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Bates College

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VOL. VII.

MARCH, 1879.

No. 3.

THE  
BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Published by the Class of '80.

EDITED BY

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1879.

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BATES STUDENT.

VOL. VII.

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A CROWD.

BY W. P. F., '81.

HERE we are in the crowd! Caught; drawn in, struggling, by the ebbing tide. There has been an impediment in the venous circulation of the city, and this is the result. It was a wicked snare that lay hidden around the corner of the street,—and here we are. What a surging and bearing on in one steady stream! A resistless pressure sweeping all before it! We are no longer ourselves. We have become a part of a great myriad-headed monster; one limb among ten thousand. The proudest of us is of no more account here than a butcher's boy. One more round ball on top, an additional pair of feet upon the sidewalk, that is all. We have lost our individuality completely. We are an "I" no longer; only part of an "it." We are hemmed in on all sides. Our will is but one among ten thousand wills. We are

caught in the stream of humanity, as resistless for the moment as the march of time. Let us struggle no longer! Let us be borne hither and thither by the ebb and flow of the mass, a particle of salt in the sea!

Here we are, a myriad of representative Americans! How many of us are fit for the Presidential chair? How many would make good Congressmen? How many John Smiths among us? How many Joneses? How many Benedicts, bachelors, widowers, honest men, thieves, gamblers, and blacklegs, all in a bunch? Some one has said that every four hundred and fiftieth man whom we meet is a criminal.

"A crowd," says Leigh Hunt, "is but a reduplication of ourselves,—our own connections of wives and children,—our own strengths, weaknesses, formidable power, pitiable tears." We, one crowd, pushing

and surging down the street this bright day, are related to half the world. Every man is a center toward which invisible strands of tenderness and home-ties converge. What numberless lines of love's telegraph wire radiate, then, from this crowd! Suppose, friend, that whenever we emerge from this bath in a human sea, you step into my place and I into yours; you shall gather up the cords of affection which I hold in hand, and I will become the center of your circle of friends and relatives; you shall be called Snooks, or whatever my name may be, and I will apply your title, like a new label, to my individuality. So, perhaps, our flagging interest in the game of life may be renewed. What a hinderance it is, and how great a factor in the joys and sorrows of life that men are not as like as peas! And yet, to the superficial observer, there is but little difference. But the fond eye magnifies this dissimilarity until it appears measureless. On such trifles as an eighth of an inch in the length of a nose, a trick of speech, or a squint of an eye, depend all the joys of home and affection.

See the heads, little round balls rolling on, the "rotundorum corporum" of which the world is made. Brown heads, gray heads, black heads, bald heads, red heads,—every tenth ball is a red head. What a crush of broadcloth, and linen, and human flesh! Ten thousand won-

derful machines, made after a single pattern. The representatives of ten thousand homes; ten thousand different interests, hopes and fears, anxieties and pleasures. Ten thousand souls gathered together, each with its burden of sorrow and sin, its insanities and its sanities.

A crowd has an attractive power, as a great city has over the surrounding country. Like most other animals, man dislikes to be alone. He fears solitude as the voice of God. He will go anywhere, do anything, face any danger, if other men are to do the same thing, face the same danger.

There is something terrible about a crowd. Its crushing power, its weight, its density, its excitability. A few mad words, a wild idea, may possess it with electric swiftness and render it a raging, uncontrollable monster. A storm-cloud scattering destruction on all sides. Men are influenced by contact. Madness is contagious. No man can predict what it will do. Its obscurity is terrible, too. There is a darkness in it, like the darkness of night. Thieves know it. It affords them protection. Pickpockets ply their trade in its shadow. Evil-minded men creep into it and revel in its security. I might scream out any treason here, and not a half dozen men in all this company could swear it was I. I might cry, Down with the King, or, Down with the Republic, and be safe. I fear there are

none of us entirely sane. We should watch each other. Let not too many madmen collect together.

Hear the feet upon the walk! Hear the echoing of the feet! Coming, coming, coming! Thicker, faster, blending with each other, innumerable. Thicker than the echoes, which, in Dickens' story, came to the home of Madame Darnay. A crowd! There is something terrible in a crowd. There was something terrible in that crowd upon which Louis XVI. looked ere his head fell from the guillotine. There was something strong and sustaining in that crowd which walked with Cranmer to the stake. And along the way, it is said, friendly hands came forth to clasp that of the aged prelate. It was an awful crowd which gathered about the Bastille, one July day in sunny France, when it seemed to its Governor that "all Paris had come out against himself." There was something terrible about that crowd at Rome on the day in which Caius Gracchus slew himself in a grove consecrated to the Furies. That was an awful crowd which filled the streets of Jerusalem on the day when that sorrowful-eyed man, whom DeQuincy calls "shadowy above all things, yet real above all things," hung dying upon a cross. We almost see him, a dark, pain-drawn figure raised against a dull sky; and the fierce faces of the maddened Jews below, and, beyond, the towered city over which he wept, with its many blending sounds borne in music to

his fast deafening ears. Many an awful picture has the sun looked upon, never one so awful as this.

As we are hurried on in the crowd, we come to think of ourselves as, perhaps, the drop in the river thinks of itself. What are we but a drop in the river? On either hand, green trees and fields, sunny sky and clouds glide by. Rains fall upon us; winds blow over heavy with the scent of flowers; fragments of bird-song come to us. Still we float on, we cannot stay. Our thoughts thicken only for a moment into form; then all is vague again and swimming before us. The waves of sleep rise high; the hum of the water is in our ears.

Let us dream! Oh, this world, so full of grief and tears, of sobbings, and chokings! This world with its noisy crowd borne through endless silences! Is not all humanity in line behind us? Surely we are the crowd of the dying. We are taking our last look upon the green earth. This is the grand *exit* from the world toward which we move. The gate of horn through which every man must pass. Each minute, sixty of us reach a certain point and disappear in Eternity. And, as we approach with measured pace, now and then one dissatisfied with our step, hurries by. Now and then a drinker goes reeling ahead of us, or a suicide, with wild eyes, passes swiftly and is lost.

Are we a crowd of ghosts borne

on in a windy river, or are we a crowd of men? The air never clears, the cloud never lifts. We have dreamed, but have never seen that "the gods are still sitting around us on their thrones,—they alone with us alone." Toward the one great Mystery we hasten together; and when the spell is broken and we see clearly, shall we not perceive that we ourselves are the gods, and that what we have taken for the rocking of the universe and the storm of time was but the shaking of Olympus beneath our own tread?

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### STUDENTEN-LEBEN.

BY S. T. B.

**B**Y the windings of the Neckar,  
 Slow and still, ah! slow and still,  
 Drifting with the lazy current  
 At its will.

We were borne through shade and sunlight,  
 Waving trees on either side,  
 All the cliff above with brightness  
 Glorified.

High aloft, the green heights decking,  
 Rose the gleaming turrets fair;  
 Streamers fluttered gaily through the  
 Dim blue air.

Ah, brave heights! Ah, mossy turrets!  
 Hangs there still a mist of gold  
 And a breath of Eden round you  
 As of old?

On we slid in dreamy quiet,  
 Leaning idly hand in hand,  
 Echoing the songs that floated  
 Out from land.

"On the green banks of the Neckar,  
 Stand its towers bold and high;"  
 So they chorused as we slowly  
 Drifted by.

Ah, *weh mir!* Familiar measures !  
 Through my soul they vibrate still,  
 And while Neckar waves ride eastward,  
 Ever will !

By the green banks of the Neckar  
 Sweep its waters strong and free ;  
 Ah, but what a distance severs  
 Them from me !  
 Happy days on that old river !  
 Happy boys who now are men !  
 Life was endless, Hope was boundless  
 To us then.

Flowers, music, wine, and laughter,  
 Sped those early years away ;  
 We who sang and drank and jested  
 Now are gray.  
 But in hearts that still are youthful  
 Ring the songs we used to know,  
 Bloom the flowers that fringed the Neckar  
 Years ago.

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## COMMUNISM.

BY M. T. N., '80.

**E**VER since the beginning of time the world has been ruled by the few, while the many have been down-trodden and oppressed. The wealth of the world has been monopolized by the few, while the many have lived in poverty and wretchedness. The knowledge of the world has been in the possession of the few, while the many have been sunk in ignorance and degradation. This state of things has been known and deplored. Philanthropists have exhausted their ingenuity in their efforts to raise men to a higher grade of existence. It was thought that the difference of condition was occasioned by the inequality of political rights. Therefore, when Jefferson wrote "All men are created equal," and an eight years' war had established that

"Declaration," the world expected to see all the inequalities of condition removed. But the fact that poverty still exists in this country, plainly proves that there is an element in circumstances that legislation cannot control. Nevertheless, every decade sees some new movement, the object of which is to equalize arbitrarily the condition of men.

The movement of the present time, which claims for its object the elevation of the many by limiting the power of the few, has styled itself Communism. Its spirit is hostility, Its motto destruction. Its arguments are hatred and prejudice. Its moving spirit is envy. Communists assume three facts as the basis of their position: First, the world owes every man a living; second, property is robbery; third, capital is the enemy of labor. Without any argument they take these statements for granted. True, nature may have sufficient for all, but the soil yields its bounties only to intelligent labor. There is neither place nor sustenance in the world for the man who has nothing to do. The world may owe him a living but it is only by his own vigorous efforts that he may collect the debt. The world owes every animal a living, but all day long the deer must feed upon the meadow, the lion must stalk forth in the darkness to catch his prey, or they would soon perish of hunger. Let no man say

the world owes him a living, till he, by honest labor, is able to prove his claim.

How much attention should be given to those who say property is robbery, when those that raise the cry are moved by envy or jealousy? There are few men but have a desire for acquisition, a love of money. There are very few men who do not desire opulence. But the reason they remain in their present condition is, they are not willing to undergo the labor, the self-denial which is the price of wealth. In this country, where every man may have wealth who is willing to pay the price, the cry against men of wealth is both senseless and absurd.

The appeal made by communists to the prejudices of the laborer against the capitalist has been very effectual in stirring up strife. These agitators are not, as a general rule, reasoning men. They do not seek to know how men have become capitalists. They do not recognize the fact that every dollar of capital is the product of talent, labor, and economy. They do not see that, as day laborers, capital is their best friend, and that they must starve were it taken away. They consider only one side of the question; or rather they do not consider at all. They see what seems to them an injustice. Moved with envy they raise the cry, "Down with capital."

The history of communism plainly demonstrates the impossibility of



raising all men to an equality by mere arbitrary law. You must effect a radical improvement in men themselves before you can much improve their condition. Were all the wealth in the country equally divided to-day, in ten years you would never suspect the fact. Money does not move at haphazard, but it accumulates or is dissipated in accordance with definite principles. Not one man in a hundred knows how to use money. To give money to one who knows not how to use it, is to injure rather than benefit him. As a general rule, he who knows how to use money knows also how to get it.

It is not the fault of society that some are rich and others poor. It is not the fault of the government that there is a disparity in the condition of men. Such a disparity is inevitable, it exists in the nature of things. It is in the men themselves. All may have equal rights, but their condition will always depend on their ability and disposition to live up to their opportunities.

But under a government like ours, where every man is measured by his character and capabilities; where

every man who will labor may be assured of an honest living; where the disabled and unfortunate are well provided for by the beneficent laws of the state; there can be none to wish for a change, except those unwilling to labor. The present form of society has existed for hundreds of years, and the condition of men, instead of growing worse, has steadily become better. It is well adapted to the disposition of man.

It allows free scope for all the various powers of mind and body. It recognizes and rewards individual excellence in whatever direction. Why then change? What ground can there be for a change? There can be none. We have the best organization of which we are capable. Not until men lose all individuality and personal ambition; not until all the charms of proprietorship have been dispelled; not until every selfish propensity has been removed from the heart of man, will he who labors consent to divide his wages with him who sits idle. Not until human nature itself is changed, will Communism be a very popular movement.

## MY LOVE.

BY K. H.

MY love is like a flake of snow,  
Sweet, and pure, and fair,  
Kiss it, and 'tis sure to go;  
Seek, and 'tis not there.

My love is like the new year,  
Coming now to me,  
But where, in some short months and days,  
Will love, and new year be?

My love is like the crocus bloom,  
In ling'ring snow-beds hid;  
Because the summer finds no room,  
It dies the snows amid!

My love is like a breath of air  
That fills the pulse with joy,  
Then vanishes an essence rare  
So frail, so swift, so coy.

My love; I think it was, but yet  
Ah me! I cannot tell,  
It came, it went as it was let,  
Like some unbidden spell!

## EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

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### NOTES.

WE are glad to see that the Faculty attach so much importance to debate. We wish that they attached more. We wish that every debate, which is now tributary to the inclination or laziness of the student, were made obligatory. Great advantage would result.

In our opinion, no specific college study possesses half the discipline that may be derived from debate. No specific study demands the exercise of so many faculties, or so intense concentration of thought. And leaving out the discipline, no study is so practical.

The need of all students is originality. The want of the world is original men. If we amount to anything as men, we must do something, and do it in our own way. Originality is the first element of character. A discriminated collection of every body's faults and virtues is not, in any view, an enviable structure of mind.

It is just this quality of mind which debate imperatively demands. Without it, we know of no exercise that is more of a farce. If the materials be at hand demanding no original labor in their search, the compounding of them into a compact and logical argument can be

effected only by original thought and labor. But if these materials have to be gathered from different sources, as is the case with most debates, the utmost ingenuity is called into action, and every original resource of the mind is exhausted. Here is room for the amplest play of all the stronger mental faculties. The reason and judgment must always be employed. Comparison, discrimination, analysis, and decision are the incessantly exacted operations of the mind. It is hard enough to be original; but, if a half-respectable debate is produced, it will be harder not to be original.

Debate likewise furnishes the most liberal opportunities for research and study. Many have a holy horror at the term "plug." There is a vibration in its sound which they do not like. Work on debate is not "plugging," if by that term is meant the confining of one's powers to a mental rut; but is a sort of labor well adapted to enlarge and expand the mind, and give it to contemplate all kinds, and all sides of truth. There are scarcely any truths or facts, which a broad and symmetrical argument upon a generalized question will not justly include. There is no confinement, but the widest expansion.

But debate does more. It gives oratorical culture. To write what we think is well, to say it is better. To learn to speak requires the greater effort. Every impulse should, therefore, be afforded to excite the adequate effort. We know of no stronger impulse than debate will excite. It has, in its very nature, that idea which has always stirred men, mastery. It is thus calculated to awaken true oratorical feeling, so much different in spirit and effect from that which excites the monkey evolutions of the ordinary school boy.

We confess to little experience in study; but nothing that we have ever attempted has yielded, for the time and labor spent, such ample and satisfactory returns as debate. Nothing has ever seemed to us, at once so disciplinary and so practical.

We feel particularly interested in debate, and this interest has prompted what has been said. The reputation which has been enjoyed by the College ought to be maintained. Among her earlier Alumni, are reckoned several whose talent for debate was of a high order. Let not the impulse imparted by them cease. Let the debates which are now elective become obligatory. We believe it will give an impulse to scholarship and study throughout the College.

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A recent issue of the *Morning Star* contains a very interesting letter, written by President Cheney,

from Athens, in which occur these words: "So far in life I have had no use for a cane. Canes are for old men—Sophomores for instance, who alone have the right to use them, as they would have certain other persons, younger and less wise than themselves, distinctly understand."

That canes are for Sophomores (among others), and that Sophomores often deny to certain "younger and less wise" persons the right of using them, we are not disposed to deny; but with the notion that is evidently implied, and which certainly is quite generally held in this corner of the world, that canes are exclusively for old men, our grandfathers and grandmothers will please allow us to take issue. But wait one moment: do not be too shocked before we have time to add that we have no plea for that dapper little stick, so closely associated with the tight kids and the plug hat, and which makes its appearance only on state occasions. It is owing entirely to the obtrusiveness of this meddling little genus, that the whole family of canes has fallen into so much disrepute.

We have no disposition to pout at the remark of the President, as quoted above, or to offer a formal argument in favor of carrying canes, but only to demur to the impression that if any but old men "support" a cane it is from a desire to make a show. Nobody ever offers any dis-

agreeable insinuations in regard to grandfather's motives in carrying a cane. Of course not: grandpa is old, and a cane is an assistance. To be sure; but so it is an assistance to the younger man, although not one of which he is so much in need, except when he meets a big black dog. But it is not simply for the support it affords, nor for the fine addition it will make to his personal appearance, that the boy saws off an old broom-stick to take with him when he is about to set out for a tramp through the fields: it is for the sake of its companionship. A desire to have something for the hand to do is common to every one. It is evidently this that prompts ladies to carry a fan or a parasol long after there has ceased to be any real need for it. With most people the hand, unless occupied, is in the way; and so it comes about that the pocket is such a favorite resort of the hand.

The fact that one appreciates such companionship as a stick affords is not a sign of childishness or a silly and empty head. Bayard Taylor, who gave ample credit to the cane for the assistance it rendered him in walking, said that, irrespective of such assistance, a stick would afford him, on a tramp, almost as much company as a companion.

This unwarrantable prejudice that canes are only for the use of the old and the lame is not common to the world in general. In some

countries, Germany for instance, canes are carried by males of all classes and of all ages from the time they once learn to walk. Germany would certainly be a fine place for Freshmen, and I am inclined to think that if the popular opinion that indulges such a custom were prevalent in America, there would be no loss to all concerned, provided it did not so raise the price of canes as to deprive any of the lame and the old of their former means of facilitating locomotion.

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Has the Library a Catalogue? Why not? These are questions that our Librarian has been called on to answer about one hundred and twenty times this year. He is expected to receive these questions in the most affable manner, and in answering to go well into details. We think he has performed this branch of his duty in a satisfactory manner. We have never heard anything to the contrary.

But seriously, we think these important questions. One reason is, those who are asking them are the ones who most use the Library. During the present year the Library has been re-arranged. The present orderly and more systematic arrangement has greatly facilitated the finding of books, still much time is spent in what is sometimes a fruitless search. A good catalogue would be of much service. As a general rule, those who patronize

the Library are those to whom time is worth something. The time spent in searching for volumes is so much taken from their reading hours.

Probably there are wise and good reasons why the Library has not been catalogued, otherwise it would have been done long ago. We have the utmost confidence that the authorities are doing all in their power to render available to the students every possible privilege. We presume the pecuniary reason is the principle one. The Library needs its whole fund to procure books. The authorities are unwilling to burden the students with the expense.

It is truly desirable to increase the number of books; but may it not be that its usefulness would be as much increased by making easy of access the subject-matter of those already in it, as by increasing their number? As regards burdening the students with the expense, there has seemed to be no hesitation in taxing the students when it has been considered necessary. For instance, every student pays one dollar for having half a dozen College Catalogues laid on his table. For our personal every-day use, we should prefer one Library Catalogue to about three dozen College Catalogues, though a College Catalogue is convenient occasionally. A dollar and a quarter per term is what it costs each student for having the Gymnasium re-glazed every year.

Breaking glass in the Gymnasium is a luxury in which only a few students habitually indulge, yet all pay the "repairs" without grumbling. We think, if the required funds could not be otherwise obtained, that the students would be willing to practice self-denial, at least for two or three terms, in the matter of glass-breaking and door-smashing, provided the proceeds could be expended on so worthy an object.

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The interested manifested by the base-ball men is, doubtless, pleasing and satisfactory to all. Base-ball is our specialty. It is indigenous to the soil. The students take as naturally to base-ball, as ducks to water. And we believe, too, that base-ball has flourished among us without serious detriment to scholarship. In fact, it has been our observation that the best players in the diamond have been fully average, and perhaps more than average scholars.

Base-ball has done one good thing in keeping up our college pride. The handsome record of the nine, we all review with feelings of hearty satisfaction. Very rarely have we had occasion to find fault. Almost invariably we have been more than satisfied with unlooked-for victories.

The nine enter upon the present season under some disadvantage. The closing games of last season were unfortunate and discouraging. Difficulties were experienced in paying

for the new suits, and great dissatisfaction was felt at the way in which they were made. Added to all this, the Association has, for some time, been burdened with a debt which has taxed and exhausted all the financial ability of the managers.

This combination of disadvantages need not, ought not, must not, mar the prospects of the present season. The ground lost by the disastrous games with the "Skowhegan Reds" must be won back. And the nine, we believe, have the pluck and ability to do it.

The debt, too, must be paid. It seems to us, as we believe it seems to many, that the incurring of so great a debt was unwise and injurious to base-ball interests. Many, probably, feel that there have been foolish expenditures. There may have been. The dues, also, have not been properly collected. In short, the financial interests of the Association have suffered from the lack of good business management.

We hope and trust that these evils will be speedily remedied. All dues ought to be immediately collected, and applied to the liquidation of the debt. When that is done, means to raise extra money may be employed. The exact financial condition of the Association ought to be ascertained. The students all want to know exactly how the Association stands. When they see that the ordinary means of raising money has failed to liquidate the debt, and that a

given effort on the part of every one will do it, that effort will, doubtless, be made.

The students ought not to feel that the Association is a very heavy burden. We venture the opinion that no college base-ball association in the State has taxed its members more lightly. And we know that no association has maintained a better nine.

These facts should silence a good deal of croaking. It is not the time for useless censure. Grant that money has been wasted, and that the nine have not done what was expected of them; such reflections will not meet the present crisis.

Let the Association be henceforth run according to the interests of all who support it; let the "pay as you go" principle be adopted; and there will then be no just reason why the students should not give it liberal support. We believe they will.

It has occurred that members of the Alumni, who took an interest in base-ball while in College, or who have, heretofore, taken pride in the maintenance of a good nine, have voluntarily contributed to the Association. If there yet remain such generous spirits, we would say to them: Should the spirit of your college days return, reminding you of the time when you swung the bat, amid the applause of the multitude, and should you, among your pleasing recollections, catch glimpses of a depleted association treasury,

which can neither issue "fiat" money nor resume specie payment, we hope your generous feeling will find full expression.

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Our Reading Room, notwithstanding occasional slight evils, has always been one of which we could justly be proud, and is at present yielding means of acquiring information and entertainment, of which no student can afford to deprive himself, of which, moreover, few do deprive themselves. But, according to the statistics published in the December number of the *STUDENT*, the Reading Room Association has a membership of only 63—13 Seniors, 15 Juniors, 28 Sophomores, and 7 Freshmen. Nearly as many more students enjoy the privilege of the Reading Room without paying for it. They cannot really be blamed for this, because the Association book has never been presented to them. There are students now in College, who were daily in the Reading Room till near the close of their Sophomore year, without once being asked to join the Association, or having heard a word about a Reading Room tax. The probability is that there is not a man in College who would, if asked, refuse to join the Association, or to pay the annual assessment. It is certainly not to be wondered at that students do not put themselves to the pains of searching out the treasurer and requesting the privilege of paying him

a dollar and a half; and there are few men mean enough to continue the use of the Reading Room after refusing to subscribe to its support. With a little reasonable effort, then, the Association debt can be paid, and the reading matter in the Room largely increased.

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What is the object of studying the modern languages? Some of those studying them will have occasion to speak, others to teach them, and still others will patronize them as the receptacles of important literatures. To the first two of these classes, an accurate pronunciation of said languages is indispensable; and none can fully enjoy the benefits of the literary works they contain without a ready pronunciation. If, therefore, one has any object at all in studying modern languages, he must regard the pronunciation as of primary importance. But since the early part of our study of French and German, pronunciation has been neglected, and recitation time has been devoted wholly to grammar and reading. As a result, many have become careless of their pronunciation. It is somewhat bewildering until one learns, for instance, that *dich*, *dick*, and *dish* are all the same word. We know it is difficult for an instructor to crowd into one little hour all that he would like to do, but we think pronunciation has as good a claim upon the recitation time as any other part of the study.



LOCALS.

"Now the lusty Spring is seen;  
Golden yellow, gaudy blue,  
Daintily invite the view."

All respond.

Perk has returned.

Have you made up?

'82 has a new member.

"There is music in the air."

Who says we can not have an  
Orchestra?

The illuminator of Parker Hall  
has performed a deed worthy of  
Edison.

The "maker up" misquotes and  
reads:

"A little cheek now and then,  
Is needed by the wisest men."

Seniority, as well as familiarity,  
breeds contempt. A Senior, in the  
class-room, quotes "Joe" Cook.

Elegiac reflections in Parker Hall:

Full many a pail of unpretending mien,  
Perchance its downward way doth fiercely tear,  
Full many a hod is born to start unseen,  
And waste its contents on the sounding stair.

The Prize Declamations of the  
Sophomores for this term are to  
occur at the Chapel, on March 21st,  
25th, and 27th.

A Sophomore translates, "*Ostrea  
callebat primo deprendere morsu*"—  
"He was sufficiently skillful to catch  
oysters at the first bite."

1st student (singing uproarously),  
"Where, O' where is my little dog gone,  
Where, O where can he be?"

2d student (gruffly)—"He can't be  
ar off. I hear him howling."

C. F. Peasley, '78, was in town  
some days since and favored us  
with a call. He had just completed  
a prosperous term of school in  
Augusta.

If a few more pencils of light  
were to be converged upon the  
mental retinas of the Juniors, it is  
thought that their optical knowledge  
would be increased.

The Glee Club is still a real corpse.  
No one need be afraid of it. Its  
ghost is a harmless apparition. We  
presume it will soon retire to other  
shades. Let it retire.

A Sophomore in the French class  
thus renders the sentence, "*Ils  
avaient toujours quelques sous dans  
leur poche*"—"They always had  
some soup in their pocket."

Small boy, with an inquiring mind  
—"Who is the Widow Smite?"  
Father, in reply—"She is that be-  
nevolent widow that is always giv-  
ing to charitable objects."

Kink is holding a concert in Rod's  
room. Rod (who reads Othello)  
suddenly enters. Taking in the sit-  
uation at a glance, he exclaims:

"O! Now, farewell,  
Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content."

The Sophomores report great  
interest in General Geometry this  
term. An almost universal "flunk"  
is the daily order of exercises, and  
rarely, when called upon to recite,  
does a man answer "here."

The Senior Exhibition will occur on Friday, March 28th.

On the 8th inst., the Latin School "Union" held a public meeting. It was pronounced, by those who attended, an excellent entertainment. A great deal of interest prevails among the members.

Class in Mechanics are considering the camera lucida. Prof.—"Mr. ————did you ever hear of seeing with half an eye?" Student (who isn't posted on the lesson)—"I have painfully experienced it."

The High School bill, suspending the operation of all high school legislation for one year, has passed the "reform" legislature. No more shall the avaricious pedagogue inflate his pocket-book out of the State Treasury.

The closing lecture of the Auburn Court Street Course, was delivered by President Robins, of Colby. The subject was "Character and its place in Education." The lecture was highly appreciated by the goodly number of students who attended.

Politics, at the late municipal election, raged with even more than customary violence. Several of the students, we are glad to learn, by the correct exercise of "the grand prerogative of American citizenship," contributed to the election of the Republican candidate for Mayor, J. H. Day, Esq.

A CORRECTION.—The first verse, third stanza, of the "Song of the Fire," published in the STUDENT for February, should read, "I am the *wraith* of oak-wood flame."

The Y. M. C. A. are doing a good work. Prayer meetings have been held daily after the last recitation; also on Wednesday evenings, and Sunday afternoons. A better religious interest is being awakened in College.

Plum, '80, as a reward to his pedagogic fidelity, was presented by his pupils with an elegant silver clock. The presentation exercises were very "affecting," so says the *Gardiner Reporter*.

The following item, clipped from a Maine newspaper, recounts one of the greatest day's works that was ever performed:

"Mr. Joel Hodgman, of Camden, on Saturday, at the ripe age of eighty years, passed an active and useful life and won the esteem of all who knew him."

We are requested by the Secretary, Geo. E. Brackett, of Belfast, to give notice of the annual session of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars of Maine, at Lewiston, April 9th and 10th. Reduced rates, to members of the Order, over the railroads. There are nearly 250 Lodges and 17,000 Good Templars in the State, and the Order was never in a more flourishing condition.

A College Orchestra has lately been organized. The following are the members: Leader and 1st violin, Kincaid, '79; 2d violin, Cook, '81; violoncello, Tuttle, '79; clarinet, Hobbs, '81; cornet, Goding, '81. Feb. 28th they discoursed some excellent music to the Eurosophian Society. March 7th they favored the Polymnians in like manner.

Quite a delegation of the students attended the Free Baptist sociable at the Poor Farm. We were glad to learn that, when the "Gen. Grant" capsized among the drifts, the students made themselves very useful in holding the horses, helping the weaker though fairer sex out of the snow, and in many other trifling but necessary services in which young men of self-denying public spirit can employ themselves on such occasions.

*A Joke-osus:* During a recent recitation a loud crash was heard in the hall. The Professor, of course, thinking some student must be at the bottom of every disturbance, remarked rather ironically, "Some one is evidently trying to cover himself with glory." The disturbance, however, proved to be only the falling of a portion of plastering which, becoming dislodged from the ceiling, had alighted upon the stairs. The "glory" still awaits its owner.

It often happens that students make much more rapid advancement in the college course when absent

than when present. For instance: A Sophomore goes out to teach a term. About his third week the local journal announces him as a Senior. A Freshman becomes a Sophomore or a Junior in an incredibly short time. But the most notable instance of rapid promotion that has come to our notice, is that of a Junior prep, only five weeks from the "Barn," who had obtained his second degree, and wrote his name with an A.M.

Scene (Senior club room): 1st Senior (logniciously)—"Kink has got the bull fiddle fixed. I was with him when he brought it up from down town. The yaggers crowded around with mouth and eyes open. I told Kink, if he would stop and play, I would pass round the hat. He concluded not to, however." 2d Senior—"Had good reasons. Probably wanted a better monkey."

The Base-Ball Association appointed as committee to select a nine: Tuttle, '79; Richards, '80; Rowell, '81; Merrill, '82. At a subsequent meeting they reported: First nine, Tuttle, Ranger, Lombard, Given, '79; Hoyt, '80; Foss, Sanborn, Wilbur, Parsons, '81. As Second Nine, Perkins, '79; Gilbert, Tarbox, Richards, '80; Nevens, Rowell, Roberts, Cook, Goding, '81; Norcross, '82. The players are going through a regular course of training in the Gymnasium, where they spend considerable time daily. They have

had their enthusiasm much warmed up by a stove which the authorities have placed in the office. An addition has been made to the apparatus in the Gymnasium and more is promised speedily. The nine are anticipating a good summer's work.

Why can't we have a walking or running match? Enthusiasm is high now, and there are hosts who are aching for pedal distinction. To be a Rowell, an Ennis, or even a Harri-man, is a quite general ambition. We trust the betting would not be morally damaging; while the increased physical exercise in this best of all directions would be healthful and entirely beneficial. Besides, such a race might be the forerunner of Field Day sports. Who will make a start?

The power of music, which is said to have "charms to soothe even the savage beast," was never more strikingly shown than at Chapel a few mornings since. The bell had ceased tolling, the students were all in their places, but no Profs. put in an appearance. The Seniors assumed an injured dignity, that the law enforcing punctual attendance at Chapel exercises should be violated in such a manner by the law-makers themselves. The Juniors felt that it was a piece of inexcusable neglect. The irreverent Sophomores began to "wood up." At this critical juncture the choir struck up:

"O, where are the reapers?"

The effect was magical. The swelling tumult subsided, the storm ceased, and there was a great calm.

The long-expected annual publication, *The Garnet* (by the Senior class), will soon make its appearance. It is an hundred-page magazine, finely illustrated, containing an account of classes, societies, organizations, interesting incidents, etc. It is the first publication of this nature at Bates, and in order to make it a success and insure a continuance of the same, we hope to receive a hearty response from all the Alumni and those interested in the prosperity of college journalism. Single copies fifty cents. Where it is possible, orders for two copies can be much more conveniently filled. All desiring copies will be supplied by addressing A. E. Tuttle, Manager of *The Garnet*.

The recent snow has afforded excellent facilities for snow balling. We have known many a one to have both coat tail pockets full of snowballs before he got round the corner of Hathorn Hall at recitation time. We suspect the Profs. do not fully appreciate the discipline of this part of the College Course. But we can say from experience that nothing is more *fitting* to a student. A certain Soph thinks it rather hard, after spending five minutes in shoveling out the back of his neck and digging out his ears, to be told on entering the recitation room that he is to be

marked absent. And then, when the Prof. forgets that he is absent and calls upon him to recite, he thinks matters have been carried about far enough. Another Sophomore, on learning that he was absent from that recitation, to make the matter consistent, took his hat and started to leave the room, but was informed that such a proceeding on his part was unnecessary. That Sophomore wishes some one to demonstrate how a thing can both be, and not be, at the same time.

Thursday, the 27th of February, was observed as a day of prayer for colleges. The usual recitations were suspended. Chapel exercises took place at the customary hour, immediately succeeding which, an hour prayer meeting of much interest was held. Dr. Bowen and Prof. Howe favored the students with some very appropriate and interesting remarks. The morning clouds broke away and gave a very pleasant afternoon for the exercises in the upper Chapel. A goodly audience, composed of the students and friends of the College, assembled. Prof. Hayes presided. The exercises were unusually interesting, as follows: Scripture reading, Dr. Bowen; prayer, Prof. Howe; sermon, Rev. A. C. Hogbin of the Pine St. Free Baptist Church. The speaker chose as his text the 8th verse of the second chapter of Colossians: "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the

traditions of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ." The subject was handled in a logical and scholarly manner. The close attention of the audience showed the favor with which it was received. We wish such a sermon could be preached in the Chapel oftener than once a year. Brief remarks were made by Dr. Bowen and Dr. Dickerman. A stirring prayer meeting was held in the evening.

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### 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:*

You have kindly asked me to contribute to the *STUDENT*. But you did not say whether manuscript or money will most gladden your heart. As I am in arrears, I will respond by sending both.

A short sketch of my present surroundings may not be without interest to the many Eastern friends whom I left with regret.

The city of Prescott, in which I am laboring, contains 1200 inhabitants. It was once the rival of St. Paul, twenty miles above us, but is now commercially dead. The city is indeed "beautiful for situation." We are posted, like a sentinel, on the high bluff where lake St. Croix unites with the Mississippi. Our chief business is to watch the swift,

silent waters flow down, and the white puffing steamers sail up. At lest, I have found no other use for a city here. Down on the Levee, the principal and only business street winds along the river and up the lake like a bended elbow. On the Plateau, high above the noise and dust of trade, and the odor of lager; high above the wheezing steam ferries, and splashing stern wheelers; the city rests. The quiet, shady streets commence at the bluffs and retreat backwards in all directions over the prairies, as if fleeing danger. Only two have had the courage to look over the edge and go down. None of the traders deliver goods, as it takes a two-horse team to send up a spool of thread or a penny loaf.

For the first time in two winters it is snowing in earnest. But, whether it is a regular "nor-easter," or whether within an hour the sun will lend to the white earth a brighter whiteness, no mortal is permitted to know. By the way, our north-easters come from the southwest. Somewhere in that direction the Storm King marshals his forces. Jupiter "Tonans" shakes the earth and terrifies the dwellers on these prairies. Neptune with his trident, who furnishes your storms, Mr. Editor, is a gentleman, compared to him who holds sway over us. The sun *shines* here day after day with a colorless brightness. No humid atmosphere changes the bright glare

to soft, mellow, tinted light. The rays seem to shoot down like swift silver arrows. They pierce you through and through.

This is no dream-land. No one is guilty of reverie or abstraction here. The air is ever restless. The leaves of the cottonwood above my window, when there are leaves, whip each other day and night, and night and day, like so many metallic surfaces. Nature herself seems nervous. The sky is not deep blue, nor the mantle of summer deep green. The bright sun and dry winds tan everything. In summer, no gelid shades, no bubbling springs, no murmuring brooks, invite repose. But the clear air and bright sunlight are health-giving. A breath of morning air intoxicates like a draught of champagne. No noxious vapors, no poisonous malaria, sallow the cheek or fever the blood. Many a morning I have saddled my fleet Indian pony, and ridden away over these billowy prairies, when the air seemed too pure and too fragrant for flesh and blood to corrupt. If it had come through the gates of Paradise, and been perfumed with the spices of Arabia, it could not have been sweeter.

In this fertile valley of the St. Croix, overlooking the beautiful lake and great river, and bathed almost continually in the bright sunshine, the little city of Prescott rests. And here I have rested for two years and more. Here I have found

health for the body and work for the Master. Here also I have found many warm friends. And from here I send love to my *Alma Mater*, and greeting to the dearer friends of "Auld Lang Syne."

C. H. DAVIS, '73.  
Prescott, Wis., March 1, 1879.

*Editors of the Student:*

We all delight to see things in their proper place. But when we see the study of text-books carried into church, we think it is decidedly out of place. If such study is of so much more importance than the words of the speaker, then why not stay at home and study, without disturbing those who wish to listen to what is said from the speaker's desk?

A continued whispering by any one, on any subject, while a person is speaking is equally to be condemned. It shows disrespect to the speaker, and is a breach of good manners.

SOPHOMORE.

PERSONALS.

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

'71.—The *Kennebec Journal* says: "L. H. Hutchinson, member of the House from Lewiston, is the most brilliant speaker, and one of the ablest legislators in the popular branch. He is one of the rising

young men of the State, and is destined to make his mark in public life. Mr. Hutchinson has, for some time, stood in the foremost rank at the Androscoggin bar, and we are not surprised to learn that he has taken the same position in the legislative halls of our State.

'72.—Dr. A. M. Garcelon was, at the recent Municipal election, chosen a member of the School Committee of this city.

'74.—Augustine Simmons has purchased the *Fairfield Chronicle*, and is to assume the editorial management.

'75.—Dr. F. B. Fuller has been elected Assistant Surgeon in the hospital, at Providence, R. I.

'75. F. H. Smith expects to return from California this spring, and to practice his profession (law) in partnership with A. M. Spear, of '75.

'75.—L. M. Palmer is studying medicine in Harvard Medical College. The position he held for three years as Principal of the Hopkinton High School, is now filled by George C. Smith, formerly of Bates, class of '76. A. T. Smith, formerly a member of the same class, is Assistant Superintendent of the Providence R. I. Reform School.

'78.—D. M. Benner is teaching in Coal Valley, Illinois.

'78.—E. B. Vining recently closed a successful term of school at Bridgewater, Mass.

## EXCHANGES.

We have received No. 1, Vol. I. of the *Hobart Herald*. We are glad to welcome a new college paper so promising as the *Herald*.

The *Oxford and Cambridge Undergraduate's Journal* is the most awkward exchange we have. For all this we could not well spare it from our exchange list. It is so thoroughly unlike our American publications as to seem almost like a representative from another world. As one glances at the sporting column he would quite as soon expect to read of certain extraordinary beings practicing gymnastics on Saturn's rings, as of ordinary terrestrial sports. But the way in which a recent number of the *Journal* dissects a certain prize poem is a caution to aspirants in the poetic line. The little poem in the last number attributed to us was taken from our "Clippings," and does not, therefore, belong to us.

The *Argosy*, from N. B., is a neat, attractive paper. The following stanzas are from "Lethe," a pleasant little poem in the last number :

"So our Past, in tangled fragments,  
Glides down the treacherous waves,  
Oh, the many, many treasures,  
Oh, the loved and hoarded treasures  
Lost in Lethean caves!

"Onward flow the careless waters,  
But they leave upon the beach  
Countless jewels, pearls of memory,  
Lethe cannot reach."

The literary and editorial matter is interesting.

We like the common sense of our Virginia friend, the *Roanoke Collegian*. We heartily concur with the sentiment of the article from which we clip the following :

"There are some still found among us in the South who apply the term 'Yankee' as an opprobrious epithet to all living north of a certain degree of latitude, regarding them as a calculating, mercenary, overreaching and unsocial class of people. In like manner, many in the North still regard the Southern people as treacherous, insincere, perfidious and ready to precipitate another civil war. They view each other at an unvarying angle, from fixed points of observation. They see one another in one aspect only, and that a very circumscribed one. There should be more change and exchange of position. Had all parts of this land known each other more intimately, the inflammatory and recriminating exaggeration of agitators in both sections could never have produced estrangement and fomented strife. They need to have more adequate and enlarged information concerning each other. And the same need still exists in order to secure that mutual respect and good-will which are the essential groundwork of lasting peace and harmony."

With the number of March 1st, the *Columbia Spectator* passed into the control of a new Board of Editors. The editors elect state it to be their aim "to issue a college newspaper, which shall be a representative of the whole of Columbia, and not of any particular department or class." The *Spectator* has always been one of the liveliest and most interesting of our exchanges, and will, we trust, continue to be such. An editorial of



the present issue states very properly, it seems to us, the relation that should exist between the college press and the college faculty. The serial, "Only a Vassar Girl" seems to us altogether too silly for a college paper. The writer sometimes unfortunately mistakes vulgarity for wit.

The *Berkeleyan* from the University of California, would be a credit to any college in the country. We are especially pleased with the February number. The magazine is so large as to allow twenty-four pages to literary matter, but the articles are so fresh and interesting that we could not wish them less numerous. We especially enjoyed "Wit and Humor." These qualities of style are pleasantly discussed, many apt quotations being interwoven. The remaining literary articles are also interesting. In the editorial department the Editors freely express their mind to the Faculty. Although we believe it to be one of the functions of the college paper to give the student side to college government and instruction, yet we think the opinions of the editors would have more weight, if, in a few instances, their tone were less complaining and more candid.

The *Volante* for February contains a full report of how they celebrated the birthday of "The Father of his Country" at Chicago University. We should say, on the whole, that the occasion must have been a very

pleasant one. We noticed, too, that the members of the Faculty had not forgotten that they were once college boys themselves, and did not disdain to take an active part. One of them even took the place of the "Freshman Sage" and read a very pleasant poem. Dr. Anderson, the President of the University, responding to the toast, "Our Future," said "he could not tell the future of the University. Two wings were necessary for a bird, that it might fly, and perhaps this was true of a University. When he saw the cut of the University with both wings represented, it reminded him of the Irishmen who were framing an epitaph to put on a tombstone. They agreed on this: 'Beneath this stone two children dear; one in Ireland, the other here.'" Perhaps we, as well as those to whom it was originally addressed, can appreciate this.

We wish to say to the retiring editors of the *Chronicle*, that we think they have had marked success in representing the manifold interests of so large a University. The *Chronicle* has never hesitated to mention and condemn disgraceful acts among the students, nor has it spared those in power. While it has criticised firmly, it has done so in a manner so candid as to demand the consideration of those criticised. It has never stooped to vulgarity, but has ever maintained a becoming dignity.

**OTHER COLLEGES.****COLUMBIA.**

There is at present a good degree of interest in athletic sports.

The Freshmen have received and accepted a challenge from the Harvard Freshmen, to row an eight oared race. The race is to take place at New London, Conn.

By means of the Registers of all the Departments, the number of students are ascertained to be 1410, an increase of 70 from last year. The increase is in the Medical School which contains within its walls the largest class it has ever known.—*Ex.*

**TRINITY.**

The ball nine and boat crew are doing good work in the Gymnasium. Trinity students are notably liberal in their contributions to the support of athletic sports.

The late disturbances were in some respects the most remarkable that the college world has for some time witnessed. They seemed to result from a fixed determination on the part of the Faculty to treat the students as children, and an equal determination on the part of the latter not to be so treated. The refusal of the students of *all* classes to attend College exercises was indeed remarkable. But what was most remarkable of all was the reconciliation. It seems that now the most friendly feeling exists between students and Faculty.

**UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.**

There is one member of the Senior class who feels justified in stating and maintaining that he has followed the maxim, "Know thyself," with profit. A few days since he received from one of the prominent Professors an examination certificate which read thus: "Mr. A. has passed his examination in the Mr. A. of the Senior class."—*Ex.*

We take the following statistics from the Calendar: Students in the literary department, resident graduates, 11; fourth year, 49; third year, 67; second year, 95; first year 172; select, 47; total, 441. Medical students, 329; laws, 406; pharmacy students, 71; homœopaths, 63; dental students, 62. Total in the University, 1,372.—*Chronicle*

The proposition made by some facetious member of the Legislature that 4000 cords of wood and 1000 saw-bucks be purchased and forwarded to the University in *lieu* of a Gymnasium, has perhaps more of value in it than would at first blush be supposed. We, after a careful study, figure it out in this manner: That wood might be sold to the students at the rate of four or five dollars a cord, provided it is hickory. And then the saw-bucks would count for something, if retailed at a slight discount. The thanks of the students should be tendered to that legislator, and the Athletic Association should take measures to secure that

wood. The gymnasium question is settled! Rejoice all! Queer that no one saw such an easy way out of the difficulty before.—*Chronicle*.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Of the 375 members of Congress, 191 are college graduates.

Twenty-two American colleges use the Roman pronunciation of Latin.

Some of the Cornell professors give lectures which are fully illustrated—by cuts.

In Italy there are twenty-one universities, the oldest at Bologna, founded in 1119.

In the Latin recitations, all questions, answers, and explanations are rendered in Latin at Trinity.

Two female universities have been recently established in Italy, one at Florence, and another at Rome.

There are twenty-nine colleges in Pennsylvania, and fourteen of them have twelve or more instructors.

The German universities cost the State \$2,500,000 per annum. There are 1300 professors, and 20,226 students.

The Seniors at Dartmouth have petitioned the Trustees of the College to limit the number of speakers on the Commencement stage to eight.

The religious interest in Dartmouth College is increasing, and has not been equalled for years. The conversions are largely among the

Junior and Freshman classes. Rev. S. P. Leeds, pastor of the College Church conducts the meetings.

The semi-annual examination papers at Harvard, were printed from four to ten o'clock on the morning of the examination day. They were, accordingly, much more interesting and newsy than usual to many of the examined, and the examiners were happy.—*Atheneum*.

Miss Baker, a young lady only sixteen years old, has been appointed a Tutor in Greek in Simpson College, at Indianola. She reads and writes Greek fluently, and at the age of fourteen had made a complete lexicon of one of Sophocle's tragedies. She also reads and writes Latin as well as she does Greek, and has gone likewise into French, German, and Mathematics. Her father was her only instructor.—*Independent*.

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**CLIPPINGS.**

Recitation in Political Economy. Professor—"Does your coat represent debt?" Student—"Yes—yes, I s'pose it does."—*Harvard Advocate*.

There was nothing but a plain slab at the head of the mound, but the simple inscription upon it tells its own sad story: "He was umpire in a close game."—*Ex*.

Prof. H—(translating a clause from Plautus)—"What did you say

*Editors' Portfolio.*

you rascal?" Mr. A——(who seems to have just aroused himself)—“Did you speak to me, Professor?”—*College Argus.*

And this time a Junior was left. They were coming home from church, and he thought that on no other night had she been quite so confiding or looked into his face with such a trustful look. The night was perfect; the mellow light of fair *Luna* shed a quaint and ancient beauty over our classic city and lent an indescribable witchery to the scene; and as the silvery beams, relieved by a passing cloud, fell athwart the face of his idol, the following was produced:

*He* (sentimentally)—“Oh, *Lunie!* thou art the moon.”

*She* (impatiently)—“Oh, *Spoony,* thou art the loon.”

Cupid has since died.—*College Transcript.*

“Sir,” thundered the irate Professor, as his right hand described a parabola in the air, and his eye shot a double-ordinate of wrath straight through the focus of the offending Sophomore,—“sir, how shall I characterize such a definition of the hyperbola as you have just given me?” “I think,” meekly responded the wretched Sophomore, convulsively twining his legs around the sub-tangent of the chair,—“I think I should call it hyperbolic.” “No, sir!” came the crushing reply, “it is simply diabolical!” And then the stern features of the arbiter of fate relaxed, as he eliminated his victim from the chair, and decried the cir-

cumference of a British duck's egg in the register.—*Acta.*

Junior (parsing)—“*Nihil* is a noun.” Professor—“What does it come from?” Student—“It doesn't come at all.” Professor—“Doesn't it come from *nihil*?” Student—“No, sir. *Ex nihilo nihil fit.*”—*Knox Student.*

Scene in Dr. Krauth's room: Senior—“Professor, I read in the paper the other day that there was a woman in New York who has been unconscious for twenty years, and in that time has taken nothing; do you think that is true?” Dr. K.—“O yes, sir; the graveyards are full of them.”—*University Magazine.*

THE FRESHMAN.

How doth the busy little Fresh  
Work till he thinks he's hunk,  
Then go up to his little “ex—”  
And make a beastly flunk.—*Ex.*

Why is the Freshman class like Shetland Island? Famous for its ponies.—*Ex.*

There was a bright Freshman named Blank,  
Who studied, but never for rank,  
He went into Greek  
With great faith in cheek,  
And flunked—this bright Freshman named  
Blank.—*Williams Athenaeum.*

THE SOPHOMORE.

Oh, the Soph, the Soph,  
The obstreporous Soph,  
Blowing and shooting his big mouth off,  
Following, watching, aping the Senior,  
Miserable Soph, your running great danger.  
—*Ex.*

Oh, the song of the Soph, has no musical rule,  
As he howls in the chemical hall;  
It is louder by half than the bray of the mule,  
Interspersed with a thundering bawl.  
What a shaking of the roof as they clatter with  
their hoofs!  
What a bellowing sound, as they grin!  
But they stop—short—never to go again  
When the Prof. comes in!—*Acta.*

Swans sing before they die;  
'Twere no bad thing  
Should certain persons die  
Before they sing.—*Ex.*

# 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.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

### THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

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