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VOL. VII.

FEBRUARY, 1879.

No. 2.

THE
BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Published by the Class of '80.

EDITED BY

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CONTENTS.

LITERARY :

The Diffusion of Truth Hindered by its Supposed Friends.....	27
Yesterday (poem).....	30
From the French of Châteaubriand	30
The Song of the Fire (poem)	31

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO:

Notes.....	33
The Moral Discipline of College Life—College Matrimony—Base-Ball—Leaders should Lead— Hazing at Bates—A Word for the Bowling Alley.	
Locals	40
Correspondence.....	44
Personals	47
Exchanges	48
Other Colleges	50
Clippings	51

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THE DIFFUSION OF TRUTH HINDERED BY ITS SUPPOSED
FRIENDS.

BY T. H. STACY, '76.

JOSEPH COOK has said, "The truth works well, and what works well is truth;" but man is not the author or master of truth, and this grand proposition is so far from giving any immediate test that truth-seeking men may never experience the truth *of* it until old age, and die without knowing the truth *in* it, while at the same time the truth is working well.

Truth, in the absolute, exists independent of consciousness or experience; man is capable of imagining objects impossible to exist, and objects do not exist of which man has no conception. Here, then, are two possibilities of delusion in respect to the truth,—misconception and lack of conception. There was once a discussion in respect to the truth personified. Some said: "We know this man, whence he is; but when Christ cometh, no man knoweth

whence he is." If Pilate could have asked Saul of Tarsus, and Paul the Apostle, "What is truth?" the answers would have been very different, but the zeal of Saul was not excelled by the earnestness of Paul. Intensely religious both, and when Saul found the truth it was working well.

It is difficult for one to estimate his own age; let history help us. It is said that the temple of Janus was closed when the celestial choir proclaimed, above the plains of Bethlehem, "Peace on Earth." Peace, alas! it was not then. Peace is in unison with the truth. If open hostilities had ceased for a while, there were bitter antagonisms and conflicts within men's hearts.

Greece and Rome, imposed upon by religious mysteries, and the corrupt Jews claimed to be heralds of the truth, but were so far from it that

they did not know it when it came to them, and Nero and Antonius did less than they to hinder its diffusion.

Gnosticism, which sprung from heathen philosophy and aimed to solve the problem of the origin and destiny of sin, early came into the Christian church. Sophistry, rhetorical evasions and falsehoods were recommended to advance the truth; and, prompted by Platonic artifice, that spirit unworthy of politics, that "To the victor belongs the spoils," came into a nominally Christian conflict.

The Inquisition was proclaimed for "the cause of God and the church." Fire and sword for the Waldenses, sword and flame for the Huguenots, Crusades for the Infidels. While Paris was filled with dead and the rivers ran bloody, the instigators of St. Bartholomew's massacre had no part in the truth although it was working well. These events show nothing in their origin or results able, in itself, to propagate truth—even the search after truth is absent. It is an exhibition of crime, for a man can be selfish for his church as well as for himself, and selfish devotion to the church is bigotry and bigotry is crime.

History recounts that Gnosticism flourished 150 years and then died, but Gnosticism was hydra headed; to-day men fondly quote Plato and Socrates for religious authority; the gauntlet to prove, on scientific principles, God's existence, is thrown

down and the theologians accept it; but when the round is over we get little beyond Plato and Socrates.

Science and religion have clashed swords as though one part of truth could contend with another part, or an advance in one direction would not advance the whole truth; as though God were not the author both of religion and science, and himself the essence of truth.

To what an extent it is profitable to carry theological discussions I do not know, but if Dean Swift's saying be true, that "Orthodoxy is one's own and Heterodoxy is another man's 'doxy," it might be well to compare both with the doctrine of him who said, "I come not to destroy but to fulfil."

Theological discussions have evil tendencies now as formerly: they divide into hostile parties those who should be united against sin. Powerful intellects spend themselves in evolving, not practical, but abstract notions; disputation is contagious; delusions do not come singly—one from the plaintiff is met by two from the defendant. And what is the result? Nothing tangible by the hearts of the masses, scarcely to their intellects; to the hearts of the disputants only embitterment, and to their intellects *theological gymnastics*.

Recently enough has been said in discussing the origin and destiny of sin to fill a respectable library, in quantity, and too often the most prominent objects were the author

and his little theory, while the urgent need of lifting humanity from sin and its consequences has so far been neglected. To help men directly to live better is a nobler work than to befog them in difficulties and perplexing theories.

The truth requires little metaphysical discussion for its promulgation. Less intellectual demonstration must make the world better, for only as applied Christianity prevails can the truth fill the earth.

If it seems impossible to know the truth, it is only a *seeming* impossibility; for, although truth exists independent of judgment and reason, it is comprehended by judgment and reason. The conception of impossibilities furnishes no reason for believing them realities—man is convinced of realities beyond conception. The key that unlocks the door is labeled *judgment and reason*, and if the highest evidence fails to produce conviction, it is not so necessarily.

Aristotle said, "By nature man is completely organized for truth, and the truth in general is not beyond his reach."

Can we, the progeny of a Christian age, believe the light of truth different here from that at the gates

of the universe, far out and nearest to the eternal throne?

God has not left us without a witness. Here is no ambiguous flight of birds, no sibylline responses, no history on forest leaves, but one proclaiming, "I am the truth and the life."

Let the contentious sword be broken, it has been "baptized," baptized in blood; blood untainted through generations, flowing bright from the noblest of hearts; blood of the

"Lord's slaughtered saints whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold."

Eighteen hundred years is a long morning, and the day heralded by the epiphany has hardly dawned, but that "Peace on earth" *shall* come, —God hasten it— and as when the morning light, seen first by those upon the mountain tops, nearest unto God, comes streaming up across the dun mists of the sky, till the gates of day are opened wide and the world is full of light, slowly and noiselessly the shadows flee, we know not when or where, and with darkness fly dark deeds, so comes the day of truth dissipating error.

"Lift up your heads, O, ye gates, even lift them up ye everlasting doors; and the king of glory shall come in."

YESTERDAY.

BY EDWIN F. NASON, '72.

O HAUNTING shade that flittest down the past,
 Dim ghost that shuns the day-star's rising beam!
 Art thou the type of every cherished dream?
 Dost always hint of joys that may not last?
 I see thee crouching 'neath Time's chilling blast;
 Gone are thy vestments, and thy jewels sheen,
 Withered thy roses, O once stately queen,
 Fled the illusions life around thee cast.
 Alas! I can do naught save weep to see
 Such piteous ruin of my heart's delight;
 Fairest wert thou of all the fair to me,
 And now I sadly give thee to the night;
 Still ling'ring for a moment near to pray
 That *Morrow's* shade be not like *Yesterday*.

 FROM THE FRENCH OF CHÂTEAUBRIAND.

ONE evening I wandered in a forest at some distance from the cataract of Niagara. Soon I saw the day fade out around me, and I enjoyed, in all its solitude, the beautiful spectacle of a night in the deserts of the New World.

An hour after sunset the moon appeared above the trees. Upon the opposite horizon a perfumed breeze, which she brought with her from the Orient, seemed to go before her like her fresh heart in these forests. The queen of night rose slowly in the heavens. Now she followed her azure course peacefully;

now she reposed upon groups of clouds, which resembled the summit of high mountains crowned with snow. These clouds, folding and unfolding their veils, rolled out in transparent zones of white satin, scattered in light flakes of foam, or formed in the heavens, banks of dazzling tow so smooth to the eye that one seemed to feel their softness and their elasticity.

The scene upon the earth was not less transporting. The bluish and velvety light of the moon descended into the openings of the trees, and thrust sheaves of light into the depth

of the profoundest shadows. The river which flowed at my feet soon lost itself in the woods, and now in turn reappeared all brilliant with the constellations of the night, which she reflected in her bosom.

In a broad meadow upon the other side of the river, the light of the moon slept motionless upon the grass. Some birches, stirred by the breezes and scattered here and there in the field, formed isles of floating shadows upon a motionless sea of light. Near at hand all was silence and repose, save the falling of some leaves, the swift passage of a sudden wind, and the rare and interrupted hootings of the owl. But far away, at intervals, one heard the solemn rollings of the cataract of Niagara,

which, in the stillness of the night, prolonged themselves from desert to desert, and died amid the solitary forests.

The grandeur, the astonishing melancholy of this picture cannot be expressed in human language. The most beautiful sights in Europe can give no idea of it. In vain, in our cultivated fields, does the imagination seek to express itself. It meets on every hand the habitations of men; but in these wild countries the soul delights to bury itself in an ocean of forests, to wander upon the shores of immense lakes, to hang over the abyss of cataracts, and, so to speak, to find itself alone before God.

THE SONG OF THE FIRE.

BY M. K. P., '81.

I AM the elf of the hickory fire;
Be gay! be gay!
I am dear to the heart of the hoar grandsire
Always, always.
I dance and sing from fall to spring,
I make the house with laughter ring,
Care flies away.

I am the sprite of the hemlock fire,
Be gay! be gay!
I fright the ghost of Sadness dire
Away, away.

The Song of the Fire.

I tell with a dash and a leap and a flash,
 Of the day I fell with a sudden crash
 And prostrate lay.

I am the wrath of oak-wood flame,
 Be sad ! be sad !
 The dearest friends that I could name
 Are dead, are dead.
 With voice sad and low, where'er I go
 I tell a tale of human woe,
 My joys are fled.

I am the god of the kitchen fire,
 O hear ! O hear !
 I am a cloaked and hooded friar,
 Good cheer ! good cheer !
 Though small my sphere, imprisoned here
 To high and low, to poor and peer,
 To all I'm dear.

I am the soul of the cheerful grate ;
 O see ! O see !
 Castles I build and halls of state
 For thee, for thee.
 I warm the nose of good dog Bose,
 And watch the mother as she sews
 And sings by me.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

NOTES.

HORACE GREELEY once said, "Of all horned cattle deliver me from a college graduate." The remark, so often quoted, tersely expresses the contempt which many feel for what they style the "aristocracy of intellect." This contempt, however, is oftentimes just; for we cannot deny that many graduates betray an intellectual and moral character, disgraceful to themselves, and unworthy of their advantages. Possibly such tricksters in truth exercise themselves with the reflection, that "Where little is given, little is required," and that "Grapes can not grow on thorns, nor figs on thistles."

We hardly know which of the two reflections is the more pleasing, the reflection that our ignorance and stupidity are the gift of nature, or a product of our own labor. Neither, we think, is calculated to administer much comfort.

But outside of the intellectual discipline of college life—the discipline which one may leave or take as his inclination and habits shall direct—there is a moral discipline, which, willingly or unwillingly, all experience. It is the discipline which comes from the friction of man with man, of interest with in-

terest, of ambition with ambition, of power with power. It is the unwritten ranking of his fellow-students, where cheek and obsequiousness play no part.

In college life, as never before, will be found raging that war which Byron styled

"The war of the many with one."

Before entering college, in his own little neighborhood, the student may have been looked up to as an oracle. There, no appeal was taken from his judgment. To listen was to believe.

It is not strange that such surroundings should unduly cultivate the students self-esteem. "Men," says Cæsar, "easily believe what they wish." Flattery is sweet, and never sweeter, than when it greets the ears of youthful self-esteem. Fancy plays, and imagination soars with reckless flight among the possibilities of the future. Visions of power gained, of rivals humbled, and of honors won, pass and repass in the student's dreams until he fairly believes that he is the "coming" man, and that, in some mysterious way, his own circle of revolution and that of the earth will finally become concentric.

We doubt very much if we have exaggerated the amount of self-esteem that exists in some boyish

minds. We think we have seen it. And we know of no quality which, in social life, is more disagreeable or detestable. For such, college life furnishes just the discipline they need. Placed in competition with rivals as confident and as selfish as themselves, they very quickly discover that superiority which they both courted and feared. Scarcely any can excel in every department of study. Superiority will be found somewhere. Superiority! Ambition! What words! And yet they are the condensed history of six thousand years. To be first is the labor of man and beast. Not an ox enters the yard of stranger cattle without throwing down the challenge, and deciding the question of precedence. Not a student enters the class-room but to win a stated place, granted by the tacit judgment of all his classmates. Not a practical player goes on to the base-ball ground without feeling the spirit of competition, and he sweats and puffs and blows with might and main to make a handsomer catch or a better strike than his rival. It is nature. "Better be first in an Iberian village than the second man in Rome." We are all Cæsars.

Right here, I repeat, comes in this peculiar discipline of college life. All cannot be first. None can be first in everything. To be second is small ambition. What then? The only honorable resource left is to choose some branch of study adapted to a prescribed plan of life, and make

it a specialty. Or what is no less honorable, to labor equally in every branch of study with zealous and unselfish motives, knowing no mean spirit of rivalry, harboring no envy, cultivating no malice.

Thanks to any education or any discipline, easy or severe, within or without college walls, which shall crush an over-leaping ambition, and annihilate a lordly self-esteem.

If there is one discipline necessary to a useful and satisfactory life, we believe it to be that discipline which teaches a man to see worth in a rival, and virtue in an enemy. This is the teaching of policy and religion. And if college life teaches us to be truly magnanimous, let the teaching be never so harsh, if we but receive the instruction.

Times are changing. People and things grow different. "Old things have passed away. Behold, all things have become new." In the by-gone days, college matrimony was forbidden. One of the thirty-nine articles in the old editions of college by-laws was its prohibition. Then he who left his father and mother to cleave unto a wife had to leave college also. Old men sighed and old women wept over the degeneracy of the times. Few there were who dared to become the target of ridicule and scorn. Awful were the prophecies of their future. Terrible were the auguries of their destruction.

Now, how different! The victim

dares no withering curse of society. No social ostracism debars him from the blessings of social intercourse. Old men joke him, and old ladies wish him "God speed." The bonds of custom have been torn asunder. And now the under-graduate who has a smitten heart and a capacious pocket-book, can bask to his heart's content in the "mild sunshine of domestic bliss."

We do not propose to argue the question of college matrimony in a scientific or exhaustive manner. If we tried we could do justice to but one side. Only one side do we know by experience. Like Moses we have ascended "Nebo's lonely mountain," and have fixed our longing eyes on the Canaan beyond. But we have never enjoyed the salubrity of its climate or partaken of its "milk and honey."

But some have; and we feel it to be our duty to extract from their condition as much comforting philosophy as their circumstances will admit. The Rubicon has been passed. The tender, anxious advice and warning of Freshman year has been ruthlessly disregarded. Whatever philosophy is adapted to calm their fears, to excite their hopes, to summon their strength and courage for matrimonial trials, so far as it lies in our power, we gladly afford them.

It was once thought that, on no condition, could any under-graduate but a Senior get married. But this was a mistaken idea. Those who

entertained it had crude notions about the whole subject. They had never analyzed the question in all its bearings or they never would have formed so foolish an opinion. Why should not a Freshman get married as well as a Senior? What conditions of married life do not apply as well to the study of the ancient languages as to the study of logic and the mighty generalizations of Astronomy? Of course only one answer could be given to such a simple question. That answer was given, and we all can behold the result.

In truth, we can but believe that the Freshman has as great inducements to get married as the members of any other class. His condition is peculiar. Custom, justly or unjustly, has seemed to lay on him special burdens, "grievous to be borne." Now what could be more natural or fitting than that he should seek one whose ears would be open to his every trial, disappointment, and mortification, and whose heart would beat in loving sympathy with his own. To all the idea must appear very beautiful; to some it does appear irresistible.

But we fail to see why a Sophomore has not inducements to marriage equal to those of a Freshman. His trials, though different, are no less severe. He has even more leisure. He is wilder and needs more restraint. Now, would not the attractions of domestic life be well

calculated to keep him from midnight prowlings, and give him that balance of mind which Sophomores are supposed to need?

Of all classmen in college, the Junior has the least inducements to a married state. His lessons, if well learned, will take all his time. He is, moreover, supposed to be possessed of a calmer and more quiet disposition than other classmen. He has, therefore, less need of restraint. There may be exceptions to this rule. We imagine we have seen them. For such matrimony has all the attractions that it has for the Sophomore and Freshman.

But to the Senior, married life is peculiarly adapted. The rougher trials of his course are passed. He has more than reached the summit, and has begun his descent. His mind is engrossed in the loftier contemplations of collegiate study. He needs a companion; one who will listen to his bursts of admiration, to his dreams of coming fame, to his hopes of lofty distinction.

In view of all this, what shall we say of those who would willfully deprive the student of the varied pleasures of married life. They must be hard-hearted indeed. They are behind the times. The world has left them.

But there is another feature of college matrimony, often overlooked, but not less important than its pleasure. We mean its discipline.

Discipline is the war cry of those

who are fiercest against the marriage of under-graduates. Greater mental and moral discipline is that for which they sigh. Now, pray, what could be more disciplinary, both to the mental and moral faculties, than married life? Our observation is, that for pure, unadulterated discipline, nothing can be found more efficacious.

We contemplate then, with pride, the courage and resolution of those who have consented to be pioneers in this great educational and disciplinary undertaking. To such, and similar, the progress of the world has been attributed. Every great enterprise of the past has had its martyrs. Why should not this? History repeats itself. Could we expect such a cause to be less exacting than other similar reforms?

Let us not be foolish. Let us not censure without reason; let us not condemn without proof. When sufficient time shall have elapsed, and fair trial shall have been made, we can make our dispassionate decision.

“It seems to be quite the rage at this time, to resort to the Gymnasium in the afternoon, especially Wednesday and Saturday, to see the ball nine go through the course of training. It cannot wholly be attributed to mere curiosity that the students go in to see the men train, day after day. There must be some little interest in the subject. This is as it should be.”

The above is quoted as a type of

reports that have been coming to us through the columns of exchanges for the past month, from all parts of the country. It is universally considered indispensable to future efficiency, that prospective base-ballists go through a systematic course of training during the winter months. At Bates so many of the boys go out teaching, that it is impossible to get the nine together, until late in the term, so that there is special need of hard work when once they get under way. Simply training is not enough, but *regular, systematic* training is needed. An hour's practice occasionally, or upon two or three stated days in each week, is not altogether useless; but in order to obtain any high degree of proficiency in any athletic sport, two things are requisite,—vigorous muscular exercise *every* day, and every day at the *same time*. At other colleges these requisites are recognized, and aspirants for positions on base-ball nines practice accordingly; is there any good reason why the same should not be the case here? Our Gymnasium is not extensively furnished, but it has the apparatus most used by base-ball trainers,—namely, clubs and weights; it affords also a reasonable chance for running. It is not the variety of exercise but the regularity, that brings the good results.

But this regularity of training will not be attained without an energetic and determined leader. The

best player on the nine is not always the best man for captain of the nine. The present state of affairs with us demands that the one be chosen to that position, who possesses the requisite energy and influence for enforcing rigorous discipline. There are doubtless men enough in College who would be willing to be subject to his directions, and such men had better be put in training in preference to more skillful players, who have not the disposition or the time for the needed amount of practice; the success will be the greater for it in the end. Much is possible to our nine through rigid practice. Without it the place held last year among the nines of the State, is sure to be lost during the coming season.

There is a popular saying very much like this, "The success or failure of any movement depends upon its leaders." The proverb, with some modifications, is undoubtedly true. Applying it to colleges, it would have to run something as follows: "The rank of a college, and its success in fitting young men, mentally and morally, for after-life, depends upon its professors." This also would need to be changed, to suit especial cases, but in the main it is true. Quite a strong proof of its correctness is the fact that few, save persons of good character are admitted to the colleges, all come with the highest respect for the instructors, and they, the instructors, have every

advantage in respect to government. It ought to be quite exceptional, therefore, for a man to graduate without strength both in mind and in morals. Whatever a student, on entering college, may imagine himself to be, he is merely a boy, incapable of thinking entirely for himself. He needs to be led. In the formation of a student's character I do not believe there is another thing in the whole course more imperative to him than guidance in thinking. He has a mind, and must think. He ought to think; but experience and reason show that his mind is as likely, if left alone, to take the wrong as the right course. Thinking leads to character, and the number of crooked characters in a college indicates the amount of incorrect thinking.

Dr. Dwight was conscious that it was one of the chief functions of his office to lead personally the minds of the students. When he became President of Yale, he found nearly all the students on the way to infidelity. He at once began to discuss with them such subjects as this: "Is the Bible the Word of God?" He reasoned with them, giving respect to their opinions, and it was not long before unbelief had fled. The young men became very much attached to the president. Lyman Beecher, in his autobiography, exclaims in one place, "Oh, how I loved him! I loved him as my own soul, and he loved me as a

son." Able as Dr. Dwight was, it was not so much his ability as his efforts and sympathy with the students that gave him such success.

I wish to be understood. The teachers necessarily direct most of the intellectual thinking of the students; but in most colleges they do little to guide the moral development. Some of the finest minds, by being allowed to take a wrong start, become so bent and deformed as never to recover rectitude. It is true that most men become more or less righted, after years of struggling alone; but who can estimate the loss to them, in the best years of life.

Some youth enters college full of life and ambition, with a good opinion of himself, and at the same time troubled with unbelief, more or less honest, or may be led into even worse errors of thought. More than all things else, he needs guidance from a wiser mind; but it must be a loving guidance, like Dr. Dwight's, or it will not be received.

Some one says that when a man is prepared to become a college professor, he is prepared to enter into sympathy with all the interests of the students, to take offense very slowly, and even be willing to be misunderstood; but he should persistently and kindly try to assist the students, and let time, a sure witness, prove his excellence. The truest dignity is last offended. He that is most desirous of being helpful will suffer the longest.

There are certainly two sides to this question. Students have something to do. It is shameful, the way they sometimes come to look upon their teachers. How a man can remain under the instruction of teachers whom he thus regards, and respect himself, I cannot understand. But I honestly believe that it is mostly the fault of teachers that there is not more mutual regard between them and the ones they are over, and that the difficulty could be almost wholly obviated. The fact that students have not more of such guidance, and that there is not more mutual esteem between them and their professors, may be due to over-modesty on the part of the latter, or it may be due to carelessness. If to carelessness, nothing need be said of it. It tells its own story. If to over-modesty, then over-modesty in a college professor is not only absurd, it is wicked if it interferes with his work.

Ye Fates, hasten the day when there shall be more sympathy between faculty and student, when the vicious only shall be punished, and when those who would go crooked if left to themselves, but who could be directed straight, shall be guided by love and reason into perfect development.

Hazing at Bates? Who ever heard of such a thing? What was our surprise, then, to learn from Mr. Thwing's article in the January

number of *Scribner's*, that "at Bowdoin, Bates, Princeton, and many other colleges the evil [hazing] still lingers with a considerable degree of vitality."

Hazing "still lingers with a considerable degree of vitality" at *Bates*? But when did the practice ever *gain* that vitality? We confess, after a thorough canvass of the College record, that we do not know. Mr. Thwing speaks as one having authority: *he* cannot be *wrong*. But when has this outrageous hazing occurred? 'Tis true, there have been in the history of the college several instances of Sophomores' waiting upon ladies of the Freshman class. Why did not we think of these instances before? Mr. Thwing is correct, we confess. O Sophomores, what have you done? Behold how you have sullied the fair name of Bates. But seriously, Bates has never known hazing in the character it assumed at the older colleges. It was never the custom of Sophomores at Bates to enter the rooms of Freshmen and to make them go through the performances mentioned by Mr. Thwing under the head of hazing. During the history of the College there has been, so far as we can learn, but one instance of Sophomores' entering a Freshman's room for the purpose of hazing. To be sure, the Sophomores have occasionally shown a disposition to play jokes upon the Freshman class; but this is nothing peculiar to

college life, or to the two lower classes in College. Once or twice, too, the Freshman have seen fit to challenge the Sophomores by appearing with canes. Such challenges the Sophs have naturally accepted, and slight contests have ensued. These contests have been similar in character to the annual base-ball game between the same classes,—merely trials of strength; and the two classes have come out of them with the same friendly feelings towards each other. And to-day we can congratulate ourselves on the union that exists between the different classes. Hazing cannot be established at Bates, for the great majority of students in all the classes are opposed to it, and any attempt to establish the foolish custom would meet with decided disapproval. The tenacity with which hazing clings to the older colleges is chiefly due to its being a college custom. But the day of hazing has gone by. It is too late to establish the custom in the young colleges, and it is fast dying out from the old.

In view of the fact that almost the only exercise taken by a large number of students is found at the bowling-alley, we think more care should be taken to have it kept in repair. During the last two or three years it has not been in a condition suitable for use more than one-half the time, to say the least. At present a very slight outlay for balls and

pins is all that would be necessary. But it is not altogether the fault of the College authorities that it is out of order so much of the time; with a little more care on the part of those using it, the alley would remain in repair much longer, and would, perhaps, be more willingly refurnished when necessary.

LOCALS.

“Now you see at once.”

And now the stern-eyed pedagogues return.

McCollister, '79, has gone to Alna to take a school.

Ten girls in the next Freshman class? Who said so?

The Senior Exhibition will occur near the end of the term.

The Freshmen are wrestling with “Cicero de Immortalitate.”

The Juniors are getting much interested in Political Economy.

The Seniors have finished the Clerk's Tale, and are reading Othello.

How unfortunate that Washington's Birthday comes on Saturday this year.

The Eurosophians held the first Society meeting of the term, February 7th.

Don't forget the meetings of the Christian Association, Wednesday evenings, at 6.30.

One of our musical Freshmen has gone to Bangor to take part in a concert.

M. P. Judkin's, '80, with the aid of assistants, is to teach the Spring Term of Monmouth Academy.

Ranger, '79, who has been out teaching since early in the fall, is back at his college work again.

Two members of the Freshman class have each received, this winter, for teaching, \$50 per month besides board.

A word to the wise: Freshmen, don't try to go out from Chapel exercises ahead of the Sophomores.—*Soph.*

Twad is the most skillful manipulator of the snow-shovel that has ever yet practiced upon the college walks.

The last Thursday in February, will be the day of prayer for colleges observed here; no recitations in the afternoon.

O. W. Goss, who left '80 at the close of last year, was at last accounts, studying medicine with his father, at Lake Village, N. H.

When a Sophomore would express the opinion that there is a prospect of fine weather for the day, he says, "It's goin' to be a big day to-day."

The "ladies' man" of the Senior class, after a longer absence than usual, has returned from another of his annual depredations among the fair sex.

"What are Foreign Ministers?" asked a college pedagogue. "Missionaries," shouts a small boy at the foot of the class. The small boy is promoted.

Brown, '81, is teaching in the Lewiston High School. He takes the place, temporarily, of one of the regular teachers, who is out on account of sickness.

For the benefit of some members of the Faculty, we would give notice that Chapel exercises are held every day, except Saturdays and Sundays, at 7.50 A.M.

E. H. Farrar has resigned his position on the editorial staff of the *STUDENT*, to take effect with the March number, and M. T. Newton has been appointed in his place.

Prof. (to student who has just returned and is present at recitation for the first time)—"Mr. M., have you learned the lesson to-day?" Student—"That remains to be seen."

We would say to the young school-marm who exclaimed to her inattentive scholar, "Look at your book and not at my face," that we think he won't repeat the offense; we shouldn't.

The Professor in Psychology remarked to his class, the other day, that the students ought to come into the recitation with confidence, and go out with satisfaction. Mose suggests accordingly, that they all go in with Mayor and go out with Kink.

A Sophomore thus renders the sentence, "*quae omnia diversa Sarmatis, sunt in plaustro equoque viventibus*—all which are different from the Sarmatians because they live in horses and in chariots."

Miss Harris, '80, recently gave a reading at an entertainment at the Elm Street Church, Auburn. A few evenings previous, Miss Pike, '81, also gave one, on a similar occasion, at the Main Street Church, Lewiston.

The choir took their seats in the Chapel on Monday of the fifth week of the term. The same members compose the choir this term as last, with the exception of Shattuck and Perkins, of '81, who have not yet returned.

Professor (to Mr. B., who sits on the back seat)—"You see you made a great mistake in drawing that line." Mr. B. (innocently)—"Yes, sir, I saw my mistake after I took my seat." Query, *where* did he see it?

J. W. Nichols, formerly of '80, who left us during last summer term on account of illness, has recovered sound health, and is now making up the studies of the last part of Sophomore year. He will not attempt to catch up with his former class.

The father reading history to his family; subject, "Religious Settlement in England"—"Soon after they were deprived of their sees"—What does that mean, my son?"

Sonny (promptly)—"It means they had their eyes put out." Sonny is presented with a sugar-plum.

This is the way a Freshman began to translate the line, "*Mento summam agnam attigens siti enecatus Tantalus?*" "Tantalus touching the water with his *long chin*—" Before he could read farther the class had to unbutton their collars and give vent to their feelings.

There was quite a little breeze in a Geometry recitation the other day. While reciting, one of the students said, "A Geometric line cannot be seen." Prof.—"What kind of a line can you see?" Student—"A chalk line." Wicked boys in back seat—"A fish line," "A clothes line," etc. Sensation.

The Christian Association have engaged Rev. A. C. Hogbin, pastor of the Pine Street Free Baptist Church, to preach before the students on the day of prayer for colleges. The sermon will probably be delivered in the College Chapel, at 2.30 P.M. A prayer meeting will be held in the evening.

The following committee was chosen to engage the Commencement Orator: from the Senior class, F. Howard; from the Polymnian Society, R. F. Johonnett; from the Eurosophian Society, M. T. Newton. It is to be hoped they will commence operations sufficiently early to avoid the experience of last year's committee.

Through the commendable strictness of the Assistant College Librarian in allowing no student to restore to the shelves the books he returns, it has become less difficult to find desired volumes. The labeling of the shelves would be an aid which we hope at no distant day to enjoy.

Now that pedestrianism has become so popular, wouldn't it be appropriate to have a track measured in the Gymnasium, and introduce the custom here? The cold weather would be no hindrance to this sort of exercise, which would afford good training, especially to baseball men.

At Chapel exercises the other morning, the Professor was reading the passage, "and behold a greater than Jonah is here." At that instant the Chapel door opened, and in stalked a tardy six-foot Freshman of massive bulk. The students straightway acknowledged the truth of the passage.

For the benefit of the forgetful: The College Library is open Wednesdays from 1.30 to 3.30 P.M., Saturdays from 9 to 11 A.M., and other week-days from 1.30 to 2.30 P.M., until the afternoon recitation hour is changed to 4 o'clock. Then the Library will be opened in the afternoon half an hour later.

The female element no longer looks lonesome at Chapel exercises. The time has now come when two settees are required for its accom-

modation; for, owing either to a fondness for the stove, or to a praiseworthy desire to abolish class distinction, the girls of the College sit together at prayers, during the winter months.

At the house of one of the Professors, a few evenings ago, a Prof. Goldberg demonstrated by a series of experiments that most of the marvelous things done by so-called Spiritualists, by which they apparently prove their connection with the Supernatural, are not marvelous at all, but only the result of ingenious trickery.

While a certain Junior was making a call one evening not a great while ago, his curiosity became aroused by a picture hanging in the corner, a short distance from where he sat. On approaching it he found that it was the picture of *two* donkeys, with this inscription below it, "When shall we *three* meet again?" Imagine the amusement of the young ladies present when he innocently and wonderingly inquired, "Where is the third?"

About nine dollars a year are now paid for the rent of the organ used in the Chapel. By the aid of the STUDENT a new organ, from one of the best manufacturing establishments, can be purchased for a trifle over sixty dollars. At the end of seven years that amount of money will have been expended for organ rent. It would certainly be far more economical to expend the sixty

dollars at once, and have an organ that would last three or four times seven years.

Twice during last term, it was publicly announced in the Chapel that students who could not get into prayers before the bell stopped tolling might just as well stay out, since they would be marked as if absent. But almost daily, just after the Prof. has got well under way in his reading, the door opens and two or three puffing students rush in. It is evident that such students do not expect to be marked as if absent, else they would stay out; and we have reason to believe that they are not marked, but we should like to be certain in the matter; if students are not marked for being tardy, we should like to hear from the desk the rule of last fall—and indeed, nominally of all previous time—publicly rescinded.

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.]

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb. 10, 1879.

Editors of the Student:

There is something peculiarly mild in the temperature of this part of Rhode Island, compared with many parts of Maine. It is very appreciable to one who has a predilection to comfort in out-of-door

life. This mildness does not arise wholly from a difference in latitude. Old Ocean fans the shores of Rhode Island with his warmer Winter breezes. The weeks of unbroken cold, which are experienced in Maine, do not reach Providence. A few cold days, then follows a rapid change of temperature.

The intellectual and social advantages of life in this city are very great. Schools of all grades are numerous, and facilities for culture abundant. Among the well-stocked libraries, the most important, perhaps, is the Athenæum. This, however, is beyond the reach of the poor. Its shares are \$15 each, upon which a yearly tax of \$5 is imposed. This defect is largely supplied by circulating libraries, and by the newly organized public library. This is free to the use of any resident. The only drawback here is the complicated arrangement of catalogues, class books, etc. After spending an hour in trying to solve the mystery, I gave it up in disgust.

Brown University is now provided with a very beautiful fire-proof library building. It was erected by the munificence of John Carter Brown, and was dedicated Feb. 16, 1878. It is a model of beauty and neatness. It now contains a nice selection of 50,000 volumes.

The external dress of Providence is being rapidly beautified. A magnificent city building has recently been dedicated. As one stands in

front and gazes at it from its most imposing point of view, he does not wonder at the exhibition of a little pride in public spirited citizens, as they point out its excellences to strangers. The city has erected a new High School building, which is said to be one of the finest in the country. The standard of scholarship is very high, I am informed, and the citizens take genuine pleasure in such a fine addition to their educational interests, and to the architectural attractions of the city. The only unpleasant feature about this department of the city's policy is the heavy permanent debt incurred. The question of paying as you go, must, before long, become preëminent in the municipal administration of our country. If you raise any objection to the present method of doing things, you are met with the triumphant reply, "O, it is the fruit of the progressive policy of our city, and must be patiently borne."

It is strange, however, that with all her public spirit the City of Providence has not had a Park of any consequence; the want is now partially supplied by the gift of two hundred acres of land to the city, by one of the descendants of Roger Williams. The work of improvement has already begun, and portions of the Park really look very beautiful. A very fine statue of Roger Williams has been erected upon the grounds, the workmanship of our own Simmons. The possibilities of

the Park are wonderful, and time will doubtless transform it into an earthly paradise. One can see, as he walks about, the germs of a zoölogical garden. They have a bear, some peacocks, a few ducks, a collection of rabbits, and a small herd of deer. The possibilities of the zoölogical garden are as vast as those of the Park itself.

In looking over the family burying-ground of Roger Williams, I found the following inscription upon the tomb of Joseph Williams, son of Roger Williams. I will subscribe it for its age and the beauty of its rhythm :

"In King Philip's war he courageously went through,
And the native Indians he bravely did subdue,
And now he's gone to the grave and he will be no more,
Until it please Almighty God his body to restore
Into more proper shape, as he sees fit, to be,
Perhaps, like a grain of wheat as Paul sets forth
you see.

Cor. 1 book, 15 chap., 37 verse."

A. T. S., '75.

LEWISTON, Feb. 13, 1879.

Editors of the Student :

Your correspondent would take the liberty to suggest that some measures be taken toward the re-organization of the College Choir. As it exists at present there is no acknowledged leader; and no one wishes to take the personal direction of this organization without some authority for so doing. To see that good music is furnished, is therefore left with all; and what is the business of all is looked after by no one.

What we need then is some one whose business it shall be to see that the music is well rehearsed before it is sung at devotional exercises. The best music possible will thus be secured.

A word might also be offered concerning the resuscitation of the Glee Club. We have lost the Quartette of '78 to be sure, and with it our former leader; but this is no proof that another cannot be found amply qualified to fill the position. There is an abundance of musical talent in College, which, if properly exercised, would render us an immense amount of pleasure, from the interest it would awaken in college songs, and at the same time give us as good a Glee Club as Bates ever had. Let us hope therefore that the Glee Club may be revived once more, and that we may soon hear some of those old college songs again ringing through the halls. SINGER.

[Notwithstanding the college conundrum: Why have we not a Glee Club?—"is stale, flat, and too often unprofitable." We are glad to receive this indication that the students are disposed to propound it. There is no good reason why in this case it should be unprofitable. There are a good many singers in College and a good deal of singing; but all this singing does not exert one tithe of the influence nor afford one tithe of the pleasure that it might, were it concentrated in some

organization. Simply writing and talking about it, however, will not bring about the desired end: somebody must act, and is not this the way to act? Let some officers or officer of last year's Club at once call a meeting, either of all students interested, or of the former members of the Club, and put things in operation immediately. Do not let this case go to prove that the "conundrum" is unprofitable.—EDS.]

Editors of the Student:

It seems to me that something ought to be said concerning our Reading Room. The first part of the term we had a careful man to take charge of it, and the competent manner in which he fulfilled his duties is attested by all. Within a week or two things have changed. About half of the papers, when brought from the mail, are thrown upon the table and left there, instead of being placed on file. When a person wishes to find one, he is obliged to sort over the whole, and, in two cases out of three, fails to find the periodical he wants. Now it is certain that we ought to have pride enough to keep our room looking orderly. We desire to obtain all the benefit possible from our papers; but if one must spend ten or fifteen minutes in searching for a paper which has either been carried to the Gymnasium or buried beneath a stack of old numbers, much of this benefit must be lost.

It is also noticeable that very few of our magazines can be found in the Reading Room. Some students, forgetting that there are other men in the College besides themselves, carry the magazines away to their rooms. We don't know who these students are,—nor do we care. If they consider themselves gentlemen we must say in the words of Lowell, "We beg lief to differ." If we cannot keep our periodicals in any other way, let's put in a chest of drawers, and lock them up. BAXTER.

[Our correspondent puts it rather strong; but it cannot be denied that there has been a change in Reading Room matters within a fortnight. It is something new to have to find this sort of fault with the Reading Room, and we trust the occasion for it will not continue.—EDS.]



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.—Rev. H. F. Wood, Bates Theological School, '72, not long since delivered an interesting lecture in Pittsfield, N. H., on "The Force of Habit."

'68.—Prof. O. C. Wendell, mentioned in the STUDENT for December, as practicing civil engineering at Lowell, has accepted an appointment as Assistant at Cambridge

Observatory, and has already removed his family to that place.

'69.—L. C. Graves is in much better health than formerly. He has been teaching during the past year, and is now at his home in Vienna, Me. He contemplates entering, in the coming fall, upon a course of professional study, according to his original design.

'69.—C. A. Mooers, after leaving his position as tutor in the College, took a course of study at the Homœopathic Medical School in New York, and then practiced for a while at Vienna, Me. He afterwards removed to Lawrence, Mass., where he is now having a flourishing practice.

'70.—A "Maine Letter" to the *Morning Star* contains the following: "Our schools here in Lewiston are justly the pride of the town. The High School has never been so well conducted as since Mr. Jordan, the present principal, has been at its head, now nearly five years. Mr. Jordan, as is well known, is one of the early graduates of Bates, a member of the Board of College Overseers, and a man of large influence, both in his profession and as a citizen."

'72.—Rev. C. A. Bickford, Bates Theological School, '75, formerly of Providence, R. I., has become pastor at Farmington, N. H.

'72.—Born, Jan. 24th, to the wife of F. W. Baldwin, a daughter. [Alice Mary.]

'72.—E. J. Goodwin is principal of the High School at Farmington, N.H.

'73.—J. H. Baker, of Denver, a short time since read, before the Colorado State Teachers' Convention, a paper on "The Essence of Learning." He is at present preparing a lecture—subject, "The Rocky Mountains."

'75.—It is generally known that about a year ago N. S. Palmetter was compelled, by ill health, to leave the Theological School, where he was pursuing his studies. Mr. Palmetter, who has been spending a part of the winter among his friends in Auburn, made us a call the other day, and reported considerable improvement in health. He has now returned to his home in Nova Scotia, and intends, in the spring, to take a trip to Europe or the far West. We have strong faith that Mr. P. will come back from his journey sufficiently renewed in health to warrant a return to his studies in the fall.

'76.—Rev. A. L. Morey, pastor at Gonic, N. H., recently received a donation of \$75.

'77.—The family of Mr. F. F. Phillips, principal of Rockland High School, was increased on Feb. 2d, by the birth of a daughter.

EXCHANGES.

The January number of the *Beacon* is the first issued by the present Board of Editors. This number is a success, and a promise that the *Beacon* will maintain its former

standard of excellence. We were interested in the article entitled "The Wrong Side." It urges the importance of making even the *wrong side* of our lives as comely as possible. "Friendship of Obstacles" is such an article as might be expected from the subject. "Printers' Errors" is quite an amusing article showing the importance of writing plainly. The editorial matter is interesting.

The *Hesperian Student* is a very neat journal hailing from the University of Nebraska. It contains twenty-seven pages of reading matter, thirteen of which are devoted to literary articles. These articles are generally interesting, and moderate in length; yet we doubt if any publication that hopes to perform the highest functions of a *college* paper can afford so much of its space to literary matter. Cut down the literary department; give place to the editorial and the local. The last words of the *Student* give us exchange fellows "fair warning" that we shall meet no mean antagonist in the lady reviewer about to take charge of the Exchange Department of the *Student*. Glad of it; and we shall feel slighted unless we feel the "lance" of our fair critic. But what we wish to remark is the gallantry of the editors in giving us "*fair warning*." "*Cave puellam*."

The New Year number of the *Undergraduate* presents a very creditable appearance. The following

little poem struck us as quite an odd bit of rhyme, well adapted to a college paper :

" A Freshman enters the classic halls,
A leaf from the tree-top gently falls;
With an earnest gaze he scans his book,
The leaf floats down in a mountain brook.

" A Sophomore trifles with college rules,
The leaflet lingers in stagnant pools,
He shuns suspension and labors well,
The leaf floats on in a shady dell.

" A Junior treasures a golden curl,
The leaflet plays in an eddy's whirl,
He leaves his love for a brighter face.
The leaf speeds on with a swifter pace.

" A Senior yearns for a blooming bride,
The leaf is at last on the river wide,
His manly worth by the world is tried,
The leaf is tossed on the ocean's tide.

" A hero striving for fame we see,
The leaf bears seed from its parent tree,
The victor's crown of success he wears,
An isle of the sea a forest bears."

The various literary articles are of interest and the other departments well sustained.

In the *Wittenberger*, for January, we enjoyed Prof. Wynn's article, entitled "Art Admonitory." The writer shows that "art consists not simply in a susceptibility for the beautiful, but *mainly* in the *power* of *reducing* it to a *concrete form*;" that "all art is pre-eminently a thing of the *will*," and that no great work of art has been wrought out without the utmost persistence. After showing what energy and determination have been spent upon all great works of art, he closes thus: "Let us take heart. These unrivaled monuments of ancient classic art admonish us that, after granting all that is claimed for the

inner kindlings of inspiring impulse, the pledge and promise of a high mission to the world are discovered at last in the patience and persistence of him who would undertake it; and that, with suitable qualifications, genius is a genius for work." The *Wittenberger* is a well conducted magazine. It has, however, fallen into that popular but absurd way of shingling the top of the local column with items as senseless as they are ornamental. That Mathematical Department is well enough if a paper has plenty of room for it.

The *College Olio* is a very neat magazine. The article, entitled "Burke as an Orator" is quite interesting. The writer's enthusiasm, however, often gets the better of his style, and, as a natural result, the latter is somewhat mixed. We give one or two short quotations by way of illustration: "He [Burke] stood upon an eminence and with broadened view *drank in* the complex connection of affairs." Wonderful man! "*Burke*, as an orator, was instinctively the defender of the oppressed, and it is this that causes every true American heart to throb at the name of *Edmund Burke*." Awkward. "When despotism overshadowed us with her black wing, and breathed upon us her fiery breath, then did Burke, with all his power, with all his eloquence, fearlessly face the king in his own parliamentary halls, and was there a beacon to guide and encourage us, a shield to protect us." Decidedly

mixed. Yet, despite its errors, the article contains many very excellent thoughts. The Editorial Department is rather short.

The *University Quarterly* is devoted chiefly to literary articles, although it has quite an extensive and interesting department devoted to editorial notes and the class of matter usually found in college papers. The article on "Howard and the Prison World of England" concisely and graphically describes the abuses of the prison system during the reigns of George the First, Second, and Third, and the mighty work of John Howard as a prison-reformer. It follows him as with heroic self-devotion he visits the wretched prisons of every land, descending even to pest-houses and Lazarettos that he may relieve the wretched and teach the world to escape its greatest misery, and as, finally, he devotes himself to martyrdom in a foreign land. This article is in every way admirable, clear in its treatment of the subject, spirited and vigorous in style. "Punishment as a Preventative of Crime" is in some respects such an article as would naturally follow the preceding. It advocates education as a preventative of crime, and urges that barbarous punishment is injurious in a civilized community. So far, all is well. But its conclusion, "that punishments do not diminish crime," we suspect it can hardly sustain. Although punishments are often wrongly administered, when

we consider what would be the result of abolishing all punishments, I think we shall all agree that they do diminish crime. The article entitled "The Political Equality of the Sexes" might have had almost any other title as well. We obtained from reading it a profound conviction that we didn't know what the writer's opinions were.

The *Bowdoin Orient*, our nearest neighbor, is an agreeable acquaintance. In the last issue we enjoyed the editorial on hazing. The editor candidly presents the various methods of dealing with hazing, and seeks to find the most reasonable and effective method. "Quatier Latin" is a letter from Paris, occupying five pages of the *Orient*. This letter, though somewhat rambling, is interesting and instructive. The writer speaks of the church of "The Pantheon," which, he says, we might expect to "resemble the so-called building at Athens." But there is no "so-called building" at Athens. There is the *Parthenon* at Athens, but the *Pantheon* is at *Rome*. The Local Department in the number before us is quite short, but we trust this is the exception and not the rule with the *Orient*.

OTHER COLLEGES.

DARTMOUTH.

The Glee Club has been reorganized.

The nine are taking regular exercise in the Gymnasium.

The B. B. A. propose to give some entertainments for the purpose of procuring new uniforms.

A professorship in the *Anglo-Saxon* and *English Language and Literature* is to be established. An endowment of \$35,000 has been procured for the purpose.

AMHERST.

The Glee Club is to give concerts at Brooklyn, Worcester, Westboro', and Amherst.

Candidates for the base-ball nine are training, in preparation for a successful summer.

The Faculty at Amherst College has taken the unwarrantable liberty of inflicting demerit marks upon certain collegians and suspending others for participation in a mock duel, and there is "considerable indignation among the students." They are showing the most praiseworthy moderation, however, in dealing with the offenders, confining themselves to the presentation of petitions for the reversal of this action, and so far none of the Faculty have been expelled.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

HARVARD.

The new Gymnasium will cost \$100,000. It is rapidly approaching completion, and it is thought will be ready for use by March.

A statue of Josiah Quincy, former President of the college, has been placed in Memorial Hall. The sculptor was W. W. Story.—*Ex.*

A finance club has been started by the students in Political Economy and is now in active operation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A son of one of the Siamese Twins is a student at Chapel Hill, N. C.

Yung Wing, a graduate of Yale, has presented to that college 1,300 books in Chinese.

It is said that among the 40,000 volumes in Cornell's Library, there is not a single work of fiction.

In the United States there are 358 colleges and universities, of which 186 admit both sexes, 7 are exclusively for females, and 274 are under the influence of religious denominations.—*Ex.*

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

CLIPPINGS.

The Medic calls the yellow dog;
In confidence he comes.
The Medic takes the yellow dog
Into the Medic's rooms.
The owner seeks the yellow dog;
He seeks for him in vain.
Alas, alas, the yellow dog!
He'll never smile again!

—Reporter.

"Will you name the bones of the head?" "I've got 'em all in my head, professor, but I can't give them."—*Ex.*

Recitation in Geology. Subject: Eruptions of volcanoes. Prof.—“I think a great deal of sympathy has been wasted on the people destroyed at Pompeii, for they would probably all have been dead by this time if there had been no eruption.” Great sensation in the class.

Teacher—“Isaac Gregory, rise and recite on the spur of the moment, a pleasant paragraph on an execution.” Isaac—“The drop fell, and the horrified spectators shuddered as the poor girl bounded into the air; but investigation disclosed that she was a seminary girl, while the drop was a gum-drop that had gone down the wrong way.”—*Hamilton Lit.*

A recent advertisement contains the following: “If the gentleman who keeps the shoe store with the red head will return the umbrella of a young lady with whalebone ribs and an iron handle to the slate-roofed grocer’s shop, he will hear of something to his advantage, as the same is the gift of a deceased mother now no more with the name engraved upon it.”

“The equinox now goes round, goes round,
The earth begins to spin;
The celestial sphere turns on its ear,
And raises a horrible din.

“The planets roll, the comets fly,
Like skiffs upon the ocean;
No living man, whose life’s a span,
Can comprehend their motion.

“The fickle moon jumps round the earth,
In a manner quite amazing;

It’s now in eclipse, but out it slips,
And is gone while still you’re gazing.

“The whole universe turns about
As if it all were drunk;
My brain is reeling with an awful feeling
That I am going to flunk.”
—*Brunonian.*

With zeroes frequent and grim,
With standings full of despair,
A Freshman stood in Geometry class,
Flunking with pitiful air.
Flunk! flunk! flunk!
Too lazy to study or work,
He took his seat with faltering steps,
And dreamt this “Song of the Shirk.”

“Cut! cut! cut!
When the chapel bell rings high.
And cut! cut! cut!
When tutors their miseries ply.
It’s oh! to be a slave,
Or a senior ‘prep’ instead.
When Freshmen have never a pony to save
Their marks from zeroes dread.

“Cut! cut! cut!
Till the profs. begin to scowl.
Cut! cut! cut!
Till tutors rage and howl.
Cram and pony and crib.
Crib and pony and cram,
Till over my lessons I sigh and wish
That I were a full-fledged man.

“O, profs., with visages stern!
O, tutors, with merciless eyes!
It is not Freshmen, you’re wearing out,
But innocent ponies’ lives.
Flunk! flunk! flunk!
Too lazy to study or work.
Learning at once from the need of excuse
To lie as well as to shirk.”

With zeroes frequent and grim,
With standings full of despair,
A Freshman stood in Geometry class,
Flunking with pitiful air.
Flunk! flunk! flunk!
Too lazy to study or work.
He took his seat with faltering steps,
O, that the sight might reach the preps,
And dreamt this “Song of the Shirk.”
—*College Transcript.*

Advertisements.

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 *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 dismissal will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

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

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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