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VOL. VII.

APRIL, 1879.

No. 4.

THE
BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Published by the Class of '80.

EDITED BY

W. H. JUDKINS, J. H. HEALD, F. L. HAYES, J. F. PARSONS, M. T. NEWTON.

BUSINESS MANAGER: H. L. MERRILL.

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BATES STUDENT.

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UNION.

J. N., '75.

UNION is the fundamental principle of universal law. Entering its formation and all its complicated workings, union shapes and prepares each element for the performance of its appropriate part in the perfection of one grand whole. Like the air to the human system, it is necessary to existence, and gives strength in proportion to its purity.

Man, as a part of Nature's vast plan, is subject to the same law. The head and excellence of all created things—individually, he is weak, in union strong. Isolated from society, he loses the power of speech and reflection; but through association with his fellow-men, he is capable of acquiring the highest degree of education.

The individual and society are thus interdependent—the individual upon society for the security of his rights and the development of

his distinctive human qualities, society upon the individual for strength and the common safety. Union is, therefore, necessary to individual and national prosperity. The firmer the union, the higher the development of the individual and the more powerful the nation.

In what, then, does national unity consist? In the subordination of specialties to a general intention. This is the general law of organisms; and in society it is not repealed, but modified by the "liberty which accompanies human life . . . bringing with it responsibility to God and man." Not the subordination claimed by tyrants, making man but a slave to their slightest wish, a tool to further their base designs, nor that of those mighty nations of ancient times which silently ate away their very foundations and left nothing but the bruised and broken frag-

ments of their once proud glory; but such a subordination as shall admit of the highest degree of individuality; such as, recognizing the principle that "all men are created free and equal," shall secure to each individual the enjoyment of every right bestowed upon him by his Creator. Liberty is thus the grand secret of national prosperity. And not until we remember that individual qualities can be brought into full action only where liberty is secured; not, indeed, until we recall the vast diversity of those qualities and the inseparability of liberty and voluntary association, can we conceive of the sublimity of those words which still ring in the ears of every patriotic people—"Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

But how can such a subordination be secured? From the experience of centuries, it is evident that it can be secured only through the law of love. When each individual, laying aside petty prejudices, shall devote himself to the common welfare; when the spirit of good-will shall pervade all classes, bringing them together as members of a common brotherhood — then shall we see the true embodiment of national unity. Then shall the horrors of civil war be unknown. Then shall arise

nations full of prosperity, honor, and the glory of art and science,—nations confident of perfect safety and strong in their power to overcome all oppression.

But is this the highest ideal of union? Far from it. When we witness nations destroying each other, the victors bathing their hands in the blood of the vanquished and raving in idiotic delight over their bodies writhing with agony, and when we remember that much of this had no worthier source than absurd notions of national honor,—we are led to think that national unity is but a stepping-stone to a higher and more glorious union. When all nations, remembering that they are the children of a common Father, assembled under the common roof of the heavens, shall unite in the bonds of brotherly love and decide all disputes by the impartial laws of Christianity; and finally, when the law of love, acting upon nations as upon individuals, shall produce harmony in the constitution and relations of the whole human race, then, and not till then, shall our highest ideal of union be consummated. Then shall the will of God be done; and this earth, so long tempest-tossed, like a clear and peaceful lake, shall reflect the image of heaven.

THALATTA.

“Was it the sound of the distant surf that was in mine ears, or the low moan of the breeze as it crept through the neighboring wood? Oh, that hoarse voice of Ocean—never silent since time began—where has it not been uttered?”

HUGH MILLER.

WHAT is this cry of thine, O Sea? This loud,
 Hoarse cry that fills the world? In east and west
 We hear thee in thy wrinkled, vast unrest,
 A liquid, thunderous mass, thick-robed in cloud.
 Eternal Mourner, in thine earthquake-plowed
 And rocky shores, 'mid storms that to thy breast
 Return, as eagles screaming to their nest,
 Thou rollest unconsolated. Control thy proud,
 Long waves a little time; thou anguish-tossed
 And blind, be still! O Titan-father, lost
 Is that great age thou mournest and the race
 Of gods is lost! The ghost-moon on thy face
 Shines bright. The stars, that once were loud with glee,
 Are hushed. Why should'st thou not be still, O Sea?

W. P. F., '81.

WIT.

BY S. C. M., '79.

MAN has been well defined as the laughing creature. The benevolence of the Creator's design in giving him this distinctive characteristic is very apparent; for it is not only the way of expressing most forcibly our joy, but also the cause of much of it. It is a feature of our nature that we should be proud of and never suffer ourselves to abuse. Had it not been given us, wit and humor and—foolishness would never have been known. He is justly banished from the society

of his fellows, who cannot, upon a fitting occasion, give an earnest expression of his genial, joyous nature in a burst of hearty laughter. Upon a *fitting occasion*, I say; for mere habitual, mechanical laughter is unmistakably the characteristic of the lunatic, the idiot, and the fool.

One of the wisest of men in one of his wisest sayings, has said that there is more of the fool in mankind than of the wise. I am seriously inclined to believe that we shall have to plead guilty to this charge. The

observing and unprejudiced mind is surprised to find in the society man of the present generation an inordinate capacity for foolishness. In our day, wit is indeed a scarce article; but no age or people ever possessed an abundance of it. Yet that there have been times when the excess of foolishness over wit was much less than it now is, when, if people could not be witty, they were at least content to be sensible rather than foolish, I am fully persuaded to believe. But that any radical change is to be wrought in the present condition is not to be looked for, nor is it, perhaps, greatly to be desired. We are content, and it is well. Society, however, should not claim to be what it is not. To say it is the resort of wit and wits is far from the truth. Wit was never made for common society. It is an ornament too rare and costly. Society must be contented if it gets anything even approaching the humorous. Wit is always invited to the social party, but seldom goes. It sends a substitute, infinitely inferior, yet it gives perfect satisfaction to the company. It is a matter of fact that all those world-wide sallies of wit happened by accident—accident hardly ever occurring in society. Wits sometimes, indeed, wait upon society, but masked in soberness. I suppose that this is fortunate and designed; for to give a really sharp joke would doubtless be attended with serious consequences—perhaps one or two

deaths, at least, a profusion of hysterics.

But if society has not a constitution favorable to wit, yet it will be urged that we have an abundance of it in books, and our humorous works will be cited as proof of this. True, our humorous works are, at present, numerous and amusing; but humor, although similar to wit in kind, is immensely different in degree. Wit can not be spun out and made to fill volumes. It is produced spontaneously, and generally has but a small audience. So that of the little vouchsafed us, a great portion is lost. Some of our finest specimens have undoubtedly come from the workman at his bench, or the farmer at his plow. We are naturally a witty people; not in the sense that every man is a wit; but we have the faculty of managing wit so as to give the best possible effect. The Frenchman spoils his joke by laughing at it himself; the German is naturally phlegmatic; but the Anglo-Saxon's sober face increases the effect of his joke tenfold.

We have some of the finest specimens of wit of any people. For example, what could be finer than this one of Porson's: A young upstart is lavishly praising the composition of an inferior modern poet. "It will be read," says he, "when Virgil and Homer are forgotten." "Yes," replied Porson, "but not till then."

Sheridan's son said to him one

day, "If I ever get into Parliament, I shall write upon my forehead '*To Let.*'" "Yes," said Sheridan, smiling, "and you might add '*unfurnished.*'"

And this isn't bad from Foote. One day he was walking with Garrick, the actor, who was a very penurious man. While in earnest conversation, Garrick dropped a guinea, which rolled from the sidewalk down through the grating into the sewer. He started back with a troubled look and exclaimed, "There's a guinea gone to h—l." "Ah!" replied Foote, "God knows, Davie, you'll make a guinea go further than any man in the kingdom."

Such are some of the finest spec-

imens of wit. They did not originate in ordinary minds. How often, nowadays, can the man whom society calls witty claim kindred and fellowship with these names? He does not exist. There is a little lesson that may be drawn from the facts in the case, and it may be of profit to many, if heeded. Don't strive to be what you know you never was made to be. Don't think that you possess what is given, at most, to only a dozen in a generation. When this lesson is learned, affectation and foolishness will be somewhat diminished, and people will see that wit, like all other gems, must be rare.

"DO NOBLE DEEDS?"

DREAMING, dreaming, naught but dreaming,
 When there is so much to do,
 With the fields all white for harvest,
 And the laborers so few!

In a world of so much error,
 With so many sins to blight,
 Who can sit an idle dreamer,
 Make no effort for the right?

There is nothing wrong in dreaming
 If it has its proper place,
 If but prompt and noble action
 Ever followeth apace.

Painters work out dreams in pictures,
 Poets' dreams produce sweet songs,
 Each humanity may better
 Help the dawn of peace along.

But earth's lazy, idle dreamers
 Are the drones within the hive,
 Feeding upon others' labor
 Neither dead, nor yet alive.

Dreaming ne'er will lift the fallen,
 Naked clothe or hungry feed,
 Never light the souls in darkness
 Nor bind up the hearts that bleed.

Dreaming ne'er will vanquish error,—
 There must come blow after blow,—
 Ere the giant tree of evil
 Ever will be lying low.

Work, real work, is what is wanted
 All this earthly journey through,
 And, methinks, in yon bright heaven
 Work is the first order, too.

"Hitherto my Father worketh,
 And I work," our Saviour said;
 And I doubt not all those labor
 Whom we mortals count as dead.

Oh, arouse ye dreaming mortals;
 Great the work there is to do,
 And earth's dreamers are too many
 And her workers far too few.

Old Age waiteth just before us,
 Death stands ever at our door,
 "Well done good and faithful servant"
 Be my greeting I implore.

SOCIAL EQUALITY.

BY T. J. B., '79.

WHAT is social equality some one may ask? The question may be answered somewhat after this manner.

It is that condition of life which has been sought after by the human race down through all the ages, from the time when our first parents were driven from the garden of Eden to the present hour, and which has never been obtained.

It is not equal rights before the law, for men may have all the rights the law can give them and then not be socially equal. It is not the equality of riches, for men might be as rich as Dives, or as poor as Lazarus, and still not be socially equal. Nor is it an equality in the simple right of franchise, for the very act of using this destroys the notion of social equality. But why go on enumerating? Social equality is the flower that might indeed have burst into full blossom in Paradise, but which, though budding anew with every summer of the race, has as often been blighted by the selfishness of man. Social equality is the brotherhood of man in every condition of life, and under all circumstances.

And you ask, how can these things be, and do you doubt the possibility of such a change? Then you must doubt the doctrines of Christianity.

It has been fitly said that the conditions of life are always changing. From this it may be inferred that the condition of social inequality will give place to the condition of social equality.

The next question to be answered is, how this change may be accomplished? By sending the searching eye of science, and the warm current of philanthropy into the social relations of man, organizing labor so as to lift the yoke of poverty from the millions, and to wrench the sceptre of tyranny and monopoly from the hands of the few; by reorganizing the whole structure of society; consulting nothing but love in marriage, nothing but friendship in the dealings of man with man, nothing but the genuine feeling of paternity in the relations of old and young, strong and weak, patron and client, master and servant.

Do you say these things are impossible? Then is Christianity impossible. Then is man's destiny a mere blustering tale that is told, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing; then the voices that come as from beyond the grave in the deep tones of bards and prophets, and the soul whispers that seem to come from God, telling of future triumphs and unrealized glories, are but from lying lips and a deceitful tongue.

But no, there is a better faith, a nobler hope, a greater apprehension of the future condition of the race. Do you mark that class of men laboring under the galling bonds of human slavery, toiling on day after day, with no hope and in continual misery, scantily fed and poorly clothed, and sending up that perpetual cry of anguish, "How long, oh, Lord! how long?" Now mark the same men since those manacles have been broken, since they enjoy the fruit of their labor. What a difference there is in the tone of voice that is raised to Heaven,—not wailing and lamentations, but praise and thanksgiving. From these things we may reasonably expect that the whole condition of life will be changed, for we believe that such is the destined condition of mankind upon earth. When man shall realize every ideal, every noble aspiration of his nature; when he shall remove every sorrow and degradation that bow down his spirit to the dust; when science and art,

philosophy and religion, shall crown his head with glory and imparadise his earthly habitation; when the visions of the prophet, the dreams of the poet, the aspirations of the philanthropist, the sacred hopes of the martyr, shall not only fill with admiration the heart of youth, and quicken the sluggish pulses of old age, but shall stand realized in the full and glorious fruition of an imperishable and noble equality,—then shall the sublime mission of Christianity be fulfilled in the brotherhood of mankind, in a sacred and enduring equality.

Then let us exclaim in the language of Fuller: "Oh, Hope, bear us on thy trembling wings to that sublime future; and let thy sister, Faith, touch our eyes with her heaven-piercing power to see those divine images that ever beckon our souls upward to perfection, and fill its chambers with the far-off music and symphony of a new-created world.

RETROSPECTION.

O'ER the hill, by the mill,
Runs a little river,
Where before, in days of yore,
An Indian lost his quiver.

By the stream, half in a dream,
Stands a lovely maiden,
Where before, in days of yore,
Stood a donkey laden.

E. S. K.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

NOTES.

WE can not refer to the work of our library societies without a feeling of pleasure. They have eminently fulfilled the objects for which they were organized. Their tendency, since we have been in College, has been unequivocally for education, discipline, and culture. Their influence, too, has been gratifyingly salutary; binding the students together by pleasant and cultured association, and giving them, to a certain degree, inspiration and encouragement to study. The libraries connected with the societies have provided easy and by no means limited facilities for reading and investigation. The books are fresh and well selected. They are up with the times.

We can praise, though not in so high a degree, the manner in which the meetings of the societies have been conducted. The general outline of the programmes has been entirely satisfactory. Equitable importance, we may say, has been commonly given to the several branches of society work. Declamations, debate, essay writing, etc., have each received their deserved attention. This is all excellent. But is it enough?

We presume the assertion would

not be denied, that the members lack that true, hearty interest in society work which would make every Friday evening meeting a success. Its truth is too evident. Several Friday nights have slipped away when no meetings were held. The members easily excuse their non-attendance. They are too tired; have other work to do; cannot go in to-night. This is all very well for talk.

There is one truth that requires no demonstration: When left to our choice, we always do what we like to; we do what we have an interest to do. If the students could derive more satisfaction in society than elsewhere, could feel that there was the most advantageous place to spend their Friday evenings, of course they would be there. We suppose they have common sense.

There is, then, a reason for their being absent. They have a stronger interest elsewhere. They go there through the action of a greater force. There is nothing strong enough to compel their attendance on society, when inclination is strong enough to attract them elsewhere.

What is the matter, and who is to blame? Doubtless all the members are more or less to blame. The trouble is easy to discover. It is monotony. We, for one, do not

like it. We like a variety in anything. For instance, we think, if necessity demanded it, we could eat baked beans five times a week with a relish; but we should object to have them twenty-one times a week and between meals. It might be better than some board we have seen, but we should call it monotonous.

Monotony is the trouble with our society. Every meeting is alike. You can tell before you go in, who will speak and pretty nearly the order. They are a good deal like some prayer-meetings we have seen. Any regular attendant can predict every tune that will be sung, and can keep ten words ahead in the prayer and exhortation of every good brother. Such meetings are often excellent prayer meetings; for the spirit manifested is good; but they will never do for a society meeting. Society meetings demand freshness, novelty, originality, as well as culture and discipline. When a man is not compelled to do any thing, you must make the work agreeable before he will do it.

Our debates might be more stirring and interesting. As it is now, we have the question given us to discuss, and we are not expected to change it in any way. With this practice we gain no knowledge of parliamentary rules. We acquire no experience in the application of such a motion as the "Previous Question." We learn nothing of "Privileged Questions." We all

know how to make a motion and second it. We all know how to vote. But the most of us can proceed no further into the interstices of parliamentary practice.

A knowledge of parliamentary law is, in these days, quite an accomplishment. It is absolutely indispensable to the public man. To know how to conduct a public meeting properly is far more important than to know much that we are trying to learn.

The application of the various difficult motions in our society debates will create excitement and interest and afford instruction. If such excitement and interest were maintained, and such instruction afforded, we should have good attendance. We have great faith in an energetic trial. Increased interest might be awakened in other departments through ingenuity and effort; but we should be especially pleased to see some such change as we have suggested inaugurated in the debates.

Measures have already been taken to bring about this change in one of our societies. The members of that society have unanimously approved of the innovation. We counsel the use of patience, enthusiasm, and charity, and predict for the departure success.

The college is not a heathen institution. Why, then do we so often hear it said that college life is unfavorable to religious development? A strange inconsistency, isn't it, on

the part of Christian men to spend the labors and the accumulated property of a life-time, in order to found an institution that is to develop infidels and skeptics? Yes, we know this outcry about the religious influence of college life comes, in great measure, from outsiders, who know nothing about it. But it don't come altogether from that source. We hear students, great, strong fellows, too, saying, "I can't live a Christian life in college." What is the trouble? Is college life really unfavorable to religious development? It would be difficult to give any reason why the moral part of our nature can not be developed with the intellectual. It is for the mutual advantage of these two parts of our nature that they be cultivated together.

Whether we consider college life unfavorable to religion depends on what we mean by religion. If we mean cant, then, we rejoice to say, the college is unfavorable to it. But if we mean Christianity, the development of true and noble manhood, then the college is no more unfavorable to it than the world at large. The trouble is, there has been too much cant in the religion of the college student, and not enough genuine Christianity. A student is afraid of being called a "good boy," or in some way of meeting the derision of his fellows. And one thus afraid deserves to be derided. But never yet have we heard Chris-

tian manhood derided by college students.

Is it said that it is hard to be a Christian in college? So is it hard to be a student; yet who says a college is not a good place in which to get an education? Does any one, who has come to college for the purpose of obtaining knowledge and developing the intellect, complain that the way of the college curriculum is a *hard* way in which to attain this end? Does he seek some *easier* way? Why, every one knows that no intellectual development can be obtained without an effort, without a struggle. What a fool is a man to expect moral development without equal effort and struggle! If one seeks true Christian manhood, and is willing to strive for it, he can attain it in college as well as elsewhere.

Men could use more common sense about their religion with advantage. They are too apt to regard religion as something altogether unnatural. But moral progress is just as natural as intellectual. The student, especially, ought to view religion in the light of common sense, and to meet the demands of his moral nature in the same manner in which he meets the demands of his intellectual nature,—with honest, manful effort. To be a Christian is to be a true man. Then why not stand up in the strength of manhood? But how often do college students regard their religion as something to

be covered up,—something about which as little as possible is to be said. We hear them talk with their fellows about their politics and about their studies; why not talk about their religion?

We are glad to see that cant is being driven from our College, and that Christian manhood is taking its place. Who does not rejoice at it? Yet there is more to be done in this direction. If there are true men in college, let them see to it that this work does not stop.

We have little conscience to propose reforms whereby additional labor will be given to our already overworked Faculty, but there is one way in which great good might be done with very little labor.

Every student, on entering college, has an idea in his head of a course of reading. With some this idea, if properly cared for, would accomplish great results; with others, the results would be small, but yet they would be something. But the sad part is that most boys go out of college without having learned how to read, in any such degree as they ought.

Students are to blame. They are not excused here. Nor is any perfect remedy proposed. When self-improvement becomes the one purpose of college boys, then ways and means can be found that shall never fail. Until that happy time arrives, we suggest the following as a partial cure, giving our opinion that, as

something practical, it would be more effective than all the advice crowded into a dozen volumes.

At the beginning of each year, certain ones of the teachers, assisted by the desires and tastes of the student himself, should mark out for each one a course of reading for that year. At the end of the year, let the student be examined on what he has done. Also, and especially, the student's themes for the year should be suggested by his reading, and should be such that he would need to read little else in order to be well informed on the different subjects. As it is now, if one lays out his year's reading, he cannot follow it, for he must read on his subjects for essays and declamations. Essays must be written, and one's own tastes are, to a great degree, set aside.

The Professor is glad to assist a student in any such ways as we here ask for, but the student does not himself realize the importance of it till nearly through his course. "Supervision" is wanted. But into some plan like this we should all enter with enthusiasm.

Our new Professor. How shall his salary be paid? That problem is doubtless puzzling wiser heads than ours, and it will be properly solved, with no help from us; still, as the subject is somewhat interesting, we venture to jot down a few thoughts.

Prof. — must have good pay,

for he is to be a first-class man; but, since he is a young man, and since a Professorship at Bates is a good deal of an honor, his price will not be exorbitant. There are one hundred and ten students at Bates, at the lowest, who actually recite. The catalogue has seventeen more. Now if the tuition, which is at present thirty-six dollars per year, should be raised to fifty, the sum realized from the addition would be fifteen hundred and forty dollars. That would be quite a respectable salary. Of course this does not take into account the students who receive aid. It is here assumed that each one will gladly pay fifty-six dollars, with interest, for the additional value to him of a course at Bates, with another instructor.

Students, speak your minds. Let us see if even among us there can not be a little worldly wisdom, when occasion calls.

On Friday evening, March 28th, occurred the annual Senior Exhibition. The existence of sundry dark and threatening mud-puddles on the walk across the Campus did not prevent a very respectable audience from assembling in the College Chapel on that occasion.

The order of exercises is given below:

MUSIC.

Quartette—O'er the Dark Blue Sea.—*Gooch.*

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

Quartette—Stars of the Summer Night.—*Hatton.*

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---------------|
| 1. Education and the State. | M. C. Smart. |
| 2. Wit. | S. C. Mosely. |

- | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------|
| 3. The Strategy of Providence. | R. F. Johonnett. |
| 4. Shall I Go to the Theatre? | C. M. Sargent. |

MUSIC.

Song—O, Loving Heart, Trust On.—*Gottschalk.*
Mr. Jones.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|----------------|
| 5. Social Equality. | T. J. Bollin. |
| 6. Conscience in Politics. | F. Howard. |
| 7. Fiction as an Educator. | L. M. Perkins. |
| 8. Individuality of Hawthorne. | * E. W. Given. |

MUSIC

Duet—Army and Navy.—*Cooke.*

Mr. Lothrop and Mr. Adams.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------|
| 9. The Spirit Giveth Life. | T. M. Lombard. |
| 10. Catholicism in America. | F. P. Otis. |
| 11. Civil Service Reform. | E. M. Briggs. |
| 12. Antiquity of America. | * W. E. Ranger. |

MUSIC.

Quartette—There's Nothing Like a Freshening Breeze.—*Randegger.*

* Excused.

We will not undertake a separate criticism of each one, but of the whole we would say "well done," and content ourselves with giving special notice to a few.

For logical clearness the oration of Smart was especially excellent, but it lacked force in the delivery. *The* oration of the evening was Johonnett's; his otherwise fine oratory, however, bore the appearance of being somewhat forced. Mosely and Perkins evidently interested the audience and held their close attention. Otis dealt decisively with facts of real importance, and rendered his part with energy. Briggs's part deserves to be ranked among the best, in spite of a degree of pomposity in the delivery.

Excellent music was furnished by a male quartette of local talent.

The Prize Declamations of the Sophomore class occurred March 21st, 25th, and 27th. Hitherto, the

annual Sophomore declamations have been delivered in the Main Street Free Baptist Church. That custom having been discontinued by vote of the Faculty, they were delivered this year for the first time in the College Chapel, and notwithstanding the bad state of the traveling, the house was, every evening, well filled. Below are the programmes for the three divisions:

FIRST DIVISION.

Quartette: To Thee, O Country.—*Eichberg*
PRAYER.

Quartette: The Stars in Heaven.—*Rheinberger*.

1. Kossuth.—*H. Mann*.
R. E. Gilkey.
2. Defense of Webster.—*Clayton*.
F. C. Emerson.
3. The Ballot Box.—*Chapin*.
J. H. Goding.

Duet: May Bells and Flowers.—*Mendelssohn*.
Miss Bumpus and Mrs. Robie.

4. The Battle-flag Resolution.—*Schurz*.
F. A. Twitchell.
5. Progress of Humanity.—*Sumner*.
W. W. Hayden.
6. Revolutionary Orators.—*Choate*.
H. B. Nevens.

Quartette: Humpty Dumpty.—*Caldicott*.

7. Nations and Humanity.—*Curtis*.
F. Wood.
8. Reply to Eulogies upon Jefferson Davis.—
Chandler.
W. T. Perkins.
9. Death of the Old Sergeant.—*Willson*.
A. D. Gray.

Song: Yeoman's Wedding Song.—*Poniatowski*.
T. J. Adams.

10. The Duty of American Citizens.—*Storrs*.
C. L. McCleery.
11. Eulogy on O'Connell.—*Wendell Phillips*.
D. McGillicuddy.
12. Rizpah.—*Blinn*.
M. Kate Pike.

Quartette: Gypsy Life.—*Schumann*.

Decision of Committee.

COMMITTEE OF AWARD.

J. B. Cotton, Esq., P. C. Keegan, Esq., R. R. Ricker, M.D.

SECOND DIVISION.

Quartette: Joyous Life.—*Randegger*.

PRAYER.

Song: Saved from the Storm.—*Barri*.
Mrs. Robie.

1. Address to Kentucky Volunteers.—*Holt*.
O. H. Drake.

2. Popular Interest in Elections.—*McDuffie*.
J. E. Holton.

3. The Duty of American Citizens.—*Storrs*.
C. L. McCleery.

Quartette: Medley.

4. Fall and Recovery of Man.—*Evans*.
G. E. Lowden.

5. Await the Issue.—*Carlyle*.
J. H. Parsons.

6. Poetry and Enthusiasm.—*Robertson*.
W. C. Hobbs.

Duet: The Fishermen.—*Gabussi*.

Mr. Lothrop and Mr. Adams.

7. Concord and Lexington.—*Curtis*.
C. S. Haskell.

8. Grecian Literature.—*Macaulay*.
W. J. Brown.

9. The Progress of Society.—*Channing*.
W. B. Perkins.

Song: The Wood Nymph's Call.—*Williams*.
Miss Bumpus.

Flute Obligato. Mr. Lothrop.

10. Victor of Marengo.—*Clark*.
E. T. Pitts.

11. Results of the American War.—*Fox*.

12. Centennial Oration.—*Brown*.
H. E. Foss.

Quartette: Song of the Sky Lark.—*Mendelssohn*.

Decision of Committee.

COMMITTEE OF AWARD.

L. G. Jordan, A.M., Prof. S. W. Ingalls, A. M. Garcelon, M.D.

THIRD DIVISION.

Quartette: Spring is Coming.—*Goldbeck*.

PRAYER.

Duet: Holy Mother, Guide his Footsteps.—
Wallace.

Miss Bumpus and Mrs. Robie.

1. Grit.—*Whipple*.
G. L. Record.

2. South Carolina and Massachusetts.—*Webster*.
B. S. Rideout.

3. Richelieu.—*Anon*.
H. S. Roberts.

Song: On to the Field of Glory.—*Donizetti*.
Mr. Lothrop.

4. Charles Sumner.—*Schurz*.
C. W. Williams.

5. Unjust National Acquisitions.—*Corwin*.
Oscar Davis.

6. The Progress of Society.—*Channing*.
W. P. Perkins.

Quartette: Nursery Rhyme.—*Caldicott*.

7. The Flag Restored on Sumter.—*Beecher*.
Reuel Robinson.

8. The Memory of Washington.—*Everett*.
H. E. Coolidge.

9. Eulogy on O'Connell.—*Phillips*.
D. McGillicuddy.

Song: The Wood Nymph's Call.—*Williams*.
Miss Bumpus.

Flute Obligato. Mr. Lothrop.

10. The Battle Flag Resolution.—*Schurz.*
F. A. Twitchell.
11. Extracts from Kossuth. F. R. Baker.
12. Centennial Oration.—*Brown.*
Quartette: Day Break.—*J. C. D. Parker.*
Awarding of Prize.

COMMITTEE OF AWARD.

Rev. Father Wallace, W. K. Oakes, M.D.,
Rev. L. Reynolds.

At the close of the Declamations by the First Division, the Committee of Award remained out a long time without being able to come to a decision; but at length, to the evident satisfaction of the audience, Messrs. McGillicuddy and Twitchell were put over to contend for the prize in the Third Division.

Perkins rendered Zach. Chandler's late Congressional speech in such a manner as to allow us easily to imagine ourselves in the Halls of Congress listening to its original delivery. Gray adapted himself with remarkable success to a very difficult dramatic selection. Miss Pike has a rich voice and fine elocutionary and dramatic talent, but the effect of her declamation was marred by being spoken, at times, in too low a tone to be heard in all parts of the house.

From the Second Division, Perkins and Foss were chosen to contend for the prize in the Third. Pitts' rendering of the Victor of Mar-engo, was decidedly thrilling, and the parts of Messrs. Lowden, Parsons, Haskell, and Brown are worthy of special attention. The result of the final contest was the awarding of the prize to McGillicuddy, who is evidently a "born" orator. His most distinguishing characteris-

tics are his entire absorption in the spirit of his declamation and his apparent reserve power—the two combining to give him the appearance of one expressing his own thoughts rather than the words of another committed to memory.

Of the others, special mention is due to Perkins, whose mechanical execution is remarkably graceful, but who would have been more successful if he had attracted the attention of his audience less to the execution and proportionally more to the sentiment.

The Committee of Award made honorable mention of Record—whose method of delivery, by the way, is quite unique and pleasing—Perkins, Twitchell, and Foss.

The exercises as a whole were decidedly creditable, both to the participants and to their instructor. There were, however, noticeable in each division frequent mispronunciations, notably of foreign words.

We would like to call attention to one thing more. While the majority of the declamations had evidently been cut down to the regulation, 700 words, there were several—the more deliberate rendering of which was not sufficient to account for the fact that their delivery occupied much more time than others. It is certainly but fair that all be served alike in this matter.

Very enjoyable music was furnished for the three divisions by the Schumann Quartette.

LOCALS.

Winter hates to let go.

No recitations Fast Day.

Now for croquet and base-ball.

Did you see anything of vacation?

'82 has a new member, B. Murch.

Only four Freshmen live in Parker Hall.

Indication of spring—the firing of the Campus.

An '82 man defines a cube as "anything that's square."

McKenney, '82, has charge of the Reading Room for this term.

The Juniors recite twice a day in Zoölogy. German at eleven.

A public meeting of the Polymnian will probably be held some time this term.

Twenty-four of the Sophomores take Calculus. The remainder continue their French.

No. 40 Parker Hall, with a back room adjoining it, has been fitted up for a recitation room.

Prof. Angell is to build a residence the coming summer, on his lot corner of College and Frye Sts.

Our College amateur bird stuffers will soon have plenty to do. We have one or two quite ornithologists.

The Juniors have voted to celebrate Ivy Day. We hope their ivy will be *as* flourishing as that of '79.

We hope soon to enjoy the upper Chapel for devotional exercises.

The Freshmen are discussing the advisability of purchasing class caps.

The *canes* were not so very bad looking after all. *They* ought not to be blamed.

The nine have made arrangements for a series of games with the Brunonians of Brown University.

The Faculty are said to have made several interesting (?) discoveries in their recent examination of Parker Hall.

An account of the Sophomore Debate, held on Wednesday evening, April 16th, will appear in our next number.

We have needed the luxury of that sidewalk. It would have saved many wet feet, and more wicked interjections.

A critical observer states that the new fledged pedestrians have worn the Gymnasium floor to the depth of half an inch.

It was never discovered how sweetly the Juniors could smile until they got into the circuit of the galvanic battery.

Donovan, formerly of '80, has been visiting his old classmates and friends at the College. He is now stopping at his home in Lisbon. At the late town election, he was the Greenback Democratic candidate for Supervisor of Schools.

"In-a-certain-sense."

Strout has come back.

The Sophomore Prize Debates are to occur, this term, in five divisions.

Some of the recitation rooms have been greatly improved during the vacation by whitewash and paint.

Prof. Stanton's lectures on Ornithology to the Sophomore class are also attended by several "Upper Classmen."

Our change, restricting the literary and enlarging the editorial department, is very favorably received by our subscribers.

Given, '79, has been employed to teach the High School at Mechanic Falls. He is a teacher of accurate scholarship, and of large and successful experience.

During the closing week of last term, Prof. Stanton gave the Freshmen several interesting talks upon the races and theaters of the ancients.

Two '80 men, by the act of *habeas corpus*, have conclusively demonstrated that a sheep has no incisors in the upper jaw. This is a newly discovered fact.

How pleasant it is, in the calm, stilly night,
 When engaged in somniferous growls,
 To be ruthlessly torn from sleep's sweet embrace
 By a Sophomore's murderous howls!
 May sleep never visit the villainous two
 Who stole those troublesome beds;
 May the vengeance of Somnus forever descend
 Upon their unmerciless heads.

Rundlett, '77, in the late "go-as-you-please" pedestrian contest at Dover, N. H., won the first prize of \$50, and made the best time ever made in New England.

We hope the students generally patronized the "mum" party at Main Street Church. There are a score or more in College who need a prolonged course in just such discipline.

Morality is not wholly dead at Bates. One student, who had considerable coal "borrowed" of himself, rejoices that the conscience-smitten "borrower" has made return with usury.

The Business Manager has finally returned to his studies. All business connected with the STUDENT will be attended to by him, and all mistakes in the delivery of any number will be promptly rectified, upon notice of the mistake being given to him.

Bean, '80, has been engaged to teach the High School at Bowdoinham village. His former excellent success will warrant the prophecy of a prosperous term. We wish him the best of good luck, and are sorry to be deprived of the presence of so valuable a *bean*.

On Thursday evening, April 10th, the Seniors met at Rod's room and enjoyed another of their jollifications. Apples, oranges, peanuts, cigars, etc., constituted the treat. Jokes and songs enlivened the affair. At this meeting, Tuttle was

elected Odist, to fill the vacancy occasioned by Felch's leaving College. The class also voted, if permission is granted, that the Chapel exercises, on the morning of the last day of the present term, be conducted by the class Chaplain.

Class in Political Economy, discussing the reduction in the tobacco tax: Anxious Student (who is an inveterate smoker)—“Do you really think, Professor, that the new legislation will lower the price of tobacco?” Too suggestive to refrain from applause.

It was recently stated in a recitation in Zoölogy that if food, as beef steak, were applied exteriorly to the body, the absorbing powers of the system would draw nutriment enough to sustain life. Here is a chance for some of the “indigent” students to economize in board.

The choir have begun the No. 2, and propose to sing the pieces in regular order. They may have to sing two selections some mornings in order to complete the book and prepare for examination. We suggest that new books would not be a bad investment for *somebody* (?).

The following talent has been engaged for Commencement: Orator, T. W. Higginson; for the Concert,—Soprano, Miss Henrietta Beebe; Contralto, Miss Anna Drasdil; Tenor, Mr. Tom Karl; Basso, Mr. M. W. Whitney; Cornet Soloist, “Shubruk”; Violin Soloist, Edward Remenji; S. L. Studley, Accompanist.

The Princeton nine announce that they will probably play in Providence, June 4th; and that after examination, if arrangements can be satisfactorily made, they intend to make a visit to Maine, and play Bowdoin, Colby, and Bates. Our nine will be glad to welcome them, if they can come before the summer vacation, which begins about the end of June.

A. E. Tuttle informs us that on account of an unexpected delay in getting the illustrations, the *Garnet* has not yet made its appearance, but will soon. He hopes to receive a hearty response from the students, and especially from the Alumni, as it promises to be a most interesting publication. All orders should be at once addressed to A. E. Tuttle, Manager of *Garnet*.

The Librarian informs us, in reference to an editorial that appeared in the March number, that it would cost in the neighborhood of a thousand dollars to catalogue the Library. He authorizes us to say also that if the students will raise that sum, either by “self-denial in the matter of glass-breaking and door-smashing,” or in any other way, the Library shall have a catalogue.

We were a little hasty last month in announcing the demise of the Glee Club. In the words of Daniel Webster it “still lives.” Its existence, however, seems to be precarious. It has a tired look. But we hope that the approach of warm

weather and tender nursing will restore its pristine health and vigor, and that we may hear the voices of its members once more raised to "Drive dull care away."

On the evening of March 26th, a reception was tendered to the Junior class and friends by Dr. Bowen and lady at their residence on College St. Everything united to make it a wholly enjoyable occasion. The entire freedom of conversation and bearing on the part of all was sufficient indication of the social pleasure afforded to every one by the free and generous hospitality of the host and hostess. We know the entertainment was most happily appreciated by all.

A pious individual, reputed to be of unusually narrow intellectual capacity, was, one night, after a prayer-meeting in a neighboring rural locality, malignantly set upon and insulted by a crowd of boys. Our weak-minded friend thereupon delivered them a highly appropriate lecture upon the error of their ways, and his peroration was in these words: "Thar, boys, ef yer don't quit bein' so dretful mean and wicked, yer'll go one o' these days whar there's *whippin' and whalin' and snatchin' out teeth.*"

The closing week of last term had enough diversion to suit the most fastidious. It was an era of eloquence. Never before, in our remembrance, has oratory so taxed the physical

structure of Hathorn Hall. But the timbers are yet strong, and the roof is still in position. This happy result may have been due to the extra facilities for ventilation which the Chapel affords. We fear, however, that the last week fostered the culture of eloquence to the detriment of scholarship. The morning recitations were beautifully illustrated by *cuts*, and by several *somniferous views* of great suggestiveness. We trust that the Profs., in making out the rank for that week, have considered this great truth, viz.: That the cultivation of the intellectual, oratorical, and social sides of one's nature, all at the same time, is especially trying, and that great mercy ought to be extended.

On the evening of March 19th, the Seniors, accompanied by ladies, assembled, in response to an invitation, at the residence of Prof. Angell and lady. After spending an agreeable season in conversation and in looking at the Professor's fine collection of pictures, the company were summoned to the dining-room and there partook of a bountiful repast. A brief time after, R. F. Johonnett brought forward an elegant picture—a fine large steel engraving of Raphael's *Aurora*, neatly and richly framed—and presented to the Professor, to his complete surprise. Mr. Johonnett, in behalf of the class, spoke of the high esteem that Prof. Angell had won from every member of '79, by

his constant kindness, earnest labor, and kind encouragement. The Professor feelingly responded, and at the same time alluded to the pleasant relations that had always existed between him and the class. The presentation of this token of esteem to Prof. Angell had long been the intention of the class, and this occasion was deemed a fitting opportunity to fulfil the intention. Thanks to the entertainment of the agreeable host and hostess, the company passed a most pleasant evening. '79 regards this as one of the happiest occasions of its College course, and will ever remember it with pleasurable feelings.

We hope not to have to record another such shameful occurrence as the assault made by a town rough upon one of the College boys, on the evening of March 20th. These are the facts in the case. Five Juniors, on their way to a circle, were overtaken on College Street by a fellow who was at first recognized as a classmate. He was familiarly addressed, but nothing whatever insulting was said. A separation occurred at Frye Street. Hardly had the Juniors crossed College to Frye, when the rough, having passed down College Street, threw a beer bottle, hitting one of the five upon the side of the head. The wound was severe. The cartilage of the ear was perforated, and an ugly gash cut behind the ear. Owing to the suddenness and unexpectedness

of the assault, the rough, who was slightly intoxicated, escaped. The party assaulted has now recovered. But, alas, for the author of the *Journal* narrative! We don't know how he could have got more false statements into his version, if he had tried. By his narrative, one would hardly know but that the students themselves were drunk, and rough standing up for his rights. It is not very pleasant to those who were unavoidably mixed up in the affair, to have the published account of it contain so many false statements and suspicious speculations. We hope his future efforts, where the College boys are involved, will have a little better grammar and a little more truth.

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:

When I came to the University, I first called on President Porter. His answer to my questions about the instruction for graduate students was an earnest "You shall be satisfied." This promise I found the instructors ready to fulfil.

BATES is not a *terra incognita*. The first time I met the Secretary, he showed me my name and address copied in full from an old catalogue. The inquiries made by Professor

Sumner and others for Harris and Wood assured me that those gentlemen have secured a welcome for our Alumni.

Professor Lounsbury's first question was, "Do you read German?" He soon had me at work on my mother-tongue with a German grammar, German text, and German lexicon. Is it not strange that the only periodicals devoted to English philology and literature are *Anglia* and *Englische Studien*, both German? After committing Karl Körner's Formenlehre, I read the Anglo-Saxon version of John's Gospel to acquire a vocabulary. Since completing that, the Professor has assigned three texts at a lesson,—standard Anglo-Saxon prose, poetry, and Early English or some dialect. We have taken up Alfric's Homilies, King Alfred's version of Paulus Orosius, Cynewulf's Elene, the Psalter, Treatise on Astronomy, Leechdoms, and several legends of the holy rood. My work on texts after the Norman Conquest includes the preparation of a vocabulary of the Romance forms, a summary showing the percentage of words coming from the French, and the proportion of foreign words to each of the parts of speech. I am fortunate in being the only student in this department, since I have the Professor all to myself, and have no competition in drawing books from the Library.

Sumner is the most positive man in the University; and his power in

securing the attention and forcing conviction is marvelous. Sumner graduated from Yale in 1863, and afterwards studied philosophy at Oxford and Göttingen. After fitting for the ministry, he took orders in the Church of England; but his articles on finance soon got the upper hand of his sermons. Sumner is vehement against democracy, when opposed to constitutional liberty; against the protective tariff; and against paper money. He is an English or scientific economist, in contrast with Professor Walker, who represents the continental school. Sumner insists strongly upon the value of mathematical training, as a preparation for political economy—a science that deals with ratios and variables. For blackboard illustrations, he makes use of the mathematical method developed independently by Jevons and Walras. By curves, abscissas, and ordinates, he makes perfectly clear the phenomena of supply and demand, monopoly, the law of diminishing return, etc. Imagine the Professor's triumph, when he proves the mathematical absurdity of protection! He not infrequently earns a cheer from the class.

Whatever credit the young student may be disposed to give political economy as an exact science, he can not fail to acknowledge Sumner as master in sociology and finance. His course with the graduate students this year has included: A

course of lectures on the origin and use of money, legal tender, bimetalism, and banking; a second course on the financial and political history of the United States; and Spencer's Social Statics. He reviewed Spencer's ultra democratic views very thoroughly, and pronounced his derivation of a first principle entirely fruitless.

America's great scholar, the man Yale tries to monopolize, by saying *our* Whitney is now in Germany publishing a Sanskrit Grammar. I look forward to a year under him as the greatest privilege of the course.

Z.

New Haven, Ct., Mar. 19, '79.

Editors of the Student:

Gentlemen,—Allow me to call attention to the esteem in which our Professor of Mathematics is held in the College. The effort that he makes to help students understand and like the work, can but meet their approval. No man could do his work more faithfully. The sentiment of our class is, as you know, that he has merited and won our high regard.

Beginning with us, he has steadily tried to raise the standard of Mathematics in the course; and the results show success that must be satisfactory even to him. The number of Sophomores who take Calculus this term does honor both to the class and to the Professor.

It must be acknowledged that

Professor Rand has labored under difficulties. Nearly all the fitting schools that supply Bates have given Mathematics a secondary place in their courses, and students have come here with a decided aversion to this branch of study. But even the Professor's influence is perceptible, in the increased attention beginning to be given to Algebra and Geometry in the fitting schools. We very heartily wish the Professor success.

JUNIOR.

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.]

'72.—Married at Lewiston, on Wednesday, April 2d, by Rev. Dr. Bowen, Mr. J. A. Jones and Miss Addie Skinner, both of Lewiston.

'74.—F. B. Stanford, the originator and first editor of the *STUDENT*, has now a permanent position on the *Independent*, to which he has been a contributor during the past four or five years. Mr. Stanford is the author of the story, entitled "A Shadow of Doubt," which, appearing in an issue of the *Independent* in September, 1877, attracted considerable attention and was republished abroad in the *London Chronicle*. Mr. S., being very young when he graduated from College five years ago, has attained a high position at an unusually early age. At this rate of progress, we may safely predict

for him a highly honorable literary career.

'76.—H. Woodbury has just entered the Bowdoin Medical School.

'76.—D. J. Callahan has been re-elected as a member of the Lewiston Board of Aldermen.

'77.—Mr. F. F. Phillips and Miss J. R. North, last month, closed a very successful year as Principal and First Assistant in the Rockland High School. They will continue in the same positions during the ensuing year.

'78.—F. D. George, of the Theological School, taught, during the past winter, in Bath.

'78.—J. Q. Adams, also of the Theological School, taught the winter term in Georgetown Village.

'78.—C. E. Hussey visited his friends at the College during the latter part of March. He still retains his position as Principal of the High School at Milton Mills, N. H.

'78.—A. M. Flagg is at his home in Auburn.

EXCHANGES.

We like the new dress of the *Rochester Campus*.

The last number of the *Pennsylvania College Monthly* gives a rather big dose of prize essay. Nevertheless, it is quite an interesting number. The article on College Influence contains practical common-sense. We are inclined, however, to deplore the dearth of editorial matter. The local items are short

and possess a good degree of sprightliness.

We hardly know what to say of the *Vidette*. We don't feel like criticising it severely, for it is innocent; it hasn't said anything in particular. And that, in fact, is the principal fault we have to find with it. We wish it would say more. "Dean Swift, a Paradox," is a well written article, showing the many conflicting elements in the character of the great Dean.

The *Tyro* from the Canada Literary Institute is but in part a college paper, since most of its literary matter is selected. The contributed articles on Voltaire and George Elliot are worthy of a college paper. But isn't it rather thin to spread less than a column of locals over two columns?

The *Madisonensis* has some very sensible ideas about the object of prizes: viz., that

"The virtue lies
In the struggle not the prize,"

and that all the competitors for any prize, may, by their strenuous efforts and the development thus obtained, gain the prize. The writer of "Cowardice in Journalism," makes a spirited attack upon the partisan meanness of the American newspapers, and their underhanded attacks upon character. The author of the article about the "German Mind," appears to have studied German literature and German character, and to have profited by it.

After the college press has duly mourned the decease of the *College Rambler*, and many a touching obituary has been written, behold, here it is alive again. We welcome it back. But we can't help a feeling of pity, that after having had one peaceful death it should come back again to the hardships of life. After, as we presume, having tormented it all its lifetime, the college papers gathered round its grave and sobbed, "How much we loved it!" And now that it has come to life again those loving friends will doubtless see how much they can abuse it.

The *Acta Columbiana* is one of the most unique of our exchanges. It is distinctively a college paper. It never contains heavy articles. 'Tis true, its pages are sometimes occupied by matter of too light and trifling character. But the present (March) number avoids that extreme, and is to us a very interesting number. The *Acta* has made some of the most pleasing contributions to college poetry. In the present number, "A College Day" is an excellent poem of its kind. "Scribblings of a Sloper" contains some sensible ideas, pleasantly expressed.

Good-bye to the editors of the *Argus*. Congratulations for having succeeded so well in their work.

The *Hillsdale Herald* is a weekly paper. In criticising it, allowance must, of course, be made for the frequency of its publication; yet, with its eight editors, it ought to be

made more interesting. It is at present in Vol. I. We hope age will make an improvement in it.

We don't want to say anything about the exchange editor of the *Niagara Index*. Too much has already been said. But we cannot help feeling much surprise that various college papers take so much notice of him. It is very evident to us that he enjoys the cheap notoriety occasioned by his peevish, senseless tirades. Unable to be great in anything else, he seems resolved to be the greatest fool in the college world. Can we not all congratulate him upon his success? College papers can pass the most effectual, as well as the most deserving, criticism upon his petulant sallies, by silence. This is not a criticism upon the Exchange Department of the *Niagara Index*; we have nothing to say about that. It is a criticism upon the college press for allowing itself to be deluded, by a childish device, into noticing that paper.



OTHER COLLEGES.

DARTMOUTH.

The religious interest still continues, and meetings are held throughout the week.

A concert was given by the Hutchinson family, on the evening of Feb. 25th, in aid of the new Gymnasium.

Professor Hardy is to deliver a lecture, entitled "A Night in Southern Spain," the proceeds of which are to go to the Base-Ball Club.

It is rumored that all studies are to be made elective, the division into classes to be abandoned, and each student's position to be determined by semi-annual examinations.

The University Nine is to have a new uniform,—gray, trimmed with green. They intend to make a tour the last of May, when they expect to play Harvard, Amherst, Brown, and possibly Yale.

Co-education, from a social standpoint at least, is a success. It has reached the point here, when no longer do the boys sit in a row by themselves, and the girls in another row by themselves. Now, like the lion and the lamb, sit they down together in alternate chairs, to hear the words of wisdom from the lips of our Professor.—*Berkeleyan*.

WESLEYAN.

Essays are now required every four weeks; formerly they were required every two weeks.

It is probably that a boat crew will be sent to the Hudson next Fourth of July.

Each Sophomore engaged in the late cane rush is to receive thirty demerits. The Freshmen also are to receive slight discipline. The blame of the affair is laid by the *Argus* chiefly upon the latter class.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Yale publishes the only college daily.

Bowdoin is to have a new Gymnasium.

Rutgers is said to have the finest collection of coins in the country.

The *Bowdoin Orient* reports good interest in boating, but not very flattering prospects for base-ball.

Six Vassar girls have been married this year,—each of them preferring to become a MA, rather than an A. B.—*Ex*.

Candidates for the Freshman crew at Harvard, rise at 7 A.M., and walk until 7.40; at 2.30 P.M., they row 800 strokes, and at 4.30 run half an hour.

The young Chinaman, who is being educated at Andover, at the expense of the Chinese government, was reported for neglect of duty. The reply came, "Send him home and we will behead him."—*Ex*.

Foreign nations are represented at Leipsic as follows: Austria, seventy-one; Russia, sixty-one; Switzerland, forty-nine; Great Britain, nineteen; Greece, fourteen; France, four; the United States, sixty-seven.—*Ex*.

Look out for the local editor. A Senior, who thought himself the subject of an article among the "Locals" of the *Yale News*, recently attacked the local editor of that paper. That Senior hasn't been seen out of his room since.

CLIPPINGS.

Prof. in logic—"What is the universal negative?" Student—"Not prepared."—*Ex.*

Young ladies who receive A. B. have a decided advantage over the gentlemen. We know one who was M.A. in less than a year after graduation.—*Ex.*

Absent-minded Tutor—"Has-ah the ah bell blown yet, Mr. Q——?" Nervous Freshman—"No, sir; I think not, sir; but the whistle has rung, sir!" (General wooding up.)—*Acta.*

A paper innocently asks if there is any harm in sitting in the laps(e) of ages. We think it depends entirely upon the ages, and should say that the ages between 17 and 25 are extremely hazardous.—*Ex.*

A sparkling young debater, in a flight of eloquence, exclaimed: "Mr. President, the world is divided into two great classes, the learned and the unlearned, one of whom I am which."—*University Missourian.*

Latin room: Professor—"What gender is *sal*?" Several Juniors—"Feminine gender." Professor—"The members of the class are evidently more familiar with the word in English than in Latin. In Latin, *Sal* is neuter."—*Pa. Monthly.*

Recitation in Milton: Prof.—"Do you remember, sir, any other passage in your reading where the Leviathan is mentioned?" Nobby Junior (a

future D.D.)—"Yes, sir; it is mentioned in Holy Scripture as swallowing Job." (Blue lights.)—*Acta.*

A certain Junior is in the habit of amusing himself during recitation by tenderly stroking his few sprouting responsibilities. The other day, the Professor, seeing that his mind was thus diverted from its proper work, gently reminded him that he was "devoting too much time to *side issues.*"—*Olio.*

A man saw a ghost while walking along a lonely highway at midnight. The ghost stood exactly in the middle of the road, and the wayfarer, deciding to investigate, poked at it with his umbrella. The next instant he was knocked twenty feet into a mud-hole. Moral: Never poke at a large white mule when its back is turned.—*Ex.*

MOTHER GOOSE FOR GOOD LITTLE FRESHMEN.

Rock-a-by Freshy up in the wet sheet,
When the Sophs jerk it his head and toes meet,
But when the sheet rips—tell it soft, under
breath,
Or Stephen will surely "be in at the death."

Little Tommy Gibbs
Cried for his cribs,
Where do Freshmen hide them?
Under their bibs.

How can he make them
Without any tape?
And how without them
Can Tommy escape?

Montague Dumpty stood on his dignity,
And the tutor who flunked him showed much
of malignity,
But all the trustees and the bold aldermen
Cannot put M. Dumpty in college again.

Ride a swift course to Banbury Cross
To see little Freshy upon his Greek Horse,
Rings on his fingers, and cribs on his clothes,
And he will get *Maxes* wherever he goes.
—*Acta.*

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