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No. 4.

The BATES STUDENT





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THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XVII.

APRIL, 1889.

No. 4.

THE BATES STUDENT

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COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE
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LEWISTON, ME.

EDITORS.

H. J. PIPER, E. W. MORRELL,
A. N. PEASLEE, G. H. HAMLEN,
N. F. SNOW, H. B. DAVIS.
H. V. NEAL, Business Manager.
W. F. GARCELON, Associate Manager.

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EDITORIAL.

WHILE browsing through the columns of a local paper lately, we came across the statement that Mr. Sewall, ex-consul to Samoa, is a very pleasing after-dinner speaker. It was added that he led a debating club in his youth. May not the latter fact partly explain the former? Were not the quickness and keenness of thought and clearness of expression, together with the ability to think on his feet, which are so necessary to a ready speaker, largely developed and trained in that debating club? Doubtless they were. We are not of those who think that orators or good speakers are born, not made. Certainly there must be natural gifts, but natural gifts alone are not sufficient. They must have the training that comes from practice. Such training is to them what cutting is to the diamond, it develops their real worth. And where can one get this training better than by becoming an active member of some debating club or society during the formative period of life?

The very fact that he has thoughts to express, and can express them before a company in good, clear English, is worth much to a man. It widens his influence, increases his usefulness, and is a help to him in his life-work.

One design of a college course is to teach us to think, but it does not give us practice in expressing our thoughts extemporaneously. That must come some other way. Here at Bates the literary societies afford an excellent opportunity for such practice, and we would earnestly counsel every student who intends or expects ever to speak in public to improve that opportunity.

NOW is the time for the students to begin in earnest the study of the birds. There is no study throughout our college course that is so interesting as ornithology. The student who neglects this study can never realize what he has lost. Many students excuse themselves and say that it is of no practical value. But it is of practical value. Anything is of practical value that tends to lift us out of ourselves and make us observant of things about us. Ornithology awakens our sensibilities, makes us keen and observing, and gives us a true love for nature. If any one is entirely devoid of interest, let him read John Burrough's "Wake Robin" and Wilson Flagg's "A Year with the Birds." How much of the beautiful there is in nature, and yet how little it is appreciated. On a summer's day one may hear from almost every bush and hill a song that Beethoven himself could not copy. We would give almost any sum of money to hear some great artist play a selection from Beethoven. Yet one may, with a little exertion, hear, every morning, a chorus that the greatest artist on earth could not set to music.

Should, then, the soul be allowed to go hungry while we are surrounded by so much that is grand and beautiful?

MR. MOODY has invited the college students to meet at Northfield again for Bible study. The session this summer is from June 29th to July 12th. Shall not Bates have a good representation there? Should one consider a pleasant vacation only, he could hardly find a better place to enjoy it than on the banks of the Connecticut. The expenses are small and the advantages many. Of course the prime object is Bible study, and the best Bible scholars in the country are engaged to speak. The next most important advantage is meeting with men from other colleges and seeing what the college world is doing. Ample time is afforded for gaining such knowledge and acquaintance, and for entering into the various sports of interest to college men. It cannot but lead to the healthful broadening of one's whole manhood. Let us have a good company there. Let the garnet pennon over the Bates tent and the cry of "Boom-a-lak-a" from beneath it have no small share in the enthusiasm of Northfield in 1889.

WHAT is success, and how can I obtain it? A young man once put this question to Baron Rothschild. The Baron replied: "I will tell you rather, why so many fail in life. This is the receipt: One hour a day with your newspaper; one hour a day with your toilet; one hour a day with your cigar; and depend upon it, the first po-

sition you obtain will be the best you will ever obtain."

How true his words! Most young men wonder why they fail in life. This is the secret—wasted moments. The demand of the age is not young ladies and gentlemen, but men and women, and no young person can become a man or woman unless every moment is filled with something worth keeping. Let moments of recreation be those in which something shall be laid by for future use. Let no minute pass to which you can look back and say: "Nothing learned, nothing accomplished." Blank moments make a blank life, and a blank young man is a worthless stick, fit only to be kicked about and finally cast away.

AT the meeting of the New England Intercollegiate Press Association last February, the absence of ladies was commented on, and the suggestion was made that the papers published at ladies' colleges be invited to send delegates next time. Some one also said that papers like the *STUDENT*, with ladies on the staff, might send them as delegates. For our part, we do not see why the ladies should not be represented, if they wish to be. They are certainly numerous enough, and show talent enough to deserve representation among their editorial brethren. One object of the association is to promote good feeling among the colleges, and surely in this we do not wish to leave the sisters out. Nor, judging from those present at the last meeting, would they need to hesitate to attend, for the delegates were all

gentlemen. We say, invite them to come.

— — —
 "Pick my left pocket of the silver dime,
 But spare the right,—it holds my golden
 time."

HOW many consider this when they call on a fellow-student and waste a whole hour in pointless conversation? The time of a college student surely is golden, and every one should respect his property rights therein. An hour may be profitably spent in conversation on some important subject, but even then the caller should remember that this interesting topic may not be the one on which his friend would prefer to spend the time. Holmes says: "All men are bores, when we do not want them." None can be more so than these thieves of time, who in robbing others make no gain themselves, but suffer an equal loss. Courtesy, justice to one's self and friends, a true estimate of the value of time, all demand that no moments should be thus idly wasted.

— — —
 DID you ever notice how the men of different trades and professions have little languages all their own? There is the seaman's language, the stock-merchant's, the dressmaker's, and, most important of all, the college student's.

These languages are brief, very expressive and easy to learn, for the words and phrases were, in fact, once English, but have become so *merchantized* and *studentized* that we have to learn them over again to know what they mean.

Every woman in the land speaks

“dressmaker language” when she informs her neighbor that that dress would be much improved if she should “*let it out* a little there” and “*take it in* a little here.”

We nearly all know a little of the seaman’s language. We know what it is for a vessel to “tack” or for men to “turn in.” Indeed, we feel quite proud when telling a story, if we can introduce these terms in the proper place. We feel almost as well as if we had put in a Latin phrase or a quotation from some eminent author.

But to all the other languages, that of the college student bids defiance. It is hard. One cannot study it at home—there are no lexicons nor grammars. He must go into the country where it is spoken and learn it from the lips of the natives. Here is a specimen: Two college students are buying a Latin text-book. “This is a good one,” says one, “lots of room for *cribbing*; we can make a regular interlinear of it.” (These were not *Bates students*.) “Yes,” say the other, “it will be as good as a *horse* ;” and they depart joyfully with their treasure. These boys believed in getting through college as easily as possible; others “dig” or “plug” for all they get. And so we might go on enumerating words upon words of college language. The meanings of some might be guessed from their form, others are not found out so easily. Take, *e. g.*, the little word “cut.” If you seek its meaning in the dictionary, you may look, but look in vain. The college word “fired” is also fortunately not defined. But how aptly some of these

words are chosen! They might well be called *expressive expressions*.

Space forbids the mention of but one term more, though it is unfortunate to be obliged to stop in so sad a place, for

“Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these, ‘I’ve *flunked* again.’”

IT should be the sincere desire and the vital purpose of every college student to make the best of all there is in him. The fulfillment of such a purpose requires a harmonious and symmetrical development of all the powers—physical as well as mental. Just as beauty after beauty, all forming a symmetrical whole, reveal themselves beneath the skillful touch of the artist’s brush, so may appear all the faculties of man harmoniously developed and formed into one inseparable whole beneath the touch of education. It is education that brings out all there is in man, yet no one branch will make the perfect man. The neglect of any one branch of study causes an imperfection, and every day there are those who slight the classics and despise mathematics, simply because such studies seem to them to have no connection with dealing out pills or haranguing at the bar. Such ones think they are deceiving the professors, but they are only cheating and deceiving themselves. After a few years of such study they come forth to pass themselves upon the community only as mere counterfeits of human nature. The world seems no better for their living in it. Ah! young man, would you influence

the world, would you leave the world better than you found it? Then begin while you are in college. Attend to every branch of study with energy and enthusiasm. There is your part, stand to it like a soldier. Be determined to make the best of yourself, and then when you go forth from your college walls the world will feel your influence.

WE hope that other alumni will follow the example of Mr. Reade, '84, whose communication appears in this number. A few words on any subject that interests you, and would be of interest to the readers of the STUDENT, will always be welcomed. We wish the STUDENT to be one means of keeping our alumni interested in the college and in one another. Whether it shall be or not, depends largely on them. We trust they will not fail us. If we could whisper to each one, we would say: Do not forget your *Alma Mater*, nor the little paper that flourishes under her wing.

IT is a common fault in our debating societies to base a so-called argument on a loose expression of another speaker. Negligence of speech should be corrected, but this duty pertains not to a participant in the discussion but to the critic. Not only common honesty, but all power in debate demands that one answer the evident intent of his opponent.

Worse than this, however, is the habit of culling sentences here and there and so combining them as to make an absurd paradox, when the

connecting links have established their logical relation. A debater who is guilty of either of these faults may command the attention of the audience for a moment; but, if he have no further arguments to offer, unjust criticisms will be of no avail; and, if he have any point to make, he cannot afford to waste his energies on such unworthy objects. Let him voice an honest conviction based on sound reasoning, or say nothing.

LITERARY.

DOES CULTURE DIMINISH HAPPINESS?

By M. B., '90.

IMAGINE an ideal family. The father is the object of the sincere love and reverence of all his children. Never did a father rear his family with more care and wisdom. The children have learned well the lesson of obedience, and by following strictly the laws laid down by their father they have cultivated only the higher qualities. The evil side of their human nature has become deadened. No wrong thought ever enters their minds. No act is done from a low motive. They are, in truth, an ideal family. On one occasion the father offers a prize, not to one, but to every one that will prove himself worthy of it. Each may win the whole or as much as he will, but much labor is involved. To their eyes it is a thing of perfect beauty, and desirable above all things. The father, in bidding them strive for the prize, incites none but high motives. No selfish rivalry enters into their pur-

pose, for there is enough of the good thing for all. He appeals only to the love for the beautiful and good that he has taken so much pains to cultivate in them. They determine to win the prize, and to this end strive continually, realizing the fulfillment of the promise that they shall have as much as they earn. But, oh! the bitterness of the disappointment! The prize that they have sought, led by their best impulses and the recommendation of their trusted father, proves, on nearer view, to be, not the beautiful thing they thought, but something ugly and hateful. Yet they must look at it continually; yet there is something that compels them, having once caught a glimpse of it, to seek it more and more. Its power is something like that which strong drink exercises over its victims—they must have it; they must have more and more, although it makes them more and more unhappy. But it differs from strong drink in this, that it is the higher self that longs for it, while it is the *lower* man that demands the drunkard's cup to satisfy his thirst. But with *such* a realization of their expectation, the charm is broken, and we must doubt either the goodness or the wisdom of the father.

The good father is our Creator. In so far as we have followed the laws he has laid down for us our lower natures have become deadened, our higher selves have gained pre-eminence, and with this quickening of our higher being comes an insatiable desire for that which we call culture. Now, would a kind Creator so construct us that our highest impulses would lead

us to that which would destroy our happiness? I think not.

It is quite a prevalent idea that many afflictions become hard to bear in proportion as we are refined. We often hear it said in regard to a great trouble that has come upon some one of superior culture, "It seems as though such a thing would be harder for him than for an ordinary person." General Wallace advances this idea when describing the terrible condition of Ben-Hur's mother and sister in the dungeon of the Tower of Antonio. He says: "To form an adequate idea of the suffering endured by the mother of Ben-Hur, the reader must think of her spirit and its sensibilities as much as, if not more than, of the conditions of the immurement; the question being not what the conditions were, but how she was affected by them. And now we may be permitted to say it was in anticipation of this thought that the scene in the summer-house on the roof of the family palace was given so fully in the beginning of the second book of our story." He says: "It is sufficient to melt the reader with sympathy to contrast her present surroundings with the home that has been described before," and adds: "But will he go further; will he more than sympathize with her; will he share her agony of mind and spirit; will he at least try to measure it—let him recall her as she discoursed to her son of God, and nations, and heroes; one moment a philosopher, the next a teacher, and all the time a mother." And as the reader is thus reminded of the high culture of the woman, he can not but

believe that the intensity of her suffering is greater than a common person could possibly know. Even if we admit this feeling to be entirely correct, our argument loses nothing, for is not the intensity of enjoyment increased in as great a degree? If Ben-Hur's mother had been an ordinary woman, the charm of the scene on the housetop would have been lost. Few women are capable of the lofty feelings she must have enjoyed at that time. Most would have been obliged to yield to the despondency Ben-Hur's complaints were calculated to engender. Many women even could not realize so great joy as she felt at the recovery and restoration of her son. General Wallace does not ignore this fact, for he says: "As the mind is made intelligent, the capacity of the soul for pure enjoyment is proportionally increased." I do not deny, then, that the capability for suffering increases with the growth of the intellect. One can hardly imagine an unhappy hog, nor yet a very happy one. And so we may rise a little in the scale of existence and picture to ourselves a man in his crude state—a savage. We can seem to see him dancing in ecstasies around the fire that cooks the human feast he anticipates; yet do you think he has any idea of what real happiness is? Think of the suffering among most uncivilized people, due to famine, lack of regard for the sick, and the consequent fear of illness. Think of the neglected and even hated children. Think of the child wives of India, and especially think of the condition of the millions of persecuted

widows of that land. Certainly the culture that goes hand in hand with Christianity would make their condition much happier.

But not only does culture make us capable of more intense pleasure; it makes us also more easily entertained. A truly cultured person can entertain himself on almost any occasion. He can spend hours pleasantly in the most lonesome places, drinking in the beauty of the scenery, and studying the secrets of nature; and even when these privileges are denied he can find in his own mind enough to keep him contented for hours. In other words, he knows how to enjoy his own company. I will say nothing of the untold pleasure he can get by sitting quietly and reading the thoughts of others. We have all reached the point where we can appreciate, in a measure, that pleasure.

Compare his condition with that of the ordinary laborer—not with some intelligent New England workman, but with the average laborer in other parts. This one may be placed amid the most beautiful scenery, but he sees nothing of it. He may be surrounded continually by the sweet music of the airy songsters, but he hears nothing of it. Of such it may truly be said: "Eyes have they, but they see not; they have ears, but they hear not." He thinks of little outside of his daily routine, because he knows little else. Not that he has no pleasures! He may be exceedingly entertained by a circus or a dog fight, but into his common every-day life how little pleasure must come! Suppose he is obliged to sit alone for a

few hours ; he has not learned to make a companion of a book ; he may investigate his own mind, but he finds nothing of interest there. He may become exceedingly unhappy, or he may drop into a state of listlessness—not necessarily miserable, but at least not very joyful—a sort of negative existence. Lest some one may think the picture of the common laborer's oblivion to the beautiful around him exaggerated, I will cite a conversation I once heard in a Maine village between a woman of not less than ordinary intelligence and a friend. The friend had been praising the situation of the woman's house, with its large yard and fine shade trees, to which the woman replied that she would like it better if the house were nearer the street, for she couldn't always tell who was passing by at that distance. "Oh," said the friend, "but there are such lovely views from your windows." "Well, I don't care much about that," answered the woman, "for I never have time to look at them." She had time to run to the window and strain her eyes to see who was passing, every time she heard a sound, but no time to enjoy all that wealth of beauty that was spread out before her continually.

Some one may say, But all that is theory, you don't *know* that this man is as happy with all his culture as he would be if he had none. You don't *know* that we are as happy as the people of Africa. The facts are on the other side. Then he may quote a long list of figures to show that suicide, insanity, and other evils increase with the growth of culture. Some of these

statistics will not bear very close examination. For example, consider from what classes our insane asylums are filled. Is it from the ranks of the professional men, the preachers, the teachers, the lawyers, the doctors, the authors, who in America are the people of culture, that the demented come? Statistics prove that a very small proportion of the insane come from these classes. A large proportion are farmers and laborers, while very few are people of culture. Read the annual reports of the insane hospitals and you will be convinced of this fact. I will refer you to one report only. Among the one-hundred and thirty-one men who were admitted to the Maine Hospital in 1887, there were : one minister, three teachers, two reporters, one student, one dentist, two traders, thirty-one farmers, and thirty-one laborers. The rest were artisans, and workmen of various kinds, as one barber, one blacksmith, one teamster, six seamen, etc. Now not more than ten of these are people who would be expected to be much above the average in intelligence, and we have no reason to suppose that even these ten were persons of especial culture. As to the causes assigned, more cases were attributed to drunkenness than to any other one cause, but in the majority of cases the cause was unknown. Now I am not prepared to deny the assertion, that insanity increases with civilization, but in the face of these facts, I can say that if this is true it must be due to some other influence that, perhaps, at present, flourishes alongside with culture, but that is entirely separate from

it. It is well known that intemperance is often introduced into heathen lands together with Christianity, and increases as it increases, but can it be said, therefore, that the growth of intemperance in these countries is due to Christianity? Certainly not.

We claim, then, first, that it is contrary to any reasonable view of an all-wise and merciful Creator that he should make a race to become constantly more unhappy as it approaches the ideal; secondly, that although the capacity to suffer may be increased by culture, the capacity to enjoy is increased in as great, if not in a greater degree; thirdly, that culture opens wide avenues to pleasures of its own, which are accessible at all times, no matter how widely one is separated from the things that are usually depended upon for pleasure; fourthly, that the figures often quoted, to prove the opposite, when closely examined, weigh on this side. If these arguments are founded on fact they are sufficient to prove not only that culture does not diminish happiness but even that it increases it, and to confirm the opinion expressed by Charles Dudley Warner, when he says, "It seems to me the millennium is to come by an infusion into all society of a truer culture, which is neither of poverty nor of wealth, but is the beautiful fruit of the development of the higher part of man's nature."

◆◆◆ INGRATITUDE.

By J. H. J., '88.

Bruit not ingratitude; nor feel dismay
If those thou bless with curses oft repay.
Quench not thy zeal; He who thy ransom
bought
Despised men slew, "HIS own received him
not."

THE FIRST OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY POETS.

II. WHAT WERE THEIR CHARACTERISTICS AND WHAT GAVE RISE TO THEM?

THE mental awakening that the Reformation caused produced not only an emancipation of the soul from superstition, but an emancipation of the mind from ignorance. But no sooner were they free than their courses diverged; for the soul seeks the hamlet of truth linearly, while the mind climbs over the mountain, wallowing through snow-banks of uncertainty, crawling up steep logical and metaphysical glaciers by sheer force of tooth and nail. England first suffered from free thought, it there taking the form of deism. In Hume's and Bolingbroke's time unbelief, taking wing, crossed the British Channel and generated French atheism. Later, Voltaire and Diderot carried this winged pest to the court of German Frederick, where, verbal chameleon that it was, it took the name of rationalism. With Hume and the last three decades of the eighteenth century, English deism virtually perished.

But with the dawn of the nineteenth century the chickens of doubt that a hundred years before had gone forth into French wheat-fields, came home to perch; plump, well-fed birds they were, whose gay plumage the English Muse often mistook for the sober gray of the nightingale. With this atheism came two other elements of influence, viz., the immorality of Voltaire and the sentimentalism of Jean Jacques Rousseau. The latter, since Goethe's "Werther" and Schiller's "Robbers" contain sentiments that could have come from

no other source, made its way into England through the German as well as the French language.

Infidelity found expression through the writings of two poets, Byron and Shelley. Their unbelief, though similar in nature, was dissimilar in its effect upon their writings. The doubt of Byron attracted him earthward, while that of Shelley exalted him into the extremest idealism. The doubt of Byron drove him into the blackest despair, while that of Shelley aroused him to the maddest enthusiasm. Were we to compare Byron with the exiles of Lemn Lake, whom he apostrophized in his "Childe Harold," we should find that his unbelief resembled Gibbon's in that it was serious, and Voltaire's in that it was biting and cynical. On the whole it was, however, a remnant of the earlier French philosophic atheism. Shelley's whole life was a constant rebellion against the conventionalities of society. He was the English Rousseau. He ascribed all moral evil to the artificial laws of society and proposed to substitute a new order of things, in which men should be free from kings and priests. He read skeptical books, wrote skeptical essays and poems, and on this account was expelled from Oxford. In his own words of his earlier years:

"Did I with earnest thought
Heap knowledge from forbidden mines of
lore,—
Yet nothing that my tyrants knew or taught
I cared to learn, but from that secret store
Wrought linked armour for my soul, before
It might walk forth to war with mankind."

Later he dabbled in the philosophy of Hume and Plato and went mad over

the French Revolution. Many of the works of these poets ("Childe Harold," "The Vision of Judgment," "Don Juan," "Queen Mab," and "The Revolt of Islam") are permeated with skepticism, and all of it French, at least, in color.

The effect of Rousseau's sentimentalism upon the writings of two poets, Shelley and Wordsworth, is marked and certain. Probably Wordsworth was not influenced by a direct reading of Rousseau, but inhaled his spirit from the atmosphere of the Revolution, since he spent a year in Paris while that event was in full progress. Very different effects did this sentimentalism have upon the contemplative genius of Wordsworth and the passionately idealistic one of Shelley. Shelley, imaginative, rash, excited and blinded by the flying chaff of Rousseauism, uttered impossible, almost inane extravagances, while Wordsworth, calmer, deeper, less excitable, looking down into its depths, separated the worthless husks from the golden grain.

In regard to immorality we shall be compelled to couple Byron and Shelley again. The former was influenced by Voltaire and Italian poets; the latter by Rousseau. It is just to say of Shelley that his offenses were committed in his earlier poems rather than in later ones; that he was an earnest seeker after truth, and that had he lived longer he would have escaped from the sloughs of mistaken opinion into which his imagination and rashness led him. But no such excuse can be urged for Byron. His transgressions were deliberate, premeditated, inten-

tional. His humorous and satirical faculties, in union with his love of social and conventional warfare, led him astray. Though he sang so beautifully of world-weariness, yet no man was ever fonder of notoriety than he. Byron's chief aim in writing, great poet though he was—perhaps next to Shakespeare in the English language—seemed to be to produce an effect rather than a masterpiece of literary art. So very often he compels his versatile genius, from mere wantonness and vanity, to descend into immorality.

Four characteristics remain to be remarked upon,—the romantic, the historic, the philosophic, and spiritual sympathy with physical nature. The romantic and historic so blend into each other that they can almost be treated as one subject. By romantic, we designate not only those novelettes in verse, like "The Corsair," "The Siege of Corinth," "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," "Lalla Rookh," and—yes, Southey's epics; but also that desire of innovation and change, both in the thought and its expression, that desire of seeing the old with a new face, and that warmth of idealistic sentiment, in marked contrast with the coldness and materialness of the subsequent century, when Pope, Dryden, and Swift expressed their imaginings in formalistic couplets and stanzas. By historic, we mean those poems whose plot was from foreign or antique sources, as Byron's and Moore's *Oriental Tales*, Shelley's plays in imitation of the Greek, and Scott's *Lays of Scottish Chivalry*. The former was inherent in the nature of the age; the

latter was imported from Germany. One of Walter Scott's first literary attempts was the translation of Goethe's "Goetz," whence he received the idea of utilizing Scotch Chivalry. Shortly after, Byron, Shelley, Southey, and Moore followed his example in selecting plot-matter from foreign and ancient sources.

Romance: The age itself was one of romance and innovation. A new life was pulsing everywhere. Curiosity began to discover what a world of newness there is in this old earth of ours. Science, philosophy, political economy,—everything whether materialistic or spiritualistic was making almost "seven-leagued" strides. Innumerable elements were conspiring to bring into bold relief the idealistic and sympathetic in human nature. The obligation of man to man and nation to nation was felt most forcibly. Christianity and education were leavening the masses with the "milk of human kindness." That "a man's a man," no matter in what station born, was fast becoming the watchword. In America, that "all men are created equal" had been spoken in thunderous utterance of the cannon, and the "Star Spangled Banner" had been unfurled to the breezes of freedom. In France the same voice had "most tumultuously" been heard until her throat had been grasped by the usurping hand of him, who, in his own words, "found the French crown in the dust and picked it up on the point of his sword." The aristocracy of brain and human nobility was rapidly taking the place of the aristocracy of noble birth. The facil-

ities of transportation and conveyance had been greatly improved. My lord and the courtier were not the only persons of importance; there were merchants, capitalists, lawyers, men of all classes. The mighty truth that men are social beings, internationally as well as nationally, was acknowledged. Men began to travel—not noblemen only, but men of almost all conditions in life. They went to Italy, France, Germany, America, wherever gain, adventure, and curiosity could lead them. Greater material prosperity and diffusion of knowledge among the many, greater personal liberties, privileges, and enjoyments, better advantages for intercourse of man with man and nation with nation:—are not these things that would give rise to the romantic?

Subjectiveness: in this Byron held the van and Wordsworth and Shelley were not far in the rear. Subjectiveness consists in forcing the self of the poet continually before the reader, either by the *ego* direct, or by a hero who can be too easily identified with its creator. Goethe, Schiller, and Rousseau practiced this,—not that their English brothers caught the idea from them—nay, they caught it from Byron. Byron never could see anything beyond the seething maelstrom of his own soul; *i. e.*, his imaginative scope was so limited that he could portray human nature only as it existed in himself. Wordsworth would have started with disgust had one intimated to him that in this respect he resembled “the spoiled child of genius.” With this exception the poets are in bold contrast. Wordsworth’s genius was calm,

contemplative, like the placid, unruffled depths of the crystal lakes with which it held constant communion; Byron’s was splendid, magnificent, but his splendor and magnificence was that of the spotted tiger, kittenish, playful, until angered or irritated when it tore and rent. Yet one is just as certainly subjective in his writings as the other; Wordsworth is just as certainly subjective in the “Prelude” and “Excursion,” as Byron is in “Childe Harold” and “Don Juan.” In this Shelley resembled Byron, differing from him principally in intensity. In his egoism Shelley was far less cynical, less misanthropic; more inclined to the ideal and contemplative.

In spiritual sympathy with physical nature Wordsworth led not only among nineteenth century poets, but among all that ever lived. Great poets of all ages have spiritually sympathized with nature, but no intellect has looked up

“Through Nature to her Source in heaven,
And read in earth, in ocean, and in air,”

the infinite power and wisdom of God as Wordsworth has. Byron, Shelley, Scott, Keats, Coleridge, Moore, all sympathized with nature, but let us speak of Wordsworth only. His intellectual faculties were such that he could perceive in nature undiscovered truths and send them home to the heart with irresistible potency. Who before him had been able to invest the simplest flower that gems the field with poetic sympathy? How eloquently he sings of the daisy:

“Sweet flower—for by that name at last
When all my reveries are past

I call thee and to thee cleave fast
 Sweet silent creature
 That breath'st with me, in sun and air,
 Do thou as thou art wont, repair
 My heart with gladness, and a share
 Of thy meek nature."

Who before him had noticed the change-ful mimmiery of the clouds? He it was whose eye discovered that distance petrifies the frenzied motion of the madest cataract, and that the twilight has an abstracting influence upon nature. By some critics Wordsworth is considered the greatest poet of his age. Were it a question of nobleness and virtue only, this would be true. Wordsworth's purpose and end in life was to uplift and ennoble humanity; to console and comfort the afflicted; and add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier. But in pure genius Byron was superior to him, possessing greater versatility and spontaneity.

Taken as a whole, this poetical era is perhaps the most remarkable the world has ever seen. The Elizabethan and Athenian eras contained poets of greater genius, but their arrays of fame-worthy talent were less numerous. The age of Louis XIV. and the English classical æon were more classical, but far inferior in profuseness of thought and richness of picturing. Almost for the first time in history, literature cut itself loose from State, political parties, patronage of every kind. No theatre supported by the State, as at Athens. No court life from which to receive aid, as in the time of the French Louises. Pamphlet warfare was carried on, not by genius, as in the subsequent century, but by talent. The prevalence of edu-

cation and perfection of invention had made it possible for literary genius to support itself unaided. A noticeable peculiarity of this age is that the fountain of mind was stirred to its lowest depths. Unclassified, unarranged, it poured out Niagara torrents of thoughts, ideas, and images. The last shackle of the mind had been broken, and like a colt turned loose in the pasture for the first time in the spring, it must gambol and prance before it could crop the herbage.

But after the playfulness and fire of youth, comes sober thought and wisdom. After the Byrons, Shelleys, and Poes, have appeared the Tennysons, Longfellows, and Whittiers.

◆◆◆
 SUGGESTED AT THE READING
 OF EVANGELINE.

BY A. L. S., '89.

Sweet is the voice of the poet,
 But sweeter the poet's emotion.
 Fain would the soul at its touch
 Lay off the garb of the mortal,
 Like unto "delicate Ariel"
 Sighing betimes for its freedom.

◆◆◆
 HOMER.

BY G. H. L., '89.

TWENTY-SEVEN hundred years have rolled by. Many a glimmering light playing along the horizon of ignorance and mystery has vanished, but still the full-orbed flame of Homer scatters down its sovereign beams, as if the sky of Hellas, its myrtle groves, its gleaming landscape seamed with rills; as if the aggregated genius of that passionate, beauty-loving, light-seeking people, and the majesty of its gods had entered the womb

of being after the subtle process of integration, to reappear the incarnated spirit of all.

Varied and wonderful as are the phases of Homer's greatness, they emanate from the one fundamental principle of greatness in nature. The man great in nature is but a God-given personality, through whom nature works, through whom breathes the spirit of all things living and inanimate. Homer from that Grecian nearness of heart to heart, from the sympathy and strength bound up in the tradition of the most Grecian of Greek ancestry, from an unexampled fidelity to nature and the gods of the people, got his brush into that paint with which it is said the birds and flowers, the human cheek, the living rock, the broad landscape, the ocean, and the eternal sky were painted. In him there is the culmination of both artistic and moral eloquence. While his poetry is faultless in the eye of taste, there is in it substance, an intrinsic worth, bearing its own credentials as an honest man wears the indorsement of his honor upon his face. To value Homer as an artist and nothing more is to see but the foliage of the tree, is to disdain the roots that imbedded in the elements, extract the life-giving principle, and put forth a trunk mighty in strength, though not unadorned. With him the grace of art is but the flower of his greatness, as the Greeks themselves believed that beauty was but the flower of virtue.

As subsequent poets have approached their ideal they have approached the simplicity and sublimity of Homer. These qualities with him were those of

nature, and were twin-born; simple in sublimity, sublime in simplicity, his self-forgetful seriousness breathes into the most lofty and sublime the simplicity of unity and effect, and never fails to impart the sublime to the tenderest passion. As it is said of Shakespeare, he with the same faithfulness and delight paints the small as the great; as to adore nature with equal care perfects the blade of grass and the sinews of man.

From the same source sprang his versatility. Actual life and his own heart were his first and best instructors. Appealing through the deeds of men to the hearts of assembled Greece, with the canopied sky for a ceiling, with shadowy groves for a background, while perhaps some glimpse of the Ægean curtained that first audience hall, he at once knew the feelings of man. Nature is skilled to arouse and reach the deepest principles inherent in the human heart. If you would know the thought of him who loves to gaze into the heavens at midnight, if you would taste of wrath divine, if you would lament the corse of a heroic son, if you would know the value of a mother's caress, hear the tread of armies or the songs of peace; if you would know all the joys of an exultant soul and feel every pang of an anguished heart, seek Homer who, with Shakespeare, holds the key of secrets.

And yet the very element which makes his poetry Homeric is incapable of analysis. Much that in this age of criticism passes for poetry is no poetry at all, but the ingenious encrusting of some commonplace moral in

a highly wrought shell. We have many artists, but few poets; many echoes, few living voices: and it is easy to rend the film that hides the conceit. But the Greek poets confessedly composed their beautiful poems not as works of art but because they were inspired or possessed. We do well only that which we do in accordance with our own character, said they. "Hear Ulysses a faithful speech that knows nor art nor fear," is the voice of Homer himself. They wrote unconsciously, as passion dictated. Their object was to produce a thing of beauty. It was enough to write a poem for the poem's sake.

It is hard thus to satisfy modern criticism in which there is a tendency to make poetry as men make clocks, and to judge its merit by the facility with which they can analyze or take to pieces this time-beating apparatus. Now to analyze beauty is to annihilate it; or rather, show me the poetry the life-element of which does not defy analysis, and it may be seen that it is no poetry at all. Until it is known wherein paint differs from the beauty and glory of the morning, let it be contended that Homer even as Shakespeare is inconceivable.

We do not, however, enforce the claims of Greek poetry to the exclusion of all other poetry; for it is said beauty is not so meagre that one genius, or a nation, can exhaust its resources. Here and there in time and place will arise mighty minds whose works are the more to be admired that each possesses its own peculiar beauty and worth. Romantic poetry is said to be

like the oak that bends from out the mountain cleft over the dark valley. Greek poetry is slender, smooth, erect, like the palm tree with its rich but symmetrical crown, and a nightingale sits among its leaves and sings.

If you would see the problem of conflicting passions solved, and the very heart of man laid open, seek the bards of the north. If you would seek the poetry that breathes the freedom and nobility of man and the sanctity of woman, find now its dawn in our American poets. But for simple and yet sublime feeling, for deep and mighty thought, expressed as naturally as joy and fear are visaged in the human mien, seek those bards who, in fair Hellas, in the childhood of nations, in the spring-time of poetry, most heroically sought in nature and humanity for the light that was to be.

Homer was a typical poet. In all things he recognized a twofold function, material and spiritual. From man and the sub-creations, he caught the spirit of the architect and revealed it unto men. We all have this instinctive yearning for the good, true, and beautiful, and go searching up and down the world for that which satisfies. We are all poets, or else had the Creator given light to those without eyes, but the poet by climbing higher has caught a glimpse of the rising sun, and gathering up its beams in his mantle has showered them down upon us. We receive them with reverence mingled with joy and sorrow—joy to be thus divinely blessed, sorrow not to behold the great sun himself. This is the poetry of life. This, too, is the realm of Homer.

THE MIRROR.

By A. A. B., '91.

IN one of the long picture galleries of Lord Danber's museum hung a large mirror. No one knew why it was there, or which one of the old lords had purchased it. But there it had hung for years, at the end of the long hall, close beside a dusky picture by Rembrandt. Visitors came and went and their frequent glances had made the mirror, it must be confessed, a little conceited. He hitched up one corner a little and tried to start a conversation with his neighbor, but to no avail. "They are all envious of me," said the mirror to himself, "and no wonder! How beautiful I must be; all the handsome ladies and gentlemen glance over the other pictures, but give me a good square look. Why this little cracked thing in the corner doesn't get looked at once a month; then it's some old man with spectacles that notices it; and they do say it cost my lord a heap of money. Now I wonder how much I cost. A fabulous sum, no doubt, for they look at me much more, and then I am so much larger than my neighbor. Ah! here they come now. See what a handsome young lady there is! And they are all looking at me; my little neighbor does not get a glance. Now see the young lady look slyly over her shoulder at me. "Am I so very beautiful?" asked the mirror of his neighbor, as the visitors passed. "Come," he said coaxingly, "tell me, they say you are very wise." The solemn little Rembrandt looked up, wrinkled up its face and said: "No, you are nothing at all,

as far as I see. Why, you look just like the floor and that old chair over there. All you do is to look like other things; take them away and you are a complete blank." "Jealousy, nothing but jealousy," returned the mirror. "They don't look at you, so you try to make me think I am ugly. Why can't you tell me the truth?" But the wise little Rembrandt drew itself up and would say no more. So day after day passed on. Courtiers and ladies came to look at the beautiful gallery, always giving the mirror the greater share of attention. But one day a new master came and gazing boldly at the mirror said: "What is that old thing here for? We'll have that taken out, if you please." The mirror turned pale and tried to speak, but could say nothing. "Now" said the little Rembrandt, "you see I told you the truth, and the new master will put you where you deserve." "That will be in far better company than yours," retorted the angry mirror. But the next day a man came and pulled him down from his lofty perch. While they carried him out the door and up toward the attic, he strained his ears trying to hear what his former neighbor was saying. But all he could hear was this: "Well, I hate a change, but it is good enough for the conceited thing. He kept people thinking about themselves, so they liked him best. Now I hope they will get a chance to look at the rest of us. But I've about come to the conclusion that if you want to be a favorite, you have only to be a blank yourself and reflect back the one who is looking at you."

THE TALE OF THE PINE TREE.

BY RHE, '90.

Deep in the dark, sombre forest where seldom
the traveler wanders,
Wrapped in repose, once stood the rude log hut
of a settler.
Near by the ruins, a pine tree, tossing its arms
up to heaven,
Stands like a sentinel old, whispering its
moanings disconsolate.
With voice like the low murmuring brooklet
it tells of this sad desolation;
Tells of the changes when life broke with mu-
sic the stillness about it;
Tells of the sweet, happy past when children
played 'neath its branches.
Oft with gay, happy laughter that rang sweet
and clear like a bird note,
Played they, and danced 'neath its shadows,
anon with flushed exultation,
Leaned o'er the spring at its feet, and mirrored
their merry, brown faces.
Here in the twilight the father, weary from
work in the clearing,
Leaned his axe and cheerfully answered the
welcome homeward.
Out from the low cabin doorway, mingled
laughter and murmur of voices,
Told of the evening's repast and the happy
ending of labors.
Love and joy, like a mantle, wrapped its folds
about them.
Round them, promising plenty, were crops
their patience had planted.
Sweet and low, like a flute note, mused the
pine tree of gladness.

Then with a shivering moan that shook its
uttermost branches,
Whispered aloud of reverses, of sorrow, and
sad desolation;
Told how war, like a pall, hung over the
threatened country,
Called, like a demon incarnate, the loved ones
from many a fireside.
None were left but the old men to guard and
protect the mothers.
Responsive one morning, the father with heart
like lead in his bosom,
Shouldered his gun and left his loved ones
behind in the cabin.
Day followed day, and the winter passed in
dreariness by them;

Summer with buds and flowers faded again
into autumn,
Still no news of the father cheered the waiting
household.
Silently worked the mother through the long,
dreary days of the autumn;
Sorrow settled among them and silenced the
laugh of the children.
Winter again with its shadows sifted its
snow-flakes about them.
Late one day in the winter, as the sun kissed
the deep blushing hill-tops,
Up the side of the mountain wearily toiled an
old man;
Grasped in his hand was a packet with news
for the anxious household:
Filled with forebodings the mother rushed
down the pathway to meet him;
Silent and slow the old man opened the packet
before her,
Traced with trembling finger a list of the dead
in battle;
Soon, like a bird of ill omen, the finger hov-
ered over a name on the paper.
Sick with sorrow, the mother grasped, like a
friend, the tree trunk:
"God give me patience," she murmured,
"strength for the loved ones he's left
me."
Filled with compassion, the old man hobbled
away in the shadows.
Long in silence she stood there, till stars
spread their canopy o'er her;
Then, with head on her bosom reclining,
slowly she entered the cabin;
Sunshine of life was darkened, and clouds
draped their mourning about her.
Oh, how the heart lies bleeding when hope is
torn from its chambers!
Ye who have suffered and sorrowed know the
longing that's never requited;
Longing a loved one's return; for a voice that
is silenced forever.
Oh, how the days in their darkness dragged
themselves wearily past them!
Oh, how the sorrow and hunger gnawed like
a wolf at their vitals;
Peered from the heart of the mother and the
pale pinched face of the children;
Grinned like a fleshless skull from the bare
and empty cupboards!
Oft in those days the old man brought food
from his own scanty lodgings;
And in his tender compassion assisted the
mother and children.

But notwithstanding his kind words the hope
of the mother ne'er rallied;
She in her weakness was conscious that life
was ebbing and dying.
Oft would she fondle her children and tell of
a home that is blessed.
Thus in their sorrow the winter merged into
blithe young spring-time.
Just as the leaves were in bud, and the hue of
summer advancing,
Life, with its sunshine and shadows, floated
away on the breezes;
Still were the hands of the mother, and the
poor broken heart was united.
Close to trunk of the pine tree, where sorrow
and gladness had mingled,
Reverently now the old man laid her to sleep
forever.
Tolled not a bell, but the pine tree sounded its
requiem above her;
Prayers by no pastor resounded, but a softly
whispered "God bless you"
Dropped from the lips of the old man, as
slowly he rounded the green sward.
Done was the task, and the old man took ten-
derly a hand of the children,
Led them sobbing away from the place where
they'd laughed and sorrowed.
Slowly they went down the mountain, while
sobs and cries from the children
Echoed still fainter and fainter, and died
away in the distance;
Silence reigned supreme; silence that never
was broken.
Year followed year in their courses and cov-
ered the clearing with tree trunks;
One by one the rafters fell with a crash from
the cabin,
Broke for a moment the stillness, then lapsed
again into silence;
Scarce could I hear the pine tree, as softly it
counted the ages.

Then, like a breeze in the wheat-field, its
branches quivered and rustled;
Louder and louder it grew, till it roared and
shrieked in its madness;
"War," shrieked wildly the pine tree, "war,
thou'rt the son of a demon!
Think of thy wide devastation, the homes thou
has crushed and scattered.
Think of the lips thou hast silenced, and the
brave, true hearts thou hast broken.
Told was the tale of the pine tree, and softly
it sank into silence.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editors of the Student:

I notice in a recent number of your paper an editorial concerning President Cheney's "begging" for the college. There is, on the part of those in some way opposed to this college, either a disposition to misrepresent, or else a gross misunderstanding of matters as they really are. Whenever money comes to the college by "will" it is assumed that *money has been begged for the college, which otherwise would have gone to the heirs of the deceased.* Such is not the case.

As regards the gift from Cambridgeport, I am acquainted with a man in Massachusetts, of unquestionable veracity, and of reputation which reaches beyond America, who assures me that if this gift had not been to Bates College, *it certainly would have been to a certain other institution in Massachusetts, founded for educating young women.* The truth is that the donor was resolved to bestow this property upon some educational institution, and for a time may have hesitated between Bates and some other institution; but finally decided that it would do most good at Bates. If facts were known, I have no doubt similar things might be said concerning every sum of money that has recently come to Bates by "will."

A. B., '84.

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YE EDITOR.

Past twelve, and yette beholden me,
Here atte mie deske a-porynge
O'er rhymes, whenne I'd much rather be
My soul in sleepe restorynge!
And harke! forsooth would I were he;—
That manne, next doore, a-snoorynge!

—Brunonian.

LOCALS.

Birds.

Tennis.

Base-ball.

The summer term began April 9th.

But few students spent the vacation at the college.

Now is the time to begin work for the field-day.

Thomas Singer, '90, has been elected secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of Lewiston.

A Mourning Cloak, the first butterfly registered this season, was seen at David mountain, March 22d.

During the latter half of last term Prof. Chase was unable to meet his classes, on account of sickness.

Friday, March 22d, the two societies held the last meetings of the term. They were unusually interesting, and both rooms were crowded.

The summer term of Nichols Latin School began Tuesday, March 26th, with over sixty members,—one of the largest attendances in the history of the school.

C. A. Record, a former member of '90, has engaged as principal of the high school at Paris, for one year. He intends to join the class of '92 to complete his college course.

Prof.—“If you had one thousand straws in a bundle and a central line running through the bundle, how many straws would there be on each side?” Miss J. (after long and careful calculation)—“Four hundred and ninety-nine, I should think.”

There has been a total of ten cases of measles and two cases of mumps in college this term. The Senior class alone has wholly escaped. We suppose they have outgrown such childish diseases.

Prof. (in political economy)—“Suppose a man does not work for wages, but goes fishing for a living, what would you call that?” Student hesitating, the professor explains, “Well, that would be fishing on his own hook, wouldn't it?” and still he couldn't see what we were laughing at.

Saturday, March 16th, the ice was broken on the ball ground. Students could be seen at the appointed time issuing from all directions with all the tools that could be obtained within a radius of half a mile, and, as many hands make light work, the diamond was soon cleared.

During the experiments with the plate electrical machine, Mr. D., at the request of the professor and the approval of his class, turned the wheel. At the very next recitation one of the class described the machine as having a large glass wheel turned by a crank.

A student coming from the theological building was hailed by two ladies in a carriage, one of whom asked, “Is this the bleachery?” This unexpected question nearly took his breath, but after a while he managed to say he thought it was not.

Last year the winter snows remained upon the ground till long into April. This year the students played tennis upon the campus in March, and the base-ball nine has been able to get to

work upon the diamond most three weeks earlier than they did last year. Our ball men have been doing good work in the gym since the first of January. Now, with the long time for practice before the league games begin, they will be well prepared for the coming contest.

The *Progressive Annual*, by Mr. Hatch, '89, was gladly received at the college. Seventy-five copies have already been taken by the students. We hope that every one to whom the book is presented will add to its merited success. No one can help appreciating the merits of this little work, especially when he considers the physical disadvantage under which the writer labors, and his earnest efforts to complete his college course.

Rev. George Constantine, D.D., missionary to the Greeks at Smyrna, has been visiting friends in Lewiston. During his visit he addressed the students at the regular weekly meeting of the Y. M. C. A., and also gave three very able and valuable lectures in the college chapel. The one on the Greek language and Greek art was especially interesting from the fact that Dr. Constantine was born at Athens, and that after his college and theological education in this country, he lived in Athens seventeen years as a missionary. He is a very eloquent and inspiring speaker. Dr. Constantine is the author of the only commentary on the four Gospels and of the only Bible dictionary ever published in modern Greek. A few years ago he presented to the college library an ancient manuscript of hymns of the early church,

found in a monastery in Pisidia, Asia Minor. He received his degree of D.D. from Bates College in 1883. He was a classmate and intimate friend of Professors Stanton and Howe at Andover Theological Seminary.

The following is a schedule of the league games to be played by the four Maine colleges :

W.—May 1, Bowdoin vs. Colby, at Brunswick.
 S.—May 4, Bates vs. Colby, at Lewiston.
 S.—May 4, Bowdoin vs. M. S. C., at Orono.
 W.—May 8, Bowdoin vs. Colby, at Waterville.
 S.—May 11, M. S. C. vs. Colby, at Waterville.
 S.—May 11, Bates vs. Bowdoin, at Brunswick.
 W.—May 15, Bates vs. Colby, at Waterville.
 S.—May 18, Bowdoin vs. Colby, at Lewiston.
 S.—May 18, Bates vs. M. S. C., at Bangor.
 W.—May 22, Bates vs. Colby, at Brunswick.
 F.—May 24, Bowdoin vs. M. S. C., at Brunswick.
 S.—May 25, Bates vs. M. S. C., at Lewiston.
 Th.—May 30, Bates vs. Bowdoin, at Lewiston.
 Th.—May 30, Colby vs. M. S. C., at Bangor.
 M.—June 3, M. S. C. vs. Bates, at Orono.
 S.—June 8, M. S. C. vs. Colby, at Orono.
 W.—June 12, M. S. C. vs. Bowdoin, at Bangor.
 S.—June 15, Bates vs. Bowdoin, at Waterville.
 Spalding ball. National League rules of 1889.

The following members of the Sophomore class received prizes for observation of winter birds: Beal, Miss Beal, Miss Bray, Chapin, F. J. Chase, Cutts, Emrich, Miss Fassett, Greenwood, Howard, Miss Larrabee, Larrabee, Libbey, Mace, Mason, Miss K. H. Merrill, Miss M. E. Merrill, Miss M. S. Merrill, Nickerson, Pinkham, Plummer, Miss Prescott, Pugsley, Richardson, Smith, Watson, and Woodside. Messrs. Richardson, Beal, Howard, Smith, Mason, Cutts, and Woodside reported the largest numbers of birds seen during the winter. In connection with this study, Misses Beal and M. S.

Merrill and Mr. Beal read essays before the class on the various aspects of winter scenery. The prize offered for the best essay was, at their wish, divided equally among them. We hope on another winter more will engage in this part of the work.

The declamations by the Prize Division of the Sophomore class took place March 25th at the college chapel. The following is the programme :

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

The Next National Reform—Rice.

M. Greenwood.

Self-Reliance—Emerson.

Lilla M. Bodge.

Death of Evremond—Dickens.

Alice A. Beal.

A Race Against Time (from Fool's Errand).

Maude H. Ingalls.

MUSIC.

The French Ensign—Alphonse Daudet.

Gertrude A. Littlefield.

Extract—Whiteside.

N. G. Howard.

Western Supremacy—Strong.

F. J. Chase.

The Witch's Daughter—Whittier.

F. S. Libbey.

MUSIC.

The Fall of Jericho—Osborne.

A. D. Pinkham.

Extract—Kenneth Raynor.

W. S. Mason.

The Boat Race—Robert Grant.

Hattie A. Pulsifer.

The Shipwreck—Dickens.

Edith Fairbanks.

MUSIC.

Decision of Committee.

The prize was awarded to Miss Pulsifer, and special mention was made of Mr. Libbey.

The Senior Exhibition at the Main Street Free Baptist Church, March 29th, was very interesting. The following is the programme :

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

The Coming Kingdom.

A. E. Hatch.

Character a Growth, Not a Mechanism.

W. E. Kinney.

Music's Mission.

*Miss D. M. Wood.

The Modern Hero.

E. L. Stevens.

MUSIC.

Homer.

G. H. Libby.

The American of the Twentieth Century.

F. M. Buker.

An Outline Study on Ideals of Beauty.

A. L. Safford.

Socialism in America.

C. J. Emerson.

MUSIC.

Failure and Its Causes.

F. J. Daggett.

Peculiarities of Current Fiction.

Miss M. S. Little.

The True Aim of Education.

*J. H. Blanchard.

What the Lady Graduate May Do for Society.

Miss B. A. Wright.

MUSIC.

*Excused.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'71.—John T. Abbott, of Keene, N. H., who has been nominated for Minister to the Republic of Colombia, was born in Antrim, N. H., April 26, 1850, was graduated from Kimball Union Academy in 1867, and from Bates College in 1871. He read law and practiced his profession for a time in Boston, was then at Springfield two years, and in 1878 removed to Keene, N. H. He is a successful lawyer, and for ten years was city solicitor of Keene. He lately returned from Colombia, where he resided a year as the agent of a business syndicate. Mr. Abbott has given much study to the Spanish language and is a gentleman of fine address. The salary of Minister to Colombia is \$7,000 year.

'73.—Mr. Charles B. Reade was chosen secretary of Senator Frye's committee sent by the Senate to inspect the Pacific railroads.

'75.—Hon. A. M. Spear was elected Mayor of Gardiner without opposition.

'77.—C. V. Emerson, Esq., has been chosen city solicitor of Lewiston.

'79.—F. L. Buker is ticket agent and telegraph operator at Wells Depot, Maine.

'79.—E. W. Given is teacher of the classics in Newark Academy, Newark, New Jersey.

'79.—Fletcher Howard is a druggist in Onawa City, Ia., and somewhat of a politician besides.

'79.—Rev. R. F. Johonnett is spending this year at the Theological Department of Harvard, having resigned his pastorate for this purpose.

'79.—Hon. F. P. Otis is a successful lawyer and politician of Sonora, Cal. He, at present, holds the office of District Attorney.

'79.—L. M. Perkins is in the hardware business at Kennebunk, Me.

'80.—I. F. Frisbee has been chosen as a member of the Lewiston School Committee.

'81.—Rev. W. W. Hayden has accepted a call to the Free Baptist pulpit at South Berwick, vacated by J. C. Osgood.

'81.—H. S. Roberts, principal of the Great Falls High School, has been visiting friends in Lewiston.

'81.—H. E. Coolidge is studying law with Judge Savage of this city.

'81.—F. H. Wilber has been elected principal of the high school of Camden, in place of Hon. Reuel Robinson, of the same class, who has been elected Judge of Probate for Knox County.

'81.—John H. Parsons, principal of Maine Central Institute, has been elected to a more lucrative position as principal of Westbrook High School

and will at once assume control of the same.

'81.—The trustees of the Maine Central Institute have elected O. H. Drake to fill the position of principal for the remainder of the school year. Prof. Drake was graduated from Bates in the class of '81, after which he spent five years in the Maine Central Institute as teacher of Greek and Sciences, and has just completed a post-graduate course at Yale University. He is a strong man in every respect and the Trustees were fortunate to secure him.

'82.—Dr. G. P. Emmons, formerly of Richmond, Me., has located in this city, at 210 Blake Street.

'82.—Dr. I. L. Harlow, of Brooklyn, N. Y., formerly of Auburn, has been elected one of the medical staff of the Long Island College Hospital, also surgeon on the staff of the Atlantic Avenue Dispensary.

'82.—Bates College is well represented among the public school teachers of Washington, by Mr. J. W. Douglass of West Gardiner, for five years past principal of the Industrial Home School, and by Mr. B. W. Murch of Carmel, principal of the "Curtis," a twelve room building. Both these schools are in West Washington (Georgetown). Messrs. Douglass and Murch are of the class of '82.

'84.—Rev. E. R. Chadwick, of Milton, N. H., has been confined to the house for some time by a severe illness.

'86.—A. E. Merrill, formerly of Auburn, has lately been admitted to the bar in Minnesota, and will practice law in that State.

'87.—Miss Richmond, of Camden, Me., has resigned the position of assistant principal in the Milford High School and will go to Connecticut at a large increase of salary. Miss Richmond was first assistant in the Ellsworth High School last year.

'87.—F. W. Chase has accepted the position of principal of the Belfast High School, formerly in charge of J. R. Dunton, also of '87, now of the Lewiston Grammar School.

'88.—Rev. S. H. Woodrow of the Congregational Church, Mechanic Falls, has received a call to officiate in the First Church of York, at a salary of \$1,500.

EXCHANGES.

One of our exchanges has well enumerated among the advantages of college journalism the acquaintance made with other institutions. So our own publication is the face that Bates presents to colledom. One who studies the exchanges not only gets an idea of the institutions represented, but forms an almost personal acquaintance with the more regular contributors, so that he looks eagerly for articles from their pens. The pleasure is heightened on recognizing the name of some old school friend who has drifted out of our knowledge, and noting by his work how much he has developed, and how far he has preserved the once familiar personality.

The Sketch Book is a fitly named department of the *Amherst Literary Monthly*. Its articles show the cultivation of a kind of writing well worth

attention; that is simple description and a ready expression of the thoughts of an hour when the mind is left free to follow its own bent without much effort of the will. Especially deserving of notice is a sketch of the country college boys' holidays. Its easy style and simple naturalness remind one of Warner. The following, culled from much that is of interest, touches a vital point in college life:

But Sunday is the most restful time of all. Somehow religion seems simpler in the country than at college. I don't know why, exactly, but he goes to church although he isn't obliged to, and seems to get help out of it, although the minister has neither brilliant intellect nor fluent speech; he merely tells the simple, beautiful Christmas story with such tenderness and trust, and speaks of his "Father" and his "Brother" with such loving assurance that, for the time at least, the boys' "I don't know" vanishes before his sure "I know." It's no mysterious Trinity that he looks to, but simply a "Father" and an "Elder Brother" whom he knows and loves as such, and face to face with this simple trust the boy's college doubts and queries, his hows and whys and wherefores are forgotten, and religion seems only loving—the most natural thing in the world.

The *University Lookout* is publishing a valuable series of eight articles on the professions open to a college man's choice. Coming from men of experience in their several vocations, they are practical rather than theoretical. The reporter's work is thus summed up in the article on journalism:

The first, almost the only requirement to assure success, is thoroughness. Never write without a legitimate object in view; never write loosely; be as painstaking with a five line item as with the elaboration of a two column description or a five column report. Go for the news; and when you go for it get it all; never slight any feature that would inter-

est you if you were the reader; put yourself in the place of the ordinary reader of intelligence and work out in your mind what you would want to know about every incident you handle, every scene you describe, every meeting or legislative assembly you report or comment on.

The *M. C. I.* contains some translations of Virgil in the original meter. This has been part of the regular work of the Virgil class and is certainly commendable. These lines are from the description of Fama:

Nightly she flies through the darkness, earth
and heaven dividing,
Rustling her wings as she goes, nor closes her
eyes in sweet slumber.
Spy of evil, in daylight she sits on the tops of
the houses,
Watching at times on high turrets and fright-
ening all the great cities,
Falsehood's messenger often, less frequently
herald of honor.

The *Oberlin Review* has taken up the subject of attendance at recitation and examination. In course of the discussion it makes this somewhat doubtful statement: "Scholarship should certainly rank higher than literary work." As this refers to choosing the Commencement speakers, it seems to us the opposite should be true.

Just on the eve of a Sophomore banquet at Dartmouth, some Freshmen attempted to abduct the toast-master. Instead of securing the toast-master, however, they received the Sophomore compliments in the shape of a tattoo of ink. Some of the Sophomores were suspended and the Freshmen were put on probation. The *Dartmouth* has this pithy comment on the case:

These boys stole a Toast-master. Will they do anything to these thievish Boys?

Yes, they will put them on Pro-ba-tion. Pro-ba-tion is a Word.

These other boys pre-ferred not to have their

Toast-master stolen. It is not right to Prefer. They were Bounced.

This, my son, is Jus-tice. Do you see the Jus-tice? No, my son, no one can see Jus-tice.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Clark University will open in October.

Foot-ball is compulsory at Downside College, England.

Three students at Brown were recently suspended for cheating in examination.

The young ladies of the Harvard Annex propose to put a four-oared crew on the Charles river next season.

The trustees of Dartmouth College have offered a prize of \$500 for the best essay on "Prayer."

The photograph of the Cornell students is the largest group ever taken, containing over 1,100 faces.

The number of students at Yale has increased twenty-eight per cent. during President Dwight's administration.

At the University of Vermont they recently decided to keep the library open on Sunday afternoon. The privilege is made use of by a large number of students.

At the Boston Tech. each man after his first year is put under the care of some one of the professors, who acts as his adviser during the rest of his course.

The Trustees of Princeton have given Dr. McCosh a pension of \$2,500, whether engaged in his duties or not.

The rule regarding Commencement orators at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., has been changed. Hereafter the Commencement orators will be the ten students having the

highest marks in the rhetorical exercises in the Junior and Senior years.

The number of colleges and universities in the country is exactly the same as it was ten years ago, but the number of students has increased from 11,161 to 32,316 in that time.

An examination in gymnastics is now required of Johns Hopkins undergraduates, before a degree will be given. Vaulting, jumping, and simple exercises on the parallel bar and ladder are required.

A test is to be made of the cases at the Ohio State University, where students were expelled for not attending chapel. It is held under the bill of rights no State institution can compel attendance on any religious exercises. The legislature appointed a committee to investigate the matter.

Princeton College is to have a journal managed and edited by the Faculty. President Patton will be editor-in-chief, and departments in the different branches of learning will be conducted by the various professors. They will call it the Princeton College *Bulletin*.

The site of Delphi, the seat of the famous oracle, is for sale and steps are being taken by Prof. E. C. Norton, of Harvard, to raise the necessary funds (\$80,000) for its purchase. The honor of the excavations made will rest with America, but the antiquities discovered are to belong to the Grecian government.—*Ex.*

The Japanese students of Cornell University have a way of cooking English sparrows so that they make a very palatable dish, and the Japs like

them so much that they make a standing offer of three cents apiece for all sparrows brought them.

Henry Hinkley, who died in Philadelphia recently, left \$225,000 to the colleges in which he was immediately interested, of which sum Williams College receives \$50,000; Amherst, \$50,000; Bangor Theological Seminary, \$25,000; and Phillips Academy, Bowdoin College, Andover Theological Seminary, Dartmouth College, American Bible Society, and the Young Men's Christian Association of Philadelphia, each \$20,000.

Harvard has added a course in Electrical Engineering. The first three years will be devoted, as far as they treat of electricity, to giving the students a thorough acquaintance with electrical instruments and machines, with electric lighting, and with working on telegraphs and telephones. In the fourth year the men will take a course in trigonometric series and two courses in theoretic electricity. Besides, a thesis will be required. The Columbia Faculty is also of the opinion that a call for courses in Electrical Engineering will soon be made.

All the Justices of the United States Supreme Court are college graduates except Justice Miller, and he graduated in 1838 at the Medical Department of Transylvania, where he fitted for the profession which he practiced for some years before taking up the study of law. Chief Justice Fuller graduated at Bowdoin in 1835; Justice Field, at Williams in 1837; Justice Bradley, at Rutgers in 1836; Justice Harlan, at Centre College (Ky.) in

1850; Justice Blatchford, at Columbia in 1837; Justice Gray, at Harvard in 1845; Justice Matthews, at Kenyon in 1840; and Justice Lamar, at Emory College (Ga.) in 1845.—*Mail and Express*.

The first prize of seven hundred dollars, offered by the Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society of Boston, for the manuscript best suited for a Sunday-School book, has been awarded to "Rose and Thorne" by Katharine Lee Bates of Wellesley College.

POETS' CORNER.

SCARLET AND WHITE.

Of old, when'er the ranks of foemen proud
 In glistening armor bright, each manly
 heart
 Intent to join the fray and do his part,
 Stood waiting for the signal trumpet loud,
 The color waving o'er the lines, and found
 Most frequent on the banners, arms, and
 crests
 Was glowing, fiery red, whose hue arrests
 The eye wherever met: and on the ground,
 When spent the battle's fury, flowed a tide
 Of deeper scarlet, telling that no more
 Should rise the fallen heroes, who before
 Had fought so well at their commander's side.

In war the flag of truce is ever white,
 And for a moment faith and trust restores:
 In peace that spotless hue protection pours
 O'er all, the sign of purity and right.

Well fortified in sooth is he who wears
 These colors twain in heart and life; who
 shows
 The mark of courage which no blanching
 knows
 When fighting 'gainst the wrong, who bears
 His standard high and earnestly contends
 To conquer evil wheresoever found:
 Who right upholds, to knightly duty bound,
 And peace and pureness manfully defends.

Then let us ever wear, undimmed and bright—
 That men may surely know which side
 we stand—
 The tokens of our constant courage and
 Our purity, the scarlet and the white.
 —*The Beacon*.

MATER DOLOROSA.

A face divine, with upturned eyes,
 Where love with sorrow sweetly vies;—
 As dew-drops, or as jewels rare,
 Those eyes, tho' filled with grief, are fair.
 In me their influence never dies.

As Alpine lake night-veilèd lies,
 Reflecting clear the sun-lit skies—
 Heaven's face an image mirrored there,
 A face divine!—

So shining from the mother's eyes,
 With radiant light that glorifies—
 I see the hearer of my prayer,
 The Christ, her Son, reflected there.
 That face, it is—my soul outcries—
 A face divine!
 —*Wesleyan Argus*.

BY-PATHS.

I love to leave the common thoroughfare,
 And wander through the woods and fields
 alone:
 The yielding turf, with here and there a stone,
 Is better far than walks which men prepare.
 No garden tended with the utmost care,
 And glowing with the choicest blossoms
 known,
 Can steal away the charms the wild flowers
 own,
 That, all uncared for, scent the summer air.
 The merry birds that in the forests play
 Seem happier than those about the street.
 I like the trees whose branches fill my way,
 And often bending downward brush my feet.
 Far from the homes of men I love to stray,
 And seek queen nature in her own retreat.
 —*Dartmouth*.

MY CHOICE.

Pretty in personage,
 Wealthy by heritage,
 Not of too great an age,
 Loving and free.
 Frank, not political,

Earnest, not critical,
Wise but not cynical,
This must she be.

For everything suitable,
Queenly and dutiful,
Learned and beautiful,
Mirthful and gay.
For usefulness training,
Neatness maintaining,
Gossip disdaining,
I'll love her for aye.

—Brunonian.

SONG.

Oh, the gentian grows down in yon rivulet
glen,
Heigh-ho for for its bonny blithe hue;
And it heeds not the wind, not the frost, nor
the rain,
And its sturdy blue heart fears nor trouble
nor pain,
Heigh-ho for its bonny blithe blue.

Oh my Helen's bright eyes have the gentian's
own blue,
Heigh-ho for their bonny blithe hue;
And I know that her heart will be loving and
true,
Though life-storms may break 'round the heads
of us two.
Heigh-ho for the blithe bonny blue.

—Yale Lit.

“AND AT EVE THERE SHALL BE
LIGHT.”

Sometimes, when dreary clouds have overcast
the day,
And ceaseless rain has pattered down and
down
No welcome shower on the dismal town,
At eve, the clouds a-sudden break away,
And it is light,
Ere night.

A life, sometimes, encompassed is by fate,
Shut in to gloom of misery and woe,
All its long hours move slowly as they go,
Yet, oft joy's sun breaks through the cloud-
drifts late,

And it is light,
Ere night.

—Brunonian.

POT-POURRI.

The Chinaman describes the tobog-
gan slide as “*whiz . . . walk a mile.*”
—*Ex.*

“Down in front”—a motto for mous-
tache farmers.

Play in three acts: 1st—Maid one;
2d—Maid won; 3d—Made one.

Small Clerk—“Fader, a shentleman
in de store wants to know if dot all-
wool, non-shrinkable shirt vill shrink.”
Proprietor—“Does it fit him?” “No,
id is too big.” “Yah, id vill shrink.”
—*Ex.*

“You may bring me some satanized
crustaceans,” said Miss Boston to
waiter. “Ma'am!” gasped the as-
tonished menial. “Don't you under-
stand me? I want deviled crabs.”
“Oh, yes'm; bring 'em right away.”
—*Ex.*

A DIFFERENCE.

In the sleigh there was only just room for us
two.

There was nobody else to forbid it:
The music of sleigh-bells beat time to my
heart—

And someway or other I did it.

There was love in the air that we breathed;
the white snow

Was tinged with the sun's golden glory.
Well,—I spoke—and she gave me the mitten
point blank!

That's the long and short of the story.

The wild rush of happiness you do not know—
You can't know unless you have tried it.

What's that? Why, she gave me the mitten—
that's true—

But her dear little hand was inside it!

—Vassar Miscellany.

Hastings Hall, '91—“Do you know
why Harvard's getting to be such a
great institution of learning?” Jack

Go-Easy, '89—"No; why?" H. H.—
 "'Cause every Freshman brings in
 some knowledge, and no Senior ever
 takes any out; it's bound to grow."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Ach, Vater, I wish I had done it up fine,
 Und mastered die trump-cards before,—
 Why, I can't tell der trigonometrical sine,
 From der sign on our tobacco-store.
 Wenn I asked you, dear Vater, a tutor to sent,
 I am sorry you couldn't keep cool;
 You said, I straightway to Gehenna could
 went,
 Und so I am back in der school.

But, Vater, don't worry,—der croup never
 kills;
 Der Spring-time will come back some day.
 Next week I will send you a few pious bills,
 Und in June I can come home,—to stay.
 Already I see you awaiting your boy
 Mit a rope round the fatted calf's neck.
 Please write me at once that I still am your joy,
 I can tell by the size of your check.

—*The W. P. I.*

She—"I'm going to try for a Bachelor
 in Arts next spring." He—"Eh?
 Sa—ay, by George, Eloise—!" She—
 "Why, what's the matter? I just said
 I was going up for my degree." He—
 "Oh! I—er—thought you were going
 to fire me for another fellow."

IN THE GYM.

Pulling on the chest weights,
 Running on the track,
 Fooling on the parallels,
 Just to get the knack.
 Now his shapely form he twists,
 While all gaze from afar,
 In graceful evolutions
 Round the horizontal bar.

Then he tries the tumbling,
 And strives in vain to get
 That quite deceptive little trick,
 The backward somerset.
 At last the dressing-room he seeks,
 Convinced that he will see
 Himself a famous athlete.
 And he possibly may be.

—*Bowdoin Orient.*

CHANGES ON AN OLD TUNE.

(Inspired by Pres. E. G. Robinson's Text-book in Ethics.)

If there should be another flood,
 For refuge, hither fly;
 Though all the rest should be submerged,
 This book will still be *dry*.

And if there comes a day of doom,
 And all's consumed in fire.
 This book alone will stay unchanged;
 It never can be *dryer*.

Then should they start another world,
 With types from worst to highest,
 There'll naught be kept, besides this book,
 To represent what's *dryest*.

—*Cornell Era.*

After the examinations of spring
 term, one of the students was found
 trying to console himself with the fol-
 lowing: Thou shalt not pass.—Numb.
 xx:18. Suffer not a man to pass.
 —Judges iii:28. The wicked shall
 no more pass.—Nahum i:15. Neither
 doth any son of man pass.—Jeremiah
 li:43. Beware that thou pass not.—2
 Kings vi:9. None shall pass.—Isaiah
 xxxiv:10.

There was a sign upon a fence—
 The sign was "Paint,"
 And everybody that went by,
 Sinner and saint,
 Put out a finger, touched the fence,
 And onward sped,
 And as they wiped their finger-tips,
 "It is," they said. —*Ex.*

Kansas Teacher—"Where does all
 our grain go to?" Scholar—"Into the
 hopper." "What hopper?" "Grass-
 hopper."—*Selected.*

Ye students breakethe ye maydene's harte,
 He laugheth, unaware;
 But eke, she breakethe hys pocketbooke—
 Which maketh matters square. —*Ex.*

Der Soph., er hat eine sichern girls;
 Der Junior hat the same;
 Der Freshie hat keine girl zu all,
 Aber er bekommt da just the same.

—*Ex.*

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

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's *Aeneid*; 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 Wentworth's Elements of Algebra, and Plane Geometry or Equivalents. 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 dismissal 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 Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

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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.

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The annual expenses for board, tuition, room rent, and incidentals are \$180. 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 receive assistance every year of the course.

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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.

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COMMENCEMENT, Thursday..... JUNE 27, 1889.

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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.

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
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