Letter from Germany.

GOTTINGEN, GERMANY,
Sep. 7th, 1887.

MR. EDITOR:

It is already 8 A.M. One sleeps soundly in Germany after the pleasant as well as the unmentionable experience of an ocean voyage of twelve days. But the bell has already sounded for breakfast. The “Guten Morgen” is not so different from our morning salutation, and the smell of coffee and sight of boiled eggs make one momentarily forget that he is on foreign soil. These together with “Broetchen”, baked to a rich brown, and always eaten cold, constitute the morning meal. There is much conversation at the table, but somehow the language don’t come by inspiration, and as usual we have little to say.

The sun is already stealing out from behind the clouds that have hidden it the entire morning. It is Thursday, and market day, and we must take a stroll around the wall to see the sights.

It is only a walk of two minutes to the Weender, the principal street in the city, and the new side-walk of ashes, clinders, etc., has about it nothing suggestive of Amherst. We are already upon the Weender and are greeted with a peculiar and novel sight. Here are women going in every direction with large baskets on their backs which must hold something over a bushel. They are full of cherries, potatoes, cheese, butter, and in fact they are laden with nearly everything to meet the wants of ordinary life. There goes a dog drawing his little clumsy cart with wheels heavy enough for a small truck wagon. Also a whole family from some neighboring “Dorf” or small village, in a conveyance, which in the country, must be in the height of fashion, for it is universally seen. The axles are perhaps two thirds the length of our ordinary carriages, and the wheels have a diameter of about two and a half feet, then a rude board floor, and high flaring sides, with boards fastened across the top for seats, and a pair of long thills. To this vehicle, devoid of springs, the horse is attached by means of two ropes which serve as traces. The whole outfit bears the marks of certain antiquity with no suggestion of its ever having been painted. Despite these forbidding outward appearances the happy, round, sunbeam’d, faces within, are suggestive of untold happiness and contentment.

We have arrived at the Weender Thor, one of the places where the old wall which surrounds the city has been broken through, and we can ascend a moderate incline to the right or left for a stroll along its top. We choose the left, pass the Botanic Garden, and soon come to a pleasant seat under the shade of the large fragrant linden trees, which grow upon the top of the wall, upon either side of the wide promenade. Thanks to the improvement society we have a comfortable seat from which to take a bird’s-eye view of the quaint old city.

The houses are almost universally roofed with red tile presenting a strong contrast to our American roofs. Some buildings are of wood, a few of brick, and a very few of stone, and the majority are frame houses between the wooden frames of which are filled for walls broken stone and mortar. The story is told in America of the man that got his mason a ladder, so he might begin at the top of the chimney and build down. Whether that was successful or not the walls of these houses are often constructed in that way.

We wonder how over twenty thousand people can live within the narrow limits of Gottingen, but we have not yet seen

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Having finished the first volume of The College Monthly, we wish to present the first number of our second volume, to thank all to whom we are indebted for that success which encourages us in our efforts to give to our readers "Much in little".

We call attention to the names and addresses of the class of Ninety-one. We welcome each and every member to the pleasures and profits of college life.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—Winfield Ayres, '86, who is teaching at Stamford, Ct., was in town a few days ago.

—Professors Drummond, Simpson, Smith, and Greenfield, of the Edinboro University, addressed the students lately.

—Rev. Austin Bassett, formerly professor of mathematics here, now pastor of the Congregational church of Williamstown, will preach in the chapel Oct. 8th.

—Portraits of Hon. M. P. Wilder, Pres. Chadbourne, and Pres. Stockbridge, have been hung in the library reading room.

—The O. Y. M. C. A. are now studying the Life of Christ. Meetings are held in the stone chapel immediately after the Sunday morning service, to which all the students are invited.

—A football association has been formed with the following officers—
B. L. Shimer, President.
G. E. Bliss, Secretary and Treasurer.
G. H. Newman, 1st. Director.
J. T. Hutchins, 2nd.
J. M. Herceo, 3d director.
W. H. Pond, 4th director.
B. L. Shimer was chosen captain.

H. B. Hull, Westport, Ct.
J. B. Hull, Stockbridge.
M. C. Hurley, Amherst.
R. M. Legate, Sunderland.
W. C. Paige, Amherst.
J. E. Phillips, Brooklyn, Ct.
W. H. Pond, Foxboro.
J. E. Richards, Foxboro.
Murray Ruggles, Milton.
E. E. Russell, Petersham.
T. T. Sanderson, Leicester.
A. H. Sawyer, Sterling.
H. T. Shores, W. Bridgewater.
H. T. Tuttle, Westport, Ct.
W. A. Brown, Feeding Hills.

F. H. Arnold, Belchertown.
A. M. Belden, East Whately.
Edward Bush, Dorchester.
M. A. Carpenter, Leyden.
A. M. Davenport, Mt. Auburn.
C. M. DuBois, Keene Valley, N. Y.
A. B. Emes, No. Wilmington.
E. F. Felt, Northboro.
H. J. Field, Leverett.
W. W. Gay, Georgetown.
F. A. Gorham, Westport.
L. P. Horner Newton.
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enough of life here to explain it.

We gaze with wonder upon the old church towers and the signs of antiquity and decay on every hand, and with a glance toward the distant hills to get the contrast we are once more on foot.

We meet many servant girls rolling along some of the great men of the coming time, in their little carriages of modern build. It is a beautiful place to give the children an airing.

To the right is a vacant place where a new theater is to be erected, to the left Marwedel's Garden where fine musicians dispensed with the national beverage, on pleasant evenings. But we must hasten on by the bath houses, the little house where Bismarck once lived, the school houses, etc. and having reached Gebhardt's Hotel, over three fourths the circuit we leave the wall, pass the fine University library building and through the narrow streets, to the market place in front of the Rathaus, which by the sound and spelling is not at all suggestive of city hall.

Here is a novel sight, the principal street again in the very center of the city, with only an occasional cart, wagon, or carriage rolling by, but both sides lined with the market women and their baskets with some of the produce on the pavement in better view, and all surrounded by customers, mostly women. No one pretended to turn out to the right when walking and such formality is unnecessary. Nobody is in a hurry, all move along as if in possession of the entire time, and a probable surplus. Gentlemen lift their hats to gentlemen, and after long separation sometimes kiss upon meeting. Men and women work together and like many of the old houses of the city, mutually lean upon each other for support.

A teamster halts his horses, produces an enormous loaf of black bread made from the meal of horse-beans, cuts off slices for each, which are eaten with a grateful smile of acknowledgement. Not far down the street is another conveyance of the country type, and in place of a horse the family cow does duty. The speed is not under the record of Maud S. but the two women within are just as happy.

All along the Weender and the other principal streets the houses are being astonished by a coat of paint. Men and women and children of all sizes, are seen at intervals coming into the city with evergreen trees. Everywhere are seen preparations for hanging flags. Every one is talking of the jubilee, the coming event in the history of the quiet old city. The one hundred and fifteenth anniversary of the University is to be celebrated.

Cercp and Virbindung (Secret Societies,) students pass along the streets with their colored caps, some with little visors resting on the forehead others without visors and held in place by an elastic cord passing behind the head,

The manner of lifting the hat is quite impressive; each gentleman seizes it with apparent desperation and projects it downward at an angle of forty-five degrees, to the full length of the arm.

These are some of the peculiarities of life here, though many common customs are the same everywhere. It is true many things are not in accord with American ideas, yet there is much to be learned, much to respect, and much that might be profitably imitated. H. J. Wheeler.
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