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THE

BATES STUDENT.

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THE

BATES STUDENT.

VOL. I. JANUARY, 1873. NO. 1.

MY CHUM AND I;

OR, A WINTER IN THE PETTIFER NEIGHBORHOOD.

CHRISTMAS! And the sun is down long since, and the day is done, and another season of peace, of hospitality, of merriment and of good will to men is going, has gone, to join an army of innumerable shadows. The snow has ceased to fall; the bright wintry moon now rises in the heavens, amidst black, hurrying clouds. The night is still, and a calm has settled over the village, a tranquillity like that which must have heralded to the dwellers in Bethlehem the birth of Christ. And now the melody of bells, happy, joyous, merry bells, comes up from the steeples below, and the very air so chilly and biting seems to make sport with the echoes, and carry them with no burden to the cottages nestled here and there along the white range of hills that hem us in. They hear them! Yes, the cottagers are awake to their music — could any one be insensible to it! Now and then some of these people come to their windows and look out (the same as I am doing), and before they draw back I catch a glance of their faces, and so have a chance to moralize. As I speak there is the face of a child looking up my way, and now an old man stands near him. A great many Christmases ago that old man's face was like that little boy's! And when a great many more Christmases have come and gone, that little boy's will be like that old man's! What a thought to make us all love and respect one another, if not for our fine qualities, yet at least for the trouble and sorrow which we all go through.

These are sober thoughts perhaps, but no season, in passing, has a greater right to sober thoughts than Christmas. It should win us back to the remembrance of other days, and call up to our visions the dear faces of friends. But — enough! What has put my mind in this mood? An old manuscript I found this morning while searching among my papers. It was written long ago, as the yellow paper and faded ink plainly testify, and, like some of the people that figure in its pages, has, until now, been quite forgotten. But at sight of it a thrill ran through my whole body, and, as when the curtain

of a theatre rises, I saw all the players troop upon the stage. Yes, I saw thee, Richard Guild, as young and handsome as the day I parted with thee on the College Green, five and twenty years ago; and where wrinkles are now, from years of hard study and close thought, there was a smooth and polished brow ornamented not with gray hairs, but by, dark, curly locks. Ah me! how time changes all things—changes faces and hearts, and our passions, too—true phœnixes; as the old burn out, the new straightway rise up out of the ashes. The world is a parable—the habitation of symbols—the phantoms of spiritual things immortal shown in material shapes.

If you will sit down in a cosey chair near the hearth, my gentle reader, or fair reader, or whoso you may be, I shall be pleased to unfold this manuscript, the story in part of two college friends, for your perusal.

It is yet an early hour of the night, the fire is burning briskly—let the reading begin.

I.

We had been in college three years and a half, so it was now the winter of our senior year. I mean myself and chum, Mr. Richard Guild. And you are to understand at the outset that I am in no way the hero of what I am going to write. I never was a hero—chum always was one. Our friendship began the first time we met in the class-room. A difficult passage in Livy was given to me to construe. I hesitated. Richard Guild whispered the translation and I passed. After that we were known as Damon and Pythias.

Well, our finances were reduced this winter, for we had spent too much the past summer rambling among the mountains. There was a chance for us to teach the academy in the Pettifer Neighborhood, during the college vacation. We debated the question twenty minutes. The Fates decided we must go.

You need n't take the trouble, reader, to look on your map for the Pettifer Neighborhood, because you wont find it if you do. Chum and I did our best to discover its whereabouts in our atlas when we received our agent's letter, but the fact is, it was n't there. No, and I don't believe it ever will be, for the Neighborhood is conservative. Its people don't believe in going ahead too fast; they had rather live in quiet and peace, and not be put down on a map so that the rest of the world will know just where to find them, and so disturb and bother them about progress. In truth, Captain Pettifer himself once told me confidentially, that the Neighborhood was the only finished place in Christendom. "Fur, me good sir," said he "yer must know that we never heer th' sound of a hammer here."

Now I am not going to tell you how we got there, because the journey on paper might be as tedious to you as it was to us on stage-coaches and wheelbarrow boats. Suffice it to say that Chum preceded me and made all our arrangements; that I encountered no incidents in particular except falling in with a very pretty girl and a decidedly homely old lady (her aunt) who were bound to the identical Neighborhood. And somehow the young lady discovered in a jiffy that I was one of the "teachers," and communicated the

fact to the said aunt, who nodded and straightway brought her spectacles to bear upon me, greatly to my discomfiture. For I thought then, and I believe now, that she was wondering all the way whether or not I would be able to master her John.

The appearance of the Neighborhood must be described, and no better way suggests itself than to give the place just as it looked to me while our little steamer neared the landing.

There was one long stretch of hilly, woody land which reached far out into the sea, bordered by an irregular beach that had its share of rocks and seaweed. A great many miniature cliffs and promontories sprang up here and there, and on the extreme end a lighthouse kept guard of the coast. But the meeting-house, that sober, yellow, little meeting-house with its lame old steeple, was the index to the settlement. It seemed to have become weary, ages ago, and sat down there aback from the sea, to rest; and all the other buildings had gathered around it, and the academy had somehow pushed its way the nearest, and put its old-fashioned roof in such close proximity, that all the rain drops which touched the holy edifice, must of necessity glide upon it.

A rough, uneven road led from the forum in a parallel direction with the beach for a distance of a mile, and then all at once, it took a short and unexpected turn, and came running down a steep bank straight on to the pier. Here, riding at anchor, was a dancing fleet of fishing schooners with their dories, and two or three little coasting traders. The wash of the sea against their hulks, the creaking of capstans and windlasses, and the airy fluttering of little vanes and sails, made a musical sound.

When we came up to the pier and made fast, a great bustle and confusion ensued. For the arrival of the boat always called together what lounging fishermen there might be in the vicinity. The postmaster, too, a very important person, with a heavy, bulky body and a great deal of stiff, red beard on his face, drowned everybody's babble, by his frantic yelling for the mail-bag to be "huv ashore." The old lady, before mentioned, got into a trepidation about her bandboxes, as Chum, in his rush to grasp my hand, had jumped squarely into one and damaged it in a frightful manner.

"Been expecting you every day for a week, Sid," said he, pulling me through the crowd, every member of which ogled the "t'other teacher" as if he were a late-imported curiosity. "How's Dalton? Got his trunk packed yet, and that box of cigars burnt up?"

"No; he's at the Hall still."

"Going to settle down to Butler, and to Hopkins' Evidences, I suppose, instead of going home?"

"Yes, and get double rank next term."

"Bah! on his rank; he worries himself thin, and then don't get it."

"But he's in earnest this time."

"Oh, of course; and so is our man Pious, with his ten volumes of Barnes' Notes and Paley. A heap of sermons he'll write this time, and his authors will be so chopped, their own mothers wouldn't know them."

Although Chum had been away from college only a week, he made me relate to him every trifling thing that had occurred since his departure, so lively was

his interest in home. Had the tutor's eye thrown off mourning? Was Dulcinea Hobbs still in town? Was the college pump frozen, etc., etc.?

In the meanwhile we approached our boarding place, Captain Pettifer's.

"He's a queer old cove, Sid," said Chum; "but a great magnate in these parts. I warrant he'll tell you yarns to your heart's content, and if you don't get tired of one infernal old story of his, I'm mistaken."

The captain stood in his door as we came up, and Chum introduced me.

"Right glad to see you, Mister Jasper? Yer man Guild here, says yer an able-bodied seaman. Walk in, walk in. Yer as welcome as yer friend."

The old sailor stretched out a heavy, bony hand to grasp mine, and then led the way into the dining room, or what he called the cook's galley. The room was large and had a spacious fire-place at one end, where logs, resting on and-irons, were blazing in a cheery manner. The floor was painted so as to represent sea-waves, and all the furniture was carefully stowed away against the walls, as if a gale might be expected at any moment.

"I reckon now yer a trifle hungry, Mister Jasper, a'n't yer? asked the captain, taking my great coat and hat. "A trip on th' water's what gins one an appetizer."

"Well, no, not very, captain."

"Look ye, alive there, Sis," he sang out, opening a door and addressing some invisible person, "Th' crew's aboard, and we'll take our mess."

"Aye, aye," responded Sis, in a shrill, feminine voice.

Chum caught the expression of my face at this instant, and burst out laughing.

"My chum isn't up in sea-terms, captain," said he, apologetically.

"Oh, wal, needn't be modest; it 'll all come in time; a man don't git an ed'cation in a day."

The captain was a good-natured man; nobody that had taken one glance at his honest, weather-beaten face, could dispute it. Likewise that he was a thorough tar, there was no mistaking, for everything about him had a nautical cut. His pea-jacket and wide-spreading trowsers, his sou'wester hat and earrings, were each indicative of the fact. He undoubtedly had had his share of hard knocks, and knew what roughing it meant. One of his legs was gone, and in its 'place there was a wooden one. When he walked you might hear that limb a respectable half-a-mile; and if he spoke you would know that it was no other individual in the world than Captain Pettifer, for his voice was modest rolling-thunder.

"Mister Jasper, this is my sister, Philothety. Philothety, this is Guild's mate. I hope I make yer acquainted."

The lady curtsied without blushing in the least. No!—Time, that striding skeleton which swings a pitiless scythe in the pages of the New England primer, had waited on Philothety, had mercilessly woven her dimples into wrinkles, had sprinkled her hair with gray, had caused her sylph-like waist once computed in inches to be measured now in feet. But what signifies faded beauty, if goodness of heart and cheerfulness of youth remain? And the captain allers 'lowed that Sis was the best creeter living, and would have

made any likely chap a tip-top wife. No one in the Neighborhood ever thought of weathering through a gale of sickness without Philothety's nursing. Her services, and remedies, and herbs, were continually in demand.

Well, the cloth being laid, we all sat down to supper—a supper that did credit to Philothety—and the captain talked incessantly, directing his conversation now to Chum, now to me, to his sister or the children, for I must not forget to mention that little Ebb and Flo, with their faces washed and hair combed for the occasion, had edged their way into the room, and taken their places at the table. They were pretty children, and I was in a quandary all tea-time concerning their connection with the captain, for I saw at first glance that they were not his. But—never mind the story of these children, for a story they had, shall be told in due time.

"I s'pose yer've teached before, Mister Jasper?" asked the captain.

"Last winter."

"Wal, I guess yer'll have a pooty good school down here. Most all th' boys in these air parts take to larning like clams to th' mud. There's Eph Hodgekin's boy—lives in th' large house on th' hill—noticed it maybe?—he's been through everything, and can't be beat. I've heerd him box th' compass back'ards faster'n th' ole man can front'ays."

"A prodigy," said Chum.

"Yes, that's th' word fur him. Yer a good dictionary, Guild."

The old captain had got quite familiar with Chum during his short acquaintance. "I somehow tuck a likin' to him from th' fust," is the way he expressed it to me. And it was nothing strange that he should, for there was that kindness and frankness about Richard Guild, which won most people who came in contact with him.

When we had finished our meal and Philothety had "cleared away," the captain replenished the fire with another log or two, and we drew around the hearth. That was the largest fireplace I ever saw, and I believe the fire was one of the pleasantest. The air was sharp and biting without, as the crystalized frost on the window panes showed, but we knew nothing of its chilliness within. Philothety had a huge skein of yarn which she proposed to wind into a ball, and so Chum volunteered to hold it for her. Little Flo sat herself down like a good housewife to knit, while Ebb busied himself in rigging a petit vessel. He said he meant to go to sea when he became a man, and sail in a large ship. Yes, the captain had promised him as much. He would like to take Flo with him, but, then, women didn't go to sea. If she was pretty good and minded Aunt Philothety, he thought he might possibly bring back to her a great many good things from somewhere.

The captain liked to hear the boy's prattle, and he listened to and watched him fondly while smoking his evening pipe.

"There's nothin' like it," he broke out at last, pushing the tobacco into his pipe and gazing thoughtfully at the fire. "No; nothin' like it. I foun' that out these forty years' goin'."

"Like what, uncle John?" asked Ebb, pausing in his word.

"Why, like bein' young, ef course."

"O-h, I thought yer meant my ship."

"It's hard onto twenty years, Mister Jasper, sence I gin up th' sea."

I withdrew my eyes from Chum and Philothety, and paid attention.

"Yes," he continued, "hard onto twenty years, and a pooty dull time it's been sence then."

"Pshaw! John," said the sister, derisively, "yer ha'n't nohow satisfied with Providence."

"No, I ha'n't, Sis; and yer know it; and we've arg'erd th' p'int a good many times, off and on."

This retort quieted Sis, and the captain sunk into silence again. The old-fashioned clock in the corner seemed to tick louder than ever. The large pot of stewing potatoes, which hung suspended in the fire-place by a hook, sputtered and fumed. The wind now and then whisked down the chimney, muttering inarticulately, at which the fire got angry and leaped and struggled furiously.

So we remained mute for some time —so long that Chum got uneasy, and dropped Philothety's yarn three or four times. He wanted to say something to break the silence. He coughed and tried to attract my attention. He said he really believed it must be getting deuced cold out.

Hereupon the captain aroused from his reverie and shot up a cloud of smoke out of his pipe that would have done credit to any small Vesuvius.

"A little nippin', no mistake, Guild. Yes, a little nippy, but nothin' to what I see on this air coast ten and fifteen years ago. Times are changin', and that 's a fact. The winters here a'n't no longer as they used to be, somehow."

"You have lived in the Neighborhood quite a while, I take it, captain?" interrogated Chum.

"Wal, pooty nigh a life time. Yer see my father owned th' hull ef th' Neighborhood once, and that's how it got its name. The ole man had trouble in England and come over th' pond to find a place fur himself and crew. And — wal, yes, it's allers been my opinion that th' Lord had a spite agin him and dropped him right down here on purpose."

Silence again. Philothety meditating.

"I reckon there's a heap ef tin in England belongin' to us ones ef we could only git a holt on it," said she, throwing a glance my way.

"And that's th' truth, Sis," replied the captain. "We're dev'lish rich, but our money's all tied up in th' Bank ef England."

Poor Philothety! I learned afterwards that this was one of her golden dreams, and that her sole object in life was to recover her father's lost property. Why is it that no one can be of English parentage without entertaining the delusion that they are heirs to an immense fortune somewhere in the old country? One would think that the whole of that little isle was inhabited by nothing less than millionaires, and that all their poor relatives were dispatched to America to proclaim the fact.

Philothety could talk better on this subject than on any other. Therefore, it was her constant theme. Chum gave me a terrible look when she began, for, as he afterwards informed me, he had heard that story seven times already, and it was more than the flesh could bear.

"I should say Deacon Purtett, our school agent, is an old inhabitant, too?" said Chum quickly, for the sake of changing the drift of the conversation.

"And yer right. Purtett and Pettifer are th' names that go together round here. Joe's one ef our double-fisted men. Double-fisted means, yer know, Guild, one ef us what's got th' tin salted down.

"Joe Purtett sailed with me th' fust voyage I ever made in th' Eliza Jane. I was only fifteen then and right smart, ef I do say it. Wal, Joe's at it still, and here am I, all stove up and lyin agroun' like. Tough trip, that up th' Medit'ranean. Ef it hadn't are been fur that air trip, I shouldn't have a splice in my leg, nor a reef in my fortune."

"How is that, captain?" asked Chum.

"It's somethin' I don't like to say much about, 'cause it kinder puts me out ef sorts when I think it all over; but ef yer really want to heer it, why, here goes."

The captain settled himself in his chair, rested his wooden leg in another, and then began:

"At th' time I'm tellin' bout I was sailin'-master aboard one ef th' pootiest clippers that ever set sail atween New York and Leghorn. Our business was th' wine and grape trade, and we were doin' pooty well, considerin'. We left Gibralter on this trip under a fair wind, but somehow or other I was afeard somethin' would happen afore we drapped anchor agin — and it did. It happened, th' hull ef it, right atop ef *me*. Th' secon' day out th' sea was runnin' mighty mad like, and th' wind a howlin' and tarin' away like great guns, so that it wasn't possible to stand 'thout holdin' onto somethin'. Amidships there was two strappin' water casks lashed with rotten ratlins; and as I was goin' for'ard as innocent as a new born babe, one of these infernal machines come tumblin' down whang-bang and pin'd me to th' deck.

"Th' next thing I knew I didn't know nothin', and that's sartin."

The captain took a few whiffs of his pipe and then continued.

"Yer see it was a little too much fur me, and I couldn't find myself till somebody went to slashin' and cuttin' away at my leg. This brought me round, and I knew they were amputatin' me. It come over me too suddent, and I swore in a way I'm afeared that'll keep me from standin' up alongside of Sis in Heaven and singin' psalms."

And here the captain cast a sidelong look at his sister. But the lady held her peace.

"There was a chap aboard ship called Jack Myrtle, who had a kind ef a doctor's license, or passport, or whatever yer call 'em, who knew what was what. Jack said th' leg must come eff, or I must go under. I said th' leg shouldn't come eff, nor I wouldn't go under. But what's th' use ef standin' out agin a head wind? Inflammation set in jest as Jack said 'twould, and th' most dreadfullest pains kept runnin' through me and burnin' me up.

"I dunno how 'twas, — I only know Jack was standin' nigh th' bunk, and then somethin' like sleep kind are come creepin' over me, and I forgot my pain, and forgot Jack, and forgot myself."

The old sailor's face became very grave and mysterious.

"Mister Jasper, Mister Guild," said

he, taking the pipe from his mouth and looking from one to the other, "I s'pose I — died," and then he paused to let his words take effect.

Little Ebb laid down his ship and permitted his under jaw to fall a number of degrees while he stared at the old man.

"Died!" whispered Flo, losing a stitch in her knitting. "Did uncle John ever die, aunt?" and she crept close to Philothety.

"Hush! little folks musn't ask questions," she replied, putting her arm around her.

The moment was a tragic one, certainly; but I was fearfully afraid Chum would laugh, in spite of his desperate effort not to.

"When I got back to this world agin," he went on, "I heerd somebody are sayin', 'Poor Jack, he's dead, sure enough!' Good God! 'twas a terrible moment when I heered I was dead. I tried to open my eyes; to lift my hands; to speak, but 'twas no go. I couldn't move a finger or an eyelasher. And agin th' awful feelin' got aboard ef me, and it seemed as ef I was on a mighty wave driftin' out to sea, with no one to give me a hand.

"I must have remained this way two or three days, fur when my sences laid too agin, I felt like ice. My body was cramped; I knew I was sewed in th' canvas and checked fer Davy Jones's locker.

"Th' men come and tuck me up on their shoulders, and h'isted me onto th' deck. Th' slide-plank was got ready, and then the canvas opened to put in the weights. I heered everythin' plainly, but I couldn't stir fer th' life ef me.

"Everythin' was ready, the mate was readin' out ef his Testament, and th' crew were standin' 'bout me; I knew that I should go overboard in five minutes, less I gin 'em a hint. I tried agin to speak but my tongue wouldn't wag. Jack Myrtle stooped down to sew me up fur good. His hand trembled so he couldn't hold onto th' needle. I knew it did. 'Oh, Jack, Jack,' he sang out, 'yer were all th' world to me — my only friend — God knows I meant to save yer life!"

"Somehow his words struck th' right place and my blood commenced to come in on a flood tide. I opened my top-lights and passed a hand to Jack Myrtle. He's had my old heart ever sence."

Captain Pettifer knocked the ashes from his pipe and laid it on the mantle.

"Th' clock's tickin' th' night away right fast," he said. "I'm goin' to turn in. Guild, I s'pose yer mate 'll sleep for'ard with yerself?"

The captain alway designated the different parts of the house by nautical terms.

Philothety put aside her yarn. Flo rubbed her eyes and awoke Ebb, who had fallen into a quiet doze, the door of the clock was opened and a hot brick placed within (for be it known that this clock was an ancient one and had lost the vigor of youth, and so needed to be kept warm during the chilly hours of night), and we lighted our candles, and said "good night."

Our room was the "spare one," which means in New England the chamber set apart, in the coldest corner of the house, for visitors; where the sunlight is never permitted to enter lest it may fade the carpet; where the best

furniture is arranged in apple-pie order; where the bed, arrayed in the very whitest of counterpanes, looks rigidly solemn.

There was a frame of family pictures, old daguerreotypes, hanging over a very antique bureau. Here one could see how the old captain had looked when a young man, and what lovely ringlets Philothety had shed. I think there were nine in all, and, as I was afterward informed, one was the captain's wife, who had died long ago, and another the baby, and the third the same matured, who had gone to Californy and never been heerd from. And grandpa and grandma had found a place among the group. Likewise Uncle 'Zek'el, and sister Mary Ann, who lived in Illinoy.

> "'How touching, when, at midnight, sweep
> Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
> To hear—and sink again to sleep!'"

Chum drawled out, throwing himself into bed. "Come, Sid, douse that sweet-smelling taper, and hie thee to bed."

I was looking out of the window. The beach was only a few rods down from the house. The great lamp of the light-house at the Point shone brilliantly, but there was something besides that attracted my attention. I thought I saw somebody cross the little garden patch and steal stealthily along to a mound of earth a short distance beyond.

"There's a man out here acting mysteriously," I said.

"Oh, it is only Uncle Davy Grier going to the grave," replied Chum.

"The grave! What grave?"

"Why, there's a grave out there with a big wooden tombstone, and Uncle Davy Grier is a personage who dwells in a wing of this house, and the captain don't like to say much about him. You'll see the old fossil in the morning, so don't ask any more questions."

THE TRUTH-SEEKER.

WEARY and late, I seek a cooling fountain
To quench my thirst before the darkness falls;
And down the lane that dwindles to the mountain,
A distant murmur of glad waters calls.

Yet as I go, the sound recedes before me;
I still advance and still the sound recedes,
And now I find a swaying forest o'er me—
A swaying forest grown with tangled weeds.

Dark night descends—dark night, with sable tresses
Sweeping the brightness from the evening sun;
Silent and still, the deepening shade expresses
God's proclamation that the day is done.

The breezes blow and daintily deceive me
With whispered hopes that now the fount is near;
But search is vain until the shadows leave me
And God commands the morn to reappear.

So walks my soul in doubt and darkness ever,
E'er since—those glad days of my happy youth!—
I climbed the hill of thought with rude endeavor,
And caught a glimpse of some eternal truth.

I saw it far o'er many a field and river,
Distant and faint, a steady ray of light;
Yet as I moved, forever and forever
It shrank away and mingled with the night.

And while I sought, all eager, to discover
Where once again the light of Truth should rise,
Rude Error's fireflies soon began to hover
Around my path, and cheat my aching eyes.

—'Tis ever thus. Our souls return unsated
From many a long and labor-burdened guest;
Yet let us wait and glory to have waited,
Since God appoints it and His ways are best.

There bides a day,—'t is on the hills before us—
Those hills we all so wearily must climb,
When we, with Truth's own splendor streaming o'er us,
Shall read her record in the Book of Time.

THE NOVEL IN SOCIETY.

WORKS of fiction, ranging all the way from "Ivanhoe" and "Wilfrid Cumbermede" down to the dross and drivel of the ten-cent publications, are broadcast through society.

We find them on the shelves of every library, in public places and private homes, in the hands of old and young. Whatever may be the number of worthy publications of this class, they are, perhaps, outnumbered by the unworthy; and while the mission of the true novelist, as of the true poet, is to do good, it is a fact sufficiently evident, that at the present day, novels, on the whole, are productive of a great amount of evil, especially in the minds of the young.

Alarmed by this, there are some would-be reformers, who, actuated more by their feelings than by reason, embrace under one sweeping condemnation, almost the whole class of fictitious writings, the good with the bad, and advocate an abstinence from reading them, which is well-nigh total. We, however, cannot join in this well-meant condemnation of one of the most essential and noblest parts of literature. We cannot deny that the evil is great; we know that multitudes of the young are, by habitual and exclusive devotion to novels, corrupting the imagination, dwarfing the reason, and cultivating a low literary taste that will cling hurtfully to them through life, but at the same time, we do not believe that the way to overcome this evil is to condemn all novel-reading. Before we do this, let us forbid the importation of any opium into this country, because of the widely prevalent evil of opium-eating. And let us prepare to condemn everything which, designed to administer only to our welfare, may, by abuse, be made to do us injury.

The evils attendant upon the reading of novels result from a too constant, exclusive, and indiscriminate devotion to them. We need not, and ought not, abstain from all novel-reading, in order to avoid the evils of too much novel-reading. Let those young persons of both sexes, who habitually pore over fashionable and exciting novels by daylight, and twilight, and even at midnight, with flushed cheeks and tired eyes, little thinking how much they may be injuring themselves,—let them read far less, and only at seasonable hours; let them read poetry, history, travels and miscellaneous essays, besides novels, and above all, let them be careful to read only such works of fiction as are commended by the best critics and advisers, avoiding with care those sickly, sentimental, sensational works which really do all the mischief, and, we are convinced, the evils of novel-reading will exist only in name. Let every reader, whether young or old, in the selection and reading of novels, as in other things, have moderation, discretion, in short — common sense; and the great reform, so desirable, so much needed, is already accomplished.

The prevalence and popularity of the novel, however remarkable, cannot be said to distinguish the age. The passion for stories, truthful and fictitious,

displayed by the world to-day, is no new thing under the sun; and those who are fond of calling this the story-loving age, should remember two facts: first, that this is eminently an age of profound thought, energetic action and rapid progress; and second, that there have been other ages heretofore, as story-loving, to say the least, as our own.

Ask the student of history to point to a single period in all the past, that has not been fond of stories and produced them in abundance. The oldest book in the world is full of marvelous stories. The writings of all the great religious teachers of man, of Confucius, Gotama, Zoroaster, the founders of Christianity, and Mahomet, abound in the narration of real and imaginary occurrences, designed, however, to instruct rather than amuse.

The earliest literature of all nations is composed chiefly of weird, romantic legends and tales, preserved for the most part in rhythmic form. The great mass of Indian and Asiatic literature is mainly made up of beautiful and wonderful stories. Homer has been called the prince of story-tellers. The literature of Greece and Rome is full of the adventures and deeds of gods and heroes. An abundance of such works as "The Marvels of the World," "The Seven Sages," and the "Gesta Romanorum," is found in the early literature of England; and, during those centuries known as the Middle Ages, when learning was mainly limited to the ecclesiastics and the schoolmen, the popular literature of Europe was fully represented by the romance of the northern minstrel and the song of the troubadour.

It is only in times comparatively recent that even history has become more than a mere chronicle, not always the most reliable, of the deeds of kings and heroes. In this so-called story-loving age of ours, a history must be something more than a mere narrative of occurrences, however thrilling, to win the approval of thoughtful readers. In the great poems of the world also, the tendency has been away from the narrative and the sensational. Compare, for instance, the Iliad and the Æneid, the great works of Tasso, Boccaccio, Ariosto and Dante, of Chaucer and Spencer, with the "Paradise Lost," the "Excursion" and "Childe Harold."

Thus we see that even a hurried glance at the literature of the past reveals the fact that previous ages have been, to say the least, as fond of stories as our own. We could not reasonably expect to find it otherwise. Love of the novel, the entertaining, belongs to human nature itself. This fondness for stories belongs to man as an emotional and sympathetic being. The world's early interest in traditions and legends wild and weird, is as easily understood, and accounted for, as a child's delight in the story of Jack, the Giant Killer, and the adventures of Robinson Crusoe. And this prevalent interest in fiction to-day, this love for romances of real or unreal life, is the same passion or desire which once called into existence "that immense body of folk-lore, or verbal literature, which belongs to no realm or race, but which antedates the oldest Sagas and Scriptures." The interest in legend and fiction is peculiar to no people or age; it belongs to all; known and felt in the early days of

man, it will know no dying "until the eternal doom shall be."

We think it has not been too strongly asserted by a late writer, that novels are an indispensable element in our civilization. They certainly are necessary to a complete national literature. They are often invaluable as a complement of historical works. The Waverly Novels, for instance, are worthy of an honorable place on the shelves of any library, for the vivid and natural pictures they give us of the past, of private homes and the market places, no less than of courts and gallant armies; for the information which they give us of the common people, their character and condition, their customs, their dress, their speech; all those things which historians usually pass over in silence, but which are necessary to a full and just conception of any period of history.

The novel is in literature what the social element is in man, and it is no less indispensable. It is more intimately associated with the affections, the sympathies, and the actions of men than any other form of literature. It most emphatically belongs to what De Quincey calls the literature of power, though it is by no means excluded from the literature of knowledge.

No book so stirs and influences the reader as a well-wrought fiction; and in no other way can the vices and follies of society and of individuals be set forth and satirized with such power and effect as in the pages of the novel. In the hands of a master it has been one of the most potent agents of reform.

"Don Quixote" did what perhaps nothing else could have done towards the vitiated literary taste of Spain at the beginning of the seventeenth century. What a lesson of human folly and insignificance is taught in the wit and satire of "Gulliver's Travels."

Nothing in literature has been a greater stumbling block in the pathway of Jesuitism than "The Wandering Jew." A novel by Charles Dickens secured the removal from power of an unjust and tyrannical judge, when remonstrance and petition had alike failed. That infamous coalition, the Trades' Union, staggered at a well-aimed blow from the pen of Charles Reade. Who can estimate the good influence of Thackeray's satires upon the vices and follies of fashionable life; and who can tell how much was done toward bringing about the emancipation of a race by the writing of "Uncle Tom's Cabin?"

It could not have been works like these which Thoreau had in mind when he said, "I never read novels; they have so little real life and thought in them." Such books have been and are a power for good in the world, and though every work of fiction may not rank with them in excellence, yet so far as a novel is worthy in thought, able in expression, and wholesome in its influence, it merits a place in the current literature of the age.

Many of our leading religious teachers, such as Beecher, Edward Eggleston, and E. E. Hale, are beginning to reveal their conviction that there are a good many minds which must be taught and influenced through the imagination, and, by their own handiwork have placed their seal of approval upon the novel as a means of moral and religious reform.

But novels, we regret to say, are not

an unmixed blessing; all story-writers are not genuine benefactors. The majority of novels, it is to be feared, are either positively injurious, or of very questionable utility, and are therefore unfit for publication. And yet they find ready publishers and hosts of readers. These are the works which induce all the evils of novel-reading, awaken prejudices against all works of fiction, and provoke hasty condemnation of the good with the bad. Now, the duty of all that are interested in the formation of a complete national literature, and the prevalence of sound morality in this country, is neither to cherish any unwise and foolish prejudice against one of the most essential parts of literature, nor to be totally indifferent as to the character of the novels which are most read and admired, but simply to learn to distinguish carefully between worthy and unworthy publications, and to give to the former the praise, and to the latter the censure, which they deserve.

The fictitious writings of to-day may be divided into three classes; the first including all that are positively beneficial, the second all that are positively pernicious, and the third all that are of doubtful worth. The welfare of society demands the existence of only the first of these classes. All novels, then, which we feel to be truthful in their influence, or about whose influence there is reason for doubt, should be condemned at once as unworthy of perusal and favor.

Prominent among all questions of reform, should be this of reform in popular literature. It is doubtless correct, however, to consider the relation of literature to society to be that of effect to cause. The condition of society determines the character of its literature; the latter may be looked upon, to a certain extent, as an expression or portraiture of the former. In general then, it is well said that in order to purify and reform a corrupt literature, it is necessary first to purify and reform the society which has produced that literature. Yet we must remember that although a literature is primarily a passive creation, it is far from being merely this. Imbued with the genius of its authors, it becomes a living agent, and acting reflectively upon society it tends to strengthen and extend the peculiar influences which, operating upon its writers, gave it existence. Does it not seem wise, then, in attempting a social reform, to attack, and denounce, and strive to suppress corrupt publications? Unless this be done, a most subtle and powerful evil is left almost undisturbed, to work in opposition to the progress of new and better ideas. To reform a corrupt age it is necessary to mingle with positive teachings and fervent pleas unsparing denunciation of the various forms of vice, and among these, an unwholesome, pestilential literature. During the years of Cromwell's power, the Puritans, in their efforts to remodel society, were severely intolerant of anything approaching levity, and even of whatever was designed to instruct, if, at the same time it served to amuse, whether in social customs or in literature; and later, when the yet pure in heart strove to rescue England from the moral rottenness of the times of Charles II., they rebuked the gross indecencies of the drama, and the shameful immorality of the novel. Reformers of to-

day will do well if they keep these examples in mind, and if, moreover, in their demands for a yet purer and worthier literature, they condemn not only the moral and literary looseness of the Restoration, but also the extreme asceticism and intolerance of the Commonwealth.

It will be a happy time for our country when our literature shall fully present the golden mean between these two extremes. That the time is coming when it will do so, we may do more than hope, we may almost believe. Some progress has already been made, and although the end to be reached is yet a great way off, there is advancement towards it from year to year. Many things seem to indicate this. The next few years are to be years of reform and progress. The age is growing more intelligent and thoughtful. The popular taste for literature is becoming higher and purer. A better order of journalism is growing up. The best works of the best writers, of this and previous generations, are being more freely circulated, and more generally read, than heretofore. Works of fiction, which are more extensively read than any other, are gradually acquiring a superior tone. "Horroristic" novels are on the decline, being supplanted by those which are more probable, natural and healthful.

If all who read, and all who have any control over the reading of others, in our country, will uphold and extend the fame of such novels as, being ably conceived and expressed, present wholesome and instructive views of life, and are full of noble incentives; and, at the same time, will do all in there power to destroy the popularity, and even the existence, of such as administer to a depraved taste, however smoothly and eloquently written, we cannot doubt that we shall speedily behold the sunrise, succeeding the present dawn, of a most glorious day for American fiction.

HERE AND THERE WHILE ABROAD.

I.

OF the many places of interest in and about Paris, which attract the traveler from a foreign land, there are few, if any, more interesting than l'Église des Invalides — the Church of the Invalids — where rest the ashes of the first Napoleon. Having visited this several times, it may be interesting to read a description of it, imperfect thongh it must necessarily be.

The Hotel des Invalides is situated upon the south side of the Seine, a little farther down the river than the edifice of the Corps Legislatif. Like most of the public buildings of Paris, it has an ample ground and a fine location. In front, stretching away to the river, is a large terrace, or esplanade, about a quarter of a mile in length by an eighth in width. The sides, to the dis-

tance of perhaps one hundred and fifty feet, having been planted with trees in 1750 and 1818, are now well grown, and add not a little to the beauty of the Common.

The hotel, upon this front, is six hundred and twenty-five feet in length, four stories high, has three grand entrances, and abounds in columns, in statues of bronze and marble, representing Peace, War, Time, Study, and is surrounded with military trophies in great number.

Under the reign of Henry IV., in 1596, an Asylum for Invalids was formed in an old convent in the Faubourg St. Marcel. Louis XIII. removed this institution to Bicêtre, and under Louis XIV. the foundations of the present edifice were laid. The whole now covers twenty-eight acres of ground, enclosing fifteen courts. The government of the establishment is admirable. All soldiers actually disabled by their wounds, or who have served twenty years and obtained a pension, are entitled to the privileges of the Institution. About twelve hundred, I believe, including officers, are there at present. The hotel will accommodate five thousand. There are still about nine hundred left of the soldiers of the first Empire, and a few of the Republic.

Just in front of this large building are little parks and miniature gardens, beautifully laid out; and skirting the whole, resting upon the border of the immediate court, are a quantity of large guns taken in battle, consisting of cannon, howitzers and mortars, some of which are remarkable for their finish. Austria, Prussia, Russia, Holland, China and Algeria, contributed their share, and each of these old thunderers would tell a stirring tale if it could speak. But I must not stop to say more of the hotel directly, for it is the church I wish to write of now.

Approaching the Invalides from the north, from the Seine, the church lies back, or upon the south side, of the hotel. Outwardly it is a magnificent structure, and was built by the famous architect, Mansard, and finished in 1706. The body of the church, one hundred and thirty-eight feet in length, is nearly square in form, two stories high, with two principal fronts, a northern and a southern one. The latter has two rows of columns corresponding to its two stories. The lower are of the Doric order and the upper of the Corinthian. Upon each side of the circular flight of steps leading up to the southern entrance of the church, in niches, are placed colossal statues of Charlemagne and St. Louis, and allegorical figures are placed in front of the pilasters of the upper story.

It is absolutely impossible for me to give anything like a complete and accurate account of the external appearance of this or of any of the marvelous monuments of Paris, simply for the reason that there is so much to be described. The buildings are always mammoth in their proportions, and scarcely a square foot of their surface is plain, but the whole carved and ornamented in all possible ways, and so presenting a richness of architecture that at once fascinates and bewilders, at least, an inexperienced traveler.

Pardon this digression, and let us come back to our description. Above the upper story and rising out of the central roof, is the drum, surrounded by forty coupled columns; then comes an

attic, or second partition, adorned with twelve arched windows, and above this towers the dome proper, surmounted with a lantern, spire, globe and cross, reaching in all a height of three hundred feet. This dome and its spire are one of the most beautiful things in Paris, to my eye. Twelve gilt ribs divide its surface into so many compartments, each adorned with trophies, arms and various devices, also gilt, and the entire spire and its accompaniments rising out of the dome are one solid blaze of gilt, which glistens like the purest gold, and being at such an immense height, so symmetrical in proportions, and so grand in size, it can be seen in its splendor for miles away. Viewed from St. Cloud, Montmartre, Père la Chaise, or some other of the high hills which overlook Paris, it is a strangely beautiful sight; especially when the western sun sheds its mellow rays athwart the sky, and kisses its golden crown. But, if outwardly this church is wonderful, within it is, if possible, still more striking to the visitor. Let us enter at the southern door. The plan of the interior is this: It is really divided into two distinct apartments, the entrance from one to the other being through a lofty, arched portal, closed by an iron gate, above and back of which is an immense curtain of drapery. Within this second apartment the services of the church are held, and the military mass performed every Sabbath by the veterans of the hotel. But it is the first, or outer division of the church, which particularly interests us now. Its general form is circular. The nave and the transept make an exact cross, each of the arms being equal in length, and extending in the direction of the four cardinal points. Between these are four circular chapels, each having three lofty arched entrances, one facing the centre of the church. In the centre, directly beneath the dome, is the tomb of Napoleon, which we will describe farther on. Over the entrances to the chapels are bas-reliefs, illustrating events in the life of St. Louis.

The first chapel, at the right as we enter the church, which is called the chapel of St. Augustin, is painted above with scenes from the life of that saint. In the centre of this chapel stands the tomb of King Joseph of Spain, eldest brother of Napoleon I. It is a sarcophagus of black-and-white marble, perhaps eight feet in length and four in height, resting upon a block of Alpine marble, of a greenish-black hue. This black-and-white marble, of which there is a large amount employed in this church, especially about the High Altar, is pretty, and peculiarly suited to funereal uses. It was recently discovered at the foot of the Pyrenees, and is such as the Romans used to transport from Africa. I can hardly describe it, but if we were to imagine a piece of Castile soap, in which the light veins had a snowy whiteness and the red ground-work an ebony blackness, and the whole wearing a polish equal in smoothness and luster to that of glass, we should have not far from a true conception of the reality.

Between the first and second chapel, at the end of the eastern arm of the transept, is the monument of the celebrated warrior, Vauban. This is a black marble sarcophagus, upon which

the figure of Vauban reclining, is sculptured, with the statues of Genius and Prudence standing beside the hero, while behind is an obelisk bearing his arms and surrounded by trophies. Next, we enter the second chapel, the chapel of St. Ambrose, the oval ceiling of which is painted with scenes representing events in his life. Next, we have the High Altar at the northern end of the nave, directly opposite to the door by which we entered. Ten steps of white marble lead up to it. Its table and entire base are of the beautiful black-and-white marble, with a sprinkling of Alpine green, and four spiral columns, three feet in diameter and twenty-three feet in height, of the former material, with their pediments and capitals exquisitely gilded, support a rich and massive canopy, also profusely gilt. Beneath this canopy is the form of the Saviour, cut in white marble, nearly life size, nailed to a bronze cross, as in Catholic churches of Paris generally. The snowy whiteness of the altar steps, the sombre hue of its winding pillars, and its massive base, and the golden splendor of the canopy and appurtenances, are peculiarly striking.

The third chapel, ornamented with bas-reliefs and sculptures, contains paintings illustrative of the life of St. Gregory. Passing now to the western arm of the transept, we find a monument to Turenne, who is represented as expiring in the arms of Immortality, with the frighted eagle of the German Empire at his feet. The fourth chapel, the chapel of St. Jerome, has paintings of incidents in his life. Here is also the tomb of King Jerome, which is, as the others, a black-and-white marble sarcophagus, upon which rests a statue of the King. Behind an altar, in this chapel, is a small sarcophagus containing the heart of the Queen of Westphalia, and also another monument, like that of the King, containing the remains of the young Prince Jerome.

We have now passed entirely around the church and back to the entrance. Let us now look upward and view the interior of the lofty dome. It rests upon four main arches, which form one of the three entrances to each of the chapels, and between these arches, upon the lower surface of the drum, are paintings of the four Evangelists. Next above are twelve medallions, portraits of Clovis, Dagobert, Pepin-le-Bref, Charlemagne, Louis-le-Debonnaire, Charles-le-Chauve, Philip Augustus, St. Louis, Louis XII., Henry IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV. Next above, between the twelve arched windows of the drum, are twelve paintings representing the apostles, which must be at least fifteen feet, as they appear, at their great elevation, to be of life size. High above all, upon the ceiling of the dome, is a picture fifty feet in diameter, containing thirty colossal figures. The painting represents St. Louis presenting his sword to Jesus, surrounded by angels; and it is so high that although fifteen feet in diameter, it does not appear to be more than one-third of that.

The ceiling above the High Altar represents the Assumption of the Virgin, and the Trinity, surrounded by angels. All of these paintings are richly colored, and considering the difficulty of

the subject treated, are certainly masterpieces.

Another, and the principal object of interest here, remains to be described. We have passed around upon the border of the circle, and its central portion remains unvisited. Upon entering the church we see, directly beneath the dome, and before us, rising from the pavement, a circular wall of white marble, about four feet high and eighteen inches thick, enclosing a diameter of fifty feet. We approach and find many a visitor there, standing with uncovered head and in thoughtful gaze, peering down at something within. Let us, too, look from the snowy wall. Ah! there sleeps the great Napoleon, Leaning upon that marble barrier, what a place for meditation! What a world of tumultuous thoughts comes rushing on! How vividly memory retouches here the fading tints of her historic canvas, stretching from Corsica to St. Helena, lone isle of the sea, where once

> "He" who now "sleeps his last sleep,
> And won his last battle,"

lived a chained monarch, pining in untold agony, and died a thousand deaths. Yes, right here rests all that is earthly of him, who, beginning his marvelous career in this very city, unfolded day by day a genius which the world has seldom seen; who tossed aside rulers, kingdoms and empires as toys, and at last succumbed only to all Europe allied.

The marble wall of which we spoke encloses a circular crypt, or chamber, about fifteen feet in depth, the pavement of which is decorated with a wreath of laurels in mosaic, within which is a circle of dark marble bearing the names of eight of Napoleon's principal victories, while without the wreath is a rich orange-colored marble, branching off in starry points. Under the sides of the chamber, and supporting the marble railing above, are twelve colossal white marble statues of angels in female form, each with wreaths in her hand, and representing victories. In the centre is Napoleon's tomb. It is an immense monolith of porphyry, weighing one hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds, and was brought from Finland. This granite is extremely hard, of fine grain, of a reddish color, very similar to that of coral, and was polished by steam power, manual labor being insufficient. In length this sarcophagus is thirteen feet, six broad, and about the same number in depth. The body is formed like an ordinary casket, the sides flaring a little, and the lid resting upon it, having a curved upper surface, hollowed in the middle and resembling a scroll at the ends. Upon this lid beautiful bouquets and garlands are placed daily. The sarcophagus rests upon two pedestals of porphyry, and these upon two blocks of green granite, one placed above the other. To the top of the tomb from the pavement is thirteen and one-half feet. Within this are three other distinct coffins, those of cedar and lead brought from St. Helena, and one of mineral substance, called algaila, brought from Corsica. The crypt is provided with twelve bronze lamps, copied from terra-cotta models found in Pompeii, and its side walls are ornamented with ten large white marble bas-reliefs, allegorical in their repre-

sentations. Admittance to the crypt is gained through an entrance opening back of the High Altar, and passing beneath it. A little to the right, and left of the entrance, are the tombs of Generals Bertrand and Duroc, the former of whom after having been with the Emperor through almost his whole career, followed him to Elba and then to St. Helena, to share his exile and his sorrows; and the latter, whom Napoleon loved as a brother, and who fell in Silesia in 1813. Two huge bronze statues, one representing civil and the other military power, holding cushions bearing the imperial crown and sceptre, guard the entrance. The door is of bronze, and above it, upon a black marble slab, are the following words, quoted from the Emperor's will: —

"Je desire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu de ce peuple Francais que j'ai tant aimé."

THE MAN WITH A REPUTATION.

IT matters not what year or what month the events to be related herein, took place, suffice it to say, that "once upon a time," having become wearied of home, I started on a ramble through False street, which is the principal avenue in Vanity Fair.

The buildings here are quaint and old-fashioned, for they were erected soon after the "creation," and, perchance Adam and Eve, after their expulsion from the Garden of Eden, may have found shelter in one of them. Their occupants are transient, and it is said that people soon become tired of the place. Neverthless, as I glanced at the throng about me, it seemed as though all Christendom was hurrying along the street.

It is not my purpose to describe False street, or its inhabitants, for such would be a fruitless attempt, but a certain character whom I observed in the motley crowd. His countenance was that of a decrepit old man, some sixty-five or seventy years of age — a countenance which at once arrested and absorbed my whole attention, for the history of a life's struggle and despair seemed to be written there.

He was tall in stature, but very thin. His dress was that which is called shabby-genteel. "I will follow this man," I said to myself, "and endeavor to know more of him."

For half an hour the old man held his way along the crowded thoroughfare, then a change in his demeanor became evident. He walked more slowly and more hesitatingly, looking up inquiringly at the flashy signs over the shop doors, until at last his eyes seemed to rest on the one desired. The name was, "Miss Fleeting Fame," and in the store window there was a gorgeous placard with the words, "Reputations of all Kinds," engraved upon it.

He entered.

The interior of the shop presented

a view of the strangest aspect. Upon the walls hung portraits of those unto whom Miss Fame had, in years past, sold her choicest articles. There were Washington, Napoleon, Wellington, Shakespeare, Milton, Newton, Bacon, and a hundred others represented in rainbow colors. Here and there, scattered about the room, were relics of antiquity. There were diseased ambitions and shattered hopes, arranged in a glass case, marked, "curiosities."

Then, at the back end of the store was the laboratory where Miss Fame manufactured reputations. The fire in the furnace burned bright, and threw out a warmth that kindled the blood in one's veins to a feverish heat. Near by were deposited glass jars filled with gases used in the various compounds. One of these vessels was labelled, "Explosive gas—for sensational reputations," another, "Harmless gas—prepared for College Commencements," *et cetera*. Placed on a counter which extended from front to rear, was a large show case that contained the wares for sale. Behind this, stood the proprietress, Miss Fame. Her countenance was beautiful in every lineament; her figure perfect symmetry, and her manner enticing.

After taking a hurried glance around him, the old man advanced timidly towards her.

"Good morning, Mr. Ambition!" said she, proffering her hand.

"What!" exclaimed he, retreating a step, "you know my name?"

"Oh, yes," she replied with a little laugh, "your resemblance to the Ambition family is quite striking, and they are my constant visitors."

"Ah! yes, my relation—I've heard my uncle, Unlimited Ambition, speak of this place when I was a boy," and he glanced down into the show case. Reputations for statesmen, philosophers, warriors, authors, artists, and in fact, every conceivable kind of reputation known to the world, were lying there in wait for purchasers.

"You want one of my jewels?" asked Miss Fame, smiling in a bewitching manner.

The old man looked around to see if any one was observing him, and then whispered something in her ear. She nodded, and opening the aforesaid show case, presented to him a glittering bawble—a reputation. He took it nervously in his hand and examined it carefully for some moments.

"There seems to be a little flaw here," said he, holding it up for her inspection.

"The gilding is worn a little, but I can burnish that over so it will be perfect."

"The price is enormous!" said he, looking at the trade-mark.

"But the article is invaluable!"

"Yes, yes, I have struggled all my lifetime to obtain it," and he handed her the required sum.

This purchase money was composed of drafts upon the Banks of Labor, Passion, Conscience, and Avarice.

With trembling hand the old man seized the reputation, and placing it in an inside pocket, next to his heart, buttoned up his coat, and hurried down the street. Again I followed, close behind him, and once, while jostled by the crowd, I found myself at his elbow. His mien was altered,

and his eyes now shone with a new lustre. There seemed to be some wild emotion struggling in his breast.

He urged his way steadily and perseveringly through the crowd for some distance, when suddenly there seemed to be a commotion among the people. Some would stop and look back after him with wonder, as he passed along, others with knowing looks whispered to their neighbors, and a few even moved from the sidewalk, to make room.

"They know," thought I, "that the Goddess Fame has smiled upon him."

At one of the street corners the old man halted, and a friend saluted him familiarly.

"So you have obtained it at last?"

"Yes."

"At a great price?"

"Fifty years' hard labor."

"And is this reputation worth so much?"

"This is what perplexes me. I fear I have been duped. It will cost me as much trouble to keep my reputation as it did to obtain it."

Here they were interrupted by a little man, dressed in black, who, taking Mr. Ambition's arm, drew him aside.

"My dear Mr. Ambition," said he, "I wish to negotiate with you for your next prose work. What say you to a thousand for the copyright?"

"Well, really, Mr. ——, Mr. ——."

"Mr. Ketchem," said the little man, bobbing his head and smiling. "Ketchem & Cheatem, Printing House Square."

"Ah! yes, Mr. Ketchem," and the old man began to grow dignified. "I can't say, I have not ——."

"I'll give you double that amount!" exclaimed a second party, coming up in haste, and quite out of breath.

"And I'll treble it!" cried another, hurrying across the street.

It was evident now that Mr. Ambition had purchased a literary reputation, and these gentlemen were publishers. In a few moments the crowd had collected to a vast number; the bids were running high, and the excitement was becoming intense.

In the midst of this great auction, the old man stood quiet and serene, waiting to "knock himself down" to the man with the longest purse. Over his face played a smile of triumph, for now surely his reputation would yield him ample reward for all past suffering and obscurity. But, lo! in an instant every voice was hushed, and a calm rested over the multitude, while every eye was directed to the lower end of the street. There, drawn up in battle array, was a band of literary warriors — critics! their muscles knotted for the conflict, the foam upon their lips, and the scowl of battle on their brows.

The command, "forward!" rang out upon the startled air.

"Up the street came the rebel tread;"
The N. A. Review riding ahead.

With one glance, the old man perceiving this great general, saw his fate, and prepared to face the enemy, and die like a hero. His friends shrunk away in terror, and the populace fell back with awe as the warriors drew near. Then there was a brief halt, and the critics drew their mighty quill daggers, after which the order to "charge," was given. One desperate struggle — and all was over. Ambi-

tion lay writhing in his blood — gasping — dying.

The sight made me sick at heart, and, turning away, I ran with incredible swiftness down a crooked street, which led from the neighborhood — the whirlpool that engulfs all who enter its bounds; the kingdom of Fleeting Fame and Prince Ambition. I returned to my peaceful fireside, where since I have been contented to remain.

Literary communications should be addressed to the Editors. All subscriptions and advertisements to THOMAS SPOONER, JR., *Manager.*

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

WHEN these lines reach the reader, everything will wear, or seem to wear, a New Year's guise. The old year will be gone, and with it the last faint echo of the merry Christmas bells. It will be the time to "Let the dead past bury its dead," to form new projects, kindle new hopes and aspirations, achieve bright successes, and, in a word, be thoroughly happy. There will be delightful winter evenings when the curtains are drawn and the lamps lighted, and the cheerful, crackling fire leaps, and flickers, and dances as if in very joy at dispelling Jack Frost and casting a ruddy glow on all about it.

Such a season will it be, reader, when we come to your notice for the first time; and we feel very good natured about it, and accordingly make our politest bow, and wish you the happiest, merriest year in your life. And it is our desire to be on terms of good-fellowship with you during the coming months, and to lay before you our choicest sheaves for your amusement and entertainment. For we believe there is a place for us at your fireside, and our only anxiety is that we should fill it in a manner that will make our company agreeable.

The publication of a magazine in connection with the college has long been agitated, and now that it is undertaken we hope the enterprise will be seconded by all that are friendly to BATES and the cause of education and culture. We make no beggar's plea; we ask no charitable donation; we do not even ask to be saved from possible financial disaster. All we ask — and we do it modestly and deferentially — is *a large list of paying subscribers.* This is what we want, what we hope to deserve, and what we mean to have — only this and nothing less.

The conductors of the STUDENT do not propose to confine its pages to any particular clique of undergraduates, but they cordially invite all who may desire to contribute to it; so that for each month nothing but a first class selection may go to press.

What we desire is to open a field and work for all willing hands, to make the STUDENT a magazine that shall take rank with the best of college publications and reflect credit upon our *alma mater.* That the alumni will feel an interest in our success, and that each and all will come forward to our aid, we feel confident.

To our sister colleges we acknowledge that BATES is comparatively young in years, that it does not as yet bear antiquity's stamp, nor boast of a long line of graduates, but we do it with no feeling of shame — nay, we even take pride in admitting our youth and in

looking forward to the promise of our maturity.

With these few plain words we ask you to accept us into your society for what we are, and not to stand upon the order of our ancestors, or our aristocratic acquaintances, or our rich connections.

——The winter vacation is a luxury peculiar to student life. The business man takes his summer journey to the mountains or the sea shore, and returns to his counting room for another year; but the college student enjoys the additional luxury of a long vacation in winter. It may be questioned whether, as a luxury, the winter vacation is not generally a failure, but, at any rate, it is a reality, and so cannot be avoided. It means to the college student in general, and to the Maine college student in particular, a change from making recitations to hearing them — from the college chapel to the country schoolhouse.

At the close of the fall term the Freshman packs his trunk with a tremble of anxiety, as he looks forward to the new work upon which he is about to enter; the Sophomore, thankful for having survived one winter vacation, has shadowy hopes of living through the next; while Juniors and Seniors look down upon these amateurs with all the dignity of professionals, complaining, however, that the art of school teaching has sadly degenerated since their time. Even the taciturn Pillkins waxes eloquent on this theme. "If," says he, "the Freshmen dread winter vacations now, pshaw! they ought to have taught school when I was a Freshman. It was quite a different thing, I assure you — quite a different thing. Oh, the art of teaching has sadly degenerated since then, sadly degenerated!"

And Freshmen, listening with open-mouthed wonder, are glad that the art of teaching has degenerated.

For weeks before the winter vacation begins, nice points of grammar are discussed at the tables, and the professors are harassed with innumerable questions, never before propounded. In short, the importance of winter vacations lies as much in their anticipation as in their reality. It would be useless labor to enumerate all the little cares and vexations to which the country school-teacher is subject. The subject himself, if he is an honest man, keeps them locked closely in his own breast.

In this way the winter vacation becomes a test of character. Among college students, if a Freshman never mentions his first term of teaching, he is set down as thoroughly honest.

——It is one of the hardest things in the world to improve spare time. There are a few twenty-two hour working seamstresses, and such like, who have no spare time. With such exceptions in view we make the general statement that all men have more or less leisure. Here we find that we have exposed ourselves to blows from every side. "Spare time," cries the angry mechanic, "spare time! Up at five, breakfast at half-past five, then hurry away to work my ten hours; don't talk to me of spare time."

"Spare time!" growls the merchant,

as he points to a huge pile of letters and his ledger, "I have none." "Spare time?" asks the lawyer, looking gloomily at the documents scattered around him, "here are my briefs to write, witnesses to hunt up, pleas to make, letters without number to answer—plenty of spare time I have!" "Spare time!" exclaims the student, as he rests his aching head upon his hand, and gazes half dreamily, half thoughtfully at us, "spare time is something I have yet to learn the meaning of," and he turns again to his books.

So it is the world over. Everyone thinks that he of all men has the most to do. Each speaks complacently of what he has done and is doing, and looks upon one who speaks to him of spare time as a fool or a madman.

"There is a man who can improve his leisure time as he likes," says the laborer, as the millionaire rides by in his splendid equipage.

Perchance at that very moment the millionaire turns to his wife and remarks, "What a pity it is that these laborers will not improve their spare time in disciplining their minds, and thus confer a blessing not only upon themselves, but also upon the communities in which they live. All they have to do is to work eight or ten hours a day, and draw their pay at the end of the week. They have no business cares, such as I have, to worry them by day and torment them by night."

Everyone thinks that all except himself have spare time; therefore, let each one, in this as in all other matters, mind his own business. While, then, these long, bleak winter evenings hold out such inviting opportunities for improvement, let us see that they are not neglected. Of course we shall offer no suggestions, nor presume to lay down any rules for improving spare time. To one fully alive to the importance of improving leisure moments, there will be no trouble about the means.

——Now that the weather forbids, to some extent, out-door sports, college gymnasiums will be more than ever frequented. None stand more in need of exercise than do students. Think not that we are about to torture you with any extended remarks on the importance of exercise, that is too hackneyed a theme. We only wish to call your attention for a moment to the matter of college gymnasiums. You trustees of colleges and all who have an interest in such matters, will you give us your attention and permit us to ask you a question or two? Do you think that all college gymnasiums are fitted up as they should be? Do you think that our gymnasium has sufficient apparatus? Of course you will all admit that it ought to have the necessary apparatus. Do you think it ever will? if so, when? Oh, how the hearts of all our students would leap for joy if they could hear a definite answer to this last question!

——We hope the readers of the STUDENT will pardon the delay of publication, and also the absence of the engraving of Mr. Benjamin E. Bates, which was advertised to embellish this number. The engraver failed to forward the plates as early as we expected, and, consequently, obliges us to reserve it for the February issue.

Odds and Ends.

THE Juniors call Rhetoric "The Bain of their lives."

The young lady who occupied a certain student's thoughts, has got a new dwelling.

Eloquence is reason set to music, and, like reason, should never be perverted to base purposes.

Who was the straightest man mentioned in the Bible? Joseph — because Pharaoh made a ruler of him.

Clear writers, like clear fountains, do not seem so deep as they are; the turbid look the most profound.

Says one: A dandy is composed of ninety parts of pride, two parts of speech, and one part-your-hair-in-the-middle.

Why are doctors of divinity and medicine alike? Because they exert themselves to prepare men for the world to come.

What is the difference between the tower of Babel and a reigning belle? One has caused confusion of tongues, the other confusion of hearts.

Men trust rather to their eyes than to their ears; the effect of the precept is therefore slow and tedious, whilst that of example is summary and effectual.

"A complex notion," said a Professor of Rhetoric to a dignified student, "may be explained by stating its constituent notions. How then would you define some word used in the Physical Sciences, as equilibrium?" An expression of deep thought settled upon the student's countenance. Then almost immediately, he replied, "Perfect gravity." The audible smile which played over the faces of his classmates, showed that there was no equilibrium there.

"Brain workers," remarks an English journal, require a more liberal supply of food, and richer food, than manual laborers." Although the brain bears but a small proportion to the whole body, in weight and size, it receives about one-fifth of the blood sent by the heart into the system. According to careful estimates and experiments, it has been ascertained that three hours of hard study wear out the body more than a whole day of severe physical labor. If these things are so, two things should be borne in mind: First, that it is reasonable and right that brain laborers should receive a higher compensation for their time than manual laborers; second, that students who are growing physically, and engaged in *hard* study, should be furnished with a very nutritious diet.

A good story is told about Coleridge and his essay at reporting the debates for the *Morning Post*. One day Pitt being expected to make a great speech, Coleridge was sent down to Westminster to report it. In order to get a good place, he went early in the day and took up his position; but the fatigue of waiting several hours, with perhaps no refreshment meanwhile, was too much for the young poet, who fell into a state of drowsiness, from which he never emerged that night. Half sleeping and waking, Coleridge "followed" Pitt as best he could, and from his notes, memory and imagination, he concocted a brilliant speech, which duly appeared. On the following day Canning called at the office of the paper, to inquire the name of the gentleman who had reported Mr. Pitt's speech. To Coleridge's chagrin, this information was refused to Canning, who expressed his opinion that the report of the speech did more credit to the imagination than to the memory of the reporter. Failing as a reporter, Coleridge began to write political and literary articles.

At the examination of women for Cambridge (Eng.) University, held last June, one hundred and thirty-two candidates successfully passed the ordeal, which is twenty-three more than the year before. The examiners express surprise that none of the candidates showed any great knowledge of divinity, notwithstanding religious feeling is so widely spread among women. In English history the answers were decidedly good, and in English language and literature, out of one hundred and nineteen papers, only fifteen were unsatisfactory; the others were creditable, and eleven were excellent. Of these eleven, four papers were of very great merit in all respects — for knowledge of facts, for clear and vigorous expression, for real independent thoughtfulness. In English composition the average quality of the essays was good. The papers sent up in Latin were, it is said, on the whole very fair. There was considerable grammatical inaccuracy in the Greek; in French literature there was lamentable ignorance; in mathematics only two candidates appeared, and neither could pass; there were only seven aspirants for logic, out of these three failed; and in potitical economy there were only ten who presented themselves for examination. In drawing, and the history of art, the number of candidates was too small to warrant general observation, and there were only four candidates in music.

College Items.

THE spring term began January 9th.

One new man has joined the class of '76.

A few lights are missing in Parker Hall this term.

Professor Bowen has purchased G. W. Garcelon's house and grounds on College street, where he is at present living.

The Bates College grounds have materially enlarged the past year, so that they now contain nearly fifty acres. When graded and adorned, as they ultimately will be, no college campus in New England will be more spacious and attractive.—*Lewiston Journal.*

The Freshmen have lost one from their number, Mr. A. W. Ayer. He was obliged to leave college and return home, owing to the illness of his father. Mr. Ayer was one of the best scholars in his class, and his loss will be felt by all. We understand that he was married in November.

President Cheney's and Professor Stanley's new houses have made a great change in the appearance of the eastern side of Mt. David. Both houses have many architectural beauties, and are ornaments to College street. The grounds around them, as well as Prof. Stanton's lot intervening, have been graded, and will doubtless be laid out very tastily. This part of the city is destined to be one of the very prettiest for residences.

Every cent which Vassar has received has come from men. The only gift known to have been received from a woman, was one of one hundred and nineteen books from the wife of an officer in the regular army.

As we go to press, we learn with regret that Mr. Abel Freeman Goodnow of '73, died on the 18th inst., at Athens, Me., where he had gone to take charge of Somerset Academy. Mr. Goodnow had been in poor health for some time, but his death will be quite unexpected and deeply felt by his many friends.

The authorities at Harvard have under contemplation an important change, by which attendance upon recitations will not be compulsory. The examinations will be as stringent as ever, and the responsibility of neglect to attend the recitations will rest upon the student, and the penalty will come in the loss of degrees. With this change will come the substitution of lectures for recitations. The experiment will probably shortly be tried upon the present Senior Class. The abolition of morn-

ing prayers is also contemplated. A change will be made in the annual catalogue, and in addition to what has hitherto been embraced in it, some of the early history of Harvard, the provisions relating to the course of study, etc., and the examination papers of last year will be included, the volume being entitled the "Harvard University Catalogue."

Helping young men through college is a putting of money to one of its highest uses. This has long been an admitted truth in well informed circles, but the financiers are at last finding out that it is a good way of investing surplus capital. They quote the lucky generosity of Hon. Theodore M. Pomeroy, who united with the late William H. Seward, a few years ago, in helping George Waters to go through Hobart College. Waters became the owner of a mine in Nevada, and deeded one hundred feet to each of his benefactors. Recently, Waters sold his share of the mine for $400,000, while $40,000 has been placed to the credit of Messrs. Seward and Pomeroy—*College Courant.*

Dartmouth has students, the present year, from twenty-three different States and Territories, and also from Nova Scotia, Canada, Liberia and Japan. The whole number of its alumni is three thousand six hundred and eighty-three. To the ministry, the college has given more than nine hundred of her sons. There have been thirty-one judges of the United States and State Supreme Courts; fifteen senators in Congress, and sixty-one representatives; two United States ministers; four ambassadors to foreign courts; one postmaster-general; fourteen governors of States, and one of a Territory; twenty-five presidents of colleges; one hundred and four professors in academical, medical or theological colleges.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'67.—G. S. Ricker is pastor of a church in Richmond, Me., and is meeting with excellent success.

'68.—Oliver C. Wendell is located at Lowell, Mass., as a civil engineer.

'69.—G. B. Files is Principal of the Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, Me.

'70.—A. L. Houghton is pastor of a very flourishing church in Lawrence, Mass.

'70.—Lindley M. Webb has been admitted to the bar, and is practicing in Portland.

'71.—J. N. Ham is Principal of the High School at Augusta.

'72.—Alonzo M. Garcelon is attending lectures at McGill Medical College, Montreal.

'72.—George H. Stockbridge's card lies on our table. He is Principal of the High School at Eastport, Me.

'72.—George E. Gay lectured, January 5th, in the Free Baptist Church, Auburn.

[*Space will be given every month to the record of one alumnus in the form of the one below. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material*—ED.]

CLASS OF 1867.

GIVEN, REV. ARTHUR.—Born Feb. 27th, 1841, at Wales, Me. Son of Arthur and Joan Given.

1868, Principal of New Hampton Institute, New Hampton, N. H.

1869-70, Principal of Maine State Seminary, Lewiston, Me.

1871-72, Student at Bates Theological Seminary, Lewiston, Me., and tutor in Bates College.

1873, Ordained and installed pastor of the Free Baptist Church, Bangor, Maine, Dec. 8th.

Married, December 22, 1868, to Laura Durgin, daughter of William and Nancy Durgin, Sanbornton, N. H.

Child, Horace Malcom, born Oct. 27th, 1872.

Post-office address, Bangor, Me., box 766.

A NEW CHARTER FOR THE COLLEGE.

STATE OF MAINE.

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-THREE.

An Act granting a new charter to Bates College.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, as follows: —

SECTION 1. The institution of learning called Bates College in honor of its first and principal benefactor, Benjamin Edward Bates, of Boston, Massachusetts, and now located in Lewiston, in the county of Androscoggin, in this State, shall remain established there under the same name.

SEC. 2. The property and government of said College shall be vested in Oren B. Cheney, and in his each and every successor as President; in Ebenezer Knowlton, Benjamin E. Bates, James G. Blaine, Dexter Waterman, Abial M. Jones, Alonzo Garcelon, John A. Lowell, Nelson Dingley, junior, Isaac D. Stewart, William B. Wood, Enoch W. Page, George F. Fabyan, Henry Williamson, Horace R. Cheney, Albert H. Heath, and their successors as a Board of Fellows; and in Samuel Farnham, Bradbury Sylvester, Benjamin Dore, Arthur Given, junior, Howard W. Littlefield, George T. Day, William H. Bolster, Joseph W. Perkins, Levi W. Gilman, Atwood B. Meservey, Ethnan W. Porter, Jason Mariner, Benjamin J. Cole, Charles A. Mooers, John D. Philbrick, DeWitt C. Durgin, Cyrus H. Latham, Joseph S. Burgess, George W. Bean, Charles F. Penney, George W. Howe, George D. Vittum, Moses H. Tarbox, Azael Lovejoy, Charles S. Perkins, and their successors as a Board of Overseers; and the said President, Fellows and Overseers, their successors and associates are hereby constituted a corporation under the name of the President and Trustees of Bates College, and by that name shall have power to prosecute and defend suits at law, to have and use a common seal and to change the same at pleasure, to take and hold for the objects of their association by gift, grant, bequest, purchase or otherwise, any estate, real or personal, or both, the annual income of which shall not exceed two hundred thousand dollars, and to sell and convey any estate, real or personal, or both, which the interests of said college may require to be sold and conveyed.

SEC. 3. All property and estate, real or personal, or both, which may at any time by gift, grant, bequest, purchase or otherwise, come into the possession of the said corporation, shall be faithfully devoted to the education of youth by maintaining a college or university in Lewiston aforesaid.

SEC. 4. The said corporation may

adopt such rules and regulations, pass such laws and by-laws, the same not being repugnant to the laws of this State, as they may deem expedient for the management of their affairs, and for the proper discipline, order, and general prosperity of said college; they shall have power to establish in said college such courses of study, departments and schools as they may elect; they shall choose the treasurer of the college, and all necessary officers, professors, and instructors, and shall have power to remove the same at pleasure; they shall have power to confer such degrees as are usually conferred by colleges or universities established for the education of youth: *Provided* all professors and instructors shall be chosen, and all degrees conferred, on nomination by the President: and they shall be and they are hereby invested with all the powers, privileges, rights and immunities incident to similar corporations.

Sec. 5 The President shall be chosen by vote of a majority of the whole Board of Fellows, with the concurrence of a majority of the whole Board of Overseers. He shall be the executive officer of the college, and as such shall execute all its laws, votes and measures, unless otherwise provided for; shall superintend its general affairs; nominate, as heretofore provided, all professors, instructors and candidates for degrees; preside, when present, in all meetings of the Board of Fellows, and in the Boards of Fellows and Overseers when met in convention as hereinafter provided; call special meetings of the corporation whenever in his judgment such meetings are necessary; make at the meetings of the corporation an address in writing relating to the affairs of the college, with such suggestions and recommendations as he may deem advisable; vote in the Board of Fellows, in the Board of Overseers, and in the Boards of Fellows and Overseers met in convention, whenever the Fellows, the Overseers, or the convention, as the case may be, are equally divided, or whenever his vote would change a result; and perform such other duties as are usually incumbent on such an officer. He may be removed from office by vote of a majority of the whole Board of Fellows with the concurrence of a majority of the whole Board of Overseers: *Provided* reasonable notice shall have first been given him in writing specifying the grounds of removal, and a full hearing upon the specifications shall have taken place before the corporation.

Sec. 6. The number of the Board of Fellows shall not, at any time, be more than fifteen, and it shall not be necessary for more than seven of them, or six with the President, to be present to constitute a quorum for the transaction of business; they may adopt such regulations and by-laws for the transaction of the business of their Board as they may deem expedient; they shall choose a Secretary of their Board who may or may not be a member of their Board, and who shall be the Secretary of the corporation; they shall fill all vacancies occurring in their Board, and may declare a vacancy in their Board whenever, in their judgment, sufficient cause exists for such vacancy.

SEC. 7. The number of the Board of Overseers shall not at any time be more than twenty-five; and it shall not be necessary for more than nine of said Overseers, or eight with the President of the College, to be present to constitute a quorum for the transaction of business. The said Overseers being taken in the order in which they are mentioned in this act shall be divided into five classes, the first five to constitute the first class, the second five the second class, and this order to continue through the list; and the term of office of the first class shall expire at the close of the annual meeting of the corporation in this year eighteen hundred and seventy-three, and at the close of each succeeding annual meeting the term of the class next in order shall expire; and the vacancies thus created shall be filled by the said Board of Overseers, two of them to be from persons nominated by the alumni of the College from their own number; and the five persons chosen annually to fill the five said vacancies shall continue in office for the term of five years unless removed for sufficient cause: *provided*, that if the said Alumni shall decline or neglect to nominate persons for two of the said vacancies, the said vacancies shall be filled by the said Board of Overseers; or, if the said Alumni shall, in the judgment of the said Board of Overseers, nominate unsuitable persons for Overseers, the said vacancies shall be filled by the said Board of Overseers, independent of such nomination. *And provided further*, that all vacancies created by death, resignation or removal, shall be filled by the said Board of Overseers; *and provided further still*, that no alumnus shall serve as a member of the corporation until at least the fifth year from the time of his graduation.

SEC. 8. The said Board of Overseers shall choose a President and Secretary of their Board, the latter of whom may or may not be a member of their Board; may adopt such regulations and by-laws for the transaction of their business as they may deem expedient; may determine, with the concurrence of the President of the College and the Board of Fellows, the times and places of holding their meetings, and may declare a vacancy in their Board whenever in their judgment sufficient cause exists for such vacancy.

SEC. 9. The said Board of Overseers shall have power to concur or non-concur in any act, vote or order of the said Board of Fellows, and to propose to the President of the College, or to the Board of Fellows, such amendments thereto or such original actions as they shall deem expedient; and no act, vote or order of the said Board of Fellows shall have any effect or validity without the concurrence of the said Board of Overseers; *provided*, that the said Board of Fellows shall have the special powers mentioned in section six of this act without such concurrence. *And provided further*, that degrees may be conferred in joint convention of the two Boards; and that any matters contained in the addresses of the President and in the reports of the Treasurer, may by unanimous consent be considered and acted upon finally in joint convention.

SEC. 10. The corporation may ap-

point an executive board consisting of the President of the College and such other members of the corporation as may be deemed necessary, to whom full power may be delegated to act for and in behalf of the corporation from one annual meeting to another.

SEC. 11. All powers granted to the corporation in section seven of the act approved February fourteen, eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, entitled "An act to amend the charter of Bates College," shall continue vested in the said President and Trustees as mentioned in this act.

SEC. 12. This act shall not affect the tenure of office of any person holding any office or appointment under the said act approved February fourteen, eighteen hundred and sixty-eight; and all rules, regulations, laws and by-laws adopted and now in force under the said act not inconsistent with the provisions of this act, shall continue in force until altered or annulled by the said President and Trustees mentioned in this act in the manner provided in this act.

SEC. 13. The annual meeting of the President and Trustees aforesaid shall be held on the day preceding the Commencement of the College, and special meetings may be called by the President of the College as heretofore provided, or by any three Fellows and four Overseers, due notice being given of the time and place.

SEC. 14. The act approved February fourteen, eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, entitled "An act to amend the charter of Bates College," so far as it is inconsistent with the provisions of this act and all acts and parts of acts so far as they are inconsistent with the provisions of this act, are hereby repealed.

SEC. 15. This act shall take effect from and after its approval by the Governor and when it shall have been accepted by the corporation of said College.

IN HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, January 14, 1873.

This bill having had three several readings, passed to be enacted.

EDMUND F. WEBB, SPEAKER.

IN SENATE, January 14, 1873.

This bill having had two several readings, passed to be enacted.

J. B. FOSTER, PRESIDENT.

JANUARY 14, 1873. Approved.

SIDNEY PERHAM, GOVERNOR.

—On page 10, for "guest" read quest; also on page 13, at bottom of first column, the word "correcting" should be inserted after towards; and on page 14, first column, for "truthful" read hurtful.

BATES COLLEGE.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.

REV. OREN B. CHENEY, D.D.,
President.

REV. JOHN FULLONTON, D.D.,
Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology.

REV. JOHN JAY BUTLER, D.D.,
Professor of New Testament Literature and Homiletics.

JONATHAN Y. STANTON, A. M.,
Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.

REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, A.M.,
Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.

RICHARD C. STANLEY, A.M.,
Professor of Chemistry and Geology.

THOMAS L. ANGELL, A.M.,
Professor of Modern Languages and Mathematics.

REV. CHARLES H. MALCOM, D.D.,
Professor of History.

REV. JAMES ALBERT HOWE, A.M.,
Professor of Systematic Theology.

GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M.,
Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M.,
Professor of Hebrew.

REV. WILLIAM H. BOWEN, A.M.,
Professor of Sacred Rhetoric.

CLARENCE A. BICKFORD, A.B.,
Tutor.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

Terms of Admission.

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

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's Æneid; six orations of Cicero; the Catiline of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and in Harkness' Latin Grammar. **GREEK**: In three books of Xenophon's Anabasis; two books of Homer's Iliad, and in Hadley's Greek Grammar. **MATHEMATICS**: In Loomis' or Greenleaf's Arithmetic, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' Algebra, and in two books of Geometry. **ENGLISH**: In Mitchell's Ancient Geography, and in Worcester's Ancient History.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

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

COURSE OF STUDY.

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

EXPENSES.

The annual expenses are about $200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen Scholarships, and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry may receive assistance every year of the course—it is hoped $100 a year.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

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

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

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

Tuition, room rent, and use of libraries, free.

COMMENCEMENT.....JUNE 25, 1873.
FALL TERM BEGINS.....AUG. 21, 1873.

For Catalogue or other information, address

OREN B. CHENEY, PRESIDENT, *Lewiston, Me.*

NICHOLS LATIN SCHOOL.

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

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

BOARD OF INSTRUCTION.

LYMAN G. JORDAN, A.B., PRINCIPAL.....Teacher of Latin and Greek.

THEODORE G. WILDER, A.B.....Teacher of Mathematics.

FREDERIC H. PECKHAM, A.B.....Teacher of English Branches.

FRANK W. COBB.....Assistant Teacher in Latin.

For further particulars send for Catalogue.

A. M. JONES, *Secretary.*

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