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VOL. VII.

JANUARY, 1879.

No. 1.

THE
BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

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1879.

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BATES STUDENT.

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No. 1.

MY WINDOW PANE.

BY N. W. H., '73.

THAT was a mistaken notion of the ancients, the building the windows of their houses to open into a court, turning their backs upon the street as it were. In the fashionable city of Pompeii they did place a few windows on the street side, but these were so near the ceiling as to be of no use whatever except to admit light and air. No wonder so many of the dwellers in these houses were overtaken by the ashes of Vesuvius. Many of the victims of that catastrophe might have lived to tell the story to their grandchildren if they could but have seen from within doors what was going on without. The most valuable lessons are learned by the bitterest experience. Much knowledge is gained through observation. So long as windows were made simply to supply light and air, mere bodily comforts, ignorance and superstition

prevailed. These were the Dark Ages of the world.

It was not until the notion was conceived of locating and arranging the windows of a house principally with an eye to enjoying the outlook they afforded that the work of education through observation actually began. Of late years a great deal of attention has been paid to this subject. Literary men especially, the few who have been able to gratify their wants, are represented to us as seated in rooms lined with books before vine-draped windows that open upon broad stretches of landscape,—hill and vale, forest and plain, diluted with watery expanses of sea or river or lake. And we are given to understand that much of the inspiration for their work is gathered from this source.

The manufacture of glass has played no inconsiderable part in the

world's history. It is one of the chief tests of a country's claim to civilization. The Egyptians and Phœnecians have gained much in the world's estimation for their knowledge of this art. Glass was not used for window purposes until the third century of this era, and glass windows were not common in dwelling houses until the twelfth century. Then again glass windows were out of fashion in England for some time on account of the tax that was levied upon them. It is not until very recently, however, that the theory of glass has begun to be understood. We have now but to know the size and quality of window glass a man looks through from within to be able to tell his condition in life. As zoölogists when shown the tooth of an animal can tell its genus and habits of life.

The little 7×9 pane is now only found in old houses built before this generation swung the hammer. And if I were to tell you my window pane was one of that size you would at once locate me in some old farmhouse on a country road, nestled at this time of the year, in the snow its wooden lips latched to the cold and breathing contentedly through its nose in the roof. And if you chanced to be driving by you would doubtless expect to be gazed at by pairs of bright eyes clustered behind each individual window pane, a custom religiously observed in the country, as you know. It is almost a pity this custom was not in vogue when

Raphael painted his Sistine Madonna. Some profound critic, on that account, has lost the opportunity of discovering that the idea of the cherubs' heads was suggested to Raphael while passing a country farm-house. This leads us to another proposition: Not that you can tell accurately the size of a man's family by the size of the window panes in his house. The philosophy of window glass has not yet reached that stage of development. But it is safe to state that the size of a man's family is liable to vary inversely as the size of his squares of window glass.

How does the reader know my window pane does not fill a whole half sash, and is not of plate glass imported by Semon, Bache & Co., through which, as he passes by on the street, may be seen a curtain of Antique lace, a statuette of The Three Fates, and if it be in the evening, myself and family seated beneath a brilliant chandelier, an aristocratic picture of domestic bliss? Prosperity changes people's ideas amazingly. What effect it would have on me remains to be seen. Those who berate the fashions are the ones who are not able to follow them. There are those to whom white gloves, white ties, and swallow-tail coats are an abomination. And the wearers of these in their turn believe it for the welfare of society that no crowns or titles or purple be worn. Perhaps I, too, should leave my window pane uncurtained of an evening, if statuary, gilded

walls, and fair daughters were to me. But at present I regard it as a violation of the eleventh commandment: 'Thou shalt not parade thy virtues in the face of the wicked, nor boast of thy prosperity. What are Lazarus' feelings, with the wind and cold about his ears, as he gazes in from the street upon Dives' bald head and gold-bowed spectacles shining under the gas jets? His muttering lips breathe no prayer for your soul Dives. His pockets and stomach are both empty, and he shivers with the cold.' In the light of your prosperity he sees his own distress revealed. O Dives, draw your curtain! be it ever so fine a texture, let not a ray of light reach the street, and Lazarus will pass by unmindful of your riches and his poverty, and you will both live longer and be happier.

In truth the window pane behind which fortune has placed me is of ordinary size and quality, but it conveys as accurate information of what passes before it, and affords as much pleasure as a larger and a better. An old cobbler of my acquaintance, who had spent his life thrusting bristles through awl holes, said it amused him as he sat at his work to watch the crowds of people hurrying to and fro past his window seeking the very thing he had found, contentment. To watch all the various manifestations of life and action in a crowded city, the endless variety of pursuits which people busy themselves about, and the

different means employed to gain similar ends is of perpetual interest. Prosperity and misfortune, ignorance and learning, love and grief, and greed and charity jostle each other soberly and go on their way. A nod of recognition, a gesture, and the actors are gone. This is the pantomime continually in progress upon the little stage my window overlooks. It is a busy scene. The coal carts, day after day, up and down distributing warmth and sunshine, and heavy teams dragging about merchandize of all sorts. Slow, plodding, step by step this work of distribution goes on, and men are toiling and striving to make some part of all the wealth they handle their own. Early in the day, with more dash and speed, the grocery wagons tear down the street with numberless parcels, and return with empty baskets bouncing and dancing about.

Towards three o'clock in the afternoon the scene changes. The work horses are still tugging away at their loads, their drivers sitting patiently behind them, but the more genteel quadrupeds and bipeds of the town are now astir. The general movement is faster and the colors brighter. The ladies are out shopping, and carrying on the distribution and exchange of civilities of the social world. Gentlemen of leisure with their fast horses, sporting men, young fellows driving by with pretty bonnets and gay ribbons fluttering beside them. Very con-

fidential conversations may be carried on in a vehicle that seats but two. No matter how crowded the streets are no one hears but the intended one. It is Cupid's favorite device to place his victims side by side behind a fast horse that he may bring them both down with a single arrow. No less a man than Dr. Johnson has expressed himself on this point. "If," said he, "I had no

duties, and no reference to futurity, I would spend my life in driving briskly in a post-chaise with a pretty woman, but she should be one who could understand me, and would add something to the conversation."

But darkness gathers. The panorama fades, the colors grow indistinct, the figures flit by and vanish. How short the days are. Maria, light the tapers and draw the curtain.

A NIGHT WATCH.

BY THOMAS H. STACY, '76.

NO flashing lances, golden bright,
 No mellow waves of flowing light,
 Where Phœbus reins his steeds of white,
 To course the morning sky;
 But deep, dun darkness everywhere,
 And chilly frost is on the air:
 As bells proclaim the newborn year,
 While bells and bells reply.

I reach my palms out anxiously,
 But empty come they back to me;
 Athwart the somber vapid sea
 I cast my eyes in vain.
 The way—what way? I see no way.
 My feet move not, lest they should stray,
 And rest in darkness, e'en when day
 Breaks bright, and clear again.

I con the morrow's yield; the year
 So young and sweet to-day,—now here
 But soon no more,—the opening year,
 What all its pages reck
 I do not know; if hope shall die,
 If love, and life shall bruised lie,
 If peace, and joy shall wander by,
 And clouds the sky befleck.

How bright the west on yester-night !
The clouds wrapped round the sun how bright !
And 'mong the stars in streaming light
 I watched the afterglow.
The kind old year,—the dear, dead year—
Poured out its costly treasures here,
And blessings answered doubt and fear,
 E'en more than now I know.

His voice was whispered in the air :
His hand was gracious everywhere :
His feet—but hark ! His feet all bare
 Are nearing unto me ;
O wicked heart ! O hollow heart !
That could from Him one moment part ;
To wake and look, and looking start
 That He is close to thee.

When ceased His love to flow for all ?
When did He slight my troubled call ?
When did the timid sparrow fall
 Unnoticed, and alone ?
E'en though the way winds darksomenly,
The morrow never counsel me,
If in His own my hand may be,
 Enough ; " Thy will be done."

Awake, my soul ! my soul, awake !
He comes as summer mornings break,
To scatter shining rays ; to make
 In thee a vestal fire.
Awake, and breathe across the lyre
Thy softest breath ! Thy faint desire
For lofty strains, shall lead thee higher,
 And lofty strains inspire.

Awake, my heart ! let incense rise ;
Let pæans meet the melted skies ;
Let garlands, rich with purple dies,
 Bestrew the way He goes ;
Pour forth thy grandest ministry.
Whatever in the year may be,
Whichever way He leadeth thee,
 It matters not ; He knows.

OUR TWO WORLDS.

BY G. A. BURGESS.

MAN dwells in two worlds. In this outer world he finds fields and mountains, rivers and oceans, sun and stars, bird and beast. But there is to each of us a hidden world. How did you recognize that familiar scene of your childhood that you had not thought of, perhaps, for a score of years? How did you know that old friend whom you had not recalled for ten years, and with throbbing pulse press his hand, and with sparkling eye look into his? Where do memories rest to be called forth afresh at a moment's warning? Not in the hidden folds of the brain, for that is constantly changing; every particle is gone and a new has taken its place in less than seven years. You have not the same brain to-day that you had yesterday; each thought wastes it. Yet memories remain the same for fifty years. And these sentiments of love, hate, honor, dignity, which never had a material form, whence do they spring? We hide their source under a vague term we call mind, which to many has no distinct meaning. What is mind like? Look within and tell me; do you not find a world there,—a world where memories appear and vanish and are kept,—where our noblest aspirations breathe and live,—where we live?

We are of two worlds. The outer is full of change. Darkness covers

it, and we see only the bright gleams of the stars above, till slowly the trembling light of a new day draws the line of eastern hills sharper against the sky. The day breaks, and hills and fields and sky are touched with rosy tint. The noon-tide throws around its light and shade, or the storm-cloud settles down and shuts out everything. We ourselves can change our outer world. We can bid farewell to these snow-bound fields, and the city of spires and roofs, and the grand, pure mountain overtopping all; and see to-morrow's sun sink down to meet our native land, while our straining eye can spy nothing but the blue restless sea below, and heaven's deeper blue on high. We can gaze on lands now distant and cities now strange. We can even place new groups of stars above us. But in all these changes we look within and find ourselves the same. There are the same influences, the same yearnings, the same sad, sweet memories,—our inner world has been unchanged.

But we can change it though. Some do change it to a cheerless waste. Every bright bud is nipped; every bloom is crushed; the green fields are scorched and brown; the trees, whose branches shield many a rill till they can pour their waters together to form a river, are felled,

and the rills are dried up. No longer do the mists rise from the land to form the sun-set cloud. The burning sun rolls through a brazen heaven, and a hot breath as from a furnace parches every thing below. To conceal this inner ravage and hide it from self, the man buries it beneath a salt, bitter sea whose waves are tossed and torn by tempests over which he has no control. And then, as if this restlessness furnished too great diversion, the waters are dried up, the salt bottom appears, and from the sky the last cloud melts away. The drifting sands fill up every hollow and smooth down every height, till one dead, monotonous level of Sahara sand, over which hot sand-storms break and above which bends a rainless, cheerless tract of blue where the very stars seem fiery demons' eyes, make up the inner life. Some view the wreck, and, while "too late" trembles on the lip, despair plucks up by the root the last flower, whose name is hope, and the waste remains forever fixed in its fearful barrenness. Here and there one sick at heart at his own folly, scans his inner world with hope. With strength that is given him he stills the loud roar of his baser self, unfixes his sight from everything selfish, and discovers there, where all else has perished, his God ready, waiting to commune with him face to face. There He sits longing yet hindered, chilled by the man himself, immov-

able, mute, like Egypt's sphinx half hid by drear sands, while sun gives place to stars and stars to sun, always with that same patient look. Happy man if in that hour he comprehends that sphinx-like form whose absence would leave his desert desolate indeed, and lays hold with all his strength upon that word which alone can make his desolation bud and bloom.

Dr. Johnson, when asked by a young man what he would give to be as young as he, replied: "I would almost be willing to be as foolish." He had fitted him up a world which he would not willingly leave. Wordsworth's benediction on a young lady reveals what he found in his inner world. His kindest wish for her was,

"An old age serene and bright
And lovely as a Lapland night."

Socrates listened to an inner voice chanting sweet music, to which the voices of his friends urging him from duty seemed like the far-away murmur of the waves. By faithfulness to duty, by communion with nature, by poring over the thoughts of the best minds we become sufficiently educated to be able to endure ourselves. Till then we return from every inner ramble with misgivings. Come what may we cannot afford to do anything but our best. We may well pause and consider our progress often and thoughtfully. Everything is at stake. So nothing in life can be trivial. We can blush with pride

at the priceless charge entrusted to our hands, and vie with each other with honest emulation in fitting up the world in which we are to dwell forever. Angels stop in their flight to view the work, and God is ever near to strengthen the right.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY KATE HANSON.

ALL on a rosy winter morn
 The happy stars at play,
 Before the sun had scarcely worn
 His pathway to the day,
 A merry Elf, in gay attire,
 Sped from his lurking place,
 As tho' intent with the desire
 That joy his steps should grace.

But looking backward he espied
 An aged form bent low,
 Whose locks of silver only vied
 The whiteness of the snow.
 "My Sire," the merry youth outspake,
 "Thy blessing ere we part!"
 "'Tis here, my son, for thee to take,
 The bounty of my heart."

With that, the elder laid his hand
 Upon the youthful head,
 And murmured forth his blessing grand,
 Then was the old year dead.
 And solemn bells began to toll
 Thro' all the feeling air,
 While muffled music seemed to roll
 A chorus of despair;

Until it changed to one grand hymn,
 One anthem of delight,
 As o'er the silent fields so dim,
 Broke the glad morning light.
 'Tis so the New Year came again,
 With frolic, joy, and mirth,
 Bringing a promise no more vain,
 To life and time new birth.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

NOTES.

"This world is but a stage,
And all men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances."

WE do not quote this because it is new, but rather as the aptest expression of our feelings. Never did we feel more theatrical, more decidedly scenic, never more like a troop of green artists, who, for the first time, toe their marks, strike their attitudes, and tremblingly await the rising of the curtain, eager to catch the first intimation of their auditors' decision, as to whether their performance is a farce or a tragedy.

'79 has made its exit; '80, its entrance. Our predecessors retire from their labors with well-earned applause. To them we, too, would offer our heartiest congratulations, believing that the relations existing between us will rescue whatever commendation we may offer, from the charge of flattery. Their patient labor and well-merited success deserve recognition. Their management has given to the STUDENT a higher tone and more positive character than it formerly possessed. They have emancipated it from class servility, and invested it with a spirit of juster liberality. They have increased its vigor without compromising its character.

Relatively, so much has been done. But we would not be misunderstood as asserting that perfection, or even the highest attainable degree toward perfection, has been reached. The range of college journalism, though somewhat circumscribed, is not narrowly bounded. What avenues of improvement yet lie open, it might seem forward in us to specify. It is our first duty to hold the vantage ground gained; to make the STUDENT as comprehensive, entertaining, and liberal as it has been: and we may well leave it to the future to dictate a revision or enlargement of policy.

The STUDENT exists as a medium of communication between the Faculty, the graduate, the undergraduate, and the friends of the College, and as a representative in collegiate literature.

In these two distinct offices, it is our duty to maintain its character. As a collegiate representative, it should express the thought, aim, and spirit of the College. Its literary pages should be open to the best talent the College can command. Nothing ought to be admitted which does not represent its foremost spirit. If this rule be observed, its career can not fail to be positive and progressive. Then will it meet the just hopes and rightful expectations of its friends.

But it is its first and foremost duty to afford an easy communication between all friends of the College, to be a messenger from all to all, uniting mutual interests, enlisting mutual sympathies, promoting harmony of thought and unity of action in all enterprises of College welfare.

Its efficiency, however, in both directions will be largely commensurate with the interest manifested, and aid extended by the graduates. It is to be hoped that those from whom articles will be solicited will generously respond, and deem it, if not a pleasurable duty, at least a matter of deserving charity to give to the columns of the *STUDENT* a few of their best moments and best thoughts.

To the "Correspondence Column" we invite special attention. In every issue we would have that column full. Our Alumni and Alumnae, though not mighty in numbers, are quite widely distributed. They have a great variety of interests, and we doubt not that the surroundings and labors of each would be a matter of interest and regard to all. The community of feeling which such a correspondence might induce would result, we can but believe, in mutual benefit. It shall be our wish and labor that this benefit, with all other benefits, may be experienced by our readers in fullest measure. We are one more in number than were our predecessors. To the College and Class we represent, we

promise our best fidelity. And indulging the hope that all our readers will generously employ that charity which "suffereth long and is kind," we surrender ourselves to their criticism.

In the days of "Auld lang syne" the rural pedagogue was the intellectual cobbler of New England civilization. He was a mechanism of many parts, "fearfully and wonderfully made." In him, with nice diversity, were embodied those qualities of character, and that picturesque of person, which are well adapted to excite veneration and inspire fear. He was a long, lean, cadaverous personage, with a highly developed bump of individuality. He wore long hair, and triangular siders. His nose always assumed a criticising attitude, while a pair of keen, gray eyes above, and an economically-shaped mouth below, lent additional impressiveness to the facial scene. His coat, like Joseph's, was one of many colors. The veteran of a dozen winters, it yet survived to tell the story of its glory and decay. Deft fingers had often been employed to resist the aggressive spirit of his too ambitious elbows; while from the sleeves protruded that length of limb which had been the gift of Nature since its christening. His pantaloons, also, had acquired an antiquated aspect, due partly to age, and partly to that unexplained tendency, which panta-

loons always have, toward consolidation. The avoirdupois of this individual was supported by two legs that seemed expressly designed by Nature to sustain a wavering centre of gravity. Capacity was their first characteristic. Such was the external man. His psychological mechanism is hard to describe. Wise enough to be respected, ignorant enough to be pedantic, witty enough to be laughed at, he continued to be talked about without being understood. Goldsmith well describes him in the Village Schoolmaster:

"A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning's face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides pre-
sage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For even, though vanquished, he could argue
still,
While words of learned length and thundering
sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame; the very spot
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot."

As we turn from the schoolmaster of the past to that of the present, what a striking contrast do we behold! Civilization has, indeed, rounded away "the sharp knobs of character," even in schoolmasters. He

of tradition is long, sharp, angular, full of individuality. The living schoolmaster is wiser in books, smoother in manners, more accomplished, equally adapted to teach susceptible minds, and attract susceptible hearts. The respect paid to the former was won through the austerity of his demeanor; the popularity enjoyed by the latter is founded on the pleasure of his knowledge, the entertainment of his accomplishments, and the deportment of his person. Each, in his sphere, is the representative of his times. We cannot survey the multitude of pedagogues annually sent forth by our *Alma Mater*, without being compelled to witness fresh proof of that ill-omened declaration so often made, "We are drifting away from the old Puritan virtues." Alas! Whither have faded those lines and angles of Puritan character? Whence has gone that severe simplicity, that stoical glance, that smileless face, those determined lips? Traces of Puritanism may faintly linger in the faces of a few; the most are but Epicureans.

The lofty forehead, the high cheek bones, the keen, wiry frown, and the straightened smile have softened into a meaning-full countenance, suggestive of a hearty appetite, waited on by good digestion, of serene resignation to the untoward dispensations of Providence, of a thankful spirit, and of the full acceptance of that Utopian theory

which declares the universal brotherhood of the race. Their personal appearance is faultless. The threadbare coat exists but in tradition. Only laundered and tailored robes are deemed proper vestments to their corporeal intelligences; and the faultless set of a collar, and the elegance of a cravat, awaken livelier thoughts and warmer sensations than all the facts that bristle from the latest encyclopedia could possibly excite. We forbear longer to pursue a comparison which must be repulsive to sensitive minds. The imagination of our readers can easily carry it farther. We will not. But we beg our readers not to turn thoughtlessly from the contrast, but to allow the reasonable reflection of their minds to form the only just conclusion.

At the fire that occurred near the College toward the close of last term, it was remarked by one of our Professors, that as far as the College itself was concerned, or the dwellings in its vicinity, there might almost as well be no fire engines in the city, as that they be kept so far distant. The few fires that have already occurred in this part of the town have established the truth of this remark. The flames are sure to get beyond control before engines can arrive, so that it has come to be generally acknowledged that a house in this quarter is "sure to go" if once it gets on fire.

In this case, it is certainly the part of prudence to act in accordance with conviction; and if the citizens of certain portions of the First and Second Wards are convinced that there is no protection for their property in case of fire, it is at least their privilege to petition the City Government to locate an engine within available distance. As this is not likely to be done at once, we respectfully invite the attention of the College authorities to the hydrant recently placed on College Street, opposite the end of Parker Hall. And no doubt they will agree with us, that as now the City Water Works have been put in operation, a sufficient quantity of hose should by all means be purchased to admit of using the hydrant in case of fire in the College buildings.

We trust that the College fathers will heed our suggestion and pardon our forwardness in urging it on the ground of a certain dislike, that would be felt by those of us dwelling in the third story, to waking up in the night and finding our way to the ground cut off by flames.

College journalism has increased to an extent of which few are aware. There are in the United States two hundred papers, magazines, etc., issued by colleges. No one that is well acquainted with these publications can deny that college journalism is an important factor in the

American collegiate system. These organs of college thought powerfully influence the manners and morals of college life. And, though emanating from students, they are active agents in shaping the college curriculum and government. American colleges have partaken of the spirit of the government under which they exist; they are to a certain extent democratic. There is a student's side as well as a Faculty's side to college affairs. While the American student extends to his instructors all reverence due, he is sure that he has feelings that they cannot fully appreciate, and he claims the right to give expression to those feelings. He knows that from his standpoint he has a view of college government and college work different from that of his instructors, and while he does not claim equal wisdom with his instructors, he does claim that his view demands consideration. Thus the American student influences and shapes the college. And the chief medium through which he does this is college journalism. Through this medium, too, he learns of the advantages offered and the improvements made in other colleges, and advocates them in his own. And thus college journalism not only influences colleges severally, but conjointly: it binds together widely separated institutions.

Such is college journalism in general. And now a publication different from any at present in existence is

proposed, a *Pan-Collegiate Review*. This would be something distinctly new in college journalism; for, although there was before the war a publication professing to be *pan-collegiate*, it never was such. Now the first question to be decided is whether such a publication would benefit our colleges. Many of our exchanges have taken up the question, and have argued various reasons why it would be useful. And we hope such a publication may be started and sustained. It would exert an influence such as few, if any, other publications can exert. And, further, it would be a new bond of union between our colleges, a stronger one than any we now have. And it would be a benefit to our own, and to every other college, even if we should do nothing toward sustaining it; for it would be a sort of arbiter to college journalism. A higher authority in criticism than any we now have, it would be a benefit to every college publication, and hence, indirectly, to every college in the land.

There are, doubtless, obstacles in the way of such an enterprise. But if a *Pan-Collegiate Review* would really be beneficial, and our leading colleges think so, the battle is half fought. We feel far more sanguine of its financial success than do some of our exchanges. We believe that if made what it should be, Alumni *will* support it. The real difficulty is in having the magazine so con-

ducted as to be truly *pan-collegiate*. But if advantage be taken of the previous failure, success will follow. Yet we are well aware that it is utterly useless for us to be sanguine of success, unless our leading colleges become interested. The question is not *Can* we have a *Pan-Collegiate Review*? but *Will* we have one?

Hereafter, it is to be hoped, our Literary Societies will be active during the Spring and Summer Terms. They cannot fail to be of interest for the present year, on account of the public exercises with which they are to be connected. The public meeting of the Polymnians, sometime in this term, and one by the Eurosophians, in the Summer Term, as well as the Prize Debate by members of the Societies, the second Friday in that term, will give zest to the society work for the rest of the year. And if a good beginning is once made, a good deal is done towards helping the work for next year.

In the meantime there is work for every member of each society. Half a dozen cannot run a society successfully. But forty can, and can have a weekly exercise so pleasant and profitable that few will absent themselves.

It may be proper to make a suggestion as to the method of giving interest to all. The work has not generally been fairly divided. Some who wished to take part have been

neglected. Again, some have been overtaxed. This could be easily remedied; and our executive committees are trying to do it. Then there is too much sameness. More thought should be given to the manner of conducting the exercises. Let us have a little more enthusiasm, a little more method, a little extra effort, on the part of all, and we shall get ten times the good out of our societies.

One of the Trustees of Harvard College has, in the *Boston Advertiser* of December 12th, an article on "Reading and Writing in the Preparatory Schools." It is a forcible showing up of the great need of more thorough instruction in the English language, in those schools whose aim is to fit boys for college. The writer urges on the Principals of High Schools and Academies the need of taking time for drill in writing, spelling, and reading aloud.

In the first place, in regard to writing he warns the teacher against being—in the words of Matthew Arnold—"overzealous to tell the learner what he ought to *think*." The boy should first be taught to write without blunders in spelling, punctuation, and the use of language. Compositions, in which the pupil is expected to write out his own thoughts, should be required, when he is able to do so with a reasonable degree of correctness. The writer remarks that no pupil should be

offended by corrections in spelling or punctuation, since the rules governing both are arbitrary: and that, for the same reason, absolute exactness should not be demanded of the boy applying for admission to college. But he adds that in the examination papers of more than one-fourth of the candidates for admission to Harvard College in 1878, failures in spelling the commonest words, and blunders in punctuation even to the omission of full stops between sentences, were so frequent as to bring the rank of the student in that department below the required standard.

In regard to the need of practice in reading aloud, we are reminded how few there are who read intelligently and correctly; and are told that a part of the time spent in the schools on declamations might be, on the whole, more profitably employed in learning to read. For, as he says, speaking of fitting schools, "Few if any of their pupils will in after life be expected 'to shake listening senates,' or even 'to fulmine over' a caucus; but every boy should know how to read a paragraph from a newspaper or a chapter from a novel without committing serious blunders or failing to make himself understood." He concludes, moreover, that the average graduate from preparatory schools cannot so read, from the fact that by far the larger part of Freshmen at Harvard read, on entering, "in a manner that

would be disgraceful to a boy of nine."

After expressing the opinion that in many schools much time is misimproved, that should be used in teaching English, the writer urges upon the teacher the necessity of always correcting mistakes in English in every recitation and every written exercise of whatever kind.

It is surely a disgrace to a college graduate, however skillful he may be at "gerund grinding," or however well he may write and speak foreign tongues, not to be able to read, write, and speak his own language properly. And is it not a serious defect in the prevailing preparatory course of study, that English receives no more attention? The article of the "Harvard Examiner" cannot fail to arouse New England teachers on this point.

Overworking and underpaying a corps of teachers is about the poorest economy ever heard of. Another thing, it may be, is more deplorable than that, namely, that exalted positions are often given to teachers who have no qualifications for them. Whether a teacher's too numerous duties are wholly in the college, or whether he must work outside to earn his bread, he inevitably loses a great part of his interest in his work.

We lay claim to but little wisdom or experience, but it seems to us a poor policy that cripples a faculty in numbers and efficiency, in order to

give to its students a few dollars with which to purchase luxuries. We thought it a long-established fact that the more you give a man the less he has. If the colleges of small funds are finding out in these days that such is not the case, they do not learn it from the record of their graduates. It is a question worth considering whether a charity giving college is not a nursery of beggars and ingrates. However good the disposition may be, it is utterly impossible to provide as much for nothing as for something. We notice that when the class ride comes round every man has plenty of money. Class riding is not here condemned, but giving a student his honest debts is condemned.

Just a word as to incompetent teachers. They are a curse to the country. They swarm in the common schools. How to get rid of them forms the subject of a deal of the talk at every Teachers' Convention. Is it not possible that such teachers get into professors' chairs? Something more than a common place man is required in a college professor. He should be a man of scholarship, and tact, and enthusiasm; and if greatly lacking any one of these qualifications he ought to make room for a better man.

It is to be regretted that the usual debates of the Sophomore Class did not occur during the Fall Term. However, the year is not

half gone, and we believe there is too much emulation and enterprise in the class to let slip such an opportunity for improvement. We can say from personal experience that there is no one thing in the whole course, taking an equal amount of time, that begins to inspire one to do his very best so much as a public debate. If there is any originality in a man, such an exercise will bring it out. A student is often careless in the recitation room; but he must be ambitionless indeed who will face an audience without preparation.

It will be seen among our locals that public declaimers are hereafter to be restricted to seven hundred words. This law will certainly be appreciated by our audiences, who will no longer be kept listening to the "dulcet symphonies of rhetorical eloquence" toward the small hours of the night. It will, however, be no less acceptable to the *participants* in the Prize Declamations; for every declaimer makes his best impression by the time he has repeated seven hundred words, and, in general, this impression is weakened rather than strengthened by remaining longer on the stage.

We wish to call the attention of our readers, and especially of the members of '81 and '82, to the advertising columns of the *STUDENT*.

Upon the advertisements depends, to a considerable extent, the finan-

cial success of the STUDENT; and Sophomores and Freshmen can do nothing so likely to insure them success, when they assume the editorial duties, as to patronize the present advertisers. Business men will not use our columns unless they get some return from it, and if you let them see that it is a source of profit to them, your own work will be made easier, and your success more sure in the management of the STUDENT.

Another reason why you should patronize our advertisers, is because they are reliable firms; so that you will only be consulting your own interests by giving them your custom. '79 and '80 already appreciate the importance of giving their trade to those who ask for it in these columns, and we hope that the rest of the students will patronize those whose assistance as advertisers will be important to them hereafter.

LOCALS.

Au revoir, Jord!

'81 and '82 have each received a new member this term.

About seventy-five of the students taught during vacation.

The term began on Tuesday, January 7th. Trot out your hosses.

Instructor Stacy spent his vacation at the Boston School of Oratory.

Shattuck, of '81, has gone to Lisbon to finish a school for another teacher.

Tut says, if this cold weather holds he'll have to get one of those ulcerated overcoats.

Tom and Kink have kept house alone in Parker Hall for the most of the time during vacation.

The Faculty have recently made a law restricting the length of public declamations to seven hundred words.

Gray, of '81, after an absence of a year, has returned to his former class, instead of to '82, as reported by the Catalogue.

Miss Clark, '81, will continue assistant in the Rockland High School during the remainder of the school year, which closes in March.

J. F. Parsons, '80, has resigned his position as assistant teacher of Latin, in Nichols Latin School; and is succeeded by J. E. Holton, '81.

The city snow plow has this winter taken a new departure across the College Campus. This is highly commendable in the snow plow.

At the recent State Teachers' Convention, held in Brunswick, a paper was read by Prof. Stanton, on "Ornithology in the Common Schools."

Tarbox, '80, who was out during the whole of the Fall Term on account of very serious illness, has

recovered his health and is back at College. He has already made up the most of last term's work.

The college bell-ringer is to be congratulated on his punctuality. It is a comfort to feel that all hours of the day are to be of the same length.

Jordan, '80, has been obliged to leave College on account of poor health. His loss will be sorely felt by the class, who can ill afford to lose him.

The Sophomores and Freshmen rejoice in an enlarged Mathematical Room; but they would suggest to the Janitor that he "*wood up*" a little more.

Donovan, formerly of '80, reported as having gone to Bowdoin, is teaching a very successful school in Raymond. He has decided not to return to College duties immediately.

Three divisions of the Juniors have chosen the following question for class debate: "Is it for the interest of the United States that Immigration should continue unrestricted?"

LOST.—Through carelessness and neglect the College Glee Club. Any person or persons restoring the same, will supply a much felt need, and receive the hearty thanks of the students in general.

A letter was expected from President Cheney for the Correspondence

Column of this number, but it failed to arrive. The President is now in Naples, whence he will soon sail for Athens, and thence return to Rome.

The College Christian Association will hold its weekly meetings this term, on Wednesdays, at 6.30. The Sunday afternoon meetings will probably be resumed when the students have more generally returned.

Charles A. Gilman, so well known to the students as an obliging and competent clerk at Robie's Furnishing Store, is now to be found in the Ready-Made Clothing Department of Richards & Merrill, Merchant Tailors.

The following public exercises will probably occur at the College Chapel during the term: Prize Declamations by the Sophomore Class, in three divisions; and, it is expected, Prize Debates by three divisions of the same class.

One of our country pedagogues, after reading to his school the story of Pocahontas and Capt. John Smith, required each of the older scholars to write him a letter containing what was remembered of the story they had heard. The following is a specimen of the epistles he received:

"Mane Jenery.

1879. 12. i thort that i wood write you a letter A Bout john smith the indiens took john smith to there tents An desidede what they wood due with him they thort they wold Beat his Brains out with A club And Pocohontis ran and said dont you kill him kill me so the old chieve Dident."

The Juniors have no lecture this term on Wednesday afternoon. The Faculty need have no fears that the time will be wasted; for the class seriously need more extra time than was given last term in order to do justice to their rhetorical.

A young man in this city, having just become a father, walked into one of our bookstores the other morning, and leaning over the counter was asked by the proprietor, anxious for a trade: "Well, what is it?" "A girl," he replied.

A postal-card was brought up in the college mail the other night printed with a pen so fine as to admit of 500 words on the single card. Many of the words had seven, eight, and even nine letters, but the whole was as plain as the page of a book.

Owing to the recent renovations in Hathorn Hall, hereafter Prof. Hayes will occupy what was formerly Prof. Rand's room, and Prof. Rand will occupy the rooms of Profs. Hayes and Stanley, which have been thrown into one. This arrangement makes it necessary for Prof. Stanley to hear recitations in each of these rooms.

Something business like must be done by the "nine" this term in gymnasium practice, if they expect to hold their own next spring. The fact that work in a cold Gymnasium is "monotonous" will not do away with the need of muscle on the part

of those who would go into the field in the spring in good trim. Do not let the warning of last fall's defeats pass unheeded.

Those students who were here at the opening of the Winter Term, together with quite a number of the Alumni who regularly attend the Maine Street Church, had the pleasure, on Jan. 5th, of hearing a representative of the College discourse to them. On that day Dr. Bowen exchanged pulpits with A. T. Salley, of the class of '74,—now of the Theological School,—who is at present supplying the pulpit of the Roger Williams Church, Providence, R. I. His text was from I. Corinthians, xii. 28, 29, 30, and his sermon one of the most practical and eloquent we have lately heard. Bates has no reason to be ashamed of that sort of preaching, and we are not surprised to hear that Mr. Salley is in demand.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[All our readers are requested to contribute to this department. Communications should be of interest to the students, courteous, and accompanied by the real, as well as the fictitious names of the writers.—Eds.]

Editors of the Student:

I wish to call the attention of the students, through your columns, to a matter that I fear is in danger of being forgotten. Last fall certain of the boys, encouraged by the majority of the students, took upon

themselves the responsibility of procuring base-ball suits for the nine. Only a part of the money necessary to pay for them was, at the time, secured. The result is that somebody is in debt for them. At the outset the understanding was that the suits were to be purchased by voluntary subscription, because the Association, being already in debt, was unwilling to take an additional burden. Now the Association is, at present, as much in debt as then, and certainly we should not allow it to bear the remaining debt for the suits, neither should we let it come entirely upon the boys who have made themselves responsible. The point, then, is, shall we not make some effort to raise this money? If it is not done by further subscription, shall it be done by some sort of an entertainment to be given by the students? The latter method has been suggested by some. *Think of it.* B. B.

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.]

'67.—The *Morning Star* says: "Rev. A. Given and wife (Greenville, R. I.,) observed the tenth anniversary of their marriage on January 1st. There was a pleasant gathering and some choice presents, among which was a nice limp-cov-

ered Bible from ministerial friends in the State."

'67.—Winfield Scott Stockbridge, in addition to his duties as Principal of Lapham Institute, at North Scituate, R. I., has assumed the pastorate of the Free Baptist church at that place.

'69.—G. B. Files recently read a paper before the Maine State Teachers' Convention, on "The Place of the Classics in the High Schools."

'72.—C. L. Hunt has recently been at his old home in Auburn. Mr. Hunt is Professor of Natural Sciences in the Normal College, at Myerstown, Penn.

'72.—Alonzo M. Garcelon has recently returned to Lewiston to continue the practice of medicine in company with his father, Governor Garcelon.

'72.—Geo. E. Gay, who has been suffering from a long-standing illness, is now much improved in health and is engaged in teaching at Concord, N. H.

'72.—F. W. Baldwin delivered on the 17th, one of the lectures of a course, at North Anson: subject, "British India."

'74.—F. T. Crommett is studying at the Boston University Law School.

'75.—A. T. Salley (Bates Theological School, '79,) is supplying the pulpit of the Roger Williams church, in Providence, during the absence of its pastor, Rev. Mr. Kirkland.

'76.—J. O. Emerson is studying at the Yale Divinity School.

'76.—George Fish Adams is studying medicine at the University of Vermont, in Burlington.

'76.—Died, of diphtheria, at Mechanic Falls, on the 21st of December, John Prince, and on the 23d, Thomas Rich,—second and third sons of Rev. F. E. Emrich.

'77.—J. A. Chase is pursuing his studies at the Harvard Divinity School.

'78.—C. F. Peaslee is teaching in Augusta.

'78.—J. W. Hutchins, Principal of Lebanon Academy, made us a visit at the College last week.

EXCHANGES.

Well, here we are with fifty or more exchanges of all sorts piled upon our table. Most of them are attractive in their appearance and interesting in their contents. To read them is a most pleasant pastime. To be sure, our pleasure is marred by the thought that we must occupy the position of critic; but we are, in a great measure, reconciled to our lot by the belief that most of our criticisms will be favorable. Feeling such cordiality toward all our exchanges, we take up the one that lies nearest us. Ah! the *Amherst Student*. Well, *Amherst Student*, we greet you, and, if it is not too late, wish you a "happy new year." Surely, if your contents are as agreeable as your outward ap-

pearance, we shall not find in you a disagreeable acquaintance. And, on perusal, we are not disappointed with the contents of the *Student*. The Editorial Department contains articles of interest. We wonder if, as the *Student* indicates, there is one college in America where class feeling is "a thing of the past." We hope not, for no college can well spare it. It is perfectly natural, and, under proper restrictions, is healthful and beneficial. When class feeling subsides it is apt to be followed by society rivalry, which is not always attended by so favorable results. But we suspect that even Amherst will witness a revival of class feeling. The "Locals" and "Personals" are well sustained. The Exchange column is chiefly occupied with foot-ball quarrels. Many publications, however, put this column to a worse use. We are sure we shall find in the *Student* a pleasant acquaintance.

We heartily congratulate Union College on being represented by so well-ordered a publication as the *Concordiensis*. This paper consults the true object of college publications in making the Literary Department short. We were interested in the Editorial Notes; think their discussion of the college studies is of practical value. The editors get indignant and eloquent over "red-headed police." We appreciate their indignation, if not their eloquence.

We were much interested in the

article appearing in the *Cornell Review* for December, on "Inspirers and Organizers in History." It is well written, and contains interesting and instructive thought.

In the *Dennison Collegian* we find an interesting article on "Co-education." The writer takes a very candid position on this question. He argues not from the standpoint of any intellectual inferiority of woman, but from the "different characters and prospective pursuits" of the sexes, that their higher education should be different. While he considers mixed schools productive of much good, he believes that those of a different character are productive of more good. And it seems to us that the writer is mainly right. That there are arguments in favor of co-education, we are well aware. Yet, it seems to us, those advantages which co-education supplies can be chiefly supplied by other means; but the intrinsic difference in the sexes is an obstacle that the advocates of co-education will hardly surmount. Higher education is, in the truest sense, a preparation for one's life work. The occupations and duties of man and woman in well-organized society, are not the same, but are *supplemental*. Should, then, their preparation for life's work be the same? We must believe that co-education can never be a complete success, at least until the American collegiate system materially changes. Yet mixed schools

supply, in part, a present and urgent need that could not otherwise be supplied.

From Kansas comes the *University Courier* requesting an exchange. The *Courier* contains many interesting articles, but to a stranger presents a somewhat confused appearance. It could be improved by the use of a table of contents and a spool of thread. The somewhat peculiar article on "Students," we would indorse because it contains many good thoughts. The *Courier* will ever be welcome.

The *Syracusan* for December contains quite a variety of literary matter. The articles, however, are all short. Brevity is generally a virtue. This number of the *Syracusan* is favored, or otherwise, with another of H. O. Smith's letters to his grandma. These letters occasionally contain quite sharp hits on college customs; but we must confess that nonsense usually prevails over wit. The following quotation is an example of the *better* portions of these letters:

"We have had our examination on history. I passed. I had the House of Stuart on one cuff, the crusaders on the other, and no end of prime dates and things in my watch case. Once I thought the Professor was coming for me, and I had to chew up and swallow the Plantagenets, the Roman Emperors, and several other handy but indigestible fellows. I have not been quite well since."

The *Dartmouth* is, to say the least, a novelty in college journalism. It

is, so far as we know, the only weekly paper published by an American college. We suspect that there are very few colleges that need a weekly publication to discuss college matters and tell college news. Perhaps Dartmouth does. Surely the editors are to be congratulated for being able to prepare so readable a sheet each week. Their paper is *weekly*, but there are many others that are *more weakly*. We cannot help wishing that the energy of the editors might be expended on a semi-monthly, feeling sure that their publication would be of much more importance. We notice in the number before us (that of Jan. 3d) the local department has a sort of languid, tired air, as if it were overworked.

OTHER COLLEGES.

BROWN UNIVERSITY.

The *Brunonian* indignantly denies that Manton Marble is a graduate of Brown.

An Athletic Association has been formed and bids fair to be a success. A day for field sports has already been appointed.

BOWDOIN.

The Reading Room has lately been improved by the addition of seats and lights.

Pres. Chamberlain also reverently

addresses Prof. Packard as the "teacher of us all."

The *Orient* very justly condemns the custom of "wooding up."

The venerable Prof. Packard has passed his eightieth year. It will be remembered that he is the "one" to whom Longfellow pays tribute in the lines:

"They all are gone
Into the land of shadows; all save one.
Honor and reverence, and the good repute
That follows faithful service as its fruit,
Be unto him whom living we salute."

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

Recently ex-Gov. Hendricks delivered a short but admirable address to the laws. His audience was an immensely large one.

There are one hundred and twenty-eight girls in college, seventy-two of whom are lits. Should a graduate of some ten years' standing pay a visit to Chapel, we venture to say that a sorrowful change would come over his feelings when the female element of the singing struck his ears.

Class distinction in future calendars will be abolished. The position of your name in the list will depend upon your fortune or misfortune in having your name commence with one of the first or one of the last letters of the alphabet. Fourth-year men and Freshmen will be mingled in a most democratic manner.—*Chronicle*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Joseph Cook's education cost \$15,000.

Edinburgh University has 2,560 students.

Syracuse has 250 students; Williams, 268.

The total attendance at Michigan University is 1,347.

Union has 43 Freshmen; Rochester, 50; and Yale, 210.

The first college journal was published at Dartmouth in 1800.

Iowa boasts thirty-five colleges and the largest law school in the West.—*Ex.*

Dempster Hall, Evanston University, is burned. Loss, \$25,000.—*Lewiston Journal.*

There are ninety-seven colleges in the United States with co-educational principles.—*Vidette.*

More than 9,000 students have been educated at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., which recently celebrated its centennial.—*Ex.*

One of the college girls recently received a present of two hundred sticks of gum. How are you now, old Vassar? Hey? Ha! Ha!—*Vidette.*

Oxford University, England, is over ten centuries old, has an annual income of about a million of dollars and a library of five hundred thousand dollars.—*Ex.*

A Harvard Instructor in German has been dismissed from the Faculty for selling examination papers.

College Faculties are everywhere becoming severe against hazing and general college disorders. Public sentiment has become clamorous for this reform.

Princeton College flourishes under the presidency of Dr. McCosh. Since he became President she has received gifts to the amount of over \$2,000,000, and the number of students has doubled.—*Spectator.*

In the United States there are twenty-one Roman Catholic theological seminaries, having in all 1,121 ecclesiastical students. Under the auspices of the same religion, there are 74 colleges and 519 academies.—*Ex.*

The Yale Professors and Tutors have voluntarily relinquished five per cent. of their salaries, in order to make up for the deficiency in the college income, caused by the shrinkage in the value of properties and securities held by that college.—*Ex.*

Having had our attention called to the fact that "Michigan University has abolished Commencement Oration," some 44,729 times during the past year, we feel that the time has arrived in which we may give the statement our cordial assent, hoping that the matter will be laid aside—temporarily.—*Chronicle.*

CLIPPINGS.

Phonograph is feminine gender, because it talks back.—*Ex.*

The financial cry of the college press: "Help us, Cash us, or we perish!"

A Yale student to another who is unwell and in bed: "Well, old chap, are you sick?" "*Sic sum*," was the quick response.

Smart Sophomore—"What fruit would you most resemble when riding on a jackass?" Innocent looking Freshman—"Give it up." S. S.—"A beautiful pear." I. L. F.—"All right, come outside and I will try it."—*Williams Athenaeum.*

Positivism and Evolutionism: Instructor—"What does Condillac say about brutes in the scale of being?" Student—"He says a brute is an imperfect man." Instructor—"And what is man?" Student—"Man is a perfect brute."—*Crimson.*

The following evidently applies to Freshmen and Sophomores:

"Full many a roll of pony leaves serene
The dark, unfathomed sleeves and text-books
bear;
Full many a crib is born to blush unseen,
Yet shed assistance, hidden by the chair."
—*Columbian.*

A Junior proposes to place the following inscription over his private library:

"The Lord helps those who help themselves,
The ancient poet sang;
The Lord help him who helps himself
To books in this chebang."
—*Index.*

"What made the ark to move along?"
I've pondered o'er and o'er;
At last I have the riddle solved—
'Twas paddled by a *Noah!*

Instructor—"Who is this Brutus referred to?" Soph. (whose idea of Roman History are rather vague)—"I suppose it is Cæsar."—*Ex.*

Talkative usher at the Lunatic Asylum to visiting student—"Do you live in town?" Student—"Yes, I am attending college over on the hill." Usher—"Ah, indeed! How many *inmates* have you this year?"

Abou Ben Butler (may his tribe decrease!) awoke one night from slumbers not of peace, and saw in the dim gaslight in his room, filling it with a supernatural gloom, a printer's devil setting types of gold. Now wickedness had made bad Benny bold, and to the devil in the room he said: "What printest thou?" The vision raised its head and answered with a broad malignant grin: "Those names which on November fifth shall win." "And is mine one?" said Benny. "Nay, not so," replied the vision. Benny spoke more low, with muttered oath, and answered: "Print me then as one who dearly loves the working men." The imp obeyed and vanished. The next night it came again and showed, with diabolical delight, those names which on November fifth were not elected, and lo! Ben Butler's name the sad list just bisected.—*Round Table.*

The following will awaken a thrill
of sympathy in many a heart:

Maid of Adams, ere we part,
Tell me if thou hast a heart;
For so padded is thy breast,
I begin to doubt the rest.
Tell me now before I go
Art thou all made up or no?

Are those tresses thickly twined
Only hair-pinned on behind?
Is thy blush, which roses mocks,
Bought at three and six a box?
Tell me for I ask in woe—
Art thou all made up or no?

And the lips I seem to taste
Are they thick with cherry paste?
Gladly I'd the notion scout,
But—do those white teeth take out?
Answer me, is it not so—
Art thou all made up or no?

Maid of Adams come—no larks
For thy shoulders leave white marks—
Tell me quickly—tell to me
What is really real in thee?
Tell me or at once I go,
Art thou all made up or no?

—*Williams Athenaeum.*

We recommend to all college ped-
agogues to carefully peruse the
following, and to draw their own
inferences:

She danced with most enchanting grace,
She wore the richest dress;
She had the cutest little hand
I ever dared to press.

My vague ideas of Western life,
That I had reckoned wise,
I made a willing sacrifice
To the brightness of her eyes.

I led her from the crowded room,
I told of busy years
At college, of my future life,
Of all my hopes and fears.

I pleaded for some keepsake true,—
The rosebud from her hair,—
Memento of the parting hour
That we were passing there.

“And must you go so soon?” she sighed,
“Dear me! I wonder who'll—
Who'll talk so nice to-morrow night,
When you're at boardin' school.”

—*Advocate.*

PHONETICS.

Onion garden bed reclining,
Beets a youth his aching head;
“Cauliflowers, low weeds confront me;
Lettuce hence,” he sadly said,
“Carrots out the stoutest manhood,
Peas my weary soul doth need;
Bean O! strife for me hereafter,
Else my heart will go to seed.”

PRONOUNCED THUS.

On yon garden bed reclining,
Beats a youth his aching head;
“Call I flowers, lo! weeds confront me;
Let us hence,” he sadly said,
Care rots out the stoutest manhood,
Peace my wearied soul doth need;
Be no strife for me hereafter,
Else my heart will go to seed.”

BATES COLLEGE.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THOMAS H. STACY, A.B.,
Tutor in Elocution.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

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

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

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

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on 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.

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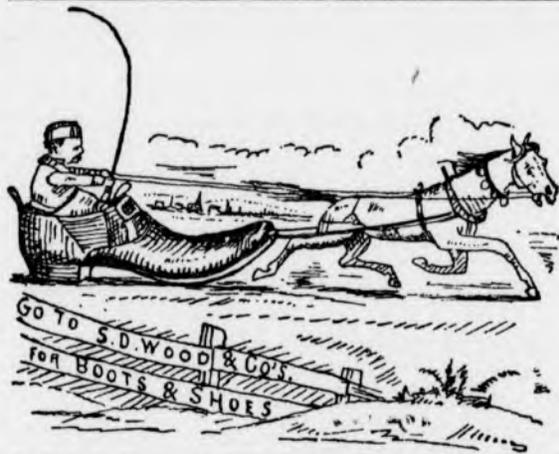
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