voice which, in these later days, the people of this nation have learned to know so well, he delivered an argument which at that stage of his development was masterly. It was his first essentially public speech. It was not impassioned or jerky, but was fine in diction and delivered in an even, well modulated tone which held the college in admiration not unmixed with surprise. From that time on he was recognized by all the classes as a fellow of superior ability.

As a scholar he always took high rank. One of his classmates, himself now eminent, writes of him thus: "In answer to your question about Mr. Reed, I should say he was always an excellent general scholar at school and at college. While I remember no sign of deficiency in the sciences and mathematics, the impression remains that he excelled more in languages, literature, and philosophy." In the latter study he was particularly proficient, his recitations in Butler's Analogies being something remarkable. The
same classmate writes: "He was a man who made marked and rapid progress in growth and development during the period of his college course, of large resources, following his own tastes in reading, of original thought and expression, pursuing his own purpose in his own way, and bold and aspiring,"—a clear, brief, and comprehensive characterization of a strong personality. At graduation he won an English Oration.

He was not what, in college, is termed a "popular" man. He was too independent and self-willed for that; and, withal, he was somewhat impudent, in fact, decidedly so, and his tongue sometimes got him into scrapes, which, as some say, led to vigorous muscular application. He is spoken of as having been "combative, physically and mentally." But, while not popular in the strictly college sense of the word, which is sometimes, though not always, empty, he was nevertheless held in warm regard by his own set, those who knew him best; and he was by no means un-popular with the rest of the college. He was "generally respected and admired."

Not "fast," he was still "one of the boys." He was one of those fellows who can join a circle of friends of a Saturday night and while away the evening in a roaring good time; contributing his quota of stories, jokes, and repartee, with that drawing combination of sarcasm and wit which has showed itself so frequently in his public career. He had a keen sense of the ridiculous and none could be more companionable or more quickly raise a laugh.

One of the oddest, and, albeit, the most characteristic features of his college course (for it was the very expression of dry humor), was his connection with an organization which styled itself the Pentagon Club. It consisted, as its name signifies, of five members, of whom the other four were L. G. Downes (father of his own son "Crip"), W. D. Haley, W. Craig, W. D. Crowell. It was essentially a social society, but its chief, or, at least, its most obtrusive feature was its musical element. Each of the other four had a voice as soft and melodic as that of Mr. Reed, and like him, neither of them could sing a tune to save his life. It was the custom of these illustrious gentlemen to meet at stated times and sing the songs of the good. It goes without saying, that the strains were neither

"Tuned to soft Æolian pipings," nor did they

"Sit gently like the voice of Spring."

He was not a "ladies' man." We have consulted all the social landmarks of the town, and in not one of them did there arise the tremulous flutter of waking recollection at the mention of his name. That is conclusive. If he had any "best girls" they must have all been at the "Forest City." Whence there flashes upon us, like a faint gleam of hope, the startling fact that a man's future greatness does not depend on his popularity in Brunswick society. Encouragement for the non-elect!

Hon. Thomas B. Reed is a man who brings honor to himself, his Alma Mater, his State, and his country. We trust that from these random patches, caught from the canvass of his college life and served up in the somewhat flippant style that they are, the thoughtful student may yet glean a few lessons, namely: that he was, first, a diligent and faithful student; secondly, a fellow who entered with the true spirit of youth into the molding social relations of college life; and thirdly, that he was a man of strong independence.

Mr. S. M. Sayford of Boston has been arousing great religious interest at Princeton. Mr. Sayford is sent out by the students of Amherst for the purpose of awakening a more vigorous Christian life in college men.
JOHN BOYLE O’REILLY AT BRUNSWICK.

HE ATTENDS MORNING CHAPEL—FRIENDSHIP FOR A PROMINENT CITIZEN OF BRUNSWICK— SOMETHING OF HIS CAREER—A LIFE THAT READS LIKE A ROMANCE.

Mr. O’Reilly is of peculiar interest not only as a man of high culture and exceptional talents, but still more as the representative of one of the most conspicuous elements of American society. We have to thank his friendship for Captain Jordan for the opportunity of listening to his eloquent evening lecture. On the following morning he attended chapel and upon invitation spoke as follows:

Gentlemen of the College,—I esteem it a great pleasure to be able to meet you this morning in a place hallowed as it is by so many fond and inspiring recollections. This college and campus are sacred ground. It was twenty years ago that I first became interested in Bowdoin College, when, at the invitation of my old friend, Captain Jordan, I attended a Commencement here. At that time I made the acquaintance of many Bowdoin graduates now conspicuous in national and civil life, and became strongly attached to the old institution.

Gentlemen, I both envy and congratulate you on the opportunities which you now enjoy of studying in a place that brought forth the greatest literary light of the nation— and that long list of men whose recollections follow like a train of glory. It is an inspiration. One cannot even be here without imbidding something of their spirit, just as men in Florence took on learning from very contact with a place that held such men as Savonarola and the Medici. So in Boston one cannot but esteem it a special favor to be able to meet upon the street such men as Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell— where all seem touched by a common glory. Gentlemen, I again congratulate you as students of an institution with such an unbroken and brilliant line of alumni. [Hearty cheers].

The following is a very brief and imperfect sketch of his career: John Boyle O'Reilly was born at Dowth Castle, in Meath County, Ireland, on the 28th of June, 1844. From childhood he showed great proficiency as a writer. Having finished his education in the public schools, he obtained a position as apprentice on the Drogheda Argus, and at the age of seventeen, went to England where he continued his journalistic work. One year later he enlisted as a trooper in the Tenth Hussars, otherwise known as the "Prince of Wales' Own." However, young O'Reilly had no idea of fighting long for his country's oppressor, and in the spring of 1866 was arrested for high treason. In June of the same year he was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment in Millbank prison, London, but in October, 1867, was transported to finish his sentence in the penal colonies of West Australia.

After a short confinement at Fremantle on the Swan river, Mr. O’Reilly was removed to "the bush." His new quarters were much pleasanter than the two former had been. Although compelled to associate with criminals he was allowed a little hut by himself, and was treated much better than the majority of convicts. Most men would have made the best of these circumstances, and submitted. Not so with Mr. O’Reilly. He determined to have liberty or perish in the attempt to gain it. Accordingly, in the dead of night, he escaped and put to sea in a small row boat. He was picked up by the New Bedford whaling bark Gazelle, and after being on board of her for eight months, he was transferred to the Sapphire, and taken to Liverpool. It was at this place that he was introduced to Capt. F. C. Jordan of Brunswick, who brought him to Philadelphia. The night before they arrived at their destination, Mr. O’Reilly took his pen just before retiring and scratched off these lines:

To Capt. F. C. Jordan of the Bombay, with a sincere wish for his welfare and happiness,—This little piece, worthless as it is, is written with every feeling of gratitude and esteem.

J. BOYLE O'REILLY.

Delaware Bay, Nov. 19, 1869.

THE BOMBAY.

Fair to look on, strong and graceful, but as strong as flexible steel—

True and trusty is the Bombay, from her royals to her keel.
Like a slave who loves his master, ever eager to fulfill
Every task imposed, she answers to her brave commander's will.
As a maiden trusts her lover, so she trusts, as if she knew
That his wisdom was her safeguard, and his love her guardian, too.

May the great waves neverwhelm you, may the howling squall pass o'er,
And still leave you riding proudly, good, and trusty as before.
May you bear your master always as through perils passed away;
And whatever sea you sail upon—God speed you, old Bombay.

Arriving in Philadelphia he at once walked up to the United States Court, and in less than two hours after landing in this country, John Boyle O'Reilly was an American citizen. He spent two days in Philadelphia, a month in New York, and January 1, 1867, he took up his abode in Boston where he has resided ever since. He soon got a position on the Boston Pilot, the paper of which he is to-day editor and part owner.

Mr. O'Reilly first gained distinction by his racy magazine articles on Australian life. It was then that he first came prominently forward as a poet. It should be remembered that this was about the period at which Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Holmes, and Lowell were at their best. The outlook seemed anything but cheering to the young writer. But step by step he arose to the proud position which he holds to-day, of one of America's leading poets.

Mr. O'Reilly has written something over a hundred poems, many of which stand in the foremost ranks of American literature. Among his poems, those which particularly strike our fancy are: "The Statues in the Block," "From the Earth a Cry and Her Refrain," published in 1881, and "In Bohemia," "A Lost Friend," and "The City Streets," in 1886. His last work, "In Bohemia," is by far the best of his three books of poems. He also takes high rank as a prose writer. In 1879 he published his celebrated novel "Moodyne," a tale of West Australian life. His "Ethics of Boxing and Manly Sport," it is safe to say, is the finest work of its kind ever written.

THE BLACK DEATH.

THE QUEST.

'Twas at a masquerading ball
That Harry sought his fair,
How well he knew, e'en though disguised,
His love with golden hair.

THE REQUEST.

They promenaded arm in arm;
His heart was beating fast.
At length his courage came to him,
He "popped" to her at last.

THE CONQUEST.

She nestled closer as they walked,
Her warm hand pressed his own;
The tender glance of those black eyes
Showed that the maid was won.

THE INQUEST.

The verdict of the coroner,
When cause of death was asked:
"This man expired in a fit
When the nigger girl unmasked."

STOLEN MOMENTS.

There are times in one's life which I call stolen moments. They are times when the mind breaks out of the slackly-fenced lane of application, and capers about like a young colt, over bush, bramble, and meadows green, until from sheer exhaustion it returns to one's side, panting and subdued.

There is a pensive quiet in the later evening in which the world seems doing penance for the clamor of the day. The rustle of my chum, gently thumbing the leaves of his book, the tireless humming of the fire, or the indistinct peal of laughter from an adjacent room are all the sounds I hear. I toast my feet before the grate and calmly give way to my thoughts. They fly like the
wind, as aimless and as uncontrolled. I think of the many souls who stand before the loom.
day after day, week after week, year after year, with no other hope or aspiration for the
morrow, until the mind becomes shriveled and parched, and they themselves are little
more than the machine which they direct—
a decline of individuality, the latest invention of the age. I think of the courts of kings
and the castles of lords and barons—the men who say they have a right to rule. Right!
who gave them the right? Is the oxygen they breathe any purer, and do the laws of
thought and self-development make a special dispensation in their behalf? I think of the
hot cheeks and sparkling eyes which fill a
thousand ball-rooms to-night. I think of the
camp and the field. I think of the myriad
homes of earth, those social units about which, glowing with love or squab with
crime, clings the future of the race. I think
of other colleges and other students, and,
finally, my thoughts come back home like a
wayward child. What is all this? Some
call it humanity; some call it society. But
whither does it tend? England's laureate
doubts not “that through the ages one increas-
ing purpose runs.” But I would thank him a thousand times if he would tell me just
what that “purpose” is, in terms so specific
that I could find my place therein. Am I
sure that I know what progress is? Am I sure
that I shall not struggle blindly on for a life-
time only to find out at the end that all my
work has been one of retardation and failure?
But these impalpable visions are like the
plan without the builders. Come back, my
prodigal fancy, and lend to this dry book
your charm! Your stolen moment has fled.

Did you never come on the campus, up
the main walk, of a bright, moonlit evening,
and mark the sombre beauty of the scene?
It is a fitting beauty; an intellectual beauty.
It takes the mind back to earlier days, when
the nation's great paced those halls and well-
known walks. It is a beauty that is fruitful
of suggestions; suggestions of the past and
suggestions of the future. Will we come
back in thirty or forty years and find the
same old building standing there; the same
old room and the notch in the window-sill.
Where then will be those strong men who
now are leading us? Will they still be here,
leading a serene and fruitful old age; or will
they be slumbering in yonder church-yard,
while their names are cherished in fond mem-
ory like the Cleavelands, the Smythes and
the Packards of days gone by?

“THOSE SLY FRESHMAN!”
ANOTHER ARGUMENT FOR WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

Those sly Freshman! They were so determined
not to be hazed at their first class meeting. They
took every precaution—perhaps they had need to—and successfully excluded the smooth-tongued Soph-
omore ambassadors who in vain protested that their
intentions were peaceful. Alas! of what avail was it?
Too late they learned that '92 was establishing a
precedent and had for once spoken the truth. How-
ever, the news was broken to them gently by ingen-
ious '92 and an enormous bunch of snowy chrysan-
themums restored peace and amiability—amiability
that is the sign and symbol of the good feeling which,
throughout all time, is to be felt between Wel-
lesley Sophomore and Freshman classes. It might
also be added that the Sophomore president has
gained a new title in honor of the great event. It is
president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty
to Freshman.—Wellesley Prelude.

Yes, “sly,” O-o-ough! What an ex-
quisite choice of a word! It is so easy to see
the little Freshman girlings, “sly” as white
mice, seeking to avoid the palaver Sopho-
more. “They took every precaution,” not
to be hazed—and how the little expletives
must have flew! Ah, for just one chance at
that dainty pout to change it to a dimple!
And then when they thought all was well,
how they pressed their hands and blinked
and purred and rubbed against one another
like well-disposed pussies in ecstacies with a
table leg! But after all, blood, or at least tears,—ough, how sacrilegious!—must flow, for those "smooth-tongued Sophomore ambassadors" had to interfere. "Smooth-tongued"! and whose general smoothness would no doubt exhilarate the Northman like the smoothness of the smooth old mediæval wines—make him drunk with smoothfulness, as the modern novelist would say.

But too late the poor deluded Freshmen were gently informed by "ingenious '92" that they must not be too exclusive, must conform to the wisdom of their elders and accept with docility their unselüfish presence and generous, broad-gauge suggestions. How naturally and admirably was amicability forever thus established between the Wellesley lower classes! What stronger evidence of the power of the milk of human kindness could be adduced? Such wild hazing, but then, so gentle! Lots of chrysanthemums! pure, snowy chrysanthemums, like maidens' love,—so conciliatory! Internally this was perfectly delightful, and to give it all a finished public dignity the Sophomore president has a new title. It is the President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Freshmen.

What great, wicked times they must have had before the reconciliation!

(Fan us gently, please.)

THETA DELTA CHI CONVENTION.

The Forty-Third Annual Convention of Theta Delta Chi met at Young's Hotel, Boston, November 20-21 inclusive. The convention was composed of three delegates, one graduate, and two undergraduates from each charge acting with the officers of the Grand Lodge. Among other business a new constitution was adopted and a new charge established at Michigan University, Ann Arbor, Mich.

During the convention the chair intro-
duced Rev. J. F. Albion, Rev. George Ben-
edict, Gen. H. G. Thomas of the United States Army, Bowdoin, '58; Hon. Augustus R. Miller, Speaker of the Rhode Island House of Representatives, and many younger graduates, all of whom were warmly received.

At the closing session the following officers were chosen: President of Grand Lodge, A. L. Bartlett, Lambda; Secretary, Frederic Carter, Epsilon; Treasurer, J. C. Hallock, Delta. Editor of Song-Book, J. B. Benton; editor of Catalogue, O. S. Davis; editor of the "Shield," Clay U. Holmes.

The convention was brought to a close by the usual banquet. Eighty-one Theta Delts, representing the colleges and universities of the Middle and Eastern States were assembled.

Zeta charge presented the programme for the evening.

The orator was Gen. A. G. Thomas, Bowdoin, '58. His subject was "Reminisences of College Days," and many were the interesting stories he told of student life at "Old Bowdoin" way back in the fifties. Mr. O. S. Davis read a poem, entitled "The American Ideal."

Mr. Clay U. Holmes acted as toast-
master and the following toasts were re-
responded to: President Bartlett for the Grand Lodge; Seth B. Smith for the legal profession; O. S. Davis for the school-
master; Frederic Carter answered the chemical toast; C. W. Weber did honor to "The Ladies"; A. L. Coville to "Our Future" and M. L. Kimball to "Our Absent Ones."

At Yale the average age of the Freshman class is eighteen years and one month; the average weight is 130 pounds. The oldest man is thirty years and eight months, the youngest fifteen years and ten months. The heaviest man weighs 242 pounds, and is anchor on the Freshman Tug-of-War Team.
VERSE.

The Buccaneers
Who sailed the Spanish Main
In years gone by
Were wont to be profane.

They reveled, sung, and shouted,
Ate and drank.
For death and danger
Didn’t give a ——.

They —— the captain,
And he —— the crew;
If we had been there
They’d have —— us too.

They —— the weather,
—— each rope and sail;
They “—— their eyes,”
But it was no avail.

Their life was lawless;
Yes, ’twas very rank;
Their future may be
One eternal ——.

A MAID OF ATHENS.
She is pretty, she is charming, with her
airy ways and graces,
And her smile, so arch and winning, ’tis a
privilege to see.
Yet it fills my soul with madness, for this sweetest of all
faces
Seems to smile on countless others just as archly as on me.

And her dancing is perfection; scarce her form, in airy
motion,
Deigns to touch, but seems to float across the smoothly-
polished floor.

While I think, with sad dejection, of the aspect of devotion
That the rapt face of her partner, as they glided past me,
bore.

Yet the supreme satisfaction of some rival coolly slighted,
And from heaven earthward banished, without pity, oft is
mine;
For her smile, alas! ’tis fleeting; and sometimes her eyes
are lighted
By a gleam of independence, that her suitors can’t define.

In our report of the last debate we placed Mr.
R. H. Hunt as first on the affirmative and Mr. T. C.
Spillane as second. The order should be reversed.

A recent edition of the Globe stated that Toby
Lyons is coaching the Bowdoin base-ball nine. The
Globe is a little premature. Toby will strike the
campus about January 18th.

The question of a training table for the base-ball
candidates is being quite strongly agitated. It is a
good move and should be carried out by all means.

Cummings, ’90, has returned from his peda-
gogical duties at West Woolwich.

Webb, ’90, takes charge of the Brunswick depart-
ment of Bath’s new newspaper, the Enterprise.

Irate Gym Instructor (inspecting Senior squad, as
he spies a man clad in the garb of the peaceful citi-
zen) — “Mr. S., why don’t you dress for exercise
before presenting yourself upon the floor?” Culprit
(guiltily) — “I haven’t the time, sir.” Instructor —
“Haven’t the time, man! what would you do if you
belonged to a fire company?” Culprit (meekly) —
“Resign, sir.”

Bean, Erskine, Gateley, Guerney, W. O. Hersey,
Lambert, Lee, Noyes, Stacy, ’92, Stacy, ’93, and Stanley
have joined the ranks of Maine pedagogues.

Hand-ball is becoming quite a popular game at
Bowdoin. The nine practice it as a regular exercise,
and those who have tried it pronounce it a great
promoter of the muscular.

The Bowdoin Quartette sang in Augusta, Friday,
the 20th ult.

Prof. Chapmans to Sophomores, in Rhetoric, “No
bouquets, please.”

A good story has just leaked out in connection
with one of the Seniors who, with several other stu-
dents, attended a dance at West Woolwich some time
ago. The boys had purchased return tickets, and with
these carefully tucked away in their respective vest
pockets they were soon skimming merrily over the
floor in the mazes of the waltz, or losing themselves
and their partners in the intricacies of the quadrille.
During a lull in the music one of the party, becoming
restless, thrust his hand into his vest pocket and feel-
ing therein a piece of pasteboard, abstractedly pulled
it out and proceeded to tear it up into several hun-
dred minute fragments. All too late he discovered
that the piece of card which he had so recklessly
destroyed was nothing less than his return railroad
ticket. Fortunately, there was enough money in the
party to bring the absent-minded man safely home,
and now one of his friends takes charge of his ticket when he has occasion to travel.

Five of the Seniors, Chandler, Dennett, Hunt, Ridley, and Spillane will take a special course of Political Economy with Professor Smith next term.

The Orient some time ago published an alleged Freshman yell. It was published in good faith. The yell was whispered in the ear of the Orient man by a prominent member of '93. The yell was bogus. Thanksgiving gave to the world the following bit of originality:

Zoo kí rah da kée! Zoo kí rah da kée!
Zoo kí rah! Zío kí rah! Bowdoin, '93!!!

Good!

We feel it our sacred duty to insert, without the knowledge of our '91 editor, that when the times become so degenerate that a Freshman can stick a bogus class-yell into a Junior, we shall be under the painful necessity of calling a meeting of the Orient board and putting in a new man. The dignity of the publication must be maintained. Ah, there, Tom! Did we hear any one mention cigars?

Prof. Pease presided over the Sophomore examination in private reading from the writings of Juvenal, Friday, December 6th. Universal ten strike.

Bean and Wilson have resigned from the list of prize speakers. Their places will be taken by McIntyre and Gummer.

It is thought that the majority of the Seniors will take Professor Smith's new special elective, "The State," next term.

The fog-bell at the mouth of the Kennebec river can be plainly heard in Brunswick on some of these clear, cold mornings, although the sound has to travel a distance of more than twenty miles.

The Glee Club managers are contemplating increasing the club this year by the addition of four new men.

Who can explain why:
All the boys begin to sing when the director of the Glee Club appears?
The man who anticipates a "condition" wishes his term bill sent to himself instead of to pater?
Carrying a ton of coal up three flights of stairs cannot be substituted for an afternoon's work in the gym?
The student's account book (generally) indicates such vast consumption of kerosene and postage stamps?
We have hot water in the gym?
It is impossible to take a strike in French? Et cetera.

President Hyde occupied the pulpit of the Congregational church Sunday, December 5th, speaking from the text, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." Students who were "out of town," or "attended church elsewhere," missed a rare treat.

The lecture on "Eminent Irishmen of the Present Century," delivered by John Boyle O'Reilly in the Court Room, December 10, proved quite an attraction to the students, and many availed themselves of the opportunity of listening to the famous Irish orator. Wednesday morning Mr. O'Reilly addressed the students in chapel, alluding briefly to the many and illustrious men, especially men eminent in literature who have gone forth from the halls of Bowdoin.

Stanley, '93, of Glee-Club fame, is evidently something of a philosopher, as the following brief extract from a lecture attributed to him and published in the current number of the Academy Bell, Fryeburg Academy, would seem to indicate. President Hyde will undoubtedly find it of peculiar interest:

Scholars: The cosmical changes continually occurring, manifest a concatenation of causes for the multiform forms that present themselves for meditation and study. Cosmological philosophy demonstrates that force is persistent and hence is indestructible, therefore this indestructibility is grounded upon the absolute. To prove this to your entire satisfaction, it is only necessary for me to quote the following simple formula: "The absoluted and the abstracted elementisms of being, echo or reappear by analogy within the concreted elaborismus." I reject the theory of the eternity of matter, as well as the hypothesis of an infinite series, and contend that matter in its primal condition is but a term in a system of causations; that after illimitable duration passed through changes of manifold particularities which have ultimate in an endless multiplicity of forms, that have produced the present complicated condition of things.

Taken from a Senior's note-book, evidently a portion of his notes from a lecture on the "Canterbury Tales":

"Big dash out London—one grand booze—when Knight done, Miller drunk, told story—snotty yarns and 'Whidder Cliquot'—No satire."

A course of assemblies are among the possibilities of the winter term.

The late Jefferson Davis was made an LL.D. at Bowdoin Commencement of 1858. President Hyde in a few well-chosen words referred to the illustrious confederate leader in chapel on the morning following his decease.

The ever genial Sam Jackson entertained about twenty of his student friends at drive whist a few evenings ago. When time was called the tasty score
cards indicated that '91 was at the top of the heap—also at the bottom. Packard headed the list with John Hastings a close second, while Thompson's remarkably poor playing entitled him without a question to the "booby prize."

Rev. E. C. Guild addressed the Y. M. C. A., Sunday afternoon, December 8th. The address was of the first order.

A number of the students attended the select assembly given by several of the Brunswick young ladies, at the court room, December 12th. Dancing was enjoyed until a late hour, about twenty couples participating. An Augusta orchestra furnished music.

Professor Little recently received a letter from the librarian of the Lenox Library in New York, asking for an historical coalition of the two copies of John Elliot's Bible, both of which are upon the shelves of the Bowdoin Library. The coalition was wanted for an historical account of the work now being prepared for the Smithsonian Institute.

One of the most notable of the recent additions to the library is an annotated edition of English and Scottish ballads prepared by Professor F. J. Child of Harvard. The work is to be completed in eight volumes, six of which have already been received. The edition is valuable in point of scholarship, and as but one thousand copies are to be issued, Bowdoin feels fortunate in securing a set for the college book shelves.

The first themes of the winter term will be due January 22d. The subjects are as follows: Juniors—"Should Our Coast Defenses be Increased?" "Is a Closer Union of the Protestant Sects in America Feasible?" "The Sonnets of Wordsworth." Sophomores—"Maine in the Present Congress;" "Condition of Russian Exiles in Siberia;" "What are the Distinctive Characteristics of the Bowdoin Student?"

The Seniors have been taking their examinations in Mineralogy on the installment plan; likewise the Juniors their History.

The Juniors took their examination in Chemistry Monday instead of Friday, thus giving those who wished an opportunity to go home a day earlier than usual.

Horne, '91, who was to have taught in Pembroke this winter, is dangerously ill with congestion of the lungs.

Everything goes to prove that a man needs no exercise in the Gym Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Of course he doesn't. If he did, don't you suppose Professor Whittier would have those electric lights turned on in the gymnasium on the days in question?"

The duck pond has been sort of a rendezvous for the college and town boys recently. Those who have been there pronounce the skating fairly good.

The foot-ball men passed their Thanksgiving recess in Brunswick, expecting to walk away with the Andover team Thanksgiving day; but even our heavy rush-line could not withstand the fury of old Boreas and his snowy legions and the manager had to telegraph the Andovers not to come. However, a complimentary dinner tendered the eleven by Landlord Nichols of the Tontine, was quite instrumental in alleviating the ire of the disappointed foot-ball enthusiasts.

Gymnasium work has at last commenced and again the melodious one-two-three-four of the silver-voiced instructor can be heard in the latter part of the winter afternoon, re-echoing even in the utmost recesses of South Appleton. The Seniors and Juniors are this year wielding the single stick, while the Sophomores will choose later, between wands and dumb-bells, the Freshmen contenting themselves meantime with the intricate maneuvers of the Indian club. Squad work on the various pieces of special apparatus will be a feature of the gym requirements for the winter term.

President Hyde spoke in chapel last Sabbath evening upon Robert Browning, with eloquence that had a soul in it. He spoke of him as a man who sang the mystical strains of a great soul—a man whom the hot enthusiasm of youth could not profit by or appreciate. He advised the boys to treasure him up as one of the great, good friends yet to be known—a friend to whom they might go for counsel in those mighty crises of faith and experience which inevitably fall to the lot of the full man. The selection by the Glee Club which followed seemed to take up the same rich thought in another form. We are having great chapels this year, and the boys are tending out for all they are worth.

The Amherst chapel choir went out on a strike last week. The trustees have refused to appropriate the usual $200, and the choir would not sing without pay. They returned to their duties Tuesday and it is understood the Faculty will see the money is raised.—Ez.

The combined number of volumes contained in the libraries of American colleges and universities exceed 3,000,000.
'32.—Rev. Dr. C. A. Bartol will pass the winter in California.

'60.—Hon. T. B. Reed was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives on the second ballot. Mr. Reed is eminently fitted for the position, and has been the acknowledged leader of the Republican side of the House for a long time, and is noted as a brilliant and effective speaker.

'63.—F. A. Hill delivered a lecture before the York County Teachers' Convention at Biddeford, entitled "New England Primer Days."

'77.—Lieutenant R. E. Peary, U. S. N., is stationed at League Island, Penn.

'77.—Mr. Joseph Knight Greene and Miss Frances Lillian Newton were married in Worcester, Mass., December 12, 1889. Mr. and Mrs. Greene will reside at 59 Benefit Street, Worcester.

Ex-'80.—Mr. W. W. Northend, the architect, was burned out at the great fire in Lynn.

'81.—Dr. R. H. Greene of New York City, has been very successful in treating diseases of children. Dr. Greene has an article on sea air for children in the New York Medical Journal.

'84.—Dr. A. H. Brown has settled in New York City. Dr. Brown is medical examiner for the police forces of Boston and New York.

'85.—John A. Peters was married to Miss Cushman, of Ellsworth, November 20th.

It is little men care if maidens be fair,
And must pine and wither away;
It is off with the old love and on with the new,
And all hail to the queen of the day.

And there little or naught have maidens g'd a thought
Of the hearts that ache and must break;
It is off with the old love and on with the new,
And the old for the new to forsake.

But I know of two, whose hearts will be true
Till the course of life has been run;
It is on with the old love and on with the new,
For the old and the new love are one.

—Yale Courant.

The Princeton Glee Club will visit Florida during the Christmas vacation.

Ex-President Hayes has been delivering a series of lectures at Oberlin, on "Political Economy."

Lehigh has never conferred any honorary degrees whatever.

The Catholic students have founded a society known as the Yale Catholic Union. The aim of the society is principally literary, and all Catholics in the university are eligible to membership.—Exz.

In the University of Cambridge, England, there are twenty-one different colleges, each one of which has its individual boat crew and cricket team.

Cornell gave 358 scholarships last year.

The average annual expenses of the students at Harvard are $8,000, as the recent annual report shows.

Columbia is the wealthiest of American universities, and Harvard comes next, with property valued at something less than $8,000,000 and a yearly income amounting to $363,121.

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L. W. Noyes of Chicago, the maker of Dictionary Holders, sends upon receipt of a two-cent stamp to pay postage, a series of very pretty blotters of most excellent quality. One has a cut of a little drum-major cupid at the head of two long columns of Dictionary Holders, and this is his speech: "I am a quiet little 'drummer' for the Noyes Holders. It is my mission to call attention to the fact that these are the only Holders that have strong springs to hug the book firmly together, thus keeping the dust out of the upturned edges. The possession of Noyes' Dictionary Holders has made about 125,000 families happy and accurate in the use of words. Buy a Noyes Dictionary Holder from your bookseller and see how much more frequently you will refer to the dictionary."

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And curling by in silver wales
The tide is straining from the sea.

The grassy points are slowly drowned,
The water laps and over-rolls
The wicker peche, with shallow sound
A light wave labors on the shoals.

The crows are feeding in the foam,
They rise in crowds tumultuously,
"Come home," they cry, "Come home,"
Come home!
And leave the marshes to the sea.
—Daniel Campbell Scott.
We frequently hear from the man who says: "It doesn't make any difference what college you go to, for you learn anywhere." This argument is used with especial effectiveness in fitting schools to induce imppecunious students to attend inexpensive and characterless colleges, rather than those of more pronounced personality and larger expense. The statement unquestionably has the ring of plausibility, for we think no one can dispute the fact that one can acquire the facts and principles of a liberal education (using the term in its restricted sense) anywhere. In fact we are half inclined to the view that study in narrow institutions, or even in solitude, produces more accurate scholars than are to be found in the healthier currents of college life. Thus, we see that this argument carried out to its ultimate ends would lead to the conclusion that the college, *per se*, is valueless.

This idea entirely ignores at least half the value of a college education, that half whose result is the development of character. We once heard a graduate of one of the great New England universities say, that, without venturing any opinion as to the relative superiority of the two institutions, any one thoroughly conversant with the spirit of Harvard and Yale could, in nine cases out of ten, tell which of the two a man had been graduated from, from the general tenor of his character and conversation—so strong was the impress of the institution upon his individuality. If this be true of the great university, it is doubly so of the college.

An institution which has produced a long line of brilliant alumni, which has always had strong men in its Faculty, which possesses broad religious views and a general tendency toward liberalism is just so sure to leave the stamp of its personality on its graduates and produce a noble type of manhood as, in the physical world, the effect is sure to follow the cause.

We publish on another page an article that commends itself to the candid consideration of every society in college. Now that hazing has been abolished, the most crying evil with which the college has to contend is the intensity of society feeling. It is true that it does not possess the rancor that it did under the '87 regime, but it is still an evil and one which severely handicaps the institution in many ways. Its injurious effects are by no means confined to athletics; it materially affects the size of the classes. It was only the other day that we were talking with a Dartmouth alumnus, a resident of our own State and therefore a logical Bowdoin man, who said the chief reason which drove him out of the State was the fault of which we speak. We know of another, a sub-Freshman, now in Phillips Andover Academy, who is debating the question of coming to Bowdoin, but who will perhaps be driven to Amherst, instead, by this same thing.

We have "eat and slept" society feeling so long and seen the strongest men in college denounce and re-denounce it so often and then go into class meetings and show the same old spirit, that anything which has been or may be said assumes the nature of a platitude. But it is time to "take the bull by the horns." It is time for some society to show its true nobility of nature and adopt the plan which our contributor recommends in the article previously referred to. The key to the whole matter is there well stated. As long as any society or societies persist in making hogs of themselves the rest have to do the same in self-defense. They cannot stand seeing one society gobble everything without making a counter move; and thus men who by nature are above the whole business, are driven into little narrow, small-souled proceedings which are more worthy of primary school children than college students. They "want because others want."
As he has said, were any one society to wash
its hands of the entire system, the gluttons
would probably gorge themselves for two
or three years, but we entirely agree with
him that in the due course of time a reaction
would set in, and ultimately and infinitely
greater amount of honor would accrue to it
than could be obtained by any petty offices
within the gift of a class. An honor which
is the result of wire-pulling, contradicts it-
self and ceases to be an honor at all.

'Ninety-two have taken a bold stand on
the hazing question and boldly maintained
it, thus ridding the college of its greatest
evil. But another sore remains, and it lies
in the power of 'ninety-three to take the
initiative in its cure.

We do not pursue the right method of
raising money for athletics. The man
with a subscription paper is a nuisance. It
is a woman's way of doing business, and
savors of new church organs and vestry
carpets. The proper method is the one pur-
sued at Dartmouth and Amherst, where, as
we understand, the thing is done at public
meetings. Let the boys get on a little
healthy fervor, and make one or two ratting
speeches and the competitive pledges will
come in apace. At least they do elsewhere,
and if it is not the case here, it will only
show that college spirit at Bowdoin is not up
to the standard—an imputation which would
of course he indignantly repudiated. When
fortified by the four walls of his room it is
an easy matter for the student, that has not
yet got hold of the fact that a man owes
certain duties to the society in which he
moves as well as his own small soul, to turn
away the soliciting Treasurer with his modest
roll of names. He is not then frighted with
the enthusiasm which the public meeting
insires, nor is he called upon to back up
before the college the loud-mouthed pat-
riotism in which he is wont to deal. If we,
as students, are going to keep pace with the
liberal spirit which has been creeping in
along higher channels, we must not cling to
the old ruts and set down as a crank every
one who proposes anything different from
what our fathers did in the 'fifties; nor should
we crawl within the shell of our self-conceit
and kick out of the synagogue whoever tells
us the sober truth that in some things we are
way behind the times.

No more desirable feature could be intro-
duced into the annual Athletic Exhibition
than class Tug o' War contests. They
would be productive of keen interest to
spectators and intense excitement among
class partisans, while their efficiency for de-
veloping new men for the 'Varsity team would
be invaluable. Colby smarts under the defeat
of last season, and will undoubtedly lay for
us another field-day. We have the belts all
in readiness, and let us not be called up on
short notice, as we were a year ago.

Says the Echo: "Our exchanges come to
us this month loaded with foot-ball notes.
Some are exulting over victory, others are
trying to explain defeat, and all have sug-
gestions in abundance for the future. Colby
must take her place in the procession next
year, no matter what may be the cost in
broken noses and sprained ankles." That's
it. Now, Colby, your voice sounds natural.

The non-society men have become so con-
spicuous an element in the college, that
it might be deemed advisable to have them
represented upon the Orient board. We
await competition from them, and if they
manifest a sufficiently tangible desire, we
doubt not that the retiring board will show
the true spirit.
It is the purpose of this article not to enter into a formal discussion of the subject, but merely to ask and answer one or two essential questions in the way that it seems to the writer they should be answered.

In the first place what is the real object of theme-writing?

"To teach one to write" seems to be the most natural reply, and it is a good one as far as it goes. But it does not go far enough. Back of the writing there must be another and a more important process, viz., thinking. The two things are so closely united that it is impossible to separate them. The true purpose of theme-writing, then, is to teach one to express his own ideas with force and clearness.

Whenever a theme-subject is given out there are two ways of going to work upon it. One way, and an excellent one if rightly followed, is to read carefully some good article or articles upon the topic, and to write after thoroughly digesting the information thus obtained. The danger to which one is exposed in pursuing this method is apparent. One is likely to depend too much upon what he reads for his ideas, and to do too little independent thinking.

The second, and by far the better way, is to read only enough to get the bare facts, if the subject be an unfamiliar one. If the writer knows anything whatever about it, it is better for him not to read at all. Let him write the best theme he can from his previous knowledge of the topic. His composition may not be so smooth as it would have been had he pursued the former course, and it may not contain so much information, but it will certainly have done him much more good.

It will express his own thoughts, and not the thoughts of some one else.

If it be granted that the object of theme-writing is to foster the habit of independent thought, what plan should one follow in working out his ideas? To this question there can, of course, be no arbitrary answer. Every person has his own method, and must discover by experiment in what way he can work best.

To any who are in doubt as to what course to pursue, the following commonplace practical suggestions are offered:

I. Carefully consider the subject, and decide what particular phase of it you wish to discuss.

II. Make an orderly and connected plan of the theme, jotting down at the same time any detached thoughts that may suggest themselves.

III. Take this plan at some time when you are feeling in good condition, as for instance after a walk. At a single sitting write out a rough draft of the whole theme, trying to say exactly what you think and feel, and paying little attention to rhetorical style.

IV. Lay this draft aside for two or three days, and then take it up again. Read it over carefully, correcting any errors that there may be, and then re-write, paying close attention to minor points.

As has been said before, the first essential of good writing is clear thinking. Unless one is in the habit of treating his subject clearly and logically, he can hope for but little success in the field of literature. It is of more importance that the current of thought should flow on smoothly than that the current of language should do so. Carlyle is a good example of continuity of thought and roughness of language. His ideas follow one another in logical succession, but his sentences are often disconnected and abrupt. It is of far greater importance to think well.
than to write well. In the study of language and composition this point is liable to be lost sight of; too much attention is paid to form, and too little to matter. It is only when the two are harmoniously combined that the best results can be reached.

The man who has his ideas clearly in mind will find little trouble in expressing them, even though his vocabulary be limited. A clear thinker with a small vocabulary will excel a confused thinker with a large vocabulary, just as an able general with a small but well disciplined army will overcome an inefficient enemy whose forces are large but badly organized.

One should of course constantly read the best authors, and thus increase his stock of words. The first step for him to take, however, is to get perfect control over the words with which he is already familiar. Having done this he will then be qualified to increase his command of language and to become possessed of a varied and abundant vocabulary.

'Ninety-Three's Opportunity.
A FEW SOBER TRUTHS ON OUR SYSTEM OF CLASS ELECTIONS.

This is the season of the annual class elections, and the question occurs to us, What is the ideal attitude of a society toward these quarrelsome contests? Will it obtain the most honor and best preserve its dignity by hoeing in and distinguishing itself for wire-pulling abilities and office hauling, or is the better course for the delegations to calmly draw one side while the battle thickens, taking as a matter of course what may be given to them or taken from them in the way of petty class offices? In other words, Are the societies in intent or purpose office-capturing organizations? Theoretically and constitutionally they are probably not, but practically, under the present election conduct, they are.

No one better realizes how little he has gained for all his dragging and wrangling than when at the end of the struggle he comes to appraise the spoils, or rather, perhaps, comes to the performance of the office for which he and others have so fiercely fought, over which so much bad blood has been shown, and of which so much rancorous spirit, more or less personal and permanent, has been engendered. We believe, especially under the present circumstances, that mighty little profit or honor accrues to a society for filling with its men the offices of a class; for the discipline is no more than can be gotten in many other ways, and than the recollection of their execution nothing is more ephemeral. The Ivy-Day president or orator says his little say, and the people and the boys depart to forget within a week the detail of the whole affair.

The writer, who has been through the series of class elections up to the Senior year, and who thinks he has caught a glimpse or two of the beauties of some of the best class offices, pronounces the whole business, so far as any personal or society honor is concerned, a hoax. We venture the belief that if any society would be great-minded enough to quietly withdraw from these class contests, treating the wrangling for office as beneath its dignity, and taking merely what was conferred upon it by the will of the remainder of the class, that there would shortly result a marked change in the character of our class elections. For a while, no doubt, the swine would eat the swill, but we believe that they would ultimately perceive the worthiness and dignity of the position of their companion, and begin to put themselves in the same praiseworthy attitude, that is, an attitude of comparative indifference as to what particular offices the society should fill for a particular year.

If we realize the slight value of class offices in profit or honor, we find that the
desire for them must rest almost entirely in human perversity. A society dips into a contest for no more than to show its weight among the other belligerents, and to take from them and chuckle over a share of the disputed. It wants because another wants, and for the satisfaction of taking from him. For this only are our protracted and irritating class disputes.

Let any society take a reserved seat and show that it has no special longing for the withered laurels of the election arena, and the other societies will soon begin to lose their present inordinate appetites. For one, two, or three years it may see only the greedy and the warring divide the spoils, but it would all come round right in time, and offices would be bestowed upon it for merit, not for wire-pulling, and it would experience the additional honor and satisfaction of having inaugurated the reform.

It could hardly be hoped that any Sophomore, Junior, or Senior delegations would try this plan for their animosities are already aroused, but the Freshmen, who have no old scores to square off, are in an excellent position to do so, and if some delegation will now refuse to enter any class quarrel, we believe that the last year of their course will find them congratulating themselves for the act.

**Base-Ball Practice.**

*Experts Interviewed by an Alumnus.—How a Ball Nine Should be Trained.—Too Much Child's Play in the Batting and Battery Departments.—An Old Pitcher Gives His Views on the Subject.*

To the Editors of the Orient:

During the past two seasons it has been my fortune, as one of the managers of a professional ball team, to meet and converse with a number of fine players, several of whom had seen service in the national league, while a number of others had won their spurs in the ranks of the New England league. From these men I have endeavored to obtain their views as to the best methods of training a base-ball team. While of course I found a considerable difference of opinion regarding many points, yet on others, and as it appears to me the most important ones, there was practical unanimity.

It has seemed to me that some of these opinions might prove of interest, if not of value, to the base-ball men of Bowdoin. I have, therefore, concluded to write out in substance the views on this matter expressed to me in answer to my questions by a pitcher of no little ability who has signed for the coming season with one of the clubs of the Players' league. "The system of permitting pitchers to toss balls to men in practice," he said, "is a bad one. This, in my opinion, is worse than no practice at all. If I were training a nine I would make it all work. When my pitchers faced a batsman I would have them do their best to keep him from making a hit. I would have them use every art they possessed to deceive him—speed, curves, change of pace, everything possible. Such, in my opinion, is the only practice that can prove of real value either to battery men or batsmen.

"The custom of throwing balls in practice for the men to hit is demoralizing to a nine. It begets a spirit of false confidence among the batsmen, which gives way to utter lack of confidence when they come to the real contests of the diamond. Such practice is even more demoralizing to battery men, for it deprives them of the experience in 'working' batsmen, which is essential to their highest success.

"No, let us have our practice the genuine article, whether it be much or little. Let our battery men do their level best every time, and then if our batsmen can hit them we may feel assured that they will hit the pitchers of rival nines when they come to face them later on.
"I think that net practice is a grand thing. In fact it is my belief that all batting practice should be taken in this way: but the best pitchers should do the twirling here just as much as in the games, and should do their very best every time. To have Tom, Dick, and Harry officiate at such times, is demoralizing and will certainly prove a source of weakness to any nine.

"For fielding practice let some one knock to the men, and let them drive every ball as hot and sharp from the bat as it would come in a real contest. Every kind of a ball should be knocked. Every possible emergency should be imagined and guarded against so that the team will be ready for the cool headed and rapid solution of any problem of play that could possibly arise in a game.

"I do not believe in putting one of the pitchers of a team into the box and having him toss balls for batsmen to hit so as to give fielders practice. If the batsmen and pitcher are regulars of the team, this kind of business, as I have said, is demoralizing. If outsiders are used in these places, the chances they give the team are not the kind that would come from the pitching and batting of a real game, and consequently such practice is again worse than none. In the teams I have captained I have always gone on the principle that if my men could do A1 work when all were doing their best in practice, they could do the same kind of work in a game. For my own part I will never face a batsman in jest or earnest without doing my best. I have been pounded pretty hard at times, but it was never my fault. When batsmen have lined me out it has been because they were better men, for the time being at least, than I was."

These were the most salient points covered in the conversation referred to, but it seemed to me, especially after having them corroborated by many other first-class players, that they were worthy of consideration, and that they point out very clearly the most sensible and practical method of training men "to win" on the diamond.

ALUMNUS.

A Home by the Sea.
That home is "sweet home" is a fact we all know, And one that is backed by all folks on the go. And whether or not My home's the best spot, It's a place that jest satisfies me— In the brightest sunshine, With a sniff of the brine, And the roar on the shore of the sea.

I've wandered out West and I've passed all around O'er the prairies so vast and the rivers so brown, But I yam I'd not give A clam-shell to live On the banks of the Mississippi, I should languish and pine For a sniff of the brine, And the roar on the shore of the sea.

I've seen the Great Lakes and well I'll be beat! There's no tide and no smell that's especially sweet. Some folks like it I s'pose, But why?—the deuce knows— Fetch 'em here and I guess they'll agree That there's nothing so fine As a sniff of the brine And the roar on the shore of the sea.

Class Politics in the 'Fifties.
Just Two Votes Short.—An Enterprising Sixty-Eighter.—Wild Ride in a North-easter.—Two Relays of Horses.—Just Two Minutes Late.—Chartered an Engine.

We people who talk about the tense and rapid college life of to-day, will do well to glance at some of the incidents of earlier Bowdoin life. The following episode, which came to the ears of an Orient man during the last vacation, will perhaps illustrate something of college spirit as represented by class elections in the 'fifties:

It appears that an attempt had been made to elect officers to the class of '58, which
had resulted in something in the nature of a dead-lock. Another meeting had been appointed for the following day. Two members of one of the factions were, for some reason, absent at their homes, probably teaching. If their votes could be secured, the next meeting meant victory for the side upon which it was felt their influence would fall; if not, defeat. The two members in question were at Fryeburg. In the days of 1858, the Portland & Ogdensburg Railroad, or, latterly, the Mountain Division of the Maine Central, was unknown, and the best method of reaching the town in question was by train to Yarmouth Junction, and a change of cars to Paris, from which point the only public conveyance was the old-fashioned stage coach. If this method were employed the absent voters would reach Brunswick full twenty-four hours too late. It was a case of life or death with them, probably the latter.

However, one member of the class rose to the occasion. He left Brunswick just after dinner, made his connections at the Junction and arrived in Paris late in the afternoon. From this point to his home in Fryeburg and back was a distance of between sixty and seventy miles, to which must be added some eight or ten miles of running around to labor with and get together the absent voters. The returning train, which alone would take them back to Brunswick in time for the election, left South Paris station early the following morning. This left but a little better than twelve hours in which to hunt up teams, find and convince the voters, and travel a distance of fully seventy-five miles; while to augment the difficulties, an old "north-east" snow-storm set in with all its old-time vigor.

A team was procured at Paris, two relays of horses were obtained, one at Waterford, and one at Lovell, and the indomitable "sixty-eighther arrived at his home in Fryeburg late in the evening. Hastily explaining his unexpected arrival, and partaking of an impromptu supper, he set about to his task of finding the two men and "working" them. It was two o'clock in the morning before the thing was accomplished and the three were en route for Paris. It was a wild ride in the stormy winter's morning, bounding up and down the rugged old Oxford County hills, dashing through snow-laden forests and in and out scattered villages, to the tune of jingling sleigh-bells and cursing landlords. It was to the slowness of one of these last-named potentates that they owed a nearly fatal delay.

In due course of time, however, they dashed into South Paris, "tail over the dasher," only to find that the train, the tantalizing smoke of which was still flecking to the southward, had left just two minutes before. What they said is not recorded (here below, at least). Perhaps nothing; but whatever it was, we don't blame them any. What they did, however, is well authenticated. A locomotive stood near by, all fired up and ready for business. They chartered the machine and were soon chasing the departed train as fast as the recklessness of the engineer would take them. Yarmouth Junction was reached in time for the Brunswick train, and the three patriots arrived in time to cast their well-earned votes on the winning side.

The enterprising man who made the trip, never lived to put into active life the vigor and enthusiasm of which his college course gave promise. He was stricken down, soon after graduating with salutatory honors. But from the determination manifested in the occurrence above recounted, we may infer something of what the world has lost.

The international college Young Men's Christian Association Convention will be held at Wesleyan University this winter. The date will probably be January 21-30, 1890.
Rhyme and Reason.

ODE TO NIGHT.
To thee, O Night, we bow in reverence
For thy sweet blessings showered on mankind.
Thy all concealing shades thou wrap'st around!
In them immunity from man we find.

The soulful burglar thanks his lucky stars
That thy pale stars alone look down to see
His deeds of darkness wrought in stilly stealth,
And breathes a prayer to darkness and to thee.

The prayerful foot-pad slowly steals forth,
In blissful, trusting confidence that thy
Protecting shadows, Sable Night, shall veil
His shadow from the law's avenging eye.

The love-lorn student and the blushing maid,
Unite upon the bridge in fond embrace.
In thy befriending gloom, to lovers kind,
None see his arm about her yielding waist.

None see the kisses ravished from her lip.
The nectar of her breath is his to sip,
And all unseen save by thine eye alone.

Then bow, ye worshipful, before her shrine,
And reverence her in darkness and in light!
The blessings we have mentioned here above,
Are not a half of those man owes to night.

BAD OFF!
Of all the dreams and fancies
That, like strange and unknown glances,
Go flitting to the music of the mind,
There are none that so bewilder
As the cottage of Matilda,
Mid the breezes of the soft and southern wind.

Ah Matilda! sweet Matilda!
How often have I filled her
Little head so full of strange fantastic yarns,
That she'd sit and sit and ponder
And she'd gaze and gaze up yonder,
Like a highland matron dreaming of her bairns.

She's so gentle and confiding,
With her blue eyes shyly hiding
On the bosom of my new five-dollar vest,
That I feel a strange forlornness,
A sort of subtle gomeness,
That my cramped and meagre words cannot express.

IN BACHELOR'S HALL.
To sit in front of the open grate,
Half hugging the arm of my easy-chair,
And watching the changing thread of fate
That is spun and cut in the fire's glare,
While behind me the light that reflects on the wall
Seems to cast a halo o'er Bachelor's Hall;

To ponder alone o'er some wonderful page,
Replete with the wisdom of long ago
And the heroes who dwelt in a mythical age—
What a comfort it is to sit here and know
That the fates, and the sages, the heroes, and all
Are the serfs and retainers of Bachelor's Hall.

And hark to the wind that is rampant to-night,
How it struggles and raves at my castle gate!
Let it roar, let it rage, I can laugh at its might,
What a feeling of safety its volleys create!
'Twill be many a day ere these battlements fall,
And the fire burns brighter in Bachelor's Hall.

WHEN HIS FEET, THEY STRUCK THE FLOOR.
"To bed, my little Clara," cooed the old man from aloft;
But she only pressed me gently with a chuckle
low and soft.

"Did you hear me Clarabelle," came down louder
than before;
But we only moved the arm-chair a few feet
toward the door.

"By zounds!" soughed through the register with
deep and sullen roar;
And I lit out like a spectre when his feet, they
struck the floor.

ONLY THIS, AND NOTHING MORE.
"Can this be love, this strange, unnatural state,
That doth so cause mine every bone to ache,
My brain to reel e'en as a love-sick swain,
Mine eyes to weep such strange, unwonted brine?"
"Nay, mi lord, 'tis but the gripp'e," quoth he.

American college papers exhibited at the Paris Exposition excited great interest in foreign education. Undergraduate journalism is practically unknown in Europe, there being but one college paper in England.—Ex.
Exchanges.

The University contains a very strong and readable article, entitled "Households of Women." It criticises the custom of housing college girls together, as if they were vestals, to be jealously excluded from the contaminating influences of the world. It might be rejoined that gentlemen's colleges are open to the same objection. We do not think it would be a valid one, however, for the standard of society gives the college boy greater freedom to get out in the world and widen his horizon, that could possibly be granted a woman under similar conditions.

The school at New Hampton, N. H., gets out a mighty smart little paper for an institution of its size. It drifts into the old error, however, of delving in subjects which no member of fitting school or college is qualified to tackle.

In the same class with the above, may be put the High School Review, of Newton, Mass. The latter seems to have caught the true spirit of school journalism in its selection of subjects.

The Pulse comes out with a handsome cover for its Christmas number.

The Cadet, from Maine State College, is exulting over its victories in prize drills. Get there, Orono! Bowdoin is shouting for you every time, if you do beat us with the sphere.

The Christmas number of the Columbia Spectator is filled with illustrations of the first order, both as to design and engraving. The largest and most taking is a two-page wood-cut, over which in grotesquely patterned frost-work is the greeting, "A Merry Xmas to all." The central view represents President Low standing upon a table beside a white-furred Santa Claus, while about them are dancing with infinite variety of facial expression a combination of beings supposed to represent undergraduates, co-eds, and faculty. In each corner of the cut are other pictures representing various phases of Columbia life, the most interesting of which is one labeled "The Co-eds' Xmas." It represents four lovely great stockings stuffed full of huylers, tutti-frutti, etc., before which the vision of loveliness stands in robe de nuit, with hands upheld in delirious joy.

Our friend, the Colby Echo, seems to be a little sore on the Reed question—generally is, in fact, when we talk alumni. The Echo is a very newsy little sheet, however. We see by the last issue that there has been a revolution in Brazil and the "McGinty" joke has struck Waterville.

Bragdon, ex-Bowdoin, '91, has entered the Junior class at Wesleyan.

Horne, '91, has recovered from his recent severe illness, and has resumed his duties at the Pembroke High School.

Professor Young is trying the experiment of holding morning exercises in the Chapel. Thus far the new arrangement seems to be entirely satisfactory.

H. Webb has retired from journalism, and the "handle of the big front door" of the Enterprise office at Bath is ornamented with a black ribbon in consequence thereof.

Gripped, gripped, grippie! or as the unsophisticated proclaim the la gripe. This fashionable, though not at all exclusive, new-fangled epidemic has laid its heavy hand on Bowdoin, and many a man is "going it alone" by reason of its inroads. The Faculty even are not exempt, as several recent adjourns will bear witness.

"I saw an item in the Journal last night that will be just the thing to run in your column," remarked a facetious student to the local editor the other day. "'Ah, what was it?' asked the unsuspecting victim, drawing a note-book and pencil from his pocket. "McGinty's obituary," came the reply, in the cold, hard, inhuman tone of the McGinty maniac. The editor did not swear, nor rave, nor faint, nor do anything else of that nature, but all unmindful of his new Plymouth Rock trousers, he dropped humbly upon his knees, even upon the hard and cruel ice, and offered up a fervent prayer of thanks that McGinty had at last arrived at that point in his career when it had been found necessary to compose his obituary notice. Requiescant in pace.

Tutor Tolman has charge of the Freshman Greek this term.

Professor Johnson will continue his Wednesday afternoon class in German during the winter for the benefit of the Juniors who intend to elect the study next year.

Assistant Treasurer Carvill is able to be out again, and has resumed his duties.
Bowdoin was well represented at the meeting of the Maine Pedagogical Society recently held at Bangor. President Hyde, Professor Robinson, and Doctor Whittier were among the speakers, the latter introducing a drill squad of Brunswick young ladies in connection with his paper on Physical Training.

Professor Robinson was one of a committee who recently visited Portland for the purpose of inspecting the sanitary condition of the school buildings in the Forest City.

Briry, '93, has left college.

Doolittle, '88, has been appointed Justice of the Peace and Quorum by Governor Burleigh.

A number of the students living along the line of the Knox & Lincoln, stopped over at Bath, on their return to college, to take in the launching of the big ship Rappahannock.

Professor Little entertained the members of the Gentlemen's Club at his residence on Friday, January 4th.

The fires in the recitation rooms have been rather uncomfortable of late. We trust, Mr. Booker, that a word to the wise will be sufficient.

January 10th Doc. Hutchinson appeared on the campus with straw hat and spring overcoat. Mercury ten below zero. Look out for robins and cuckoos.

The man who makes a nuisance of himself by running off with all the reserved books and periodicals, and keeping them beyond the prescribed time, is being carefully looked after this term by the college librarian. A personal call from that official is now the reminder that that book ought to have been on the shelf several days ago.

Maine journalism is again at fault. The papers have all stated that President Small, of Colby, delivered the sermon at the recent dedication of the Berean Baptist Church. President Small was confined to his house at the time by "the grippe," and his father, the Rev. Dr. Small, of Portland, occupied the new pulpit.

The Amherst Glee and Banjo Clubs made quite an extensive tour through Maine during the holiday vacation, and many of the boys were given an opportunity of listening to their delightful music. The club was obliged to remain in Brunswick several hours, and took the opportunity to visit the campus. The blackboard in Memorial was adorned as follows: "Amherst wishes Bowdoin a happy and prosperous New Year," and for once the halls of Bowdoin echoed with the Amherst yell.

Professor Robinson has received from the State Board of Health five hundred samples of wall paper to be analyzed for the detection of arsenic. The paper will be analyzed in packages of about twenty samples each. If arsenic is present in the package, it will be necessary to test each sample separately; otherwise another package will be examined, and so on.

Simonton, '91, has rejoined his class. Fitting corsets and hosiery behind the counter does not agree with the handsomest man in Brunswick, and he will work no more snap vacation dodges on Pa.

Eddie's and Ollie's gymnasium, in 13 South Maine, has been refitted, and is now occupied by McArthur, '93.

S. T. Kimball, ex-Bowdoin, '90, is manager of the Amherst Glee Club.

Hubbard has been lavishing himself on several extra-Maine places for the past week.

It seems sad that a trip, otherwise so pleasant as that of the Amherst boys through Maine, should be marred at its close by an affliction so sad as that which befell the club at Sauc. At that place one of the members was seized by la grippe, and was obliged to remain behind. The disease developed into pneumonia, from which the patient was unable to rally. In the death of Mr. Henderson, not only the Glee Club, but all Amherst has sustained a loss all the more severe that the sufferer died away from home care and among strangers. Bowdoin tenders her heartfelt sympathy.

In connection with the term's work in Psychology, President Hyde tells a good story of his first marriage ceremony at which he officiated while occupying a pulpit in Jersey City. It seems that the bigger half of the interesting couple was rather timid and nervous, one of those men whose diffidence is often in danger of leading him into some awkward blunder. The bride, on the contrary, was remarkably cool and self-possessed. As the couple presented themselves before President Hyde there seemed to be some misunderstanding in regard to the side on which the lady should stand. The groom hitched about nervously but the bride was equal to the occasion. Quickly changing places with her bashful fiancé she remarked confidently, "There I am sure this is the side on which I have always been accustomed to stand." This solved the difficulty, and the timid groom and the young widow, who knew all about it from experience, were speedily united.

Some time ago a suggestion was made through the Orient in regard to labeling the college paintings outside of the Walker Gallery. The suggestion was
evidently considered a good one for Prof. Little has already taken steps toward carrying it out. Several of the paintings have already been labeled, and placards printed with the subject of the group are to be placed over each of the casts of statuary in the library. The portraits in Memorial Hall are to be marked by small pieces of board about ten inches square covered with gold foil, and inscribed with the names of the persons represented. These plates are now in process of manufacture and will probably be placed in position in the early part of the term. In the Walker Gallery, what Professor Little calls the scrap book system of cataloguing has been adopted. All the pages of the old catalogue have been pasted in order into a large scrap book, and many pictures hitherto uncatalogued have been properly numbered and registered under the new system. The numbers which formerly ended at 136 now reach 174. Opposite the name of each painting is printed a letter referring to an index, which indicates in what part of the gallery or in what building the painting is to be found. The drawings have also been properly catalogued, a label stating the subject of the sketch being pasted upon the back of each. These changes will prove a great convenience to students and visitors who hitherto have often been unable to distinguish our $75,000 genuine Van Dyck from the various portraits of the Bowdoin family which occupy prominent positions upon the walls of the art gallery.

A missionary has recently visited Bowdoin. A few days before the holiday recess a strange-looking individual, clad in a long linen duster of clerical appearance, if we may judge from several quite visible rents scattered here and there over its shabby surface, a tall hat of the style of bygone days, and a pair of steel-bowed spectacles, was to be seen flitting about among the various college dormitories. Some say he was a Glee Club man, but his insignia seemed to indicate a missionary. From one pocket of his coat a bottle protruded, and there is no reason to doubt the presence of a pack of cards in the other. The mysterious individual visited the gym. The Seniors were lined up with their single sticks. Whit was there, and, sizing up the man of the duster, he stalked majestically toward him. It was in vain that the man declared himself on missionary business. The ruler of the gym had willed it that he should go. He went; and Professor Whittier is now wondering if it wasn't rather a mean trick to ‘Turner’ man out in the cold in that unceremonious way.

The regular annual meeting of the Bowdoin College Athletic Association was held Saturday, January 11th. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Jordan; First Vice-President, Rich; Second Vice-President, Gunney; Secretary and Treasurer, Nichols; Master of Ceremonies, Chapman; 1st Director, Gilley; 2d Director, Tukey; 3d Director, Durgin; 4th Director, Merryman; 5th Director, Carleton. The Treasurer's report showed the receipts for the past year to be $311.50. A letter was read from the Boston Athletic Association inviting our association to take part in their Handicap meeting in February, especially in the tug-of-war. The first director was given authority to confer with representatives of the other Maine colleges relative to forming an intercollegiate association. Porter, '91, was in attendance.

Shorey, '88, and Rice, '89, were in town Saturday. Mr. Fisher, for so long pastor of the college church, has been compelled to resign on account of ill health.

30.—General William S. Lincoln, son of Governor Levi Lincoln, and President of the Thirty-Fourth Massachusetts Regiment Association, died at Worcester, November 8, 1889, aged seventy-seven years eleven months. He was commissioned lieutenant-colonel on the breaking out of the war and recruited the thirty-fourth regiment with which he served through the war. He was made colonel in 1864, and at the close of the war was brevetted brigadier-general. In May, 1864, he was wounded in the shoulder at the battle of New Market, Va., and was taken prisoner. He, however, escaped and reached the Union lines. General Lincoln has been President of the Worcester County Agricultural Society, a member of the board of aldermen, city marshal, and was once candidate for mayor. General Lincoln at the time of his death was President of the Thirty-Fourth Regiment Association, and of the Worcester Light Infantry Veteran Association. He leaves a widow and two sons.

'66.—E. H. Cook lectures before the training school for teachers, College of the City of New York, February 4th, on "The Voice as an Element in School Management."
'74.—Rev. C. E. Stowe, ex-'74, has resigned his pastorate of the Windsor Avenue Congregational Church, Hartford, Conn. Mr. Stowe has just published a life of his mother, Harriet Beecher Stowe.

'76.—W. H. G. Rowe is Treasurer of the Eastis Manufacturing Company, 45 Murry Street, New York City.

'77.—Joseph K. Greene, Esq., a successful young lawyer of Worcester, Mass., was married December 12, 1889, to Miss Francis Lillian Newton.

'79.—S. S. Stearns, Esq., of Norway, Me., has been appointed Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue, for the District composed of the first and second Congressional Districts of Maine.

'81.—A. G. Pettingill, formerly pastor at Warren, Me., has recently been installed pastor of the Congregational church at St. Cloud, Minn.

'83.—S. S. Gannett, ex-'83, is on the Geological Survey, stationed in Washington. His address is 401 Spruce Street.

The Sophomores at Princeton are renowned for their athletic abilities. The class now holds the college championship in base-ball, lawn tennis, and lacrosse.

Edward Bellamy, the author of the now celebrated “Looking Backward,” was a classmate of President Webster, of Union College, in Union’s class of 1868.

The students of Williams have refused to render aid to the foot-ball team, and the captain and manager have retired from the field.

Of the 362 colleges and institutions in this country, 271 are supported by religious denominations.

The American school at Athens stands outside the city, about a mile from the palace of the king. From its roof can be seen the most famous places in Greek history.

The Amherst Freshmen, in their physical measurements, exceed in several particulars the average of any class in the college.

And vice versa.

With upturned face upon a stool beside me,
My love was sitting. Though no word was said,
She spoke to me. I understood. I kissed her.
The heart is sometimes wiser than the head.
Till nearly twelve the course of love ran smoothly,
And then, “I think,” said she, with sudden start,
“IT hear papa!” I understood and vanished.
The head, sometimes, is wiser than the heart.

—Brunonian.

Dancing is part of the regular gymnasium exercise at Wellesley.

In the last five years Exeter has had thirty-nine of her graduates on the Princeton, Yale, and Harvard foot-ball teams.
Standard Clothing Co.,
255 Middle Street, Portland,
Leading Manufacturers and Retail Dealers throughout New England of Fine and Medium Grades of Ready-Made Clothing for Men and Boys.

* YOUNG MEN'S *
Fine Made-Up Suits, Overcoats, Trousers, etc., in all the Latest Styles, at Popular Low Prices, a specialty. ONE PRICE.

W. C. WARE, MANAGER.

A NOther of those nice blotters of which we have already made mention, shows a winged cherub carrying a Dictionary Holder under one arm and saying: "I am making a flying trip in the interest of education. The basis of education is the dictionary, and the base of the dictionary should be a Noyes Holder. The valued unabridged is of little value unless it is getatable (look this word up). A book held edge up gets full of dust, soiled and spoiled unless hugged together with strong springs. Only the Holders manufactured by La Verne W. Noyes, the originator and Inventor of Book Holders, have such springs." Send to him, at Chicago, a two-cent stamp to pay postage and receive in return this series of blotters.

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Straight Cut No. 1
CIGARETTES.

Cigarette Smokers, who are willing to pay a little more than the price charged for the ordinary trade Cigarettes, will find THIS BRAND superior to all others.

The Richmond Straight Cut No. 1 Cigarettes are made from the brightest, most delicately flavored and highest cost Gold Leaf grown in Virginia. This is the Old and Original Brand of Straight Cut Cigarettes, and was brought out by us in the year 1878.

Beware of Imitations, and observe that the firm name as below is on every package.

ALLEN & GINTER, Manufacturers,
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

Thurston's * Piano * House
Located at 3 Free St. Block,
PORTLAND, ME.,

Is one of the old, long established, and successful business houses of Maine. We believe in Maine. We first drew our breath in this good old State, and hope to draw our last here also. We have no time to enlarge on this point, but if you, or your friends are about to purchase a Piano or an Organ, a Stool, or a Cover, come right here and buy. You can't do better; you might do worse.

SAMUEL THURSTON, - - - 3 Free Street Block,
PORTLAND, ME.
Hancock Brook.

It is not now as it was then,
Dear stream, when last I looked on thee;
Thy world of joy, as mine with men,
Hath ceased to be.
'Tis past; and winter now is come
To turn to dress thy summer's gold;
Each hill seems distant; earth is dumb;
The sun looks old.
I scarcely can believe the moon
Has filled but thrice since I was here.
King August kept high court that moon
When I drew near.
His leafy world with wave-like rush,
The quick whoop of the whip-poor-will
And the slow tremple of the thrush
Were never still;
And as the breezes went and came,
The cardinal flowers beside thy brink
In one long wavering fringe of flame
Died shake and shrink.

—H. Bernard Carpenter.
etc., ever since he struck the second reader. It may work on the "sunday-school boy" and "mamma's favorite," but to give any such gush to the independent-thinking college fellow amounts to no more than a gust of east wind. But once show him a reason, something that appeals to that personal choice upon which he prides himself, and he will brighten up like a new being. For example, take the two studies, German and Mathematics. No man can get any real knowledge of the sciences without both of them. No man is educated to-day unless he can pick up a German treatise and read it with comparative ease, while mathematics runs through everything. But from our experience the underclassman who is taking them knows nothing about this fact. They are a "grind"; he sees no connection between them and the Senior studies to which he is looking forward, and, as a result, they are skimmed. Now a few words from the instructor explanatory of the organized system of knowledge, and the part which his separate branch plays therein, given not only at the beginning of the study but from time to time during its pursuit, would put the whole thing in a different light, and go a great way toward lessening our army of limping Seniors.

THE ultimate effect of the action of Harvard with respect to athletics, is a matter of no small importance to all the minor Western colleges, for, whatever may have been her success in the contests proper, the fact still remains, that in athletics, as in everything else, Harvard University is the leading spirit among American institutions of learning. Upon the coloring of sincerity, which she succeeds in giving to her decidedly unexpected action, and the inflexibility with which she maintains it, will depend in a large degree the purity of all New England athletics. However much envy may impel other colleges to throw mud at Harvard, we notice that they, pretty nearly all of them, try in their own petty ways to ape her manners and customs. It is because of this tendency that the outcome of the present state of affairs is so important. In the Crimson of the 16th instant there is a long editorial that seems to us to give a large show of sincerity to her whole action. Her withdrawal, coming as it did immediately after defeat, could not fail to be interpreted as an indication of soreness; but if, as the editorial in question seems to indicate, the move had been under consideration for a long time previous, it is certainly a matter of regret that the unfortunate coincidence of the two events should place her in a wrong light. It appears that as early as the spring of 1888 it was voted that, in view of the undue prominence given to athletics and the excesses and abuses incident to intercollegiate contests, they should be confined to "Cambridge, New Haven, or such other New England town as the Committee on Athletics might designate." This was subject to the ratification of the Athletic Committee, and has been under consideration ever since. So, at the worst, it would seem that the Princeton affair only precipitated matters. Such being the case, we would do well to cease our barking and watch the current.

EVER since the Orient came under the present management it has been harping on the impropriety of publishing essays, and about all the satisfaction it has gotten out of it is that mighty few people read its editorials. At least that is the inference, for the aforesaid articles have kept coming in, and a goodly number of them now snuggle cozily in the north-east corner of our copy-draw. They are well, some of them ably, written; in fact, we should judge that our new theme-
corrector would award a high mark to them, should they reach his department. But it is by no means the best written thing that makes the best Orient article. As has been hinted before, in the selection of the next board of editors, two elements will be considered, viz., the choice of subjects and the literary style. Our ideal would be to give one good, strong alumnus article, or else a story, in each issue, and to devote the rest of the space to bright, breezy, college-boy gossip and the discussion of strictly local or inter-collegiate topics. Of course we cannot always do this, from obvious reasons, for "bright" and "breezy" are bad words, and the "discussions" do not always materialize. But we trust contributors will see the point.

THE article published in our last issue on method in base-ball practice needs no additional comment. It is the voice of authority and experience, not of speculation. It covered in a comprehensive way the whole question of practice. There is, however, another not less important side of the question, which seems to us to be squarely set forth in another column of this issue. If we are going to meet with any success in athletics, we must be rigid. If there be any who do not like it, let them withdraw. It may hit hard at first, but a strict rule once adopted is sure to bear its fruit in a year or so. There has been too much child’s play, all round, for the past two or three years. The man who is too good to practice, and too independent (or weak-minded) to attend to business, has no place upon the team. It is not a good thing to let any man get the notion into his head that he is indispensable. We have been going on the “indispensable” plan long enough, and now let’s have a change of programme. We cannot do any worse.

ACCOUNTING to the article which appeared in last Saturday’s Herald relative to the proposed Intercollegiate Field-Day, Colby and Bates are all burning up with enthusiasm. We would by no means question the sincerity of the fellows who were interviewed, nor is it at all improbable that the rest of the students would furnish them sufficient support, but the Orient is staking its reputation as a prophet on the statement that before they get through they will encounter a wet blanket or so in the form of faculty opposition. Bowdoin tried to push this same scheme through last year, and met with plenty of approval, but precious little co-operation. We understand that the “powers” inspected the entrails and, as the omens weren’t propitious, refused to let their charges cope. But Maine State College is a dark horse, Colby is under a new régime, and Bates is ambitious, so perhaps it will be brought about. Let us hope so, at any rate.

THE Y. M. C. A. never stood before the college in a better light than as managers of the present course of lectures. It is practical Christianity, and shows a tendency to get away from the old subjective, emotional type and enter into sympathetic relations with the mass. The college should appreciate the opportunities given them in this course and give due credit to the source from which they come. Such a move shows that the principle upon which the association acts, is the true one—manly and practical, not fanatical and selfish. We firmly believe that, fifty years from now, such an attitude will be looked back upon as far more indicative of a healthy Christian spirit in the college than any so-called “revival.”

No student over twenty-one years old will be allowed to compete for a scholarship at Cornell after 1891.
LITERARY.

The Perplexities and Possibilities of the Young Journalist.

BY W. M. EMERY, '89.

The gaping crowd, which always watches with admiring curiosity the operations of the numerous reporters seated about the press tables at some public meeting in a large city, invariably is possessed of these two thoughts:

1. A newspaper man's life is a most fascinating one; and
2. The sole task of every reporter is to write down the things that happen in shorthand, which he knows, not from previous years of hard study, but simply by virtue of his calling, ex-officio, as it were.

Are such surmises right?

Let us see.

1. Variety is life's spice, and newspaper work is assumed to be fascinating from its variety. The reporter's business takes him into palatial mansion and humble cot; to scenes of the devoutest worship, and to wildest bacchanalian orgies; to the gayety of the wedding feast, and to the mourning in the house of sorrow; to the busy mart or mill, and to the sequestered circles of study; to the Thespian temples where microcosmic comedies and tragedies are enacted, and to the temples of justice where daily are seen the funnier comedies and the more somber tragedies which mingle with real life. One hour the reporter interviews the Hon. Flatulent Folderol, M.C., at his magnificent residence, and the next he helps put into the hospital ambulance an unfortunate woman who attempted to take her own life in the midst of squalor and poverty.

These various experiences, the grave and gay, the good and bad, alternate with each other in rapid succession, and, like the innumerable stones of the mosaic, form a harmonizing picture to which distance lends its enchantment, but which close proximity disintegrates into unattractive, meaningless, and shapeless patches of color.

Paradoxically speaking, in the reporter's life, variety becomes monotonous. Continued excitation and perfunctory attendance at scenes of pleasure, pall nearly every former sense of enjoyment. The mind becomes glutted and wearied. The spiciness, the fascinations of variety vanish, and where once would have been exhilaration, now is the dull, dead, undeviating round of duty. The poetry of reporting is but a delusion; the work is a prosaic reality. Divested of the glamour which unthinking imagination throws about it, the vocation is like any other, often laborious and disagreeable, and always imperious in its demands.

2. So the reporter has nothing to do but to scribble shorthand? It would surprise most people to learn that but very few of the writers for the metropolitan press are stenographers. Short-hand is no necessity to a newspaper office, for this reason: A wide-awake man, writing long-hand rapidly, can secure as good an abstract of the ordinary discourse as most papers care to print, while when a verbatim report is desired, the manuscript, even of an impromptu speech, can generally be obtained. The occasions when shorthand is helpful are rare, and the best authorities advise those with journalistic bees in their bonnets not to waste long precious years in the study of stenography, a thing vastly overdone at present.

The reporter's duty, of course, is that of a news gatherer. Aside from such assignments as meetings, entertainments, and the like, there is a stated stamping ground for the reporter to cover, where a few notes taken to aid the memory can be written out at leisure. He must visit the undertakers,
to get deaths and obituaries; the police stations, to garner the ungarnished annals of crime; the morgues and the medical examiners' offices to learn of murders, suicides, and the like; and half a dozen physicians must be asked daily what accidents they have attended. The seeker for truth must be on intimate terms, if he would know what is going on, with the "rounders" and men-about-town, who are full of valuable gossip, and he must court the society of the lawyers, the politicians, the police, the city officials, the ward physicians, the ambulance and hospital surgeons,—in short, of anybody and everybody who can give him an item. Hence, the more acquaintances the reporter has, the better he is fitted for efficient service. And he must keep his eyes and ears open at all times, and his wits about him; he must learn the complexion of the street, and be on the watch for any eruption to show where something of vital importance has been taking place. Eternal vigilance is the price of getting all the news.

All this requires patience, perseverance, and practice; it cannot be acquired in a day. It is a work which calls to its aid, brains, and not the mere manual ability to glide glibly over a page, leaving pot-hooks and trammels, and other hieroglyphs in the wake of the pen.

Would I advise college men to enter the journalistic ranks? Most assuredly; there is a call for educated men, and promotion comes to the deserving here as in any other occupation, while the field for original and distinguished work is one of the broadest. But you may not win fame or fortune in newspaperdom, you say. True; and you may not in the law, or in medicine, or in whatever you undertake. No given profession is the universal path to success, and in journalism, as in everything else, you must point your arrow high: "Not failure, but low aim, is crime."

My Three Girls.

Our Love-lorn Scribe Unbonsoms Himself.—First Authentic Account of a College Boy's Girls on Record.

HAVING caught the import of the lessons for the morrow, I am sitting here with that dense, dozy relief which only the Senior knows, caved back in his dusty old easy-chair, resting his feet before the glowing grate. Visions of old girls come flitting back upon me, and, like specimens from a collection of choice and ancient pipes, I lovingly take them up and examine them.

Naturally, first comes to hand my college girl, a harmless, interesting toy, who has, without doubt, eased me of an occasional dreary hour or two, and of whom, in those darker, bluer, slightly desperate moods, I have, perhaps, sought that sympathetic balm which the man of hypochondriacal nature yearns for as his sovereign relief. And, considering its kind, the relief was administered readily enough—almost too readily—so readily, in fact, that a mean sort of suspicion always will creep over me that my comforter, whom in the ideal I would have my comforter alone, has served in the same sacred capacity before for some other fellow now skipped away, and that she has thus learned to detect the symptoms of masculine aberration, and with too feverish haste or too perfect nonchalance, according to her purpose and disposition, to apply herself to the cure. She is a comfort on which the patent has expired, a remedy which, by long-continued application to generations of college boys, has become rather too universal.

I pick up my little vacation girl, and at the thoughts of her, for a moment my noble heart chumps and paws, then subsides and grows tender as a sirloin steak. I give her a mental squeeze about as substantial as a dash of spray, and considerably warmer. I remember I used to call her "my little pink
mouse," she climbed around so, and her searching red lips were so cool and appetizing, and because her ruby toes, between the rough rocks and the eating brine, were forever peeping in and out at hide and seek with me. I used to tell her, when her flying, sunburnt hair got in my eyes, that "her silken tresses reminded me of Lilliputian cobwebs, and that I always saw rainbows through them." She enjoyed hearing me lie to her so much that, for the whole round season, until I got back to college to this old easy-chair and these text-book facts, I didn't return to the paths of veracity. But, then, I tired of her. Who won't encounter satiety with nothing to do for six solid weeks but to loll with one, or a dozen girls? I longed for these bachelor halls with their wholesome round of life—which thing makes me think I am cut out for a go-it-alone.

My dear, old home girl! Yes, with a clearing of my head and heart you came before me. Your cheek rests against my face, refreshing as a breeze on a sultry day. Your lips touch, cool as waters from the shade; your voice is modulated like their easy gurgle. I am weary; and my head drops upon your lap, and your soft hand upon my head so naturally, so restfully. And free from all constraint, we talk together of old times and laugh and joke, conjure up the future, dread it a little, and return, simply as children, to ourselves. Yes, we have something in common—and you are honest and pure-hearted. That is the secret of our peace. You understand my moods so well, so unconsciously conform to them, and anoint from that store of sympathy, are so objectively solicitous about me, which, wthal, is highly delightful to a somewhat selfish being like myself. It is you alone whom, in my lonely moments, I sincerely admire and long for; you alone whom I, mayhap, could wed.

Plain Talk for the Nine.

No Cigarettes or Intemperance.—Duties to the College.—Little Real Immorality.—Greatest Danger Comes from Smoking.—Its Victims Should be Cured or "Fired."

The man who habitually smokes cigarettes, drinks, or is otherwise immoral, has no business to offer himself as a candidate for the nine, the eleven, or any other college team. We wish this fact could be brought home so forcibly to the student-body that any athlete so doing would incur public odium. We do not wish to be interpreted as countenancing anything of the kind among students not members of college teams; nor do we wish to turn the Orient into a temperance organ. We already have enough of that kind of gush, flavored with a liberal admixture of woman's suffrage garlic, to disgust a good many men who would otherwise give the reform their active support.

The point to be brought out is simply this: The honor of the college is at stake; nine men are selected to represent it; two hundred fellows give money for their support and eagerly watch their every movement; the young alumni are looking to them with anxious eyes; the fitting schools are watching them critically; in short, for seven or eight weeks they are the center of attraction in our educational circle. Now we say that a man who accepts a position like that, and then right in the face of the college goes and does something that he knows and everybody else knows will impair his nervous energy, is not doing the square thing. It is not exactly honorable. "But," we hear some one say, "are not men free moral agents? What right have you to say what a man shall or shall not do, just because he happens to be smart enough to get on the team?" We have just this right, my good friend: The private citizen, if we may use the term, is free to do as he likes, as far as
any special claims of the student-body go. If he wants to go to the dogs, he can go, and it is nobody’s business. But the moment he becomes a member of a college team, he accepts certain unwritten obligations. His actions affect somebody else besides himself, and therefore he is not free to abuse himself. He owes the college the best there is in him, and if, as may frequently be the case, he can continue in harmful practices, and still do better work than some men who are sober and faithful, that is no excuse for him whatever. The better the man the more important the position he will occupy, and the more important the position, the greater the obligations attendant thereupon.

We are not aware that we have suffered to any extent from either drinking or the other common form of immorality. Under the present high moral status any such injury certainly could not have been great. The strong adverse sentiment now prevailing in the college would tend to keep it dark, if there were any. But, of the less condemned but really more mischievous habit of cigarette smoking, we have certainly had examples enough to open our eyes. It is no use to mince the matter or attempt any other excuse for some of our recent defeats. It is a fact patent to the whole college. The cigarette smoker has no nerve at critical points. He cannot be relied upon, and should either be cured or “fired.” It may strike hard, but we must consult the greatest good for the greatest number. If the habit is allowed in one case it will grow, as in fact it has done.

This may be radical, but certainly it is not too much so. We believe in meeting things boldly and courageously. We are not running a sugar refinery.

In the last fifty years out of the whole number of appointments to West Point only one-third have graduated.

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To My Room.

Year after year, the same, yet not the same,
The sunlight comes, as in the days gone by,
Kissing thy western windows in a fond good-night.
The winter winds howl mournfully, rattling thy casements,
And at night thy lighted windows shine just as of yore.
But where are those to whom thy walls were home?
Rooming alone or with some friend, as we do now.
Ah! Some have gone the way of all mankind,
Whose lives were marked by usefulness and honor,
Whether in public or in private life.
May we, who still remain where they once were,
Learn from their lives the lesson which they teach,
That principle and effort make the man.

Zeta Psi Convention.

HE forty-fourth annual session of the Grand Chapter of Zeta Psi was held at the Zeta Psi Club House in New York City, January 3d and 4th. A large number of delegates were in attendance, nearly every chapter and alumni association being represented.

Hon. William L. Pierce, of Chicago, presided at the business sessions, which occupied two days. The fraternity was reported to be in a most prosperous financial condition. Arrangements were made for the publishing of the new fraternity song book, which will be issued by the first of April. Also for a new directory containing the name of every member of the fraternity, which will be one of the most complete fraternity directories ever issued.

The hospitality of the New York brothers was unbounded. The time between sessions was occupied with drives and dinners. Friday evening the delegates attended the presentation of “Aunt Jack” at the Madison Square Theatre.

The convention closed with a banquet at Delmonico’s, at which prominent members
of the fraternity and invited guests paid high tribute to the worth of Zeta Psi.

Taken all in all it was one of the most successful conventions of the fraternity ever held. It could not well be otherwise in the present splendid condition of the society. It is probable that the next meeting will be held in California, at the invitation of the chapters in that state.

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**Rhyme and Reason.**

**ELM BRANCHES.**

Ye branches black and ragged
That before my chamber window rise and fall,
Waving like flickering shadows in the wind
Against the heaven's dismal wall.

Tell me, O branches, tell me
Are ye wizard fingers, weaving mystic spell,
Or writing on the tablet of the sky
Strange symbols that my fate foretell?

Can it be I fear ye?
Fear some evil from your weird prophetic signs?
Yea, elms, your very silence is more dreadful
E'en than the murmurings of the pines.

They beckon in the moonlight.
Fain would I sleep were not the night so filled with dread,
Did not some shadowy sword-blade, Damoclean,
Swing in fancy o'er my head.

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**THE SKATER.**

In ulster and cape,
To show off his shape,
The skater now donneth his skates,
And with movement precise
He skims o'er the ice
And upon its smooth surface gyrates.

Spread eagle and scroll—
And the long outer roll—
No trick is too subtle for him,
And with manner blâse
He strives to display
That he always has been in the "swim."

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Now here and now there,
With a la-de-da air,
He speeds at quite wonderful rates,
And the small boys all shout,
As he circles about,
"Get on to the jay on the skates."

But alas for us all
Who skate on our gall—
There's a crash that is awful to hear,
With infinite grace
He slides on his face,
And waltzes around on his ear.

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**THE OLD GIRLS.**

A Toast.

I can ne'er forget the smiles of those old girls of mine,
Who used to go like snow-birds, tripping in and out
The school-yard with their bright eyes and their ruddy cheeks
Peeping shyly from beneath the warm, white hoods.
I can ne'er forget the sidelong glances and
The bashful looks of those old boyish loves of mine—
And, even now, earth has no joy that's half so pure
As when vacation brings those same sweet faces back to me.

They greet me always with a smile so frank and true,
And in their eyes the same old light I used to know,
That then there comes to me the glad reality,
That there, at least, I find a greeting that's sincere.
And so, my boys, 'ere for the night we part, come let
Us fill again the goblets, while we drink the health
Of those old, boyish loves of mine.

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**FOR IT'S RUSSIAN, YOU KNOW.**

Pains in back, legs, and arms,
That no drug ever calms,
In a state of fine frenzy our poor systems keep.
For our heads are no balms,
As mid constant alarms
We endure the new fad, that is known as la grippe.

To be sure it is new,
And 'tis popular, too,
For 'tis English, 'tis French, and 'tis Russian you know;
But between me and you
There will be not a few
Who will bite and get sold, for it always was so.
They will cough, and they'll sneeze,
They'll snuffle, and wheeze,
Taken in by this latest from over the deep.
Yes, blown by the breeze,
Over turbulent seas,
Was this grim and perverse omnipresent la grippe.

HARDLY.

She’s a guileless little fem-sem
With her head chock-full of knowledge,
And she’s got a curious notion
That she wants to go to college.

If she dotes on ancient fossils
And the tales of Thor and Woden,
She may go to Bates or Colby,
But—she cannot come to Bowdoin.

Exchanges.

The Michigan University Chronicle comes out in an editorial speaking of Freshman loneliness, and says that the poor foundlings in that institution complain bitterly of their situation. It urges upon upperclassmen the necessity of attending to their duties as comforters and as social beings. Without doubt the mere light alone of a Senior’s countenance does the Freshman an immense amount of good, and if he can afford the time to converse with the youngling the beneficent influences are infinitely multiplied. Under the system of society dining clubs prevailing in our own college, however, the Freshman is bound to get all these benefits anyway, for here the Senior, in the presence of the lowerclassmen, beams forth with the warmest possible glow and lets drop wisdom in its most soluble forms. Even the least receptive Freshman cannot fail to absorb considerable quantities of this. To such facts, in large measure, must be ascribed the surprising progress made by the ordinary young human during his first year.

A part of the editorials in the Kent’s Hill Breeze read as if their author had been poring over some psychology. At all events they show an insight of the human intellect which is well applied to the average student. For a publication of its grade the editorials are exceptionally excellent.

The Bates Student appears with a couple of stories—very good ones, by the way—one of which, the shorter, is worthy of reprint by any evangelical publication in the land, or even by the American Tract Society. The editorial and literary articles are characterized by a distinctively moral tone but seem to touch little on college matters. The Student runs some good poetry.

The Wesleyan Argus says base-ball practice is opening at Wesleyan much earlier than usual and under better system. It asserts that with proper training of material there is reason to expect that the good work of last season’s team may be more than duplicated.

The Colby Echo contains a communication ably arguing against the compulsory system of chapel at Colby and especially against its old-fashioned entanglement with the ranking system, whereby a chapel cut means a cut in rank. The lengthy editorial reply is necessarily inadequate for meeting this product of modern civilized thought which every day is becoming more vigorous and more universally accepted.

Book Reviews.


It is pretty well known that a considerable amount of generalship is required to run a newspaper of any importance, but few, we suppose outside of the profession, have any adequate conception of the elaborate and intricate machinery of the management of a large metropolitan daily. The author of this most valuable little book sketches the duties of each of the staff, from the reporter to the chief-editor, and points out to the neophyte the oily way by which he can hope to attain any lasting success in the field of journalism. His suggestions are drawn from a rich and varied experience in this work, and are most pointedly presented. In the concluding chapter, speaking of the college graduate in journalism, he says: "He must know men rather than books, and this cannot be gained in any university. We would not for a moment underestimate the value of a college education. The four years’ training should form a solid foundation upon which to build the future superstructure. It is the youth whose 'education is finished' when he graduates from college who has no place in journalism. In newspaper work, probably more than in any other profession, the earnest, active worker is learning every day, his education is never finished. . . . Remember that journalism is the hardest profession in the world. The hours are twenty-four every day, seven days in the week, and
fifty-two weeks in the year. Your work will never be done, and the more successful you are the harder you will have to work. You snatch a vacation, but the presses keep grinding on and you've got to keep pace with them or drop out of the profession. There are hundreds eager to take your place. You can have few home comforts, as they are known to other men; you must in most cases turn night into day in your work, and for this you get possibly five thousand dollars a year. Think it over carefully, and consider if the game is worth the candle."


There is no study so stimulating and broadening for the young learner as the study of the plants and animals of the region in which he lives. It gives him an idea of the eternal order and fitness of things that he would get in no other way. It cultivates a habit of close observation. It fosters, too, that spirit of inquiry, which, when manifested in undesirable form we are prone to call vulgar curiosity, but which, directed into proper channels, is the foundation of all scientific research. The introduction of natural history in an attractive form into our public schools is a step in the right direction, and one which we think will soon be taken in all our larger cities. This volume is designed to aid teachers in presenting the subject in the most instructive and entertaining manner, and seems to us eminently well fitted for the purpose.

The greater part of the Harvard Monthly for this month is taken up by the third, fourth, and fifth acts of "The Lady of the Sea," a play of Henrik Ibsen, which has been very happily rendered by Mr. G. R. Carpenter. The literary section is concluded by "A Summer's Gift," a short poem of some merit, by Algernon Tassan. There is a letter from Mr. J. R. Finlay, presenting a view of college feeling in championship contests not commonly held. There is also an editorial—not a strong one—defending Harvard's withdrawal from the foot-ball league.

The French government has instructed M. de Coubertin to visit the universities and colleges of the United States, in order to study the working of the various athletic associations frequented by the young people in these institutions. If France would introduce base-ball and boxing into her institutions, her chances at knocking out Germany would be materially increased.

The following beautiful sonnet was found in the room of Poco Pendleton:

My Wallie's lost, and all my hopes are fled,

The darling's prattle round the room is still,
And no fresh hope my aching heart doth fill.
'Twas Prexie's bow and Cupid's dart that led
My Joy and Care his future hopes to wed.
O thou, the dearest of my flock, until
You learned the pleasures of the cooling bill,
The Tempter on such lips should no' re have fed.
Fair Venus, turn and guide his feet aright;
The theory's true, the practice of 't is not,
That man should call on ladies every night.
Think once again of me, and my hard lot,
Those family smiles strayed from their lofty height,
Of me with all my tennis goods to rot.

Joe has laid in a fine new stock of fencing goods.
A full course of instruction under Wallie thrown in with every pair of foils.

Several of the students gave an entertainment at West Bath recently, for the benefit of the West Bath Good Templars.

The Maine Central is to erect an elegant stone station here next summer. Bill Fields must move. They say he has petitioned to the Faculty for a lot on the campus. Considerable lobby influence will doubtless be brought to bear.

Two Bowdoin Alumni Associations have held meetings this week. One, January 28th, at Washington, where addresses were delivered by Chief Justice Fuller and Speaker Tom Reed, and another at Boston, January 29th. President Hyde and Professor Hutchins represented the college at Boston.

Webb, '90, Gilley, '91, J. D. Merryman, '92, and Buckman, '93, represented the Bowdoin Y. M. C. A. at the College Conference held at Middletown, Conn., January 24th, 25th, and 26th.

Spring has recovered from his recent illness and rejoined his class.

Several of the students are becoming proficient in the listic art under the able instruction of Parker, '91.

Osborne, '92, and Jones, '93, are at home sick.
Two college organizations, the Glee Club and the Foot-ball Eleven have been “snapped” by the Brunswick photographer recently.

The Freshman gym leaders are Ridley, Machan, and Bucknam.

The Debating Club have elected officers for this term as follows: President, Chandler; Vice-President, Cilley; Secretary, Hunt, ’91; Treasurer, Nelson; Editors, Moody and McCullough; Executive Committee, Ridley, P. C. Newbegin, Sears.

Did anybody ever notice how particular the college choir is never to sing the whole of a hymn? If there are four verses we always hear the first, second, and fourth; if three, the first and third. How about that?

The Juniors have about two weeks more in which to blow themselves up in the Laboratory. The room will then be made ready for the use of Bowdoin’s embryo physicians.

The sale of reading-room papers occurred the 18th. Nestor Brown officiated, and the oily tones of his silver voice persuaded many a man to part with a dime, in exchange for the wherewith to improve his mind.

Practice for the athletic exhibition has commenced in the gym, under the direction of Fish, ’91.

The Y. M. C. A. course of lectures is proving deservedly popular. The first lecture of the course was given in Memorial Hall, January 23d, by W. H. Parsons, of New York, on “Some Things Essential to Business Success.” Mr. Parsons possesses a pleasing delivery and held the closest attention of his audience throughout. The second lecture will be February 4th, by Prof. H. L. Chapman, on “Tennyson’s Princess.”

Among the officers recently elected by the Pejepscot Canoe Club, Bowdoin is represented by Mate Young and Purser Fish.

Scene, History recitation: Prof.—“How did Mary happen to fall in love with Philip when she had never seen him?” Mr. P. (the victim)—“He sent her his photograph.” Prof.—“Carefully avoid anachronism. Photography was not invented in the fifteenth century.”

The first meeting of the debating club for the winter term was held in Lower Memorial, Tuesday evening. The question for discussion was, “Resolved, That in the Gladstone-Blaine controversy, in the North American Review, Mr. Blaine has the better of the argument. Hutchinson and Godling put in some good backing for Mr. Blaine, while Morse and Dyer argued ably in favor of the “grand old man.” The subject for the next meeting will be announced later.

It is a scheme of the base-ball management to play several of the league games next spring, in Portland. Without doubt Portland will turn out a large crowd to witness a good game of ball and our treasury would soon be perceptibly augmented.

Several smooth patches of ice upon the campus after the recent rain, invited many of the students, more of the small town boys, and even one of the Faculty to hunt up the skates and sally forth for a spin.


The Glee Club has chosen officers as follows: President, George F. Freeman; Director, P. E. Simpson; Manager, O. W. Turner; Executive Committee, Simpson, Hastings, Freeman, Turner.

Speaking of the discussion of the Gladstone-Blaine tariff controversy by the Bowdoin Debating Club, one of the funny Maine papers says that undoubtedly the gentleman defeated will feel deeply hurt. Not a very bad hit either! We know a good thing when we see it, even if it is on ourselves. Call round, friend Artemus.

Thursday, January 30th, day of prayer for Colleges. Adjourns.

A Senior, rooming in North Winthrop, has been complaining to Mr. Booker for the past six weeks on account of the cellar window in that end being left open. The blasts of winter were won’t to whistle “in no uncertain way” through that open window and from thence through the spacious cracks in the floor, until they could sport carelessly about the feet of the Senior as he stretched his legs away under the shadow of his rich pine table. At last Mr. Booker awoke and fastened up the window. Next morning any one who happened to be astir at a sufficiently early hour, had he cast his eyes in the direction of North Winthrop, might have seen a man with a wild, haggard look in his eyes, chasing himself up and down in front of that end. Had any one ventured to address him, the wild-eyed individual, being a Y. M. C. A. man, would probably have stopped and given utterance to a few verses of scripture, bearing on the man “Who don’t know any more than to fasten that fiendish soprano tom-cat under my room. The beast has done nothing but howl ‘God save the Queen’ ever since nine o’clock last night. Do you see this brick? Well, it is looking for Booker,”—etc., ad infinitum. Suffice it to
say the janitor was again invoked and before night
the lovelorn feline was rescued from the cellar and
now reposes in a place of honor in the Biological
Laboratory.

Brown, '91, lectured in Friendship, Saturday, on
French History.

Godfrey, '91, is confined to his room by illness.

The Bates boys have lost their base-ball pennant.
Well, well, Bates, that is a pretty trick, but then you
would have lost it in the spring anyway, you know,
so it really doesn't make much difference.

Wood, '92, has returned to college, after downing
the gripe.

Morse, '90, and Cummings, '93, are among the
latest victims of the destroyer.

A very tasty book-plate has recently been received
by the librarian, to be placed in books given by the
Bond Book Fund. The donors of the Sibley Fund
have also presented an attractive plate to be used in
their books.

Many new periodicals as indexed in Poole have
lately been added to the library.

Work in the gym is being made much more attrac-
tive this year than ever before. Ninety and
ninety-one are receiving a thorough course of train-
ing in fencing and single stick work, while '92 and
'93 wield dumb-bell and club respectively. Professor
Whittier is also giving those who desire it, instruc-
tion in tumbling and bar movements.

The long-awaited Toby Lyons, of the Syracuse
team, has arrived, and assumed charge of the nine
in the gym. He begins with a course of hand-ball,
and later will take up batting. Burleigh, Downes,
Hilton, and Gately will train for the box, and ought
to develop some fine points.

Tutor Tolman delivered the poem at the recent
alumni dinner in Portland. It was a fine effort, and
was printed in full in both the Portland papers.

Professor Lee has resumed his duties after a
wrestle with the grip.

Professor Robinson responded to a toast at the
alumni dinner recently held at Portland.

C. A. Stevens, the popular writer, offers to Bio-
logical students three prizes of $175, $125, and $100
each for the best three microscopic slides representing
the blood capillaries in young and aged tissue, canine
or human. The object is to verify his own researches
as to the causes of falling nutrition in aging organ-
isms. For further particular see posted circulars.

Professor Lee recently lectured before the students
of Fryeburg Academy on 'The Straits of Magellan.'
'88.—Rev. George F. Tewksbury has removed from Cambridgeport, Mass., to Oxford, Maine.

'40.—Dr. Samuel L. Young has moved from Gloucester, Mass., to South Portland, Maine.

'58.—George B. Towle has removed from Medway to New York City. His address is 20, East 127th Street.

'60.—Rev. Chas. S. Perkins, formerly of Boston, has settled in Lyndon, Vt.

'62.—Rev. Ellis R. Drake, of Northfield, Mass., is preaching in Eureka, Kan.

'77.—“Among those mentioned for the office of Probate Judge of Cook County, Ill., is William G. Beale now President of the Board of Education of Chicago. His well-known ability, his promptness in the dispatch of public business, and his popularity among the leading young Republican business and professional men of the city,” says the Chicago Tribune, “would make his appointment an eminently fit one.” It is understood, however, that Mr. Beale declines to be considered a candidate.

'79.—Seward S. Terns, of Norway, Me., has been appointed Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue for Second District.

'85.—Mr. Frank I. Brown, who has been for the past four years principal of the Hopkinton (Mass.) High School, has resigned and moved to Bethel, Maine.

'86.—George S. Berry is principal of the high school at Hartford, Vt.

'89.—E. L. Adams has resigned the principalship of the academy at McIndoe's Falls, Vt., and accepted the more lucrative one of the Hopkinton (Mass.) High School.

'89.—B. C. Carroll is in business at Montague, California.

'89.—W. D. Gilpatrick is teaching school at Flying Point, Scarborough.

'89.—C. H. Harriman is principal of the high school at Littleton, Mass.

'89.—G. W. Hayes is studying law at San Jose, California.

'89.—A. E. Neal was recently appointed Justice of the Peace.

'89.—Lory Prentiss has been gymnastic instructor in the training school for Christian Workers at Springfield, Mass., since September 1st.

Ex-'89.—A. W. Preston is principal of the high school at Sharon, Conn.

'89.—George Thwing entered Boston University Law School, January 1st. His address is No. 18, Pinckney Street.

**College World.**

A recent issue of the Crimson contains some interesting statistics on “College Men in Congress.” In the present Congress nearly one-half the Senators and Representatives are graduates of the academic department of some college. They are distributed as follows:

1. Yale, ........................................... 10.
5. Cumberland University (Tenn.), ................. 5.
7. Bowdoin, University of Alabama, Union, Miami, Lombard, University of South Carolina, University of Wisconsin, each, .................. 3.
8. Dartmouth, Amherst, Williams, Oberlin, Brown, Iowa State University, Western Reserve, Wesleyan, Missouri State University, University of Tennessee, Mercer, McKendree, Wabash, University of Georgia, each, .......... 2.

Twenty-five others (names not given) have one each.

Doctor Andrews, of Brown University, at a recent banquet tendered him by the Providence Commercial Club, made a speech in behalf of co-education for Brown.

The Bishop of Richmond recently preached a sermon on foot-ball to a specially invited congregation of over one thousand people at St. James Church, Bedford, England. He praised the game and claimed that his foot-ball experience seemed to be to him a very valuable part of his education.
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SAMUEL THURSTON,  -  -  -  3 Free Street Block,

PORTLAND, ME.
THE college seems to have at last awakened to the true attitude on the matters of society feeling and the ball-nine. We publish another contribution in the same line in this issue, which is of interest to all. It seems to be a notion some have, that a man must be a Psi U, a Theta Delt, or a D K E, etc., first and a Bowdoin man afterwards. The fellow who starts out on any such narrow basis as that will never become a leader in anything very large.

We add two pages to this issue, in order to give our readers in a compact form those features of some of the recent alumni reunions which it is especially desirable to preserve for future reference. We regret our inability to give some of the New York speeches. It will also be noticed that we have made a slight break in the series of articles by recent alumni, for the purpose of inserting "The Angelus." We feel especially fortunate in being able to secure this article, coming as it does at the inner, spiritual side of this great work of art, rather than the outer, sensational aspect in which it has been flaunted before the public. The series will be continued in the next issue by an article from Mr. Owen, '89, entitled "The Outlook in Religion," which well illustrates the liberal spirit now dominant at Andover.

CONTENTS

VOL. XIX., No. 14.—February 12, 1890.

EDITORIAL NOTES, ............................................. 233

LITERARY:
The Angelus, ...................................................... 236
Gleanings from the Alumni Reunions, at Boston, Washington, and Portland, ............................................. 237
Play Ball, .............................................................. 241
"Ninety-Two's Opportunity, ........................................ 241
RHyme and Reason, ............................................... 242
EXCHANGES, ......................................................... 243
COLLEGI Tabula, ................................................... 244
PERSONAL, .......................................................... 245
In Memoriam, ....................................................... 246
COLLEGE WORLD, ................................................ 247
HERE is perhaps no place where the presence of death brings a gloom so strange and unnatural as at college. No one thinks of it, no one even dreams of it. Life, youth, health, enjoyment—these are the refrain the old halls sing. We are always ready to accord to woman the possession of the strongest affections and the deepest grief, but, after all, it is hard to find emotions more true, more tender, more sincere than those which flow from the free-hearted, happy-go-lucky college boy when once he is brought face to face with a great sorrow. His feelings are ill expressed, half-bashful, awkward, but such as they are they come from the depths of true heart. But seldom in its nearly a hundred years of history has the college seen death within its very halls. Bright, cheerful, healthy fellows sometimes leave us and die quietly at their homes; the sad tidings are brought back to us, and for a moment there is a hush. Sympathetic words are spoken; little circles of his intimate friends get together of an evening and talk sadly of the departed, forgetting his faults and conjuring up with tender care the recollections of his virtues and manliness. But the wheels keep on turning, there is no lull. Not so the death that comes in our midst.

The cold, pallid face lying in the once cheerful room, the dreary stillness of the hallways, the sad faces and bowed heads at chapel, the strong and heartfelt prayer, the hymn by the Glee Club—that is not a glee club at all—the long line of students following the hearse across the campus and down the familiar street to the station, and above all the strange silence that seems to brood over the whole scene—all these remain in the memory for many a year, perhaps forever. Old enmities fade away, old society lines are broken down, and for one little moment it seems as if God had hidden us be silent, reverent, and full of brotherly love in the presence of his awful mysteries. It is then, if ever, that we get a glimpse of the better side of our own natures, and are, perhaps, more surprised than any one else at what we find.

Henry Prentiss Godfrey, of the class of ’91, was born in Bangor, in November, 1869, which city has always been his home. He fitted for college at the Bangor High School, and entered Bowdoin in the autumn of ’87, but remained Bowdoin in the autumn of ’87, but remained in college but a little more than one term of his Freshman year, being obliged to leave on account of a trouble with his eyes. He went to Boston, and was there treated so effectively that about the middle of his Sophomore year he was able to return and continue his studies, with the assistance of readers. He thus continued to improve in sight, and make good progress with his back-work, up to the present term. During the latter part of the holiday vacation he complained of not feeling well, but supposing it the gripe, thought to come back to college and work it off. He rapidly grew worse, however, and the fever fastened upon him. After a run of ten days it proved fatal. He received the best of care from the boys of his fraternity (the J. K. E.), from his nurse, Mr. Stiles of the Medical Department, and from Dr. Mitchell, Professor in the Medical Department. Mr. Godfrey was a man of large frame and magnificent development, being one of the strongest all-round men ever measured under the Sargent system. He was a man of absolutely no vices, a practical Christian and a genuine philanthropist. Being wealthy, he laid aside, each year, an allowance to devote to charitable and philanthropic purposes. He spoke in different parts of the State during the last campaign, as a prohibitionist, and founded, in his native city, a young people’s temperance society. He was also the founder and President of the Kenduskeag Debating Club, in Bangor. He has always taken a great interest in the
poor of his own city, and while in Boston being treated for his eyes, was an active member of one of the humane societies of that city. He was a man of literary tastes, being especially fond of poetry; Longfellow, Whittier, and Holmes were his favorites. He was also an admirer of Poe's prose works. His home relations were everything that could be wished for, his residence being one of the finest in Bangor. He possessed wealth, ability, and high ideals—everything that goes to make life happy and useful. His works the world must lose; his example remains.

SAYS the Lewiston Journal, in speaking of the article in our last issue relative to strict morality among base-ball men: "The Bowdoin Orient sensibly protests against placing upon the college ball-nine, foot-ball team, or boat-crew, any man 'who habitually smokes cigarettes, drinks, or is otherwise immoral,' but accompanies its good suggestion with an unnecessary sneer at temperance reformers." Probably the sentence referred to was this: "We already have enough of that kind of gush [i.e., temperance truisms,] flavored with a liberal admixture of women's suffrage garlic, to disgust a good many men who would otherwise give the reform their active support." We are rather inclined to admit the pertinency of the criticism, for the sentence was, at least, "unnecessary." But, barring its want of application to the question under discussion, the statement is a sadly true one. There are a great many men, temperance at heart, who are repelled from some of the now popular organizations, by the attempt of over-zealous women's suffragists to push their debated reform before the public as a "rider" to the practically undebate one of temperance, that is, undebate as to the necessity of a reform of some kind. It is generally conceded that mixed reforms are seldom successful. The Orient is for temperance, first, last and all the time, but it is not for women's suffrage, and, least of all, for saddling it upon the back of another reform, which certainly has hard enough time to fight its own battles. The Journal, through the medium of its large circulation, will kindly put our somewhat effervescent little sheet, and the old college it represents, in the proper light before the public.

THE alumni reunions come to us this year bringing their usual encouragement and inspiration. But, after all, we undergraduates cannot help experiencing just a bit of alloy mixed with the pleasure which the words and doings of those staid old fellows always bring to us, because just now they seem to be neglecting the old institution a little. The college cannot grow much more until it receives pecuniary assistance. If we rightly apprehend the spirit of the present administration, no more students will be admitted than there is ample preparation for. Bowdoin is not to be boomed. The incoming classes will be thinned out at the bottom until they correspond with the facilities. There is no question but, in time, the friends of the college will wake up and give it the support it needs. It cannot be otherwise. A glance at the general catalogue reveals a long list of wealthy names, and the denomination at our back is old and rich. But at the same time, being more broad in its views and less intense in its feelings than some others, it does not show that ready response to calls for aid which some of our sister institutions of other denominations have profited by. But still we know that strong and earnest men are working for us in various localities and aid is sure to come eventually. Let any one read the array of facts given in the speech of our President before the Boston alumni reunion, and printed in another column of this issue, and see if we have not earned it.
The Angelus.

By Edward B. Merrill, '57.

It is well to have seen the original of this picture. Neither its own merits nor our own pleasure are diminished because it came to us with the blare which is only befitting the general temper of the community where it is first exhibited in America. The noise and excitation of curiosity which attended its public sale in Paris, the competition and artificial pride for the glory of its local possession contending in self-appropriation at the auction, followed as it was by the imposition of the absurd tariff-duty which met it at the gate of this continent, and which arouses the just indignation of every scholar and lover of art, are all irreconcilable with the conception of the artist and the sentiment of the completed work.

The main facts which go to make up the history of Millet's life are well known. His poverty was not exceptional or peculiar in its general characteristics, but it was to him, as to others, equally discouraging, obstructive, full of the weariness of spirit and as hard to bear. He had a few family friends, some of whom bestowed upon him that rare sympathy which was excited by the discovery in him of his artistic genius and who gave him such aid as they could, aid in the mere animal business of living, but nothing that could feed the yearnings of his own soul. The bestowment of every outward accessary to his merely daily existence could do but little toward strengthening his inmost purpose. Inwardly he dwelt apart. Though tender and kind in feeling to every one, his whole energy was bent towards the embodiment of the ideals of his artistic sense, and he gave his life to it in the truest and only artistic method. He worked always toward the realization of the hope that the sentiments of Truth, Goodness, and Beauty which he saw all about him, in his native fields, among his fellow-working men and women, in their daily outward occupations, such as he observed in the changes of the seasons and the corresponding dissimilarities in the aspect of nature as observed in those changes, might be fixed and retained upon his canvas. And he has not failed in his high aim. He who looks upon "The Sowers," "The Gleaners," "The Sheepfold," or "The Angelus," or upon any one of the pictures of Millet, even the least meritorious of them all, will not, if he be not controlled by a too strong regard for the mere technique in the production before him, fail to find a love of Nature and of Beauty only held by their most devoted and rapturous worshipers.

But "The Angelus" is a picture by itself, and a fit altar-piece for the Temple of the home. Its two figures, only, are peasants in an homely garb, dressed in the coarse and rustic garments of their field work. The hour is the late afternoon and just at Vespers. The sun descending below the horizon, suffuses the whole atmosphere and sky with a golden light, touching the spire in the far distance, the bared heads of the peasants, and the whole scene with an unsurpassed sympathy; the bells from the village one can almost hear, as they strike with their soft and mellowed sound upon the ears of the listening world, uttering the "ANGELUS DOMINI," "NUNTIavit MARLE" to every worshipper; the woman with childlike devotion folds her hands and bows her head in prayer, the man, with less grace, holds his cap at his breast. The sound passes by, the whole earth for the moment is full of the sense of resignation, of that self-control, of that faith in the Divine love, "Behold I am with you always."

We feel as we turn aside, and leave it and pass away and go out again into the crowded streets of a populous and busy commercial
city, that perhaps all the elements of Truth, and Goodness, and Beauty in character and life have not fled from our fellow whose heart is nearer nature than our own; that he yet found it possible to reveal in simple tones, anew, the lesson of Faith in Work, Faith in God; and to bestow upon us in this picture another and more perfect illustration of the prophet’s praise, “We thank Thee that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, but revealed them unto babes.”

Cleanings From the Alumni Reunions.

Held at Boston, Washington, and Portland.—A Few of the Salient Features.—Some of the Important Officers.

It is not the purpose of the Orient to devote any of its limited space to topics which have already been covered by the great dailies, and must in consequence be stale and out of place. Therefore, we have avoided a formal report of the various alumni associations. We have, nevertheless, deemed it advisable to put into a compact form a few general features which have seemed valuable for reference and future perusal.

At Boston.

[ Held at Young’s Hotel, January 29, 1890. ]

Officers for ensuing year: President, Hon. W. W. Rice, ’46; Vice-President, C. U. Bell, ’63; Secretary, A. F. Parker, ’76; Assistant-Secretary, E. U. Curtis, ’82; Chairman of Executive Committee, Augustus Jones, ’60.

Prominent men present: Wm. DeWitt Hyde, President of the college; Cyrus Hamlin, ’34; Thomas L. Stone, ’20; Egbert Smythe, ’48; Edward Stanwood, ’61; Dudley A. Sargent, ’75. Whole number present, 80.

Opening Remarks of President Rice.

Brethren Alumni, I greet you at this return of our annual celebration in honor of our old college. Hearts are always warmer, pulses quicker, and memories tenderer in this alumni association than anywhere else. I was born in Massachusetts, but I was carried in my mother’s arms to Maine for no other practical purpose that I could ever ascertain than that I might become in due time a graduate of Bowdoin College. [Applause.] I have not been sorry for it. When as a boy I stood in her classic shades, I was proud of Bowdoin. She bore upon her front the proudest name of any in New England. Pierre Bowdoin, the Huguenot refugee, landed at Portland in 1667; James Bowdoin, the great merchant of Boston, James Bowdoin, his son, the great patriot of Massachusetts, the peer of the Adamses and more than a peer of Hancock [applause] gave Bowdoin his son, the scholar, gentleman, and diplomat. The name died then in the family, but it is immortal as the name of the college. [Applause.] I found when I went to Bowdoin a corps of professors unsurpassed, in my judgment, by any since [laughter], and having at their head that learned scholar, that elegant gentleman, Leonard Woods. [applause.] Even then Bowdoin had immortal names upon her roll—Longfellow, the great poet; Hawthorne, the great novelist; Andrew, the great statesman and patriot; and I have been proud of her ever since, and I am proud of Bowdoin now.

The other night, at her board in the capital of the nation, sat the Chief Justice of the United States [applause], the speaker of the House of Representa¬tives [applause], the eloquent, true-hearted states¬man, Sir William P. Frye [applause], the great political economist, the old secretary of the Treasury, Hugh McCulloch. Why should not we be proud of Bowdoin? And if these gentlemen should all pass away, we could send on platoon after platoon willing, if not able. [Laughter and applause.] There are other colleges of wider area and higher professions, but for honest, faithful work, for high and inspiring instruction, I stand here to say, with a somewhat wide experience, that I know of none higher than the little college yonder, planted by Massachusetts, and nurtured not always too carefully by the great State of Maine among the pines. [Great applause.]

Speech of President Hyde.

President Hyde was introduced by the chairman as a man standing in the forefront of American educators, and spoke as follows:

Hitherto on these occasions it has been my part to prophesy, leaving to others history and reminiscence. Now I have had a four years’ course at Bowdo¬in as well as the rest of you, and I shall try to tell what has been done during that time. Four years ago we had neither gymnasium nor apparatus,
neither requirement nor inducement to systematic exercise. To-day we have a commodious brick building, furnished with the most approved apparatus, heated by steam and lighted by electricity. The Sargent system of physical examination and exercise is in full operation, under the control of a competent director, and a graded course of class exercises is required of all. The opportunities for the study of Latin, Greek, and Mathematics have been extended by the introduction of new electives, including a teachers' course in Caesar, a course in Greek archaeology, and a course in analytical mechanics. The elements of French and German are taught at the beginning, instead of in the middle of the college course. An elective in French literature has been added, and the elective in German has been extended. The elements of physics have been carried back from Junior to Sophomore year, and an elective in laboratory physics is offered to the Juniors. An elective in practical astronomy has been added, and increased accommodations have been provided for the study of chemistry. An assistant has been added to the department of biology, so that the laboratory is open all hours in the day. An elective in histology is provided for those who intend to study medicine. The department of rhetoric and oratory has been strengthened by the addition of a tutor who trains the Freshmen in elocution, and corrects the themes of the Sophomores and Juniors. Four years ago history and political economy were taught by the professor of mathematics, now a professor of history gives his entire time to these studies. The number electing history has increased in these four years from three to thirty-five, and nearly the whole Senior class are pursuing elective courses in political economy and the development of political institutions. In place of the text-book study of evidences of Christianity, with its special pleading for dogmatic conclusions, one side of this field is covered by a thorough and systematic study of the problems of Biblical criticism, and the other by a study of the revelation God has made of himself in nature, human history, and human thought, as presented in the history of philosophy. Instead of trying to force conclusions the college aims to teach the facts and principles which lie at the basis of all intelligent and rational thought upon these weighty matters. The gift of the organ and the establishment of the choir on a responsible basis have greatly enriched the chapel service. Four years ago the library was open only half of the time and received only a fraction of the attention of the person who served as librarian, hence the library was little more than a store-house of books. Now the library is open from morning until night. The librarian gives his entire time to its management, and ranks in station and salary as a professor. He is a director of reading, study, and research, rather than a mere distributor of books. Six thousand volumes have been added to the library within these four years. It has become the workshop of the college and the center of its life. The Young Men's Christian Association has grown from a feeble body, meeting in a small room, to a flourishing organization, with large and attractive quarters. It includes in its active members one-fourth, and in active and associate members together, three-fifths of the students. This year we furnish four members to the Junior class at Andover Seminary. During these four years exactly ten per cent. of the graduates have taken up post-graduate studies at Harvard, Clark, Cornell, Johns Hopkins, Gottingen, Leipsie, and Berlin. The elective system has been extended from one-quarter of the last two years to one-half of the last three years. The experiment of self-government has proved a success. Hazing, deeply rooted in college tradition, has been abolished by the voluntary action of the students. Many of these changes have been expensive. For the gymnasium, the organ, and additions to the library, we are indebted to the gifts of friends. The improvements in the course of instruction have cost $9,000. Do you ask where we got it? We have earned it.

Of this $9,000 only $193 is due to increased income from invested funds. The few bequests that we have received have just balanced the loss of income from re-investment of funds at lower rates of interest. Practically the whole of that $9,000 is due to an increase of fifty per cent. in the number of students.

I have tried to show you some of the bricks that we have been making in the past four years with only such straw as we could pick up for ourselves. The next four years ought to see more growth than the past. Professorships of history, of political and social science, and of English literature remain to be endowed. Three laboratories for chemistry, physics, and biology must be fitted up anew. The library should be placed on a self-supporting basis. Above all, $100,000, at least, should be added to the general fund. Let the sons and friends of the college give us these things that we need, and we will give to your Alma Mater a renewed youth that shall be no less fruitful in sound scholarship and noble character than the days that gave Longfellow and Hawthorne to literature, Stowe and Harris and Everett and Smyth to theology, Anderson and Hamlin to diplomacy, and Fessenden, Hale, Evans, Pierce, Andrew, Fuller,
Frye, and Reed to the service of the state. [Great applause.]

Other Speakers: Rev. Thomas T. Stone, '20, Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, '34. A letter was read from the Rev. Cyrus A. Bartol. A poem was read by William A. Spear, '70, and a large number of brief addresses followed.

AT WASHINGTON.

[Hold at Welcker's, January 28, 1890.]

The following from the Evening Star will perhaps give an idea of the meeting:

"It's a way we have at old Bowdoin." These words were sung last night by a company at Welcker's with all the zest of a lot of college boys on a frolic. They were grizzled old boys, many of them. There was Chief Justice Fuller, with Senator Frye on one hand and Gen. O. O. Howard on the other, with Senator Washburn a little ways off, with Col. L. D. M. Sweat and Mr. L. Deane opposite him, and about thirty other more or less distinguished sons of Maine and alumni of old Bowdoin gathered around. [Speaker Reed was unable to be present.]

It was the annual dinner of the Bowdoin Alumni Association. Though greater numbers may sit down at some college alumni dinners, there is no gathering of the kind held in Washington where the old college spirit takes so strong a hold of "the boys" and none, it may be added, where the average of ability and distinction of the company is greater. Eminent statesmen, distinguished jurists, staid ministers of the gospel, and dignified old grandfathers, for the hour live over again their college days when their time was divided between Greek roots and boyish pranks.

After the excellent dinner had been disposed of two hours or more were given up to eloquent speeches, spirited songs, and delightful stories of days at the old college "way down there in the woods." Chief Justice Fuller opened the proceedings as presiding officer with a brief speech expressing his love for his Alma Mater, and his gratification at meeting with his brethren of the alumni association. As another engagement required the Chief Justice to retire early from the festive board, his mantle as presiding officer fell upon Senator Frye, who conducted the proceedings to a close with a spirit that contributed much to the pleasure of the occasion.

President Hyde, of Bowdoin, was unable, on account of a prior engagement with the Boston Alumni, to be present, but he sent his annual message to the Washington Association in the form of a letter, in which he spoke in a most gratifying way of the growing prosperity of the college, the increase of fifty per cent. in the number of students in four years' time, and of several important additions to the college Faculty and the college equipment.

Toast-mastcr, L. Deane.


Whole number present, thirty.

Said Professor Chickering at the closing remarks: "God bless the small college, and Bowdoin not the least."

AT PORTLAND.

[Hold at the Falmouth, January 16, 1890.]

Number present, thirty-two.

Officers for ensuing year: President, Geo. F. Emery; Secretary, D. W. Snow; Treasurer, F. S. Waterhouse; Orator, Rev. E. C. Cummings; Poet, V. C. Wilson; Tocmaster, F. O. Conant; Chairman of Executive Committee, Prentiss Loring; Chairman of Dinner Committee, Chas. A. Ring.

Presiding officer at this meeting, Judge Cleaves; Oration, "The Present and the Past," by Augustus F. Moulton; Poem by Albert W. Tolman, '88, Assistant in Rhetoric and Tutor in Greek in Bowdoin College.

Mr. Tolman's Poem.

Yet once again, O many-storied Past
Thy pages writ in vanished years unfold;
Open anew thy varied store and vast
For us who seek amid the deeds of old
To find some tale, some legend quaintly told
Whose theme shall serve us in these latter days:
Reveal some vision from thine age of gold
That we may see the truth which Time portrays,
Drawn out in living lines on life's bewildering maze.

Upon the verge of Nile's unending stream
Lonely and still the giant Memnon stands;
He sees the tide flow by as in a dream,
The lotus flower its petalled bloom expands
In vain for him, a stranger in the lands
That were his own; in ruins round him lie
Temple and column, marred by vandal hands,
The lingering wrecks of glory long gone by,
Of Memphis' far-famed pomp and ancient majesty.

Not thus he stood in grandeur desolate
In those old days when Time himself was young,
Not thus alone, but thronged in kingly state
With kindred gods; the rock-hewn temples rang
With hymns triumphant in his glory sung,
With loud thanksgiving, or with victory's shout,
Or humbler phrases framed with supplicant tongue,
Uprose in murmurs round him, hushed about
With throngs of kneeling priests and worshipers devout.

With eyes firm fixed upon the eastern bank
He watched from far the bustle of the crowd;
Down toward him sloped the city, rank on rank
Of palace towers and stately temples proud,
Lifting their heads to skies without a cloud;
With sunlight fierce their roofs were all aflame,
In thronging streets was heard the tumult loud
Of busy life, and traffic's hoarse acclaim,
That with a softened sound across the water came.

Before him stretched the mighty river, strewn
With shining sails; the pleasure-seeker dreamed
In barges curtained from the sun of noon:
A thwart the tide the fisher's shallop gleamed;
The merchant craft with stately motion seemed
To scorn the ferries plying to and fro;
Sometimes a sombre funeral boat proclaimed
With shrouded side, and wailing sad and low,
A king had gone the way all mortal men must go.

The sun had sunk behind the carven walls
That barred the west, and night was come without,
Her herald twilight; from the palace halls
Was heard the sound of revelry and rout;
In templed Thebes the fire-fly lights gleamed out,
Their twinkling beams across the water thrown,
In chorus full uprose the wassail-shout
Till hushed all sound; the lights died one by one,
And through the silent streets the watchman paced alone.

Above the sleeping city through the night
He kept his vigil, seeing all the while,
His rugged face illumined by her light,
The round moon mirrored in the placid Nile,
That south to northward stretched for many a mile
Its silver flood 'twixt banks of darkest green;
The cloudless circle of the heavens smiled
In starry splendor on its course serene,
While east and west the hills and desert closed the scene.

The night was o'er, and joyful he beheld
The faint red dawn steal up the Arabian sky;
Broader and high the rosy torrent swelled,
Moments to him of voiceless ecstasy
Still gazing on the east with steady eye;
Soon from the sun there flashed a dazzling line
Full on his lips; then breathed the melody
That seemed to those that heard it all divine,
A message of the gods, sent from their secret shrine.

Thus by Life's ceaseless stream, from days of old,
With face of stone the Past is standing still;
To those that scorn it, voiceless, deaf, and cold,
A symbol of forgotten deeds that fill
No place in present need, but those who will
May from its lips a changeless music hear,
Strains that inspire the soul through good and ill,
That rouse the heart, the fainting spirit cheer,
And teach the awe-struck mind to wonder and revere.

The shades of earth-embracing night
Have dropped their mantle down,
And wintry stars are gleaming bright
Above the classic town.

The imprisoned waters sing their tune,
While northward to the bay
A sheet of white beneath the moon
The river winds away.

Against her wall of sombre pine
Old Bowdoin's buildings rise,
Her chapel spires in bold design
Point upward to the skies.

Without her halls the moonlight falls
Across the drifted snow,
Within her halls' protecting walls
The lamps of evening glow.

Hail to the mother of us all,
Our guide to light and truth,
Suggestress of each high resolve
That stirs the heart of youth.

Changeless and sure is her renown,
Her glory undecayed,
No gem shall tarnish in her crown,
Her laurel shall not fade.
Play Ball!

Some More Cold Facts for the Nine.

The position of the college in base-ball for the past three or four years has been far from what could be desired. Although we have had good players and plenty of them, our nine has often failed to make respectable showing, both from want of practice and because of society feeling, which has demanded that each society should at any rate be represented, no matter if to the exclusion of the better men of some other fraternity. We have seen how disastrously this method of selecting players has proved in the past, and it seems as if it is about time to remedy this evil, or to let base-ball severely alone.

Why should the societies make this trouble about base-ball, when the men for the college crews and the foot-ball team are chosen for worth and not for looks? The fact is, that this “kicking” at the make-up of the base-ball team has been handed down as a kind of tradition, and no society feels that it has done its duty until it has found fault and caused some of the men to be changed. Does this seem to be the proper way to support a team on whose success the honor of the college depends?

Suppose we compare the college, as a whole, to our nation, and the societies to the different states of which our nation is composed. We say that we owe our allegiance first to our nation, and then to our state. Why, then, should we not make the selfish interests of our society secondary to the welfare of our college?

But the discontinuance of “running the nine on a society basis” will not overcome every difficulty with which we have to contend; and, in fact, it is the lesser of the two greatest. Our nine, on more than one occasion, has shown the want of practice, and to a woful degree. We have a habit of not doing any more good practice as soon as we win one game; but every day from four until quarter of six we gather on the Delta and pretend to practice for an hour or two, or rather, let us say we practice exerting ourselves as little as possible. Now this work is worse than no practice at all. If we are to receive any benefit from practice we must put some life into the work; and next spring there must be a marked change in this respect if we are to win the championship. If we would win we must practice as hard when successful as when unsuccessful and not trust too much to luck.

Let us hope that the two evils of bad attention to practice and “society kicking” may be done away with, and that we may in the future consider only the highest welfare and honor of the college, instead of our foolish aspirations and individual desires.

’Ninety-Two’s Opportunity.

An Underclassman on the Election Question.

About seven weeks ago the Sophomore class met to elect officers for the ensuing year. The result was none were elected. Your spicy article led me, as a member of this class, to consider whether or not we had managed the affair in a sensible manner. I came to the conclusion we had not. At the election of officers for the Freshman year, the class divided itself into two factions caused by a false accusation against one of the fra-
ternities, that "a slate had been drawn up in which no non-society man could hold any office during the four years.

The writer has not brought this up here to show that it was false or to gain sympathy for either party, but to see if the class could not come to terms in which all might be satisfied. As a class it is clear that we cannot figure to any extent in athletics, but we have, in other college affairs, not been far behind those classes which have preceded us. Now, even at the present time, we are looking forward to the Ivy exercises and to those who shall be the officers of that interesting day. If we desire to present to the public exercises that shall do us credit, we ought to select our men by merit and not be influenced by faction or society. We do not believe any pledges have been given by any faction for past services; so we are in a position to consider the matter as a whole class regardless of all society delegations. It is yet some months before we elect these officers and we ought to give it our serious consideration and due attention.

Rhyme and Reason.

LET HER FLICKER.
ROUDEAU.
Phyllis is fair with golden hair
That flies where'er it pleases;
Yet all will say, do what she may,
How'er she frets and teases,
Phyllis is fair.

I cannot tell why her tell-tale eye
So charms me with its glances;
Yet come what will, she lingers still,
And flickers through my fancies—
Phyllis is fair.

(JOKE) OSE.
A German joke is devoid of point,
An English joke is neat,
A Yankee joke is often old

But it has a peculiar
Faculty of arriving at its
Destination with the
Contemporaneous advent
Of both its feet.

ALLITERATE.
The jabbering jury with jocund jeers
Joggling their jowls with glee,
While the juvenile jackanapes jerks a jig
On the jingling gallows tree.

THE THREE TIDES.
"I saw a sorrow," the sea-bird said,
"As over the wave I sped and sped
At ebbing tide.
On the dreary sand, hand clasping hand,
A youth and maiden stood side by side;
And with lingering feet,
Parted with many a long farewell,
Hoping, with fears they durst not tell,
When the voyage was over, once more to meet.

"I saw a joy," the sea-bird said,
"As over the wave I sped and sped
At flowing tide.
On the glistening sand, a merry band
Of children played, and laughing tried
To build a wall,
With bulwarks guarding it round about,
To shut the rising ocean out,
And gayly shouted to see it fall.

"The shore was deserted," the sea-bird said,
"As over the wave I sped and sped
At flood of tide.
The burning sand, a south wind fanned,
And white waves dashed where the seaweed dried,
And bare was the shore.
The lover's footsteps were washed away;
No trace was left of the children's play;
The ocean closed over all once more."

"SIC VOLVERE PARCAS."
'Twas one day in recitation,
And the boys, I blush to tell,
Were not paying strict attention
But were rais—not acting well.

And the Prof. was getting wrathful,
And a light shown in his eye,
Seeming to say in words unspoken
"My turn comes by and by."
A calm spread o'er the class-room,
And in tones of subtle scorn,
"Mr Blank," said the Professor,
"From this point may now go on."

To his feet arose the victim,
Scanned the air and looked perplexed,
While the Prof. with fiendish pleasure,
Grimly smiled and answered, "Next."

**KISSES AND YESSES.**

"Do you really love me, Bob?"
Queryed Grace.
Then she hid her blushing face,
While her lover's warm embrace
Answered "yes."

**LATER.**

At her window sits the fair
Enamored Grace;
While below the servant maid
Answers Bob, the renegade,
With a "yes."

---

**Exchanges.**

The Yale Record, devoting a column to the newspaper report that the Princeton foot-ball eleven were going to take a trip South during vacation, among other things about it, says: "We have learned that as they arrive at each city, a procession will be formed in the following order:

Brass Band.
Mayor and Council (in carriages).
Princeton Champion Foot-Ball Team (in carriages).
200 Princeton Undergraduates (nearly one-half the entire college) discharging fire-works.
Brass Band.
Admiring populace.

"In the evening an exhibition is to be given to the tune of $3.00 per reserved seat. The main feature of the show is to be the setting up of Yale dummies to be knocked down, amidst wild applause led by the two hundred Princeton students, by Ames, who is to make one of his famous zigzag plunges through them. After the performance, ladies are to be permitted to view the kicking foot of Mr. Ames, who will sit upon a raised dais. This thrilling spectacle is to be supplemented by the exhibition of Mr. Cowan's hared right arm. 'By paying a small extra charge, visitors will be allowed to see the champions feed, from six to eight P.M.' Among the stage fixings are to be one dozen foot-balls, a lot of goal posts, twenty thousand packages of Jersey mud, neatly wrapped up, tied with orange and black ribbon, and labelled 'On this mud the Princeton champions have played,' fire-works, and the dummies above mentioned."

The Record is an excellent preparatory sheet for the Puck, Judge, and Life line of journalism.

A communication from an alumnus to The Brumonian laments the fact that to the society feeling in large measure has been due, in by-gone years, the low standing of the Brown University base-ball team in their league. "It is marked disloyalty to the interests of the college that any secret society or clique should use their influence in such a way as to hamper the efforts that are made to have a nine made up from the best men the college can furnish," is a remark that Bowdoin men have happily at last come to appreciate and guide themselves by, and one containing a sentiment which will not, we believe, from the sorry experience of the past, be soon forgotten by them. It is a subject which, though frequently harped on, cannot be too clearly kept in mind or too often urged.

The Wellesley Prelude drops in upon us, as ever, so bulging with good reading and femininity as to almost burst its hoops. Wellesley is rejoicing in her Glee Club, and one who is interested writes an article inquiring if some better mode of applauding it cannot be devised than clapping, which "rudely breaks with a tumult of sound the restfulness and charm of delicious music." She wonders if silk ribbons, or banners, or handkerchiefs, of college or class colors, might not be provided, thus letting "a symphony of color succeed a symphony of sound."

Following this is an approbative Prelude editorial that we wish we could quote in full, for it truly bustles with feminine innovative spirit. It says no strong objection can be raised to this plan, and the only objection is that some might consider it girlish. But this is well met by the sensible inquiry "Whether it is not better for girls to be girlish to a reasonable degree rather than to perpetuate the customs of the rabble of all past ages?" This strikes us as carrying the right tone. The world at its best is not quite all conventionality yet. There is still left room for a little spontaneity and naturalness.

The set of four volumes of Thane's British Autography, which was presented to Bowdoin College by Miss Thayer, of Roxbury, Mass., is especially valuable, as there are but two other complete sets in existence.—The Dartmouth.
Apropos of the alumni reunion at Young's, the Boston Herald says: "The sons of Bowdoin have a good right to boast of her distinguished alumni. A list of graduates that includes such names as Longfellow and Hawthorne, to say nothing of lesser lights, is something that any college might well be proud of."

At least three, perhaps four, deaths of students have occurred here within the last forty years. Howard Abbott, of '69, of Belfast, who roomed in No. 3, South Appleton, committed suicide by jumping from the bridge into the Androscoggin. His father was a member of Congress. He died May 20, 1859, and the funeral was held in due form in the chapel. The reason for the act will always remain a mystery, for he certainly was perfectly sane. The body was not found for some days, and when found was not far from the place where he jumped in. He left a letter intimating his intention to commit suicide. The act cast an awful gloom over the college. Artemas Fisher Gregg, of '81, died at a room in North Maine, from an overdose of some sleeping potion. As to the ceremonies held, we are unable to give information. Will Albert Cornish, of '86, also died at college. Funeral services were held in the chapel, and Professor Packard preached over the remains, the casket being placed on one of the broad steps leading to the altar.

Cutts has returned to college after a visit to Philadelphia.

The latest returns from the backwoods seem to indicate that the country school is beginning to close its doors for the rest of the winter. Bartlett, '90, Bean, Hardy, Pendleton, and Whitney are among the latest arrivals.

The last Orient stated that Brown, '91, had recently lectured in Friendship on "French History." Mr. Brown has been on the war-path and wishes the Orient to state that he has no desire to defraud Vick of his honors. Thompson was the man. Brown's specialty, this year, is English History.

Jordan has accepted a position as Principal of the Litchfield Academy.

Ed. Drew is again among us. His home has been Portland and Bath, for the past few weeks.

North Winthrop boasts a genuine fire-bug. A man who would leave the blower on an open stove for three hours, thereby setting fire to his carpet, should have a guardian. Volunteers are now in order.

Minott has been taking charge of affairs at home the past week, while the rest of the family wrestled with "grip."

There are three bookstores in college, but Jarvis boasts the only boot and shoe agency. He will lay in a stock of tennis goods in the spring.

Hill, '89, has recently joined the ranks of the Beneditcs.

Life in South Appleton is made miserable by thirteen musical instruments.

Rogers, Smith, and Rice, '89, have visited Brunswick recently.

Chapin, '93, has been given a position as assistant in the Library.

The opening lecture of the Medical Course was given in Lower Memorial, Thursday, by Prof. L. A. Emery, on the "Standard of Excellence."

The Sophomores indulged in a class cut from the gym, Thursday, in order to take in the medical lecture.

Adams Hall is now supplied with electricity from the town plant.

Rounds, '91, is exercising his electrical knowledge in the construction of a dynamo.

The second lecture in the Y. M. C. A. course was given in Memorial Hall, Tuesday, February 4th, by Prof. H. L. Chapman, of Bowdoin, on Tennyson's "Princess."

Toby Lyons closed his engagement with the Base-Ball Association, Saturday. The results of his thorough course of training are expected to materialize on the ball-field later in the year.

Several of the students attended the performance of "Hands Across the Sea," at Lewiston, January 29th.

Turner, Wingate, and Dunn, are running the Seniors in the gym this year. Ridlon, Fish, and Godin officiate for '91.

'Ninety-one enjoyed her annual grab game for class officers, Wednesday. Following are the lucky men: President, Jordan; Vice-President, Thompson; Secretary and Treasurer, Croswell; Orator, Brown;
Poet, Burleigh; Marshal, Hastings; Odist, Lincoln; Curator, Kempton; Committee on Arrangements, Ridlon, Chapman, Emerson Hilton.

By some misunderstanding on the part of the managers of the Y. M. C. A. course of lectures, it was announced on the bills that the Glee Club would render a selection at each lecture. It is to be regretted that the club will be unable to appear again during the course, as their music would have been a very attractive feature of the evening's programme.

Wednesday evening, February 6th, witnessed the solemn scenes attending the ushering out of the term of the College Dancing School. Thirty-five couples graced the floor, and it was far into the night before the last strains of delightful music died away. Messrs. Gilbert, Crawford, and Woodbury, furnished music for a fine order of twelve dances.

With the last of the dancing school comes the beginning of the assemblies. The first of the course was held in Town Hall, Tuesday evening. About thirty-eight couples were present, and dancing was kept up until a late hour. Woodbury, of Portland, furnished music.

Messrs. Hastings, Chapman, Hilton, and Ridlon have the assemblies in charge.

The Saint Peter (S.P.) degree has recently been conferred upon our esteemed college junior. Mr. Booker has been appointed guardian of the chapel door, and now it is only those who get there in time that succeed in gaining admittance to the place of morning worship.

G. O. Hubbard, of Brunswick, is practicing for the Bowdoin Athletic Exhibition.

The news that one of their number had passed away the night before, rendered the Day of Prayer a singularly sad one for the Bowdoin students. It is so seldom that the hand of death falls in our very midst, so rare that the college room becomes the scene of sickness and departing life, that the knowledge of the death of a fellow-student in South Appleton seemed to plunge the whole college into the most profound silence and awe. Brief funeral services were conducted at the chapel in the afternoon. The Scriptures were read by Professor Woodruff. Mr. Guild offered prayer, and the college choir sang very sweetly the appropriate hymn, "Nearer Home." After the service the students and faculty formed a procession and followed the remains to the station, from whence they were taken to Bangor for interment.

The funeral of the late Henry Prentiss Godfrey occurred Saturday forenoon, from the family residence in Bangor. Rev. Geo. C. Cressey, a member of the Bowdoin Chapter of A.K.E., officiated in a most impressive manner and the Apollo Quartette, of Bangor, rendered the following selections: "To Weary Hearts," "I Long for Household Voices Gone," and "When the Mists Have Rolled Away." The members of the '91 delegation of A.K.E. were the bearers, and twenty-four of the students followed the remains to Mount Hope. The floral tributes were of the most beautiful. A broken column and a special design of the fraternity pin were tokens of the esteem in which Mr. Godfrey was held by the members of his class and fraternity.

'20.—Rev. T. T. Stone, the oldest alumnus of Bowdoin College, was present at the recent reunion of the Boston Alumni. He is eighty nine years old.

'31.—Rev. William V. Jordan died Thursday, January 23d, at his residence in Chapman, Kan. He was born in Saco, Me., in 1804, and fitted for college at Thornton Academy in that town. On leaving college he entered on a course of theological study at Andover, Mass., which he completed at Bangor, graduating in the class of 1836. In 1871 he removed to Chapman, a newly-settled place, and preached the first sermons ever heard in that region. He had resided there ever since.

'33.—Rev. Charles Adams, D.D., who died at his home in Washington, Sunday, was born at Stratham, N. H., in 1808. Dr. Adams was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1833, and shortly afterward entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal church. Early in life he was appointed principal of Newbury Seminary at Newbury, Vt.; he subsequently became principal of the Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham, Mass., where he remained for several years. After having charge of the Bromfield Street Church in Boston for a period, Dr. Adams became a professor of Ancient and Oriental Languages in the Methodist General Theological Institute at Concord, N. H., now known as the Boston University. At a later period of his life he was induced to transfer his labors to the West, and for more than ten years was President of the
Illinois Female College at Jacksonville, Ill. During the intervals of his career as an instructor, Dr. Adams was in charge of important churches both in Boston and Cincinnati, and was a preacher of great force and eloquence. In his active life he was very ready with his pen, and wrote several books which were favorably received. His widow, a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Huntington, pastor at Rye, N. H., survives him, also several children. He has been a resident in Washington in his late years. His remains have been taken to Stratham, N. H.

'Rev. George F. Tewksbury died suddenly of apoplexy, in Oxford, Me., January 28th, aged nearly seventy-nine years. He graduated at Andover Seminary, and was ordained in 1838 at Albany, Me., where he remained for fourteen years. His other pastorates were at Mechanic Falls, Benton and Fairfield, Oxford, West Minot, Gorham, N. H., Casco and Naples, North Bridgton and Lyman. He gave up active ministerial labor in 1884, and resided for a time with his son, Rev. George A. Tewksbury, of Seattle, Wash., who was then settled in Cambridge, Mass.

'58-'66-'87. On a recent committee connected with the Westbrook Trust Company were three Bowdoin men,—Nathan Cleaves, '58; R. D. Woodman, '66; and Arthur W. Merrill, '87.

'60.—Hon. Orville D. Baker was one of the speakers at the Grand Army Reunion at Augusta, February 4th.

'61.—Judge L. A. Emery delivered the lecture at the opening of the Maine Medical School. Subject: "The Standard of Excellence Required by Law."

'70.—D. S. Alexander is United States District Attorney for Northern New York.

'70.—W. E. Spear presented a poem at the recent Alumni Dinner in Boston.

'70.—R. M. Peck is professor in the business department of the institution at Wareham, Mass.

'70.—E. F. Redman is in the lumber business at Ellsworth.

'70.—J. A. Roberts is a lawyer at Buffalo, N. Y.

'70.—W. H. Meads is a lawyer at Buffalo, New York.

'70.—A. L. Gray in the fall of 1888 moved to Philadelphia, where he has since been teaching in the William Penn Charter School. Address, No. 8 South 12th Street, Philadelphia.

'73.—Hon. A. P. Wiswell has been critically ill of pneumonia, but his condition is now much improved.

'74.—C. H. Wells is editor and proprietor of the leading newspaper at Great Falls, N. H.

'76.—Rev. George F. Pratt was installed as minister of the First Unitarian society at Berlin, Mass., January 22, 1890. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D.

'82.—Hon. D. J. McGillicuddy is counsel for the defense in the McWilliams murder case now on trial at Auburn.

'83.—W. A. Perkins is instructor in Beloit College Academy, Beloit, Mich.

'85.—F. I. Brown has entered the Maine Medical School.

'86.—I. W. Horne is principal of the East Providence (R. I.) High School.

'88.—J. Williamson, Jr., has entered the Boston University Law School.

'89.—Frank Lynam has entered the Bowdoin Medical School.

'89.—F. H. Hill is principal of the Patten Academy and has recently married—being the first man of his class in matrimony.

'89.—F. J. Libby is teaching in Barnstead, N. H.

'89.—G. L. Rogers is principal of the Farmington High School and is at the same time studying law with Major S. C. Belcher.

IN MEMORIAM.

Whereas, It has been the pleasure of an All-Wise Providence to remove from our midst our beloved classmate, Henry Prentiss Godfrey;

Resolved, That, while recognizing the hand of God in our affliction, we, the class of '91, sincerely mourn the loss of one whose eminent virtues and genial good fellowship had endeared him to the hearts of all.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased through the Bowdoin Orient.

D. M. Bangs,
T. S. Burr,
R. H. Hunt,
H. W. Jarvis,
E. G. Loring,
E. H. Newbegin,

Committee for Class.
Whereas, It has been the will of Almighty God to remove from among us our beloved friend and brother in A. K. E., Henry Prentiss Godfrey;

Resolved, That in his death, we, the members of the Theta Chapter of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity, have lost a loving friend and a true brother.

Resolved, That the Chapter sincerely deplores his loss and desires to extend its heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved friends and family.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family and the ORIENT.

L. A. Burleigh,
J. M. Hastings,
A. K. Newman,
Committee for Chapter.

Yale's rush-line averaged two pounds heavier than Harvard's. Yale's four backs averaged six pounds lighter than Harvard's.

Professor Alexander Johnston, of Princeton, a master of the political history of this country, and the author of that well-known text-book, has died at the early age of forty.

According to the recent annual report, the average annual expenses of a Harvard student are $800.

The University of Berlin has 7,286 students matriculated this year, of whom 632 are foreigners and 6,654 are Germans. It is estimated that the number of students at the German university has more than doubled in the past year.

Cornell has twenty-two fraternities. There are at present 2,079 students attending the regular courses at Harvard, and there are 217 instructors connected with the university.

In the intercollegiate foot-ball battles of 1889, Cornell had twenty-one men injured; Yale and Lehigh had six each; Welesyan had nine, and Princeton had five. Cornell men were the most seriously injured.

Harvard's athletics in all the branches cost each student about $25 last year.

The amendment to the national agreement adopted at the meeting of the National Base-Ball League last Wednesday, provides that any amateur club which plays with the clubs of the Players' League shall be debarred from subsequently playing with a club working under the national agreement. This affects college teams.

The surplus of the Harvard Foot-Ball Association this year is $8,000, the largest they have ever had.

LITERALLY TRUE.
I pushed the wavy golden locks
From off her forehead fair,
And where a frown had lately been
A kiss I printed there.

I held the tresses shining fair
As yellow buttercup,
"Was that a good kiss, Love?" said I,
And she replied, "Bang up."

—Brunonian.

The Harvard faculty have recently decided upon a plan whereby all academic students may take the full course in three years instead of four, as at present. Students in the four years' course are now obliged to make four and a half courses per week, while under the new arrangement six courses per week will be required. It is claimed that under the new plan a year's time and from $600 to $1,000 may be saved.—Mail and Express.

Cornell dropped about forty-five men last term.

There are twenty-two Yale graduates in Harvard as students or instructors.
Good judges of good goods pronounce Ottenberg's New York Cigars the best manufactured in this country, and equally as good as imported. Our experience would fully justify us in indorsing the above, as our sales have nearly doubled each year since we commenced handling them, and last year reached upwards of a million.

Below we give a list of brands to select from:

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<th>Price</th>
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The above are (or should be) for sale by all first-class dealers. We recommend the Tissue-Wrapped Cigars, knowing the quality to be unequalled for the money. They are easily distinguished from other brands, and unscrupulous dealers cannot "palm off" inferior goods in place of them.

The New Flag-Staff

Is directly opposite the best place in Brunswick for College Students to buy their

Spring Beds, Mattresses, Carpets, Lounges, Sofas, Easy Chairs, Book Cases, Curtains, or anything they want or need to furnish their rooms.

Furniture Repairing, Upholstering, and Carpet Laying

Done to order at short notice, in good style, and at reasonable prices. Don't forget the place,

G. N. CRANE,
Main Street, - - - - BRUNSWICK, ME.
The article in another column of this issue, in favor of abolishing society representation on the Orient, and concluding with the query as to whether we will practice as well as we have preached, comes very near being behind time. The scheme advocated is one which the board has had under consideration for a considerable time, and which was finally decided upon but a day or two after the contribution alluded to was passed in. The reasons for the move are obvious ones, both from the standpoint of the Orient and from that of the contributor. To put upon the board a man of inferior ability, simply from society reasons, is a damage to the paper and an injustice to the other competitors. There would be just as much sense in running a ball nine uniformly with two men from each society, as there is in running a paper that way. The function of the Orient is to represent the college, not the societies, and such representation can only be made creditable by choosing the best men. Elections in past years have degenerated into a regular farce, men often being chosen who have written nothing at all, or at best only one or two articles, the sole grounds of their election being that their society must have its quota of representatives, and no one else in its ranks possessed energy enough to compete. The
plan adopted is to let neither society nor class have any weight in the matter. If the Freshman class can furnish a man who is capable of bringing more honor to the paper and the college than the upperclassman, let the fact be recognized by his election. This will operate to secure absolutely the best men. Especially will the new system be efficacious in stimulating sharper competition and bringing out the most talent. A society will naturally be desirous of having its representatives upon the Orient, as upon the nine, the eleven, or any other college organization, and, in order to bring this about, will urge those of its members who are known to possess literary taste to compete.

A NOTHER precedent which we would like to establish would be for the position of managing editor to be made a little less autocratic than it has been in past years. We know, from the experience of our own administration, that the position is one that is capable of great abuse under the present system. It is possible for him to keep off the board, from personal or society motives, meritorious competitors, and put in their places others of less ability. We do not know that this has ever been done, certainly not within the three years which have come under our personal observation; but it is perfectly possible. No one, necessarily, sees the contributions but himself; the chances are that the writers are so chagrined at their rejection that they are glad to keep still about it if he will, and, as a result, the meritorious article goes into the waste-basket with nobody any the wiser for it. Then, at the elections, the word of the managing editor generally carries things about as it pleases. The fact is, no one knowing anything about the unpublished articles but himself, the other editors have nothing to vote by but prejudice, the manager’s word, and the number of contributions, all of them exceedingly fallible data. What we propose to do is this: To make out, some time before election, a list of the articles, published and unpublished, hand over both list and manuscript to such of the board as may wish to inspect them, and then at the election to call upon each member to bring in a list of the men who, in his opinion, are best qualified for the position; and, as it happens this year that there are six new members to be chosen, those six having the highest number of votes will be the lucky men.

BOWDOIN is the only small college in America that supports an eight. Neither Amherst, Williams, or Dartmouth, all of them larger in numbers, attempt it, and truly it is an undertaking of no small proportions. Never were we more proud of the boys, and never was the loyal Bowdoin spirit better shown than at the recent mass-meeting in Lower Memorial. But it is fitting that we appreciate the magnitude of the undertaking. We must not go into it with a blind reliance on past laurels. We are competing against big odds. Cornell numbers six to our one, and she has the impetus of two years’ practice in eights. No one of our crew ever sat in one, and, although their experience in fours has been of the best, the fact remains that we have no tank and the season upon the river and in Portland Harbor is short before the race. We are handicapped and it is no use dodging the fact. We have just one thing in our favor, and it is the powerful men we can put forward. We think we can safely say that in no American college, Dartmouth perhaps excepted, is the average strength of the men greater. Especially is this the case with the boating men. Two of them are veterans, having rowed on winning crews in years past, and the remainder are very strong men; in fact, we are fearful that danger
will come from loading down the boat too heavily. Our chance lies in putting forward men who will show the most nerve and endurance for a four-mile stretch. The distance we consider to be decidedly in our favor. We brawny "down-easters" never say die. If the reports of Cornell's crew be true, a defeat will be no dishonor, and a victory eternal glory. It is a new venture, and we have everything to gain and nothing to lose. Get there, boys! Sparta is looking at you.

SINCE the Orient gave its wonderful stroke of advice in the Seco and Mahoney line last fall, it has been rather chary of its predictions, but it looks now as though its latest venture regarding the attitude of Colby and Bates toward the proposed Intercollegiate Field Day would prove more reliable. It will be remembered that we intimated, in a late issue, that there would prove to be a deal more of smoke than fire in the "enthusiasm" which the racy pens of the Herald men claimed to have found at those institutions. Such is turning out to be the case, if recent developments are at all significant. The replies received by Mr. Cilley are amusing in the extreme. Colby "is not in a condition to reply just at present," but thinks she would without doubt enter, if the meet could be held in the fall. Bates wrote, two or three weeks ago, that she would enter, provided both Colby and Maine State College would agree to, before February 22d, a thing highly improbable, if not impossible. A meet in the fall! February 22d!! What possible advantage could accrue from departing from the time prescribed by the custom and indorsed by the judgment of all the leading American colleges, or what cabalistic charm may attach to the date, February 22, A.D. 1890, we have not been able to make out. The fact is right here: Colby and Bates both know that they cannot compete with Bowdoin in all-round athletics—in foot-ball, boating, and Field-Day contests. They know, at the same time, that she is down in base-ball. She has had a long series of failures, and as a result lacks heart in that sport, and baseball players are not attracted to her halls. Such being the case, their policy is plain, to keep athletics narrowed down as much as possible. This is, in the opinion of the Orient, the reason they have tried to dodge Bowdoin's latest latest proposition, in the amusing manner above referred to. But we propose to force the issue and make them back up the newspaper talk they have been making, before we get through with it. It is "put up or shut up," one or the two. Bowdoin does not claim that she could win the Field-Day pennant, this year or next; she simply claims that in the long run she would demonstrate her superiority in all-round athletics, if she could get a chance, and, what is more, that she is the only Maine college that is abreast of the times and in favor of progressive moves. Regarding the refusal of the Maine State College to enter, we have no criticisms to make. She has made no newspaper talk, and has met the question with a good, plump, Anglo-Saxon "No."

A WORD as to boating finances: The college raised between $700 and $800 at its first meeting, and we feel safe to predict that before we get through, the college, Faculty, and town will swell it to nearly $1,000. Will the alumni meet us half way? We think they ought to. Victory or defeat, it is an honor to have competed. Mr. Curtis, of Boston, has offered to start with $25, and then, if there be a deficit, to make it $100. We ought to begin with a pledged capital of $2,000. To start costs a good deal, but to keep running after it is once started will not take so very much more than for a four;
certainly, the difference will not be any more than commensurate with the increased number of students. If you have shekels to shed, prepare to shed them now.

HARVARD has again showed its innovative spirit by promulgating an idea which, if carried out, would make it possible for students to take the full course in three years. This would naturally suggest the idea that the average Harvard man is not crowded for time; but when we consider that the requirements for admission there are one year ahead of most colleges, it becomes apparent that even then the A.B. would be sufficiently significant. This calls to mind again the fact which we have previously noted, that there ought to be more uniformity of requirement in granting the Baccalaureate degree. There are too many high-grade seminaries and academies posing before the public as colleges and universities, and granting high-sounding degrees right and left, which have no more significance than the "Prof." before the name of the average juggler.

ONE of the alumni recently attended Sunday afternoon chapel, and in passing out remarked to one near by, "That was the most impressive chapel exercise I ever attended." The chapel is a great educator, religiously and otherwise, and the very large attendance this year is significant. We understand that in an earlier day it was the custom to curtail the length of the prayers and addresses by kicking the steam-pipes, a thing which we would no more think of now than getting up to speak. The permanent establishment of the choir and Mr. Stevens' gift of the organ contribute in no small degree to this. Aside from the sometime inconvenience of arising on time in the morning, it is really a pleasure to attend. The old custom of a few rising and standing during both singing and prayer has been given up, and in the place of it the entire college remains seated during the hymn, but rise during prayer, which adds much to the dignity and impressiveness of the occasion. No one need demur at compulsion under the present system.

DOES any one question but the future of the college is secure? If so, let him gaze upon our Faculty's progeny and be convinced. Marvellous precocity! Insatiable inquisitiveness! Unbounded self-reliance! Yes, we are all proud of them. They are Bowdoin, through and through. Let the good work go on.

Literary.

The Outlook in Religion.

A WORD FROM ANDOVER.

BY DANIEL E. OWEN, '89.

THE present state of opinion on matters of religion is significant. When Dr. Phillips Brooks took occasion to say, in a recent address on the subject of foreign missions, that every nation must have a church of its own, governed by its own laws and prescribing its own form of worship, the statement was hailed with applause all over the country. It has been the ruling idea of missionaries to reproduce, in the foreign field, the same systems of administration and doctrine to which they have been accustomed at home. Baptist missionaries are commonly supposed to found Baptist churches; Congregationalists go abroad in behalf of their own peculiar interests and tenets, some of which latter are at present held by the American Board to be more important than the salvation of the heathen; while the High Churchman cannot believe that his new converts are on the true road to perfection until
they can repeat the creed and perform the shorter catechism. All this is but natural; perhaps it is better thus than otherwise; and yet there is a growing sentiment among earnest men of all denominations that the sectarian spirit is, after all, one of the husks of Christianity. Towering fabrics of dogma are felt to be hindrances in the way of the dissemination of religion rather than aids to it. Everywhere is heard the demand for a platform of Christian principle broader and simpler than any now existing, upon which all lovers of truth may stand untrammelled by partisan limitations.

This liberal conception of the church has taken a grasp of the public mind which is something astonishing to behold. Some time ago, a man in Boston proposed to establish a great national church. This new organization was to be very inclusive. All sects were to unite under its banner. The governing board of the church was to comprise clerical delegates from all denominations, including a couple of Roman Catholic priests. The effect of this proposition on the populace, which, as has often been remarked, is not over-discriminating, was to raise its originator at once to the pinnacle of fame. The newspapers took up the strain, and for a time there were many enthusiasts who really believed that the solution of the "church unity" problem had come at last. Of course the scheme fell through.

Traditional prejudices cannot be overcome in a moment, not to mention differences of opinion on vital points; but the fact that so many people, and especially that the prosaic, practical newspaper men were led to regard the suggestion with favor, shows what a tender spot it touched in the popular heart.

Such an attitude of the public mind implies a great deal. Uncontrolled, it means dislike and disloyalty to the churches, undue license of opinion, and even infidelity. Juciciously managed, this wide-spread eagerness for truth and freedom may be made to yield the finest results in the direction of tolerant faith and every-day religion. What the country asks is for men of sturdy mental traits who shall turn this current of thought into proper channels.

Graduates of Bowdoin look to their Alma Mater, with her honorable list of master-minds in politics, law, and religion, to meet the present emergency.

Bowdoin to Have an Eight.

Enthusiastic Mass-Meeting in Lower Memorial.—Speeches by Members of the Faculty, Medicals, and Undergraduates.—Over Seven Hundred Dollars Raised on the Spot.—Races in Prospect at Lake Cayuga and New London.

At the mass-meeting held in Memorial Hall the other day, boating interest, which for various reasons has for the last two seasons languished, veritably picked up its bed and walked. It walked because it couldn't help it. When revivalists like Commodore Sears and Professor Whittier get the doors snapped on a meeting, the spirit is going to be moved. The thing was not sprung suddenly, however, nor is there reason to suppose that any converts were made too much on the spur of the moment to hold out steadfastly to the end.

For two months or more there has been growing among the students a feeling of dissatisfaction over the idea of admitting the permanent demise of boating, and as this must be admitted sooner or later unless something was done immediately, it was determined to do that something. The student body was encouraged in its move by certain of the alumni, who also expressed a sense of regret at the thought of contemplating the bier of the good old sport in which Bowdoin had done herself such honor in the past. Particularly was this the case with one of Bowdoin's Boston sons, Mr. E. U. Curtis, '82,
who was seen by Commodore Sears during his trip to the Hub in January to attend the meeting of the New England Boating Association, and who offered most substantial encouragement to action. We thus see that the leaven had been working, which, with a little extra stirring at the meeting, was to do the business. The stirring consisted, as has been intimated, in reading by Commodore Sears of extended correspondence with Cornell and other parties, and original remarks by him thereafter; a ringing appeal by Professor Whittier, covering forcibly the ground of booming Bowdoin, student loyalty, the moral and physical benefits of boating, etc.; remarks by Mr. Snipe of the Medical School, Commodore of the Yale crew of '89; spouting by some of the undergraduates, and wanting to spout by a lot more. The result of this upon the meeting, which, by the way, was the largest assembled for any similar purpose for at least four years, was that \textit{viva voce} subscriptions began to pour in as fast as the secretary could take them down, and $725 was raised then and there. With this from the students, as a starter, there can be scarcely a doubt over the comparatively easy raising of the $1,200 or $1,500 necessary to cover the season’s expenses.

The outlook now stands about as follows: Cornell offers to pay $150 toward our crew’s expenses, which would nearly meet them, for a race on Cayuga Lake, Ithaca, N. Y., some time in June, and to put up a trophy cup valued for at least $500, possibly $1,000. Cornell is now rowing on the Thames, in a three-cornered association composed of herself, Columbia, and University of Pennsylvania. Into this it would be eminently desirable for Bowdoin to get a hand, and to such an idea Columbia is agreeable. Cornell, for the first season, does not appear to be especially so, and her decision and Pennsylvania’s are now awaited. If it cannot be done this year, it very likely may next. The Commodore is doing all he can to bring it to pass. Correspondence for a shell is now in progress with Mike F. Davis, the Portland builder, and with the Waters Paper Boat Company of Troy, N. Y.; also with the Harvard and Yale associations for practice shells.

We might add, by way of encouragement to those of the graduates who have a yearning to give, that a representative of the college was sent to Portland the other day, and met with such success as to predict, with tolerable certainty, $200 from that quarter. Boston ought to come in with $500.

\textbf{A New Bowdoin Cheer.}

\textbf{The Old One Not Destructive Enough—Need of Something Striking and Original.}

Last year there was some discussion in regard to the advisability of adopting a new college cheer, but the matter was dropped without any action. Now, at the beginning of a new season, it seems a good time to agitate this question, for we believe a new yell is very desirable, and if so, the sooner we have it the better.

I do not at all intend to supersede the old Bowdoin cheer. Class after class has shouted the ringing, hearty, \textit{B-o-w-d-o-i-n! Rah! Rah! Rah!} till it is inseparably connected in the minds of many of the alumni with the old college they love so well, and typifies so perfectly the strong, earnest character of the institution. But we may as well recognize the fact first as last that it has no especial distinctiveness about it. We all know how our sister on the Kennebec adopted it, as soon as it had been produced, and it is so natural and spontaneous that all sorts of organizations, collegiate and non-collegiate, use it, or rather the principal of it, as their own. It is becoming the custom for every college to have one particular and distinctive cheer, and the sooner Bowdoin adopts one, the more original and striking it will
be. The boys of Bowdoin have never been behind those of other colleges in brightness and originality, and a yell which is the product of their brains ought to be particularly stirring and characteristic.

Why would it not be a good idea to appoint a committee of the students to receive suggestions in this line, and when a sufficient number of available samples have been submitted, for a mass-meeting to be called, the different cheers reported and tried, and then the most satisfactory one might be adopted.

It may seem like a very small thing to make any discussion about, and the more conservative may prefer to keep the old one without change or modification; but still there is an advantage in having something original which is our own peculiar property. Think it over, boys, and see if we can’t salute our opponents on the ball-field and the water next season with a brand-new yell, the product of Bowdoin brains and the exclusive property of the college. Perhaps it might bring us better luck. Now that the lamented Seco is behind the bars, we are in need of a new “Mascot,” and may be something impersonal would be more effective. Let us hope so, at any rate.

The Orient’s “Opportunity.”

We are confronted with some of our own theories.

A contributor thinks the paper ought to be run on a non-society basis.—Preaching and Practice.

This seems to be a year of reform. Hazing and partisan class elections have been abolished; and now it seems to be established that no longer society feeling shall influence the choice of the base-ball nine, but the best men are to be chosen, irrespective of the society from which they come.

Is it not but reasonable to advance this catholicism a step further in college interests? As it is now, the Orient board is composed of two men from each society. No matter if one society contains three or four of the leading literary men in college and another has no specially literary members, yet the one can have but two men on the board, and the other also must have two, no matter what their worth. Perhaps so extreme a case as this would never happen; but it well illustrates the possibility under the present method. Yet it often happens that two or three men from the same society are striving for a position on the board; both do good work, but only one can be chosen; whereas a man in some other society, often under urgency, writes one or two pieces of only ordinary merit, and yet obtains a position, simply because no one opposes him. Now is this fair or does it tend to the best interests of the Orient itself? Confessedly, no. It is true that the Orient is open to all, whether members of the board or not; but yet a man who tries for a position the first year and for the reason stated above does not obtain it, is too often discouraged and does not continue to write, and there is not that responsibility and interest among outsiders, which membership on the board insures. The sentiment of the college is too far advanced to fear that any society or faction would obtain control of the paper if this reform was instituted, and any such attempt would be universally condemned.

Let the board be chosen solely on literary merit, irrespective of the society from which the man may come. This is only a suggestion; but why is it not practical and advantageous?

The Orient has preached well, but will it practice?

President Eliot says that Harvard is the only college from which a professor was ever taken for President of the United States, John Quincy Adams having held the chair of rhetoric and oratory in that institution.—Ex.

Five of the men who pulled in Pennsylvania’s boat last year are rowing this year, and the outlook for a fast crew is excellent.—Ex.

[ Held at The Quincy, Boston, February 22d. ]


Presiding officer, Samuel Abbott; Secretary, J. W. Spencer.

Voted, To make another attempt at an “Intercollegian,” and to give it active support.

The Committee on Nominations, consisting of Spencer of Boston University, MacNeil of Amherst, and Chandler of Bowdoin, reported the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Samuel Abbott, Williams, ’87; Vice-Presidents, E. B. McFadden, Amherst; T. S. Burr, Bowdoin; W. K. Dennison, Tufts; Recording Secretary, G. F. Willett, Boston University; Corresponding Secretary, J. B. Reynolds, Dartmouth; Treasurer, H. R. Palmer, Brown: Executive Committee, F. S. Goodrich, Wesleyan; A. M. Hitchcock, Williams; H. M. Waite, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; J. Taylor, Jr., Andover; G. A. Baker, Williams; W. R. Farrington, Maine State College; S. A. Kinsley, Worcester; C. A. Perkins, Dartmouth; H. M. Chase, Amherst.

The Committee on Resolutions, consisting of Reynolds of Dartmouth, Banks of Williams, and Hoskins of Boston University, reported in favor of a National Convention, of admitting ladies’ college papers to the association, of a semi-annual convention; against admitting fitting-school papers.

The toasts at the banquet were:

Editorial Perplexities.
How We Run the College.
Paste-Pot and Shears.
The Local Editor.
The College Rhymster.
Our Exchange Department.
“Ed.” and the “Co-ed.”
Frontier Journalism.
Academy Journalism.
The Ideal College Paper.
The Actual College Paper.
Dignity in College Journalism.

Next convention, May 30th, in Boston.

Rhyme and Reason.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

Bright sunlight glistened through the needle pines
And tinged with gold the massive trees,
While through the leaves, like elfish music, swept
The gentle murmur of the breeze.

The sparkling river flowed with sinuous path
Through waving fields of living green,
While far beyond, enthroned in ice and snow,
The mountains, bathed in light, were seen.

We stood upon the bank, the summer past.

Gone the days to memory dear,
I took her hand; her dark, blue eyes met mine,
Moistened by the farewell tear.

And then, as beat our hearts in unison,
We pledged our love through future time;
“Till we shall meet again,” she softly said,
As tenderly her lips touched mine.

Years have passed; the darkening shadows fall
Over my bent form, and thin, gray hair;
I walk alone amid the haunts of old;
My friends are scattered here and there.

I stand and weep beside the cold, gray stone;
Beneath its head in peace she lies.
“Till we shall meet again” is graved thereon,
For she but sleeps—love never dies.
MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.
Bright, golden hair,
In ringlets fair
About her face was flying,
As on the sands
In golden bands
The day was softly dying.

About her waist
His arm was placed,
So gentle and so lightly;
He felt a thrill—
And feels it still,
The touch of Aphrodite.

"Pray will you wed,
Fair maid?" he said,
In broken accents, blunting.
"Oh, my! I can't;
Ma says I shan't;
I thought you were but flirting."

PARLOR LEGISLATION.
"2-night 2 the beautiful Susie's I'll go."
Young Solomon Skinflint said,
"And use every Sophistry that I may know
2 induce the young heiress 2 wed."

He begged the fair Susie his hand 2 X-ext
(There's always a way when a will),
And I her consent, when in Paterson Stepped,
And instantly V-toed the Bill.

A FORERUNNER OF SPRING.
Spring cometh, and the gallant Thomas-cat
Meweth gently at the cellar door;
While at the lattice-work Dame Tabitha
Doth purr in soft response, "Come hither, love."
"Come hither," sighs the sable angel, as
The avenging boot-jack cleaves the murky night.

A REVERIE.
As from within some ruined castle old
One sees a landscape beauteous to behold,
With field and mountains, wood and glade,
Bathed in the sunlight or obscured by shade,
In years to come, when from our castle old
We look through memory's window manifold,
May we that picture of our lives then see
Which binds our hearts, old Bowdoin, unto thee.

Exchanges.

The Nassau Literary Magazine of Princeton has a board of seven editors, and, taken all in all, is perhaps the most truly readable and classical publication on our exchange list. The current number contains a great variety of prose, poetical, and dramatic contributions, not the least interesting of which come under the headings of "Literary Gossip" and "Editor's Table." The former is mainly devoted to a sort of re-review of George William Curtis' "Potipharm Papers," saying that, though written for the follies and eccentricities of the society of several years ago, human nature hasn't changed much and they can still be appreciated. We suspect that much the same might be said about the satire of almost any period. The " Editor's Table" takes the liberty to discuss the articles of such magazines as the Forum and Lippincott's; and grave enough it is. An editorial shows up the feasibleness of running, at Princeton, an illustrated paper similar to the Yale Record, to be called the "Princeton Tiger." One thousand dollars a year, it claims, would support such an organ, which sum the paper itself would easily produce. In the literary department, under the subject of "Voices," is an interesting summary of a Nation article, "Colleges Without Temptation." It is worthy of extended quoting, but space limits us to its characterization of the proverbial "fast set" which more or less disfigures the life of almost every college: "As a rule they are of generous birth and come to college more especially to have a 'good time' than to study. They are the worst species of the genus known as 'scientific loafer.' They do little or no work during term time, but apparently go on the principle of storing up energy for a desperate effort during examinations. Their popular retreats are the billiard-parlor and bar-room, where they waste not only their time and money, but drain their vitality—their very life—and unfit themselves for any life of usefulness." Oldish, but good.

The Orient's companion-piece, the Occident, is a creditable weekly published by the students of the University of California. The Orient is its senior by just two years.

The Tuflonian congratulates its constituents on the increased support they are giving the assemblies down town. Nothing is better for a "feller," says the editor, than to occasionally "dress up," "put on" something, even if a little hypocritically, and go home early with his "girl." Right he is.
BOOK REVIEWS.

Lindner's Empirical Psychology.

Professor Lindner is a disciple of Herbart, the leader of Psychological study in Germany sixty years ago. He, however, has caught the letter rather than the spirit of his master, and dwells more on the particular points which marked the advance that Herbart made upon his predecessors than on the progress which is being made by Psychology at the present time. Still the book has many valuable suggestions and reflections on the feelings, passions, desire, impulse, reason, will, and character. Whatever value it has is practical and pedagogical rather than scientific and philosophical.


The fact that a true understanding of any period of literature can be attained only through a historical study of the subject, has become so well recognized that it sounds like a truism to repeat it. There are certain tendencies which, like golden threads, run through the whole of a people's literature, from its earliest beginnings down to the present time. No author stands alone; he is linked, whether he knows it or not, to the past as well as to the present. To take an example,—in order to understand Victor Hugo, it is necessary to be acquainted with the romantic school, and to know the latter, we must understand the decay of classicism in the eighteenth century; this necessitates in turn a study of the bloom of classic literature during the seventeenth century, and this classical period cannot be understood without a knowledge of the renaissance period in the sixteenth century and of the preceding centuries of ignorance of classic models. Thus Victor Hugo appears standing at the end of a period of literature extending over centuries; and without a knowledge of these, no true appreciation of the poet can be attained.

A primer of literature can necessarily present these tendencies only in outline; its aim is to indicate the way in which the student is to proceed. Like a guide-book, it can show him the way in which he is to go, but it cannot make the journey for him. Dr. Warren's book is an admirable composition in the line indicated. Without wishing to detract from the merits of Saintsbury's primer on the same subject, it is but fair to say that Dr. Warren's book is superior to it, because it is up to date. The author has carefully utilized the many often inaccessible contributions of modern students of French literature, and the book contains the gist of what is now believed to be true by scholars in that line of study. The book is earnestly to be recommended to all who desire to obtain an intelligent idea of the History of French Literature.


Professor Fortier's choice is an admirable one. We are offered here seven spirited little essays on as many great French authors of the present century. Not that the writer contends that the whole of the nineteenth century is contained in these names; far from it. He knows very well that Chateaubriand, G. Sand, Balzac, Daudet and many others with an equal title to fame and glory belong to the same century; but his choice is made with a purpose. The present century is par excellence the century of romanticism, and the first five of the writers treated (LAMARTINE, V. HUGO, A. DE VIGNY, A. DE MUSSET and SL. GAUTIER) are the leaders in that movement. Mérimée is the representative prose writer of the century, and Coppée a charming member of a contemporary group of poets, who call themselves "les Parnassiens" and who, under the leadership of LECONTE DE LISLE, wish to inaugurate a new school of poetry. A careful study of these writers will, therefore, aid the student towards a knowledge of French literature of the present century. The book is written in French, in a clear and easy style, and is well worth the perusal of every student of that language.

Professor Max Müller, the eminent philologist, says that as chemistry has shown us that the whole universe, the sea and the mountains, the earth and the sun, the trees and the animals, the simplest protoplasm and the most highly-organized brain, are all put together with about sixty simple substances, Comparative Philology has taught us that with about four hundred simple radical substances, and a few demonstrative elements, the names and the knowledge of the whole universe have been elaborated.

Purity of heart is more by far than power of brain, more than definitness of hand. Human welfare is all built up on moral purity. Our acts are the outcome of thought, and the character of the thought depends on the moral state.—Rev. F. Hastings.
Dr. Joseph V. Meigs, Jr., for one year a member of the class of '89 of the Maine Medical School, was recently married to Miss Sarah Parker of Lowell, Mass. Mrs. Meigs is a niece of Gen. B. F. Butler.

Kempton, '91, has left college.

Erskine, Hersey, Horne, Noyes, Stacy, '92, Stacy, '93, and Wilson have returned from teaching.

One of the young sons of Professor Woodruff appeared on the campus, recently, in the role of an itinerant fruit merchant. Apples were sacrificed at the rate of two for one cent or five for two cents. Brother Allen took five for two cents, and then sent Johnnie to the gymnasmium to see the boys oil up their joints and tie themselves into double bow-knots.

Professor Ropes delivered the third lecture in the Y. M. C. A. course, Monday evening, February 17th. His subject was, "Eight Weeks in Russia."

The Banjo Club made its first appearance Monday evening, at the Y. M. C. A. lecture. The boys demonstrated the fact that they know how to handle the banjos, and received an enthusiastic encore.

The Brunswick Telegraph in its last issue quotes the Orient's little story which appeared a short time ago, in regard to President Hyde's first marriage ceremony. The Telegraph tells the tale over the name of the Boston Sunday Herald. We don't blame the Telegraph, but it would have been courteous in the Herald, to say the least, if it had given the Orient credit for the original publication of the article.

The second assembly occurred in Town Hall, Tuesday, February 26th. About thirty couples were present and revelled in the pleasures of Terpsichore until far into the night, or rather until not far into the morning. The assemblies this year are proving a great success and are, thus far, well attended.

The annual athletic exhibition will occur at the Town Hall, Thursday, March 20th. The athletes are putting themselves in the best of form and the coming exhibition promises to be in no respect inferior to those of previous years. The following programme will be presented: 1, class drill, '90; 2, rapier and single stick contests; 3, high swing; 4, class drill, '91; 5, boxing; 6, parallel bars; 7, class drill, '92; 8, horizontal bar; 9, clog dancing; 10, tumbling; 11, class drill, '93; 12, pyramids; 13, tug-o-war. The tug-o-war will be either between Bates and Bowdoin or Bowdoin class teams.

If there is anything incorrect in the above, interview Dennis.

The engagement of W. E. Perkins, ex-'93, to Miss Wills of Augusta, is announced.

The Bowdoin Quartette will sing in Dresden, March 7th.

The Brunswick Fur Club gave a reception and dance in Town Hall, Wednesday, February 19th. The students think the name should be changed to the Skin Club, as not a Bowdoin man received an invitation to the affair; and still the world continues to go round.

Professor Whittier attended the meeting of the Boston Athletic Club, Saturday, February 16th.

The last themes of the term are due March 5th. The subjects are as follows:

Juniors.
I. Should any Religious Instruction be Given in the Common Schools?
II. Difference in the Methods of English and American Universities.
III. Literary Style of Thomas Carlyle.

Sophomores.
I. What Part Did "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Play in the Settlement of the Slavery Question?
II. Duty of the Newspaper Correspondents in the College.
III. Moore's "Lalla Rookh."

L. C. Young, of Portland, was at the college Friday with a full line of samples for spring suits.

The '83 prize speakers have been appointed as follows: Blanchard, Moody, Chandler, Weeks, Littlefield, and Greely.

'Ninety has elected the following class officers: President, Percy W. Brooks; Vice-President, Fred J. Allen; Secretary and Treasurer, Joseph B. Pendleton; Poet, Wilmot B. Mitchell; Orator, Harry C. Wingate; Opening Address, Frank P. Morse; Prophecy, John M. W. Moody; History, Charles L. Hutchinson; Parting Address, George B. Chandler; Marshal, George A. Tolman; Committee of Arrangements—H. H. Hastings, W. W. Hubbard, O. W. Turner; Picture Committee—V. V. Thompson, W. E. Cummings, H. C. Webb.

Rev. E. C. Guild is soon to begin a course of Sunday evening lectures in the Unitarian church on "The
Pleasures of Life, and the Right Use of Them." The subject will be divided into the following topics: February 23d, "Pleasures of the Senses"; March 2d, "Pleasures of Imagination and Taste"; March 9th, "Pleasures of the Mind"; March 16th, "Pleasures of Work and Service"; March 23d, "Pleasures of Conversation and Friendship"; March 30th, Pleasures of the Affections."

There are at present ten college graduates in the Medical School. Five are from Bowdoin—C. E. Adams, '84; Brown, '85; Parker, '86; Bradford, '88; and Lynam, '89. Two are from Harvard—Goodale and Stevens. Colby is represented by Chauncey Adams, Bates by B. G. W. Cushman, and Yale by L. T. Snipe. San Domingo furnished one, Salustiano Fanchriz by name. William N. Klemmer hails from Germany.—American Sentinel.

Professor Chapman preached at the Berean Baptist Church, Sunday, February 16th.

At the meeting of the College Debating Club, Tuesday, the following question was discussed: "Resolved, That the government of the United States ought to assume control of and own the railroads and telegraphs within its limits." Weeks, '90, and P. Bartlett, '92, represented the affirmative; Thompson, '89, and Poore, '91, the negative.

Some time ago the Orient's managing editor sprung upon the local scribe what he was pleased to call a joke. Observe the following:

Managing Ed.—"I see you alluded to the college paintings in your columns some time ago, and among others mentioned an especially valuable portrait, a Vandyck, I believed you called it. What is this Vandyck, anyway?"

Local Ed.—"Why, it is that famous portrait of the Governor of Gibraltar. The college has been offered a large sum for it, you know."

Managing Ed.—"Is that so? Who painted it? Well, George, and you a Senior, too. I think ten-centers are good enough for, eh?"

The Bowdoin Fryeburg Academy Alumni Association held a meeting February 20th, and elected the following officers: President, J. Z. Shed, '86 (M. M. S.); Vice-President, H. H. Allen, '88 (M. M. S.); Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. Smith, '88 (M. M. S.); Committee of Arrangements—F. Durgin, '88; W. W. Wingate, '88; Stanley, '89; Toast-master, D. M. Cole, '84; Poet, Stanley, '89; Committee on Odes—Durgin, '88; Stiles, '87; H. W. Poor, '88. The second annual banquet of the association will be held at the Tontine, March 11th.

On the evening of the 7th inst., the Minneapolis alumni held a reunion at the Minneapolis club-house, of which the Minneapolis Tribune gives a three-column report with spread-heading and catchy leaders. The following were in attendance: Edward Simonton, '61; M. H. Boutelle, '87; L. J. Bodge, '89; F. H. Boardman, '69; F. C. Stevens, '81; C. M. Ferguson, '74; Dr. C. H. Hunter, '74; L. O. Merriam, '66; W. S. Pearson, '83; S. R. Child, '84; Dr. H. L. Staples, '81; W. C. Merrimen, '82; George M. Norris, '86; J. O. P. Wheelwright, '81; John Washburn, '82; A. J. Blethen, '72. Edward Simonton was president, and spoke at length, of which speech the Tribune gives a column and a half report. Letters of regret were read from Senator Frye, Senator Washburn, and E. Webb, '83. President Hyde sent an extended account of the condition, growth, and prospects of the college. F. C. Stevens of St. Paul read an original poem. The banqueters were served from the following original and high-flavored bill of fare:

| Clams sine Shells, Importationes de Harpswelle. |
| Soups, a la feline scholarum. |
| Aqua extract de Bill Field. |

POISSON (FISH?)

| Coffee, a la Maine Prohibition. |

RELIEF.

Bowdoinis Bullibus Beef, a la Club. Gravee de Bath. |
| No Hoofis. |

ENTREES.

Fried Latin Deads (absque horse). |
| Jerked Greek Ten Strikes (cum horse). |
| High License Minneapolis Bacteria Water. |
| Mathematical Bore (Pork). |
| Soda Water, extract de Allen's R—G— |
| Colby Mushrooms (Green). |
| Haysseed Paddles, a la Bates. |
| Roast "Prof.," Tough but Juicy (warranted strictly fresh). |
| Frozen Prohibition, extract de License. |

DESSERT.

Just Plain Beer ("cave facultum"). |
| Yaggerine Pie, Phil Chi Crust, contents not analyzed. |
| Tontine Bunnies. |
| Minnesota Nuts. |
| Cheese. |

Cardamom Seeds. |
| Cloves. |

An enthusiastic mass-meeting of the college was held in Lower Memorial, Wednesday, February 12th, to discuss the feasibility of putting an eight-oared crew into the college boating lists. The report of the treasurer of the Boating Association showed the Association to be free from debt and in position to start anew the boating interests of Bowdoin under the most favorable conditions. Letters from Cornell were read by Commodore Sears, in which were stated the terms of the proposed race with Bowdoin and the inducements Cornell would give for the sending of an eight-oared crew. Communications from the alumni
showed the active interest they are taking in the movement and expressed their readiness to subscribe liberally should the students manifest the inclination to "do the proper thing" financially. Strong speeches in favor of the crew were made by Professor Whittier, Professor Moody, Mr. L. T. Snipe, ex-commodore of the victorious Yale crew, and many of the undergraduates. The unanimous vote of the meeting, to send a crew this year, was hailed with the greatest enthusiasm and $725 was pledged on the spot for its support. This manifest subscription on the part of the students has had its effect on the alumni, and every thing seems to indicate that the total amount necessary, about $1,500, will be subscribed before the crew is ready to go on the river next spring. Parker, '91, has begun a canvass of the Portland alumni and has already swelled the fund by over $100. Sears will do the same for Boston, and there is no doubt but the Bowdoin boys at the Hub will come down handsomely in the good of the boating cause. Bowdoin will do her best in the shell next summer, and even if we fail to lead the procession we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that "'Tis better to have rowed and lost than never to have rowed at all."

A number of the students celebrated the birthday of the illustrious George by an informal hop, in the court-room, Saturday evening. About twenty couples were present and thoroughly enjoyed the affair.

Our spicel neighbor, the Richmond Bee, under the head of "Honeycomb" has the following: President Cheney was in Massachusetts last week looking up a legacy—a contest over a will—a mixed-up mess, as usual. If the decision goes for the plaintiff, Bates College gets $17,000; if for the defendant, it gets $35,000. You may safely bet on which side the good President will exert his influence, says the Brunswick Telegraph. The Bee knows that Bates College is an institution that deserves well of the public, and it believes that President Cheney is a most worthy man. His custom of haunting death-beds with a Bible in one pocket and a bundle of blank wills in the other, however, leads to uncomfortable suspicions that he is, to some extent, "eaten up with the zeal of God's house."

The telescope for the new Ladd Observatory was ordered last week. The lenses will be more free from achromatism than any others in this country, eighty per cent. of the chromatic aberration having been removed by a new process of glass manufacture recently invented at Jena, Germany, after extensive experiment.—Ex.

'51.—The news of the death of Wm. O. Otis has just been received. After graduation Mr. Otis removed to Texas, and employed himself for the most part in teaching, as was the report of him. He was a son of Hon. John O. Otis, of the class of '28.

'52.—Ex-Governor Joshua L. Chamberlain will deliver the Memorial Day address before Phil Sheridan Post, No. 34, G. A. R., of Salem, Mass.

'60.—A. L. Allen is Reed's private secretary.

'62.—Dr. Charles H. Verrill is principal and chief owner of the Delaware Literary Institute, Franklin, N. Y. Dr. Verrill is perhaps the ablest teacher that has ever been sent out by the Pine Tree State. He is also a very able preacher, and one of the greatest scholars in that section of the State. A few years ago he was made L.L.D. by Hamilton College. He was mayor of Mansfield, N. Y., for one year.

'66.—L. O. Merriam was elected president, for the ensuing year, of the Northwestern Bowdoin Alumni Association, at its recent meeting in St. Paul. The following gentlemen were presented at the meeting: Edward Simonton, '61; F. H. Boardman, '69; A. J. Blethen, '72; C. M. Ferguson, '74; Dr. C. H. Hunter, '74; F. C. Stevens, '81; Dr. H. L. Staples, '81; J. O. P. Wheelwright, '81; W. C. Merriam, '82; John Washburn, '82; W. S. Pearson, '83; R. R. Child, '84; G. M. Norris, '86; M. H. Bouteille, '87; L. J. Bodge, '89.

Ex-'79.—E. F. Varney was married recently in San Jose, Cal.

'82.—Arthur F. Belcher has been appointed cashier in the Sandy River National Bank, Farmington, Me.

'82.—E. U. Curtis is City Clerk of Boston.

'82.—W. M. Reed is one of the present Board of Aldermen of Boston.

'84.—Frank P. Knight is principal of the Alfred High School.

Ex-'85.—Dr. E. I. Allen is Assistant Private Secretary of Speaker Reed.

'85.—Frank Davis is in the Bangor Theological Seminary.

'87.—Fred Moulton is attending the lectures at the Medical School.
'87.—W. L. Gahan is gymnasium instructor in Chattanooga, Tenn.

'88.—J. Williamson, Jr., will captain the Boston University ball nine the coming season.

'88.—J. L. Doolittle has bought a house in Brunswick, and intends to make his home here.

'89.—E. R. Stearns was severely injured recently while playing foot-ball at Andover, but, we are glad to say, is now nearly well.

'89.—M. A. Rice is running the Rockland Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, and in his leisure moments is studying law in Attorney-General Littlefield's office.

Ex.—90.—F. M. Gates is making arrangements to lead a band of pioneer missionaries into the Soudan. Mr. Gates was given a reception last Saturday evening by his many friends in Lewiston, where he met with such success as a gymnasium instructor two years ago.

The college librarian is desirous of obtaining two or three copies of the annual catalogues of the college for 1880-81. Should any reader of the Orient have a copy of that date to spare, he will confer a favor by sending it to the library.

—Ex.

The total membership of the Greek letter societies is about 75,000.—Ex.

The gymnastic instructor at Cornell, R. F. Nelligan, was at one time Kilrain's (the pugilist) trainer.—Cornell Era.

The Babylonian explorers sent out by the University of Pennsylvania last year have secured 3,000 tablets, which will be brought to the University.—Ex.

In the village of Strobec, Russia, the pupils in the highest grade in the schools are obliged to pass a yearly examination in chess.—The Princeton.

Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and Columbia have made arrangements for holding entrance examinations in Paris next year.—Ex.

Cornell considers that she has been treated in an unsportsmanlike manner by Yale and Harvard, in that her challenge to row has been almost ingored.—Ex.

Student (reading Virgil)—"And thrice I tried to throw my arms around her—that was as far as I got, Professor."

It is reported that Stagg may pitch again for Yale, although he has been saying that it will be impossible. At all events he will coach the team, giving his attention to the batting and the men training for positions on the battery.—Ex.

Young ladies' boarding school. Prof.—"What can you tell me of Pluto?" Miss D.—"He was the son of Satan, and when his father died he gave him hell."—Hanover Lit.

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Artistic Work a Specialty.
Those of the alumni who have read the article by President Hyde in a recent number of the Christian Union, have found a true photograph of the Bowdoin of to-day. It is not the conception of what may be or what ought to be; it is the reproduction of what is. It is a fact of so frequent occurrence as to be by some construed into a rule, that those men who in college seemed possessed of the most innate deviltry and most frequently came in conflict with the college authorities, are now occupying the highest positions in life. We question the truth of the rule, but the frequent exceptions, if such we may call them, are easy of explanation. The fellow of impulsive nature, full of enthusiasm, boiling over with energy, is just the one who will chafe under a code of rules that hedges about his every action, and a system of espionage which distrusts his every motive; but once let that energy get vent in the big world, and whatever it sets about to do is as good as done. What the old system deferred until later life, the new "democratic" system attempts to do in college; and here, at least, it is successful. As viewed from the standpoint of the average observing undergraduate, the system may be summed up in a word as follows: Instead of attempting to stamp out these youthful propensities by a code of iron rules, it
seeks rather to control and direct them into the channels of usefulness.

The fact is just beginning to dawn upon the athletic element of the college that in the Freshman class it has drawn some rare prizes. The healthy interest they manifest in gymnasium work and the readiness with which they adapt themselves to new feats is spoken of by Dr. Whittier in terms of the highest commendation. Especially is this the case in work upon the horizontal bar and in tumbling. In the former the class possesses two or three men who promise to be the best, with the one brilliant exception now in college, that we have had for years. Their base-ball ability was demonstrated last fall, as also were their possibilities in football. What they may be in field-day sports, and on the river we cannot, of course, tell, but the candidates for their crew are hard at work and will doubtless pull a strong race. And we wish here to express our sincere hope that they will not make the mistake of all their predecessors by staying out of field-day until their Sophomore year. Let every man who suspects he can dash, jump, put the shot, throw the hammer, vault, or do anything else in the catalogue, quietly inform Dr. Whittier to that effect, and go into the proper course of training. Many men do not find out what they are good for until two-thirds of the way through their course. Go to work, 'Ninety-three, and the Orient is predicting one or two surprise parties next June.

Nor would we confine our criticisms to the Freshmen. We feel that our gymnasium and its systematic management ought to be a source of pride to every one interested in the college, graduate and undergraduate. Never before this year has the attendance been followed up with such regularity and never has there been manifested so much downright interest in the work. True, in times past, notably in the class of 'Eighty-nine, there have been brilliant individual athletes, and marked displays of skill, but not until this year has there been felt on the part of each class such a genuine desire for all-round physical development. The day of the weak, hollow-chested, knock-kneed, sallow-faced college-man, who managed to struggle through his four years' course and then break down and die, has gone by, and in his place we are to have a man with a body equal to his brains. Our Director has earned his popularity.

A captain should be chosen immediately and the Eleven organized. This is the custom in all colleges that make any pretense of success at this sport, and one whose advantages are obvious. It enables the men to get to work two weeks earlier in the fall, a period of time every moment of which is valuable. A supreme effort should be made to get into the Dartmouth, Amherst, and Williams league. We learn that there is great dissatisfaction with having the Stevens Institute in the league, and its place is sure to be filled by some New England college in the near future. If so, why not Bowdoin? We have made an honorable beginning and next fall can put a team in the field that will be a power, if placed under a competent coacher. We draw our students from the same muscle-producing field that Dartmouth does, and could always make a strong if not victorious showing in the league. And, above all, we have Portland to play in—the handsomest, most loyal little city in New England. Those who remember how she supported her star nine in its palmy days can predict what she would do for us; for Portland is Bowdoin through and through. Our distance would at first seem a drawback,
but we will do well to remember that our grounds will be only one-dollar distant from Boston. Here is a chance for us; and, if we are going to take it, we must do some work in both training and diplomacy. The matter of expense should not be looked upon as a bugbear, for properly run foot-ball will support itself.

It is highly entertaining to the rest of the college to contemplate the writhings of those members of the Sophomore and Junior classes who are charged with having elected French as a “schnap.” Whether the charge be true or not, we hope the study has proved an enjoyable one; for truly there is a charm about the happy shadings and sparkling witticisms of French writers that is altogether unique. Especially is this the case where the amount taken at a single reading is sufficient to preserve the continuity of the thought. The time was, when the Orient hinted about people’s “biting off more than they could chew,” and divers other things in the same line, but we stand corrected. The fact is, boys, reasonable or unreasonable, you will never get a ticket to the next year’s class until you learn it or make it up, and you may as well recognize the fact first as last. The blood of the Hohenzollerns is up, and, if there be any truth in history, it is not in a habit of backing down. The Orient recognizes the fact that it is not for the student to bluff a new professor into conformity with established customs; but, at the same time, when we see fellows who have always borne the character of faithful and industrious students making a general protest, there must be some cause for it, amusing as it may be to the outsider. This single instance is an anomalous one, and entirely out of place in an institution with “democratic” methods. Something ought to be done. Why not strike a truce all around?

It has been suggested that the boating money ought to be collected this term. The suggestion is a good one. Base-ball must be supported as well as boating, and when we come to crowd both subscriptions into one term it will pull rather hard, even though the amount be precisely the same in the end. It was a noticeable fact that some of the largest subscriptions to the crew came from base-ball men, and the spirit ought to be generously reciprocated on the other side. The nine are now doing first-class work, and the prospects are much more flattering than has generally been supposed. The pitchers are showing up admirably, and while we have but one catcher, there is no reason to suppose that with careful husbanding he will not be able to catch the season out alone, as was the case last year. The infield promises to be the best for some years, while the outfield suffers the loss of only one man, for whose place there are plenty of available candidates. We have reason to believe that it is the current opinion among the other colleges of the league that Bowdoin is exceptionally weak this year, an opinion which is based upon the idea that we have no pitcher. We hope they will get all the satisfaction they can out of it, and inform the public so as frequently as they choose. But, in the meantime, Toby’s pupils will keep on twirling.

Cornell absolutely refuses to admit us to a four-cornered race on the Thames, to include, with herself, Columbia and the University of Pennsylvania. In view of the fact that Columbia has expressed her agreeableness to the scheme, that the University of Pennsylvania has not yet offered any positive objection, and that the only valid reason Cornell can adduce for her refusal is that she “desires to keep the New London race a triangular race, a permanent annual event,” there seems to be just a bit of
arbitrariness in the decision. Of course we would not for a moment presume to assert that Cornell has any fears of Bowdoin, for she has distinctly averred her readiness to "meet all comers"; but such a decision, coming from an institution that has made considerable talk first and last about the exclusiveness of Harvard and Yale, seems a trifle inconsistent.

Literary.

Electricity and Its Relations to the Present.

BY EEARLE A. MERRILL, ’89.

[With Edison Electric Lighting Company, New York City.]

IT IS seldom that a man lives to see the consummation of his hopes in regard to the reform he has been agitating, the scientific fact he has discovered, the application of his wonderful invention. He is before his time and casts his seed in unprepared ground. Not so, however, has it been with the introduction and application of that subtle force called electricity.

But yesterday it was predicted by a few advanced scientists that the thunderbolt would soon become man’s most useful and powerful servant. To-day it is an accepted fact. To-morrow it will have become historical. But its subjugation and domestication have not been accomplished without tremendous effort. Many of the ablest minds of the century have been and are still occupied in conforming its wild, erratic ways to the demands of civilization. Though still subject to sudden, oftentimes unexpected, outbursts of destructive passion the thoroughness of the schooling received is well indicated by its wonderful performances of to-day—its magnificent promises for to-morrow.

The principal cause of the superstition, credulity, or fear with which so many persons are afflicted, of the many accidents and deaths which have occurred, of the hesitation in accepting many electrical inventions, especially in the household, is the ignorance of the general public concerning the laws which govern this powerful agent; an ignorance perhaps excusable, but wholly lamentable, the more so, because the uses of electricity are so diversified.

No other of man’s many agents is so susceptible of varied application, and in a short time no other will be so necessary to his welfare and even existence. Not a walk in life can be named, whether trade, profession, or otherwise, that is not affected by some of the innumerable ramifications of the electric industry. Let me indicate a few: many others will doubtless suggest themselves to you. You are a business man: There are numberless branches to the supply department, both wholesale and retail. You are a lawyer: Some of the most important suits of the next decade, involving millions of dollars of capital and the welfare of local companies throughout the world, will be brought by powerful corporations carrying on electric industries. You are a physician: Have you an electro-medical outfit? Do you understand its action? You are a chemist: Wealth and fame await the man who will bring forth an insulating substance which will not be affected by moisture, acid, or wide range of temperature, even though subjected to them for long periods, and is, at the same time pliable. You are a factory owner: How is your factory lighted? What is your motive power? What is the comparative economy of long lines of countershaftering and direct connection? You are a lecturer, professor, or writer: What subject is there more fascinating, of more interest to the public, more in need of elucidation? You are an architect or house decorator: There is crying need of a man who can successfully work the electric
light into house decoration. You are a traveler: Why don't your watch go since you rode on that electric car? Give the nature of the trouble and how it can be remedied. You are an inventor: What a field is yours! Not a branch of electrical engineering but shows signs of still richer veins. Not a branch of scientific research but reveals depths still unfathomed. You are a plain citizen: Do you know why some currents kill and others are harmless? What wires to keep away from and what may be handled with impunity?

And so we might go on ad infinitum. Whichever way we look we find opportunity for the application of this most wonderful force. It is subservient both to business and pleasure; it ministers alike to health and disease. Into whatever pursuit inclination or necessity may lead us, a knowledge of the subject will be an ever present and indispensable aid.

To the collegian the subject should be fraught with special interest. Not only does he have excellent opportunity for its study, so that at the end of his course he is well grounded in its principles, in itself a necessity to every educated man, but if his tastes lead him in that direction, it offers an incomparable field for labors that are sure to yield quick returns. It is far from being overcrowded like the professions, or civil engineering and kindred occupations. Its possibilities are limited only by the limitations of man's genius.

Bowdoin and Bowdoin men have the reputation of being in the forefront of all progressive movements. The Faculty have shown their appreciation of the importance of the study of electrical science by providing excellent opportunities therefor; they will doubtless look to the graduates to carry the same spirit and energy out into the world, impressing the characteristic New England push, moulded and directed by Bowdoin training, indelibly upon every branch of the electric industry.

But whether connected with any of the applications of electricity or not, whoever would keep in touch with the spirit of the age, whoever expects to add aught to the sum of this world's wealth or wisdom, should acquaint himself with, at least, its fundamental laws, its most important applications, and its vital relation to the present.

Will a Training-Table Pay?

The Voice of the Strongest Athletic Colleges on the Matter.—Yale, Princeton, and Williams in Its Favor.—Dartmouth a Dissenter.

In view of the demand for a training-table for the nine, which has from time to time expressed itself among the students, Doctor Whittier has communicated with the colleges which have been successful in athletics, with the following results:

Yale.—"Our crews began strict training at the opening of the winter term. The base-ball team has not yet begun hard work but will begin next Monday [February 3d]. So far the candidates for the nine have only batted in the cage at certain times every day. The general team for intercollegiate contests began at the same time with the crew. About the 16th of March all will go to training-tables; but even at present there are strict regulations as to food, sleep, etc. Our training dietary is extremely liberal. I believe in letting a man eat about anything he wishes, omitting only pastry, pickles, and such worthless stuff. The best of meat of every kind, fresh vegetables of every kind, green relishes, milk, coffee in the morning, if desirable for the individual, are furnished in abundance, together with fruit of every kind. Tobacco is not tolerated in any form. It would be, in my estimation, the height of folly to try to get a man in the best of condition and permit him to drug his system with nicotine. You would certainly not permit a man to use morphine or any other drug. Why then should tobacco be permitted? The men at this time of year must all be in bed by 10.30, and at the breakfast table by 7.30. When the work upon the Crew is very hard, they retire at 10 o'clock; also the Eleven."

Princeton.—"The candidates for the Nine begin work immediately after Christmas vacations. Each
man throws the ball in turn to the catcher, who returns it on the ground. Then the men are exercised in throwing and in picking up grounders. Then they are put through chest-weight exercises. Following this, each man slides three times. The sliding is done on a tumbling mattress, fifteen feet long and two inches thick, over which is spread a strip of oil-cloth about four feet wide. This approach as near as possible to the actual sliding upon the diamond. . . . This outlines the daily practice in the gymnasium. About the middle of April the Nine is picked, and the men composing it, together with the substitutes, go to a training-table and observe all the rules of training, doing no other exercise than actual base-ball. The bill of fare varies with the ideas of different trainers. This matter is spoken of in an article entitled "How I Train for a Race," in Harper's Young People for October 22, 1889, by W. C. Doehn.

Williams.—Here the Nine begins with heavy gymnasium work, and gradually comes down to lighter. The ball practice in the gymnasium is not essentially different from that at other colleges. Regarding a training-table the director says: "The Nine with its substitutes is picked out the latter part of this term, at which time they go to a training-table and there remain until the close of the season. They are allowed no tea or coffee, no cake, pies, or pastry, except, perhaps, a little sponge cake with ice-cream. All stimulants, as beer, liquor, or tobacco are entirely forbidden, and as for hours, during the base-ball season every man is expected to be in bed at 10.30, and before a game the captain sees that every one is in bed."

Dartmouth.—"The Base-Ball Nine used a training-table last year for the first time and concluded that it did not pay. Few of the men use tobacco, etc., and those who do are very urgently requested to abstain entirely or reduce the amount to a minimum. They are allowed coffee moderately and are expected to keep strict hours. The captain keeps as close watch of the men as possible, but there are no iron-clad rules."

These replies speak for themselves.

The Brown minstrel troupe will leave Providence, westward bound, the last of next month. To insure the troupe against individual loss, a stock company with a capital of $3,000 has been formed, which will refund the original subscriptions and give the surplus to the base-ball association, if the tour be a financial success, or divide the loss proportionately among the stockholders if there be a loss. — College and School.

**Telegraphic Idiosyncrasies.**

[Respectfully dedicated to "Bro." Teuney of the Brunswick Telegraph.]

To the Telegraph readers, of course delighted, Tales many and long have been recited Of the knowing feats of the pet canary, Of the sorrel mare, of their mistress Mary, Of the she dog, Floss, of her bull successor, All quite as wise as their sage possessor; Of the gifts delicious of farming men, Who swallow the fruits of the editor's pen, And give in exchange mammoth squash and pumpkins, Which are duly credited the country bumpkins.

In one of those admirable weekly issues, He tells how he thought the animal tissues Of little dog Floss had all but dissolved, As round and round she whizzed and revolved, But "a few pills of quinine made her smart as a whip."

Nowadays we'd say she had had the La Grippe. In another he tells of a wonderful fritter Made up of squash. Maine editors fitter And copy the article, simple and pure, To show in true light this rare epicure. And later, he asks if any have heard Of a match for his own intelligent bird, That familiar to all as Bill, the canary, Answers the call of its mistress Mary. But like a thunder-bolt (poets talk so,) Fell the sad news that where good dogs go, Little Floss had gone, as he had foreseen By her appetite slim, and her vomit green; And not long after, Billy the bird, Beside the dear dog was carefully interred. Then like Rachel's and Niobe's cry, Comfortless, seeing their children die, The Telegraph uttered a mournful wail, Describing the death scenes with painful detail, And locals to the extent of a column 'n' a half, Gave place to the animals' epitaph.

The mare still lives; another ear Takes the place of those that were. The dyspeptic's taste remains the same For specimen vegetables and Rangeley game, While the Belfast man pens the light literature In the 3 x 4 sanctum. Even just as before, The veteran journalist will see that the world Has his own household gods before it unfurled; His epicurean propensities (most important affairs), The mare and the buggy come in for their shares; Tabby the cat, the dog, the canary, And last, but not least, their good mistress Mary.
Of An Evening.

Our Contributor Strikes a Reminiscent Vein.

Yes, it was just the same old spot, just where, four years before, I had parted from a little blue-eyed maiden. But things had changed greatly since then: the old homestead had been sold; these college days had come, and the tender memories of the home of my boyhood and the bright-eyed girl I used to woo had been pretty nearly overgrown by thorns and brambles. But somehow I had drifted back, and as I stood on that clear, cold autumn evening and looked out in the distance and saw the black outlines of the old mountains, and the shadows of familiar landmarks, while all about me twinkled forth the lights of the cheery homes I used to know so well, all the old fancies came drifting back, fancies that I thought had died long before. Where was she now? Who was now her suitor? Would she greet me with the same smile as of yore, after all my neglect and the pile of unanswered, girlish letters.

Half-jealously and with many misgivings, I took my way up the farm-house lane. The old dog came baying down, and at the sound of my voice wagged his tail knowingly and jumped up and licked my face. There was a flickering, uncertain light on the curtain in the front parlor. It was the same light that used to wait for me as a bashful boy of eighteen. Ah, thought I, that light is not for me, as it used to be. But, never mind, I can at least call as an old friend. I gave the brass knocker a lusty shake, and, bigger, taller, darker than I used to be, was shown into the parlor unrecognized, by her mother. She went out and shortly the door opened and there stood before me, not the little Maud I once had known, but a taller, slen boxeser, handsomer, more womanly Maud than I had ever dreamed of. She came across the room and placed both her hands in mine, and looking up with the same frank smile I used to know, said: “I am very, very glad to see you, Will; I thought you wouldn’t leave the old town without even calling on me, so I’ve kept the parlor warm and lighted for you.”

Those ingenuous words, coming as I knew they did from a true, womanly heart, came over me with a thrill. We sat upon the sofa and talked of old times and new times and times that were to be. I never hope to pass a happier evening than that was. The past and present and the dead lapse between them blended with a mysterious charm. She never mentioned the unanswered letters, nor the old friendship, but I well knew what she thought.

Well, college has come again, and I occasionally sit at my desk and write letters and always get kind and friendly replies. I sometimes ask myself whether the old fancy will again fade, and the brambles and thorns spring up as they did before. I cannot tell. Be that as it may, we’ll all agree that there are no girls like the old girls.

Communication.

To the Editors of the Orient:

Students having visitors to show about the college often find great difficulty in obtaining admission to the Cleaveland Cabinet. Either they cannot readily find the person whose duty it is to show visitors through the cabinet, or when they do find him it sometimes happens that some member of the Faculty has the key. Cannot this difficulty be removed by having a key at the librarian’s desk and allowing each student to act as guide to his own company?

Visitors seldom come here unless they have friends either among the Faculty or students, and even if they should come, somebody could easily be found who would act as guide. Certainly no harm could result from such an arrangement, and it would be far more satisfactory than the present system.
Rhyme and Reason.

ABOVE MY DOOR.
I have no bust of Pallas above my chamber door,
To guard with awful eyebrows these tomes of ancient lore;
And if in vain I struggle with the mighty thoughts of yore,
There is not, perching there, a raven of despair,
To croak in hollow accents, "Nevermore."

I have a gilded horseshoe above my chamber door,
And there it hangs and glistens, while o'er my books I pore.
I am not certain whether things go better than before;
But bad luck does not stay, and no witches come this way,
So let the horseshoe hang there evermore.

ONLY A GLANCE!
Only a glance in a crowded street,
Only a look as I passed her by,
But my heart was filled with wonderful joy,
By that glance from her sparkling eye.

Only a glance and then she was gone;
But my heart it was happier far,
And I gained new strength for my daily life
By that glance from my guiding star.

Only a glance! How the memories throng
And the thoughts of the summer gone by,
The camp in the wood, our old trysting-place,
And the walks 'neath a starry sky!

Only a glance! Does she think of it yet?
Does she cherish its memory as I?
Does it bring to her mind, with a quickened pulse beat,
The thought of our final good-bye?

Only a glance! But a future there is.
Again 'neath those pines we shall meet,
When our glances shall blend, and our lips perchance, too,
As our hearts in unison beat.

MISTAKEN.
He stood before the father stern,
A trembling, bashful youth,
And stammering, asked in accents low,
His daughter's hand, forsooth.

Her father was a grim old boy,
But dearly loved his jest.
And, having washed his dinner down,
His wit was at its best.

And so the answer, that at last
The poor lad heard was this,
"You ask, but you receive not, sir,
Because you ask a-miss!"

DID YOU EVER?
Did you ever go skating by moonlight
With a sweet little miss by your side,
Who was charming and pleasant and graceful,
And in you was glad to confide?

Did you ever kneel down on the river,
The straps o'er her ankles to bind,
And linger and only thank heaven
The buckles were so hard to find?

Did you ever glide over the river,
And bask in the light of her face,
Feel the squeeze of her hand and emboldened,
Indulge in a gentle embrace?

And then when the moon, as if knowing,
Its horns 'neath the fleecy clouds dips,
Did you ever feel joy uncontrolled
From the touch of her soft ruby lips?

Did you ever—but if never you did,
If you never rejoiced in all this,
If you never went skating by moonlight,
Then you know not Elysium's bliss.

TO OUR PRINTERS.
If, when wrestling with our copy
You find it rather choppy,
Please forbear those handy phrases that we all are wont to use;
For, if you knew us better,
You'd pardon every letter,
Nor would you, in our absence, the chirography abuse.

Since few have been our meetings,
We hereby send you greetings:
Foreman Hale, the jolly boys, and the saucy, bright-eyed maids.
If ever in the future
A story we should butcher,
We'd call upon the Journal and maybe strike a trade.
HE KNEW THE GAME.

A loving pair were Nell and Bob,
The fellow something of a joker.
And Bob—though this his girl not—
Knew all the ins and outs of poker.

"One little heart is all I ask,"
The maiden murmured with a blush.
"Why, then," the wicked beau replied,
"You must be drawing for a flush!"

Exchanges.

The North Carolina University Magazine is largely filled by contributions from alumni. It is published six times yearly. The current number is embellished with a "Eulogy of Jefferson Davis," which in the statement that its subject was a "man who suffered indignities and brutalities at the hands of a great civilized nation such as would not be visited upon the most degraded criminal—for maintaining his convictions" and other ilk, strikes us as about the wildest thing we have yet read, even on that wildness-provoking subject. The closing paragraph, however, would for the Northern mind somewhat extenuate the rest.

The Columbia Spectator thinks it has amassed facts relative to the study of history in our American colleges sufficient to warrant an editorial deploiring the excess of time devoted to foreign history to the neglect of that of our own country. It believes that most men leave college with a clearer knowledge of the history of the lands of Belshazzar, Solomon, or Cato, than of the land of Washington.

The College Rambler is a pretty good looking paper for a Westerner, with abuff complexion, and a bluff, vagrant air. Its editorials are spicy and clean-shaven, but the five "handsome" illustrations need retouching.

The Advance, Vol. I., No. 1, from Kansas Wesleyan University reaches us—a very promising paleface infant. It is, according to credentials, the result of the Lance, the former publication, and of other forces new and powerful.

The Tennessee University Student opens with half a dozen pages of pretty long, dry looking literary articles, which, unlike those in some of our exchanges, are, after all, well balanced later on, by the large amount of college matter.

The Polytechnic prints an interesting article on "Irish Wakes" with an excellent cut added thereto.

"Waking" a corpse, the author contends, is a diversion popular to a fault among the Irish. The ceremonies are enlivened by smoking, drinking, and fighting for the living, and by toasts and libations of beer, if not hier, for the departed. According to this, the Irish must prize funerals even more highly than the Negro race, which has always been remarkable for its festivity upon such occasions.

The Lehigh Burr is as clean and attractive as a new shirt-bosom.

The Lasell Leaves possesses an agreeable literary tone and, withal, is wonderfully natural and girlish. If we are competent to judge, we should say it steered clear of pedantry on the one hand and of gush on the other. Though we almost invariably agree with the Leaves' opinion, we do feel, from a sense of manly duty, like inserting an interrogation point after the following: "Ah, the chaperon is truly an invention worthy the age in which we live."

We are pleased to make the acquaintance of Vol. I., of the Willamette Collegian of Willamette University, Salem, Oregon. A very interesting article on "Forgotten Books," takes up, as three of this kind worth reviving in the memory of our time, "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy," "Isak Walton's Complete Angler," and George Herbert's "Temple." We don't wonder that Dr. Johnson said of the first mentioned, that it was "the one book in the world that could get him out of bed early in the morning."

The Swarthmore Phoenix hits the right nail on the head when it goes to finding fault with the average college instructor's manner of giving advice on the subject of reading. "Such instructors are always profuse," it says, "in their warnings to Freshmen against light or damaging literature, but unless more than ordinarily angelic or practical in nature they seldom suggest to them anything else. The result is, being all at sea on the question, they either do not read at all or stumble aimlessly through whatever they chance upon, thereby losing valuable time."

The Bates Student's editorial columns for the last number or two appear to be feeling better. They are showing a little more of the true spirit of college journalism and a little less of etherealism. The renaissance will doubtless continue for the year. The article in the current issue, under the title of "View from Mount David," gives the psalmist's hammock another send off.

The men who are training for the Yale Freshman crew, run four miles daily, besides undergoing other disciplinary work.
We understand that some of the Faculty at Wellesley have recently been constrained to inveigh against the time-honored institution of corsets. Pretty straight-laced institution isn’t it?

The Freshmen have received a challenge to row the Columbia Freshmen next summer. They will not accept, having decided to row the spring races in fours.

On Jordan Avenue: “Shall we linger by the corner?” quoth the bold, bad boy. “Nay, I must hie to my ma,” she gurgled softly. “And mar the sweets of eventide?” urged the bold, bad boy. “Such martyrdom must be,” she gurgled once again, as her clingsome arms stole sinuously about the bad boy’s neck; and the neighbor’s dog gave a low, disconsolate howl and yielded up the ghost.

President Hyde is away, this week, as one of the examiners at Andover, and in his absence the Seniors will wrestle with an extract from Berkeley.

Professor Lee has been confined to his house with a severe attack of rheumatism.

Cilley, ’91, has returned, after a successful struggle with the grip.

Noyes, ’91, is at home sick.

Maxwell, ’88, Clark, ’89, and Fogg, ’89, have visited the college recently.

The Sophomores will present the bar-bell drill at the athletic exhibition, March 20th.

Photographer A. O. Reed, of Brunswick, is taking the faces of the Senior class. The ORIENT is glad to see ’90 patronizing home industry.

Speare, of Princeton, ’89, addressed the Y. M. C. A., Thursday evening, and Friday afternoon, in the interests of the Board of Foreign Missions. Mr. Speare is a young man of earnest convictions, and his addresses were well attended by the students interested.

The tug-o’-war contest at the Athletic Exhibition, March 20th, will be between Bowdoin and Bates. The cup, which is to become the property of the winning team, has arrived and is on exhibition at Colton’s.

Professor Matzke will have charge of the Latin next term, taking the place of Professor Pease, who will travel abroad.

Several of the students attended a very pleasant party given by Miss Bessie Mitchell, Friday evening.

Horace Partridge & Company are evidently interested in Bowdoin tennis. Through their agent, “Joe,” they offer prizes for singles and doubles, to be contested for in a tournament next term. This ought to start the ball rolling, and it should not be allowed to stop until a large amount of tennis enthusiasm has collected upon its surface.

One of the hose companies down town was called into service recently to assist a band of Knights of the Pickaxe in tapping the gymnasium.

A second nine will be one of the regular college organizations next term. At present there are fourteen men practicing for positions.

The Bowdoin Fryeburg Academy Association held its second annual banquet at the Tontine, Tuesday evening.

Professor J. B. Sewall delivered the fourth lecture in the Y. M. C. A. course, Tuesday, March 4th. His subject was W. B. Carpenter and his contributions to science.

Mrs. Dr. Mitchell and a party of ladies visited the gymnasium, Friday.

Jackson, ex-’89, will re-enter college next term and become a ’91 man.

The Juniors have voted to adopt the emblems of scholastic dignity, the cap and gown.

Little Annie Rooney, of Boston, has taken the campus by storm. It is about time to send her to oblivion now to console McGinty.

The announcement that the examination in French private reading is to be held March 21st, has created consternation among the students who were so unfortunate as to elect French. That any man in his right mind should appoint the day after the athletic exhibition for an examination when there are plenty of other days on which it could occur equally well, seems incredible. Several members of the French divisions are to take prominent parts in the exhibition and will hardly be in the pink of condition to cope with Victor Hugo the next day. Others who are not classed among the athletes, will, in all probability, be up until a late hour, and it seems as though the examination might be put off a day longer, when everybody would be better prepared to do his best work.

Fred Plaisted, of Portland, has been engaged by the management to coach the Bowdoin crew.
The report that Bowdoin had purchased the old eight-oared shell of the Dirigo Boat Club of Portland, for $650, is the most ludicrously absurd error in regard to the college that has crept into the Maine press for some time. In the first place, a new shell can be built for considerably less than that amount. Secondly, the Dirigo shell is not suited for the Bowdoin crew, as its capacity is only 153 pounds per man, and the coxswain’s seat is in the bow instead of the stern where it should be; and thirdly and finally, the commodore of the Dirigos offered the boat to the Boating Association for $225. The real facts of the case are these: Contracts have been made with boat-builder Michael F. Davis, of Portland, to build two cedar eight-oared shells for the Association. The first shell is to be delivered on or before May 10th, the second, on or before May 28th. In order that the crew may begin rowing at the earliest possible moment, Mr. Davis has agreed to put in condition a paper shell now in his possession, for the use of the crew, as soon as the ice leaves the river. The shells have been purchased under the supervision of the Alumni Advising Committee. This committee is composed of E. U. Curtis, ’82, F. C. Payson, ’76, and Dr. F. N. Whittier, ’85, and will, as the name indicates, oversee whatever action the Association may take in boating matters.

The first five men of the nine have been selected as follows: Packard, Thompson, Freeman, Fish, and Hilton. The rest of the team will be made up from Burleigh, Downes, Jordan, Spring, and Newman. The second nine will be captured by Pendleton and will stand ready to supply men for the first nine if necessary.

One of the leading business men of Brunswick has offered a prize, either a cup or a medal, valued at $25, to the man making the best general record. In awarding this prize, batting, sacrifice hitting, base running, and fielding will all be taken into consideration.

The base-ball management is in correspondence with several A1 teams with a view to arranging games to be played in the spring. Memorial Day a game will probably be played in Portland with the Lovells or Beacons of Boston. Tufts will send a team to play in the forenoon, Ivy Day, and a trip to the provinces will, in all probability, be made during the Senior vacation, when Bowdoin will be given an opportunity to meet the St. Johns, the Monets, and other crack English teams.

The Rev. Mr. Jackson, of Swampscot, Mass., occupied the Congregationalist pulpit last Sabbath, and those in attendance enjoyed a very strong discourse. His object was to show in what true greatness consists, and his sermon was, in substance, a comparison of the historical characters of Solomon and Christ, in their bearings upon the theme in question.

Bowdoin will be somewhat handicapped in the coming tug-o’-war with the Bates boys, and will have to make a big brace if she wants to get there. Two of the men, one of them the anchor, are just off from sick-beds, and are hardly in condition to undergo that severe training necessary to put themselves in condition for the most effectual work. Bowdoin has good grit, though, and, as far as possible, every pound of muscle will be made to tell.

The reception held by the Psi Upsilon Fraternity, in the Court Room, Thursday evening, March 6th, was completely successful and a thoroughly enjoyable affair, in spite of the severe snow storm that raged during the earlier part of the evening. The Court Room was tastily decorated, and some of the adjoining rooms and halls formed charming nooks for a social tête-à-tête. About seventy-five invited guests were present, quite a number of them being from out of town. The following ladies acted as patronesses: Mrs. Stephen I. Young, Mrs. Frank C. Robinson, Mrs. Alfred Mitchell, Mrs. Leslie A. Lee, and Mrs. Charles C. Hutchins. Dancing began at nine o’clock, and lasted until half-past two in the morning. Excellent music was furnished by Gilbert and Ryser. Refreshments were served at midnight. The different college societies were represented by delegates. Following is the Committee of Arrangements: William Wingate Hubbard, ’90, Fred James Simonton, Jr., ’91, Roland William Mann, ’92, Augustus Alphonso Hussey, ’93.

37.—The Orient was very much pleased recently to learn of the great improvement this winter in the health of Rev. John O. Fiske, Vice-President of Bowdoin College. For the past few years Dr. Fiske’s health has been very poor indeed.

14.—Rev. Geo. M. Adams, of Auburndale, Mass., occupied the Congregationalist pulpit, March 2d, and addressed the students in chapel in the afternoon.
1848.—Professor Jotham B. Sewall delivered the fifth lecture in the Y. M. C. A. course, Tuesday evening, on "Dr. W. B. Carpenter and his Contributions to Science." He commenced with a brief sketch of Dr. Carpenter's life, after which he recounted his many contributions to scientific research.

1853.—Hon. T. R. Simonton, of Camden, recently appointed agent of the Treasury Department, will have his headquarters in Portland. Mr. Simonton has received from the press of Maine many compliments on his appointment to this position. Being a man of great intelligence and business keenness, he will fill the position most acceptably.

1854.—J. R. Osgood, the London agent for Harper & Brothers, is famous for his "spreads." At one of his recent dinners he entertained a party of literary men at the Century Club. The chief dish was corned-beef hash, which, it is said, was devoured with great gusto.

1859.—Hon. Stephen J. Young is in Washington, D. C. Some time since he was appointed on the Assay Commission.

1860.—Hon. L. G. Downes was in Washington last week to see what could be done with the Commissioner of Internal Revenue to get the National Banks of Calais out of a trouble into which they fell, a few years ago, by using Canadian money.

1861.—Gen. Thomas Hyde, of the Bath Ironworks, has received a contract to build two steel cruisers for the government. During the past week General Hyde has received numerous congratulations from all over the country. It is a big thing for Maine and a bigger thing for Bath.

1861.—Hon. D. J. McGillicuddy was, March 3d, elected Mayor of Lewiston. Mr. McGillicuddy served in that capacity two years ago.

1864.—H. E. Cole is principal of the Bath High School.

1868.—George B. Swan is Supervisor of Schools for Cascade County, Montana.

1885.—John A. Waterman, Jr., was elected to the Brunswick School Board last Monday.

1887.—E. C. Plummer is city editor of the Bath Daily Times. Mr. Plummer is also correspondent of the Boston Herald. Some of his recent articles in the latter paper have clearly shown that he possesses very great ability as a writer.

1888.—R. W. Goding has been chosen president of the Bennett Club, the leading society of the Boston University Law School for the coming year.

1888.—A. C. Shorey is manager of the Bath Publishing Company, and is at the same time editor of the Bath Times.

1889.—W. M. Emery has resigned his position on the Lowell Evening Citizen, and has accepted a more lucrative one on the Providence Evening Telegram, having charge of the column entitled "Men, Women, and Things." He is also at this time reporting the proceedings of the Legislature.

College World.

The Crimson states that among rowing men the essentials for success are in the proportion of brains, 75 per cent.; pluck, 20 per cent.; and strength, 5 per cent.

Over $10,000 has already been subscribed for the Columbia athletic field.

The average pay of school teachers in Mississippi is less than $30 a month, three school months to the year. Kentucky has no State Normal Schools, and her teachers receive very low wages.—American Journal of Education.

Willard, Harvard's first baseman, is accredited with accepting ninety-seven out of ninety-eight chances.—Ex.

She—"This is your first year at college, isn't it?"
He—"Yes. How did you know that?" She—"I knew by the way your arms felt around me. The muscles are not so fully developed as a Senior's."—Brunonian.

The chapel at Yale is to have a new $2,000 organ.

There are twenty-two Yale graduates in Harvard as instructors or students.

The genuine eagerness of the colored people to acquire an education is indicated by the fact that 850 colored youths are attending Hampton Institute, the largest attendance in its history.
The Editorial Board for Vol. XX will be as follows:

T. S. Burr, Managing Editor.
A. T. Brown, Business Editor.
H. S. Chapman, Locals.
H. W. Jarvis, Personals.
L. A. Burleigh, Sporting Matters.
B. D. Ridlon, Rhyme and Reason.
C. W. Peabody, Rhyme and Reason.
C. S. F. Lincoln, General Matter.
F. V. Gummer, Book Reviews.

IT MAY or may not have been noticed that we have not cuberred our editorial columns to any great extent with duns. This is our last issue and a few facts may not be out of place: This volume will cost full $300 more than any of its predecessors. Entirely of our own free will, we gave to our readers extended accounts of the Brunswick Centennial and the Commencement Dinner—both things of especial interest to the alumni. In addition to this, each number has been, from two to four or five pages larger than the average of previous years. We have been able to do this through the enterprise of our Business Manager, who has increased the advertisements from about $300 to over $500. We have estimated that this, together
with the increased number of students, will make the deficit good, as will be the case, if the alumni pay up; otherwise the six Senior editors have to go into their pockets for the balance. Had we run the regulation size, we might have cleared from $40 to $50 per capita, but we felt that the paper should keep pace with the growth of the college. We feel that we have earned your full support and would therefore request an immediate remittal.

IT IS with feelings of sincere regret that we record the last editorial and shuffle our burden on the shoulders of our successors, for however irksome and exacting the management may have at times been, we have nevertheless become sincerely attached to the little paper. Contrary to the usual tone of concluding issues we will say that we have no apologies to make, not but that we are fully conscious of the mistakes and weaknesses of the administration, but because we are not conscious of having at any time failed in our intentions. We have given it the best of our time and interest, and have been as heartily seconded by the other members of the board, it is safe to say, as any predecessor ever has been. Our constant aim has been to make the paper, not a bundle of essays, but a true reflection of college spirit without any of those nauseating attempts at parading virtue which we think we have detected in some of our contemporaries. And, while we are fully aware that in so doing we have laid ourselves open to and received criticisms, we have at least been free from cant. We have attempted to make the paper, as far as possible, the mirror of an institution which possesses a body of healthy, full-blooded undergraduates, with earnest, manly principles flavored with the exuberance which is characteristic of their age; and which possesses a Faculty of young and vigorous men, abreast of the times, in hearty sympathy with the interests of the student-body, inviting and attending to all well-intended student criticisms, teaching principles rather than dogmas, facts rather than conclusions, and imbued with the healthy and fervent Christian spirit which befits a Christian college. Perhaps, with a view to the inconsiderate standpoint of the outsider, we have at times belied the true spirit of the college in our leanings toward openness. As to the discussion of internal questions we have attempted to meet everything boldly, without regard to class or faction; but personal prejudice cannot be wholly eliminated, and we are free to say that we may not have been absolutely clear from it. Within the board there has been nothing but the most cordial co-operation and good-will. Some of the brightest recollections of our course will be connected with the friendships formed and cemented by our relations with its members.

PERHAPS we are in a condition to give our opinion as to whether or not it pays for a fellow to connect himself with college journals, assuming, of course, that he puts enthusiasm enough into them to sometimes enroach on his regular college work—and a student cannot attend faithfully to some of the more important branches of college editing without so doing. We answer: It depends upon the man. If he is well-poised, not over-enthusiastic, and capable of turning his hand from one thing to another without carrying with him the thoughts of the preceding, it pays; otherwise it does not. In the first case, the literary drill, the practical knowledge of affairs, and the executive ability he acquires will more than offset the loss in regular college work. If, on the other hand, he is inclined to be impulsive and jump headlong into one thing, he is just so sure to become distracted and acquire irregular habits of work as he goes into it; and, in this case the loss of, or rather failure
to acquire, method will by no means be counterbalanced by the training he will get from the paper. He has lost one of the prime benefits of his course, the formation of methodical habits of study and continuous application to a regular line of research. We presume this may or may not be acquired later, according to the temperament and circumstances of the man, but, be that as it may, there is just so much of time and opportunity lost forever. We might add that if the student is predisposed to irregularity, he would better fill the gaps with "Orient" than loafing.

The custom established at the last athletic meeting of auditing the accounts of the out-going Treasurer was a good one, and should be extended to every branch of sporting finances. Especially is it needful at this time, when we are starting in on two new sports and also extending our general athletics so considerably. The Treasurer of the Boating Association will handle, say $1,500 to $2,000; of the Base-Ball Association, say $800 to $1,000; of the Athletic Association, say $300. That all this should be allowed to drift about without any systematized methods of book-keeping, or any direct responsibility to the students, is unbusinesslike, to say the least. Those having the funds in charge should, if they have not already done so, purchase suitable books and institute some simple but accurate system of accounts which will show to those interested just the status of the organization to which they are giving. It would be more agreeable to the Treasurers and more satisfactory to the students. We should look more to the future in all our sports. If, as will doubtless be the case, the college continues to grow in athletics and numbers for the next ten years as it has in the last four or five it will indeed be strange if, in some department, we do not get either a bungler or a knave; in either of which cases a well-arranged system of accounts, under the inspection of an auditing or advisory committee, would exercise a most salutary influence. Nor should the auditing be a mere matter of red tape. Those accepting these positions should do so with the expectation of having their eyes open and their hands ready. If the Treasurers now in office would solicit something of the kind they would thereby inaugurate a custom which might be of considerable service to those of coming years, and, at the same time, obviate the delicacy which others might feel in proposing it. Business is business, whether it be in the counting-room or college athletics.

Last summer the Orient called attention to the need of more orderly arrangements at Field-Day, and now, just as it concludes the year, would emphasize it by another notice. Students can be kept off the track and teams and pedestrians can be excluded from the space between the grandstand and the track. We would have a row of officers stationed at every inlet, if nothing else availed. It is the rankest discourtesy to have a crowd of brawling partisans obscuring the contestants when there are lady visitors in the carriages, while, at the same time, a row of top-buggies wheels grandly up in front of the stand, the seats of which are covered with interested spectators. Another thing. A man should no more be allowed to compete on that occasion without suitable costume than at the athletic exhibition. Under proper regulations the exercises might be made a mighty pretty thing, which can hardly be said of any thus far. It is the one occasion of the year when we should do our handsomest and look our best. No shirt sleeves and turned-up pantaloons this year!
THE article in this issue on the "Outlook in Athletics" hits the nail square on the head and ought to send a ring down the whole line. The fact is we must make a break. The other Maine colleges will do nothing progressive and we must go elsewhere. They know that, by concentrating their energies on base-ball to the exclusion of other equally important sports, they can manage to keep us out of the first place a good share of the time; but to compete with us in a well-ordered athletic system, which should include foot-ball, boating, a field-day, tug-o'-war, and tennis is impossible, for they have neither the men nor the spirit to back it up. Bowdoin is alive; the progressive spirit in the Faculty is at last being responded to by the students. Let the project of admission to the Dartmouth foot-ball league be followed up energetically and we will be in it in a year or so, and snap our fingers at all obstructionists.

The proposition that the athletic team be taken to Bangor at the beginning of the next term to give an exhibition is a good one. Bangor has always been one of our most fertile fields for students, and it would be good diplomacy to take the boys down and show them what we can do. The fact that Bangor is not drugged with a Turnverein exhibition each year, coupled with our popularity in that city and the residence there of many graduates of the college, would insure success, both financially and otherwise. Our exhibitions upon the diamond have badly misrepresented the athletic interests of the college to the people of the Penobscot. Even if it should incur a slight loss to the association, the result in the way of advertising the college would more than repay us. The undergraduates hardly look enough to this in the management of their affairs.

WE DO not believe in prizes. Of course other institutions have them, and if we are to go in the procession, we must do the same; nevertheless we do not think they stimulate healthy scholarship. Scholarship prizes always simmer down to two or three persons who do all the hard studying, oftentimes to the serious neglect of other branches; and, as to speaking prizes, they are a source of worryment and distraction to all competitors, not beginning to make up in benefit the loss upon regular studies, and in the end shared only by one or two persons.

Literary.

'Eighty-Nine in the Legal Profession.

By One of Them.

To the Editors of the Orient:

YOU ask me to "write something of the incipient member of the legal profession: what he does; how he feels," etc.

Well, I suppose that I am an incipient member of the profession aforesaid; at least, I have been digging away at Blackstone and Kent and Washburn for the past six months. And here let me say to that member of the Senior class who thinks that the study of Dewey's Psychology is hard work that it is a great deal like reading the works of Mark Twain as compared with that of plugging law.

The first work that I was called to do after entering a law office was to sweep up the office floor. This has since taken the place of regular gymnasium work.

The first volume that was given me to read was Bishop's "First Book of the Law." This is an excellent book for the beginner to read, especially if he be somewhat doubtful about the wisdom of his choice of a profession. It plainly tells him that a man of his temperament (it makes no particular
difference what his temperament is) can never succeed in the law and strongly advises him to take medicine or the ministry. As I was in a measure unsuited for either of these last-named professions I decided to follow my original purpose and study law.

After this preliminary skirmish with Bishop, I plunged at once in medias res, so to speak, and began the study of Blackstone. Some of it was dry, a great deal of it was not; but all of it was beneficial, and from the study of the Commentaries I derived much help. I do not mean to say that I always grasped the full meaning of the writer, or always caught the full force of his logic, but I grasped enough and comprehended enough to convince me that the student who neglects or passes by Blackstone commits a great blunder at the very outset.

I have since read Kent’s “Commentaries on American Law,” Washburn on “Real Property,” a work on “Torts,” and am now studying “Contracts.” This is what I have done.

My feelings I have hinted at earlier in this article, but candor compels me to say that the work, as a whole, is not dry or uninteresting. On the contrary it is almost fascinating. To trace a principle, perhaps from remote antiquity; to watch its growth; to see it adapt itself to the changing conditions of men and times, yet retain its native vigor and power; to watch it now as it remains a vital and controlling force in the conduct of men, this, to my mind, justifies the use of the word fascinating.

Can a person make any material advancement in the study of law while pursuing his regular college studies? This question is often asked by those who intend to enter upon the study of law at some later time. My experience has been that time thus used does not bring a large reward. Any one who intends to study law will do well at some time before entering on the real work to read some elementary and general treatises on law to learn if he likes the nature of the work sufficiently well to continue it; but to read with the view of gaining time is a poor way to begin and the student in the end is a loser. He will find later that one week of solid, continuous work is worth more than a month of desultory reading, snatched at odd moments from time that can more profitably be given to something else.

S.

A Locomotive Whistle.

BY C. W. PEABODY.

’Tis night, and in its shadow sleeps the world;
And in the sky no shadow cloud is seen;
Only the cloudlike moon, and dimmer stars
That stand apart and bow before their queen.

Countless the leagues that separate the worlds,
And yet it seems not so, for time and place
The magic stillness of the night hath changed,
Which with some potent spell hath banished space.

Thoughts of the past and dreams of time to be,
Flooding the darkness with the light of now,
Come swiftly rushing through the wondrous calm,
And of the present not a thought allow.

And all is hushed; night holds her breath till,
Hark!
A locomotive whistle breaks the spell,
Sounding afar, yet where or whither going,
Night, the secret-lover, will not tell.

But why inquire of its midnight goal?
As now a distant rumbling dies away,
And half-heard echoes, lost themselves to sound,
In fancied ripples through the memory play.

Untold, I seem to follow in my thoughts
To where it rushes through a well-known scene.
Two strips of meadow lie ‘neath wooded slopes,
A ceaseless, endless river rolls between.

A mountain frowns upon the quiet vale,
Until the sun, from out a summer’s cloud,
Bursting with joy, which spreads o’er all the view,
Forces a smile upon its visage proud.
And while I seem to hear the rumbling wheels,  
All this I see as I have seen before;  
But now we dash into a forest dark,  
And as it darker grows I see no more.

Wind, why dost thou come to break the calm  
That else had melted into dreamless sleep?—  
For this was but the shadow of a dream,  
That almost strove in vain its form to keep.

Wind, why dost thou come, and with thee bring  
Another blast that mingles with the gale?  
Is it the wind that makes it sound so sad,  
Rising and falling in a distant wall?

It speaks of partings,—seems to whisper back  
Upon the wind the farewells of a guest.  
A thousand miles it speeds,—it is the train  
That bears a friend into the distant west.

But stillness falls again upon the earth.  
The clock is ticking; naught is heard beside.  
The train is gone, and quiet now is given,  
To sleep and dream the world is not so wide.

Mr. Maynard's Story.  
BY G. B. CHANDLER.

MR. MAYNARD was looked upon by the country-folk in and about the little village of Lester as a rather peculiar character. He was always at his place in church; attended all public meetings of common interest, and gave liberally to the minister and all charitable organizations. Moreover he always spoke pleasantly to the men, and touched his hat with inborn courtesy to all the ladies, irrespective of rank. But he never was known to make any allusion to his earlier life or previous place of residence. He had come to the place unknown, and unknown he still remained. He was evidently a man of letters and refined tastes, while the manner in which his country-seat was furnished and supported indicated that he was possessed of abundant means.

It was my first term of teaching in that place, and it was by Mr. Maynard that I had been engaged. As soon as I learned the mystery that clung about the man I was seized with a profound desire to know more of him. Accordingly I cultivated further the acquaintance which our previous relations had laid open to me. I visited him frequently and always found him in a large and well-furnished library, engaged in reading or study—the very type of a handsome, well-kept bachelor of thirty-five. Our acquaintance soon ripened into close friendship, and many were the evenings that I passed by his fireside.

One howling winter's night—I shall never forget it—we were seated by the fire, and, by one of those dreamy turns of conversation which occasionally came to the evening circle, we drifted into a reminiscent strain. Suddenly he stopped short and, looking at me intently for a moment, said:

"Charlie, I believe you're a true man. I must tell you something. I cannot contain it any longer. I will unfold to you the bitter story of my past life. Aha! I see you are startled. Well, listen, my boy.

"It is now six years since I broke the last link that bound me to the life that once was so dear to me; yes, the old life. Ten years ago I was graduated from one of our great universities and started out in the world. For three years I was successful in all ways, professionally and financially. I had a good practice and added considerable to the ample fortune which my father had left me. At the end of that time I had occasion to go to Louisiana on business. Upon my arrival I found that it would occupy my constant attention for some weeks and consequently accepted the invitation of a wealthy planter to make his house my home.

"He was a coarse-grained man of the world, and had a second wife, with two sons by a previous husband, as coarse-grained as he was. He also had one daughter, Viola, by his first wife, a Spanish lady, of whom many legends of goodness were told by the old servants. Viola was a maiden of nine-
teen, with the purest, sweetest face I ever beheld. I can remember her as if it were but yesterday, with her great brown eyes looking up in mine, and her dark hair thrown back in long waves from the fair white forehead. She had been educated privately by a Northern governess, whom I inferred to have been a very superior woman. She had a taste for literature and art, and our spirits flowed together as if by magic. But, oh that home! Cursing and swearing men, with brute tastes, and a selfish, shrewish step-mother as her sole companions. My God! how did the poor child live! There was also a nephew of the wife, one Hugh Costello, a handsome, cruel, low-natured scoundrel. It was the aim of the woman to marry this wretch to Viola, and her gentle nature rebelled with all the force of which it was capable.

"Yet I doubt not if I had not appeared upon the scene she would have been driven to submission before another year. Had it not been for the girl no money would have hired me to have stayed in the place one week. But, out of first pity, and afterward love, for the silent, little sufferer, I stayed and stayed on. It was not long before the snake eyes of the old adder—that was what I couldn't help calling her—saw that Viola and myself were getting too deeply interested in one another to suit her plans, and secret war was declared, in company with the whole male population of the house, exclusive of the father, whom my suit would have doubtless pleased. Shortly after came the edict that 'Viola was exceedingly improper in her relations with Mr. Maynard, and during the remainder of his stay (which she hoped would be short) she would keep her room.' I was not to be beaten off like that, however, and held my ground.

"One afternoon, I think it was the fourth day of her imprisonment, an old servant slyly handed me a key, together with a note which read as follows:

Come to my room at 3.30. I must see you once more. Come, sure. The corner room, over the balcony.

Viola.

"I know the poor child thought it no harm, but I ought to have known better. I went, however, and found her lying upon the bed with her head buried in the pillow, weeping. It was evident she had not expected me so soon and had not noticed my entrance. I stepped along and bent over the couch. 'Viola, it is I. I have come as you requested me. Didn't you think I would come?' At the sound of my voice she sprang up like one in a happy dream, and clasped me about the neck. You should have seen the glad light of love in her eyes as they met mine. We sat down upon the edge of the couch and I smoothed back the rich waves of her hair and told her to be patient, for I would pretend to go away, but would surely return to take her away to our Northern home. And soon her smiles chased away the tears and we had one long, delicious hour there by ourselves. Suddenly I was startled by a sound of feet on the stairway. We had been suspected. A rap came, and almost simultaneously the door was opened, and there stood Costello and one of the sons. 'Ah,' cried he, 'this is the game, is it? And it is thus you are playing with the purity of my betrothed wife!' 'Villain!' I hurled back. 'Say what you will, but do not dare hint one word against the virtue of the only pure thing about this accursed ranch!' He attempted to continue, but, unable to contain myself, I rushed forward and felled him to the floor. I remember a shriek and a report, and I knew that I was shot, and Viola was bending over me—and that was all.

"When I awoke to consciousness I was still in the same room. I had been nursed back to life by the old man's orders. But
what became of Viola I can never know. Whether she threw herself in the stream, was sent to her mother’s relatives in Spain, or went into a convent, I could never find out. I spent three years and a vast amount of money to find a clue, but none of the servants or friends could furnish any, and to seek one from any other source would be vain; for no one seemed to know from what part of Spain her mother came from.

“Well, Charlie, there is little more to tell. I am a broken man. I have severed myself from everything that could remind me of my old life, and given myself up to study. Another man might have overcome it, but I could not.”

There were tears in the man’s eyes when he had done, and he was breathing short and quick from the intensity of the recital. He bowed his head upon his arm, and the wind howled drearily on the outside. I shivered, and tossed on the fire another log, and stood gazing at his bowed head. Just then the door bell rang and a servant announced some one at the door. Mr. Maynard raised his head and said: “Bring them in here, it is so cold.” Presently the door opened and a pale, thin, brown-eyed woman, thinly clad, stood before us. “My God!” cried he, “Viola!” The slight figure staggered forward, held out her hands, and fainted in his arms.

I can tell you the rest in a few words. She had been sent to Cuba to a Spanish convent, but had escaped, and, finding passage with a kindly captain, had come to this country, where she found employment as a teacher. She had gone to the place where she knew Mr. Maynard formerly lived, only to meet bitter disappointment. After that she went back to her school, but her health failed, and she was threatened with consumption and placed in a hospital. While there she had heard Mr. Maynard’s name men-

tioned, and found out his place of residence. Youth and a new hope brought her back to health, and she had come to his home in the full confidence that she would find him waiting for her. And, truly, when she came he was waiting—waiting bitterly.

The Song of the Junior.

AIR—“The Old Oaken Bucket.”

By T. S. Burr.

How dear to my heart is the
Old leathern wallet,
As laden with mem’ries it
Rises to view,
The old battered clasp and the
Lining well tattered,
And all the sweet pleasures its
Memories renew.

The old college scenes that are
Clustered around it,
The campus, the rooms in the
Gray college halls,
The pine trees, the maples, the
Symbolic ivy,
The faces familiar its
Presence recalls.

And then like a mist there
Arises before me
Dim shades of the past to my
Sad fancies born,
The visions of script and the
Phantoms of specie,
All ghosts of the cash that is
Wasted and gone.

The waltz, the cotillion, the
Music’s soft measures,
The maiden who blushingly
Loaned on my arm;
Ah! the dollars that went for the
Dance’s gay pleasure
Leave naught to my mind but the
Waltzes’ sweet charm.

Then the silver that purchased the
The pipe made of brier,
The fragrant cigar and the
Mild cigarette
That I smoked in the twilight the
Cool summer evenings—
My mind mirrors back not a
Sigh of regret.
Ah! the glad college life with its
Pleasures fast fleeting,
The bacchanal reveals that
Greeted the morn,
Far dearer their memories, their
Fond recollections
Than double the lure that's
Wasted and gone.
Then we'll fill up a glass to the
Faithful old wallet
That poured forth the silver in
Halcyon days,
And we'll drink to the scenes that are
Gathered around it
And come now to haunt us from
Memory's maze.

The Outlook in Athletics.

What the Year has Brought.—Tendencies Beneficial, Physically and Intellectually.—Recent Developments Show That We Must Cut Loose from the Maine Colleges.—Will the Massachusetts Institutions Welcome Us?

The events of the last two terms have advanced Bowdoin's position in athletics very much. Last year she was interested in one branch of intercollegiate sports only—base-ball. Now she occupies a position held by no other college of her size in the country. She is heartily and earnestly engaged in all the manifestations of the amateur athletic spirit—base-ball, foot-ball, and boating, while in general athletics she has never stood so high.

Until recently, by her situation and the restrictions of her size and her students' pocket-books, she has been confined to the Maine colleges in her athletic contests. But now a change has come. The boys have enthusiastically entered upon boating and will meet Cornell next summer at Ithaca. Nor is it our fault that we are not to be included in the annual regatta on the Thames between Cornell, Columbia, and Pennsylvania. For some reason the first of the three looks with disfavor upon our application, and we shall be obliged to content ourselves with the single race on Cayuga Lake.

If the plans of the foot-ball management are successfully carried out Bowdoin will, in a year or so, appear in the league with Amherst, Dartmouth, and Williams, when we hope she could at least hold her own against the more experienced teams she would have to meet.

The result of this increasing interest in athletics is beneficial in two ways: First, it improves the physical tone of the college. A more general concern for physical development and for outdoor life—the surest foundation for good health—is discernable. This would alone be a sufficiently desirable end. But, in addition, there is an indirect result of still more importance. It is the widening of the influence and reputation of the college, and the closer connection of the students with the undergraduates of the other and more distant universities, which cannot but be a source of pleasure and advantage.

The time has got to come for Bowdoin to cut loose from the tie which binds her to the other Maine colleges, to the exclusion of all outside connection. The recent condition of affairs is much too narrow for our taste, and there is no prospect of increasing our range without going outside of the State to do it. The other colleges in Maine will do nothing but play ball. None of them feel the least interest in boating. The action in regard to foot-ball, last fall, was not particularly encouraging, while Bowdoin was the only college that showed any disposition to back up her words expressed in the famous Herald interview as to an incollegiate field-day.

We must accordingly go beyond the borders of our own State to indulge our rapidly increasing enterprise, and it is with pleasure that we see the disposition of the boys to do it. We only hope that the other
colleges will look with favor upon our applications, and we will promise on our part that we can make the contests sufficiently interesting for some of our opponents at least.

Athletic Exhibition.

Big Time; Big Crowd; Big Success.—Ninety-One Wins Class Drill.—Bowdoin Defeats Bates in Tug-o'-War.

The fourth annual exhibition of the Bowdoin Athletic Association took place in the Town Hall, Thursday evening, March 20th, and was a great success. The attendance was the largest since the exhibitions have been given, the hall being so filled that it was necessary to place seats in the side aisles. The programme began promptly, and consisted of: fencing drill, class of ’90—Simpson, leader, Messrs. Freeman, Hastings, Brooks, Sears, Alexander, Blanchard, Hunt, Cummings, Hubbard; parallel fencing and single stick contests—Messrs. Ridlon and Young, Parker and Tukey; high diving—Messrs. Fish, Hubbard, Hilton, Cilley, Bean, Young, Carleton, Whitcomb, Whitney; club drill, class of ’93—C. C. Bucknam, leader, Messrs. Hussey, Fabyan, Jenks, Fling, Hatch, Emery, Baker, Haggett, Shaw, Machan, Whitcomb; clog dancing—F. P. Whitney; parallel bars—Messrs. Hilton, Hubbard, Fish, Sears, Young, Machan; wand drill, class of ’92—T. S. Lazell, leader, Messrs. Bartlett, Merriman, Nichols, Rich, Cothren, Poore, Kenniston, Kimball, Forbes; tumbling—Messrs. Fish and Young, Hilton and Hubbard, and Bean; horizontal bar—Messrs. Fish, Hubbard, Rounds, Poor, Cilley, Whitney, Machan; special club swinging—F. Lynam; single stick drill, class of ’91—B. D. Ridlon, leader, Messrs. Hilton, Cilley, Parker, Hastings, Tukey, Newbegin, Munsey, Thompson, Mahoney; pyramids—Messrs. Lynam, Hastings, Hubbard, Mahoney, Fish, Hilton, Cilley, Rounds, Tukey, Horne, Sears, Bean, Young, Bartlett, Carleton, Ridley; tug-o'-war—Bates vs. Bowdoin; three-minute pull; weight of teams, 600 lbs.

The class drills were well executed and were gone through, with the piano accompaniment. The cup was awarded to the class of ’91, the committee of award being Messrs. Barrett Potter, ’78, C. E. Adams, ’84, and D. M. Cole, ’88. The work on the horizontal and parallel bars was exceedingly good, Messrs. Fish and Hilton, excelling. The great feature was Mr. Fish’s giant swing, both forward and backward. The tumbling was also very good and the pyramids well done. Excellent work was done by Messrs. Sears, Hubbard, Bean, Young, Machan, and Whitney. The club swinging of Mr. Lynam and the clog dancing of Mr. Whitney were enthusiastically received. The interest of the evening centered in the tug-o’-war between Bates and Bowdoin. Many reports of the Bates Sampsons had been borne on the breezes from the Spindle City, and a close contest was expected. Ready for the cleats the Bowdoin team weighed 588 pounds, and the Bates team, 612 pounds, but what does avoid-duo-pois avail against muscle in tug-o’-war? was the sad question which Bates men asked themselves as the train bore them in the direction of David Mountain. They had lost the pull by only sixteen inches.

After the exhibition the floor was cleared for dancing, and about forty couples enjoyed themselves until about two o’clock. Gilbert’s Orchestra, of Portland, furnished excellent music for dancing, and also played at intervals during the exhibition.

Captain Allen, of the Yale crew, said last Friday that Yale would not consent to the proposition that the winner of the Harvard-Yale race row the winner of a four-cornered race between Cornell, Columbia, University of Pennsylvania, and Bowdoin. Captain Herrick has already made a statement to the same effect for Harvard. Captain Allen also said he did not think that Yale wished to spare the time even to arrange a race with the Atlantas, concerning which so much has been published.
Rhyme and Reason.

A SPRING SONG.
A TROLET WITHOUT MUSIC.
Oh the ice and the snow
They are rapidly going,
I am glad that 'tis so,
For the ice and the snow
Produce colds, don't you know?
Which keep noses a blowing.
Oh the ice and the snow
They are rapidly going.

Then the slush and the mud
Try the saint and the sinner,
When he lands with a thud
In the slush and the mud,
Congealing his blood
And unsettling his dinner,
Then the slush and the mud
Try the saint and the sinner.

So haste gentle spring,
And delay not thy coming,
And thy praises we'll sing,
So haste gentle spring,
Grass and flowerets bring,
And all that sort of thing,
With the birds and bees humming,
So haste gentle spring
And delay not thy coming.

A BLUSHING ROSE.
(Rondeau.)
A blushing rose fell from her dress—
I saw, and stooping in the press,
I seized it, 'ere the dancer's feet
Had crushed it and its perfume sweet.
I loved the wearer, I confess;
My happiness I can't express.
She saw the act, and saw, I guess,
The love which sought its emblem meet,
A blushing rose.

She saw and smiled—such loveliness
Came never lover sad to bless.
My heart with hurrying pulses beat;
My lips with ardent kisses greet
The cure for hopeless love's distress,
A blushing rose.

RHyme FROM Catullus.
That one appears a god to me,
And, if it may be right,
A greater than a god is he
Who, sitting in thy sight,
Ever sees thee; ever hears thee;
Hears thy laughter sweetly ringing,
Taking all sense away from me;
In its stead much sorrow bringing.
For once I have beheld thee,
O, my Lesbia!

Nothing then remains of me,
For my tongue is frozen, and through my limbs
Swift films of fire flow,
And my ears chime with the sound of breezes,
But not on earth they blow.
And my eyes from all the light,
Are closed by a double sight.

WISE.
The Vassar girls are stately,
The Wellesley girls are prim;
The girls from Smith are lively,
But the "sems" get in the swim.

OTHERWISE.
The country girl is bashful,
The city girl is cute,
The high-school girl is giddy,
But the old maid's in the soup.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.
Untruthful he was in a corner,
Though not from his habit or passion;
So when summoned for chapel delinquence,
To fabricate lies was his fashion.

He wot not how much he was debtor,
But, called up one damp, dozy morning,
His list of excuses he rendered
All semblance of truthfulness scorning.

The reply of the Prof was assuring—
Naïvely he smiled as he said it—
"According to you, Mr. Dodger,
You now have three cuts to your credit.

H. W. K.
Exchanges.

The Tripod is the name of the Roxbury Latin School paper. It is filled quite as much with allusions to the time when that valuable implement was used to assist fairly good looking Ionian virgins in the delivery of their oracular responses, as with allusions to the modern age, when said implement is made to help convey the thoughts of what are, likely enough, some mighty homely boys.

The Atlantis, of Kentucky Central University, looks rather blue on the outside, but on turning the cover it instantly greets you with what, to every college's ardent youth, is the enthralling title of "Woman's Sphere." We hadn't read the article, but in our ecstasy of surprise supposed it referred to lots of hoped-for comforts like cozy firesides and curly-headed prattlers, when we happened to glance at the closing line which read: "Ask for the Susie S. 5c. Cigar." It was like a dash of ice-water. We didn't look farther. Probably "Woman's Sphere" talks about woman in base-ball or general sporting matters—things of repugnance to the deliberately ardent college youth.

The University Cynic thunders for three editorial columns against the abuses in class elections, existing in its college, the University of Vermont. Evidently the case there is suffering in much the same fashion that it is here—that is, from no end of scheming among some of the societies to obtain office. The current number contains an interesting discussion by contributors upon the subject of the "Influence of College Prizes." The honors are about equally divided.

The Lafayette, in a searching editorial, condemns the disorder that prevails in the college class-room. Much of it, the writer claims, is malicious, and the tendency to it increases towards Senior year. This is indeed unfortunate. We claim to have seen some disorder in college recitations; but little of it was malicious and it appeared in the early part of the course, completely subsiding before Senior year.

The Occident contains a picture of the new chemical laboratory building of the University of California. If the engraving is a faithful one the building must look like all Eton College.

The University Beacon, from Boston, is a prose, business-like affair, with long articles and black type.

The Madisonensis runs a poem, entitled "An Appeal to Defunct Femininity," by Ex-Cupid. The poem is too well named or something else. It isn't half lively enough to meet the anticipations aroused by the heading and authorship.

Book Reviews.


No manual of the United States government has ever appeared in which the growth of the national idea has been so lucidly and so interestingly set forth as in the little volume before us.

Starting with the adoption by the first settlements of various English precedents, Mr. Wilson traces the gradual growth of colonial organization and the development of constitutional liberty.

He then passes to a consideration of the character, organs, and functions of the states—their powers, limitations, and their methods of legislative procedure, and, having taken up the general characteristics and the duties of local government, he proceeds to treat at some length the administrative power of the different departments of the federal government. The style is clear and straightforward, making easy reading. It would have no slight tendency for good if a book like this were in the hands of every voter in the land.


Music instruction is playing a more and more important part in the courses of our public schools, and rightly, too. There is no single gift from which so much pleasure is derived as from a well-trained musical faculty, whether its possessor be able to execute or simply to understand and appreciate. That such a faculty can be, in a measure, acquired, makes it the more desirable that their opportunity to do so be placed within the reach of the rising generations. The appreciation of good music is grounded in the finest feelings of human nature. The man who has none of it is classed to be with the man who never laughs—they are both dangerous.

In this series of music books Messrs. Heath & Co. present a graded course of instruction, ranging from the lowest primary to the last year of the grammar school. The editor, Mr. Whiting, stands high in his profession of teacher, and has drawn in his
work upon the fruits of his long experience in the public schools of Boston.


It was the purpose of the editor of this book to produce an arithmetic which should meet the demands of a business education. He believes in a few principles, thoroughly understood, and a great deal of practice, with easy rather than difficult examples. Hence his problems are not fanciful, but such as come within the experience of every-day life, and the hints that he gives for rapid work are those that every wide-awake business man has found necessary in his own experience.

Minot, '91, is at home superintending his father's shipping interests.

Hardy and Jarvis have secured the Bowdoin agency for Peck & Snyder's sporting goods. They will begin operations next term.

Professors Johnson, Little, and Pease will make a European tour during the coming summer. Professor Johnson will visit the continent expressly to consult the original manuscripts of Shakespeare in reference to certain disputed points.

An account of the athletic exhibition will be found in another column.

Cosine Smith, '90, is making a great reputation as a chemist, if we can judge by the time he "puts in" in the "lab." About thirty hours a week is Cosine's average.

Packard has thus far proved himself to be one of the best base-ball captains the college ever had. He has the interests of the college at heart, and this, added to his popularity and genial disposition, makes just the combination of qualities which should exist in a man who is to get the best work possible out of the college team.

Professor Pease will be accompanied by his family during his European sojourn.

It is rumored that the French divisions will be somewhat thinned out next term. The books which the professor has assigned for private reading are printed in yellow covers. This is unfortunate, as many of the boys are deterred by conscientious scruples from reading yellow-covered books, and will be obliged to drop the entertaining "Parley Voo" in consequence.

The Seniors in English Literature have been devoting the last half of the term to the reading of Shakespeare's plays with Professor Chapman. Professor Chapman has acquired an enviable reputation as a reader, and the study has been made to combine with profit more than an ordinary amount of pleasure. The plays taken up are "Macbeth," "Julius Caesar," "Richard III.," "Merchant of Venice," "King Lear," and "The Tempest."

Professor Robinson delivered the fifth lecture in the Y. M. C. A. course, March 18th. His subject was "Sighs and Scenes Along Canada's Great Railroad."

A game is to be arranged between the Bowdoin and either the Presumpscots or Colbys, to be played in Portland, Fast-Day.

Among the alumni who attended the athletic exhibition, were Berry, '86, Dresser, '87, Dearth, '87, Maxwell, '88, and Harriman, Rice, Jackson, Neal,
and Stearns, '89. Manson, ex-'89, and Perkins, ex-'93, were also present.

A. C. Stockin, '57, representing Harper Brothers, of Boston, has visited the campus recently.

The first annual dinner of the Orient Board occurred Wednesday evening at the Tontine. Following is the menu:

Oysters on deep shell. Mock Turtle Soup.

Duchess Potatoes. Queen Olives.

Lamb Chops Papillots. Queen Fritters, glace Curacao.

Macaroni, Parmesan au gratin.

Roast Turkey. Currant Jelly.

Browned Mashed Potatoes. Asparagus.

French Peas. Roman Punch.


Coffee.


Toastmaster, G. B. Chandler. At a late hour the party broke up after cheers for Bowdoin and the Orient, and appropriate verses from the "Hymn" beginning "There are no flies on us." The newly elected members are: from '91, Brown, Burleigh, Chapman, and Ridlon; from '92, Gummer; and from '93, Peabody.

Objections have been raised to the dates, June 6th and 7th, as the time for holding the annual Field and Ivy-Day exercises. If matters can be satisfactorily arranged it is probable that a change will be made.

The examination in French private reading was held Monday and Tuesday. It is expected that a rich crop will be plucked.

The reports that Elijah Kellogg was to preach have called an unusually large number of students into the galleries the last two Sundays. Somebody is laying up a large amount of sin to answer for.

It is the plan of Commodore Sears to run boating, as nearly as possible, on a cash basis. This is undoubtedly the best way to do, and the payment of subscriptions before the close of this term will make possible an approximation at least to such a scheme.

Several of the young ladies down town have arranged a March Domino, to take place at the court room, Thursday evening. A number of the students are among the favored ones.

About forty copies of F. S. Root's criticism of Edward Bellamy has been sold among the students. Those desiring copies can obtain them of Jarvis, '91.

The last assembly of the term occurred at the court room, Tuesday evening. Ryser furnished music.

The '91 class drill squad and the tug-o-war team have been photographed by Reed.

The report that Professor Matzke is to conduct the Latin next term is unfounded. Professor Pease will continue his work in that department for the remainder of the year.

The Stars and Bars is no good as a national emblem, but would make a very appropriate adornment for the family crest of either Fish or Hilton.

Dr. Gilbert Elliot, of New York, gave the tug-o-war team some excellent points in preparation for the contest with Bates at the Athletic Exhibition. Dr. Elliot, when in college, was anchor of the Columbia team, and at present holds the same position on the team of the Berkeley Athletic Club.

Candidates for the Bowdoin crew are in active training under Doctor Whittier. The men will average 170 pounds in weight when they step into the boat. Of the men in training not one possesses a single bad habit, not even the use of tobacco.

Cornell's latest proposition is to admit Bowdoin to the New London race, provided arrangements can be made with the winner of the Yale-Harvard race to row the crew winning at New London. As neither Harvard or Yale will listen to such a proposition, it looks at present very much like a freeze out for Bowdoin as far as New London is concerned.

Thursday night was one of exceptional animation and excitement at Bowdoin. The athletic exhibition, the tug-o-war, a class jubilant over the success of its drill squad, combined with the coming of spring, served to make things on the campus boil as they haven't boiled for some time past. The "cop," as usual, and Lewie, the expressman, took a hand in the proceedings, but Bowdoin enthusiasm could not be quenched. The boys did the depot, did the Town Hall, in short, did the town, and later in the night, as the flame of Nippers' wood made lurid the midnight sky the neighbor's dog howled discordantly, and the Freshman deep in slumber, shuddered, and sleeping, dreamed that old Phi Chi, in all her ancient
glory, had burst her coffin lid and risen from the tomb.

The second annual banquet of the Fryeburg Academy Alumni at Bowdoin was held March 11th, at the Tontine Hotel. The following toasts were responded to after appropriate remarks by the Toastmaster, D. M. Cole, ’84; "Our Future," Fred M. Stiles, ’87; "How to Apply Dr. Birch," Clinton L. Stacey, ’87; "Bachelor’s Hall," Leland H. Poor, ’88; "Daniel Webster Academy," John Z. Shedd, ’86; "The Book Agent," Edward H. Wilson, ’88; "The Girls I Left Behind Me," Charles E. Riley, ’87; "F. A. in ’92," Howard W. Poor, ’88; "Special Course," W. W. Wingate, ’88; "The Embryo Physician," Allan L. Shirley, ’86. During the toasts a poem was read by P. E. Stanley, ’89. Mr. Dinsmore, Principal of the Academy, was present.

32.—Rev. Daniel R. Goodwin, D.D., LL.D., one of the ablest and most prominent of Bowdoin’s graduates, died at his residence in Philadelphia, Saturday evening, March 15th, after an illness of a few days. Daniel Raynes Goodwin, son of Samuel Goodwin, was born at North Berwick, Maine, April 12, 1811. He fitted for Bowdoin at Berwick and Limerick Academies, and graduated at the head of the class of 1832. He taught for a year at Hallowell Academy, studied about the same length of time at Andover Theological Seminary. In 1835 he became tutor in Modern Languages, and librarian at his Alma Mater. He was shortly after appointed to the professorship of Modern Languages, left vacant by Henry W. Longfellow, and at once went abroad to qualify himself more fully for that position. He spent nearly two years in study in Europe, principally at Paris and Heidelberg. He assumed the duties of his chair, to which he was added the care of the college library, in 1838, and discharged them with brilliant success until 1863. With a critical knowledge of the leading languages of Europe, he joined extensive study in General and Comparative Philology. As a teacher he was assiduous and efficient in a marked degree. Possessed of great mental activity, he continued, after coming to Brunswick, a course of theological study with reference to the ministry of the Episcopal Church, and was ordained as priest, in that communion in 1818. Five years later he was called to the presidency of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. He filled the duties of that position, and the professorship of Christian Ethics until 1860. He was then elected Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, in which he taught Mental and Moral Philosophy. When the Protestant Episcopal Divinity was organized in 1862, he became Professor of Apologetics, and in 1865 exchanged that position for the chair of Systematic Divinity. He remained Provost until 1868, when he resigned in order to give all his time to his work in the Divinity School. Dr. Goodwin was dean of the school from this time until 1883, and held his professorship till his death. Dr. Goodwin represented his diocese in the General Conventions of the church for over a third of a century, having been a deputy from Maine in 1853, and a deputy from Pennsylvania continuously from 1862. In the latter year he took a distinguished part in the debate on the relation of the Church to the National Government. In the convention of 1889 he took a leading part in the debate on the revision of the Book of Common Prayer. He was regarded as one of the most eminent authorities on canon law in the church. In church politics he was prominent as a Low churchman.

41.—Hon. Frederick Robie, of Gorham, has been elected Vice-President of the First National Bank of Portland.

53.—The New England Magazine, for March, has a fine portrait of Chief-Justice Fuller for its frontispiece, accompanied by commendatory mention of him.

57.—Hon. A. C. Stockin is the New England Agent for the Harper Brothers. His office is in Boston.

57.—Rev. Thomas K. Noble, D.D., recently resident in Washington, D. C., has accepted the call of the First Congregational Church in Norwalk, Conn., to become its pastor.

60.—The New England alumni, of Chi Psi Fraternity, held a banquet last week at which Speaker Reed was chosen one of the officers.

61.—Rev. W. R. Cross read his resignation to the Congregational church at Milltown, a week ago Sunday, at the close of the forenoon service, the same to take effect about the second Sunday in April. He has received and accepted a call to become pastor of the Congregational church of Foxcroft and Dover. He has been at Milltown for six and one-half years.
'80.—Emery W. Bartlett, formerly of Bethel, but for the past three years a resident of Pittsburg, Pa., has recently been chosen night editor of the Dispatch, of that city, the leading daily paper of Western Pennsylvania. Mr. Bartlett began newspaper work soon after graduating from Bowdoin. He is a very able writer.

'83.—W. S. Pearson is superintendent of the financial department of the Minneapolis schools.

'84.—A. F. Sweetsir, of Winterport, County Attorney for Waldo County, will soon leave for the West. He intends to locate in Minneapolis.

'85.—John F. Libby, who has been studying law at Rockland, was recently admitted to the bar.

'88.—A. C. Dresser is sub-principal of the Rockland High School.

'88.—James H. Doolittle bought a span of magnificent black horses, March 15th, from A. G. Hinds, of Portland. The price paid was $1000.

'88.—George Cary is the man to win the cup for the first class baby.

Over $2,500 has been raised for the Cornell crew.
The Junior ball at Columbia netted $900, of which $700 has been given to the College Athletic Association.
The base-ball candidates at Exeter practice sliding bases on the dirt in the cellar of the gymnasium.
Harvard has thirteen dormitories and Yale nine.
The Andover Theological Seminary receives $26,000 from the estate of Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, of Manchester, N. H.
The total cost of the buildings at Yale has been something over $2,000,000.
Brown was refused admittance to the New England Base-Ball League, Amherst objecting on the ground of Brown's tendency toward professionalism, notwithstanding the fact that one of Brown's "professionals" for next year came direct from the Amherst team of last year.

Psotta, Cornell's champion single sculler, will try again for the Diamond Sealls at the Henley Regatta in England.

Princeton College has added to its property 160 acres of land which is to be reserved for future college buildings.

There is some danger that Roberts College, the American school at Constantinople, will be closed on account of the hostility of the grand vizer. His hostility is caused by his belief that the young Turks who are educated there go out into the world with very liberal ideas antagonistic to the government methods and theories.

Considerable attention has been attracted in various circles by the "Congress" of Cornell University, and it has been widely mentioned by the press. One of the professors of the university is elected to the position of "President of the United States," and the students compose a "Congress," which holds weekly meetings. The enterprise has proven quite a success.

One hundred and fifty-seven of the 1,306 students attending Cornell University are women.

The New York alumni of Brown are raising a $100,000 fund, which will bear the name of Prof. John L. Lincoln. Although the scheme has been on foot for only two months $50,000 are already pledged.

The class of '29 of Harvard held its anniversary dinner on January 9th, at Young's Hotel, Boston. Of the eleven surviving members, three were present, of whom Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was one.