

10-1880

The Bates Student - volume 08 number 08 - October 1880

Bates College

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

Recommended Citation

Bates College, "The Bates Student - volume 08 number 08 - October 1880" (1880). *The Bates Student*. 2139.
http://scarab.bates.edu/bates_student/2139

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. VIII. No. 8.

OCTOBER, 1880.

LEWISTON:
PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF '81.
1880.

THE BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Published by the Class of '81, Bates College.

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

EDITORS.

O. H. DRAKE, C. A. STROUT, B. S. RIDEOUT, H. E. COOLIDGE, G. E. LOWDEN.

BUSINESS MANAGER: H. E. FOSS.

CONTENTS.

LITERARY:

Macaulay as Seen in His Writings.....	127
How I Saw Mount Everest	128
I Am Weary To-Night (poem).....	131
Value of Conflict	131
Sketch of a Lecture.....	133

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO:

Notes.....	134
Locals	138
Correspondence.....	141
Personals	142
Exchanges	142
Other Colleges	143
Clippings	144

THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. VIII.

OCTOBER, 1880.

No. 8.

MACAULAY AS SEEN IN HIS WRITINGS.

BY I. F. F., '80.

ALL literature is stamped with the character of its producers. A man's writings may not, indeed, on account of the varying circumstances of his life, or the peculiar nature of his subjects, bear the impress of every phase of his character; yet they will always show the leading features of his personality, just as an edifice shows the taste and breadth of the mind of its architect. It is thus with Macaulay's writings. We do not find in them sufficient marks by which the full, rounded character of the man can be portrayed; yet the peculiar mold of his mind, the moving principles and motives of his life, appear marked and unmistakable.

The distinctive feature of Macaulay's works is their overwhelming array of facts and incidents arranged in the clearest and most attractive language. It is a style that is wholly his own, and shows a deep, clear insight with human nature, great reasoning power, and a vast knowledge of the world's history; yet of originality of the first order it affords no indication. He shows wonderful originality in logical arrangement, in acuteness of vision, and in the recombination of his vast repertory of facts; but no such creative originality as Danté. His essays show more of reproduction than creation. They are filled with allusions to modern and classical writers. His figures are original in application, but not always in conception. They justly and grandly unfold his subject and enrich his diction, but they too plainly

tell of the wide extent of his reading to strike you for wonderful originality.

Yet we must attribute to Macaulay great inventive power. It is perhaps the originality of the poet which he seems mostly to lack. And in this I think no one would claim for Macaulay the first rank. Although many passages of his writings are highly poetical, and his essays upon Dryden, Danté, and Milton show fine poetical taste and judgment; yet it is plainly evident that poetry was not his peculiar forte. This, however, is due in a great measure to the nature of his subjects, which are not well calculated to call forth high poetical power. Again, the wide extent of his knowledge would tend to restrain an inventive genius. And such knowledge, seemingly, no other man ever possessed. Spanish, French, Italian, Roman, and Grecian history seemed as familiar to him as that of his own native country. And no poetry, romance, or philosophy escaped his attention. This was the source of his power. Whenever a subject or a topic required exposition and illustration, his marvelous memory and vigorous imagination brought this vast field vividly before him; hence he selected the choicest terms and thoughts of the ages, refitting them into splendid combinations, and applying them with the greatest precision to the exemplification of his subject and the enrichment of his diction.

Had Macaulay lived in an earlier period, he would have undoubtedly fashioned for

himself an entirely original sphere of action. But, receiving the great inheritance of the science, art, and literature of the nineteenth century, he sought rather to more fully unfold its treasures, to garner from amid the mingled base and noble thoughts of the past, its true gems, and to reset them for posterity into crystals of truth and purity. To perform this work probably no man was ever better fitted. Certainly no man had wider or more intimate knowledge of his subjects; no man ever possessed sounder judgment, nor embodied his conclusions and ideas in clearer and richer language. He, moreover, brings to bear upon his subjects the light of all history, and beneath its steady radiance, truth shines like pure gold.

The bold, positive traits of Macaulay's character appear upon every page. He was a man that his enemies would readily call self-conceited. He had full confidence in what he said, and was rather impatient with those that differed from him. He rarely used wit and humor, but lashed his adversaries with keen sarcasm. Nor did this arise from mental weakness or from lack of argument, but rather from his purpose to drive his overwhelming argument to the mark. When we consider the great power of the man we can easily overlook this apparent arrogance. Like Sumner's, it arose from having fixed principles of right, a deep conviction of duty, and a true appreciation of his comprehensive and exact scholarship. Firmly believing in the justness of his cause, he exerted for it the whole power of his splendid genius, bending his adversaries before him like saplings of a forest before a tempest.

Macaulay ever stood bold and undaunted in the support of right. He constantly espoused the cause of the oppressed. The Irishman, the Jew, and the Negro found in him a tender sympathizer and an able defender. England was endeared to him by the strongest ties of patriotism, yet his

soul was large and just enough to embrace in its sympathies all her subjects. Yea, his interests were not alone English nor British, but cosmopolitan. Nowhere in Europe, Asia, and America was there a movement that tended to the elevation of any people or of the human race, but Macaulay was its firm and unbiased champion.

A man of such rare character, no gold nor office can bribe, no tumult of party nor of nation frighten, no arts and tricks of Christendom cajole. Such men appear before us in bold relief as the grand specimens of nature's noblemen. Through the dim vista of the past they rise like the Alps as the embodiment of the statesmanship, experience, and wisdom of particular ages, as the great leaders and models of men; and in the future will stand immutable in their midst—Macaulay, the statesman, essayist and historian.

HOW I SAW MOUNT EVEREST.

THE tourist in the Himalaya is never satisfied till he has seen the highest mountain in the world. A sick head had driven me up to Darjeeling, our Bengal sanitarium in the Eastern Himalaya. The name of this picturesque settlement, 7000 feet above the sea, is of Thibetan origin, and signifies Holy Spot. For a fortnight I was a guest of as true and kind a "Mac" as ever ventured out into the wide world from the health-clad hills of sunny Scotland. My chum was an Englishman, of whom more anon.

One October night the rain was falling fast, as we three hugged the fire and told stories, Caledonian, Cockney, and Yankee. "After such a down pour as this," said mine host, "we stand a fair chance of seeing Mount Everest, but we shall have to climb another thousand feet to do it."

I had climbed once to the top of Senchal, over 8000 feet above the sea, but saw nothing save cloud. I was in the clouds for hours waiting for "a clearing" that never came till the next day. Not ten rods could I see in any direction! Several hours of heavy rain clear the air, by breaking up these clouds and sending them down the hill sides in torrents. It was my last chance, perhaps, for many a year of looking on the loftiest mountain on the globe, and my friend's remark met with a hearty response from his American guest. The Englishman was willing, not eager, to undertake the ascent of Senchal. He yielded to the majority, however, and setting the alarm for one A. M., we went off to bed.

I had hardly fallen asleep, it seemed to me, when that punctual alarm rang out so loudly that every sleeper bounded to his feet. The moon was half-way up to the zenith, and it was almost as light as day. Best of all, the rain had "given over." Dressing, tea and toast, feeding ponies, and a number of *et ceteras* occupied an hour, and just at two our little party filed up the zigzag path from Lochnagar. My two companions were mounted on "tats" (hill ponies), but I preferred two legs to six for such a jaunt.

The distance to Tiger Hill, on the crest of Senchal, is seven English miles, and we should be there in two hours and thirty minutes to see sunrise on the Indian Alps. The horsemen take the cart road to Joa Bungalow, three or four miles of gradual ascent, then strike into the bridle path up Senchal's rugged shoulder. I choose the short cuts, and with my Himalayan staff, a rattan of six feet armed with an iron spike, I push on and up, my agile guide leading the way. More than a mile do I save by footing it, and before my friends come in sight I am standing and shouting for them, on the square stone tower built for the trigonometrical survey on the bald pate of Tiger Hill. In less than thirty

minutes we all are seated on the blocks of gneiss waiting for Sol.

You may have heard of the Hoosier lad with his first watch, who, on being asked, "How long to sunrise?" extricated an enormous time-piece from the depths of an abyss in his homespun trowsers, and after sundry speculations, his sharp eyes studying the disk of his wonderful watch, calmly and confidently observed, "If she's on time, she'll be up in just seven minutes and a quarter!" So we held our watches, while we gazed into the reddening East, and then by turns up the snow-clad peaks forty miles to the north.

"Sunrise on the Swiss Alps is magnificent," wrote an English traveler in America, "but sunrise on the Sierra is sublime! for here are the wilder solitudes, and here the grandeur and impressiveness of the remote New World, far away beyond the center of civilization." What would he say of the supremely more sublime scenery of our Indian Alps, of sunrise on the Himalaya, almost twice the height of the Sierra, of "solitudes" never yet and never to be trodden by the foot of man! In the presence of mountains like these well may a wondering, admiring mortal pray the poet's prayer:

"Teach me by this stupendous scaffolding,
Creation's golden steps, to climb to Thee."

Greatly to our disappointment, a bank of black clouds intercepted our view in the direction of Mount Everest. True to English instinct, my chum began to grumble. Our host was of evener temper, but no more hopeful. Not without considerable bantering and begging did I succeed in gaining their consent to the proposition that we should wait at least forty-five minutes for that cloud to lift. In the meantime we were to entertain ourselves with cloud stories and sunrise on the snowy range to the north. The monarch of these Eastern Himalaya (every student should know that

these mountains take their name from *him*, meaning snow, and *alaya* home—the abode of snow) is Mt. Kinchinjunga, the next to Everest for height, being upwards of 28,000 feet. I give the words of the barbarous English orthography, from which it would puzzle a philological expert to deduce the etymology. Could you hear Europeans pronounce the name of that mountain, you would be still more puzzled as to its meaning. The word haunted me for weeks like a nightmare! Neither Lepcha, nor Bhotia, nor Nepalese could aid me to its signification. On getting back to Midnapore, however, I found it out to be made up of two Sanscrit words, *Kanchan* gold, and *sringa* peak—the gold peak. The line of perpetual congelation in the Himalaya is about 17,000 above sea level, so that even in the summer months 11,000 feet of snow are seen upon the rough sides of Kanchansringa. In winter, of course the snow rests considerably lower.

Standing on our trigonometrical tower we watch the first rays of the sun gilding the snow caps of Kanchansringa and his brothers. How can one who is neither painter nor poet put into words what we saw and what we felt? Raphael might, and so might Ruskin, and so might our own Bryant or Longfellow, but I stood dumb and helpless in the presence of a spectacle I could not describe. Thank God for the sensations that my poor pen cannot write! I had read charming descriptions of sunrise on the Alps and Apennines and Andes, but how flat those words seemed, how meager and meaningless, while I drank in the beauty and the grandeur of sunrise in the Himalaya! How those jets of heavenly flame leaped from peak to peak, until head and shoulders of those mountain monarchs were bathed in a sea of quivering, shimmering light in every shade of opal!

Before we knew it our forty-five minutes were gone. Sunrise on the snows of Sik-

him had made us forget Everest for an hour. Fancy my delight on turning westward to see a bright belt of clear blue sky where the bank of black cloud was seen before. "The cloud is lifting!" was our spontaneous, unanimous exclamation, and Scotchman and Englishman were now as willing to wait developments as I could wish. Twenty-five minutes more and the cloud has quite disappeared, and there rises before you, though full one hundred and fifty miles away, the majestic form of the loftiest mountain on our planet. "See Darjeeling and die!" is a familiar aphorism in these parts. We had seen Everest!

Didn't we cheer and shout? I discovered that Edinburgh and London University cheers sounded for all the world just like those that used to make dear old Bowdoin ring when we were undergraduates! When the tumult of our enthusiasm had subsided, and emotion grew fainter as the eye became more familiar to the scene, we sang, with uncovered heads and full and fervent hearts, the lines of that sweet long meter Doxology, to the tune of Old Hundred:

"Praise God from all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

The Hindu name of this King of the Himalaya, almost twice the height of Mt. Blanc, is Debdangà, derived from two Sanscrit words signifying God and height,—the *God-height*. Would that so beautiful and worthy a name had remained unmolested by modern nomenclature! Its present more popular name is Mount Everest, in honor of Col. Everest, R. E., who at the head of a surveying expedition, forty years or more ago, first ascertained its altitude, and pronounced it the highest mountain in the world. The latest figures represent its height as upwards of 29,000 feet above the sea level. Far above its brothers does this monarch of mountains rear his

snow-capped head. Alone in stately, sublime solitude stands Debdàngà in the magnificent Napal range, overlooking all India to the South, and all China to the north! No wonder that our Aryan ancestors thought this was the Mount of God!

A sombre reflection must close this paper. At the base of these Himalaya, nestling amid the hills and jungles, is the Kingdom of Napal, a territory one by five hundred miles in extent, watered by beautiful rivers like the Kurualli, Rapti, Gunduk, and Sunkosi, peopled by who can tell how many millions of Ghurkàs and Nevas, Hindus and Bhuddists, with a delightful climate and soil most fertile, but, alas! without one solitary herald of the cross of Christ! I could not turn away from gazing on the silver slopes of Everest and bend my steps down the side of Senchal without heaving a sigh for poor, dark Napal, and lifting up a prayer for her light to come.

JAMES L. PHILLIPS.

Darjeeling, India, March 8, 1880.

I AM WEARY TO-NIGHT.

I am weary to-night, so weary,
And my heart is sad and weary,
For the world without is dreary,

And mine is Nature's sorrow.
The clouds are softy weeping,
And sigh the winds in keeping;
I, dreaming, waking, sleeping,
Am longing for the morrow.

My soul is sadly turning
To where love gently burning,
Then satisfied my yearning,
And I found rest in loving.
I see the daylight breaking,
My bosom, cease thy aching,
For the daylight now is breaking,
The clouds away are moving.

VALUE OF CONFLICT.

BY B. S. R., '81.

CONFLICT is coeval with animal life. From the tiniest insect up to man, there is going on an incessant struggle. We behold the mountain oak, the brute, man,—all disputing the forces and agencies that would end their existence; and every act of struggling, every conflict, makes them more hardy, more independent, and their life more noble and significant.

Before the advent of man there was merely a struggle for existence; but when he came upon the stage of action there began the sublime, intellectual, and moral contests; for physical conflicts, whether seen in the lower forms of life or in man, are puny and insignificant when compared with that which is fought in the arena not carnal.

And as in nature the hidden forces are the most potent, so in the world of morals, in the domain of choices, exist the only mighty, controlling principles.

Human life presents to us a vast and varied scene of conflict. In this universal struggle, every one who comes into the world must take part as a soldier. First, the material laws must be learned, then the control of the material laws, afterward the civil, economic, industrial, and moral laws,—all followed by punitive results, or results of reward, before the child becomes the victorious man.

The great mass of humanity are toiling in ten thousand ways for the necessities and comforts of life. Man pierces and reveals the mysteries of earth, air, and sea; he leads captive the forces of nature, and with iron chains he makes them his servants. In art, science, and invention he displays his power, and brings comfort and beauty to cheer our earthly pilgrimage; but what is the victor's laurel in such conflicts? To the individual they are of inestimable value to strengthen, to prove, to

ennoble; for every one who would pass from one degree of power to another, physically, intellectually, or morally, must consent to the terms—*conflict at every step*. Indeed, it is a law that runs through the entire economy of God. Moreover, only as the aim is noble is the result of victory glorious. Nor are these struggles significant to the individual alone.

Sometimes the battle of life presses hard, severe is the test of our strength, and we are estimated by the result of these severe tests. We see that bridge spanning that dark, yawning chasm, hundreds of feet below, but it is only after a severe trial of its strength has been made that we dare to risk life and property upon its spans. We send the noble vessel from port; proudly does she float upon the bosom of the deep, but it is only after she has encountered the storm and the tempest, and has returned in safety to her port, that we know there is strength in her frame.

So we send honorable and intelligent men, we think, into the councils of our nation, but it is only after they have come back to us unspotted in character, uncorrupted by bribes, that we know they are men, true to themselves and to their trust, and worthy of our confidence.

We are proud of our commonwealth, of the general intelligence and good sense of our people, and we are accustomed to feel that we are free from all disturbance, secure from all danger, but it is only after we have passed through such a terrible ordeal as occurred during the winter of '79 and '80, without scenes of riot and bloodshed, that the integrity and good sense of our people, *as a whole*, are established.

The same lesson is enforced on a grander scale by the issues of 1876.

A few years ago the great war of the Rebellion swept over the land, and although the dark-rolling war cloud has passed away, and the grass waves above

the graves of our honored dead, there is yet a contest going on between North and South. There is yet a mightier conflict to be fought; and the real test of the honor and wisdom of our whole people,—North and South,—lies in the peaceful and complete reconciliation between these two great sections of country. By this struggle our weakness has been revealed,—where we can and ought, as a nation, to make ourselves stronger; the choice is before us, to make ourselves weaker or infinitely stronger.

For ages there has been a conflict between Truth and Error, but by reason of this conflict the cause of truth stands more firm, more glorious, more triumphant to-day than ever before, and her signal fires along the hills of earth are daily proclaiming the glad news of many victories.

Thus it is with the race and with the individual. Conflict is valuable and necessary everywhere; but most emphatically in the realm of morals. If there is no conflict there, only continual retreat—the glory of all other contests is in a great degree lost.

Napoleon I. was great in military skill and power, yet, with all his martial glory, he stands before the world to-day devoid of human greatness in its sublimest meaning. Nero, although he sat upon the throne of one of the mightiest empires of earth, was a man most terribly destitute of all moral and religious principles. He caused thousands to be put to death. He ordered the death of his own mother—in a word he was guilty of the most atrocious crimes known to civilized or savage nations. What is true of these men is true of thousands.

While men are eager for applause and renown, while they may be successful as far as this world goes, while they may be giants in intellect,—morally they may be as puny dwarfs, a disgrace to themselves and pitiful in the sight of their Maker. Such

have shunned the sublimest battle-fields; therefore can never stand among the truly great, neither before the tribunal of this world nor of that to come. To experience the greatest benefit one must conquer self. We read of many who have thus triumphed, and what an immortal record is theirs! What have their struggles, their conflicts, not done for them? Again we read of one who met every foe, waged the sublimest conflict ever fought on earth, and won the consummation of victories, therefore do we call him King of Kings.

SKETCH OF A LECTURE.

THE afternoon recitations on Thursday, Oct. 14th, were suspended in order that the students might attend the lecture given at the College Chapel by Mr. Constantine of Athens. Mr. Constantine came to America when seventeen years of age, and after graduating from Amherst, went back to Athens as a missionary. He is now a guest of Prof. Stanton, in this city. Mr. Constantine gave us a very interesting talk on modern Athens. His description of the Parthenon, its wonderful architecture, its columns, its lines of beauty, its angles, its sculpture, was vivid and interesting. His imagery of what the Apostle Paul's emotions must have been when he stood on Mar's Hill, in full view of the Parthenon and all that ancient glory, and preached to the Athenians concerning the "unknown God," was most beautifully set forth. He points out the beauty and symmetry of the Grecian language, with its delicate shades of meaning, the expressiveness of its

moods and tenses, especially of the Optative as indicative of the cultivation, resources, and power of the Grecian mind. An interesting fact in regard to the educational system of Greece was mentioned. One-fifth of the entire revenue is appropriated to education. Consequently their schools are of a high order and free to all classes. Not only the Common, Normal, and High Schools, are free to all, but also the fine Polytechnic Institutions open their doors, free of charge, to all who choose to avail themselves of such privileges. A free library of 200,000 volumes offers its treasures alike to the millionaire and the boot-black. Therefore, on account of this system of free education and general diffusion of knowledge, Greece has, in proportion to its population, less men and women who cannot read and write than any other country in the world. Unlike the government of any other country it has but one House, and that the House of Representatives. The number of inhabitants in Greece, at the present time, is 1,500,000, while scattered throughout the East there are between five and six million who speak the Grecian language. Mr. Constantine states that the strongest enemy Greece has to contend with, at the present day, is infidelity. Like a pall it is hanging over that fair land, threatening its destruction. While listening to his vivid descriptions of Athens, to his reading of the Greek Testament, and the beautiful shades of thought he pointed out as contained in the original text, and also to his statements of how closely connected with our times is the History of Greece, it seemed as if we were in a Grecian atmosphere. Gladly would we have listened another hour.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

THERE has been considerable talk among Faculty and students about the additional expense that will be imposed upon the students of our institution by the introduction of some old college customs, like class suppers, the publication of the *Garnet*, burial of Analytics, etc. We think it strange that, while these minor things have been so thoroughly discussed, no one has thought anything about the additional expense incurred by Commencement Concert. Many classes have had to put their hands in their pockets and disburse to the extent of from ten to forty dollars apiece, and that at a time when individual expenses are necessarily high and the student feels least inclined to sacrifice himself so benevolently for the entertainment of others. Moreover, whatever concert may be given, the audience is rarely satisfied; for if the seats are placed at a rate sufficiently high to enable the committee to procure first-class talent, the purchasers feel as if their money was worth more than the entertainment; if they are sold at a low figure, and second-class talent procured, they feel as if the concert wasn't worth as much as their money. In either case, so far as we have been able to observe, there has been dissatisfaction. It is almost impossible to get an audience in this city that will pay for a first-class concert, and it seems to us that no concert would be preferable to a second-class one. We hope this question will be agitated by the present Senior class. We hardly see the consistency in a student's depriving himself of little class entertainments on account of the expense, and then borrowing from ten to fifty dollars to tickle the ear of a small audience one night in Commencement Week.

Quite a number of the Seniors are out

teaching this fall. The question is often asked by outsiders, "How can you stay out a term to teach and keep on with your studies?" We answer, by doing an immense amount of hard labor.

Then generally follows a long talk about the loss which the student suffers on account of absence. The question has been discussed again and again in the columns of the *STUDENT*, "Does it pay for a student to stay out a term during his course to teach?" As the discussion has generally been on the negative, we think that it will not be amiss for us to give a few considerations on the other side. We think the answer depends upon two conditions: first, if he has good pay; second, if his school is of a high grade. If by staying out one term and increasing his work one-third for the rest of the year, a student can save borrowing two hundred dollars, provided his health is good enough to stand the strain, it appears to us that he makes at least two hundred dollars and interest.

If, in addition to this, his school is of a high grade, the practical experience in teaching, the knowledge of the world, the general information and accuracy acquired cannot be so certainly gained anywhere else; and if he is naturally quick and easy to learn, these things, with the money, will more than recompense him for the loss which he can, by resolution, almost entirely make up.

Is it not true that many students on entering the smaller colleges become possessed with a spirit of unmanly manliness? Unable to meet the expense of attending the larger colleges, they enter the smaller ones, which afford abundant opportunities to those who improve them, for a liberal education at a moderate ex-

pense. These students have a high appreciation of their own ability, not only to learn a lesson, but also to dictate to their superiors what course they should follow. Conversant with the inner life of older colleges, they draw comparisons, and in swelling words of newly-acquired rhetoric point out the advantages they offer to the aspiring student, hurl bitter invectives at all "one-horse chaise" colleges, and pray them a speedy but not an altogether desirable death. Yet they do not stop here. Ever ready to receive favors, they have an astonishing gift that at once transforms them into bribes; and so remarkably keen is their vision, in every effort to help them they see a subtle, mean, cowardly attempt to buy their good will, or, to put it mildly, "It is policy." Every kindness, no matter what, is a text from which to hurl abuse. Again, if there is any act on the part of instruction that can by any possible interpretation be considered hard, they at once cry "injustice," "mean revenge," "an attempt to crush out a man's spirit and make him servile," etc. We would infer from their course that they consider their instructors the allied, sworn enemies rather than the friends of students. By what course of reasoning this frame of mind is reached we are at a loss to know. That some mental hallucination holds them as a nightmare, we are sure. It is not manliness, but childishness. Fault finding is no indication of manhood. A truly manly man said that when he was a child he thought as a child, but when he became a man he put away childish things. Is not this the true course? While we cheerfully grant that older and well-established institutions offer greater opportunities to good students, yet we are assured smaller colleges are doing a good work that without them would not be done. Would we show our manliness, then, we can best do so not by professional grumbling, but by giving our influence, all our influence,

while connected with them, to remove their defects and to make them what we conceive they should be.

—

"What is the use of this study? I cannot master it; why, then, waste my time upon it? I shall never teach it; I shall never make it a specialty; I can never excel in this branch. Why, then, spend so many hours in trying to accomplish what I am satisfied I shall never make use of after I get outside of college walls?" We often hear, we are sorry to say, expressions like the above from college students. Permit us, who have had a little experience in this matter, to say just a few words. We make bold to assert that there is not a student now in college, nor ever has been one, who could not get benefit from every study laid down in the course. Apply, then, the old maxim, "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well," and we have no excuse for slighting a single study. If we can get a little benefit from say one study, without much application, with proper attention a great deal of benefit might be realized even from the most abstract. Bacon says: "Histories make men wise; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend." As a usual thing, we do not hear complaint from the best class of students that this or that study is of no benefit. We doubt not that some of the branches pursued in college are of no practical benefit to many students, but the trouble arises from this simple fact, *they do not choose to make them practicable*. But the evil of slighting any one study is not that we do not know as much as we might about that particular branch. The pernicious effect lies in the practice of passing carelessly over what should receive our most careful study and investigation. Whether we will it or not, whether we know it or not, we are practicing that which will destroy the very

foundation of good scholarship. The whole tendency is to make shallow. You may say we make a great ado about nothing, but even one study, slighted, neglected by any one, will inevitably leave its impress. "Books," says one, "teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them and above them won by observation." If we do not learn to think and investigate for ourselves while in college, our whole course will be a failure. To slight in the least is to lessen our power of keen investigation.

Much has been said in the STUDENT about the Reading-Room, but we think something more is needed. We have tried a good deal to find out who knew who the officers of the association were, and have utterly failed. We begin to doubt if there are such officers, or if the Freshmen know there is such an association. Such a thing cannot be carried on without money, and, therefore, the Freshmen should have an opportunity to become members of the association. Unless this is attended to, we shall soon be in as bad a financial condition as we were a year ago. Let the treasurer be hunted up and invited to attend to his business, or if such an individual does not exist let one be appointed. We supposed the boys knew that the magazines and papers, after being read, were not common property. By the way they are marked up, torn and carried off, we should think this was forgotten. If the papers are served in the way mentioned, they do the owner no good. He doesn't like to pay for what he never receives. Doubtless the magazines are taken with the intention of restoring them, but don't forget that many a man has ended his days in sorrow for taking money intending to pay it back. If it is stealing in one case, it is no better in the other. We ought all to remember that the magazines belong in the Reading-Room.

It is a sad truth that almost universally during a college course little progress is made in Christian life. It is sadder still that many who enter college as Christians, at the end of their Freshman or Sophomore year have lost all interest in religious matters, and can enjoy a joke or tell a story of more than doubtful purity.

What is the cause of this? Is it a necessary consequence of college life? If so, what are the influences at work producing this spiritual barrenness and decay? Does the study of the Ancient Languages, filled with subtle heathen Mythology, poison the mind and pollute the soul? Does the study of Mathematics, with its exact and convincing conclusions, unfit the mind for the exercise of faith, and lead it to believe faith becoming only to the uneducated? Or does study alone cause this alarming decline in spiritual life? We believe the evil is found in none of these things. Study, hard study, is not an enemy to spiritual growth. The brightest examples of piety have been close students, many of them lovers of the Languages and Mathematics. We suspect, rather, the cause of spiritual decline in college is twin-brother to the cause out of college, simply a forgetting the means of grace and a neglect to keep the heart with all diligence.

By carelessness or bad planning, when the time for college prayer-meeting comes we have work that must be done *then*, and sacrifice the cultivation of the heart to the head. The same cause cuts short or totally annihilates morning and evening devotion. The wall down, one evil admitted,—others of the herd soon follow; hence, Sunday is not a feast day to our souls. Sabbath morning we rise late, neglect to study the Sunday-School lesson,—too often to pray; thus unprepared, rush late to church occupied with air castles, fidget through the service, pronounce the sermon that we have not heard a failure, leave the Sunday School, rush to our rooms, catch up the

unfinished novel and begin to read, or the pen and begin to write, neglectful of God or his word. Thus we live, or rather by these means we die, spiritually, and what is worse, by our own consent.

We believe college as good a place as we shall ever find for the development of character and Christian manhood. It may be urged in denial of this, that, huddled together in dormitories, we have no time we can call our own, for meditation and secret prayer. When we wish to be alone, that we may give expression to our feelings of gratitude, we are sure to be interrupted by company. We feel the force of this. If true, here is a cause sufficient to account for the spiritual deadness of us all. Yet it is not necessarily true; we consent, rather, that it be so. We find abundant time to eat, to sleep,—we can to pray. We do not deny that our time is often invaded in college dormitories. We only deny that it is invaded more than it will be in business or professional life.

As a young graduate said to me recently, "How I miss the advantages offered at college! the prayer-meetings close at hand, the abundant opportunity for Christian conversation, the sympathy of others." This will be our experience. Is it not time then to reflect? Is it not time to avail ourselves of these opportunities? Shall we not care for the heart as well as for the head? Would we be whole men and women this we must do. Take time for consulting the Word, for meditation and for secret prayer. Attend college prayer-meetings, prepare ourselves and wait upon God in His house. We trust underclassmen may realize now what we have learned by sad experience, and avoid these evils. These things we have just mentioned done, the others will not be left undone. Really more time will be devoted to the difficult problem, more to the obscure sentence, for what a great man, burdened with work, said, is true, "To have prayed well is to have studied well,"—we might add to have done well.

We are often admonished of the importance of early deciding upon our life-work. Many have the opinion that, before entering upon his course of study in seminary and college, a young man should by all means settle the question of his future occupation. Doubtless there are some good grounds for this opinion, and yet there are equally good reasons against it. To say nothing of the fact that very few are capable, so early in their career, of deciding to what calling they are best adapted, much of the peculiar benefit that ought to be derived from the course of study is often lost by those who so early get an idea of training for some particular profession. The true object of a college course is not to train men to become lawyers, physicians, and teachers, but to develop habits of investigation and application,—to train the mind to correct habits of thinking,—in short to lay the foundation upon which the future career shall be built. We do not expect the student to become a perfect master of any of the branches taught. To do this with a single study would, in most cases, require more time than is devoted to the entire course. The course of study is selected and arranged with a view of affording to the mind the best discipline,—of best fitting it for independent action. Now the student, whose future course is marked out before him, has a tendency to fall into the habit of slighting those parts of the course which he thinks will be of no practical use to him. To one mathematics may seem a dry subject, and he will say, perhaps, "I expect to be a lawyer, mathematics will not help me much in the practice of my profession, and I am not going to bind myself down to anything so distasteful." So the discipline to be derived from the study, which is the thing really to be sought, is lost. Another finds some other study disagreeable, and fails to see its practical use, and so neglects that. It is sometimes said that the student needs

some definite object in view to stimulate him to exertion. Very true; but surely the acquiring of a broad and liberal culture,—a culture which opens the way to the grandest possibilities in life,—is a far more worthy object than the training for any profession.

LOCALS.

Autumn.

Jack Frost.

Plug hats.

Have you wooded up?

Let us see your collection of forest leaves.

'81 has started up class prayer-meetings Friday evenings.

The students of Kent's Hill passed Sept. 29th as a holiday, at Lake Maranocook.

It was astonishing to see how ignorant the Seniors were of where the Gas House was situated.

W. J. Brown, formerly on the editorial staff, has resigned, having accepted other appointments.

Prof.—“What kind of an object first attracts the notice of an infant?” Wilbur—“A fancy object.”

Beware how you appear with *cat-tail* on your clothes, for you may be called to state just how it came there.

Is it not rather suggestive when a Lewiston girl announces her intention to bait her hook and go a S-trouting?

Byron says, “'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark,” but a Junior thinks that that depends on circumstances.

The Sophomoric fountain of youth bubbled over on the night the President gave his annual reception to the Freshman class.

Our base-ball nine went to Kent's Hill, Saturday, Oct. 9th. We should judge from their long faces and sober counte-

nances after their return, that they did not meet with their usual success. Confidence is good, but victory is better.

If Mr. — had wings to correspond to his voice, what a magnificent bird he would make. But Miss — calls him a “Deer.”

The Eurosophian Society had a mock Court, Friday evening, Oct. 1st. The exercises were held in Prof. Rand's recitation room.

“Chum, are you going to circle?” “No.” “Going to lecture?” “No, have got some ‘making up’ to do.” “Doubtless, but where?”

A panther has lately been seen in the vicinity of Lewiston, and sportsmen have been out in hopes to get a shot at the animal, but have as yet failed.

Prof.—“What is grape sugar?” Perk (after vain efforts for a glance at the book)—“Well, eh, C.H., I should say, Professor.” Appreciation.

Mayor Day has moved into his elegant residence on the corner of Frye and Main Streets. Frye Street is to be one of the most beautiful streets in the city.

W. A. Hoyt, '80, was in town some days since and favored us with a call. He had just returned from the Glen House, where he had been acting as waiter.

It has been discovered why the rope-pull did not come off. It was because there was a *Sam(p)son* in the Freshman class, therefore what was the use to try?

The boys have all returned from their summer employment enjoying the blessing of good health. But how about *sundries* on the credit side of your cash account?

Tuesday, October 5th, the Senior class, accompanied by Prof. Stanley, visited the Gas Works for the purpose of examining the process of manufacturing the common burning gas. The occasion was pleasant and profitable to all.

Big Indian (Big-Fighter-with-his-Mouth, Great-Hunter, Sure-to-Kill-Every-Time) Limby Cook, lately shot a mink, and would like to shoot a panther. Wa, wa, wa, ho-o-o!

The Bates College Cadets joined the Republican torch-light procession Tuesday evening, Oct. 19th. What shall we do next year? No torch-light processions, no elections.

Instructor in Elocution—"Mr. P., if I tell you to stand on your head, you must stand on your head." Did the instructor want merely to get the *understanding* uppermost?

Another improvement in Lewiston: A fire-alarm telegraph has been set up. Surely it seems no heavy fire can occur here with all these improvements in the Fire Department.

Emerson says that during his term of janitorship he has never lost his patience but once, and then at being called out of the lecture room by a Junior to get some bread for a stray kitten.

A student lately took such an extended walk with his lady that he came home and bathed his feet in bay-rum. We would advise him if he has any bay-rum left to send a bottle to his lady.

George E. Lowden, '81, was appointed to represent the Bates College Christian Association, at the convention of the Inter-Collegiate Christian Association held in Lynn, Mass., Oct. 19th to 21st.

The Sophomores have completed their plotting. We think their work will compare favorably with former classes. Great credit is due them for the care and precision taken, as seen in their work.

The Sophomores found the usual crop of apples that grows on the elm tree near a corner of the Cobb Field. With what emotions of pleasure do we remember that day, that great day for *surveying*!

Prof. Rand has commenced grading his lot on Frye Street. A portion of ledge is to be removed, and a series of terraces made. Shade and ornamental trees are to be set out, which will make it a handsome building lot.

An aged clergyman was lately seen walking out with a new hat on. Some wicked boys were overheard making the remark that the venerable gentleman probably got the new hat by betting on the election in Indiana.

Bob—"Is Madeira wine, Prof., made of a grape of that name?" Prof.—"Yes." Bob—"Is Port wine?" Prof.—"No." Bob—"Well, I don't see what makes the difference in them—e—e—I—I mean in the name!" Audible smiles.

The Freshman class has been divided into three divisions to take part in the public declamations. We expect to have some interesting exercises from our new friends. The first division held their exercises Thursday evening, Oct. 14th.

A short time ago Parker Hall was the scene of a terrible conflict between the Sophomores and Freshmen, but the conflict, we are happy to say, was all "in their minds." And at last all retired to dream of the rivers of blood that were not poured out.

Professor in Greek—"Euphrone (night); give its composition." Freshman—"From 'eu' (well), and 'phroneo' (to think), so called because it is natural to have good thoughts when night comes on." Professor (with an ill-concealed smile)—"I'll warrant that's original."

The annual reception by the President was tendered the Freshman class Friday evening, Oct. 8th. The ladies of the different classes were invited. What will be the arrangement when the classes are composed entirely of ladies? As regards escorts we judge it will be just as it was this year.

Mr. W. F. Seward, of New York, gave a dramatic recital Tuesday evening, October 5th, at College Chapel. His programme comprised heroic, dramatic, pathetic, and humorous selections, some of which were quite pleasingly rendered. "Horatius at the Bridge," was the masterpiece of the evening.

A Senior lately went out of town to "sit up with the sick," as he says. We fear it was a contagious disease, for as soon as he arrived, strange to tell, the person recovered and was *obliged* in turn to sit up with him. It is interesting to know that both parties had entirely recovered by Sunday night.

The first division of the Freshman class held their exercises Thursday evening, Oct. 14th, at College Chapel. The programme presented a good variety of selections. The speakers showed that they had made careful preparation. C. H. Little, T. Dunning, J. E. McVay, and J. E. Meikle were selected to take part in the fourth division.

A student was called on in society meeting for a three-minute speech. The subject given him was to prove that the moon was not made of cheese. The announcement of the subject was greeted with applause by the members. As soon as order was restored the student stammered out, "I—I sh—should think a—any fool m—might know better than that the m—moon was made before cows were." Prolonged applause.

A village green. Non Pugilisticus and Belligerenticus, two lads of tender years, newly introduced to jacket and pants. Non Pugilisticus perpendicular to the outstretched, struggling form of Belligerenticus. The village parson appears. Staring eyeballs and cheeks of flame bespeak the feelings of N. P., the valiant but magnanimous, more plainly than do the tearful ejaculations with which he now

hies to the maternal arms. "I wouldn't fight! I just sat on him! The minister saw me and I am afraid I have lost my character by it!!" It may interest our readers to know that the hero of the above is now a Professor in Bates College.

The Juniors have elected the following class officers: President, E. R. Richards; Vice President, I. L. Harlow; Secretary, C. E. Mason; Treasurer, H. S. Bullen; Orator, J. F. Merrill; Poet, F. L. Blanchard; Historian, W. Skilling; Chaplain, O. H. Tracy; Odists, J. W. Douglass, C. O. Davis; Toast Master, W. H. Cogswell; Marshall, W. S. Hoyt; Prophet, C. H. Libby; Executive Committee, L. T. McKenney, G. P. Emmons, D. Eugene Pease.

While the Seniors were at the Gas Works, a short time ago, Emerson experimented with the telephone for the instruction (?) of the class. Seizing the instrument and placing it to his ear he shouts a half dozen times, "When can you do some turning for me?" The clerk at the Gas Company's Office, under the DeWitt, meekly replied, "We don't do turning here." Hats come off and lungs are ventilated. Will you please pass the peanuts along, Emerson?

It takes a Yankee boy to get out of a dilemma. Not long ago a fond mother said to her boy, "My son you have not succeeded in breaking up those setting hens yet; there are six trying to set in that nail keg." "Great guns," said young America, as he rushed out of the house, "I'll fix 'em." In a short time his mother looked out into the yard and what a ludicrous sight! Six hens walking about stiff-legged. They couldn't set if they went to their *wits ends*, for they all had sticks bound to their legs.

The Freshman class has elected the following officers: President, E. F. Burrill; Vice President, J. W. Chadwick; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Florence A. Dud-

ley; Executive Committee, C. S. Flanders, Miss Ella H. Haskell, Miss Ella L. Knowles; Orator, C. A. Chase; Historian, Miss Ella L. Knowles; Poet, A. Beede; Orator, E. R. Chadwick; Marshal, T. S. Sampson; Postmaster, T. Dunning; Reporter, Miss Katie A. McVay; Prophetess, Miss Emma F. Bates; Chaplain, C. H. Little; Toast Master, C. W. Foss.

The Eurosophian Society held its annual public meeting Oct. 8th. The programme was well arranged and the parts well delivered. The oration showed great care in preparation. The only fault we could find with the exercises was the length of the debate. The following was the programme:

Music—Caliph of Bagdad.

Miss E. S. Bickford, Miss N. R. Little.

PRAYER.

Declamation—Toussaint L'Ouverture (Phillips).
A. B. Tinkham.

Eulogy—James A. Garfield.
H. E. Foss.

Music—"I went up on Mt. David."
Glee Club.

DISCUSSION.

Was President Hayes justified in Vetoing the Appropriation Riders?

Aff., O. L. Gile. Neg., W. T. Skelton.

Music—"In the Evening by the Moonlight."
Glee Club.

Oration—Education as a Remedy for
Hard Times. E. T. Pitts.

Paper.
Mr. W. H. Cogswell, Miss N. R. Little.

Music (Selection).
Quartette.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editors of the Student:

GLEN HOUSE, N. H., Sept. 2.

No spot in New England has, during the past ten years, proved so full of interest to the tourist as the White Mountains. Old Orchard and Mt. Desert have their attractions, but they are certainly secondary to these great hills of Northern New Hampshire. The present season has thus far proved very remunerative to hotel proprietors. Ever since the last days of July, the

houses have been crowded with guests from all parts of the United States and Europe. The interest which people of every grade of society express for the scenery is somewhat remarkable. Day after day, week after week, they sit upon the broad piazzas and do nothing but gaze at the mountains pushing their heads up above the clouds. Like Starr King, the well-known tourist, they find in them fresh pictures of grandeur and beauty every day.

The scenery is ever changing. At one time the atmosphere is so transparent that you can almost see the people on the summit of Mt. Washington, eight miles distant. At another, heavy masses of clouds wedge themselves between the peaks, and seem about to burst the mountains asunder. The grandest scene which presented itself to my eyes during the past summer, occurred early in the month of August. The afternoon had been quite warm and sultry. By 5 o'clock a heavy wind began to blow, and huge billows of clouds began to appear above the tops of the mountains. The sky grew blacker every moment. In a short time a mighty river of clouds commenced to pour itself down over mountains into the valley below. One by one their peaks disappeared beneath the flood. By and by every ravine was filled with rolling masses of clouds, and the rain began to fall in sheets. One could easily trace its rapid flight over the space between the hotel and the distant mountains. A gentleman who has been at the Glen House for several summers said that he had never seen such a grand cloud storm as the one which I have just described. When the storm had ceased and the clouds began to melt away, we could hardly refrain from calling to mind the following passage from Lucile:

"Meanwhile

The sun, in his setting, sent up the last smile
Of his power, to baffle the storm. And, behold!
O'er the mountains embattled, his armies, all gold,
Rose and rested: while far up the dim, airy crags,

Its artillery silenced, its banners in rags,
The rear of the tempest its sullen retreat
Drew off slowly, receding in silence, to meet
The powers of the night, which, now gath'ring afar,
Had already sent forward one bright signal star."

Later in the month we were favored with a few very beautiful moonlight evenings. I remember one in particular. The moon was full, and as she arose over the eastern hills and threw her light upon the valley beneath, she seemed more majestic than usual. The soft, mellow radiance of this queen of the night filled every nook and crevice with light. The trees waved their branches, and beckoned the woodland nymphs forth to a dance on the green. Surely it did seem that Shakespeare must have had just such an evening as this in mind when he wrote "Midsummer Night's Dream." It was not until the air became cold and autumn-like that the crowd upon the piazzas began to disperse.

What would our vacations amount to if we could not hang away in memory's chambers a few scenes like these, to cheer the long hours of winter? When the winds blow and the snow piles itself up around our door, we can conjure up a summer's picture, with all its soft tints and rich shading. Thus winter may be robbed of some of its dreary aspects, and made to yield much that shall cheer and encourage us in our daily toil.

FRANK L. BLANCHARD, '82.

PERSONALS.

[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.]

'71.—G. W. Flint is now in his seventh year as Principal of the High School at Collinsville, Conn. Under his care this school has become one of the first in the State.

'72.—T. G. Wilder has resigned his pastorate at Blackstone, and is now at Eastport, Me.

'76.—H. Woodbury has again been offered the Baring High School.

'78.—H. A. Rundlett is studying medicine at Dover, N. H., with a view to entering Harvard Medical School with advanced standing.

'79.—T. J. Bollin recently paid his friends in Lewiston a visit. He has now returned to Washington, D. C., where he has been employed the past year.

'79.—E. M. Briggs (not F. H. Briggs, as was reported in our last) is studying law in the office of Hutchinson & Savage of this city.

'79.—F. N. Kincaid is teaching at Westport, Me.

'79.—F. P. Otis is teaching at Princeton, Maine.

'80.—A. A. Beane, is at present located at Papillion, Neb.

'80.—J. H. Heald has entered upon a course of study at Andover Theological Seminary.

'80.—H. L. Merrill is teaching at Weld.

EXCHANGES.

What a variety of literature finds its way to the table of the Exchange Editor! The publishers of the *Standard Series* favor us with everything, from a horse on Demosthenes down to a ten-penny picture book. Campaign papers without number clamor for recognition, and so persistently demand our vote (although we are not of age) that we begin to feel almost as if there was an effort made to intimidate us.

The *Boston Investigator* has the cheek to stalk into our presence with a long defense of Tom Paine, and that marked, too. This class of visitors generally call early to avoid the aristocratic and better established visitations of the college journals. Our callers are always welcome, whoever they are, for, even if they are too dull to be read, they sell well for one cent a pound!

Since our last issue we have made one

new acquaintance (and friend, we hope), whose appearance we greet with much pleasure. The *Cornell Sun* justly represents the enterprise of the university whose offspring it is. The *Sun* is a daily four-page paper, somewhat after the style of the *Harvard Echo*. Its columns do not seem to be manufactured by the line, or their inspiration drawn from the devil's cry of "more copy," but sparkle with wit and news from home and other institutions. We hope the *Sun* will never set.

Another stranger has visited us, concerning whose character we have hardly been able to judge. We have received one copy of the *U. C. N. Y. Free Press*, which comes before us with the sounding motto, "A day, an hour of virtuous Liberty is worth a whole eternity in Bondage." That it is "published by the editors," and "edited by the publishers," is about all the information it volunteers about itself. So far as we can make out, it is published secretly by the students of Columbia College, N. Y., as an organ to express their dissatisfaction in regard to some actions taken by the Faculty, especially in the suppression of the *Echo* and the suspension of the *Mercury*. Although published, seemingly, for such a purpose, the tone of the paper is not in the least scurrilous, and seems to us to represent some real wrongs. We are not prepared to pass judgment upon the wisdom of the experiment.

The conceit of the *Niagara Index* is exceedingly amusing. We should judge by the "platform of the Exchange Editor, that the *Index* was the "stroke oar," so to speak, of college journalism. The brave are warned to keep a wholesome respect for his mighty and gall-moistened pen, and the timid are assured that if they will only keep quiet, they will be uninjured. Let him tell it, and one word from that wonderful "slinger-of-ink" will raise a college paper from the lowest to the highest place among college journals, and *vice versa*.

(Mostly *vice versa*.) If the Exchange Editor of the *Index* and his flighty column should be tumbled into the sewer, where they belong, the *Index* might hope to gain some respect from its neighbors. The literary part of the *Index* is generally interesting and occasionally instructive.

We acknowledge the receipt of Nos. 37, 38, 39, and 40, of the *Standard Series*. "The Hermit" and "The Salon of Madam Necker," are of especial interest.

We have received the *Newspaper Directory*, published by Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co., which we regard as invaluable to publishers and the advertising public in general. In this work one is brought in contact with the vast newspaper interests of the country.

OTHER COLLEGES.

Japan has one university and ten colleges.

A Mr. Halsted, a tutor at Princeton, is preparing for the press a text-book upon Mensuration.

Prof. Loomis has addressed a circular to the students of Yale and the class of '84.—*Yale News*.

The California Legislature has made music a compulsory branch in all the public schools of the State.

James A. Garfield is a Delta U. from Williams College, Chester A. Arthur is a Psi T. from Union College.—*Ex*.

A very neat edition of college songs, published by a graduate of Harvard, was brought out the first of June.—*Ex*.

Out of over one hundred applicants for admission at Columbia College only twenty succeeded in entering without a condition.

The Boston University Law School presents courses of study three, five, and seven years in duration, with appropriate examinations and degrees.

"Ten to one and no takers that Yale don't send a crew to Lake George."—*Acta*. Twenty to one and no takers that the Columbia Lake George four doesn't go to England.—*Yale Record*.

Germany has 1 in 7 of its population in School; France, 1 in 9; England, 1 in 11; Italy, 1 in 15; and Russia, 1 in 67.—*Ex.*

Mr. George I. Seney, formerly a benefactor of Wesleyan, has given \$50,000 as an endowment for the salary of the President.

The Freshman class at Harvard numbers 220; at Yale, 200; at Cornell, 130; at Amherst, 90; at the University of California, 51; and at Dartmouth, 90.

Hon. Andrew D. White, at present United States Minister at Berlin, will return next spring to resume his duties as President of Cornell University.—*Ex.*

Girard College, in Philadelphia, is to be enlarged by the addition of a building to accommodate 160 more boys. It is to have a dining hall large enough for 1,000.

The number of students at Yale is 1,003; at Harvard, 1,350; at Michigan University, 1,367; at Pennsylvania University, 1,030; at Columbia, 1,436; and Wesleyan, 164.

Prof. Perry believes in one kind of protection at least, as was evinced by his maintaining two Freshmen in a college room to which a Junior showed a prior claim.—*Williams Athenaeum.*

CLIPPINGS.

WAKING.

O no, this hard-backed study chair
Is not a hammock, swinging
In balmy shade and breezy air,
Where merry birds are singing.

This Physics that I'm grinding through,
With scarcely smothered curses,
Is not the thing my fancy drew—
A book of lazy verses.

O no, that fellow opposite,
With brow with care o'erladen,
All in a tangled wrinkle knit,
Is not a happy maiden.

That song that echoes through the hall,
That jolly roaring after,
Is not my cousin's voice at all,
Nor Minnie's merry laughter.

Things are no longer what they seemed,
All peace and pleasure blended,
The spell is loosed, my dream is dreamed,
And my vacation ended.

—*Yale Record.*

The King of Greece—Oleomargarine.

I'm a Freshman, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a year;
Then I'll pass into a Soph-o-more,
And I'll tarry it, yes, I'll tarry it, one more year.

An Englishman upon hearing the cackling in a poultry yard, exclaimed, "Oh, this is really henchanting!"—*Ex.*

Professor—"Can any one tell us the original of the expression 'Go to?'"
Embryo Minister—"Perhaps there was something more to it once, and they left it off cause it did not sound well."—*Ex.*

Guest (to college waiter in the mountains)—"If you have nothing particular to do, would you be so kind as to step out and bring me some croquettes; of course I'm in no hurry. I'll wait your convenience." Such is the power wielded by a great intellect.—*Ex.*

"But I pass," said a Leadville minister, in dismissing one theme of his subject to take up another. "Then I make it spades," yelled a man in the gallery, who was dreaming the happy hours away in an imaginary game of euchre. It is needless to say he went out on the next deal, assisted by one of the deacons.—*Ex.*

They were in the wood. Said he, looking unutterable: "I wish I were a fern, Gustie." "Why," she asked. "Why—p'raps—you—would—press me, too." She evidently hated to do it, but it is best to nip such things in the bud, so she replied: "I'm afraid you're too green, Charley." The poor boy almost blubbered.—*Boston Transcript.*

Student (sociably)—"Well that takes the cake!" Frenchman (mazedly)—"Eh, Monsieur!" Student (gruffly)—"It yanks the bun." Frenchman (apologizingly)—"Pardon, Monsieur, *mais je ne*—" Student (emphatically)—"Elopes with the cookie." Frenchman beats a retreat, and student mutters: well he does snag the gingerbread.—*Yale News.*

"I rather like this soda, after all," said John Henry to Julia, as he drew his nose out of the tumbler and wiped the froth off. "Soda I," said Julia; "but I like bottled soda best, it is sodalightful." "Why, sodear?" said John Henry. "Because," exclaimed the charmer, "instead of being only a fizzle, it pops so nicely." He took the hint, and asked her pop that same evening.—*Mail Car.*

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 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 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.

Advertisements.

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.

Razors Honed at A. A. Shorey's

Hair Cutting and Shaving Rooms,

Upper Main Street, Lewiston, Maine. Opposite J. K. Blanchard's.

Shorey's Hair Cream is the "BOSS."

B. C. SPRAGUE,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

PIANOS and ORGANS,

And Musical Merchandise of all kinds,

LEWISTON, MAINE.

Pianos and Organs to Rent, and for Sale on Installments.

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-
AND 170, WITH 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.

OSGOOD & CO.,

— DEALERS IN —

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,

Coin Silver and Rogers & Bros.' Plated Ware.

Watches and Jewelry repaired by Experienced Workmen.

81 Lisbon Street, Lewiston, Me.

PHOTOGRAPHS

OF EVERY SIZE AND STYLE MADE, AND WAR-
RANTED 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.

JOHN HIBBERT,

Oyster & Lunch House,

84 Lisbon St., Lewiston, Me.

☞ Meals served at all hours of the Day and Evening.

☞ Steamed Oysters and Ice Cream a Specialty.

THE BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Published by the Class of '81, Bates College.

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

Single copies will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents and stamp.

The STUDENT will be furnished to all subscribers until an explicit order is received for its discontinuance, and until all arrearages are paid, as required by law.

Rates of advertising, 75 cents per inch for the first, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

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

Literary communications should be addressed to the "Editors of the Bates Student." All subscriptions and business letters to

H. E. FOSS,

Bates College, Lewiston, Maine.

Advertisements.

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.

No. 1 Lyceum Hall Building, Lewiston, Maine.

T. J. MURPHY,

(Formerly Foss & Murphy,) Dealer in
and Manufacturer of

HATS, CAPS, & FURS,

46 Lisbon Street, Lewiston, Me.

SIGN—BIG GOLD HAT.

L. S. GOULD.

—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.

All Work Warranted.

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.

1870. **J. A. TRACY,** 1880.

VARIETY STORE,

—DEALER IN—

PERIODICALS, STATIONERY,

Blank Books, Writing Inks, Toys, Skates, Sleds, Paper Collars, Dolls, Dress Braids, all kinds of Thread, Needles, etc., etc., and a large stock of other goods usually kept in a first-class variety store.

120 Main St., Lewiston,

Next to Day & Nealey's.

J. S. FIELD & CO.,

Steam Bakery,

No. 13 FRANKLIN ST.,

Lewiston, Maine.

BRADFORD, CONANT & CO.,

Manufacturers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FURNITURE

Carpets and Looking Glasses.

FESSENDEN I. DAY,

Boots, Shoes, and Rubbers,

No. 5 Journal Block,

LISBON STREET, LEWISTON, ME

Advertisements.

Young's Steam Laundry,

50 LISBON STREET, OPP. ARTHUR SANDS'.

☞ All work warranted to give satisfaction, or no charge will be made. ☞

THE BEST PLACE IN THE CITY TO BUY

READY-MADE CLOTHING

AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

— IS AT —

BICKNELL & NEAL'S,

86 Lisbon Street cor. Ash, Lewiston.

A FULL LINE OF OVERCOATS ALWAYS ON HAND.

We buy for cash, and are able, by quick sales, to sell at small profits.

REMEMBER THE PLACE,

OLD POST OFFICE CLOTHING HOUSE.

IN FITTING UP THEIR ROOMS,

Students will do well to call on

LEMONT & FISHER, 95 Lisbon St.

As they keep a large stock of

STOVES, TINWARE, &c., &c.,

And do all kinds of Repairing at Reasonable Rates

J. T. MILLS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

Crockery, China and Glass Ware,

Lamps, Chandeliers, Table Cutlery, Plated Ware, Flower Pots, &c.

75 Lisbon Street, - - - - Lewiston, Me.

FINE PRINTING. LOW PRICES.

—o—
P R I N T I N G

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.

C. Y. CLARK,

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.

Stable cor. Park and Ash Sts.,

LEWISTON, MAINE.

ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHERS

2 Phœnix Block, Auburn,

WM. L. HALL'S PHOTOGRAPHS

Are Unexcelled! Unequaled! Ahead of All Competitors!
☐ New Styles from Paris, France, every week. Novel Pictures, realistic of nature, made daily, which are a source of great delight.

T R O Y

LAUNDRY

5 Ash Street.

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

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.

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

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.

S. P. ROBIE,

Men's Furnisher,

56 LISBON STREET, LEWISTON.

Next door to Wakefield's Drug Store,

SHOWS FULL LINES OF

FIRST QUALITY GOODS

AT RIGHT PRICES.

AGENT FOR THE ORIGINAL

TROY, NEW YORK, LAUNDRY,

☞ Case sent every Monday, and returned
Saturday.

Collars and Cuffs Relaundered equal to
new, THREE cents each.

GEO. H. GLOVER,

OPP. ELM HOUSE,

9 Court Street, Auburn, Me.,

SOLE AGENT FOR

Chickering & Son's Pianos

—AND THE—

WILCOX & WHITE ORGAN.

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.