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VOL. I. FEBRUARY, 1873. NO. 2.

THE

BATES STUDENT.

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EDITED BY FREDERICK B. STANFORD AND HENRY W. CHANDLER.

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THE

BATES STUDENT.

VOL. I. FEBRUARY, 1873. NO. 2.

MY CHUM AND I;

OR, A WINTER IN THE PETTIFER NEIGHBORHOOD.

II.

SUNBEAMS dancing across the ocean and flashing in at the windows, together with noisy waves and the odor of fresh-baked beans and brown-bread, announced to Chum and myself that it was Sunday morning—the beginning of the longest day of the week, in the Pettifer Neghborhood.

When we made our appearance at breakfast, the person mentioned as Uncle Davy Grier was walking up and down the dining-room floor talking to the others of the Pettifer household in an excited manner. He ceased speaking upon seeing us, and the captain and his sister seemed somewhat embarrassed. Neither one offered to introduce me to him, and in fact he gave them no opportunity, but stepped to one of the windows and turned his back towards us.

Breakfast was conducted on a different plan from supper. To begin with, the family stood around the table while Uncle Davy invoked a divine blessing. It was rather long, or at least it seemed so upon the first morning, for I had not learned it then so I could repeat it myself, and consequently had no assurance that it would ever come to any final amen. Poor little Ebb suffered martyrdom during the exercise. His young limbs were not equal to the task of standing it out. He turned and twisted, and stood on one leg at a time, and looked wofully wistful at the old man. But he kept on, on, on, until he grew frightfully red in the face and his creaking voice failed him outright, then—he fell in a heap into his chair, and the crockery gave one prolonged rattle of relief.

When Chum called Uncle Davy an old fossil, I think he described him as concretely as possible. He was small in stature and lean—withered. His face was a multiplication of wrinkles, and the color of saffron, while his head had long since given up all attempts to grow hair. He had very large ears, but they rendered him little service, for even the captain's lusty voice could not penetrate them. He stooped at an angle of forty-five degrees, and when he stepped on one foot the other had a

curious way of flying up like the limb of a penny jumping-jack; or, perhaps I might say he had the spring-halt. His eyes were small and sparkling. In regard to his age I cannot be very positive, but Chum thought it probable he had been left over from the last century.

This description is not a caricature. No, far be it from me to even attempt a caricature of Uncle Davy Grier.

Well, Chum saw that I was wondering what could come next, and, moving his foot under the table so as to touch mine, he nodded towards the clock behind me. I turned leisurely and looked at the old machine, but noticed nothing there which might explain his meaning. So he again nodded significantly, and Ebb and Flo, catching sight of this deaf and dumb performance, began to laugh. Philothety favored them with an annihilating glance, which attracted the captain's attention; and we all should have been staring at the clock in a few moments, if Uncle Davy had not got up and approached it. Then I understood that Chum's purpose was to draw my attention to a huge Bible, covered in dirty calf, which the old man now took down from the top of the ancient time-piece.

After wiping his nose with a bandana handkerchief for a moment or two, and cleaning a huge pair of spectacles, which he adjusted upon that organ, Uncle Davy announced that we would read now from the Holy Scriptur' in order to prepare us the better to undergo the trials of another day. Whereupon he turned to the third chapter of Lamentations and began: "I am the man that hath seen affliction by the rod of his wrath." Away he went, now slow, now fast; pronouncing sometimes three or four verses in one breath, knocking out a syllable here and there, stuttering the big words and swallowing the little ones.

This half-hour of reading cost considerable exertion, and when he was done Uncle Davy became very deliberate, taking great pains to place a long piece of rope-yarn in the book at this identical chapter, so that he might have no trouble in finding the place on the morrow. Then he took off his spectacles and, having consigned them to a tin case, sat quiet, looking pensively at a crack in the floor.

No one moved. A dread silence held the assemblage spell-bound.

"Now we'll unite in supplication," said he, falling on his knees.

This was the way he had of announcing his programme as he went along.

The poor old man must have spent a good part of his life in perfecting this prayer. For it was unique. I never, before or since, met anything in the language like it, and Noah Webster would certainly have hid his head for shame had he heard the number of words Uncle Davy used which are wanting in his great dictionary. In length this prayer was just twenty minutes, no more nor less. While it was being measured out, the captain employed the time in surveying his wooden leg and rubbing to brightness the brass ring which adorned the end of that article. Philothety bowed her head over the coffee-pot, and kept up one continual firing of amens.

When Uncle Davy had finished, he

arose and shuffled out of the room; and this was the last we saw of him during the day.

A curious, mysterious old man, whom I soon learned to regard with feelings akin to awe.

Although he never made his appearance among the family only at breakfast, one was constantly meeting him in strange and out-of-the-way places, starting up and vanishing like a shadow. He seemed to have a terrible dread of meeting any one face to face, and at such times the expression upon his countenance was that of great fright. He spoke to Chum and myself only once during our stay with the Pettifers. And this was one morning after breakfast, when his mind seemed unusually burdened.

"Young man," said he, looking inquiringly over the rims of his spectacles at Chum, "did you ever see Robinson Crusoe?"

Chum answered that he had unfortunately been born a few years too late to enjoy such a happy privilege.

"Yes, of course — what am I talking about? — he was a great man, a *great* man, will you remember that?"

Out came Chum's pencil and notebook instantly, and the fact was duly recorded, after which the old man left us, probably settling it in his mind that we both were extremely young and ignorant.

A wing had been joined to the captain's house, especially, as it appeared, for Uncle Davy to live in. And I suspect the interior of this abode was as strange as it was thought to be, for there were many weird stories about this peculiar individual floating around the Neighborhood. The door was kept fast against intruders, and across the windows, which were small and like loopholes, bars of strong wood had been nailed, making these apertures resemble those of a jail. Two monstrous black cats were Uncle Davy's only companions; and that they might have some means of exit and ingress, he had cut a hole in the roof near the chimney, and fashioned a cover which worked on a hinge so that it would open when pressed against, and after the animal had passed out or in, immediately fly back.

Like the old man, these cats were shy and reticent. One seldom saw them out in the day-time, but frequently at the "witching hour of night" they stalked abroad and held long and protracted meetings on the ridge-pole of the house, in a language wholly their own.

That there was something wrong with Uncle Davy Grier, and that the captain and his sister took pains to keep close communion on the subject, was plain. How he came to live with them, why he set himself apart from the rest of the family in that prison-like wing, or what made him haunt the lonely grave as some restless spirit from the boundaries of another world, were mysteries indeed to Chum and myself.

But the secret came out after a while, or, at least, part of it. We were sitting one night before the fire-place in the old dining-room, Chum, myself, and the children; and the candles had not yet been lighted, for the burning logs served to illuminate the place quite well enough. Moreover, it was

Chum's delight to spend that part of the day between darkness and daylight, which I think might well be called God's hour, near a fire in sober silence. He liked to watch the glowing coals form themselves into fantastic pictures, and to fashion grotesque figures out of the flickering, tipsy shadows on the wall. Ebb had stretched out his little body on a fox-skin rug at the feet of Flo, and cushioned his head in her lap. Nothing pleased this little man more than to have Flo pet him; and she did it in the most charming manner. The love between these children was something sacred. Such an affair as a quarrel was never thought of. They seldom played with other children, but would go roaming together about the beach a whole day, gathering shells with which they ladened miniature ships and sent them on disastrous voyages.

Oh, it seems a long, long ago! and yet, as I pen these words, that pretty child-face comes up before me, and I see it just as plainly as then, when sitting in that homely old place, with nothing to set it off but large blue, half-wondering eyes and tangled knots of nut-brown hair.

"I wish he would go away; I don't like him at all," said Ebb, raising his head and looking towards the window.

There seemed to be some strange instinct in the child, which always warned him of Uncle Davy's presence, for, at this very moment, the old man was peering in through the glass at us. He drew back, however, and disappeared as soon as he saw we were observing him.

"You 're naughty to dislike Uncle Davy so much, Ebb," said Flo, reprovingly, and twisting a lock of his glossy black hair around a pretty little finger.

"Why? — no, I a' n't."

"Aunt Phil says he's crazy. Does n't that mean somethin' awful, Mister Guild?"

"Yes, Flo; it is something very terrible indeed."

"He's afraid ef everybody 'cause he believes they're goin' to kill him. He's afraid ef you and me, Ebb."

"Wal, he tells whoppin' stories 'bout little boys and girls bein' all burnt up; and he says there'll be a cross in th' sky and a big angel 'll blow his horn. It's wrong to tell stories, and that's what makes him afraid."

"Perhaps so," said Flo, looking at the blazing wood, "I don't know." Then after some moments of silence, "I wish he would n't go to mamma's grave so often."

"How do you know that Uncle Davy goes to that grave, Flo?" asked Chum, with some surprise, for neither of us had ever seen him there except at night.

"Oh, I go there, too, some nights when the wind blows hard, I think mamma must be lonesome, and wants me. Uncle Davy keeps somethin' buried near the grave-stone, and he always runs away when he sees me coming. Just as ef I could hurt him?"

From these few words dropped by the children, and some others afterwards, by a friend of the family, John Myrtle, we made out that Uncle Davy had had long ago what he believed was a presentiment that he would ultimately come to his death at the hands of an assassin. This had so worked

upon his mind that he had become partially insane, and hence, the barred windows, the timid, shrinking figure, and the terrible dread of being in the presence of other people.

In fairy love we read of wondrous transmutations and disguises. How evil spirits have come in the fairest and saddest forms; how fell and shrew-eyed witches have waited in forest glades by night, in shapes of the loveliest nymphs. So in every leaf and bough, and even in the pretty face of an innocent child, and the whistling wind, and the dash of the sea, did Davy Grier seem to find some cause for apprehension of wickedness.

But — this chapter should be about our first Sunday in the Pettifer Neighborhood, instead of Uncle Davy.

Did we go to "meetin'? Yes, of course! The captain, after taking an observation of the clouds, vouched to us that the wind was "backin' round and lightenin' up th' weather," so that there could be no reasonable fears of a storm for at least twenty-four hours. I make mention of the time we might expect it to remain pleasant, because it was always a question of some importance, as service began at about eleven in the forenoon and continued until four in the afternoon.

Now I believe some of my readers must know that the teacher's, or teachers', first Sunday at meeting is rather a severe and awful occasion; that everybody and everybody's children deem it their privilege to stare at and criticise the forthcoming pedagogue to their hearts' content; to set him down as a little too small or young, or right-smart, or a pert-looking chap. Of course the Pettifer Neighborhood was there, the whole of it. Sunday was a sort of a general muster-day, when every man, woman, and child, turned out in "go-to-meetin'-clothes." The Reverend Christopher Olewinkle, propped up by the very stiffest and most immaculate of shirt bosoms, sat aloft in his pulpit, stern and foreboding. Covering his crown there was a stubby red wig, which persisted in dropping over his forehead, and waging war with his bushy eyebrows.

In the front gallery, opposite the pulpit, the choir was seated; and when the minister had read the hymn, the congregation arose and gave this young singing-school their attention to the length of six stanzas. Then came the sermon, which was delivered extempore, in a voice like the rush of mighty winds, and accompanied with indescribable gestures; yet it was good and practical, if not quite logical, and affected the hearers, — though a few did go to sleep and lose the best part.

Back of us sat two fat old ladies that were much interested, and in front there was a phthisicky little man who kept a shawl muffled about his head, leaving uncovered only the bald portion; and when he coughed — which he did every other minute — he jounced up and down on his seat like an India-rubber ball. Off to the right sat a lean, spare woman dressed in black, with her head bent forward, and her hand placed at right-angle to her ear, so that no word of the minister should escape her hearing.

Now imagine, reader, a lazy, idle

boy perched on a high board-fence near the meeting-house, gazing composedly at the congregation within, and possibly I have not failed in representing to you how this Sunday gathering appeared to Chum and myself.

It was near the time of sunset when the devotional exercises came to a close, and the people issued forth from the church. As Chum and I passed down the aisle, he touched my arm and whispered:

"Look at that pretty face near the door, Sid?"

Only a momentary glance, and then the face was lost in the crowd; but, somehow, an instant was sufficient to fix every feature perfectly in my memory, and to observe that they were very different from those of the other girls standing there.

Yes, this was the first time Chum ever saw Mary Myrtle, but I don't propose to say anything more about her here, because he didn't; and, — she certainly will get possession of my pen before I have proceeded much further with this story.

POTESTAS IN POSSE.

I DREAMED I had the poet's power to sing
And struck the harp of language; but it gave
To my unholy touch no answer, save
An empty sound of some forgotten thing;
So empty, that the melodies that ring
Through every archway of my spirit's nave,
Ceased on my lips, as if a sudden wave
Had chilled the music which they strove to bring.
— One day the Saviour, to his pitying breast
Clasped me and smiled, and, smiling, made me whole;
The wakened harp sprang trembling from its rest,
While o'er its strings soft strains of music stole;
In sweet accord, my hallowed lips expressed
The sacred rapture of a ransomed soul.

THE PAINTER'S MISSION.

TRUE lovers of the beautiful in Nature and Art are blessed beyond the power of words to tell. They need not perpetual sunshine to be always glad. Their profound sympathy with all created things admits them into the Holy of holies, where is felt the presence of the Infinite, and it is known to be a blessed thing for man to live, even when the voice of song is hushed, and

the gloom and tempest prevail. Who are they that live in a world of beauty which they cannot see, for they are blind? Who are they that breathe in air filled with the sweetest harmonies which they cannot hear, for they are deaf? Surely not those who feel the hidden soul of things, knowing their diviner qualities, but those who know them not, those who live beneath the blue skies and among the joyful hills, as in a dreary dungeon. To such, how much is denied, what wealth of sensibility, what glory of imagination. "No one receives the true culture of a man, or knows the highest goodness, who does not feel beauty." Through the tough fibres of some souls the spirit of the beautiful sends no thrill; "other souls," says the poet, "have lost all things but the love of beauty." The former are sadly poor, and yet how capable; the latter are inexpressibly rich, but the infinite is still before them. To love the beautiful is to love Nature and Art; to love Nature is to love God; to love Art is to love the only expression of God which man can give, other than a life of faith, and hope, and charity.

The painter's calling is no less sacred than the poet's and the preacher's. His inspiration is drawn from the same divine source, and descends no less abundantly. He, too, has a right to stand at the altar of the beauty of truth and holiness in the temple of God.

The office of art, according to Emerson, is to educate the perception of beauty. This we accept to be the chief business of the painter. His aim is essentially the same as the pure-minded poet's—to refine and elevate the soul. They differ merely in their expression of the great purpose and spirit within them. The one addresses the soul through the eye, the other through the ear. The one represents Nature, the other interprets it; and yet, not only so, for the poet is often a representer and the painter an interpreter. He feels this who gazes with admiration upon the vast panorama of Milton's epic, or stands lost in profound meditation before the frescos of Angelo.

Is it not better to know God as a God of infinite beauty, than as a being deformed by anger and hate? The painter, then, will deal mainly with Nature's brighter suggestions and fairer forms, and with so much of power as is his, will present us the beauties of azure and blushing skies, and suggest to us

> "The air salubrious of the lofty hills,
> The cheering fragrance of the dewy vales,
> And music of the woods."

He will also show us many things which, without his magical aid, we should never behold, except by the dimness and impotency of our own fancies—the scenes of other times, and the beauties of other climes than our own.

> "We admire the painter's magic skill,
> Who shows us that which we shall never see,
> Conveys a distant country into ours,
> And throws Italian lights on English walls."

And more than this. "In our fine arts not only imitation, but creation is the aim. In landscapes the painter should often give the suggestion of a fairer creation than we know." The ideal of the poet embodies the perfect love, peace, holiness of the millen-

nium,—that of the painter, the beauty and excellence of a new Eden, and combined, what a picture they present of the glorious state and circumstance of human perfection.

The painter, that we may justly appreciate Nature, incites us to the study of its grand and minute forms, its blending of colors, its wondrous fitness of parts and symmetry as a whole. We come out from the artist's studio with intenser interest in the outward world, desiring to see if these things be so, which he has told us, and observing, we enjoy, as never before, the purple mist of the valley at eventide, and the delicate hues that glorify the heavens. A bursting flower, a waving cornfield, the smiling sea, a softly emerging star, awaken within us the long-latent admiration which they merit. The genius of the artist has embraced our souls.

"Nature, that great missionary of the Most High," wrote Mrs. Child, "preaches to us forever in all tones of love, and writes truth in all colors, on manuscripts illuminated with stars and flowers. If we were in harmony with the *whole* we might understand her. Here and there a spirit, less at discord, hears semitones in the ocean and wind, and when the stars look into his heart, he is stirred with dim recollection of a universal language, which would reveal *all*, if he only remembered the alphabet." Such a spirit is the true artist. He is one of Nature's apter pupils, and although he may know but little of the secrets that only God and the angels know, yet, because he sees more, knows more, feels more than we, he becomes our eloquent teacher, and we are his willing pupils; and in proportion as he imparts to us his own insight and enthusiasm, he proves himself the true artist and our benefactor.

And yet, the painter must not only give us ideals and teach us love for the beautiful; there is a lower branch of his art which claims some attention, and which avails to interest and move even those dull souls that never delight in his higher works. The painter lights in the heart the flame of true heroism, teaches worthy lessons of patriotism, philanthrophy, moral greatness, by placing before us representations of the grandest and most significant scenes in history,—the winning of a battle, the making of a treaty, the landing of some exiles, the signing of a declaration of human rights, or a proclamation of the enfranchisement of a race. Among the proudest monuments which any age can leave of itself, those which a grateful posterity will most prize, are representations of its worthiest events by the best painters of the time. This fact is not so well understood as it should be, or once was. The mediæval historical painters were more conscious, apparently, of their duty to their age and to posterity, in this respect, than the painters of to-day. What will future generations care for our fanciful pictures of antiquity? Will their imaginations be less lively than our own, or their artists less skillful?

Finally, no more potent teacher of morals exists in this world, than a great painter. It is related by Ruskin that Raphael, in his youth, went to Rome to decorate the Vatican. Before that event, the arts of Europe were almost wholly consecrated to Christianity; the subjects of the great ideal

paintings were religious, but a change was at hand. In the first chamber which he decorated, the young artist placed on opposite walls a picture of the world of Theology, presided over by Christ, and a picture of the world of Poetry, presided over by Apollo, thus elevating to the level of the object of religious faith the not altogether harmless creation of a poetic, sensuous fancy. "From that chamber," says Ruskin, "went forth the doom of the arts of Europe." The pure spirit of Christianity fell back a little before the partial return of the spirit of a pagan mythology. Naked Venuses replaced the chaste Madonnas, and rosy Cupids figured on walls and canvas, instead of the sweet-faced cherubs.

The effect of the revolution which then began in the morals of art is still visible in the works of literature and art that everywhere abound. Whether it shall wholly pass away, remains to be seen. Very many of our living artists are true to the interests of morality and religion, very many are not wholly so. But as in social customs, in literature, so in art, all unhealthful tendencies will be avoided by the worthy workman, and condemned by the pure in heart whose desire is to see God, and him only, in the works of his hands.

HERE AND THERE WHILE ABROAD.

II.

LUCKILY I made the trip of the Rhine, that pilgrimage the desire and delight of every foreigner, at a period when, if the vineyards were not in their maturity, the grass and the foliage were in their glory, and as yet unharmed by the drouth. The most interesting portion of this famous river lies between Mayence and Cologne, and is the part generally visited by tourists. But to me every rod of it is beautiful. Entering recently at its very mouth, where it leaves the fair Lake of Constance, and sailing for a few hours down its current, which at first flows smoothly and gently, and then gradually increasing in speed, becomes more troubled as it moves onward, and at length sweeps on fearfully and plunges in a snowy foam of rage over the airy falls at Schaffhausen — if the scenery upon this portion appeared less grand than farther down on its seaward course, still it has something of the gentleness and sweetness of early childhood, in contrast with the luxuriant bloom and sparkling vigor of youth and ripening manhood.

The great interest of the Rhine centers in its historical associations principally, and if one visits it, as many do, without any special reference to these, I can readily understand how he experiences that feeling of disappointment which you hear not unfrequently expressed. The simple scenery is not so diversified, and perhaps not so thrilling, as upon our own beautiful Hudson. It has more the aspect of the upper Mississippi; and yet not

quite its mellow sameness. Many lines of large and handsome steamers fly hourly over its surface between Mayence and Cologne, touching at the cities of lesser note, and at the many little villages lying along on either bank between these two points. From Mayence to Bingen nearly, the shores are not abrupt, and the mountains on either hand lie back in the distance. But from Bingen to Coblenz the river is fairly walled in by mountain ranges, whose countless summits, sometimes round and smooth like a huge cone, sometimes steep and jagged and frowning like a grim monster, sometimes light and airy, shooting their pinnacles up heavenward, keep watch and ward over the fair daughter of waters, who, singing as she goes, has for ages held them all enchanted by the witchery of her song.

The river is very winding, so that you rarely see more than a quarter of a mile above or below you; the mountains at these bends are almost invariably huge ledges and cliffs, with their faces rising perpendicularly hundreds of feet, and nearly all of them crowned with a grim old castle, some of them habitable even to-day; while others, vast and strong in their proportions, are crumbling under the weight of ages, but more frequently under the murderous and sacrilegious hands of the French, who, in the past centuries, have time and again devastated this land. Many of these ruins are immense, and situated as they are at heights and in places almost inaccessible, it must have required years of agonizing toil to construct them in their pristine form; and they tell a sad story of the servile wretchedness of the peasantry, and of the barbarous manners of the Middle Ages. Wherever it is possible, the mountain sides are covered with vineyards, not unfrequently reaching to the very summit, and they are made and tended with the greatest care; little walks being built across the steep slopes, and the soil itself is often carried up in baskets and spread upon the rock, to make the garden in which to plant the vines. You may sail for hours along the more level shores of the river, and as far as the eye can see, on either hand there is one unbroken vineyard. The little villages along the shores are quaint indeed. The houses are small, made of stone, have tile roofs, and are generally gloomy in appearance. The village generally consists of but one street, and that is narrow, and runs right upon the edge of the river. The cliffs come so close to the water at their base as to admit but a single row of these houses, each with its little garden plat, a few rods square, in front. They are dreary, and the poor peasants inhabiting them know little of pleasure and nothing of luxury.

The shores of the Rhine, instead of being fringed with long mountain chains are, most of the way, bordered with broken lines and solitary mountains, and it is the deep gorges and wooded dells lying between these and at right angles to the river which give especial beauty to the scenery. Charming excursions can be made through them back to the table lands above, and it is from the heights only that the beauty of the Rhine can be really appreciated. The current of the river is

strong, the water of a light, clear, greenish hue, and generally unruffled in its movement. The different cities upon its shores, like Mayence, with its old Roman relics, and its rich history in past centuries; Coblenz, with its gigantic fortifications; Bonn, with its famous University; and Cologne, with its wonderful Cathedral; together with many little villages nestling by its waters, all are deeply interesting to the traveller and repay a careful visit.

But it is the weird stories and the quaint old legends of the Rhine that delight the world. There is scarce an island or rapid in its waters, or a cliff, a gorge, a promontory, or a castle upon its shores, that is not the lurking place of some fiend or fairy, who, if less potent than in former ages, yet dwells there still, as veritable a personage to the credulous peasantry as the Holy Virgin herself. That strange mingling of chivalry and barbarism which characterized the Middle Ages, played its wildest freaks here, and the legendary lore of the Rhine, sometimes light and fantastic, but more frequently sombre and sentimental, yet always fascinating, is an inexhaustible source of delight to the readers of the world.

There is a beautiful little tower in the Rhine near Bingen, relating to which there is a curious legend, which has been happily versified by an English author. The ruin is called the "Mouse Tower." It was originally designed as a station for collecting toll on the river, and was probably erected by Archbishop Hatto, who, although a good man and a benefactor to his country, became, through the rigidness of his ecclesiastical discipline, obnoxious to many of his contemporaries. Hence the strangely ridiculous story that follows:—

"The Bishop of Mentz was a wealthy prince,
Wealthy and proud was he;
He had all that was worth a wish on earth,
But he had not charitie!
He would stretch out his *empty* hands to *bless*,
Or lift them both to *pray*;
But, alack! to lighten man's distress
They moved no other way.

"A famine came; but his heart was still
As hard as his pride was high;
And the starving poor but thronged his door
To curse him and to die.
At length from the crowd rose a clamor so loud,
That a cruel plot laid he;
He open'd one of his granaries wide
And bade them enter free!

"In they rushed — the maid and the sire,
And the child that could barely run —
Then he closed the barn and set it on fire,
And burnt them every one!
And loud he laugh'd at each terrible shriek,
And cried to his archer-train,
'The merry mice! how shrill they squeak!
They are fond of the Bishop's grain!'

"But mark what an awful judgment soon
On the cruel Bishop fell!
With so many mice his palace swarm'd
That in it he could not dwell.
They gnaw'd the arras above and beneath,
They ate each savory chip up,
And shortly their sacrilegious teeth
Began to nibble the Bishop!

"He flew to his castle of Ehrenfels,
By the side of the Rhine so fair;
But they found the road to his new abode
And came in legions there!
He built him in haste a tower tall
In the tide, for his better assurance;
But they swam the river and scaled the wall
And worried him past endurance!

"One morning his skeleton there was seen,
By a load of flesh the lighter;
They had picked his bones uncommonly clean,
And eaten his very mitre!
Such was the end of the Bishop of Mentz:
And oft, at the midnight hour,
He comes in the shape of fog so dense
And sits in his old 'Mouse Tower.'"

BOGGLES.

CONSERVATISM *versus* Radicalism. This was the subject our professor gave us for that-day week's composition.

Boggles looked mystified. Muggins was astounded. Boggles proceeded to his room in deep thought. Muggins went to his home, not far away, and wondered what the professor meant by giving such a subject to Freshmen in their second term.

Muggins consulted Webster. He weighed the merits of conservatism and radicalism, and finally decided that the balance fell in favor of the latter. Meanwhile Boggles, though having pursued a similar process, had arrived at a conclusion directly opposed to that of his friend. Theodore Boggles, from that flourishing and celebrated town of Bogville, Maine, after having considered the matter for a whole hour, concluded to adopt the principles of conservatism. Let this testimony forever stand forth gloriously to bear witness to the virtue of old customs and old institutions.

I must delay, for a moment, just here, to give a reason for the writing of this sketch. There are some, yea, many, men in this world who, though their lives are spent in doing good, and elevating their fellow-men, seem never to be appreciated. Boggles is one of those men. That is, I cannot refer to any particular act of goodness, or any deed by which he has succeeded in elevating his fellow-men, yet this could hardly be expected of Boggles,—a Freshman in his second term. But Boggles is a man of talent and, as such, he is not appreciated.

I never saw the name of Boggles in print only at the time of our prize declamation, when he was marked excused. For reasons like these do I undertake to proclaim the name of one so shamefully neglected.

Said Ludenberg to me one day, pointing to Boggles, "There is a character."

Ludenberg is our only Bostonian, and when he points to a person who didn't come from Boston, and says, "There is a character," then there *must be* a character. And Ludenberg said to me emphatically, referring to Boggles, "There is a character."

But we have not to depend upon this assertion alone. I heard Judith Mudder exclaim to her friend, Mellie Dorr, at a party, "What would our parties be without Boggles? Doesn't he always propose the right thing at just the right time?"

"Sure enough," answered Mellie, "and then he is so droll with those jokes of his."

This conversation gives some idea of the estimation in which Boggles was held by the fair sex. Yet, even here, he was not fully appreciated; for there wasn't a girl in the company who would have chosen him for an escort, provided there was any other gentleman remaining. Why, I can tell no better than why the name of Boggles is not known in every household in the land. I only know that such was the case.

And Boggles felt it? To be sure he did. Muggins has often told me that Boggles lamented his ill-success among the ladies, most deeply. So, when I had heard the conversation just mentioned, I hastened to repeat it to Muggins, knowing that it would soon reach the ears of Boggles.

From that day till the time of our story, Boggles was in the highest spirits; for he prided himself upon those jokes of which Mellie had spoken, and when anybody complimented them he was sure of the eternal friendship of Theodore Boggles. He was possessed of a nature too noble not to scorn the insinuations of a flatterer; but when he recognized, as he did in this instance, a natural outburst of praise coming spontaneously from the heart, then, like any other sensible man, he could not restrain a feeling of pride, — I had almost said vanity; and when you remember that he had been attacked in his weakest position, I think you should excuse even a feeling of vanity in the heart of our hero. He now felt that there was one, at least, who recognized his merit and was not ashamed to confess it. Not that his merit had never been recognized before. Muggins always spoke well of Boggles, and Boggles knew it and liked Muggins for it. But, somehow, these last expressions of appreciation seemed more tender and beautiful than any praise which Muggins could give, and he vowed that he would make himself still more worthy of esteem, and put to shame all who had been wont to scoff at him.

He had just become thoroughly imbued with this determination when, on the morning alluded to, our professor announced "Conservatism *versus* Radicalism," as the subject of our next composition.

That afternoon, as soon as Muggins had concluded a second consultation with Webster, he started for the college and, in a few minutes, loitered into the room of Boggles, hoping to find a listener to his profound opinions on Radicalism and its province. He found Boggles very busily engaged in writing.

"I say, Boggles," he began, "what are you? radical or conservative?"

Boggles looked up. "Ah, halloo, Muggins! Glad to see you."

"I should say so," returned Muggins. "Here I have been talking to you and you have paid no more attention to me than if I were in California. But what in the world are you doing?"

"Writing my essay," answered Boggels dreamily; for he was thinking of those glowing sentences with which he would electrify his class on the following Wednesday.

"You are radical, of course," said Muggins.

"No!" said Boggles, gravely and thoughtfully, "I am conservative. After due deliberation, I have adopted this side of the question. My reasons you will learn next Wednesday."

"Conservative!" cried Muggins, as soon as he could master his astonishment. "Conservative! and beginning your composition a week before it is to be read! Why, this is the very essence of radicalism. Boggles, there is nothing more certain than that you have made a mistake."

But Boggles was not to be driven

from his position by any arguments which his friend could bring to bear upon him. In fact, it was one of the guiding principles of Boggles' character not to surrender a post once willingly taken. Yet, Boggles was not stubborn. Far from it. On the other hand, he was always ready to listen to reason. But the fact proves that he had that stability of character without which he would have been unworthy of even an imperfect sketch like this.

However, it was evident that Boggles had been seized by a new ambition. He devoted his time to writing; and even the half hour during which he was accustomed to prepare his daily recitations saw him smiling over the latest progeny of his brain, or apparently in the highest degree of agony over the prospect of its always remaining the latest. And so he worked almost incessantly from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, when he declared his theme to be completed.

Next day, Boggles returned to his old routine of action. That is, he slept during the service and afterward declared that he believed he never heard Mr. Black preach so close, so able, so logical a sermon as he preached that morning. But on Monday, Boggles acted in a very mysterious manner. Two or three times during the forenoon he came to me, opened his mouth as if to speak, and, after thinking a few moments, made some commonplace remark about the weather and turned away. At length, as I saw him approaching in this manner for the fifth time, I said: "Boggles, do you want to speak with me?"

"Oh, yes," he answered quickly, "about my theme. Come into my room a little while, till I read you some parts of it. I want to see what you think of it."

I was surprised. I had been aware all day that something of great weight was bearing upon the mind of Boggles; but I had expected nothing like this. And why? Because I knew that the breast of Muggins was the repository of all his confidences, and I was, indeed, surprised to find that he could trust me, too, with a knowledge of his new ambition.

After we entered his room, he continued: "It is the most comical thing you ever heard. If you won't laugh, then I don't know! Won't this bring down the class, though?"

Here Boggles pulled a large roll of manuscript from the back part of his book-case and commenced reading. There was a slight tremor in his voice, when he began, but this soon wore away and he had completed thirteen pages of foolscap in a most admirable manner before the though toccurred to me that I was expected to laugh at all the funny places. And I was still wondering if any such had escaped my notice, when these words fell upon my ear:

"Oh, these Radicals, these Radicals! Who shall say that they can be denounced too severely? They destroy the peace of families and the happiness of society. Why, I have known one of them to be so carried away by his theories that, after having given orders to be buried in the family vault, he committed suicide so as to get a change of air. In a word, their insanity can only be compared to that of the man

who put a smoked herring in his coat-tail pocket and imagined himself a mermaid."

Boggles paused, and I saw that my time had come; so I threw myself upon the floor and remained in a perfect agony of laughter for the space of five minutes. At the end of that time I managed to cry out: "For Heaven's sake, Boggles, don't read any more. I shall surely die if you do."

"No danger," said he. "You have heard the last sentence."

I assured him it was by far the best composition I had ever heard, and then crossed over to my own room to meditate upon the events of the afternoon. After I had seated myself, it occurred to me that, after having read his essay, Boggles had appeared a little cold. Indeed, he had merely listened to what I chose to say and then dismissed me without a word. "Never mind," I said, "I suppose it is all right. At any rate, I will think of pleasanter things."

"There must be," I continued, something in my face or in my general appearance which invites confidence; for Boggles trusted me, and Boggles is a sensible fellow, if there ever was one."

And, Tuesday morning, when I saw Boggles glide mysteriously out of his room, leaving the door ajar, and in a few minutes return with Ludenberg; and, moreover, when I heard his words to Ludenburg about "bringing down the class," I began to think that Ludenberg, too, possessed an inviting face and appearance.

"Strange," I mused, "I never thought of it before; but it's so. How natural it would be to tell him a secret!"

But when, at supper time, I recalled having seen every member of our class pass in at the same door and come out smiling, I was obliged to acknowledge myself stupid for having never perceived the same quality in each of them.

Wednesday morning, the sound of the chapel bell fell unnoticed on the ear of the sleeping Senior, disturbed the slumbering Junior, awakened the drowsy Sophomore, and brought the restless Freshman to his feet in the twinkling of an eye. Alas! that that morning, which had looked so bright to us in anticipation, should be so cloudy in reality.

My language is figurative. In other words, Boggles was nowhere to be found. His absence was first noticed at the breakfast-table, where his presence was always counted on as a certainty.

"Don't be afraid," said Ludenburg. "He will be here as soon as the professor."

But the professor came and Boggles did not. What could it mean? At length we ascertained that he had taken the early train for Bogville and that was all. Why he had gone, and above all why he had gone without informing us of his intention, were questions which none of us could answer.

On the third day, however, Boggles returned and made an explanation of his strange conduct. It would be sheer presumption in me to attempt to give that explanation in the exact words of Boggles himself. It is sufficient to know that he had left us a few days before in anger and disgust.

He was aware that the indulgence of such feelings towards classmates demanded a very strong reason. Such a reason he believed he had. He preferred not to give it, but, if pressed, he would say that it was our total failure to appreciate his theme. We had every one laughed at the wrong sentences!

Since those days, Boggles has assumed the Sophomore dignity; and he sometimes alludes to his dissertation on "Conservatism *versus* Radicalism," as an instance of his Freshman folly. But I still retain its history as a pet illustration of the fact that some men are never appreciated.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

HOW swiftly time passes! We have stood but a moment upon the threshold of the folding doors which separate the years that are past from the years that are to come. Time hurries us on to the work of another year, and, but for Memory's magic wand, those folding doors are closed to us forever.

We are now in Cupid's own month. It is Valentine month. Now the shop windows are filled with valentines of every description. Now the mail bags and door-bell wires are thoroughly tested. Now everybody seems brimful of love and mirthfulness.

Scarcely has the echo of the many happy New Years died away, when we see fluttering at every corner and hanging from every door knob, those missives of "fact, fun, and fancy." It seems as though all were trying to reiterate their New Year's expressions of love and good will.

Among the many symbols we see upon Valentines, there is one people never tire of using. It is the heart. All, from the prattling child to the blushing maiden, recognize and feel the power of this symbol. It is full of meaning. It speaks to our hearts. Some symbols are devoid of all sentiment; some are decidedly foolish; and it is interesting and amusing to sit down to one's table covered with valentines, and decipher these hieroglyphics — to draw from them an outline of the disposition and character of the givers. Try it, reader, if you never have, and see if your experience does not accord with ours.

Words, they tell us, are symbols. So we propose, reader, to send you a valentine; and although no artist has inscribed upon it a heart, yet, if you interpret it rightly, it speaks the language of our hearts. For we believe that even our short acquaintance will warrant our taking this as the symbol of our love and respect for you. And surely we ought to think so, for you have generously thrown open your hearts and purses to aid our undertaking.

We hope to be worthy of your confidence, and to have a large subscription list as the result of our labors. And so it is, amid the rustle of envelopes, while we and all around us are blithe, and gay, and happy, that we lay before you the Valentine number of THE STUDENT.

——"He burns the midnight oil." This is quite a common expression, and is generally understood to mean that the person spoken of is a hard-working student. A student's life is not without its trials, hardships and disappointments. Study looks like easy work.

What a difference there is between the dressing-gown, the books and papers of the student, and the shirt-sleeves, pick-axe and shovel of the man who works on the road! The former, however, is no less a laborer than the latter. Indeed, it is now generally conceded that it is harder to work with the brain than with the muscles. Let those who doubt this try the experiment, and they will find that books are not playthings, but tools, which it requires brain muscle to use with effect.

But, if they could speak, what strange stories some lamps would tell of the things they had witnessed at the hour of midnight! Perhaps you think they would tell of "struggles fierce and wild" with Greek roots and mathematical reductions *ad absurdum*. Doubtless many of them would. Some of them, however, if you should talk to them of books would hardly know what you meant, but they would tell of Napoleonic plans, and conversation of great import in relation to such and such affairs.

Now, although the expression of which we are speaking is an unfair, or rather, exclusive, compliment, people have too much common sense to place any real significance in it, but make their estimate of students according to what they can do, and not according to the hour they go to bed. We do not mean to say it is best to adopt the "early to bed and early to rise" system. A certain student once said, "It is part of our business in college to learn how to turn off a great amount of work in a short time." Now, if any one should say to you, "Mr. ——, I suppose you burn the midnight oil," don't be at all abashed if you have gone to bed every night at ten. Think of the work you have done and see if that satisfies you.

Students, just as in fact all persons, may be said to carry lamps filled with a certain amount of brain oil (if we may use the expression), which burns brightly, shedding a welcome light upon the unexplored paths of human progress, or lighting up with a flickering glare the opposite regions, according as the will turns the reflector.

The world is greatly indebted to kerosene for new theories, for many labor-saving machines, for many a good book; it is equally, if not more, indebted for the same things, to the clear, genial rays of God's sunlight.

——The last Thursday in February is the day of prayer for colleges. It was originally a New England institution, set apart in 1823 — just fifty years ago. It is now, however, generally observed throughout the country.

One of the Christian denominations, without consultation, as we understand, has taken the responsibility of announcing a change of the day to that of the last Thursday in January. This step is much to be regretted, for the very day had become sacred. Most of the New-England colleges, however, Dartmouth leading off, have declined to accept a change. Dartmouth says: "The last Thursday in January is an impossibility at Dartmouth, as it comes in vacation; — so at Brown; and it is inconvenient for other New England colleges."

Bates concurs in the opinion of the majority of the New England colleges

—that it would not be advisable to change the day. The last Thursday in January would be inconvenient at Bates, since many of the students are, at that time, engaged in teaching.

So then we trust that in 1874 there will be a general return to the dear old day. We suppose that religious exercises will, as usual, be held in our chapel on that day this year.

——What's in a name? This question was first proposed by William Shakspeare, two hundred and fifty years ago. Since then it has been repeated hundreds of times without eliciting a satisfactory answer. Notwithstanding all this, we venture very humbly to suggest that there is confusion in a name. We have been led to this belief by our experience in school teaching in the country. There the "college student," or the "young man from college," who comes to teach the village children, is looked upon with a wonder which borders on reverence; while the "college boy," whom they have heard of, is subjected to the sharpest criticism which gossiping tongues can apply.

We confess that to our mind it is difficult to draw the line of distinction; but this only goes to show the more conclusively that there is confusion in a name.

It would seem that one person may be at the same time a "college boy" and a "young man from college." And yet the two characters are decidedly opposed to each other. The one is a graceless and incorrigible scamp, who divides his time about equally between general deviltry and flirtation; the other is a sober, dignified young gentleman, who is a model of propriety, talks Latin and Greek with fluency, and is freely conversant with as much knowledge as is ever attained by a simple mortal.

Fortunately neither of these is a type of the average college student. He is usually a young man who desires to attain a certain degree of culture, generally, it is true, in the easiest possible way; and he is wronged just as much by being considered a "young man from college," according to a common acceptation of these terms, as by being called a "college boy."

When quite young we had a very erroneous idea of a student's work. For we thought one pursued a college course so that he might know everything there was to be learned. Alas, we did not realize what a terrible loneliness would be his who should "know everything there was to be learned"; or how this wonder-loving people would tear him in pieces in their eagerness to behold so great a monstrosity.

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

Odds and Ends.

STUDENTS' bosom friends—laundresses. Don't be offended ye Muslins and Silks.

A lover of healthy understandings says: A tight boot is like a book-case, for it often holds within it calf firmly bound.

Plug recommends the following as a sure cure for poor lessons: Liberal doses of concentrated study before and after meals.

Never tell folks you can go ahead of 'em, but do it. It spares a great deal of talk and helps them to save their breath to cool their broth.

A Sophomore astonished his division by translating *immolet æquis hic porcum Laribus* — Let him emulate a pork for his favorable household goods. —*Yale Courant.*

Says an English writer: "The best language in all countries is that spoken by intelligent women, of too high rank for petty affectation, and of too much request in society for deep study."

A dashing officer, meeting Dr. Johnson at a public dinner, endeavored to force him into conversation. Now, doctor, said he, do not look so glum, but be a little gay and lively like others. What would you give to be as young and sprightly as I am? Why, sir, replied Johnson, I would almost consent to be as foolish.

A Philadelphia professor who wants to breathe the air first and not second hand, has a habit of asking some member of the Junior class to "please open the window just back of you, sir, to let out the remains of the last Freshman class."

"You are an old sheep," said a promising specimen of Young America to his mother. "Well, you little rascal," exclaimed she, seizing the broom-stick, "If I am an old sheep, I *lam'd* you once, and I'll lam you again." — *Williams Review.*

"If I were mistress of fifty languages," said Madame De Stael, "I would think in the deep German, converse in the gay French, write in the copious English, sing in the majestic Spanish, deliver in the noble Greek, and make love in the soft Italian."

"That's where the boys fit for college," said the Professor to Mrs. Partington, pointing to a school-house.

"Did they?" asked the old lady with animation. "Then if they fit for the college before they went, they didn't fight afterwards?"

"Yes," said he, smiling and favoring

the conceit; "but the fight was with the head, not with the hands."

"Butted, did they?" said the old lady.

At a school in Greene Co., Iowa, the scholars caught a skunk and put it in the schoolma'am's desk, thinking she would "smell a mice," and give them a holiday. She wasn't one of that kind. She took a spring clothes-pin, fastened it on her nose, went on with the exercises, and let the scholars enjoy the perfume.

The night editor of a daily paper wrote the following head line to one of his cable dispatches: "The British Lion Shaking his Mane." He was unable to eat his breakfast the next morning when he found the printer's version of the matter staring him in the face thus: "The British Lion Skating in Maine."

Whatever equality may or may not be just, or possible, this, at least, is just, and I hope possible, that every man, every child of every rank, should have an equal chance of education; an equal chance of developing all that is in him by nature; an equal chance of acquiring a fair knowledge of those facts of the universe which especially concern him; and of having his reason trained to judge of them. I say, whatever equal rights men may or may not have, they have this right. Let every boy, every girl, have an equal and sound education. If I had my way, I would give the same education to the child of the collier and to the child of the peer. I would see that they were taught the same things, and by the same method. Let them all begin alike, say I. They will be handicapped heavy enough as they go on in life, without over-handicapping them in their first race. Whatever stable they may come out from, whatever promise they may show, let them all train alike and start fair, and let the best colt win. — *Canon Kingsley.*

The *Vassar Miscellany* gives us a very amusing poem, founded upon the well-known legend of King Midas, of which we insert a few stanzas.

Vivit a rex in Persia land,
A potens rex was he;
Suum imperium did extend
O'er terra and o'er sea.

. . . . . .

His filia rushed to meet her sire,
He osculavit kindly; —
She lente stiffened into gold;
Vidit he'd acted blindly.

Spectavit on her golden form
And in his brachia caught her,
"Heu me! sed tamen breakfast waits,
My daughter, oh! my daughter!"

Venit ad suum dining hall,
Et coffeam gustavit.
Liquatum gold his fauces burned
Loud he vociferated.

. . . . . .

Hæc fable docet, plain to see,
Quamquam the notion's old,
Hoc verum est, ut girls and grub
Much melior sunt than gold.

Doubtless this last stanza will receive enthusiastic assent.

College Items.

MOST of the students have finished their schools, and Parker Hall begins to look more lively.

The Senior exhibition, and also the prize declamation by the Sophomores, will come off the last of this term.

The Seniors have engaged Thomas Wentworth Higginson to lecture before the literary societies of the College, Commencement night.

Some time since it was announced that a friend of BATES had offered prizes of fifty and twenty-five dollars for the two best parts delivered at the next Commencement. The Seniors, while expressing their sincere thanks to the donor, have asked that the prize money should be disposed of in some other way. Original declamations by the Juniors were suggested. To this the Seniors agreed, and the Juniors will therefore appear with original declamations on Monday night of Commencement week.

A bill has been presented to the State Legislature, and referred to the committee on education, providing that the graduate of any free high school, male or female, may enter BATES to obtain a collegiate education, for which purpose an appropriation of $1,500 yearly is provided for twenty years, and at the end of that time $25,000, the principal of which the said $1,500 shall be considered the interest, shall be paid to the College, provided the institution raises $175,000 from other sources, within five years, as an endowment fund.

The Kirkland Scholarship in Harvard College, established by the Hon. George Bancroft, amounts to six thousand dollars.

Twenty thousand dollars are being raised by subscription to found two additional professorships in Hillsdale Theological College.

The treasurer of Harvard College acknowledges subscriptions in the aggregate of $138,636.50, to make good the losses by the Boston fire.

The trustees of Colby University have requested President Champlin to remain during the present academical year, and on Commencement day.

Vassar is mourning over the loss of its riding-school. It puts its lament in language which ought to move somebody to come forward with an endowment.

The matter of compulsory attendance upon recitations is the prevailing theme of discussion among our

colleges. Dr. M'Cosh, President of Princeton College, has a very interesting article on this subject in the *College Courant*.

A new disposition of the Japanese Indemnity Fund is being agitated. In the February number of the *Overland Monthly*, Mr. Gilman, President of the University of California, has a very interesting paper bearing upon this subject. The great distance preventing ready communication with their own countrymen, and the severity of the climate, are the chief reasons for advocating a change from the Eastern colleges.

ABEL FREEMAN GOODNOW, who died on the 18th of January, at Athens, Me., was born at Lisbon, N. H., October the 28th, 1843. When about twenty-one years of age, Mr. Goodnow experienced religion, and determined to prepare himself for the Christian ministry. With this purpose in view he first entered the Seminary at Newbury, Vt., and afterwards New Hampton Institution, where he finished his preparatory studies for college.

The task that Mr. Goodnow had set himself was a long one, but he kept steadily on, refusing to depend on his family for pecuniary assistance, though he was aided somewhat and encouraged by many of his relatives and friends, of whom he always spoke with gratitude.

When he died, the end for which he struggled eight years was almost within his grasp, having just entered on the last half of his Senior year in Bates College. He had gone to Athens to take charge of Somerset Academy during the winter, a school that he had previously taught with success. The deep sorrow of the students and citizens, as well as the liberality of the trustees of that institution after his death, are a true expression of the love and esteem in which he was held by all there. At BATES his genial face and many admirable qualities will long be held in remembrance by his many friends and scores of associates. None that knew him will forget his quick sympathy, his kindly manner, and his readiness to ever help and console the needy.

Says the *College Courant:* Up to the present year 6,988 students have attended Cornell College, of whom 113 graduated. Of the graduates, 66 were gentlemen, and 47 were ladies; 55 were classical, and 58 were scientific; 59 are married, and 49 are unmarried; 8 are dead, four ladies and four gentlemen. The status professionally of the alumni is as follows: 20 preachers, 33 teachers, 2 music teachers, 13 lawyers, 1 doctor, 4 editors, 1 coal dealer, 2 county officers, 1 fruit dealer, 1 farmer, 1 manufacturer, 1 surveyor, 1 merchant, 24 good wives, and 8 unknown. The first class graduated in 1859, and the graduating classes, from that time to the present, have averaged eight. There are enrolled the present term 202 students, 127 gentlemen, and 75 ladies.

Alumni Notes.

'67.—F. E. Sleeper is having a good practice as a physician, at Sabattus, Maine.

'67.—H. F. Wood is pastor of a church at Waterville, Me., and is having excellent success.

'68.—G. C. Chase is Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature at Bates College.

'69.—C. A. Mooers is Principal of Green Mountain Seminary, Waterbury, Vt.

'70.—F. H. Morrell is meeting with excellent success as a teacher, at Irvington, Essex Co., N. J.

'70.—I. Goddard's card lies on our table. He is located as a Surgeon Dentist over Cook's Drug Store, Lisbon Street, this city.

'71.—J. T. Abbott is studying law at East Cambridge, Mass.

'72.—F. W. Baldwin is Principal of the High School at Lenox, Mass.

'72.—H. Blake is studying law at Augusta, Me.

[*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.

Heath, Rev. Albert Hayford. —Born July 19th, 1840, at Salem, Me. Youngest child of Abram Ashley and Florence Heath.

1868, Ordained and installed Pastor of the Court Street Free Baptist Church, Auburn, Maine, Feb. 27th.

1870, Installed Pastor of the Roger Williams Church, Providence, R. I., October, 23d.

Married, Jan. 7th, 1868, to Lucia J., daughter of Nathaniel G. and Sarah Simonds, Charlestown, Mass.

Child, Albert Cheney, born Nov. 10th, 1867.

Post-office address, Providence, R.I.

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

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