

2-1881

The Bates Student - volume 09 number 02 - February 1881

Bates College

Follow this and additional works at: http://scarab.bates.edu/bates_student

Recommended Citation

Bates College, "The Bates Student - volume 09 number 02 - February 1881" (1881). *The Bates Student*. 2123.
http://scarab.bates.edu/bates_student/2123

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Archives and Special Collections at SCARAB. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Bates Student by an authorized administrator of SCARAB. For more information, please contact batesscarab@bates.edu.

•
—*THE*—

BATES STUDENT.

VOL. IX. No. 2.

FEBRUARY, 1881.

LEWISTON:
PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF '82.
1881.

THE BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Published by the Class of '82, Bates College.

TERMS—\$1 a year, invariably in advance; Single copies, 10 cents.

EDITORS.

F. L. BLANCHARD, Editor-in-Chief; W. S. HOYT, Personals and Correspondence; S. A. LOWELL, Literary; W. H. COGSWELL and E. R. RICHARDS, Local.

BUSINESS MANAGER: C. H. LIBBY.

CONTENTS.

LITERARY:

The Value of Biography.....	19
The Silence of the Hills (poem).....	21
What Tom Said.—I.....	21
Reflection (poem).....	23
Kinneho and Its Legend.....	23
Mlle. Anne (poem).....	24

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO:

Notes.....	25
Locals.....	28
Correspondence.....	30
Alumni Notes.....	31
Editors' Table.....	31
Exchanges.....	32
College World.....	34
Clippings.....	35

THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. IX.

FEBRUARY, 1881.

No. 2.

THE VALUE OF BIOGRAPHY.

I HAVE often wondered why Biography occupies so little of thought and conversation. Science, Poetry, Philosophy, History, and Fiction have each their devotees and enthusiasts. Science attracts an apparently quite large and select company of admirers; Poetry charms a class of minds differing from the preceding, almost opposite, but quite as select; Philosophy draws an even more distinct and limited number of disciples; History instructs a larger body of more average minds; while Fiction interests and captivates all classes of readers. Biography, almost alone, as a separate branch of literature, is unchampioned.

Why it is so would, no doubt, be an interesting and instructive theme. An easy and partially satisfactory answer might, perhaps, be found in the fact that our language possesses so few good biographies. Carlyle gives us his judgment on the number in a question, likewise interesting just here: "How comes it that in England we have simply one good biography, this Boswell's Johnson?" "In the whole world," says he, "one cannot find, going strictly to work, above some dozen, or baker's dozen, and those chiefly of very ancient date." But I cannot believe that the scarcity of biographies fully satisfies the first query, nor shall I attempt any conclusive answer; for I purpose, instead, to briefly treat of the value of Biography.

But, before considering the value of Biography, which is a single branch of litera-

ture, can we not discover some general, comprehensive law, by which everything, properly denominated Literature, may be estimated? If discovered, such a law would establish the relative value of any branch thereof with assurance and certainty.

What is it that interests us in whatever we read? What is it, indeed, that affords the truly sagacious man pleasure and profit in any natural exercise of his mental faculties? This: he believes that, thereby, he is, perceptibly or imperceptibly acquiring something which will make his future living easier, or better, or more satisfactory. Have we not wisely been so made as ever to have a more or less vivid apprehension and providence of the future?

Books and thoughts, then, have but relative worth, and are valuable only as they teach us a larger and more effective use of our various powers in grappling with those manifold and heterogeneous elements which, collectively, we call "the world." All literature has interest and value only in its relations to us as men, as intelligent, sentient, willing beings. The illustrious achievements of Achilles, of Ulysses, of Hector, of Æneas, of Alexander, of Cæsar, of Napoleon, in fine of all the characters whose deeds and thoughts, whose virtues and vices, whose misfortunes and triumphs, have been perpetuated in literature by the pen of the historian and by the creative fancies of the poet,—these all amount to nothing, except as they illus-

trate those grand, imperishable truths, and enforce those sublime, immortal lessons, upon which depend the temporal and eternal destinies of man. The faith of millions in the life and teachings of that mysterious Person who walked the earth eighteen hundred years ago, is not based upon the mystery enveloping his "half-human, half-divine" existence, so much as upon the wonderful power which that life and those instructions are able to impart to weeping, suffering, struggling, despairing human lives. It is true everywhere that all knowledge unrelated to individual experience is valueless; and that those acquisitions are the most valuable to each of us, which have most intimate relations to our own peculiar selves. But every person differs from every other in some of these relations. There is no one but keenly feels this difference. No man has ever read the book he would. There lives not a man who would not give his fortune for the volume. Had old Father Time a faithful record of the life of every man who ever lived, how eagerly would we seek his massive library for that mystic book! What a crowding to the entrance! What trembling anxiety in every face! What an elbowing and jostling to the old white-haired librarian's desk! How important the order! "Give me, O Father Time, the biography of that man who had a body, mind, and soul like mine, and who once lived as I am now living, and became a successful man. But if no such man lived, give me the biography of that man who was most like myself, who had sorrows, fears, hopes, ambitions, and aspirations likest mine." How quickly would the happy finder seek the street and, beneath the first gas-light, open his volume, to seize—as the miner a gem just laid bare—the truth that will make divinely real the impassioned longing of his hope.

In all our study, in all our thought, we are seeking, however blindly, for that

biography which is our sacred and peculiar possession, for an example of the successful meeting of those conditions embodied in our own existence. Out of History, Science, Philosophy, Fiction, and what not, we are reading, as best we can, the lives of ourselves and divining our unknown futures.

Having discovered the proper derivable object of all our study and thought, we are prepared to estimate the value of Biography, one branch of knowledge, in its relation to such object. Let us be mindful that experience is what we are searching for; that real experience is valuable from whatever source; and that the value for which we are seeking is only relative, not absolute.

It will be found, speaking in a general way, that the particular, distinguishing value of Biography is due to the manner in which it presents the truth sought. Its subject matter is the lives of individuals. It deals with men—men gifted with the same faculties as ourselves, endowed with similar minds, subject to the same passions, animated by similar hopes, distressed by similar fears, and capable of like destinies. It carries in its narration the highest type of philosophy, a philosophy that can be apprehended by the most undisciplined mind and applied by the simplest intellect. Not that two individuals ever lived who were endowed with physical, moral, and intellectual powers in precisely the same degree; but that all men are sufficiently alike in the kind of their endowments to be derivable from one divine image, and to communicate to their fellow-men the truth which they have wrung out of their life struggle. Faithful biography is eminently "philosophy teaching by example." The potency of such instruction will be readily apprehended by those who understand that the vast majority of mankind depend for their knowledge, not on their reflective powers, but on their perceptive faculties;

and that, with such minds, the faithful narrative of one eventful life is more direct and effectual in its influence than the consolidated philosophy of a dozen lives.

So in comparing Biography with History and Narrative, we shall find, to use the language of Dryden, that, though the former is "in dignity inferior to History and Annals, in pleasure and instruction it equals or even excels both of them." But its superiority is due only to its manner of presenting experience; for "History," it has been said, "is the essence of innumerable biographies."

Biography and Fiction are much alike, and differ from each other little except in the quality of reality. But this difference is altogether too important to be overlooked. In the study of Biography we feel that such a man as we are reading about was a veritable man of flesh and blood, whose pilgrimage from the cradle to the grave was so nearly like our own as to afford lessons infinitely important to our own living. But all our contemplations of Fiction are accompanied by the thought that we are entertaining ourselves with a myth, a manufactured hero, whose would-be experiences may or may not enforce the correct philosophy of life. We should not forget, in our enjoyment of the illusions of the unreal, the superior efficacy of the real upon our own minds; "how all-pervading, omnipotent in man's mind is the thing we call belief." Fable knocks at the door of the mind to be admitted, or not, as we fancy; Truth comes an unbidden guest, but with such official sanction from the court of Heaven that we unbar the door and bid him enter, regardless of his errand. And we never ignore his message.

We can, of course, discover the value of Biography, or, indeed, of any separate branch of literature, only by faithfully comparing it with the other branches thereof, with which it is justly compara-

ble. We must also be mindful that acquisitions in any department of knowledge depend much upon the resources of study at command, and the methods adopted in using them. My purpose in this brief essay will be met, if I have correctly and truthfully stated some of those qualities of Biography which give to that department of literature, now somewhat neglected, a special and pre-eminent value.

W. H. J., '80.

THE SILENCE OF THE HILLS.

The windy forest, rousing from its sleep,
Voices its heart in hoarse, Titanic roar;
The ocean bellows by its wave worn shore;
The cataract that haunts the rugged steep
Makes mighty music in its headlong leap;
The clouds have voices; and the rivers pour
Their floods in thunder down to ocean's floor.
The hills alone mysterious silence keep,
They cannot rend the ancient chain which bars
Their iron lips, nor answer back the sea,
That calls to them far off in vain. The stars
They cannot hail, nor their wild brooks. Ah me!
What cries from out their stony hearts will break
In God's great day when all that sleep shall wake!

W. P. FOSTER, '81, in *Midwinter Scribner*.

WHAT TOM SAID.—I.

WE have been chums together, Tom and I, these two years. It was strange how we got acquainted the first day I came to college. He was verdant looking,—the grass was nothing in comparison to him. His hair was not exactly red, but it leaned that way. My baggage had been piled up in the hall way, and I was vainly endeavoring to find a man they called Dick, in order to procure the key to my room. I had just been searching for him upon one of the upper floors, and was skipping down stairs pretty lively when my foot slipped on an apple core and I fell head-

long. Luckily for me, however, a fellow was coming up, while I was going down, and, since no two bodies can occupy the same space at the same time, there was a collision and a double fall. As soon as we had recovered our feet, my object of collision, after brushing the dust out of his eyes and squaring around his necktie, exclaimed, "Well if this isn't the darnedest way for a man to introduce himself that I ever heard of. O you needn't make any excuses," he said in a good natured way, as I began to explain matters, "accidents will happen in spite of us. My name is Thomas S——, from Newcastle. I am a Freshman, as I presume you have already surmised." He seemed glad to learn that I was to be a member of his class. This was the way we became acquainted. He offered to help me unpack and assisted me in the arrangement of my room. Something about him attracted me. It wasn't his beauty, that is certain. His depth of thought, and the rapidity with which he could go to the bottom of a subject, I presume were the chief reasons why I liked him. The following term we became room-mates, and since that time the course of our lives has been pretty much the same.

Tom has some very practical ideas about matters and things. The other evening, after we had prepared our lessons for the next day and were enjoying a smoke, I ventured to remark that there was a great difference in the manner in which students conducted themselves among their own classmates.

"That's so," said Tom, giving a vigorous pull at his pipe. "Some of them act just as though they owned the whole institution, and only tolerated us because they pity our lowly condition."

"Don't you think that some men are naturally overbearing in their disposition?" I asked.

"Perhaps so; but I believe that in the

majority of cases it is all put on," he replied from behind a cloud of smoke. "Now there's Ed F——; his father owns considerable property down in Portland, and when he sent Ed to school, he gave him plenty of money to help him along. What does he do with it? Puts part of it on his back, and the rest goes for suppers and livery stable teams. When he meets one of us, he bobs his head and then stands waiting as if he expected us to get down on our knees and kiss his hand."

"You're putting it rather strong," I remarked.

"Perhaps I am," he answered, tipping back in his chair and placing his feet upon the top of the stove, "but I do detest a man who is continually trying to make you think that there is no one quite so aristocratic as he."

We said no more for some time. The little clock on the mantel ticked louder than ever, and the fire on the hearth crackled with redoubled vigor. My chum seemed to be lost in thought, so I did not disturb him.

"I'll tell you what," said Tom all at once, "I like to have a man grasp my hand and shake it as though he meant it. I want to be social myself and see others social. What is college life worth if you cannot develop the social, as well as the intellectual side of your nature? Culture was not destined to lock up a man's heart so that none could approach him; but rather to strengthen and develop his sympathies, and make him a broader, deeper man. That system of education which freezes a man's social nature, and teaches him to draw a Pharisaical robe about him, is a system born of hell rather than heaven. [Tom was getting a little excited.] In my opinion the friendships and other ties which we form while here in college are of nearly as much importance as the information which we obtain from our books. Who can estimate the

value of a true friend? If his counsel is worth anything here, it is worth a great deal more when we have graduated. Is it not by this friction of mind with mind that we learn our own abilities? Of course we are not all alike, but it seems to me that we are not half social enough."

NEMO.

REFLECTION.

I sat this afternoon and gazed away
 Into the deep, calm space above
 So pure and calm and still,
 So far above the turmoil and the strife
 In which strong hearts may fall and die,
 Or live and win, as is His will.

And o'er me softly stealing, like the dews
 Which gently fall on Hermon's sacred height,
 There dropt a great sweet calm,
 Gathered and distilled by angel hands
 From out the starry depths of night—
 God's own immortal balm.

Oh! Father of all light and life and love,
 Thou, who dost fill the deep blue space
 Between all worlds and worlds,
 Grant me this prayer, this favor,
 From thine all abounding grace
 And goodness infinite.

So guide my steps, so guard my thoughts,
 So teach my love to rest on Thee,
 That like the bright, blue space above,
 My soul may pure and spotless be.

May deeds of kindness and of love,
 Like stars set in a cloudless sky,
 Shine through my life and light my feet
 To that blest home with Thee on high.

LEE WILLIAMS.

KINNEHO AND ITS LEGEND.

JUST west of Greenville, on the south-east shore of Moosehead Lake, is "Old Squaw" Mountain. The air of that October day was a little smoky, but notwithstanding this, the view from its sum-

mit far surpassed my expectations, and I assure you my expectations were not insignificant if compared with my effort. Five miles of solid rowing up the lake and then an upward tramp of six more brought me four thousand and two hundred feet above the sea level.

You remember that from Mt. Washington the greater part of the broad and level fields you see are in Maine, and I have often heard it said, "See Maine from Mt. Washington and you will call it the garden of the Northern States." What I said differed from this, but was in its way even more magnificent.

Looking south I could see one or two villages and "clearings" with their single houses dotting the expanse, but north and west there were no openings in the forests to tell us that man had ever trespassed on that broad domain of nature. From below the "Forks of the Kennebec" on the south, to way beyond "Hog's Back," "Smoky Hill," and the "Canada Line" on the west, and north as far as the eye could see, was an unbroken wilderness. Seemingly all was as wild as when centuries ago the Indian Chief Kinneho kindled his camp-fire on the summit of that "Hornblende Mountain" in the middle of Moosehead, and his mother Maquaso built her wigwam on the side of "Old Squaw."

I found a party that came up "on horseback and ox sleds" the day before, and had camped that night on the mountain. Below us lay thirty-one ponds and lakes scattered in beautiful profusion. Kinneho, or as it is now called Kineo, is situated about half way between the head and foot of Moosehead, on a peninsula connected with the main land by a narrow sand bar, which in high water is often overflowed. It is composed entirely of hornblende,—the largest mass of that material known to geologists, hence it is often called Hornblende Mountain.

Among the Indians who once lived on

the banks of this lake, was an old chief named Macae. Though morose and repulsive himself, his wife, Maquaso, was young, beautiful, and exactly his opposite in all things. She bore him one son, Kinneho, the idol of his mother and pride of his tribe. As he grew older his mother found that he had inherited his father's sullen nature, and all the favors she was constantly bestowing upon him were unnoticed. One night his mother disappeared, leaving no trace behind except a smouldering fire and a few articles of clothing. Kinneho, though he searched many days, was suspected by his fellows of having murdered her, and was banished from the tribe. He retired sadly to the summit of the "Island Mountain," and for years his camp-fire nightly blazed from its summit. One night, as he looked toward a mountain on the southern shore of the lake, he saw a bright light. Evening after evening it appeared, and at last he resolved to go and see whose fire it might be. Journeying over the lake, through the woods, and up the side of the mountain, he came, at last, to a rude lodge of bark and skins, and saw bending over the dying fire the form of his long lost mother, Maquaso. He rushed forward eagerly and embraced her, but the shock produced by his sudden appearance was too great for her feeble system, and, though she attempted to return his embrace, "her soul escaped in her effort to breathe his name." He fashioned a rude grave on the side of the mountain, and marked her resting place with a stone. Each new moon he visited the lonely mound and sprinkled it

with his tears. In the summer a beautiful white flower blooms in these forests known as the Indian pipe. The Indians affirm that it springs from the tears of Kinneho. Wherever his tears fell this flower appeared. In a few years his camp-fire disappeared, but a blackened spot on the summit of the mountain still marks its place, and on the northern slope of Mount Squaw is the lonely rock-marked grave of his mother. H. WOODBURY, '76.

MLLE. ANNE.

O she wears a seal-skin sacque
 When it snows;
 And her stunning suit is black
 As a crow's;
 Short,—and thinks it is a pity;
 Charming, jolly, wise, and witty;
 Has a *retrousse*—so pretty—
 Little nose.

In her basket phaeton,
 When it blows,
 With her striking glasses on,
 Out she goes;
 And she's just as sweet as stately,
 As she sits there so sedately,
 With her cheeks and lips so greatly
 Like a rose.

She plays Chopin, Liszt, and Spohr,
 For her beaux;
 And she speaks of "Pinafore"—
 Heaven knows!—
 With a naughty "D" and "Never!"
 But she's awful nice and clever;
 If she liked me, I'd endeavor
 To propose.

—Acta.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

WE have received notices from several of the alumni and members of the lower classes requesting us to stop their subscription to the *STUDENT*. Now although we do not question the right of any person to withdraw their name, yet we do maintain that such an act is an injustice to the *STUDENT* and the college. It is of course well understood that a college magazine cannot live unless it has the liberal support of the alumni and undergraduates; this is a self-evident proposition. Now there is, certainly, no man in the ranks of either of the above classes who cannot contribute at least one dollar a year to the support of his own college paper. If our students were compelled, on account of limited means, to live upon two meals a day and could barely provide for themselves the necessities of life, the case would be different. As far as our own observation has extended, there is not a single undergraduate who does not enjoy a fair share of financial prosperity. It is certainly to the credit of students that, what with teaching school, what with acting as clerks and waiters, and what with improving every fitting opportunity to increase the size of their pocket-books, they are, in the majority of cases, able to graduate free from debt. Knowing these facts we ask if it is just the thing for you to stop your subscription to the *STUDENT*?

The Inter-Collegiate Press Association project of the *Acta Columbiana* does not meet with the approval of the Harvard and Yale papers.

The college world has been, for the past two months, in a state of fearful tranquility. To be sure Princeton and Yale have been wrangling a little over the football championship, but this has not been

of sufficient interest to create any great stir outside of their own States. There is nothing of importance occurring in the winter months to stir up the enthusiasm of students. In a few weeks, however, the spring athletic contests will begin to occur. The probabilities are that baseball and boating will flourish with extraordinary vigor during the coming season. Nearly all the colleges have their teams hard at work in the gymnasiums. The last half of the college year is crowded with interesting occurrences. The spring meetings, the examinations, receptions, and graduation exercises keep the student world in a continual state of excitement.

We hope that an effort will be made by the C. C. A. to procure the services of one of our city clergymen for the day of prayer for colleges, which occurs Thursday, Feb. 24th. Something more than a prayer-meeting is demanded by the majority of our students. We need instruction and encouragement in our Christian work: in what better way can this be imparted, than through the medium of a live, earnest sermon? It cannot be expected that students will be interested in long prosy services; they demand, instead, short, vigorous sermons and interesting music.

Although much has been said in these columns concerning the state of decrepitude into which our College Choir and Glee Club have fallen, yet we think that such an important subject will bear further discussion. Time was when we could boast of considerable interest in vocal music. Rehearsals were frequently held, and, for a while, there promised to be a revival of Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn. The work was carried

through the spring term of '80 but has proceeded no further. To be sure there are abundant reasons why we cannot do much in music when the hot summer days arrive, but there are very few why we should not continue our drill in the fall. We have enough good musicians in college to have a first-class glee club or choir. But so long as our men will allow every little excuse to keep them away from the rehearsals when appointed, so long will it be a difficult task to do respectable work in music. What we need is an unselfish, liberal spirit in regard to the matter. Good music cannot be effectively rendered without hard work at the rehearsals.

We have one or two students who make capital directors. When, however, one has been elected to that position, he cannot make the organization a success unless he has the hearty co-operation of all the members. If we will but give him our earnest support, and try to do our own part faithfully, the day will not be far distant when our Glee Club will be able to furnish good music for all public exercises.

As more of the students than usual have been teaching this winter, the thought naturally comes, whether it is wise for college duties to be thus interrupted? We think it is, and for several reasons. In the first place, our college course is entered upon by most of us that we may fit ourselves for getting on in this world and the next. There are those who never look beyond college. When that is finished they begin to open their eyes and find where they are. They look on either hand and see a large world before them, in which every man is working, more or less, for himself. Nothing looks more dubious for a graduate who has never done anything, and don't know how to do anything, than the prospect before him. But if he has taught a few terms of school successfully, this will in a great measure serve as an entering wedge

in any business which he may see fit to follow. It will give him a confidence in himself, and lead to higher ambition.

In the second place, a student is making practical application of his knowledge while teaching. Besides learning to apply his information, he is fixing many important facts in his memory. Somebody has wisely said that there is no sadder spectacle in this world than a man once learned, but who has now forgotten all he ever knew. Yet such spectacles are often seen, and the great cause of them is want of practice in making a good use of what is already mastered. A youngster may have the multiplication table thoroughly, but unless he applied it continuously in his advanced studies, it would gradually slip away from him. What, then, must be the result with a great many of our college studies, unless we make, in some way, a beneficial use of them?

In the third place, an experience with the world and the world's people is worth much to a young man; but, to be sarcastic, we should think it quite as valuable as a ten or twelve weeks' course in calculus. What a student would lose in *discipline* in one case he would gain in that which would help him earn his daily bread, in the other; and this little matter of earning one's daily bread is not so insignificant as to be passed over without thought. The most of us are old enough to be as good a judge as any one of what is best for ourselves.

As the Faculty have given the first four weeks of the winter term to those that teach, and as this arrangement is probably understood by all, we hope to see a still larger number out next year.

We wish to call the attention of all our loyal college boys to the letter in our correspondence column, written by the business manager of the nine. He gives us a very flattering statement of the condition

and standing of the nine, and assures us that we can put a stronger team into the field the coming season than we did last.

We would especially call attention to what the writer says in regard to the financial condition of the nine. For a number of years our nine has been, as it were, shackled by a disastrous state of finance, and yet it has achieved for us victory after victory. This fact gives us good reason to believe that, being now free from the most of those fetters with which it has been bound for so long a time, our nine will in the future win greater honor for themselves and us.

The manager promises us that there shall be hard and earnest work on the part of the nine. So it only remains for us, the body of the students, to be ready at all times to draw our pocket-books and furnish the necessary funds. This will not be a heavy tax if each and every one is prompt to do his part. We learn that our sister colleges are raising large amounts for the support of base-ball. If we will but give this subject a little thought we shall certainly all have pride and enthusiasm enough to do something for the support of this interest at Bates.

We have sometimes heard it said that Bates pays more attention to rhetorical work than many other colleges. If this is true, it is so much to the credit of Bates. In our opinion no part of the college work merits more careful attention than this; for, no matter how much a man knows, if he cannot express himself intelligently, and even with some degree of elegance, he stands at a disadvantage among his fellows.

The need of elocutionary training is two-fold: We need it for the advantage it gives us in public speaking; this requires little argument since it is apparent to most people. We also need it as a means of promoting vigorous health. Especially

is this essential to a student who takes but little regular exercise. Unless the respiratory muscles are specially exercised, their degree of weakness is something surprising. We have seen many young men apparently in first rate health who could not, the first time trying, read twenty lines in a whisper without becoming dizzy and faint. But, after a few weeks of practice, the same men could go through the most vigorous exercise with little fatigue.

Now do not these facts show that the respiratory muscles of many people are in such a weak condition that they are very liable to disease? If this is true, does it not pay to strengthen these muscles by the systematic exercise accompanying elocutionary training, and thus remove a great liability to disease? The breathing exercises render the oxygenation of the blood more certain and consequently promotes health in this direction.

It is comparatively easy to convince a man of the truth of these statements, but not so easy to rouse him to make the necessary exertion. The reason why is a freak of human nature,—a natural indisposition to exertion which will invite procrastination. He must feel the spur of some present necessity, or the excitement of rivalry, to induce him to persevere in a long course of practice. College rhetorical work furnishes the necessary incentive.

That student is wise who improves every opportunity for advancement in this direction, and we should expect that the students, to a man, would heartily appreciate every effort of the college to give them professional instruction. Generally we believe they do. Whatever exceptions there may be, are too ridiculous to merit observation.

Last summer it was our privilege to receive semi-weekly instruction in elocution from an excellent teacher. The improvement of the classes in voice and manner of expression, was most encourag-

ing, so much so that we hope that officers of the college will repeat the experiment if it lies in their power to do so. If we could have professional training two or three times a week through our course, there would be very few poor readers among our alumni. And not only would their usefulness be greatly increased, but the honor of the college would thus be advanced by its representatives.

LOCALS.

When you send in local news,
 Boil it down, boil it down!
 For the "Eds." might get the "blues,"
 Boil it down, boil it down!
 And begin to cuss and swear,
 Then in anger tear their hair,
 And at you in frenzy stare,
 Boil it down, boil it down!
 —*Notre Dame Scholastic.*

Subscribe.

Subscribe for.

Subscribe for the STUDENT.

"Glad to see you back."

"Did you have a pleasant school?"

Hatch, '83, has returned from his long vacation.

Have you paid your subscription to the STUDENT yet?

Quite a number of the Juniors taught French this winter.

The Sophs are beginning to groan over General Geometry.

'84 has another new member, Mr. J. W. Ricker of Wales, Me.

Skillins, '82, is just recovering from an attack of the measles.

The voice of the pedagogue is heard in the land where the pedagogue shakes his mane.

"Coopered."

Why do we live?

Seniors, trot out your beavers.

Gilkey is mail carrier this term.

Stranger, pointing to Parker Hall,
 "What shoe factory is that?"

Tobacco smoke kills moths. There are never any moths around colleges.

And now the cheering information comes that it is a good time to freeze meat.

W. B. Perkins acted as clerk for W. D. Lothrop & Co., of Boston, during the holidays.

Blanchard, '82, lectured before the Kingston Lodge, I. O. G. T., at Upper Gloucester, last month.

Prof. Stanley has been dangerously ill with diphtheria, but is now able to attend to his classes.

Our college library is well patronized by those of the alumni who live in the neighboring towns.

Two ships abroad which college students are liable to get—scholarship and courtship; especially the latter.

Pile high the hod with friendly coal,
 Fill up the festive cob,
 Let mirth and song with joyous tale,
 A happy hour from study rob.

Who says a college education is not beneficial? One of our Juniors has already learned to steal the *professor's* rubbers.

The boys that have been acting, for a short time, as guides in the foot-hills of science and learning, are beginning to return.

We don't quite understand why it is the Sophs make so many inquiries about "hosses" and never mention sleighs or carriages, or even saddles. How is it, boys, do you ride as "Mark's" did his "Fleetwood"?

February—boys born this month will be full length and with their hands in their trousers' pockets. There won't be any girls.

All subscribers who have not received the January number of the STUDENT will be furnished with a copy by the Business Manager.

Have you had a smoke yet in that meerschäum pipe, which you so carefully packed away in the bottom of your trunk last New-Year's day?

If any subscriber fails to receive a copy of the STUDENT when due, we would thank him to inform us, and the mistake will be immediately rectified.

The Seniors have come to the conclusion that Logic is hard, since it gave the Everett Spirits such a hard tustles to even pronounce the name.

If a man is very anxious to try a desperate undertaking, where failure is certain, let him endeavor to teach a term of district school without laughing.

Boys, don't be too particular about your dress. An exchange says that many a man has ascended the ladder of fame with a patch on the seat of his pants.

Parsons is practicing in the Gym, and getting those "*Phenomenal Curves*" ready for the coming base-ball season. Go it John! We are looking to you with great expectations.

"Lib's smiling face" is now seen around the college, as he kindly asks the boys to "*Ante.*" Now, boys, don't be bashful, but "hand over the filthy lucre" and make poor Lib's heart to rejoice.

During the recent cold weather it took two Seniors to tend the fire, but as they both had conflicting opinions in regard to the matter the Prof. *counted them both out* and put new men in their places.

She—"See, George, the pale orb of night, triumphant in her glory and queen of the heavens, is shedding her beams with a profuse hand." He—"Yesh. Pale orb—(hic)—o' night—triuissant in glory—(hic) queenth'heavens—(hic)—'s been—(hic)—drinkin'!"

The Seniors who have started full beard have had a desperate struggle. After waiting and watching for a long time, Charles states that the result isn't satisfactory. Several, who have sweethearts in town, have become quite discouraged under adverse criticism.

Here is an extract from a composition written by a pupil of one of our students:

"If it were not for the cats we should not have nothing in the house. There are to species, the wild and the tame. Wild cats are a very dreadful to meat. Some are very tretchorous and will attack you when you least expect it."

"Did you find any very cold weather where you were this winter?" said one student to the other. "Cold! well I guess so! Got up one morning and found the oil in my lamp frozen solid. Tried to comb my hair, after wetting it in warm water, but it was no go, water turned into ice quicker than you could say Jack Robinson."

The janitor is an accommodating and critical workman and ought to have wings, as he probably will some time within the century. When the winged phantoms of the celestial regions present him with the glittering harp, his mechanical eye will not fail to discover its weak points. If it isn't what was recommended, Emerson, tell them you guess you'll pass on to the next shop.

Mr. L. M. Tarr, of '82, has returned. He spent the early part of the winter in Fernandina, Fla. He says it was very cold and rainy there, and that he feels impressed that he does not want to spend

another winter in that section. We understand that he went on a gunning and fishing trip, but as he says nothing about it we take it for granted that he did not have very good luck. Come, "Perko," call on us and narrate some of your adventures.

Strout, '81, has returned from Sherman Mills where he has taught successfully two terms of high school. On his way home he called upon Davis and Roberts at Winterport, and found the boys in their glory. Their schools are about half a mile apart, so that they are able to room together at the hotel, which is nearly midway between the two school-houses. Strout says they showed him "what kind of wood makes shingles." We are glad to learn that Bob and Dave are very popular instructors.

Young man, did you ever have a mother? Have you ever listened to her admonitions and precepts with willing ears? Have you ever felt those motherly sentiments and the heel of the old man's slipper sinking, as it were, into your very make-up? Have you ever looked up into those tender, fathomless, liquid eyes, seen the angel-like expression reflected therein, and felt the penetrating keenness of the blithe birch as it playfully hovered about the seat of your pants? If so, you are also prepared to exert a moulding influence on your posterity.

Our Ideal English Opera Company presented "Fatinitza" at Music Hall, Tuesday evening, Feb. 15th. A large audience welcomed the company and seemed very well pleased with the performance. But notwithstanding the fact that our old favorites, Tom Karl, Adelaide Phillips, Marie Stone, Whitney, and Barnabee received a good measure of applause, yet we think that the opera itself has very little to recommend it to the public. There are no catching airs, no deep chords of harmony. When the opera is finished and the lights

are extinguished, your interest in the music has disappeared. To be sure, such an opera as "Fatinitza" is not written to produce any marked effect upon the inner passions of man; its mission is to please. But really do not the musical works which please us most, touch chords which vibrate again and again as often as we hear them repeated? "Pinafore" is one example of this. Everybody sang, whistled, and played it till it was worn threadbare. This, of course, belongs to the lighter operas which have of late become so popular. As a rule, an opera or play is popular when people of ordinary musical ability can dissect it if need be, and find something more than froth. "Fatinitza" is little else than froth.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editors of the Student:

The time for agitating base-ball has returned again. We have a record of which we may justly feel proud. Six years of uninterrupted success cannot fail to awaken a feeling of enthusiasm in the heart of the most backward. We have made this record at the cost of many hard knocks, much hard work, and many costly expenses. At the present time the standing of the nine, in finances and ability, is high. We are free from a heavy debt that has hung over us for three years. This is reassuring. We have material which can be developed into a nine, twenty per cent. better than the one we put into the field last year. This is saying much. We have the experience of last year to guide us. This forcibly reminds us that without better gymnasium drill and more steady field practice, we cannot expect more than we achieved last year.

But there is more than this needful for our complete success. The nine must be

well and ably sustained. We met all expenses and paid some debts last year,—thanks to those students who so excellently sustained us. Still, at times, we felt cramped for the “wherewith to do with.” When we consider this and think of what is being done by other colleges, we feel that we, too, must do something to hold our present position. Will we do it? I think we will. I believe that the hearty response to our financial demands in times past, will be no less hearty in times to come. I have corresponded with many of last year's nine. Under favorable circumstances, they are all ready and eager to do their best. So it lies only with the body of the students. We have the material. We will develop it. We promise earnest, careful, solid work. We ask the students to sustain us well, and in return we promise most earnest effort shall be made to win that championship which has belonged to us and been an honor to us for so many years.

The following is the record of our baseball nine, in batting and fielding, for the last season :

BATTING RECORD.

No. of Games.	Runs.	A.B.	1B.	TB.	Per ct.
Foss.....6	9	33	12	15	.410
Parsons.....8	14	43	14	16	.349
Sanborn.....8	15	43	10	16	.302
Norcross.....6	5	31	8	10	.291
Goding.....2	2	9	2	3	.278
Tinkham.....4	6	20	5	6	.275
Wilbur.....8	8	43	10	11	.245
Dresser.....4	2	21	5	5	.238
Rowell.....8	6	40	9	9	.225
Hatch.....4	2	19	4	4	.211
Richards.....8	7	36	7	7	.194
Nevens.....4	2	19	3	3	.158
Roberts.....2	1	10	0	0	.000
Total.....8	79	367	89	105	.250

FIELDING RECORD.

	P.O.	A.	E.	Per ct.
Parsons, p.....14	73	12	12	.878
Sanborn, 1b.....70	3	18	3	.802
Roberts, 3b.....2	5	2	2	.777
Rowell, c. f. and s. s.....5	10	5	5	.750
Richards, l. f.....14	0	5	5	.737
Wilbur, c.....78	13	35	7	.722
Nevens, 2b.....12	5	9	5	.653
Tinkham, 2b.....6	5	6	6	.647
Norcross, 3b.....11	7	13	7	.581
Foss, s. s. and c. f.....2	7	8	2	.529
Dresser, r. f.....2	0	2	2	.500
Goding, s. s.....0	3	6	3	.333
Total.....216	131	121	741	

As compared with previous years, the batting record shows an advance; the fielding record shows a slight decrease. We have nothing in the record to discourage us, but much to stimulate us in making a better record the coming year. The nine can and will do it.

Respectfully,

EUGENE D. ROWELL,
Manager Bates.

ALUMNI NOTES.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—EDS.]

'72.—C. A. Bickford has been offered a position as assistant editor of the *Morning Star*.

'74.—Married in Boston, Jan. 27, by Rev. A. Gordon, D.D., Frank P. Moulton of New Hampton, N. H., and Miss Rachel E. White of Dresden, Me.

'76.—H. S. Crowell is Principal of Francistown (N. H.) High School.

'76.—I. C. Phillips continues to act as Principal of Wilton Academy.

'78.—D. M. Benner has charge of Wilson Collegiate Institute, Iowa. The school is in a flourishing condition.

'78.—F. D. George regularly supplies Kennebunk Free Baptist Church.

'79.—F. P. Otis is Principal of Princeton (Me.) High School.

'80.—H. L. Merrill is studying law with Judge Dresser of Auburn.

EDITORS' TABLE.

Shakespeare's King John; for the use of Schools; by the Rev. Henry N. Hunson, Professor of Shakespeare in Boston University. Boston: Published by Ginn & Heath. Mr. Hudson is, without doubt,

one of the three foremost of Shakespearian commentators. The greater part of his life has been devoted almost entirely to the study of this wonderful dramatist. It is, then, not at all strange that, from his experience both as a scholar and a teacher, he is able to present to the public an edition which fully meets the demands of students. At the beginning of the present volume, the author gives some very timely instruction to teachers, upon the method of reading Shakespeare. We here find two sets of notes: one, explanatory; the other, critical. With such valuable assistance the study of Shakespeare becomes at once easy and enjoyable.

The *Musical Herald* for February is one of the best numbers yet issued of this leading musical magazine. It opens with a humorous illustration, "The Musical Committee in Session," which is in every respect a capital "hit," overflowing with sarcasm. An article on "Wasted Talent," by Dr. E. Tourjée, speaks in a very practical manner on the number of young voices which could be advantageously used in church, Sunday, and public schools, and the most efficient manner of their instruction. Mr. Gotthold Carlberg, the well-known symphonic conductor of New York, contributes an instructive paper upon "Modern Instrumentation," wherein the use and abuse of different orchestral instruments are fully discussed. Mr. W. F. Apthorp draws many useful thoughts for the advancement of the present art from the history of the past. Mr. Louis C. Elson, in an essay on "Criticism," defends the critic from the necessity of art-creation, and proves that the best composers, poets, and painters have been the poorest critics. There is an excellent paper giving "Hints to Teachers of the Piano-forte." The interesting serial story of "The New Tenor" is concluded. The departments of Foreign and Editorial Notes, Questions and Answers, Critiques, Reviews of Music, Hymns

and their Authors, etc., etc., are piquant, brilliant, and reliable. There are numerous other editorials; and the music represents some of the latest productions from the pens of Sullivan, Koschat, Joseffy, Hopkins, etc., much of it being of very moderate difficulty, but of sterling worth.

We have received two numbers of the *American Kindergarten Magazine*, edited by Emily M. Coe, New York. The editor, we believe, was one of the first to introduce the system of Froebel to the educators of the United States. The magazine presents, each month, interesting articles and hints upon Kindergarten work. No one who is interested in this method of teaching should fail to examine this magazine.

We have received several numbers of the *Studio and Musical Review*, a journal devoted to painting, sculpture, architecture, engraving, music, and other arts. As an art paper it cannot be surpassed. Each department is full and well edited. Some of the leading professional men in this country and Europe are among its contributors. In the last number, Chief Justice Daly has a paper upon "The Rise of Our Landscape School." Wilson Macdonald gives some interesting data upon "Ancient and Modern Cabala." The suggestions and reviews which appear weekly are very valuable to the general student.

EXCHANGES.

What is the matter with the students of Boston University that they cannot give us a better edited paper than the *Beacon*? We had always supposed that Boston had the best of everything, even to a college periodical, but we are compelled to change our opinion since reading the *Beacon*. The article, "One Year at a Western College," is about as slim a piece as we have found among our exchanges. If it was put in

simply "to fill up," why, it will pass; but if it was inserted for any other reason, it is a lamentable failure. The local editor must have worked hard to grind out the two columns of college news found in the last issue. Wake up, Mell, and let us see what you can do when your blood is warmed to action.

The last number of the *Acta Columbiana* is hardly up to its usual standard. As a general rule the articles are well selected and the editorial and exchange department filled with good things. The continued story, "Suspense," is one of the attractions of the present volume. The writer has evidently "been there" since he puts too much realism in his "scenes" to be a novice at love making. We find here an editorial upon what a college paper ought to be which so nearly agrees with our own opinion that we make the following copious extract:

"We hold that it is not the province of the college paper to publish long essays on literary and scientific subjects—the students can obtain plenty of these and of much better quality elsewhere. Neither should the college paper be heavy and didactic, or try to educate its readers. Experience teaches us that such as these are failures. Students will not be instructed, as a matter of course, by some of their own number. Neither should the college paper do more than record, criticise, and comment on its athletic sports; dwelling on them indefinitely is tiresome and uninteresting.

"To suit us, a college paper should, in short, pungent editorials, comment on things collegiate—local principally, but not exclusively. It should contain authentic accounts of meetings, games, races, etc., by the students, if only to record them; it should note briefly current events about the college; it should give its readers sketches of college life and incident, written with due regard to correct literary principles, in a style rather flippant than ponderous; and it should note briefly the principal doings at similar institutions. The college paper that does all of these things will fully satisfy us, and we firmly believe, the great mass of collegians. It is our duty to interest and amuse them—instruction they get elsewhere."

With the January number the *Vox Academicae*, published by the students of Amsterdam Academy, N. Y., looks upon the light of day for the first time. It is a thrifty youngster and gives promise of becoming, one of these days, quite a strong boy. If grandmother's messes and the doctor's physics are kept away from him for a reasonable length of time, he will be able to get on his feet at a very early age.

The *Kings College Record* opens this month with a dramatic article, entitled "The Fate of the Reformer." The "Reformer," mentioned, is a Freshman, who, upon entering an ancient college, endeavors to introduce a few new ideas. He is forthwith brought before the President, charged with his crimes and condemned to undergo the following penalty:

"Know, Recent, for a twelve month and a day
 You never may put off your college robe,
 Winter nor summer, nor in day nor night;
 But over overcoat and full-dress suit,
 Over your night-shirt and your morning dress,
 In sickness and in health you it must wear.
 And every night as you descend to dine,
 The third and fourth year men, in order meet,
 Will smite you on the eye with brawny arm.
 Herewith you also are condemned to pay
 Ten dollars to the Bursar as a fine.
 And for three terms, to teach humility,
 Jocasta will provide you with such fare
 As on the menial servants she bestows.
 Go haughty youth."

The poor fellow is so overcome by this terrible decree that he goes out and hangs himself by his suspenders. The editorial department is a minus quantity. It seems a pity that this important department should be neglected.

That the interests of any college demand the publication of a daily paper by its students, remains to the majority of public educators as a matter of grave doubt. It is certain, however, that two dailies, the *Cornell Sun* and *Harvard Echo*, have been established and are, at the present time, edited and controlled by the students of their respective colleges.

The enterprise displayed in carrying out such an undertaking is indeed commendable. For men to hold a respectable position in their classes and at the same time attend to the work incidental to the publication of a daily paper, is almost an impossibility. For our part we cannot find any excuse for the existence of either of the above publications. They do not take the place of a city daily, and for this reason cannot receive any more than a meager support from the students and patrons of the college. The *Echo* boasts of a circulation of 600 copies and the *Sun* about 500. How long this circulation will be maintained is a matter of speculation; but in all probability as soon as the "new" is worn off, there will be a rapid decline. In the second place, the daily happenings of university life are not of sufficient importance to interest outsiders. If they had any more than a local weight, the case would be different.

The exchange editor of the *College Rambler* criticises over sixty college papers in the December number. Big head. His capacity is equaled by few and excelled by none.

In addition to the periodicals mentioned in the January number of the *STUDENT*, we acknowledge the receipt of the following: *National Journal*, *Nassau Lit.*, *Alabama University Magazine*, *N. Y. World*, *Kings College Record*, *Student Life*, *Bowdoin Orient*, *Central Californian*, *Vox Academiæ*, *Cornell Daily Sun*, *Acta Victoriana*, *College Rambler*, *Columbia Spectator*, *Transcript*, *University Portfolio*, *Musical Herald*, *William Jewell Student*, *Hobart Herald*, *Argosy*, *Tuftonian*, *Dalhousie Gazette*, *Cornell Era*, *Madisonensis*, *Princetonian*, *University Herald*, *Stockbridge Musical Journal*, *Cornelian*, *College Argus*, *Trow's Publishers Auxiliary*, *American Kindergarten Magazine*, *Studio and Musical Review*, *Home Journal*.

COLLEGE WORLD.

Princeton has thirty instructors.

Princeton is one hundred and thirty-four years old.

Columbia College was founded by the proceeds of a lottery.

Yale and Princeton are having a wrangle over the foot-ball championship.

The *N. Y. World* has two columns devoted to college news, in each Monday's edition.

Students at German Universities are taking active part in the movement against the Jews.

Hon. B. B. Lewis, LL.D., has entered upon his duties as President of Alabama University.

Columbia is to have a big burial early in the spring. No expense will be spared to make it a success.

Brown University has recently lost Dr. J. Lewis Diman, D.D., one of its most talented and popular professors.

America's oldest college president is Aaron L. Chapin of Beloit. The youngest is David S. Hill of the University of Lewisburg, Penn.

Cornell's library ranks fourth in college libraries. Harvard leads with 200,000; Yale, 100,000; Dartmouth, 50,000; Cornell, 40,000.

Michigan University numbers 1,515 students. Thirty-five States are represented, besides England, Canada, Prussia, Japan, and the Bermudas.

The new order of college government of Amherst provides for regular reviews, which will take the place of the usual examinations, each student being ranked according to his standing in these, rather than from an examination at the end of the term.

Central Tennessee College has four students, and St. Johns College, Arkansas, two. What exciting times they must have in those institutions.

W. K. Richardson, of Harvard, '80, was recently awarded a scholarship at Oxford. Never before was the honor conferred on an American student.

Mr. Archibald Fobes, the famous war correspondent of the *London News*, has been lecturing before the students of several Western colleges, during the past two months.

There are over 7,000 Americans studying in the German schools and universities. The American Consul at Wurtemberg estimates that \$4,500,000 are thus annually expended by Americans in Germany.

Until 1700, fifty per cent. of the Harvard graduates entered the ministry. From 1700 to 1800, twenty-nine per cent. followed that calling. Since then eleven per cent. have chosen that path, and from 1860 to 1870, only six and a half per cent. became clergymen.—*Dartmouth*. Perhaps that accounts for the vast number of poor ministers.—*Tripod*.

Prof. Blakie, of the Edinburgh University, has made a speech to his students, in which he advocated the study of at least the modern languages and one ancient, as indispensable to culture. "The study of one modern language ought to be included in the Master of Arts curriculum." It was foolish to spend one's energies on the subject of "evolution out of an antediluvian rat, or the infinitesimal brain of a pre-Adamite slater."—*Hobart Herald*.

The first annual report of the Harvard Annex furnishes the following information: Its different courses have been passed, during the year, by 25 young ladies, who have passed the required examinations with credit. The term opens with 42, or nearly twice the number of last year. Of

these, 18 take Greek; 15 Latin; 10 Mathematics, German, and English; 8 History and Philosophy; 4 Physics; 3 Astronomy; 2 French, Italian, and Botany; and 1 Political Economy. Of the 42 pupils, 10 are pursuing a regular course of four years. A fund of \$16,000 was subscribed at the initiation of the enterprise, of which \$7,500 has been called in.—*Harvard Echo*.

CLIPPINGS.

Prof. of Social Science—"What becomes of all the pins?" Mr. D.—"I suppose they go into the earth and come up as ter-rapins."

Scene: Astronomy class. Professor to Junior—"What time does Mars get full?" Junior—"Don't know, sir; never associate with such company." Decided applause.—*Ex*.

A bald-headed professor, reproving a youth for the exercise of his fists, said: "We fight with our heads at this college." The youth hesitated and replied: "Ah! I see; and you have butted all your hair off."—*Ex*.

She was declaiming "The Launching of the Ship," and as with a tender voice she exclaimed:

How beautiful she is! how fair
She lies within those arms that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!"

The professor rolled his eyes in ecstasy and whispered, "Beautiful, beautiful figure!" and the boys held each other down in their places and smacked their juicy lips. Such, alas, are the temptations of co-education!—*Vidette*.

There was a young Prep. with a rail,
Who tickled a mule on the tail,
And then took a stroll
To the heavenly pole,
Naught left but a shred of coat-tail.
—*University Press*.

Although it is not a proper thing to do, we are told that a student calling on a young lady attempted to put his arm around her; but the lady said with scorn, "Go home and squeeze the pillow."—*Jeffersonian*.

A hundred years ago, when you called on a girl, she kissed you good-bye. Now, if you suggest anything of the sort, her father calls you into the library and asks you what you are worth. Are we a nation? And is this progress?—*Varsity*.

Place: Sub-Fresh prayer-meeting. Mr. A. to Mr. B.—"Why does Mr. C. keep his eyes open when he is praying?" Mr. B.—"O, he boards at the club, and has got into this habit asking blessings. He has to keep his eyes open to keep the boys from stealing his plate."—*Coll. Courier*.

Law Prof.—"What constitutes burglary?" Student—"There must be a breaking." Prof.—"Then if a man enter your open door and take five dollars from your vest pocket in the hall, would that be burglary?" Student—"Yes, sir, because that would break me."—*Ala. Univ. Monthly*.

A dark-haired Junior availed himself of the recent snow to go sleigh-riding with his *auburn*-haired girl. Forgetful of all punctuation, when he saw her come to the door ready for the ride, he yelled, "Hello Ready!" She didn't go with him, and since then he has become a hard-working student.—*Student Life*.

Kiss me, Lucile, just once again:
Your lips, like roses freshly wet,
Touch mine, and make me quite forget
That I grow old like other men.

Do you remember far back, when
I whispered, ere our lips first met,
"Kiss me, Lucile?"

How many years? Did you say ten,
Since we were caught in Cupid's net?
Ah, well! your lips are roses yet:
Time only makes them sweeter;—then
Kiss me, Lucile!

—*Acta*.

A tom-cat sits upon a shed,
And warbles sweetly to its mate:
"Oh, when the world has gone to bed,
I love to sit and mew till late."

But while this tom-cat sits and sings,
Up springs the student, mad with hate,
He shoots that cat to fiddle strings—
He also "loves to mu-til-ate."

A Freshman sat down the first evening with simply a text-book and lexicon before him, but getting inextricably mixed up in long periodic sentences, he sent to the publishing house the following message: "For my mother's sake, send on the cavalry; we are entirely surrounded by the enemy, and shall be cut to pieces."—*Occident*.

Agent to Student—"I should like to sell you one of these new, improved blotting pads, sir." Student—"How do you hang it on? I don't see the string." Agent—"There isn't any string, you see—" Student—"I've had 'liver pads,' and 'kidney pads,' and 'lung pads,' and they all had a string to hang them on with, and I don't want any pad that hasn't got a string. Good morning."—*Ex*.

A law student, renowned for his emphatic language, was quite sick some time since, and being in a state of delirium, it was necessary to give him no nutriment except milk. In one of his more lucid intervals he happened to notice the nature of the liquid he was constantly imbibing, and turning to the attendant, remarked in his usual style. "— — do you take me for a cheese factory?"—*Chronicle*.

Who killed John Kelley?
"I," said young Cooper,
"I did just whoop'er
Up for John Kelley."

Who'll toll the bell?
"I," said old Sammy,
"Though feeble, why dammee
I'll toll the bell."

Who'll say the prayer?
"I," said McCloskey;
"With grief I'm quite husky,
I'll say the prayer."

—*Varsity*.

Advertisements.

BATES COLLEGE.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.

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

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

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

REV. JAMES ALBERT HOWE, D.D.,
Professor of Systematic Theology and Homiletics.

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

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

REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, D.D.,
Professor of Psychology and Exegetical Theology.

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

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

JOHN H. RAND, A.M.,
Professor of Mathematics.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

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

LATIN: In six 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 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 Saturday 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 receive assistance every year of the course.

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, Thursday.....JUNE 30, 1881.

NICHOLS LATIN SCHOOL.

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

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

BOARD OF INSTRUCTION.*

FRITZ W. BALDWIN, A.M. PRINCIPAL;
 IVORY F. FRISBEE, A.B., ACTING PRINCIPAL,
 Teacher of Mathematics and Ancient History.
 JAMES F. PARSONS, A.B., ASSOCIATE PRINCIPAL.. Teacher of Latin and Greek.
 HENRY E. COOLIDGE Teacher of Rhetoric.
 OLIN H. TRACY Teacher of Elocution.

For further particulars send for Catalogue.

A. M. JONES, *Secretary.*

E. & M. S. MILLETT,
 DEALERS IN
MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS,
 5 Lisbon St., Lewiston, Me.
 ☞ Goods Carefully Selected and Prices Reasonable. ☞

Drs. GODDARD & WHITE,
Dentists,

LYCEUM HALL BLOCK, LEWISTON, ME.

I. GODDARD, JR. E. H. WHITE, D.D.S.

A. M. JONES & CO.,
 —DEALERS IN—
BOOTS, SHOES, & RUBBERS,
 No. 7 Lisbon Block,
LEWISTON, MAINE.
 A. M. JONES, J. A. JONES, F. A. JONES.

City Dining Rooms

—AND—

RESTAURANT,

City Building. Entrance on Pine St.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

☞ Oysters and Ice Cream furnished to parties at short notice.

C. H. GOODWIN, Prop'r.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF CHOICE

Flour, Groceries, Provisions, &c.,

In the City, can be found with

DAY, NEALEY & CO.,

Cor. Main and Bates Sts., Lewiston.

☞ Bottom Prices always guaranteed.

Advertisements.

F. E. STANLEY, Photographer and Crayon Artist.

Specialty of Fine Cabinet and Card Photographs. All the latest styles with scenic backgrounds. Copying and finishing—all sizes and styles.

Life-Size Crayon Portraits from Life or from Old Pictures.

STUDIO, No. 86 Lisbon Street, LEWISTON, MAINE.



**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS.**

THE FAVORITE NUMBERS, 303, 404, 332, 351, 170,
AND HIS OTHER STYLES
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.



— GO TO —

THOMPSON, MOSELEY & CO.'S

For the Latest Styles and Lowest Prices in

Hats, Caps, Furs, Trunks, Traveling Bags, &c.

Also, a full line of Gents' Furnishing Goods,

113 Lisbon Street, opp. Post Office.

In connection with the above-named store we show the Largest and Best Selected Stock of Men's and Boys' Clothing, to be found in the city, at the Star Clothing House, 38 Lisbon Street.

A FINE LINE OF

Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Drugs,
Toilet Articles, Choice Cigars,

— AT —

C. W. Clark's Drug Store, Lisbon St.,

At Bottom Prices.

C. W. CLARK.

W. E. LANE.

PHOTOGRAPHS

OF EVERY SIZE AND STYLE MADE, AND WARRANTED THE BEST IN THE STATE,

AT PAUL'S BLOCK, LEWISTON, ME.

C. W. CURTIS, Artist.

WALKER BROS.,

— DEALERS IN —

Fresh, Salt, Smoked, and Pickled Fish,

Oysters, Clams, and Lobsters.

Goods delivered without extra charge in all parts of the city

28 Bates St., opp. Main St. F. B. Church.

A. A. SHOREY'S

Hair Cutting and Shaving Rooms,

Opposite J. K. Blanchard's,

Upper Main Street, Lewiston, Me.

Particular attention paid to Cutting Ladies' and Children's Hair.

Razors Honed. Orders taken for Conceaving. Ladies' Heads Cleansed at their residence, for 25 cents.

ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS



Leading Numbers: 14, 048, 130, 333, 161.

For Sale by all Stationers.

THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,
Works, Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

STUDENTS

DESIRING EMPLOYMENT, FOR SEASON OF 1881,

AT SUMMER RESORTS

Enclose 1c. stamp, and write for circular, to
THE MANHATTAN AGENCY

733 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

Please mention this paper.

Advertisements.

DR. D. B. STROUT,

DENTIST,

Corner Main and Lisbon Streets,
OVER GARCELON'S DRUG STORE.

DON'T FORGET TO WEAR

CLOTHING,

To Wear Good Clothing,
To Wear Stylish Clothing,
To Wear Clothing that Fits,
To Wear Clothing that is Well Made.

Our business is to furnish it at the Lowest Prices at which it can be afforded. Respectfully submitted,

Bicknell & Neal,

Old Post Office Clothing House,
86 Lisbon St. cor. of Ash,
LEWISTON, ME.

\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

IRA C. STOCKBRIDGE,
MUSIC PUBLISHER

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Sheet Music, Musical Instruments, Music Books, Strings, and Musical Merchandise, Pianos, Organs, Piano Cloths and Stools.

156 Exchange Street, PORTLAND, MAINE.

Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. Catalogues sent free. OFFICE OF THE MAINE LECTURE AND MUSICAL AGENCY.

MRS. L. ATWOOD,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Millinery and Fancy Goods,

No. 3 Lisbon St., Lewiston, Me.

A. M. HAYES,

No. 113 Main Street,

Has as Choice a Stock of

Flour, Groceries,

AND PROVISIONS,

As can be found in the city, and is prepared to furnish

BOARDING HOUSES, CLUBS,

AND PRIVATE FAMILIES,

WITH PROVISIONS

—AT—

BOTTOM PRICES.

N. WOODBURY & SON,

DENTISTS

Corner of Lisbon and Pine Streets,

LEWISTON.

BALLARD'S MUSIC STORE,

UNDER MUSIC HALL.

Pianos, Organs, Sheet Music, Books, &c.

INSTRUMENTS TO LET.

BALLARD'S ORCHESTRA.

Fourteenth Season.

Choice music furnished with from five to twenty men on Reasonable Terms.

Address L. W. Ballard, Lewiston, Me.

RICHARDS & MERRILL,
Merchant Tailors,

AND DEALERS IN

Ready-Made Clothing, Furnishing Goods, &c.

We have always on hand a very large and choice selection of Foreign and Domestic Woolens, in latest styles and novelties, which we make to order, and guarantee in Fit, Trimmings, and Workmanship, equal to any that can be had in Maine.
☞ A full line of Fine Suits and Overcoats always on hand. Our Motto: Quick Sales at Small Profits.

No. 1 Lyceum Hall Building, Lewiston, Maine.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT

—OF—

MEN'S FURNISHINGS

—AT—

ROBIE'S SHIRT STORE.

W. E. SMITH,

—PROPRIETOR OF—

Lewiston Dye House,

2d Door from Canal Bridge,

Main Street, - - Lewiston, Me.

☞ Silks, Woolens, Worsteds, and Cotton Goods of every description, dyed or cleansed in a superior manner. Also, Coats, Pants, and Vests dyed, cleansed, or pressed.

DR. EMERY BAILEY,

DENTIST,

20 1-2 LISBON ST., LEWISTON.

☞ I will use NABOLI, and Fill your sensitive teeth WITHOUT PAIN.

If you want a first-class article either of

COAL, WOOD,

Pressed Hay, or Straw,

CALL ON JOHN N. WOOD,

Middle Street, LEWISTON, Near M. C. R. R. Depot.

Perkins' Orchestra.

We are prepared to furnish from one to eleven men at the shortest notice, for Wedding Parties, Exhibitions, Dramatic Entertainments, Balls, Private Parties, Assemblies, etc.

☞ Cornet and Piano furnished if desired.

Call on or address E. Perkins, Lewiston, Me.

Office at Perkins' Cigar Store.

J. S. FIELD & CO.,

Steam Bakery,

No. 13 FRANKLIN ST.,

Lewiston, Maine.

DeWitt House,

QUIMBY & MURCH, Proprs.

Cor. Pine and Park Sts., Lewiston.

ROYAL QUIMBY,

EBEN MURCH.

White Bros.,

Fashionable Tailors and Drapers,

22 Lisbon St., Lewiston.

FINE WORK A SPECIALTY.

FINE PRINTING. LOW PRICES.

—o—
PRINTING

OF ALL KINDS, EXECUTED AT THE

Journal Job Office,

LEWISTON, MAINE,

One of the Largest Printing Houses East of Boston.

—o—
Having a very extensive Job Printing Establishment, furnished with the very best appliances of Presses, Type, and Workmanship, we especially solicit orders for Fine Printing of all kinds,

For Manufacturers or Business Men,

—SUCH AS—

**TAGS, LABELS,
PAY ROLLS,
BLANK BOOKS,**

And every variety of Printing in use.

We also make a specialty of

First-Class Book and College Printing

—SUCH AS—

**PROGRAMMES,
CATALOGUES,
ADDRESSES,
SERMONS, &c.**

Don't send out of the State for these goods, for we guarantee to give

Good Work at Low Prices

☞ All orders addressed to the undersigned, will receive prompt attention.

N. DINGLEY, JR., & CO.,
Lewiston Journal Office, Lewiston, Me.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

COAL AND WOOD.

The place to buy all kinds of Wood, fitted and unfitted, is at Harper & Googin's, Bates Street, opposite Engine House.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

John Harper,
M. J. Googin.

CIGARS AND CIGARETTES.

The Narragansett and Lily

Are the Best Five Cent Cigars in Lewiston.

Pipes and Smokers' Articles

OF ALL KINDS, AT

PERKINS', ODD FELLOWS BLOCK.

Troy Laundry

5 Ash Street.

☞ All work done in the Best Possible Manner, and Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction or No Charge Will be Made.

B. H. SCRIBNER,

Livery, Board, and Sale Stable,

STYLISH TEAMS, Double or Single.

Complete outfits for Funerals. Hacks for concerts and entertainments, and large teams for parties and picnics, at reasonable rates. Prompt attention paid to all orders.

DeWitt Stable, Franklin St.,

LEWISTON, MAINE.

VANITY FAIR

—AND—

Fragrant Vanity Fair

TOBACCO AND CIGARETTES

“MILD.”—Rare Old Virginia.

“HALVES.”—Rare Old Perique and Virginia.

Always Uniform and Reliable.

SEVEN FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.—Vienna, 1873; Philadelphia, 1876; Paris, 1878;
Sydney, 1880.

Special Concession by the French Government, and on sale in all Civilized Countries.

WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.,

Peerless Tobacco Works, Rochester, N. Y.

Mica for Air Castles at twenty-five cents per pound, at Lemont
& Fisher's Stove Store.

Oyster Stews, 15 Cents,

— AT THE —

LITTLE LUNCH ROOM,

Cor. Lisbon and Main Streets, Lewiston.

W. A. McINTOSH, Proprietor.

☞ Parties supplied with Oysters, Ice Cream, etc., at short notice.

44 NEW RED BOOKSTORE,
Lisbon St., Lewiston. 44

CHANDLER & ESTES,

— DEALERS IN —

School, Miscellaneous, and Standard

BOOKS,

STATIONERY, BLANK BOOKS,

PAPER HANGINGS, ETC., ETC.

All kinds of School and College Books
supplied at Lowest Rates.

N. B.—Orders solicited and promptly
filled.

BENJ. CHANDLER.

I. H. ESTES.

J. M. FERNALD,
Bookseller,

58 Lisbon St., Lewiston, Me.

NEW AND SECOND-HAND
BOOKS,

On nearly every subject, at Low Prices.

Blank Books, Stationery, Newspapers
and Magazines, Albums, &c.

Old Books Bought, Sold, and Exchanged.

☞ Second-Hand School and College
Text-Books a Specialty.

THE BLUE BOOKSTORE,

58 Lisbon St., Lewiston.

GEORGE H. GLOVER.

Sole Agent for Chickering & Son's Pianos and the Wilcox & White Organ

Under Odd Fellows Hall, Coff Block, Auburn.

A Full Line of Musical Goods at Reasonable Prices.

Repairing and Tuning Faithfully Done and Warranted.

☞ A First-Class Band, either Brass and Reed, or Orchestra, furnished for all Occasions.