

11-1878

The Bates Student - volume 06 number 09 - November 1878

Bates College

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Recommended Citation

Bates College, "The Bates Student - volume 06 number 09 - November 1878" (1878). *The Bates Student*. 2160.
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THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. VI.

NOVEMBER, 1878.

No. 9.

COMPARATIVE VALUE OF THE STUDY OF SECULAR AND
RELIGIOUS HISTORY.

BY A. T. SALLEY, '75.

HISTORY is the philosophy, narration the photograph of human life. History explains, narration records what is unexplained. In other words, history is the philosophy of narration.

Once it was a mere chronicle, often enlarging the mole-hills of incident into mountains, and enveloping the mountain ranges of causes and forces in clouds of utter misapprehension. Narrative makes Luther the soul and body of the Reformation. History makes him the right hand which a deep, pervasive, and intelligent spirit of reform thrust out through the darkness of his times.

But history is more than philosophy. It is *development*.

All life springs from germs. There are no exceptions. Rolled up in each tiny seed is a parchment from the eternal Architect, on which is drawn a plan of the plant's subse-

quent life, growth, and development. The unrolling of this parchment constitutes the true botanical history of plant life. Therefore in living nature, development is the very essence of history. But what is true of a plant, so far as growth and development are concerned, is acknowledged to be true of a man; and what is true of a man is true of a nation. Human history, therefore, is both philosophical and progressive.

But to understand it in its different departments another thought is required.

For the ultimate sources of all phenomena in organized bodies we must look to the powers of the human soul. These are the avenues through which proceed all responsible action, the nuclei around which gather and organize the abundant material of all time. These are the nimble weavers who stand beside

the vast web of the world's record, cast its shuttles, and determine its numberless shades.

In instituting a comparison between religious and secular annals, we are forced to confess that the contributions of the former to our knowledge of philosophy are infinitely more abundant than those of the latter. The present never furnishes data sufficient to found a philosophical system. We must have recourse to the past. The broader forms of speculative thought, which seek an explanation of the origin and present condition of the universe, usually ascribe its existence to God and characterize its aim as moral, a fact which renders them part and parcel of religious history. Even that thought which is wholly or in part materialistic is so associated with the moral sentiment of the age in which it exists as to fall within the same department.

The world's philosophies have been largely the product either of faith or atheism. These systems, with their mutual conflicts, belong exclusively to religious history.

Passing from philosophy to science, we find the materials afforded by religious history to the study of philology invaluable. In India it was the stock of spiritual devotion that blossomed into the rich Sanscrit literature. In Egypt, a misguided faith cut living characters in the solid rock and preserved for us her mysterious language.

The earliest literature of the race records the story of an awakening spiritual life. For the window which the soul first opens looks heavenward. It was the piety of Zoroaster that embalmed the Zend, and the pen of holy Ulphilas that transmitted the earliest fragments of the Germanic tongue.

But not alone to the science of philology does this department richly contribute. A complete explanation of the rise, growth, and perfection of architecture is impossible without recourse to its sources of abundant information. When the ascending sun looks forth from the sand clouds of Arabia, the first to greet him is vocal Memnon and the sepulchral monuments of a faith that lived and stirred in men forty centuries ago. To-day the rock-hewn temples of India afford the same retreat as when thronged by devotees in ages long since past. During those dark periods, when in hovels of poverty the crimson hand of war rocked the cradles of hope, and in palaces of luxury adjusted royal diadems, when the white hand of peace was never seen, religious zeal found expression in one of the noblest forms of architectural beauty. The Gothic spires of Europe constitute a chief feature of her monumental record. The religious fervor of the early church crystalized in the magnificent structures of Santa Sophia, Notre Dame, Westminster Abbey, and the Cathedral of Cologne.

But what is true of architecture is true of sculpture. The Grecian artists stand unrivalled in the matchless productions of their chisels; and yet Grecian art was born of her theism, and from thence drew her best ideals. Since the days of Phidias, no sculptor has dared wholly to disregard the prevailing faith; for to be truly natural in art, is to be deeply religious.

We may claim still more. The religious records of our race propound stupendous problems. Even the enigmas of statesmanship fade away before the deep mysteries of the City of God. They also present man in the sphere of his highest development. The growth and significance of man's moral nature are

themes of transcending interest. For they involve all that is divine in human existence. Religious history records the slow but sure infusion of the divine spirit into the chaos of human life. And as the seal of its mighty scroll is broken, there stretches out before us a wild sea of turbulence and blood, out of which slowly rise the lengthening coast lines of clear religious thought, and the distant back-ground of stable institutions. On the horizon still rest the massive clouds of superstition; but they are arched by a bow from the rising sun of progress. And we clearly see how

“Thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the
process of the suns.”

THE BROOKLET.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

THOU brooklet, silver-bright and clear,
Thou hastenest ever past me, here,
Upon thy bank. I wonder how
Thou camest here? Where goest thou?

“From the bosom dark of the rock came I;
O'er flower and moss my course doth lie;
Hovering upon my mirror true
Is the picture of the heavenly blue.

Therefore my mind is free as air;
It drives me forth, I know not where,
But, he who called me from the stone,
He ne'er will let my way be lone.”

C. M. WARNER, '77.

A RAMBLE AND A REVERIE.

BY W. E. R., '79.

ONE Saturday morning the train left me at the depot of the little town in which I was to teach the fall term of school. That day's afternoon was bright and beautiful; Nature's invitation to a ramble could not be resisted. I quitted the village, and choosing an apparently little frequented road, I walked on, with my thoughts as bright and joyous as that day of sunshine. Out upon that solitary road, in the edge of a forest, which skirted the road and extended over a long range of hills, I came to an old and much dilapidated house. One or two shutters hung loosely, as if waiting to be rattled by the wind. A tangled mass of rose bushes nearly choked the path leading to the door. Not dreaming that this isolated building was inhabited, I approached and peered in the window. At a table, partially covered with books, sat a man gazing upon the picture of a woman. He showed the ravages of grief rather than of age, and in his intellectual face was written such deep, unutterable sorrow, that I started back in fear and pity. As I withdrew from the yard and proceeded along the road, my mind was filled with questioning thoughts, for one glance into the face of that strange man, showed that noble thoughts, tender joy, blasted hope,

and bitter grief had left their traces there. Thus men, in whose brain has gleamed the light of lofty thought, and in whose heart has throbbled the purest emotions, live voluntary exiles to the sympathy of man, and regarded by him as retired and unsocial. How little we know of the inner life of each other!

I turned from the highway; for there one feels not alone, he may meet some traveler. I wandered through a grove of pines to where I could enjoy the sunshine together with the company of the trees. This spot was a favorite haunt of mine on Saturday afternoons, during that autumn. In a ramble one does not experience the richest enjoyment, unless he carries in some favorite secluded retreat. Trees, like pleasant friends, seem dearer the longer the acquaintance. Allured by the dreamy spirit of the place, I reclined upon earth's faithful bosom. The sunlight, softly stealing through the pine above me, fell upon my face. The trees caught the music of the gentle wind and whispered it unto me. The chirping of a squirrel seemed not discordant with the songs of the birds. In Nature's choir there is no discord. The sighing and murmuring of a summer brook proceeded up the hillside pasture, decked with clumps of evergreens. Soon

the separate tones of the birds, trees, and brook vanished from my senses, and their united harmony faded into a low, sweet melody like the strains of far-away music. The spirit of reverie was upon me.

I stood in a distant town. From the door of a rural school house, familiar to the memory of many a country-bred lad, I saw a band of children hurry forth. In that group of bright and healthy children I saw but one, in whose eye even now gleamed the fire of genius, and alas! in whose face, too, appeared Melancholy's own mark. I followed him as he left his mates and turned homeward by a broad and gently flowing stream. I watched him as he loitered by the dark water, and listened to the whispering of the stream to him: "Come away, thou gentle lad, come away from the rush and noise of man's life, from his deceit and selfishness, and live peacefully and dreamily as I." Oh, that he had heard the language of the same stream when it turned the mills in the town below. He hears the falls above, and soon he sits near where the waters tumble over the steep ledges and send their roar down the valley. Even as the turbulent current are his thoughts. Why is he tormented by the dark pictures of a naturally gloomy spirit? Sad that the light of genius is often shadowed by dark melancholy.

Years had passed. The boy walked a youth in college halls and

nobly won the highest honors. I often saw him among his fellows, gay, brilliant, the recognized child of talents. Anon, the old look of discontent would come back, and I saw that his life was still tormented by the blue Demon.

Again I saw the youth, on the day he bade farewell to college life, but he was changed. Something whispered to me the cause: He had learned to love a true and noble woman; and in the new life that began with that love, he had experienced a greater change,—a change that is always a miracle—the dedication of his soul to God. Actuated by his new born faith, he has chosen the sacred calling of the ministry.

I sat within a large and splendid church at the evening services. The young preacher had riveted my attention to his glorious theme. He painted the higher life in so bright a picture that every listener yearned for its beauty, purity, and happiness. And as he uttered the words of his text, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect," methought I saw the light that would direct many a poor soul to the gates of heaven. As I passed out among the throng, I saw many a countenance lighted up by a divine purpose and a peaceful joy. I lingered at the entrance for the preacher to come out, and followed him even as I had followed him in days ago, to his

home—a home that a poet might love—with its walks and trees and flowers without, with its taste and wealth and love within. There I saw the angel of his life, the joy of his heart and home; and there I saw his greatest gift from God—a child. Surely this man, so richly blessed, will never waver in his trust and faith!

Years again have passed. In a plainly furnished room I see a man and woman. She is dying. His face is familiar, but the language of anguish has been written thereon in characters which shall never be effaced. Wealth has flown. The grave holds his child. There sits Death about to take away his dearest treasure, the beloved wife. At the sad, sad sight I turn away. My eyes are filled with tears, my heart with pity.

Sunset had found me beneath the pine, and the chill air of evening urged me homeward. I passed the house in the forest, but saw naught of its solitary inhabitant, whose mystery was a mystery no more.

A few years afterwards I went back to the little town dear to me as my home for one brief autumn. I inquired for the inhabitant of the house in the forest. During my absence he had been missed for some

time, and then the house was entered. There were found a few books of poems—his poems. My reverie had been no reverie. His was a life glorious in its opening, but blighted ere its close. That last affliction—the greatest sorrow that ever comes to man—had overpowered his spirit, and left him a victim to his own *morbid fancies*.

Again I went to the pines in the pasture. Again the spirit of reverie fell upon me. In a lonely churchyard, lighted by the stars of heaven alone, I saw a man by two graves. Long, long he lingers, lying there in an agony of despair as if there alone in the wide world he cared to remain.

Now I stand by the side of a broad and gently-flowing stream. Its waters look dark and cold. I peer into the depths, into which a handsome boy gazed years ago. Deep in the gloomy stream I see an upturned face—well-known and ghastly.

Thus many a man is the victim of dark, grim Melancholy. Oh, that such would resist the gloomy power, and think on the beauty and nobility of life! Happy is he who, amid the trials and sorrows of life, sees only its blessings and the love of God.

AMONG THE WHITE HILLS.

II.—THROUGH THE NOTCH AND TO THE SUMMIT.

AT 7 o'clock of a clear, cool September morning, the writer and a College classmate left the roaring fire of the Glen House office for a stage ride to Glen Station on the Portland & Ogdensburg Railroad. There we intended to take the cars for Crawford's and Fabyan's and thence to the summit of Mt. Washington, a total distance of 51 miles, although by the direct road "The Summit" was only 8 miles distant from the Glen. For the first four miles our route lay over the road described in my previous sketch.

As the stage rumbled away, the great semi-circle of peaks to the west, from Madison to Washington, were flashing and glowing in the warmth and beauty of sunrise; but the Carter Range to the east, clothed in gloomy forests, threw its dark shadow over the Glen and far up the flanks of the opposite mountains. Frost lay upon the bridges and logs by the roadside. The forests were still in full foliage, but the sharp, clear air had in it that indescribable something, a kind of mournful whisper, which foretells the fall of the leaves and the long sleep of plant life. The woods through which we passed were cold and gloomy. Emerald Pool was black and sullen. The effect of the morning was to make every one feel out of sorts.

The stage was open at the sides, with a covered top, and had seats for a dozen passengers. On the back seat was an old gentleman with a tall hat and umbrella. In front of him sat a newly married couple. The road was rough and the seats often slipped back and forth. Suddenly hind wheel strikes a rock. Old gent bounces up out of his seat and knocks his hat against the top of the wagon. Comes down just in time to meet the seat going up again. Bounces up a second time and jams his hat over his ears. Young couple laugh. Old gent looks injured. Going up a hill young couple's seat slides back and strikes his knees. They apologize, but he is grouty. Soon his turn to laugh comes. Fore wheels drop into a deep rut and are quickly jerked out by the horses. Forward passengers, one after another, shoot up and down like so many "Jacks in the Box." His seat slides forward and drives his umbrella nozzle into the back of young lady in front. Old gent smiles and is pacified.

By and by the sun begins to stream over the mountain tops and down between the gray trunks and branches of the spruces hung with long mosses. Ladies begin to chatter and gentlemen to laugh. Meanwhile we have been riding up and down the hills that skirt the base of

Mt. Washington. Here and there, through breaks in the trees by the roadside, we catch glimpses of lovely valleys with their green meadows and winding streams, shut in by rugged cliffs.

Half way to Glen Station we came out from the hills and forests among little farms at the head of the valley. Here, for the first time since leaving the Glen, we saw Mt. Washington from base to summit. The Summit House, reflecting the sunlight and set against the deep blue of the sky, shone white as alabaster. This is one of the few points whence Mt. Washington can be seen in its majesty. The mountain is so set around by hills and protected by ridges, its summit in the distance so retreats behind plateaus and inferior peaks, that only from a few of the points near its base does it show itself as the "monarch of the mountains."

At Glen Station we stand among broad meadows and cultivated farms. Thence to Upper Bartlett the road passes among high ledges bearing a scanty growth of dwarfed birches through which the gray rocks look out. Here we take observation cars for the ride through the Notch. Soon the hills on each side grow into mountains, the mountains with their dark forests draw closer and closer until base reaches base, and we are fairly in the great Notch. This approach to the Notch embraces several points of interest. Nancy's Brook, a little stream that comes leaping down to the Saco,

has a pathetic interest. Here, just one hundred years ago, a young maiden in pursuit of a faithless lover was caught at nightfall in a snow storm. She pressed on through storm and darkness, till chilled with cold, worn out with hunger and exhaustion, terrified by the horrors of the place, she could go no farther, and was found dead near the brook which now bears her name. Half a mile beyond this brook is the Old Crawford House where Abel Crawford, "The Patriarch of the Mountain," lived and died. Farther up the valley are the "Giant's Stairs," two huge flat-topped cliffs rising one above the other. Past these, looking up the Mt. Washington River Valley, we ride for three miles in grand view of the majestic Washington. To travelers who cannot take the difficult tramp up Mt. Madison nor climb Wild Cat Hill from the Glen, this is undoubtedly the most imposing view that can be gained of the "Sovereign of the White Hills."

Farther on, at the foot of the Frankenstein Cliff, but on the side of the mountain, the railroad crosses a deep ravine spanned by iron trestle-work. This trestle-work is 500 feet long and 85 feet above the bottom of the ravine. Standing on the platform of the car, below, with nothing between but iron rods that far beneath look like fragile reeds, are the rough rocks of the wild gorge. On one side is the black, precipitous Frankenstein Cliff, whose

beetling brow far overhead directly overhangs the road and threatens destruction; on the other, the mountain flanks run abruptly down into the valley, tree top below tree top, until we catch the sparkle of the Saco far beneath. Rounding the Frankenstein, we are fairly within the Notch. Of this approach, Starr King, in his "White Hills," says: "The gradually darkening pass through Bartlett, and the pathos of the story murmured by Nancy's Brook, prepare us for the impression of mountain wrath and ravage when we reach those awful mountain walls whose jaws, as we enter them, seem ready to close together upon the little Willey House, the monument of the great disaster of the White Hills."

We stand between parallel walls 2000 feet high. On the left is the fatal Willey, well wooded to its summit. In front the rocky Mt. Willard closes the valley. On the right frown the precipitous walls of Mt. Webster. Its sides are seamed with rifts and gashed with chasms, where earth, water and rocks have ploughed deep furrows. The *débris* at its foot has buried whole meadows and blocked and turned the course of the Saco. Here the Notch looks like the abandoned battle-field of the Titans.

In the widest part of the valley, at the foot of Mt. Willey, which is not nearly so steep as Mt. Webster, stands the famous Willey House. The Saco runs some ways below it,

and is a small brook; but on the night of the disaster, when a "horror of darkness" fell upon the Notch, when the mountains rocked in their places and fell into the valleys, when that ill-fated family were surrounded by

"Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid
thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain,"

the brook became a torrent that swept rocks and trees past the very doors of the cabin. The train stopped upon the track of the famous slide, but its place is now covered with trees. We drove on past the cascades on Mt. Webster, through the Gates of the Notch, only 22 feet wide, up to the Crawford House. Here I left my companion and walked up the carriage road two miles to the summit of Mt. Willard.

At the top I came suddenly out of the woods upon a large flat rock which overhangs a sheer fall of 1400 feet. For a moment I recoiled; but

"When once the shrinking, dizzy spell was
gone,
I saw below me, like a jeweled cup,
The valley hollowed to its heaven-kissed lip,
Brimming with beauty's essence."

The Notch shut in by steep walls stretched below me in a bold curve. Every line of contour blended in harmony. Toward the farther end of the valley stood the Willey House. The Saco wound through the dark evergreens like a silver thread. The trestle-work of the Willey Brook bridge, directly beneath me, looked like children's play-work. The rush of the cascades opposite on Mt. Webster, so narrow is the gorge, was

plainly heard; eight miles to the east stood Mt. Washington. South and west the horizon was broken by blue hills, and above all were the

"Lucent floods

Poured from the golden chalice of the sun."

Overstaying my time I started back on the run. The road was very steep and crooked and covered with loose pebbles. My body seemed bound to keep ahead of my feet. I took enormous strides to catch it. It was a case of accelerated motion. I shot around curves and doubled corners at a speed which threatened to send me off in a tangent. My legs tried to keep opposite sides of the road. The pebbles rattled for rods before and behind me. Breathless and considerably shaken up, I regained my equilibrium at the foot of the mountain, one and three-fourths miles, in just seven minutes.

Upon reading the proof of the last statement, I can imagine how some very good and credulous people may think it contains some mistake; but if there is a mistake any where, it lies with the man that measured the distance. And as I ran down in the honest belief that it was one and three-fourths miles, a mistake of a half mile or so by a paltry surveyor ought not to detract from the credit due me for the achievement.

From Crawford's to Fabyan's, thence to the base of Mt. Washington, where we get into the single car in front of the comical little engine, for a ride to the summit. The train moves

no faster than an ordinary walk; but no wonder, the little engine with its rattling cog-wheels is pushing us up one foot vertically every three feet of advance.

Up we go, above the trees, past the edges of fearful ravines, up among stunted spruces, up where every thing is covered with bright moss, up among the brown, dry grasses, and up at last where alone are jagged rocks covered with gray lichens. Meanwhile the sun is setting. A cold wind sweeps the mountain top. Below, far extended, lie farm and forest, lake and mountain. An express train is creeping through wood and hamlet. Little ponds reflect the sunlight. White mists begin to shroud the valleys and creep up the mountains.

The red sun sank out of sight. The rosy hue of the hills changed into purple, the purple to black. Lights came out here and there in the valleys. Darkness reigned. We were at the summit.

The grandest sight from the summit is a sunset. That we saw, with the exception of one element. That element is the one most impressive. It is the shadow of Mt. Washington. As the sun goes down it stretches away over hill and valley, across whole counties, beyond the New Hampshire line far into Maine, until on the horizon its phantom peak stands clearly painted against the sky. Upon one side of you is darkness, on the other rosy light.

After supper two railroad hands

slid down the track to the base. They sat upon a board about a foot wide, fitted by a groove to the cog-rail, and controlled by brakes. Several men have been killed by this mode of descent; yet railroad men often use it. They often slide the three miles in four minutes. "Last night," one said, "on account of the darkness we *went slow. We were six minutes.*" This night was dark. "Good night." A flash in the darkness, a rattle far down the track and they were gone.

By and by the moon rose. The mountain tops were islands rising above white, fleecy clouds. We are filled with wonder; we look up. Above are stars; around is immensity. Above cloud, mountain, stars is God. *We* are only above the clouds. We retire to feel that we are "lying in the fore-top of New England, while our planet ship is scudding twelve hundred miles a minute over star-islanded immensity." R. F. J., '79.

A WINTER-LEGEND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ECKELMANN.

NOW sleeps the earth! With a veil of white
The winter has concealed her;
She is not dead, but sleeping, hushed,
Till spring again shall wake her.

As the little child, without a fear
Lies clinging to its mother's breast,
So, hidden on the breast of earth,
Lie the flower-children, lulled to rest.

And there they dream of breezes mild,
Of warm sunshine, of sparkling dew;
Entranced with odors sweet, they see
The woods, the meads of many hues.

They listen, and hear what the birds are singing,
And what the waves on the brooklet say;
They prattle with the butterflies,
The bees hum by, and say: Good day!

The flowers stretch themselves on high,
To see the splendor far and near;
The beautiful dream has vanished now,
And see—the spring is really here.

C. M. WARNER, '77.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

NOTES.

THE pleasant days of autumn are past, the bleak winds and driving rains of November have put an end to out-door sports. No longer is the afternoon nap of up-town people disturbed by frantic shouts of, "That's a good one!" "Go your second!" "Home, it!" and other characteristic phrases of the base-ball diamond. For a long while, the football goals have reared their *useless* shapes like ghostly relics of a barbaric age. Soon the whole flat will disappear beneath its wintry covering; but shall we on that account give up our daily exercise? Shall we gather about the coal stove and mope and grow round shouldered? The healthy manhood that is characteristic of our students should forbid this waste of time and energies.

We have a good Gymnasium supplied with a reasonable amount of apparatus, and it is our own fault if it isn't put to a profitable use. A few of the students do take a regular amount of work in the Gymnasium; but this matter of daily exercise ought to be considered of importance by more than two or three. "There isn't much fun working down there all alone in the cold." Yes, and that is just the point we are driving at. Why should you go alone or with, perhaps, a single

companion? In a certain college we know of, where the best physical, as well as mental, culture is obtained, each class, by an agreement with the others, has the Gymnasium entirely to itself for a certain time each day. The class chooses a leader or director, and under his guidance practice a number of exercises in concert. Frequently, at the end of the spring term, prizes are offered to be contested for by the classes and by individual performers.

Perhaps we cannot get up interest enough to go so far as that, but we can, at least, get together as many of our classmates as would enjoy gymnasium work, choose a director, and begin regular exercise when we get back next term. With very little trouble, one of the second-hand stoves lying about Parker Hall might be set up in the small east room of the Gymnasium, and thus remove the danger of taking cold from standing in a draft or from going out into the wind directly after exercising. We have always thought there was more good in the Gymnasium than students generally get out of it, and this plan of exercise by classes will test the truth of our supposition.

Our readers are well aware, no

doubt, that the Base-Ball Association is in debt. This condition of things has existed for a long while, and it is high time something was done to remove this burden. Several plans have been suggested for raising the necessary money to pay this debt, any one of which might be made available. A paper might be circulated among the students that each might give what he felt able to spare. The objection to this plan is that the regular term tax is as much as the members of the Association care to contribute, while those outside of the Association have not enough interest in our college game to help pay up its debts. For the reason already given it would not be advisable to increase the regular tax now assessed each term.

What, then, can be done? There is but one way left, and that is to conduct in the interests of the Association some sort of public entertainments. Amherst has a course of lectures. Other colleges get up profitable entertainments, musical or dramatic, with home talent. We do not want this debt continually hanging over us. Then why not show a little energy and remove it? There is to be no regular course of lectures in the city this winter, so that if we should start a good one it would, doubtless, be well attended. Or, if the profits from a lecture course are too uncertain, we have in college abundance of material for an excellent dramatic company, which might

bring out a very creditable performance. By making use of the excellent scenery belonging to any one of the halls in the city, and by taking a play that would require very little expense for costumes, we think quite a respectable sum might be secured.

Either of the last two plans can be carried out by the students alone, but side friends will coöperate. Something like a fair, with supper and literary-musical exercises, might be profitably conducted. We have no definite plan to offer farther than this, that an energetic committee be appointed to consider the matter of conducting some sort of public entertainments in the interests of the Association.

For the first time for four years Bates has to acknowledge itself beaten by a Maine club. Single defeats by State clubs have happened within this time; but in every case they have been quickly retrieved, and in such a manner, too, as to leave no doubt of our superiority. But now we have been defeated twice by the same club, and further have not defeated them once. Previously our nine has been so successful that many of the other clubs in the State, especially the other college clubs, have ascribed it to luck. If it be luck, then our luck seems to have changed. However, we disagree with this idea and believe that our success has been due to the

superior muscle of our nine and to their earnest, faithful practice. Although we think that during the present term scarcely so much time has been devoted to practice as is necessary to success, it is not our purpose to find fault with the nine. That is uncalled for and would do no good now.

The first game with the Reds was undoubtedly lost through the inexcusable loose playing of the nine. So confident was the Association that we could win a second game that \$30.00 were easily raised to bring the Reds to this city. But here again, to our surprise, the Reds won. During the two weeks elapsed since the first game the Reds had evidently been at work. In fact, they had played nine regular games. This was the secret of their success. As we said before, just this regular kind of work will insure success for us in the future.

What we want to do is to show the friends of our Base-Ball Association that we are not dead yet, and that we can suffer several more such defeats before we come to that pass. Let an entertainment be got up this winter, or some other means be taken to clear off our debt; let twelve men be chosen at the beginning of next term; let them work regularly in the Gymnasium, and another season we can put a nine into the field that will show that we have only been roused to greater exertions and will win victories as desir-

able as any we have won in the past.

The Second Division of the Freshman Class held their Prize Declamations in the Chapel, Friday evening, Oct. 25th. The speaking was considerably better than in the First Division. All the parts were well committed and delivered. Of all it can be said that they tried. This is more than can be said of every class at their Freshman Declamations. Blanchard, Nutting, Tracy, and Perkins especially excelled. The two latter were selected by the Committee to compete with the Third Division for the prize. We want to compliment the Division upon the new departure they took in procuring music. They engaged the services of the Schumann Quartette, consisting of Miss Bumpus, Soprano; Mrs. Robie, Mezzo Soprano; Mr. Lothrop, Tenor; and Mr. Adams, Baritone. To the great majority of the audiences at our College Exhibitions such music is preferable to any instrumental music that is within our mean to procure. This was the first appearance of this Quartette, although its members have long been thoroughly known to the lovers of music in both cities. The rendering of Longfellow's translation from Heine, entitled "The Sea hath its Pearls," was especially fine.

Below is the programme of the evening's exercises:

- QUARTETTE—"The Smith.".....*Schumann*.
 PRAYER.
 RESPONSE.
1. Extract from Phillip Van Artavelde.—
Taylor.
 Edmund R. Richards.
 2. Centennial Address.—*Strong*.
 Willis Skillings.
 3. Eternity of God.—*Greenwood*.
 William G. Clark.
- SONG—"A Warrior Bold.".....*Adams*.
 T. J. ADAMS.
4. An Empty Theatre.—*Talmage*.
 Frank L. Blanchard.
 5. Sumner's Devotion to Principle.—*Storrs*.
 John C. Perkins.
 6. Daniel Webster—Extract.
 Olin H. Tracy.
- QUARTETTE—"The Sea hath its Pearls."....*Pinsuti*.
7. Virginia and Massachusetts.—*McDowell*.
 Lewis T. McKenney.
 8. Character of Aaron Burr.—*Wallace*.
 C. R. Adams.
- TRIO—"O, Memory.".....*Jeslie*.
9. The March of Mind.—*Milford Bard*.
 Leonard M. Tarr.
 10. Responsibility of American Citizens.—
E. C. Gannet.
 Chalmers H. Libby.
 11. Change is not Reform.—*Randolph*.
 R. H. Douglass.
 12. Injustice of the Electoral College.—*Anon*.
 Clarence L. Nutting.
- QUARTETTE—"Good Night.".....*Schumann*.
 Decision of Committee.
 Benediction.

The Freshman Class completed its labors on the Prize Declamations Friday evening, Nov. 1st. The Chapel was crowded. The heart of every competitor throbbed in suspenseful agony. As each bowed himself off the stage the young ladies patted out their plaudits, the fathers and mothers, with breasts swelling with pride, nodded complacently, and the Sophs, the wicked, unregenerate Sophs, actually wooed up. The speaking of this Division was fully up to that of the second. But it is not necessary for us to say anything in its praise.

We suppose each one, long ere this, has heard the annual professional puff, "The best declamations we ever had." Seriously, however, the class may congratulate themselves on the excellence of all the declamations. '82 has shown that it has members that will make a valuable addition to the speaking, writing, and debating talent of the College. We feel that it is due to Tracy, Perkins, Cogswell, and Snow of the last Division to say that their declamations were the finest of the evening. The Schumann Quartette furnished the music. "Mice in Council" was encored and answered with "Grandfather's Clock." The prize was awarded to Miss E. B. Forbes. The following is the evening's programme:

- QUARTETTE—"In this hour of softened splendor."
Pinsuti.
 PRAYER.
- QUARTETTE—"Morning Prayer."....*Mendelssohn*.
1. Labor vs. Capital.—*Ruskin*.
 Henry C. Hall.
 2. The American Flag.—*H. W. Beecher*.
 George P. Emmons.
 3. Miantowona.—*T. B. Aldrich*.
 Eleanor B. Forbes.
- DUET—"Come my loved one.".....*Campana*.
 MRS. ROBIE, MR. LOTHROP.
4. Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music.
 —*Dryden*.
 Jennie S. Merrill.
 5. Statesmanship.—*Phillips*.
 Florian D. Record.
 6. American Nationality.—*Choate*.
 John F. Merrill.
 7. Daniel Webster—Extract.
 Olin H. Tracy.
- QUARTETTE—"Mice in Council.".....*Filly*.
8. Pericles to the People.—*Kellogg*.
 Howard Carpenter.
 9. Poetry and War.—*Robertson*.
 Irwin L. Harlow.
 10. The Bridal Wine-Cup.—*Anon*.
 Joseph H. Snow.
 11. Against Flogging in the Navy.—*Stockton*.
 Warren H. Cogswell.

SONG—"Milkmaid's Marriage Song.".....Keller.

MISS BUMPUS.

12. The Legend Beautiful.—*Longfellow*.
Henry S. Bullen.
13. Paul Fleming's Resolve.—*Longfellow*.
Lewis M. Thompson.
14. Sumner's Devotion to Principle.—*Storrs*.
John C. Perkins.

QUARTETTE—"Good night, Good night, Beloved."
Pinsuti.

Decision of Committee.

Denediction.

On Monday, Dec. 2d, the *College Chronicle of the N. Y. World* enters upon its third year. The second page is devoted every Monday to college interests, and takes notice of all athletic sports and other matters of interest at all the American colleges, and also reviews the college publications. This *Chronicle* forms a valuable compendium of college news. All interested in such matters cannot do better than subscribe for the *World's* Monday issue. Price \$1.50 or 50 cents for four months. Address "The World, 35 Park Row, N. Y."

EXCHANGES.

Across the "great puddle" comes to our table the *Oxford and Cambridge Undergraduates Journal*, a heavy, awkward, uncut sheet, printed in very fine type. About two-thirds of it is devoted to the publication of sermons preached by members of the College Faculty. Its tone is much heavier than that of American College Journals. From an editorial giving advice to Freshmen, we quote the following:

"Were we asked to name the three principal rocks on which a Freshman's career is most frequently wrecked, we should reply, in imitation of Demosthenes, Procrastination, Procrastination, Procrastination. And the moral to be drawn from this answer applies to Trojan as well as to Tyrian, to the hare no less than to the tortoise. The stupidest fellow that ever boggled at Responsions would have passed easily enough if he had previously read steadily for three hours a day for a year; and everybody who gains a scholarship at any tolerably good college, would be certain to get a first-class in "Mods."—if he would read steadily for two hours a day, from the hour of donning his scholar's gown. Two hours a day is perhaps too much. One hour a day would be quite sufficient, so miserably scanty is the subject matter required in that wonderful examination; and yet many and many a scholar through sheer procrastination, fails to do more than get a second."

Besides being very good advice this shows about how much reading is necessary to pass those "wonderful examinations."

The Harvard *Crimson* and Columbia *Spectator* are, as usual, filled up with athletic sports, fall rowing regattas, foot-ball games, etc. The *Spectator* bemoans Columbia's defeat at the Harlem Regatta, and hits the rowing men severely for allowing the victor of Henley to be represented by a scratch crew.

The *Crimson* is enthusiastic for sending a boat crew to England next summer. While acknowledging that Cornell is the champion of American Colleges, it says that Har-

vard has had for the past two years the best crew ever sitting in a Harvard boat and thinks that, champion or non-champion, the crew has the same right to row Cambridge and Oxford as had Columbia. The *Crimson* farther seems to hint that if Harvard can effect a race with Yale, Cornell, and Columbia, she can send a crew to England as the champion of American Colleges.

The Yale *Record* is not so entirely absorbed with athletic sports as the *Crimson*. The *Record*, however, can't let an opportunity pass for kicking Harvard. This number goes it in the following manner:

"What will the religious press say now? For Harvard, fair Harvard, the home of "general" culture and broad erudition, the great and only American University, has actually descended so low as to participate in a vulgar and brutal Town and Gown row, and that, too, almost within the limits of the great Athenian Metropolis! But that was not the worst. For not only did these utterly abandoned and depraved Harvard *stoodints* try to violently disturb a meeting of the patriotic and "horny-handed sons of toil," who were agitating the claims of that disinterested though unfortunate patriot, the Widow Butler, but truth compels us to reluctantly state that they actually allowed the aforesaid noble citizens, euphemistically known as *muckers*, to actually drive them in confusion into the sacred precincts of the yard! Where was the puissant nine which, almost intact, has upheld Harvard's glory at the bat for the last decade? Where were the mighty Bancroft and his gallant crew who, we learn, have kindly consented to devote

themselves to the glory of their university for a few more years?"

To disinterested parties this looks decidedly like sore-headedness.

The following extract from a letter purporting to be written by a Yale student in 1900, although something in the same line, is, however, a capital hit on Harvard. The letter reports a game of ball between Harvard and Yale in the above-mentioned year, and says:

"The strong points of the Harvard team are the pitcher, catcher, and second baseman. Their pitcher, Ernst, is a stalwart, handsome, conceited man of about forty-five years of age. He graduated in '76, and since then he has been through the law, medical, scientific, musical, and theological schools, and is now taking a ten years' course in the art school, which was established by the Faculty for his particular benefit. Tyng and Latham, the catcher and second baseman, are also very fine players, especially the former. Tyng was also in the class of '76, and has played on the Harvard nine ever since, except two years in which he caught for the champion Bostons. Mr. Latham graduated in '77, and has been on the nine since then. The rest of the nine is made up of members of the professional schools, with the exception of the third baseman, who is a Senior. Some of my classmates find a good deal of fault with Harvard, too, for allowing these graduates to play year after year, and even go so far as to suggest that Yale should hire a professional nine and put them in the law school. However, for my part, I am decidedly opposed to it, as I have no doubt that Harvard, if there was anything unfair in allowing these men to play so many years in succession, would certainly put a stop to it."

The *University Herald*, from Syracuse University, begins its seventh year with the November issue. Several changes have been made in its form. Its editorials are good. Among them we notice a good plea for Chapel Orations. The *Herald*, however, has one failing which we hope it will guard against in the future. It publishes a poem of seventy-eight stanzas. Its supreme wickedness in inflicting us with seventy-eight stanzas like the following will be apparent to the reader:

JL

"See! waves, like wolves, their white teeth
gnash,
And on the frightened vessel dash,
While grim and gram their green eyes flash.

"Lionel sees—a moment's pause
Above the storm-beast's angry claws
He hangs, then sinks into the billow's jaws."

The November number of the *Brunonian* is a very neat, readable sheet. From an article on "The Language of Students" we clip the following sensible remarks:

"As a dog will express pleasure or pain, want or satisfaction by a wag of his tail, so many students seek to express all ideas through a few common-place phrases which mean nothing and are worth nothing. One great evil of this is that poverty of language inevitably produces poverty of thought. Superficial thinking is the natural result of superficial talking. We want no display of erudition. But there is such a thing as a terse, elegant, and yet common sense use of language. To say a good thing in a good way will make a man famous; while the noblest thoughts thrown into hackneyed expression fall like flowers into the mud, and are passed in contempt."

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:

While thinking of the fact that the course of '79, thus far, has been marked by innovations and improvements, I asked myself this question, which I now ask you, Can this class not make the next Commencement-Day Exercises an improvement on any that Bates has ever seen? I think it can. Not by any superior ability which it possesses over previous classes, is this to be done, but by being taught by the experience of other classes, and avoiding their mistakes. I deem it a mistake sadly diminishing the public attendance upon our Commencement Exercises, to compel the audience to sit four or five hours and listen to all the way from fifteen to twenty skeleton speeches, consisting of a few statements, a few conclusions, and no reasons.

Evidently, then, the task of improvement for '79 is simply this, Let there be only a limited number of speakers chosen, and *these* the best ones the class can afford. Then will the interests of both College and class be best subserved, and due honor received by both. Let every one consider that what is for the best interest of the class is for his best interest, and act accordingly.

A SENIOR.

LEIPSIK, GERMANY, Oct. 21, 1878.

Editors of the Student :

There is something laughable and often something very exasperating in the notions prevalent here with regard to American society. Here is an item that appeared in a recent Leipsic newspaper :

"There is a class of pious people in North America who look upon the use of spirituous liquors, beer and wine for example, as the greatest possible sin. They call themselves temperance people, but their temperance is mere hypocrisy and bears the worst of fruit. It has long been known in select circles that large quantities of opium are employed as stimulants in the place of malt liquors by both sexes, and that, especially, converted whiskey-drinkers, who have abjured the demon, Alcohol, are addicted to the use of opium to an incredible extent. The knowledge of this state of things has been more widely circulated of late through declarations of druggists and apothecaries. The number of "ladies and gentlemen of society" who are accustomed to become intoxicated with opium, is legion, and many of these worshipers of the morphine and laudanum are disciples of the temperance preacher Murphy, who condemns every one that solaces himself with a glass of beer or wine. In the fashionable world other stimulants are also common. There are few ladies of fashion that do not try to make themselves "interesting" by means of a glass of cognac before they go upon the street."

German pessimism is at no time more rampant than when it is sweeping through the social and political life of the United States. It can look with some complacency upon a

mob in London, but a railroad strike in Pennsylvania furnishes the text for a long discourse on the dangers connected with Republican institutions. It is of little use to declare that all these notions are false. They do not stop to consider that it is only extraordinary sounds that can be heard across the ocean. They take the rare phenomena of American life for every-day occurrences, and so are misled in a very natural way.

It is not all the fault of the Germans, however. One of the Professors of Philology was called upon not long ago by an American, who represented himself as an agent of a New York publishing house. He wanted to know if any likeness of Aristarchus were extant, as his firm was making a collection of the portraits of distinguished language scholars with the view of offering them to the public. On learning that no such portrait is in existence, he remarked: "Oh, it's of no consequence; we'll simply get one up."

Nearly every German has read Cooper, which may account for the wide-spread notion that Americans are all red Indians. Bret Harte is also widely known. Longfellow is greatly admired, and Bayard Taylor is honored for his interest in German literature as well as for his own literary productions. I have never met a German yet who knew Hawthorne, though "The Marble Faun," under the title, "The Transforma-

tion," appears in the Tauchnitz edition of British (?) authors.

The average German confesses to a little uncertainty on matters of American geography. He only knows that Chicago is in South America, and that Mexico, the little Maine village where my eyes first saw the light, is a great Empire. Whether New York is the capital of Texas or not, is a matter of some doubt. Respectfully,

GEORGE H. STOCKBRIDGE.

LOCALS.

Credit '81 with a cut.

Term closes November 22d.

Adams, '82, has left College.

The catalogues are at last out.

'79 has probably lost two men.

The pedagogues are getting numerous.

Donavan, '80, has gone to Bowdoin.

'79 has committed another misdemeanor.

To-day's student is to-morrow's school-master.

A Freshman wants to know how many constitute a quartette.

Our nine are not so anxious as they were to play the Reds.

In this issue we present a change from the usual class of Clippings.

Many of the boys have already commenced their winter schools.

Blanchard, '82, auctioneered the recent sale of the R. R. A. papers.

The latest translation for "Nondum laureati" is "Not yet scalped."

The *Garnet* will be issued next term. It receives its name from the College color.

We refer the attention of '79 and '81 to the news from Trinity under Other Colleges.

The Freshmen have chosen lavender for their class color, and γλώσσῃ ἐξω for their motto.

The catalogues show 45 Freshmen, 44 Sophomores, 22 Juniors, and 16 Seniors; Theologues, 17. Total, 144.

The Prize Debates of the Sophomore class that were arranged for this term have been put over until the spring term.

A scholarship named in honor of the late Rev. Flavel Bartlett has been endowed by the Main Street Freewill Baptist Church of this city.

Garnet, our College color, is again in fashion. Now that the difficulty of obtaining it is removed, we hope that more of the boys will sport the ribbon.

Prof. in Chemistry—"What is the atomic weight of barium?" Senior (with the utmost assurance)—"It's 159." Prof.—"Wouldn't you take off a *little* from that? Senior—"Well, I don't know but what I would take off a hundred or so."

On account of some little misdemeanors of some of the Sophomores, the Faculty have sent away two Sophomores, and further developments may any day occur.

A slight change has been made in the Sophomore course. Tacitus is changed from the fall to spring term, and the Prometheus of Aeschylus substituted for the Electra of Sophocles.

The expense of getting the Skowhegan Reds to this city was \$20.00. The receipts of the game \$13.00. The entire College voted a tax of twenty cents upon each member to cancel the balance.

At a recent meeting of the Polymnian Society, the business of furnishing more room for its Library was discussed. Means for the necessary enlargement were voted. A vote was also passed allowing each member to take out five books during the coming vacation.

Since our last issue the following persons have been admitted to the Polymnian Society: T. M. Lombard, '79; I. L. Harlow, Howard Carpenter, G. A. Eastman, C. H. Hall, W. A. Paul, and D. E. Pease, '82. The Eurosophian Society has received E. R. Richards and S. A. Lowell, '82.

One of the Seniors was observed the other day to set the celestial globe with great care. After examining it closely for some time he said, "This globe ain't good for much, it don't give the planets." Another

Senior having Jupiter pointed out to him wanted to know if it is a fixed star.

The College Choir as made up this fall, consists of Shattuck, '81, and Blanchard, '82, Soprano; W. B. Perkins, '81, Alto; Hobbs, '81, and Foss, '81, Tenor; Tuttle, '79, and Gilkey, '81, Bass. Organist, Miss M. K. Pike, '81; substitute, W. H. Judkins, '80.

A laughable incident occurred a short time since when the place of Chapel Exercises was changed from the Upper to the Lower Chapel. The change was not publicly announced; so some went to one, some to the other place. The Profs. did the same, and one set had prayers above and the other below.

The cost of the new suits for the Nine was \$54.00. This being raised by subscription. \$30.00 was paid at the time of their delivery. The suits are not proving so substantial as they should. Three pairs of the breeches have already been torn. If they are not made good, a large discount ought to be made.

At the last Freshmen Declamations the Sophomores stole the evening programmes. The Freshmen were at first much non-plussed, but recovered in season to surprise the Sophomores with a new set of programmes, struck off in time for the evening's exercises. On the whole we think the matter stands about even.

Quite an effort has been made to have a College rope-pull, the Seniors and Sophomores to pull against the Juniors and Freshmen. Such a division would be very fair and would no doubt have made an interesting pull; but for some reason the plan failed. Can the pull not take place in the spring or summer terms?

The Prize Debate has at last been settled. The question is as follows: "Are Monarchical Institutions more favorable to Morals than are Republican?" The Eurosophian Society, represented by S. C. Mosely, '79, F. L. Hayes and M. T. Newton, '80, will argue the affirmative, and the Polymnian Society, represented by R. F. Johonnett, '79, E. M. Briggs, '79, and W. H. Judkins, '80, will argue the negative. The debate is to take place the second Friday of the summer term, and will doubtless constitute *the* event of the year. Prof. Stanton, the founder of the prize, desires the Societies to issue printed invitations to the debate. Doubtless they will gladly accede to his wishes.

On Saturday, Oct. 26, the return game with the Reds was played on the Androscoggin grounds. Everybody went down with the expectation of seeing the Reds handsomely whipped, but everybody got disappointed. The nine made their first appearance in new suits. Quite a large number of ladies were in at-

tendance. A large number of errors were made by our club; yet their fielding was better than these would seem to indicate. The second inning was a give away for Bates. Most of the errors were then made. The reason of our defeat was very evident. Although noted as a heavy batting nine, the boys could not get on to King's pitching. The Reds are not nearly so good fielders as the Bates, but they had nothing to do in the field; while they batted very heavily. This accounts in part for our boys' errors. We give the Reds the credit of being the best batters our nine ever played against. Below is the score:

BATES.					
	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Sanborn, 1b.....	1	2	11	0	2
Lombard, 3b.....	1	0	1	2	1
Wilbur, c.....	0	0	7	7	9
Hoyt, l. f. and 2b.....	0	0	5	1	5
Given, p.....	1	1	0	6	6
Norcross, c. f.....	1	1	1	1	0
Foss, s. s.....	1	1	0	3	0
Parsons, r. f.....	0	1	2	0	0
Tuttle, l. f.....	0	0	0	0	0
	5	6	27	20	23

REDS.					
	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
McFarlane, 2b.....	1	0	1	1	1
King, p.....	2	3	1	7	2
Eagen, s. s. and c.....	0	2	1	0	4
McNeely, 1b.....	0	0	5	0	0
Whittier, c. f.....	1	0	5	0	0
Tantiss, r. f. and s. s.....	2	1	1	0	0
Bragg, l. f.....	1	2	0	0	0
Lynch, c. and r. f.....	1	1	11	3	6
Lumsden, 3b.....	1	1	2	0	1
	9	10	27	11	14

INNINGS.										
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Bates	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	—5
Reds	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	—9

Two-base hits: Bates, Norcross 1, Sanborn 1; Reds, Bragg 1. Time of game 2 hours. Struck out: Bates, 5; Reds, 4. Scorers: Bates, H. L. Merrill, '80; Reds, E. E. McNeely. Umpire: O. B. Clason, Bates, '77.

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.]

'73.—F. W. Cobb has graduated from the Yale Theological School, and has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Union Evangelical Church at Three Rivers.

'75.—F. B. Fuller since graduating from the Medical College has entered upon a Post Graduate Course at Harvard.

'75.—F. L. Washburne and Geo. Oak have commenced the practice of law in Boston.

'75.—H. S. Cowell is Principal of the Academy at Francistown, N. H.

'75.—F. L. Evans is studying law at Salem, Mass.

'75.—F. H. Smith is expected to return from California this fall.

'77.—Many of our readers will doubtless be interested to learn of the birth of a boy, on October 18, to the widow of the lamented E. H. Besse. The child has received his father's name, Ezekiel Henry. Mrs. Besse is at present residing at Brunswick, Me.

'77.—Miss C. M. Warner has accepted the position of Principal of a Boarding School at Washington Depot, Conn.

'77.—J. W. Smith, late Principal of the High School at Toledo, Ohio, has resigned his position there to accept one in the Grammar School at Newark, N. J.

OTHER COLLEGES.

COLUMBIA.

Rose, '81, with a handicap of 11 yards was the winner of the 100 yard race in the recent Manhattan Club sports. Time, ten seconds.

The Senior studies for the coming year are as follows: Physics, two hours per week; Chemistry or Psychology, two hours; Higher Physics, Latin, or Political Economy, two hours; Calculus or Greek, two hours; Astronomy, two hours; Geology, one hour; Constitutional Law, two hours.

DARTMOUTH.

'81 has been increased by five.

Contributions to the yellow fever fund have amounted to \$200.

There are sixty-three Freshmen in the Academical Department and only six in the Scientific.

James T. Fields lectured in the College Church upon "Fiction, old and new," and its eminent authors.

At Dartmouth the terms will be divided this year as heretofore—with four weeks vacation at Thanksgiving.

HARVARD.

The vacancy caused by the drowning of Stacy Baxter, Prof. of Elocution, at Cape May last summer, is filled by Geo. Riddle.

At a meeting of the Boating Association the following new officers were chosen: President, Walter Trimble, '79; Vice President, Warren N. Goddard, '79; Treasurer,

Richard Trimble, '80 (re-elected); Secretary, F. H. Allen, '80 (coxswain of the crew); all but the last named being residents of this city. The treasurer's reports showed that the receipts of the year were \$4,275, of which \$2,661 came from undergraduate subscriptions, \$425 from graduates, \$602 from concert tickets and the remainder from rents, sales of boats and miscellaneous sources. The expenses were \$4,205, of which \$2,908 went for last summer's crew, and the balance of cash on hand was \$70. In recognition of last summer's victory, it was voted to give the crew who won it a complimentary supper. The existing club system was discussed at considerable length.—*Spectator*.

TRINITY.

The Freshmen at Trinity built a bonfire in front of the College and danced around it to the accompaniment of horns, etc. Being interviewed by the President next morning, they all confessed, and received their punishment as set forth in the following edict of the Faculty:

"Considering all the extenuating circumstances the Faculty have made your punishment as light as they consistently could.

"1st. Each member of the class who was concerned in the bonfire is reduced fifty marks, conditional on good behavior for the rest of the college year.

"2d. Each member of the class

who took part in the bonfire is required to pass an examination on the first Phillipic of Cicero, November 2d.

"3d. Each member of the class who blew a fish-horn is suspended, conditional on good behavior for the remainder of the year.

"4th. All who hold scholarships forfeit them, conditional on good behavior until the end of the year."—*Amherst Student*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mrs. Dr. May, of Chicago, is appointed to the post of Professor at Vassar College.

Freshmen of Vermont University number twenty. Freshmen of Middlebury College, twenty-two.

The Trinity boat house will cost about \$450, and a series of dramatic entertainments will be given for the benefit of the club.

Prof. Geo. H. Hooper, a graduate of Princeton, has been made Professor of Greek and Modern Languages in Syracuse University.

Prof. H. H. Sanford, late of the chair of Latin language and literature at the Syracuse University, has accepted a call to the same chair in the University of Chicago.

Columbia boasts of an endowment fund amounting to \$5,000,000; Johns Hopkins has one of \$3,000,000; Harvard, \$2,500,000; Cornell, \$2,000,000; Princeton, \$1,000,000. Yale's endowment amounts to only \$350,000.

Miss Grace C. Bidd has been appointed a member of the Faculty of the State University, at Columbia, Mo., at a salary of \$2000. Women are slowly getting to be somebody.

Recent statistics show that there are more than four hundred colleges in the United States, and about three thousand and eight hundred professors. The North Western University claims the largest number of instructors. Harvard claims second place.

The friends of Syracuse University are urging upon the Methodists of New York the necessity of further work to place that institution in the rank for which its founders intended it. The Library contains only 5,000 volumes. It has expended only \$4,000 for apparatus and Natural History collections. They deem it necessary to enlarge the Faculty by engaging some person of equal attainment with other men in other colleges.



CLIPPINGS.

"What shall it profit a Sophomore if he puts a Freshman to bed, yet loses all chances of finishing his college course?" asks the *Amherst Student*.

"I slept in an editor's bed one night,
When no editor chanced to be nigh;
And I thought as I tumbled that editor's nest
How easily editors lie!"

—*College Transcript*.

We saw a young man with two heads on his shoulder the other day, but didn't consider it much of a curiosity. One belonged to his girl. —*Argus*.

"We don't know everything," remarked the Professor, "and we don't find many that claim to, except now and then one or two in the Sophomore class."—*Ex*.

Conscientious Greek Professor, remonstrating with Sophomore for creating disturbance in the classroom, lays his hand insinuatingly upon the refractory one's shoulder, and says: "My dear young man, the devil has hold upon you!"—*Ex*.

The following explains itself:

"WILLIAMSPORT, Sept. 14, 1878.

"Dear *Argus*: Please tell the members of '76 that Ben has been, and gone, and started a singing school. It opened September 7th. They call it Mary. It has eyes like its father's. Ben has vowed a "hecatomb of bulls" to the gods, and a big dinner to the class. Let all be on hand in June. "CARRY."

—*Argus*.

A Sophomore went to his class-officer to be excused for his absence at church. He stated that he was out walking and when the church bell rang was so far from College that he could not reach church in time, so he went to the village church. "And who preached?" asked the Prof., curiously. "I don't

know," he answered, "some stranger."
 "Indeed," said the amused Prof., "I
 am surprised that you did not recog-
 nize me."—*Amherst Student.*

Riding in a buggy
 On a summer night,
 Sat a Harvard Junior
 With a maiden bright.
 Maiden very timid,
 Student very bold
 (Maid a little prudish
 If the truth were told.)
 On the seat behind her
 Lay the student's arm,
 Maiden in a flutter
 Feared she'd come to (h)arm.
 Suddenly horses started—
 "Take both hands, for I've—"
 Student interrupted,
 "Some one's got to drive."
 —*Crimson.*

The following may interest some
 of the Auburn fair ones :

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

"Write me a letter, love," he said,
 "Each night before that darling head
 Sinks on its guileless pillow;
 And as I burn the midnight oil,
 Your words will gild and lighten toil,
 As dawning gilds the billow."

Dear girl! Her fancy nightly drew
 Pictures of cares that student knew;
 The dreary room he sat in;
 His aching brow; his pallid cheek;
 She shuddered as she thought of Greek
 And all that "horrid Latin."

And "O, my love! you'll surely kill
 Yourself," she wrote, "I know you will—
 You're far, far too ambitious;"
 And then bewailed, in piteous plaint,
 Her own sad state in such event—
 And signed, "Your darling precious."

* * * * *

That night—I mean at four A. M.
 With wavering steps that student came,
 A brief hour's rest to borrow;

He bound his head with towels wet,
 He smoked a final cigarette,
 And sighed, "'Twas jolly!—but, you bet,
 I'll have to flunk to-morrow!"
 —*Besom.*

HABET.

He was a Senior, grave and staid,
 She was a guileless Vassar maid.
 Brown were her eyes, and passing fair
 The sunlight played on her golden hair.
 Now thus spake he, in accents low,
 Designing chaff to pass her:

HE.

"Ya-as, pretty place but awful slow;
 So little going on, you know;
 And girls of course can never row
 Up there, you know, at Vassar!"
 A blush suffused her neck so white,
 To gaze whereon, an anchorite
 His very soul would barter,—

SHE.

"Why, how you talk! It may be slow,
 But please don't say we never row,
 For we have at Vassar—don't you know—
 Each morning, a re-garter!"
 The Senior fled with a wild, weird shriek,
 As the blush died out on the maiden's cheek;
 But she still smiled on, while passing fair
 The sunlight played on her golden hair.
 —*Acta Columbiana.*

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Oh! come where the cyanides silently flow,
 And the carburets droop o'er the oxides below;
 Where the rays of potassium lie white on the
 hill,
 And the song of the silicate never is still,
 Come, oh, come!
 Tumti, tum, tum!
 Per oxide of soda, and urani-um!

While alcohol's liquid at thirty degrees,
 And no chemical change can affect manganese:
 While alkalies flourish and acids are free,
 My heart shall be constant, sweet science, to
 thee!

Yes, to thee!
 Eiddledum Dee!
 Zinc, borax, and bismuth, and H O plus C.
 —*London Fun.*

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