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THE

# BATES STUDENT.

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# BATES STUDENT.

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## MORALS OF LITERATURE.

LITERATURE, in its widest application, embraces all writings except mathematical and purely scientific treatises. In its more common signification, it includes only poetry, essays, history, and the novel. As such, how does it affect the morals of society?

Literature is a great moral educator. It guides the thoughts, and influences the actions, of society. One's outward moral conduct is an index to, and a result of, his inward moral reflections. Whatever influences thought, influences action also. So literature affects our lives by modifying our thoughts. Our habits are the result of our qualities of thought. Our character is the sum of our peculiarities. And it is our moral sentiment, our ideal of life, that forms our peculiarities and makes us what we are. Every person lives for an object. He has an ideal standard of excellence which he wishes to attain. To be sure, each man's ideal of life varies from every other man's standard. In fact, what would seem to one a standard of excellence, would to another appear a stone of stumbling, to be shunned and avoided by all. What would seem to one a path leading to continual happiness, to another would seem a broad highway leading to wretchedness in this life and ruin in the world beyond. Men are like strangers in a new country, traveling with different objects in view; upon the same guide-post, it may be, one sees only directions to a famous summer resort, where are beautiful lakes, grand mountain summits, or extensive woodlands filled with game, and the enchanting melodies of nature's songsters; another, directions to some manufacturing city where he hopes to obtain work by which to support a numerous family — each

seeking happiness as his final object. So in our moral natures. Though our ideals of what life should be vary greatly, we are all struggling to gain what we each conceive to be the chief glory of man. This may be wealth, honor, fame, or simply freedom from work. We have an ideal and a real existence. Further, our ideal standard is never fully realized; but it is a pleasing thought that he whose ideal is grand and high, comes quite as near its realization as he whose ideal is low. Therefore, whatever tends to raise the ideal existence of a person, or society as a unit, tends also to raise the actual condition of that person or society. Our morality is our ideals put in practice. Literature, especially poetry, essays, and the novel, deals chiefly with the ideal or imaginary; and history and biography, though confined to past realities, show what may be attained in the future, and thus modify the ideals our imaginations form for our life object. What we read, as well as what we experience, helps to shape our lives. If a nation's literature be pure and high-toned, it elevates the moral sentiment of society; if it be of an opposite character, it degrades. Generally literature is filled with the noblest sentiments; at least, since it deals with the ideal, it is always in advance of the practical ideas of a people. This comports with what was said in reference to our ideal always being beyond what is realized, which is true of people collectively as well as persons individually. Public opinion, for the reasons just stated, would not support a literature whose moral tone was degrading to the popular sentiment. Literature is usually the product of the rarest intellects and the most cultivated minds. As a result, men have great confidence in what is written. We grasp with zeal at an author's thoughts as something beyond our reach. They allure us onward and upward to higher realms and purer atmospheres of thought. We are unconsciously led to seek as high a moral plane as that upon which our authors appear to stand. We feel that they are inspired from a higher source. And we judge rightly. The stream can never rise higher than the fountain. Writers of loftiest thoughts and sublimest sentiments must draw from the highest sources of knowledge.

As the geologist, standing on some high summit, is led to question the elements for the reasons of those towering summits and the varied aspect of the landscape around and below, so the literary man who knows best how to explain the characters of our noblest men, understands most accurately the condition and habits of the masses, and can fashion the most worthy ideal characters for his readers, must stand on the mountain tops of human experience and commune with the elements of life—the soul of nature. Reading such authors—and our best

poets, essayists, and novelists are such — the current of our thoughts is quickened and purified by the mingling. It is the tendency of a person's character to become weakened and debased when he ceases to associate with his fellows, or fails to cultivate his thoughts by reading. From the great ocean of society the purest aspirations evaporate and the baser elements remain. Our literary men are the mountain peaks that condense these vanished, flitting idealities and send them back in showers and running streams, to refresh and refill the ever-lessening, ever-filling ocean. 'T is thus literature raises the ideal standard, the moral tone of society.

Literature is the national thought crystallized into permanent form. The impurities are precipitated, in the form of poisonous dregs, to the bottom of the literary crucible, to be treated as waste and dangerous matter. There are, unfortunately, some writers who, for a price, dare use this castaway matter to poison the minds of their unsuspecting victims. Like the cuckoo that lays its eggs in the nests of other birds, leaving them to be hatched and the young reared among worthier companions, writers of little merit and depraved morals deposit their vile thoughts in the treasury of literature to be adopted and supported by the unwary, who do not distinguish them from the good and true. Next to the gossip and sensational bosh of newspapers, the low-toned novel is the most common form of this trash, sold as cheap literarure. How terrible its influence upon the morals of the uneducated, the weak-minded, and the young! And its effect is much worse from the fact that the young and the uneducated have such firm confidence in the truth and worth of what is wrtten. To most persons the printed page has a mystic charm, a show of authority. The printer's ink seems to stamp thought with the infallible seal of truth. The inexperienced trust society. They never suspect men in authority to be capable of fraud or injustice. Rulers and authors are looked upon with superstitious awe; they seem wrapt in a cloak of divinity. Therefore a book, good or bad, when published, is regarded by its readers as having received from society a tacit consent to its truth,—a license to be read. In this fact lies the moral influence of literature,—its power for good or evil. This is why the scholar is so apt to take for granted whatever is stated in books, and why boys and girls are alike excited by some wild romance and the record of a noble life. Though this faith in what is printed, simply because it is printed, diminishes with age and education, it never wholly dies out. Hence we see the immense influence literature has over the minds and morals of the people, especially the youth. To make this thought more vivid and impressive we have only to

recall the individual experiences of our boyhood. For who does not remember with what trust and zeal he read the Arabian Nights, Robinson Crusoe, and the stories in the Second Reader? How indignation sent the blood tingling through our veins when we first read of the insults and cruelties inflicted upon Americans during the war of the Revolution! And how the story of the brave heroes who fought and bled in that war, stirred our hearts with patriotic emotions! Courage, valor, zeal for the right,—all the manly virtues,—are strengthened by reading such examples. No less are the milder virtues — punctuality, honesty, piety, love of kindred, temperance, chastity — improved by poetry, essays, and fiction, if written by authors of merit. In no other way can a person influence the popular mind so much as by his writings. If they be pure in thought and noble in sentiment, they will elevate the thoughts and improve the character of the reader; otherwise they deaden virtue and blunt the moral sensibilities. Therefore how great the crime in publishing what is vicious, immoral, or untrue!

Literature is not only a factor but an exponent of a people's morals. It is as much the result as the shaper of the popular mind. Each is the index of the other, and each is improved or degraded by the other; they go hand in hand. Considering the corrupt reign of Charles II., no wonder "poetry declined from the date of the Restoration, and was degraded from a high and noble art to a mere courtly amusement or pander to immorality." And this corrupt literature must have had a very great reflex influence upon society. Well might the genius of a Milton be led by the corrupt morals to contemplate the rebellious wars of fallen angels in a Paradise Lost. Naturally, too, was Butler induced to create a Hudibras for the people's censor.

During the "Age of Pericles," Grecian literature attained its highest glory. Was not this natural? It was then that the State was imbued with the spirit of patriotism and progress. Certain men of genius became absorbers of the national thought, from which they formed the the purest gems of literature, and the noblest monuments of Greece's intellectual greatness. Just as white light, which is a combination of all colors, in passing through a prism is decomposed into distinct colors of varied brilliancy, so the common thoughts of the people, in passing through the minds of literary men, are changed into brilliant attractiveness. Literary men are not strictly original. They cannot *create* thought. They can only put their minds in readiness to receive the thoughts suggested by the combination of circumstances. Writers must be critical observers of the times. They are the prime con-

ductors which accumulate and direct the ideas and sentiments generated by the revolutions of the great electrical wheel of society. And when, through their books, they come in contact with the people, there is a discharge of intellectual force, and the entire reading public feels the shock. Like sponges, literary men unconsciously absorb the sentiments of the society in which they move. In turn, society feeds upon its own thoughts, enlarged, classified, and enforced by the wit and genius of its literary men. Therefore it can but be that a nation's moral standing influences its literature, and that literature improves the morals of society. This was remarkably true in early Greece. Even their religion was greatly modified by the beautiful poems of Homer and Hesiod. And these poems, of lasting influence and immortal interest, were founded upon mythology, which was the common possession of all the people, and a natural result of their modes of thinking. Thus literature, by dealing with the ideal world of thought, influences, and is in turn influenced by, the public mind and morals.

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## POLITICS.

THE feeling has become general, among thinking and reflective men, that a political habit is influencing good men in the direction of evil, and is rapidly demoralizing every department of government.

While exhibitions of dishonest action of men in power are of daily occurrence, there is a general suspicion that the same conduct is practiced by all officials, with perhaps some exceptions, and that proof is only needed for the exposure. The idea seems to be gaining ground that a political life affords excellent opportunities for private fortunes to be made, and this becomes the object of primary importance to aspirants for honor. Disinterested benevolence is an element little thought of in politics. The reckless scramble for office is an indication of what an office is used for. Men of no brains, but of some pecuniary means, go into the canvass for election and buy it, even at the expense of their whole fortune; while a poor man of ability must stand and see himself shamefully defeated. Mobs rule the polls, and the best men stay at home —fearing contamination by bare presence. What would our forefathers say to see soldiers called out on election day to guard the ballot-box in free America! Ministers and reformers preach the purity of the ballot, and then refuse to attend the caucus and the town-meeting. The result is, the scum of humanity rises to the surface, and we dignify it as

our public servants. No man can be a candidate for public trust without subjecting himself to the vilest slander and caricature, and stooping to practices that are at first revolting. The exceptions are rare. Why should candidates for what ought to be one of the noblest professions in the land, be subjected to such indecencies? No other profession dishonors a person first to fit him for its duties. Whatever may be the causes at work to produce the disgraceful results witnessed in our government during the last twenty years, it seems certain there is no abatement of them. Our nation is becoming the laughing-stock of foreign powers, and a disgrace to ourselves. We are showing our weak and corrupt side most glaringly. Men go to Congress poor, live in princely style on small pay, and come home rich. Temptations are fascinating, and none save the strongest resist them. A person of ordinary strength and ability is soon drawn into the whirl of excitement, to find his character bankrupt and his coffers filled. Bribery may be used in so many ways, that the slightest present as a token of esteem becomes the influence of a particular vote or line of argument. We call them slight gifts, and anybody may accept a gift! Political capital is based largely upon political dishonor. Frauds are exposed, not so much because they are frauds, but to enrich political capital. Men are elected to office with no idea of fitness, but because of some influence they may possess as wire pullers or money men. Brains have been eliminated from the problem, together with honesty. The moment a person consents to run as a candidate for any office, he makes himself the centre of a crowd of hungry parasites, who profess to aid him provided he will liberally pay for the service; and these parasites, with the absence of good men from the polls, will make or unmake their candidate according as his money holds out.

It is simply a matter of money making, and is not confined wholly to politics. Business life is full of the same disgraceful conduct, and political life reflects the complexion which commercial transactions have assumed. When presidents of railroads, at a salary of forty thousand dollars per annum, receive a percentage on every contract they give, there is little else to expect from them as government officers. School teachers to-day, in many cities, are paying a percentage of their salary to the hand that feeds them. The venal principle controls everything.

In this centennial year we cannot say our government is a success. We have not yet triumphed sufficiently to silence our enemies. It would indeed be refreshing to hear our legislative branch of the government spoken of as Mr. Madison spoke of the men who composed the Convention of 1787: "I feel it my duty to express my profound and

solemn conviction, derived from my intimate opportunity of observing and appreciating the views of the Convention, collectively and individually, that there never was an assembly of men charged with a great and arduous task, who were more pure in their motives, or more exclusively or anxiously devoted to the object committed to them, than were the members of the Federal Convention of 1787, to the object of devising and proposing a constitutional system which should best supply the defects of that which it was to replace, and best secure the permanent liberty and happiness of their country."

The people to-day, the repository of power, are above the demagogism that characterizes public men; but they are not represented, nor indeed will be until they rise in the strength of their virtue to vindicate themselves, and submit no longer to intrigue and strategy.

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## INVITATIO AD VERNUM.

HAIL, glorious Queen of Seasons! blushing, beauteous Maid,
Just bursting from thy frozen Brother's arms!
Come, bless the world that mourns thee long delayed,
And bid the dull earth waken with thy charms.
Call back the twittering tribes that feathered their long way
To other climes, with eager, swift-winged fleetness,
When Winter's fiat bade the swaying leaves decay,
And robbed us of our songsters' liquid sweetness.
Bring back the joy and hope and love that nature's green,
Robing the hills and vales, enthrones in all the soul;
Ope thy red lips, where sits the noontide's brightest beam,
And kiss to life the withered fern upon the knoll.
Bid the dull covering that now meets our saddened sight,
Give place to carpets woven for thy tread and ours;
And shed upon the brown, sere earth the sun's warm light,
To resurrect all Nature's slumbering powers.
Then will we love thee; and thy queenly brow we'll grace
With garlands from the hillside's sunny nook;
And buttercups we'll sprinkle where thy footsteps trace,
And pluck thee daisies from the edges of the brook.
Then shall sweet buds and flowers with fragrance bathe thy feet,
And warbled notes thy sunlit chamber fill;
While, through reviving Nature's realm, from Love's retreat,
God's sweetest angel—Peace—shall breathe a trill.

## SWIFT.

THERE is no literature more pleasing and instructive than biography; no kind of biography so charming as that which treats of the lives of authors. Among the multitude of writers of the eighteenth century, no name possesses more interest than that of Jonathan Swift. The great men of England bowed at his feet and besought the aid of his fierce and crushing pen; Ireland proclaimed him her liberator; his enemies heaped curses upon him, wrote thousands of pamphlets against him, and stung him with their bitter calumny; and he lived and died one of earth's most unhappy men.

He was a strange man in a strange time. In other times, Swift might have acted and written differently; but the eighteenth century—that strange century, when old beliefs and institutions were losing their moorings and going adrift, when public morality was lax, when people praised James and welcomed William with the same breath, when men were striving for office and grasping at rich prizes,—this century, acting on the mind of Swift, has made one of the most peculiar characters in English literature. We have read Swift's works, we have laid his books aside, and there stands in the background of our vision a picture of the gloomy Dean as he wounds and crushes and tears his enemies to pieces. How this picture of our "minds eye" resembles the real man that spoke, wrote, cursed, and acted his fierce part in the drama of life, is a question to be decided by referring to his several biographers. The story of his life has been told by two noted writers—Scott and Johnson.

Both were kind to his memory. Scott tries to excuse his faults, and places his eccentricities in the most favorable light; but the honest old Doctor regards him as a peculiar and dangerous man. Speaking of "The Tale of a Tub," he says: "Of this book, charity may be persuaded to think that it might be written by a man of peculiar character, without ill intentions; but it is certainly a dangerous example." In giving a short sketch of his life, we shall follow no one authority, but shall give that picture which most resembles the man as we see him in his writings. His works cannot change, and in them he has chiseled his own dark features. In Dublin, on the 30th of November, Swift first breathed the air of Ireland. Poor, fatherless, dependent on the charity of an uncle, he first attended school at Kilkenny, and then went up to the University at Dublin. While at school, he was filled with scorn and rage, learned to hate humanity, and thus early in life he laid the foundation of his subsequent misanthropy. At school he was wayward and willful, not diligent in his studies, and

when the day came for taking his degree he failed. Sent back to his logic, he came up again for his degree without having looked at his books, and only by special favor did he obtain his degree. After spending three more years at Dublin, in close study, we next see him a secretary of Sir Wm. Temple. Here, Swift learned some sad lessons, and keenly felt the pangs of bitter disappointment. Swift naturally expected some recompense for his service to the polite and polished politician of King William. Positions were promised, but were never given; prebends became vacant, but his enemies were appointed to fill them; deaneries were given to inferior men; a bishopric was at the disposal of his friend, and the wished-for prize just escaped his grasp. Tired and discontented with this manner of life, he left Sir Wm. Temple's for a poor living in Ireland, but after a short time he returned to perform the humble duties of a secretary.

See the secretary as he sits silently writing at his table; a frown gathers on his brow, as he sees the weakness and follies of those great and ruling men that come to Sir William's house; he measures them all, and is conscious of his own superiority. Those great men looked like Liliputians to him; and the heart of the youth is full of satire. Here he wrote The Tale of a Tub, a satire on religion and science,—a story which made the author famous, but ever barred him from high positions. Kings and Queens were afraid to trust a man who could write such a wild tale. His talents as a political writer have never been equaled. But what a political life he led! It was an ambitious strife for position, —a struggle rewarded with only a deanery in poor Ireland.

He fought battles for the Tories, but he never won a prize. Writing from disappointment, he attacked his enemies with great vengeance, and exultantly, like an eagle over his prey, tore them to pieces.

Early in life a dark misanthropy settled over him, and foreboded his terrible fate. He hated Ireland; he would not credit it with the glory and honor of his birth; he hated the institutions of his country; he hated humanity, and loved individuals only for his own pleasure and selfishness. Among all the names in English literature, we know of no such a misanthropist as Swift. Of the sweets of life he enjoyed but few, but the poisons of that age were poured into his giant and solitary intellect, and he suffered in long and terrible agony. He took the poison with his own hand, and deserved to suffer. He once said of himself that he had "an ill head and aching heart"—a confession that reveals the remorse that was gnawing away at his heart, while he was insulting those who served him, writing mean epigrams against those who spoke against him, and servilely flattering the great.

Swift, besides being a Dean and a

politician, was a lover. While at Sir William Temple's, he became acquainted with Hester Johnson,—known by every reader of books as Swift's Stella. We can pardon his pride, arrogance, and intolerable manners in the company of ladies, but we have no charity for his sins committed against Stella. First, he was her teacher; then, lover; afterwards, murderer. He murdered not as the assassin murders, but slowly he drove the dagger to her heart. When he left Sir William's and went to Ireland, he invited Stella and Mrs. Dingley to accompany him, that he might enjoy the pleasure of her society. Stella lived near him, and when he went to London, Stella and Mrs. Dingley took possession of his house,—always going back to their own home as soon as he returned.

To her alone, of all the world, he opened the caverns of his gloomy heart. While at London, he wrote to her by every mail; kept a journal of his thoughts and a criticism of the great men, for her perusal; and thought of her tenderly, and loved the prattle and fond whisperings of her letters.

While at London, he was admitted into the society of some of the most distinguished wits of the time. In the height of his popularity he became acquainted with Esther Vanhomrigh, a lady of talent and fortune, who was fascinated with his brilliancy of wit, and the richness and power of his conversation. The fascination seems to have been mutual, for soon we notice a great change in the tone of his letters to Stella. Vanessa, the name given Esther Vanhomrigh, is not mentioned in his letters, and only casually does he allude to being at her residence.

The fascination of the more attractive lady had already begun to show its influence on the faithless lover's heart. Stella soon became aware that there was a rival in his affections, and suffered some of the pangs of jealousy. Swift now found himself in a very embarrassing position, and had no courage to extricate himself, or check the passion which was not in his power to requite. Vanessa, having come to Ireland, soon learned Swift's true circumstances. She, finding that she had been deceived and injured, died of disappointment,—having previously ordered that the poem in which he praises her charms should be published to the world.

We pass over his marriage in silence, having no means of knowing the motives that prompted such a strange course of action. It was a cruel fate, and we can invent no excuse that will pardon Swift's ignominious conduct toward Stella. The last years of Swift's life were most unhappy. Stella was dead, and the great man was alone in the world; his misanthropy drove his friends from his house; his misanthropy continually increasing, he soon found himself entirely deserted; his mind failed; inflammation and tumors tort-

ured his body; and at last he became a silent maniac. About the end of October, 1745, he was relieved of his sufferings, and passed away without a struggle.

We come now to Swift as a writer, and have time for only a word. For language that cuts and crushes, tears and rends its victims, Swift has had no equal. All his writings are satirical and humorous. The humor is dry, and has such an air of truthfulness that all his works deserve to be called allegories.

In Gulliver's Travels we see the dryness of his humor and the bitterness of his satire. In the Drapier's Letters we see a great intellect wielding a fierce pen. Never did man write better satire. Never did man write more bitter irony. Never was pen feared more than that of Jonathan Swift. The last part of Gulliver's Travels is a complete allegory, where man is depicted as lower than the brutes. The humor and satire are terrible; but, Swift, we do not love to read you,—we love no man that boasts to be a misanthropist. We do not love you, because you have no charity for humanity; because you magnify their faults from a mere love of vengeance; because you are always sad and gloomy, and never cheerful and gay; because you never sympathize with laughter and tears. You have no love of nature, no kind words for prattling children, no sensibilities easily moved by pleasure or pain,—but a "multitude of sins" "with so little charity to cover them."

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## APRIL.

WHAT old, old themes are rain and sun!
One likened oft to tears that run;
The other unto smiles begun.

And April days are ever so:
Now driving show'rs, as tears down flow;
Now sunbeams gather, as smiles glow.

Now ghastly grief forecasts the year;
And rankling sorrow's vexing fear,
With ominous doubtings, all appear.

These are the clouds of April days;
These are the ceaseless rain-fall plays;
These are her Winter-loving ways.

But gladness, jubilee, and song
Break up the doubts, where faith is strong,
And smiles engendered all along

Make darkness light, and sad things grand;
For joy and grief go hand in hand,
While light and shade together stand.

Then rain, rain, rain,—the birds will mate!
Or shine, shine, shine, for some will hate!
But all grow wiser, soon or late.

In either case, the trees will leaf,
And flow'rs will bloom in spite of grief,
For April days are strangely brief.

The grass grows brighter, and the air
Seemeth infused with incense rare;
Thus all the earth becometh fair,—

While April only smiles and weeps;
Ah, faithful soul, her true art keeps
Of cheating Winter, till she leaps

Into the arms of her love, May,
In Spring's full pomp is borne away,—
While Winter sinketh in dismay.

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## NOTES FROM THE CAPITAL.

I DON'T know how many ugly things have been said about Washington, until somebody the other day put on the cap over the whole, by groaning out that "a shower of fire and brimstone would improve the poor city."

To be sure the atmosphere here just now is stifling and hot with political strife. Probably Congress has not been so swayed and torn with the struggle for power, for many years. The change of majority from one side of the House to the other, has made one party desperate and the other overbearing; and, in the contest, slumbering animosities have burned up again, and long concealed abuses of power have been dragged into the light.

But, looking down from the gallery upon that great body of men, I for one have too much faith in human nature to believe that they are

all wrong, dishonest, and struggling merely for ambitious ends. They dearly love—these men—to clash their wits against each other. Cox is radiant for the whole day, if he can get a thrust at Blaine that is unanswerable. Blaine loses no opportunity to stir up that little nest of secessionists, who sit securely under the motherly Democratic wing. Lamar shakes his black mane at the Republican party, and would apparently annihilate them if he could. Banks stands squarely and firmly on neutral ground, and hurls logic at both parties; and all these other men find their places according to their convictions. But actual work is being done all the time, and the country, criticising and impatient, is still safe in their hands, I firmly believe.

But I did not sit down to write about politics at all; I simply designed to say a good word for Washington—it is a much-abused city. Strangers who, during the war, were attracted to the headquarters of the country, gave it a villainous name, and, not having been here since, are still of the same opinion. They picture it out as the dirtiest city in the Union, with mud in the streets, I don't know how deep; Negro shanties huddled in the best parts of the city; a population of dead, ignorant inhabitants; stagnation of business, and a dreadful state of society and morals in general. They tell a good story of two officers of the army, who met on Pennsylvania Avenue. One of them on horseback on the sidewalk, accosted his brother officer, who was floundering up to his waist in the mud of the street: "Look here, Captain, why don't you ride your horse, these damp mornings?" "O, I've got one under me here, somewhere," answered the other.

How agreeably astonished I was when I came here, tongue cannot tell. Emerging from the new and really fine depot, I made my way through a busy and agreeable-looking city. Crossing the broad Pennsylvania Avenue, thronged with beautiful ladies, and full of metropolitan life, I passed up the busy Seventh Street, and my first impressions were these—What broad, beautiful, and *clean* streets! What fine looking people! What a delightful winter I shall have here! And these flying weeks, which have vanished as only the weeks of a Washington winter can do, have fully answered my expectations. In the first place, the streets of Washington are well paved and kept remarkably clean. Twice a week there are four, six-in-hand, formidable machines which go rumbling through the streets, sweeping the pavements as clean as a house floor. Then there is another thing that I like about this city. Every house is not squeezed against its neighbor, as though every inch of room must be utilized. And the buildings on either side the street don't push out into the sidewalk and crowd people into the gutters.

When you go out there is always plenty of room, and any quantity of air to breathe. The government buildings occupy whole squares by themselves, and are pretty generally surrounded by a little green country of their own; and these, scattered through different parts of the city, make open spaces that can never be intruded upon. The whole plan of the city originally seemed to be for breadth and comfort, and, as it is arranged, this wise foresight can never be much altered. The character of the population must have undergone a great change. The listless, ease-loving Southerner has given place to the Northern element more and more; and business of all kinds is moving briskly. The Jews and Germans are largely in trade on the street, and that is a pretty sure evidence of sharp trade and lively profits. I see nothing but that Washington, as it now appears, may become—indeed, now is—as ambitious of enterprising growth as any of her sister cities in the Union.

I remember of being over in Georgetown, a short time ago, and gazing about at the complete desolation and dilapidation of Washington's sister city, an utter sense of dreariness and forlornness stole over me. I could not picture, if I would, the disgusting shiftlessness that pervaded every spot. And this, my friend said, was a fair specimen of the appearance of Washington before the war.

Well, well, "chance and change are busy ever." The tide of enterprise and improvement has reached the national capital. Tall, stately buildings are springing up; hotels are being enlarged and modernized; streets are being made and old ones improved, and the government, catching the spirit, is building a new department. This new State Department, into which the bureaus of the Army and Navy, etc., are to be transferred, beggars all description. It has no peer for artistical beauty and design in the country. I am glad it is so nearly completed that strangers who visit our Centennial glorification next summer, can judge what the immense structure will be when finished. Somehow this detestable(?) city seems to offer inducements for thousands of strangers, who every winter enjoy a remarkable brilliant season of excitement here. Society, reckless of expense, opens its gilded doors, and the people rush from one amusement to another, filling into a few flying weeks enough for a whole year of dissipation.

Up on Capitol Hill, every day, the flag springs up over the House of Congress at twelve o'clock, and the stranger is sure of a few lively hours of entertainment in listening to political discussions. For this season, at least, there have been few dull days in Congress. Across the rotunda in the Senate Hall, there is less excitement, but more weighty business at issue. It is worth a long

journey to see so fine a looking body of men. When mature age is accompanied by intellect, erect and noble carriage, and fine manners, it is glorious to be old.

I can not in one short letter give half an idea of the advantages of a season in Washington. Outside of the national interests, the city itself affords objects of private and public benefactions, that most favorably compare with other and much larger cities. I think it extremely fortunate that our Centennial Exposition is located so near the Capital; for thousands of visitors who will come to Washington in connection with Philadelphia, will make up their own minds about the place, and thus correct the predjudice against so pleasant a city. HAZELTON.

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## SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON was born in Woolsthorpe, December 25th, 1642, and died at Kensington, March 20th, 1727. The descent of Newton is involved in obscurity. According to his own statement, he descended from Sir John Newton of Westby in Lincolnshire; but other writers say that he was of Scotch descent. Interesting as it might be for us to be able to trace the genealogy of so great a philosopher, yet it is sufficient for us to know that he lived; and that his life was a success, we have abundant proof in the important discoveries made by him.

It is a remarkable coincidence that the day on which Galileo, the distinguished Italian philosopher, died, is memorable as having been the birthday of Newton. Thus, while the great spirit of the one was wafted to the realms of peace, that of the other was born.

During almost the whole of Newton's course of study, his rank of scholarship was below the average; and there has been recorded only one instance in which he outstripped all competitors. While he was attending the preparatory school, a slight quarrel (the nature of which we do not know) arose between him and the leader, in scholarship, of the school. This quarrel, slight as it was, served to arouse his powerful, but, as yet, dormant energies. Diligently applying himself, he quickly gained the leadership, and, by his unselfishness, won the respect and admiration of his fellow-students. This appears to be the first incident which we have, revealing the power of his intellect.

While young, he appears to have had a strong desire, amounting almost to a passion, for mechanical pursuits and the construction of machinery; so great was his love of drawing that he was accustomed to

sketch on boards, plastering, or whatever else he could use for that purpose. His parents desired that he should become a farmer; but he evinced so strong a dislike for that pursuit, that they decided to educate him. Accordingly, he was fitted for college at Granthem, and, at the age of eighteen, entered Trinity. His Binomial theorem was developed during his college course, and a new impetus was thus given to the science of mathematics.

The degree of B.A. was conferred upon him in 1665; and, in the following year, the discovery of the law of gravitation—one of the most important which modern science has achieved, and which was reserved for the mighty genius of Newton—was made. He proved that gravitation was universal; that it determined the orbits and order of the planets, and caused the inequalities observed in their motions; that it produced tides and gave shape to the earth. He laid down three distinct rules: 1st, That gravitation acts instantaneously; 2d, It is not lessened by interposition of objects; 3d, It is entirely independent of the nature of matter.

The first reflecting telescope was brought to completion by Newton; and he also made important discoveries in opties and chemistry. He endorsed the corpuscular theory of light, which has now few adherents, the undulatory theory being generally received. In 1668, the degree of M.A. was conferred upon him, and in 1699, he was made master of the mint. In 1703, he was chosen President of the Royal Society, and shortly afterward was knighted by Queen Anne.

In respect to the private life of Newton, all accounts agree. His character has been handed down to us unsullied. He was ambitious to serve, not his own interest, but the interests of mankind. At one time, his friends expressed, in glowing terms, their admiration of his discoveries. His reply—"To myself I seem to be as a child playing upon the sea-shore, while the immense ocean of truth lies unexplored before me,"—proves him to have been no egotist. But victory did not always crown his efforts; oftentimes he was baffled, discouraged, defeated, but never conquered. While delivering his Lucasian course of lectures, it is said: "So few came to hear him that frequently it was like speaking to bare walls." This was one of the severest trials of his life, and greatly depressed him, but did not cause him to him to yield. Although at times seemingly dull and languid, yet his mind was ever active and searching into the hidden mysteries of science. Whose name, among the ancients or moderns, can awaken such feelings of reverence; whose genius has ever accomplished so much for the world; whose life affords so worthy an example to young men,—as that of Newton's?

# EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

## FUTURE BATTLE-GROUNDS.

LOOKING back from the light of the present through the increasing haze of receding centuries, to the time when history records her first event, we behold one long panorama of war,—the picture of battle-fields, where men met and struggled for the mastery. Ambition, love of conquest, desire for civil and religious liberty, led to these contests. The sword was the only arbiter. States submitted their disputes to its decision; kings and potentates knew of no appeal from its tribunal; tyrants sheltered themselves behind its power; even liberty resorted to it for life, and Christianity for assistance. No higher power was known; none was demanded. War was the only avenue to honor. The slaughter of enemies and the wail of captives ensured the triumphal procession.

In the boasted days of chivalry, a stalwart frame, finely moulded limbs, courtly bearing, were the only requisites of a gentleman; success in the lists, daring and victory on the field of battle, were alone thought worthy of honor. All the fine and noble faculties that dignify humanity were ignored, or held subordinate to these. Even in the golden age of Greece, the orator and poet were considered worthy only to amuse the people during the intervals of peace; while their principal employment was war.

Of all the wars that have swept over the world, leaving in their track ruin and desolation, few have been necessary, or productive of good; and even these, only as, by overthrowing oppression, they have left men's religious and intellectual natures free to expand.

The battle-fields of the past, with their pomp and suffering, where men in martial array, with firm step and dauntless courage, marched to the destruction of their fellows; the wild charge; the deadly struggle; the expiring groan; the retreat, marked by desolation and woe,—these are fast giving place to other means of settling disputes, and effecting improvements. Arbitration is now thought worthy of nations. Contests are fought, and questions of national importance settled, on rational and moral grounds,—where reason contends with reason, ideas meet ideas, mind grapples with mind, and all the nobler powers of man are brought into action.

Men are as ambitious and brave now as in the days of chivalry; but, through the enlightened teachings of the present century, they seek fame on nobler fields. They are learning that greater benefits and

more lasting renown are won by the pen than by the sword; that the triumphs of peace are more to be sought than the triumphs of war; that the conquests of intellect are mightier than those of force.

On these battle-fields are to be decided the contests of the next generation, with no less important results than the battles of the past. The political, moral, and religious world is in a state of excitement and turmoil. The Catholic question is one that ought to arouse the interest of every honest, thinking citizen of America. The recent course of papists in Germany, and their demands in this country, show that the strife has begun, and will not cease till it is finally settled; on its decision rests the security of our country. Their manifestoes proceed from the same source, are directed against the same power, desire the same object, have the same bitter hatred, as when the decrees were issued for the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day and the tortures of the Inquisition.

Legislation for the next generation presents problems worthy of the best talent. The war of the Revolution produced a nation, and the Rebellion proved its strength; it remains for us to carry out its higher functions in the fields of government, morals, religion, and literature. We have proved that a nation can be created, grow, and expand, without assassinations, bloodshed, and revolutions; that its peace and security do not depend on standing armies; that the soldier is not the main factor in a nation; that its wealth, security, and power rest in the intelligence and patriotism of its citizens; yet there are other objects to be attained. The nations of the world are in a state of ferment, that will either settle back into harder systems or develop into eruptions. They are watching earnestly our experiment of government, and its course for the next half-century will decide the fate of many dynasties. May it prove a worthy and noble example for the nations of the earth.

Reform offers a worthier field than ever a conqueror entered; a grander object than ever marshaled the armies of Napoleon. Much has been done; infinitely more remains to be accomplished. Gigantic evils still exist, entrenched behind wealth, social position, and custom. Infidelity is re-forming its ranks, and its batteries are throwing effective shots wherever a breach or a weak point affords a place for an assault. Christianity needs carefully to review its forces, and supply them with the best arms and leaders. It possesses the power, if rightly used, to resist these attacks successfully, and give us a religion that, while it appeals to faith, satisfies reason; a religion stripped of creeds, bigotry, and hypocrisy, and as free, pure, and noble as the Bible itself.

These issues, that in the past have

led to countless wars, are in the future to be settled on other fields, where intellect holds sway, and where reason, ideas, and conviction are the weapons. May they be decided for the good of the world, and for the honor of our country.

BASE-BALL.

The base-ball season opened with us much earlier than usual. The first game was played Fast Day, April 20th, between the Bates and the Centennials of this city, on the grounds of the former. The day was fine, and a large crowd was in attendance. Owing to the condition of the grounds, and want of practice, the game was loosely played by both nines. The Centennials are a new club, organized last winter, and they need only practice to make a first-class nine. Murphy played the catcher's position well; Coburn, at short, made some good plays; while the left and centre fielders each made a good fly catch. The Bates nine showed their Gymnasium practice by their good batting and fine base running; while their playing on the outs was not up to their usual standard. The pitching of Oakes was, as usual, very effective, while Whitney at second and Besse at third played their positions well. Much credit is due to the Manager and first Director for the promptness with which they discharged their duties. Below we append the score:—

| CENTENNIALS. | O. | R. | B.H. |
|---|---|---|---|
| D. Murphy, c f. | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Chocquette, 3d b. | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Dan. Murphy, c. | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| A. Bolton, r. f. | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Roach, p. | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| J. Green, l. f. | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| J. O'Brien, 1st b. | 11 | 2 | 1 |
| Hartwell, 2d b. | 4 | 2 | 2 |
| Coburn, s.s. | 3 | 2 | 0 |
| Totals, | 27 | 7 | 4 |

| BATES. | O. | R. | B H. |
|---|---|---|---|
| E. C. Adams, c.f. | 0 | 4 | 2 |
| L. A. Burr, s.s. | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| P. R. Clason, c. | 7 | 3 | 3 |
| H. W. Oakes, p. | 2 | 2 | 2 |
| N. P. Noble, l. f. | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| O.B Clason, 1 b. | 11 | 2 | 0 |
| E. Whitney, 2d b. | 4 | 4 | 1 |
| E.H.Besse, 3d b. | 1 | 3 | 2 |
| J. W. Smith, r.f. | 0 | 1 | 1 |
| Totals, | 27 | 22 | 13 |

SCORE BY INNINGS.

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bates | 1 | 8 | 2 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 7 | 0 | 1 | — 22 |
| Centennials | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | — 7 |

EXCHANGES.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us."

The exchange editor has a good chance to find out about what others think of his paper. He finds himself brought to view in a somewhat different light from the one in which he has been accustomed to take observations, and sees the articles which he sends forth for the public very unceremoniously dissected and disposed of as trash. For instance, the *Amherst Student* has decided that a recent article of ours, entitled "Nature and the Mind," "abounds in bombastic and irrational sentences," and objects especially to the statement: "Modern art is but a feeble imitation of ancient models; modern literature is, for the most part, a quotation from Homer or Plato." The *Student* mentions the "Ghiberti Doors" as an example of modern art, and insinuates that "Paradise Lost" is not a "revised edition" of Homer. As for the allusion to works of art, it cannot be denied that the sculptuary of the ancients has never been equaled,

much less surpassed. In regard to the Homer and Plato model, the statement is made only in regard to most of our literature; and if the Amherst editor will take the trouble to separate the writings of a very few authors, he will hardly be able to deny the truth of the assertion to which he has taken exception. Until the *Amherst Student* shows us some graver mistake than the one referred to, we must decline to accept its judgment; and would suggest that possibly some other occupation for the exchange editor would raise him in the estimation of those coming in contact with him. The *Student* gives its readers a good article, entitled "Thackeray and George Eliot." The "Three Rings," however, largely made up as it is of quotations, seems to be of little use except to fill up. Taking the notes about that fire, and all, the *Amherst Student* must indeed be considered a shining light among college papers.

The *Archangel* comes to us across the continent from St. Michael's College, Portland, Oregon. We have seen several cutting notices of this sheet in the columns of our exchanges, and, when we read some issues, heartily agree with the critics. But taking all into consideration, we consider the *Archangel* a sensible little paper. The editors, however, show a jealousy of their Protestant brethren which seems hardly warrantable. A college paper is hardly the place for religious quarrels.

We notice, in the *Denison Collegian*, quite a lengthy discussion in regard to the Bible in Public Schools. The piece looks dry, but on reading it through one finds a strong line of thought put forth in forcible and concise language. The ideas are good and well sustained by argument,—the writer taking ground against the use of the Bible in the Public School. The *Collegian* is well gotten up as a general thing, and is a pleasant visitor.

We find, in the *College Herald*, an article with the heading, "Trials and Triumphs of the English Tongue," which seems to us to fall considerably short of the mark offered by the subject. The writer intimates that after the Conquest the Normans, or French, were unable to establish their language in England, and were obliged to adopt the Anglo-Saxon. And so they did, but a greatly modified form of the language, and one containing many words of French origin. The writer of the piece makes the mistake of naming the productions of several illustrious English writers,—as Shakespeare, Macaulay, and Emerson,—as illustrations of the superior power of the English language over its sister tongues. Now it seems to us that these men owe their prominence to their great powers of intellect, and that they would have reached similar high positions had they expressed themselves in any other language. The article on "Modern Society"

has an air much like that assumed in the leaders of our journals, putting forth the new (?) idea that Gen. Belknap's disgrace, and the corruption recently unearthed in the doings of our officials, is due to the "Extravagance of Modern Society." The *Herald* has a good article, "Is Knowledge Power?" which shows a good appreciation of the subject. As a whole the *Herald* seems to be rather crude.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

The amount received from subscribers will hardly pay one-half of the running expenses of the STUDENT. We must rely upon our advertising columns to help make up the deficiency. It is for this reason that we wish to impress upon our readers—especially our students—the importance of patronizing those who advertise in the STUDENT. For only by so doing can we hope to retain their advertisements from year to year, and gradually bring the STUDENT upon a self-supporting basis. This year we present a variety of advertisements, all from well-known parties in this vicinity,—thus showing that they are willing to help us if we remember them in our purchases. Therefore, when you purchase, be sure that you are patronizing those who patronize the STUDENT.

Douglass & Cook, and French Brothers, have a fine assortment of books, stationery, etc., which they sell at a special discount to students and professional men.

Stevens & Co., being obliged to remove from their present location, offer their large stock of goods at very low prices for the next thirty days. Remember the place, 98 Lisbon street.

We present the advertisements of some of the best establishments in the city to get ready-made and custom clothing,—Cobb & Bangs, Richards & Merrill, Cornish & White, &c., being among the number. Look over our advertising columns before purchasing.

Stewards of clubs should patronize J. James & Co., Day & Nealey, and S. A. Cummings, for groceries and provisions; and remember A. Atwood's new market, 93 Lisbon street; also Ballard & Hitchcock's, corner of Ash and Lisbon streets.

S. P. Robie and Wm. W. Lydston keep a full line of gents' furnishing wear, which they are selling very cheap. Mr. Lydston intends to keep a fine assortment of base-ball material, the coming season.

Buy your boots and shoes of S. W. Wood & Co., F. I. Day, or C. E. Hilton. C. C. Cobb, being obliged to move, is selling his goods at less than cost. Darling & Lydston's, Lower Main street, is the place to have your cobbling done in a prompt and workman-like manner.

O. W. Kimball & Co. warrant all their medicines strictly pure and at low prices. Kimball's Balsam is an

excellent remedy for coughs, bronchitis, affections of the lungs, throat, etc. Try it.

Get your coal and wood of Hawkes & Mathews, at 81 Lisbon street; or John N. Wood, near the Maine Central depot.

W. B. Chadbourne keeps furniture of all kinds, at his ware-rooms, near corner of Franklin and Main streets.

Every description of fine washing and ironing done at Sawyer's Steam Laundry, Franklin street. Work called for and delivered.

City Restaurant, S. Swett, Proprietor, is the place to get class suppers. Meals served at all hours. Remember the place, City Building. Entrance on Pine street.

If your teeth are beginning to decay, give Drs. Goddard & Bigelow or D. B. Strout a call. You will save yourself both suffering and money.

C. Y. Clark keeps some of the best teams in the city. Ash, corner of Park street.

At the Eastern Steam Dye House, coats, pants, gloves, etc., are dyed and pressed in a superior manner.

Razors honed at A. A. Shorey's Hair Cutting and Shaving Rooms, Upper Main street. Students should give him a call.

Fuller & Capen advertise the Singer Sewing Machine. The advertisement explains itself.

E. R. Pierce, Jeweler, Auburn, makes a liberal discount to students who make themselves known.

Self-boarders will find Campbell & Vickery, Bakers, cheap, gentlemanly, and worthy of their patronage.

Crosby's Gallery, 86 Lisbon street, and C. W. Curtis's Rooms, Paul's Block, are the best places in the city to get your photographs taken.

J. T. Mills sells kerosene lamps, brackets, etc., cheap for cash.

J. W. Perkins & Co.'s is the place to get good carpets cheap.

Foss & Murphy have the latest styles of hats, caps, etc. Sign, big hat.

The neatness and promptness with which all work is done at the *Journal* Office, needs no word of commendation.

Ballard's Orchestra has been in existence several years, and is well worthy of the reputation it has acquired.

# ODDS AND ENDS.

"Come, gentle spring," etc.

Base-ball, from a "shadowy something far away," now begins to seem a real thing. Two new balls have already been disposed of, and the cry is for more.

1st Student—"How is your cold to-day?" 2d Student—"Much better, thank you. You see its been getting the better of me, and is quite vigorous just now."

Prof. (lecturing on astronomy)—"The energy of the sun is immense,— something more, perhaps, than 70,000 horse power per sq. ft.; but the sun is very prodigal of its force." Class (in chorus)—"Prodigal sun."—*Irving Union.*

We commend the following to two or three of our Sophs. Better even than the best salve! Try the plan for raising a mustache recommended to one of the Seniors by a lady friend: "Salt well the upper lip; then holding a cup of water underneath, catch the little fellows as they come out to drink."—*Ex.*

When you see a gentleman sauntering about leisurely with a look of dignity and learning, also a tall hat, upon his brow, you may conclude at once that it is either a Freshman or a Senior who expects soon to receive his sheepskin. At this time of the year you may safely conclude that such an individual is a Senior.

"Pa, will you get me a pair of skates if I prove to you that a dog has ten tails?" "Yes, my son." "Well, to begin, one dog has one more tail than no dog, hasn't he?" "Yes." "Well, no dog has nine tails; and if one dog has one more tail than no dog, then one dog must have ten tails!" He got the skates. —*Archangel.*

There has been a great demand for rubber boots during the past few weeks. The plank sidewalk not extending farther than Seminary street, spring always takes care to fill up the remaining space, as far as the College, with good dirty mud; and unless a person is prepared with rubber boots it is no small matter to get through safely.

At a recitation in Analytics last term, a student was at the blackboard trying to work his way through a certain problem. Every thing was plain but his figures, but they were beyond the grasp of an ordinary intellect. The Prof. followed him through, evidently with much exertion, and when the student left the

board, broke out,—"Yes, nice, Mr. ——, only that's $A^2$, not $16^2$;" a remark that seemed to cheer up the class considerably.

A Freshman electrified a Professor lately by translating the exclamation of the heart-broken Dido, when seeing the ships of Æneas getting under sail, "*Pro Jupiter ibit!*"—"By Jove, he is going!" The same aspirant for college honors translates "*Insignis Turnus,*"—"Ensign Turner." Again, "*Sedesque discretas piorum,*" thus—"Reserved seats for the pious."—*University Mag.*

We understand that a certain class in our College is considered to have "disgraced" itself because, for certain reasons, it declined to give a public debate about a year since. At least so one of the Profs. informed the members. It is hard to see how this action could be called disgraceful, since at the time the class was informed by the faculty that public exercises at said time were not obligatory.

A lusty Junior, weighing 180 lbs. or more, made a desperate spring after a foot-ball a day or two since, and, by some mistake either on his part or on that of the ball, he landed his feet directly upon the ball. The ball started off and took the feet with it, and the next thing we saw he had struck an attitude and the ground at the same time. It didn't break his neck however, for he didn't came down just right for that.

A story is told of Dr. Mitchell: On one occasion, coming from New Haven, some Yale students who were on board the steamer told the Doctor of a baby born in New Haven, one-half being black. The Doctor went on and gave reasons for the phenomenon, citing many instances in support of his theory. When they had almost reached New York it occurred to the Doctor to ask what color the other half was. His disgust can be better imagined than described, at being told that the other half was black too.—*Cornell Era.*

CHANSON.

Conducteur, quand vous recevez l'argent,
Percez en la presence du passant.
La change songez honnete pour faire,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare.
(Bones of Beranger!)

Begleiter, ais Sie nehmen das Geld ein
Den Pass zu stechen vorsichtig seien
Stechen sie, Brueder, als its bei der Herr
Punch in the presence of the passenger.
(Shade of Schiller!)

Conducidor, recibes passage quando
Nota en presencia pasagers,
Estad, memorosi, fraterni notar,
Punch in the presence of the passenjar.
(Clods of Calderon!)

Conduttore, quand' passage accettate
Avanti passeggiers stampate.
Fratelli, siate cura certi aver
Punch in the presence of the passenger.
(Dust of Dante!)

—*Volante.*

# COLLEGE ITEMS.

Denison College adopts slate as the University color.

The Summer Term has opened with beautiful weather—especially for base-ball, foot-ball, etc.

The Royal Academy has elected the Right Hon. Mr. Gladstone, Professor of Ancient History.—*Ex.*

The fair ones at Wells College have organized a boat club. Harvard and Yale may now stand aside; their day is past.

The Dartmoutn Glee Club has arranged to give several concerts in different places, making quite a trip before they return to their *Alma Mater.*

We notice that the Tufts boys are getting ready for foot-ball in good earnest. Their captain, Aldrich, withdraws from the eleven, says the *Collegian.*

Dr. S. W. Williams of Utica, N. Y., for many years the Secretary to the American Legation in China, has accepted the professorship of the Chinese Language and Literature, recently established at Yale College. —*Ex.*

The Senior Exhibition, which occurred on the 31st of last month, was well conducted. The parts were all written with care, and well delivered. "Conviction is Power," by Libby, and "Nonsense," by Whitney, seemed to us to be among the best.

The *Cornell Era* thinks that four editors are insufficient, and advises that a larger number be chosen in the elections that will soon take place. We shall have a word of advice to give to our successors on the same point, at some future day.

The B. B. Association had a meeting Tuesday, 18th inst., and transacted some business, preparatory to entering upon the coming season in good earnest. Mr. Howard of '79 was elected manager. Messrs. Potter, Briggs, and Buker are directors for the coming season.

About a dozen students, armed with shovels, hoes, and a wheelbarrow, went forth the other day to stop the ravages which the melted snow, coming down from the mountain, was making upon the base-ball ground. By about an hour's work ditches were made which turned aside most of the streams of water, and since that the ground has been rapidly drying up, as have also certain ones who scoffed at the idea of such a measure.

# PERSONALS.

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

'72.—G. H. Stockbridge is Associate Principal at Lyndon Literary Institute, Lyndon, Vt.

'73. We hear that I. C. Dennett has gone West,—to Denver, Colorado.

'73.—N. W. Harris has recently taken a position on the Portland *Daily Press.*

'73.—E. P. Sampson is Principal of the High School at Ellsworth.

'74.—H. W. Chandler, we learn, is at Washington, D. C.

'74.—M. A. Way is principal of the High School at Woonsocket, R. I.

# BATES COLLEGE.

## *FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

OLIVER C. WENDELL, A.M.,
Professor of Astronomy.

REV. CHARLES H. MALCOM, D.D.,
Lecturer on History.

## *CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.*

### TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

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

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

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

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

## *COURSE OF STUDY.*

The regular Course of Instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

## *EXPENSES.*

The annual expenses are about $200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

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

## *THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.*

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

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

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

Tuition, room rent, and use of libraries free.

COMMENCEMENT.....JUNE 28, 1876.

For Catalogue or other information, address

OREN B CHENEY, PRESIDENT, *Lewiston, Me.*

# NICHOLS LATIN SCHOOL.

This Institution is located in the city of Lewiston, Maine, and is named in honor of LYMAN NICHOLS, Esq., of Boston. The special object of the school is to prepare students for the Freshman Class of Bates College, though students who do not contemplate a College course are admitted to any of the classes which they have the qualifications to enter. The School is situated near the College and Theological School, and thus affords important advantages of association with students of more advanced standing and scholarship.

The Course of Study comprises three years and as many classes; that is, the first year, or third class; the second year, or second class; the third year, or first class. The classes are so arranged that students can enter the school at any time during the year.

*BOARD OF INSTRUCTION.*

FRITZ W. BALDWIN, A.M., PRINCIPAL.....Teacher of Latin and Greek.
THEODORE G. WILDER, A.M.....Teacher of Mathematics.
FREDERIC E. EMRICH .....Assistant Teacher of Latin.
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For further particulars send for Catalogue.

A. M. JONES, *Secretary.*

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***Fish Market.***

Oysters, Clams, and Lobsters furnished for family use at the lowest prices.

All orders promptly attended to.

COR. ASH AND LISBON STREETS, LEWISTON, ME.

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## DARLING & LYDSTON,

***Custom Boot Makers,***

FIRST DOOR WEST END OF THE CANAL BRIDGE, MAIN STREET, LEWISTON, ME.

HAVING HAD

Sixteen Years' Experience in the Business,

we feel ourselves competent to do all work entrusted to our care in a workmanlike manner. N. B.—We do our own repairing. All those wishing a good job will do well to call.

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## J. T. MILLS,

***Dealer in Crockery, China***

and GLASS WARE, Kerosene Lamps and Chandeliers, Table Cutlery, Silver Plated and Britannia Ware. Bird Cages, Flower Pots, and Brackets.

75 Lisbon St., Lewiston. Sign, Big Pitcher.

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## C. W. CURTIS,

**PHOTOGRAPHER**

**PAUL'S BLOCK,**

LEWISTON, ME.

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**Razors Honed at A. A. Shorey's**

Hair Cutting and Shaving Rooms,

Upper Main Street, Lewiston, Maine. Opposite J. K. Blanchard's.

Ladies and Gents, try Shorey's Hair Moisture. If you are not satisfied after using, I will refund the money.

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## Eastern Steam Dye House,

J. D. BEAL, Proprietor.

NO. 10 LOWER MAIN STREET, LEWISTON, MAINE.

Silks, Woolens, Worsteds, and Cottons and Wool Goods of every description, Dyed or Cleansed in a superior manner. Gents' Coats, Pants, and Vests Dyed or Cleansed and Pressed. Kid Gloves and Furs Cleansed. No Goods accounted for after three months.

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## Drs. GODDARD & BIGELOW,

***Dentists,***

LYCEUM HALL BLOCK, LEWISTON, ME.

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## DAY, NEALEY & CO.

DEALERS IN

Flour, Groceries,
and Provisions,

**MAIN STREET, LEWISTON, ME.**

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## C. Y. CLARK,

Livery, Sale, and Boarding Stable,

**Ash, cor. Park Street,**

LEWISTON, MAINE.

First Class Teams to let at reasonable rates.
All orders for Funeral Parties will receive prompt attention.
Horses boarded by the day or week.

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## CITY RESTAURANT,

S. SWETT, - - Proprietor.

Board by the day or week. Meals to order. OYSTERS served in all styles.

**City Building, Entrance on Pine Street,**

**Lewiston, Maine.**

## W. W. LYDSTON'S,

**Opp. Lisbon Block,**

Is the Cheapest place in Lewiston to buy

# Custom Shirts.

WHY?

Because his expenses are very small. He guarantees a FIT, or refunds your money. He also keeps a fine line of

***GENTS' UNDERWEAR,***

that he is selling Very Low. ☞ Also, a large line in Gents' Neckwear that he sells Very Low.

**A Discount made to STUDENTS.**

☞ AGENT FOR THE CHELSEA LAUNDRY. Linen Collars and Cuffs RE-LAUNDERED equal to new, for 3 cents each.

FOR

# FINE SHIRTS

—AND—

## Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

GO TO

# ROBIE'S

**SHIRT STORE,**

**103 LISBON STREET.**

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# COBB & BANGS,

# Practical Tailors.

## STUDENTS

And the public generally are cordially invited to call and examine our Nice Selected Stock of Goods for the fine Custom Trade. Constantly on hand all the Nobby Styles to suit the season, which will be

**MADE UP IN THE LATEST AND MOST FASHIONABLE MANNER.**

FURNISHING GOODS,

In Large Variety always on hand, at Very Low Prices. ☞ Call and examine our goods before purchasing elsewhere.

***No. 97 LISBON STREET,***

**Opposite Paul's New Block, LEWISTON, MAINE.**

COBB & BANGS.