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VOL. IV.

MAY, 1876.

No. 5.

THE
BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

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EDITED BY GEORGE H. WYMAN AND HENRY W. OAKES.

BUSINESS MANAGER: OLIVER B. CLASON.

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PRINTED AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE.

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TWO SONNETS.

HER DAY.*

AN Autumn splendor fed the morning hills
To perfect sleekness; all the rosy air
Shot into gorgeous pyramids above the fair,
Large mountains; and the silly, babbling rills
Chattered a merry tune beneath their frills
Of sedge and somber alder; in despair,
The sentinel clouds that guard the east gate, where
Aurora enters, fled; the rippling trills
Of silver laughter from the distant farms
Struck sharply on the ear; and when the sun
Had dried the hill-tops till they seemed to blaze
With fiery vapor, all the valley's charms
Lay fresh and cool with nectar, till was done
That day,—so fairer than all words of praise.

HIS DAY.

A silver sky pierced to the far-off blue;
A dark-green earth, with spots of yellow sun;
A sea, blue here—green there; so we begun
The bridal journey; ever something new

* In various parts of New England, the wedding day is called the bride's day, and is believed to augur good or ill to the bride, according as the day is pleasaut or otherwise. In like manner the day following is called the bridegroom's day.

Befell us; all the silver took the hue
 Of sullen lead; the heavens, like a nun,
 Put on gray, gloomy garments; from the dun,
 Changed clouds,—wind-driven, angry,—lo! there grew
 A darkness as of night; the sea, in pain,
 Roared and was black with rage; God's eye profound
 Flashed through the dark, and heralded his voice
 That rent the heavens in thunder, and again,
 In quick and quick succession, flash and sound,
 Till all is spent in calm, and we rejoice.

POPULAR FALLACIES.

TO every grain of truth there is added a pound of error. But truth is supported by reason; error, only by the semblance of reason. The substance survives the shadow.

Fallacies are like ghosts: they cannot endure the light of noonday, but haunt dark and solitary places, inhabited by evil passions, vanity, ignorance, and senseless conceits. They are the arguments of every form of fanaticism—of blind credulity and weak distrust.

Though fallacies are numberless, perhaps political and religious ones are especially noteworthy. The history of France affords numerous illustrations. The Utopian theories of her politicians, her "paper constitutions," and her recurring revolutions, are the natural results of a fallacy that pervades the entire national life,—that a nation can be changed by changing her form of government, her institutions, and her outward forms of life.

This fallacy and the opposite one—that "man's nature is unchangeable"—have at some periods escaped challenge. These fallacies ignore the fact that the development of a nation is similar to that of an individual; that the structural growth of each is a continuous unfolding of the whole and of all the parts. So long as the character of the units that compose the State remains unchanged, the State itself must continue unchanged. The great fundamental system of politics and legislation that controls France is unaltered. "Empires fall, Ministers pass away, but Bureaux remain."

The transformation of society means simply a continuous unfolding of the national life. That political organization which is most in harmony with the traditions, sentiments, and beliefs of a people, is the most enduring. But throughout history we find whole nations voluntarily surrendering their rights of

opinion to a sentiment of loyalty to the sovereign. In the lowest states of society this feeling is essential to social order. The Fijian regards his chief with the most abject loyalty. "He stands unbound to be knocked on the head, if the king wills it." But in a free state, nothing is more despicable than the popular fallacy: "Our country, right or wrong." This is the sentiment of uncontrolled national egotism, and precludes a just estimate of the claims of other nations. This sentiment, inherited from our fathers, and carefully nourished in our childhood, influences us unconsciously and determines our political convictions.

What are the remedies proposed for mal-administration? That the administration be extended; that it exercise more power. Our government has displayed its weakness and inefficiency in its mismanagement of the reconstructed States. Yet the demand is for more legislation and a further exercise of power.

This tendency to undue loyalty is observable in religion also. In the Catholic church, the absolute subordination of the intellect to a creed was enforced for a thousand years. Now that Catholicism is declining, it is found necessary to re-assert in the strongest terms the Papal infallibility.

Faith in appliances is the great superstition that paralyzes the energies of the age. Culture, machinery, newspapers, this or that system

of education, this or that theory of labor reform, this or that political party, this system of theology or the other one, temperance reform or sanitary improvement,—are each and all announced as new revelations; each is heralded as a true cure for all social ills. The newspapers, by an array of statistics, absolutely prove the justice of these claims, and thereby increase their own popularity. Preacher, lecturer, editor, politician, teacher, and quack doctor,—each one has his following.

Appliances are a delusion and a snare whenever they oppose the progress of the higher sentiments and emotions of men. Mere intellectual culture, the luxury of wealth, and all the refinements of a material civilization, are secured by artificial processes, at the cost of soul degradation and moral ruin.

The first essential to a nation's greatness is sound morality. But legislators ignore the fact that mere belief will not lead men to act. Knowledge of the effects of intemperance does not prevent drinking. Knowledge must be accompanied by strong feeling. Conduct is always determined by emotion. Crime is not caused by ignorance, intemperance, or dirtiness of skin; but is due to moral insensibility, the result of education or of original inferiority of nature. The discipline of the intellect in no way promotes moral culture. The two are as distinct as earth and heaven.

If character is essential to social well-being, this faith in books, machinery, and the varied artificial appliances of the day is a delusion. It will be discovered, at last, that the execution of the penalties of law is the best means of repressing crime; that the moral discipline of responsibility and of punishment is as essential to national as to individual education; and that character is more valuable than knowledge. "Men are slow to learn that the highest authority is that of enlightened reason." This faith in appliances is a superstition akin to the age; as faith in precedents, in kingcraft and priestcraft, was a superstition of the "middle ages." It renders the productions of genius, of high mental and moral endowments, more uncertain. Men are

strong only as they can stand alone.

The elevation of men through artificial processes is always secured at the cost of demoralization among their fellows. This tendency of the age, while it promotes material prosperity, produces a spirit of intolerance as opposed to true freedom as were the tortures of the Inquisition. The latter made war upon opinions; the former makes war upon morality. The one defended the "purity of the Church" with halter and fagot; the other, apotheosizing physical law, seeks to turn truth into gold, and to dethrone God in his own temple—Nature. The great truth of moral liberty may not require another Luther to defend it, but it still needs the support of every lover of humanity.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

THE story of Motherwell does not command our interest and attention because of its finish and completeness. His life is not a stately epic, whose sounding measures come ringing down the years, gathering hearers by force. Rather is it a broken lyric, whose strains, sweet and often pathetic, dwell only in the hearts of friends, and are there tenderly cherished. It is a story of indication, rather than realization;

of promise, rather than fulfillment; yet with much of the true and beautiful developed.

Incomplete as was this life, its thirty-eight brief years bear with them their own meaning and significance, and their literary product is a legacy of no small value.

William Motherwell was born in Glasgow, Scotland, Oct. 13th, 1797, where he died in November, 1835. His father was an iron-monger, and

possessed a small property. William, the third son, was at an early age taken in charge by an uncle dwelling in Paisley; and here and at Glasgow the most of his life was spent. He received a good education and became a law apprentice, in which capacity he so far inspired confidence in his ability and trust-worthiness that he was appointed, when only twenty-one, Sheriff-Clerk-Deputy at Paisley—a respectable and responsible, though not a remunerative position. In 1828 he became editor of the *Paisley Advertiser*, a Tory journal, and he also conducted at the same time the *Paisley Magazine*, a periodical of a more literary character.

In the following year he gave up law for literature, and in 1830 became editor of the *Glasgow Courier*, the extreme Tory principle of which Mr. Motherwell was fully able and very ready to advocate. The poet, who swept the Northern seas with the Vikings and celebrated the battle-flag and the sword, was equally at home in the field of politics, and as ready to wield the sword of his own keen wit and intelligence as he ever was to sing his mythical songs. That, despite some rashness, he conducted this journal with ability, is generally conceded, and he retained his position until his death. But during this time he accomplished considerable outside of political writing. He early turned his attention to literary composition, and

early manifested his talent in verse; it is said that "Jeannie Morrison," by some considered his first ballad, was first written at the age of fourteen, and ever after subjected to alterations at the humor of the author, until his death,—it being published when he was thirty-four years old.

His first public literary venture was the editing in 1819 of a collection of west-country poems of different dates, under the name of the "Harp of Renfrewshire." Here was only a bare indication of a class of literary work which he always enjoyed, and in which, on the publication in 1827 of his "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern," he acquired a high and well-merited reputation. The latter immediately established his authority among literary antiquarians, to which a preface, written by him for a collection of Scottish proverbs made by his friend Henderson, only added new weight.

But the crowning glory of all came in 1832, when he published his volume of poems, and clearly showed that he, too, with Hogg and Cunningham, was ready to strike the harp that had fallen from the dying hand of Robert Burns; and, though he might never attain the wild lyric rush, the spontaneous outburst of song, that characterized his predecessor, yet in pathos and tenderness his strains were a fitting echo to the sweet tone of Scotland's plowman. This book was indeed a

surprise to many. Though, under the guise of antiquity, he had inserted some of his own compositions in his *Minstrelsy*, and had contributed poetry to the *Paisley Magazine* while under his charge, yet this formed the first collection of his poems, and was his first poetical gauntlet flung into the public arena; and that he, who had won his reputation as an antiquarian, and might reasonably be supposed to have his brain full of literary dust and cobwebs, should burst forth as a singer and stretch so bold a hand towards the poet's bays, was as surprising as it was gratifying. Alas! that he could not live to enjoy more fully the honors due him; to see his own true worth better recognized; to have the disappointed hopes that inspired his "What is Glory? What is Fame?" made buoyant in the free air and bright sunlight of prosperity; and the deep sadness and bitterness which found vent in striving to resign himself to "the darkness of a nameless tomb," turned to joy and peace.

But this, on earth, was not to be. Here were ever the doubt and despondency, the heart-sickness of hopes deferred, the trial, the temptation,—and, we fear, too often the fall; the fitfulness of genius instead of its fixedness, its restlessness instead of its repose, its gloom instead of its brightness, its hopes instead of its fruitions, its sufferings in lieu of its rewards. For much of this

is visible in his poems, even in his latest works, drawing us into a keen and earnest sympathy with the writer.

The three Norse poems which open the volume, form a department by themselves. The first, "The Battle Flag of Sigurd," has for its central incident the bearing of a flag to battle that is fated to bring victory to the party by which it is borne, but death to the bearer. The second, "The Wooing Song of Jarl Egill Shallaguin," as indicated by its title, is entirely different in subject, but analagous in treatment. The third, "The Sword-Chant of Thorstein Raudi," is a celebration by Thorstein of the glories due to his good sword, and mates well with the two preceding—the three together presenting the Norseman in his most prominent characteristics, viz., as warrior, lover, and poet, or skald.

The wild rush of Northern seas, the dashing of sleety spray, the roaring of death-bearing tempests, the mad conflict of inspired self-renouncing heroes, are all embodied in these striking poems. Everything is bold, vigorous and strong. Even when the hero comes to woo, it is not as a timid, distrustful lover that he pleads his cause; but proud in his strength, undaunted and fierce, he knows well his own worth, he proves his right, he defies resistance, and would willingly win his bride at the point of his sword.

He would have her deem high of the fate that makes her his, and realize that a Vikingir woos her, a land-maiden. This same spirit of self-exaltation is manifest in the Sword-Chant, and would perhaps tend to lower our opinion of the typical Norseman were it not balanced by an equal self-renunciation as shown in "The Battle Flag." He who voluntarily seeks the most perilous positions in battle may be allowed some latitude in extolling his merits. Though these characteristics are set forth in different persons, we have treated them together as a manifestation of the Norse spirit; for whether you call the hero Jarl Egill, Harold the Dauntless, or Thorstein the Red, you are conscious that the same feelings would inspire each in similar circumstances. We do not claim that a Norseman is the noblest of heroes, or that carnage is the highest theme for a poet's pen; but Mr. Motherwell attempted here to reproduce the mythological spirit of the North, and he has succeeded finely. Had he sung the death-chant of a Christian martyr his subject might have been more exalted, but the work could scarcely have been better performed. Without doubt, Harold the Dauntless was cruel, savage, barbarous, judged by the standard of the present age; yet, at what he deemed duty's call, he could renounce the pleasures of love, the laurels of fame, all that he had or might hope to have, to

bear a fatal flag to a field from which he knew he could never return. There is here the germ of all that is noblest and best in human nature; for the spirit of self-sacrifice is shown,—crushed and imperfect it may be, but only so from the force of outside conditions—single and pure in itself.

Passing on, we find the beautiful lyric, "Jeannie Morrison," to which we have already made allusion. It is said that two or more drafts of this poem exist, slightly differing from one another, the process of elaboration being evident, though the leading thoughts are the same. It is a tender, loving reminiscence of by-gone days and school love, full of an affectionate pathos, that "blinds the een wi' saut, saut tears." Let us insert one or two stanzas—we wish we had space for all.

"'Twas then we luv't ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at scule,
Twa bairns and but ae heart!

• • • • •
"My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' scule-time and o' thee.
O, mornin' life! O, mornin' luv'e!
O, lightsome days and lang,
When linnied hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang!"

But it seems like mutilation to attempt quotations from so complete a poem. It is said that the heroine, a school-mate, never knew of its being addressed to her till years after its publication, when she was the wife of a Mr. Murdock. She is described as having light-brown hair,

dark, expressive eyes, good temper, unassuming manners, and possessing a mind of good capacity. Certainly she owes her highest reputation to the fact that William Motherwell addressed to her one of the most beautiful lyrics in the whole range of Scotch poetry. Fine as this poem is in depth of passion and power of expression, we think it is equaled, if not excelled, by "My Heid is Like to Rend, Willie." This heart-breaking plaint of a confiding, trusting girl, made to the lover who has betrayed her, is, in its way, unrivaled. The pure, though weak, peasant maid, sobbing out her grief in her lover's arms, telling her sorrow in words that fairly beat with heart-throbs, yet ever patient and striving not to wound the feelings of one who merited nothing for himself, excites our pity and tenderest sympathy. Let us give a specimen, short though it must be:—

"O wae's me for the hour, Willie,
When we thegither met,—
O wae's me for the time, Willie,
That our first tryst was set!
O wae's me for the loanin' green
Where we were wont to gae,
And wae's me for the destinie,
That gart me luve thee sae!

.

"A stoun gaes through my heid, Willie,
A sair stoun through my heart,—
O! haud me up and let me kiss
Thy brow ere we twa pairt.
Anither, and anither yet!—
How fast my life-strings break!—
Fareweel! fareweel! thro' yon kirk-yard
Step lightly for my sake!

"The lav'rock in the lift, Willie,
That liltis far ower our heid,
Will sing the morn as merrillie
Abune the clay-cauld deid;

And this green turf we're sittin' on,
Wi' dew-drops' shimmerin' sheen,
Will hap the heart that luvit thee
As world has seldom seen."

The very homeliness of such pathos is an excellence, and English seems almost inadequate to such simplicity.

Glancing along, we find that Motherwell has sung another strain, differing from his pathetic and battle lyrics. Herein he unveils the feelings one usually holds secret—the struggle with and succumbing to temptation.

This is shown in "The Demon Lady," with a strange, weird power. The tempted soul knows its enemy, and at first feebly resists; but at last yields fully and completely,—nay, more: seems to exult in yielding.

We cannot but think that this poem, as well as the one called "The Witches' Joys," was the emanation of an unhealthy state of mind in its author. That Motherwell was oft-times despondent and gloomy, is doubtless too true.

"Sing high, sing low, thou moody wind:
It skills not,—for thy glee
Is ever of a fellow-kind
With mine own fantasy,"—

is only a poetical expression of his changeableness. He is "sad, wayward, wild, or mad," by turns.

He has given us, in the "Covenantant's Battle Chant," a very good expression of the fanatic spirit, which has too often incited religious enthusiasts. The wild haste, the lust for slaughter, the thirst for revenge, combined with an invocation of Heaven's blessing, make up an extremely characteristic poem.

In striking contrast is his description of "A Sabbath Summer Noon." The varied sights, the holy psalm, the silent birds, "the delicious calm that resteth everywhere," are finely depicted.

In the last part of the volume are about twenty songs of different styles—now sad, now gay; and some of a mixed character, suited to "the time when the heart takes pleasure in what may be called moonlight moods, when the shadow seems itself a softened light, and melancholy melts away into mirth, and mirth relapses into melancholy." But we must pass these by without further notice, though we find it hard to cease quoting from this little book—it is so replete with jewels. Seldom do we find so much beauty in so small compass. Strength, vigor, pathos, narrative, description,—all troop to our call; and if every step beat not alike, yet all beat manfully. There is nothing puerile or childish. It is a man's work, though young.

Moreover, it is not mere echo; Mr. Motherwell is not simply a mocking-bird. He possesses variety without imitation. He has defects, it is true. Harsh lines, false metre, are met with now and then, and occasionally borrowed or at least suggested figures. But plagiarism can hardly be called one of his faults. The author's zeal is on his work. His own strong personality is felt in many a poem. If he seizes anything foreign, he quickly assimilates and makes it his own,—and instead

of questioning his right of possession, we admire the new presentation of the old truth and beauty.

But all thoughts of Motherwell must be tinged with sadness, as we think of what he has done, and what he might have accomplished had his life been spared. Alas! that the light which shone so brightly, should suffer so early and so dark an eclipse. Pitiful indeed is the sight when genius descends from its lofty pedestal. However slight the fall, it is marked. The same curse that fell on Robert Burns, touched, with its withering blight, this other singer. It fell not so heavily, but doubtless hastened his end,—rendering him more liable to the stroke which finally cut short his life. Sad, too, is it that so little of joy should fall about the path of one so well fitted to add to the joys of others; that even to the time of his death he should be a prey to melancholy fears, disappointed hopes, and ungratified longings.

Like the wreath which some loving though unknown hand placed on his grave the day after his burial, his fame came too late for him who had longed for it in vain.

The lack which he had felt all his life, was of appreciation; and, to his nature, present sympathy was more than future love.

It is only left for us to cherish what remains of the flower so early crushed and blighted, while we mourn for the sweetness and bloom which might have been, yet was not.

THE SMALL IS GREAT.

A WAKE, awake, O! gentle Muse,
 And fill my soul with songs to-night—
 With songs of joy and hopefulness,—
 Like mellow rays of morning light

That faintly veil the watching stars
 At first,—and then they steal along
 The sky, and brighter grow, till all
 The world seems full of love and song.

I would not sing of chivalry,
 Of glories won in battle's strife,
 Of honors gained for honor's sake,
 Or fame that ends with ending life.

O, let me sing a softer strain,
 Of common chords that come and go
 In every heart, and strike the notes
 That every one can feel and know.

Ofttimes we think we would be great
 By deeds more great than have been done;
 We reach far out beyond our reach,
 And then come back with nothing won.

I've heard of one who, bright and young,
 Set out to do a mighty deed;
 And even though it took his life,
 Naught else could satisfy his greed.

He climbed the rugged mountain tops,
 When storms were beating rough and wild;
 He searched the tangled forest through;
 And where the heated sands were piled

Across the plain, he wandered on,
 Beneath the sun's most scorching rays;
 And often thirst and hunger came
 And went, unsatisfied for days.

So searched he still till youth was gone;
And, when the brown locks white had 'come,
And feeble were the aged limbs,
The old man sought his early home.

Sought home—and still unsatisfied,
For what he craved he had not gained.
His form was bowed with many years;
His heart by disappointment pained.

But, as he neared his native cot,
He saw a stranger all alone,
With none to do a kindly act;
And life's last spark had almost flown.

Then brought he to the dying man
Cool water from a spring near by,
To quench his burning thirst; and watched
The thankful look within the eye

Of him who dying lay; and heard
"God bless you" softly said, as fell
The feeble head, and sank the soul
Into the land where all is well.

The greatness sought through many years
Had come in doing this small deed;
That happy look—those thankful words—
Now swept away the earnest greed

For fame and honor unsurpassed,
And taught that satisfaction comes
In doing good where there is need,
To those who live close by our homes.

O, happy he who has a smile
For every one, perchance, he meets;
Whose heart, for all the struggling world,
With love and trust and friendship beats.

O, sad the wood, and desolate,
Which has no vines entangled there,—
Which has no bird to wake with song
The drowsy, sleeping morning air.

O, sad the grassy, sloping hill
 Where not a flower would deign to blow ;
 O, lone and drear the rifted rock
 Where neither moss nor lichens grow.

'Tis little things that we must do,
 That, when our labor all is done,
 It may be great, and well performed,
 And pleasing to the Mighty One.

SOMETHING ABOUT BIRDS.

SOME of the pleasantest memories of childhood are sweetened by songs of childhood's birds. Doubtless, many readers of the *STUDENT* learned at their mother's knee to love the birds that sang and sported around the door. And who of us that ever enjoyed the broad playgrounds of a farm, has not been lulled to sleep by the mysterious notes of the Whip-poor-will, and awakened in the early morning by the Cuckoo's song coming from the orchard or neighboring grove. Happy days, when, light-hearted as the birds themselves, we roamed at will over broad acres, superbly unconscious of wet feet and soiled clothes, picking here a berry and there a flower, and adding with childish voices happy chords to the music which Nature furnishes to all who have ears to hear. It too frequently happens, however, that our childhood acquaintance with the birds is almost forgotten in after life, or at least is not enlarged; and thus is thrown away a source of innocent enjoyment and unnumbered benefits; for there is no surer antidote for care and vexation of spirit than a ramble over the fields and through the woods, in the companionship of the birds. Our word for it, the most violent fit of the *blues* ever recorded would be completely cured by a two hours' intelligent tramp. Music has a peculiar charm—indescribable, yet powerful—and the world furnishes no sweeter, more charming musicians than can be found any day in the nearest field, orchard, or grove. Let him that is skeptical start out about five o'clock some warm, pleasant morning in the last half of May, and walk slowly, with frequent rests, for an hour or two—and if he does not return a wiser and better man, he can safely be called an example of total depravity. Yet, the birds are not simply

pleasure-mongers. One who has learned to study and investigate what he sees, will find a store of knowledge in bird life, the extent of which he never dreamed. Some of the best minds of the age have been studying birds all their lives, and now can hardly take a fifteen minutes' walk without learning something new. The variety of things worth learning is endless, the stock inexhaustible.

The number of species of birds which are regular inhabitants or visitors in the single town of Lewiston, would be variously estimated. If the average reader should make an estimate before reading farther, the results would probably vary from twenty-five to fifty species, the latter number no doubt being considered very large, while the actual number will reach very nearly one hundred and sixty-five; and the number which every year build their nests and rear their young in this town, and towns immediately adjoining, is not less than one hundred. The greater number of these are what might be termed forest birds, and many of them must be sought in the deepest shade of the woods; but when once they are found, their varied plumage and songs, their peculiar habits—in short, the thousand and one interesting and unique characteristics which belong to all, yet which each one possesses in a manner peculiar to himself—will well repay all trouble which their discovery entailed.

But for persons who have not the time or disposition to seek out the more retiring birds, there is a large number more common and equally interesting. Among the attractive every-day birds is the family of sparrows. Perhaps no family of birds is so well known, and yet so entirely unknown, as this. Theologians tell us that charity covers a multitude of sins,—and the name, "ground-sparrow," covers almost as many species of birds. At least four, and sometimes five, different birds are crowded under this single comprehensive term, viz.: the Savannah Sparrow, Song Sparrow, Grass Finch, Field Sparrow, and White-Throated Sparrow.

The writer once heard a lover of birds say that the sparrows were difficult to distinguish from one another. Nothing seems easier to us. For example, if in walking along some foot-path or country road you should notice a plainly-marked, modest little bird, having a dull yellowish stripe running from the bill over each eye, dodging through the grass to avoid your approach, you may safely call him the Savannah Sparrow. The yellow stripe is his coat of arms. This is one of the most common of Lewiston birds; its nest is built on the ground—generally beside a tussock of grass. It lays four eggs, and commonly raises two broods in a season. Its song reminds one of the evening song of the cricket. The Song Sparrow is a little more dressy.

You will never catch him without his neck-tie and breast-pin on—the former consisting of a brown stripe on each side of the throat, and the latter of a brown spot in the centre of his breast. He is a lively little fellow, and is always ready for a song. He takes great delight in hopping around the garden, especially among the currant or raspberry bushes; but his supreme joy is a stump fence,—there he is at home. He jumps from root to root, jerks his tail, dodges through one hole and winks saucily at you through another; and, as you walk away, hops to the highest prong of the largest stump, and dismisses you with a parting song. He makes a long Summer visit,—always coming before the snow is gone, and remaining as long as the cold Autumn weather will allow him. His breeding habits are similar to the preceding.

The Grass Finch will make himself known the moment he flies, by showing the white feather on each side of his tail. This is his only distinctive mark which can be seen at any distance. He is very familiar, and will often allow one to pass within eight or ten feet without flying. He sings with all his soul; his wings and tail are drooped, the lower part of his body nearly touches his perch, and thus, apparently rapt with his endeavors, he pours forth one of the sweetest songs of the sparrow family.

The White-Throated Sparrow is described by his name,—the most prominent mark being the white spot upon his chin. This mark can be seen more distinctly by reason of the strong contrast between it and the dark drab of the throat and breast. He also has three white stripes over the crown of his head,—the two outer ones being changed to bright yellow at the base of the bill. This species is very abundant in the Spring and Fall migrations, but during summer is seen but rarely,—only a few birds seeming to think Lewiston a good place in which to rear children. Their song is peculiarly mournful, and is heard most frequently during the evening twilight and dark, cloudy days. The nest is placed on the ground.

The Snow Bird is perhaps next in interest. We do not mean now the black and white Snow Bunting, which, during the winter, comes to us in large flocks from the north; but the little Quakerish-looking bird with drab coat and white vest, who comes sometimes in March to tell us that we are not much longer to remain snow bound, but shall soon be able to stretch our limbs in the open air and once more listen to the whispering pine and walk over hills and through woodlands without let or hindrance. This little bird is always joyous and happy as a bird can be; and though its chip or its song can be called neither striking nor very musical, it is wonderfully

jolly, and he works away at his chipping song as heartily as though he were a lark or a nightingale. He may be found almost anywhere during his stay, and is always busy, and better still, is always about his own business. We have watched him for hours in company with three or four different kinds of sparrows, all eating together, and never once have seen him have or cause any trouble with any one of them. This bird leaves us about the middle of May for more mountainous regions, where it rears its young.

The Chipping Sparrow is the smallest of our sparrows, and is no doubt well known to all the readers of the *STUDENT*. He is always found near the house, and his simple song of "de de de de de de" is heard at all times of day.

The Field and Swamp Sparrows are more retired in their habits, their names indicating where they are most likely to be found. They resemble each other in markings and song,—their chief difference being their locality. Both breed in Lewiston.

The Fox Sparrows are seen only early in the Spring and late in the

Fall,—going farther north to rear their young. They will be readily recognized from their large size and the foxy color of their backs. They have no song with us—their only sound being a sharp low chirp.

The remaining two birds of the family, the White Crowned and the Tree Sparrows, resemble each other in their breeding habits and localities, but otherwise are very different. They both breed far to the north—the former as far as Labrador—and both build on the ground. The White Crowned is very rare even during its migrations. It winters in the South. The Tree Sparrow is very common in the Fall and Spring, and often winters in Lewiston. It resembles the Chipping Sparrow in markings, but is noticeably larger. The White Crowned would be easily recognized from its name.

This completes the list of Lewiston sparrows. The writer has not attempted to be scientific in the least, but has merely written with the hope that a few words about the birds might be interesting, and possibly help us to enjoy more this most beautiful part of the Creator's work.

POMONA.

WAS 'T dreaming or waking I saw her
 Descend from some wonderful height,
 Wrapped all in those glorious tissues—
 The fabric of shadows and light?

The golden glint of fresh sunshine,
 Half hidden in softened gloom,
 Swinging in circles about her,
 Maketh the earth to bloom.

“Pomona,” the queen of the orchard,
 The queen of the tortuous vine,
 The mistress of garden and fruit-tree,
 Lent hither from “Jove divine,”

In waves of beauty had lighted
 To render her realm more fair;
 And kissing the buds now slumb'ring,
 They opened to sun and air.

Wherever she traversed the meadow,
 Wherever she mounted the hill,
 Flowers sprung, and their winsome faces
 Gave test of her marvelous skill.

Oh, study the olden beauty
 Of Nature in the Spring!
 “Pomona” will grow a goddess
 Well worthy our worshiping!

Not blindly and vain, as the ancients
 Bowed down by the teachings of old;
 We worship the Father, Creator,
 Whose workings still shine manifold.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST.

AS the Presidential campaign approaches, the struggle grows fiercer in both parties; but who will be the candidate is a matter of conjecture. No one has been chosen by the people, as in 1868 and 1872, months before the assembling of the conventions. At present, the dividing line is not so definitely drawn between the parties; no great issue separates them and forestalls the result. The ground on which the contest is to be fought, will, in a great measure, be decided by the candidates presented. Both parties have their hard money men and their inflationists; both their advocates of reform. The candidate will show what element controls each party, what pretences are secure, what pledges are to be fulfilled. No party favorite, no man nominated and supported by party machinery, can be elected. He must be a man that the people thoroughly know and trust, a true statesman who seeks the welfare of his country regardless of party or friends; and such a one can be found among our public men, we think. If a man is presented, who, after years of active life in responsible positions, proves himself true to all trusts, he should be chosen in preference to one who is but little

known, and who is honest because he has had no chance to be dishonest. We await anxiously the action of the Cincinnati Convention, for we look to the Republicans to settle the questions that are disturbing us. We look to the Republican party, because it represents the intelligent portion of society; because it has an object, the honor and welfare of our country; because it adheres to its pledges. We hope it realizes the importance of the position, and will so act as to ensure the support of all independent men; that it will not compel them to choose between two evils—the support of a doubtful candidate, or an alliance with a party they distrust.

The recent exposure and punishment of corrupt men, for whose actions the party are not responsible, is acting as an antidote for the purifying of the party. Aroused by the odium which these exposures have brought upon them, intelligent men are determined that party schemers and politicians shall give place to honest men, and that the control of conventions and elections shall be transferred from rings and machines to the people. The Massachusetts Convention has presented a good example for other States. She has chosen her best and ablest

men, and will send them to Cincinnati untrammelled and unpledged, to vote for a candidate worthy of the party, and one whom all honest men can support. Young men who are just beginning to exercise the right of franchise should consider carefully that they may start right. Especially is this the duty of students, who are destined to play no unimportant part in public affairs. The young men of America possess a power in politics that ought to be felt. Free from prejudice and from the poisons of partisanship, of trickery, and of corruption, animated by generous impulses, loving justice, hating oppression, they constitute an element that ought to be productive of great good.

BASE-BALL.

Bates vs. Pine Trees.

Our nine has at last had a game with the Kent's Hill club. They were stopped by the rain, last year, after getting on to the ground; and this year it prevented them from going on the day appointed; but they succeeded in playing on the 9th, although it rained during the game, and the last inning quite hard. Our boys enjoyed the trip, regardless of the rain. They found the Kent's Hill nine in good condition, and confident of success. Their playing on the outs was very fine, making but five errors. The pitching and catching of Hayes and Greely was nearly perfect. They did not do so well at the bat,

making but five base hits, while the Bates nine struck for twelve.

The anxiety of the Kent's Hill boys about the game did not prevent them from entertaining their visitors very hospitably,—making them think of old times, when they played ball for pleasure. They came away bringing pleasant recollections of the game, and all unite in saying: "If you want a good time, go to Kent's Hill." We hope the Pine Trees will be able to return the visit.

BATES.

	R.	1B.	P. O.	E.	A.
Adams, c. f.....	0	1	2	0	0
P. R. Clason, c.....	2	3	6	5	2
Record, 2d b.....	1	1	0	1	1
Oakes, p.....	1	2	1	2	5
Lombard, 3d b.....	2	1	1	1	2
Noble, l. f.....	0	0	0	0	0
Burr, s. s.....	0	2	4	1	3
O. B. Clason, 1st b.....	2	1	13	1	3
Whitney, r. f.....	0	1	0	0	0
Total.....	8	12	27	11	16

PINE TREES.

	R.	1B.	P. O.	E.	A.
Hayes, p.....	1	1	0	0	5
Packard, 2d b.....	1	2	8	1	4
Allen, c. f.....	1	0	2	0	0
Marston, s. s.....	0	0	1	2	0
Newell, 1st b.....	1	1	9	1	0
Murphy, l. f.....	0	1	0	2	0
Curtis, r. f.....	1	0	2	0	1
Littlefield, 3d b.....	0	0	1	2	0
Greely, c.....	0	0	4	2	4
Total.....	5	5	27	10	14

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates.....	2	1	0	0	0	2	3	0	0—8
Pine Trees...1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4—5

Umpire—C. O. Littlefield. Scorers—F. W. Kinsman, Pine Trees; J. W. Smith, Bates.
Time of Game—1 hour, 54 minutes.

Centennials vs. Bates.

Saturday, the 13th, a game was begun between the Bates nine and the Centennials of this city; but the

umpire called the game at the middle of the sixth inning at the request of the Centennials,—the score then standing three to two in favor of the Bates. They gave as a reason that it was raining; but the rain, which had been falling slightly for one or two innings, had nearly ceased, and did so entirely before all left the grounds. It was plain to all that they did it to claim the game; for to decide it at the close of the fifth inning, they would be ahead.

Our nine played that day as a favor to the Centennials,—Record being absent and Besse lame. They played carelessly the first inning, allowing the C's. to make their only runs; while the Bates did not do their usual heavy batting, not caring to run up a large score, at the request of the opposite nine. We think most of the boys support the decision of the nine—not to play with a club devoid of all honor.

Bowdoins vs. Bates.

The finest game of ball that has been witnessed in this city, if not in the State, was played Saturday afternoon, May 20th, on the Androscoggin grounds, between the Bates and Bowdoin nines. The time has not been beaten this year by the professionals, and in college games it ranks with the one between Yale and Princeton. The fine weather and the reputation of the clubs drew a large and respectable crowd to witness the game. Both clubs were

in fine condition and the playing superior. The pitching of Oakes and Payson, who are acknowledged to be the best in the State, was more effective than usual. Payson's throwing was very swift, some of the time over hand, and our boys made but five base hits. Oakes pitched a curved ball as well as swift one, giving the Bowdoins but two base hits, while the catching of Record was acknowledged by all to be the finest they had ever seen.

We think the season opened nearly as favorably for the Bowdoins this year as last, and if there was a pennant to be had they would get it; but presume as there is no pennant it will be reported in Scribner's.

First. The game opened at five minutes past two, with the Bowdoins at the bat. Payson, the striker, waved his bat majestically three times and quietly took his seat. Fuller sent a grounder to Burr, which was finely fielded to first, and he retired. Waitt made his first by an error of Lombard. Jacobs struck a roller to second, which was sent to the first. Adams led off with a base hit for Bates, followed by P. R. Clason, who sent a hot grounder through Perry, and Adams to the second. Record struck a fly to the centre field, which Waitt muffed, and Adams scored. Oakes out on first by a ball from pitcher. Lombard struck a fly to Waitt, who fielded it in and cut off Clason on the home.

Second. Potter retired on three

strikes; Perry, by a fine stop and throw of Lombard to the first; Sanford struck out. Record sent a grounder to Sanford, who passed it to first. Oakes out on a fly to Payson. Lombard struck to Sanford, who fielded it to first and stopped him.

Third. Melcher retired on a ball from Burr to first. Knight struck a fly, which was taken by Oakes. Payson followed with a fly which was captured by P. R. Clason. Noble stopped with three strikes. Burr made his base by an error of Sanford. O. B. Clason followed with a base hit to right field, which sent Burr home. Whitney struck to the pitcher; he sent it to Potter, who passed it back in time to cut off Clason on the home.

Fourth. Fuller was taken out finely by Record on a foul bound, which Waitt followed with a foul fly. Jacobs sent a grounder to first, which Clason took, and the Bowdoins retired without making a base. Whitney sent a fly to Sanford, which was taken. Adams came to the bat again and made a second base hit, and stole to the third. P. R. Clason struck short to the pitcher, who stopped him on the first. Adams was cut off between the third and home.

Fifth. Potter now came to the bat, and made the first base hit for the Bowdoins, into the left field, which Noble failed to stop, and he took his second, making the third

by a wild throw of Oakes to second. The Bowdoins now felt confident of a score, with a man on the third and none out; but the fine playing of Record behind the bat demolished their expectations. Perry took the bat and fouled out to Record; Sanford followed suit; and Melcher retired on three strikes. P. R. Clason was out at first by a ball from Sanford. Record made a fine base hit to left field, took second and third on passed balls of Jacobs. Oakes struck a grounder to Melcher, which was finely fielded to first in time to stop him, and Record made the third and last score. Lombard struck to pitcher, who passed it to first.

Sixth. Knight sent one to Burr and retired on first. Payson struck a heavy fly to the centre field, which Adams failed to get, and he took the first. Fuller tossed a fly to second which Clason took. Waitt now tried a roller at the same place but did not get far towards the first. Noble, Burr, and O. B. Clason retired at the first.

Seventh. Jacobs out on a foul bound. Potter got the first on an error of Clason, who let the ball bound in his hands. Fouling being in order, Perry was taken out on a foul fly, and Sanford on a foul tip. Whitney stopped with a foul fly to Jacobs. Adams and P. R. Clason were put out at first by balls from Melcher and Sanford.

Eighth. Melcher and Knight retired at first, fielded by Lombard

and Oakes. Payson stepped out on a foul fly. Record struck a foul fly, which was taken by Melcher, and Oakes followed with a foul tip to Jacobs. Lombard stopped on a ball from Perry to first.

Ninth. The Bowdoins now came to the bat for the last time, determined to make a score; but Fuller and Waitt struck two flies, which were finely taken by Burr. Jacobs made his first on a base hit (second one for the Bowdoins), and stole to his second. Potter struck short to Lombard, who, in attempting to put out Jacobs, gave him his first. Perry now gracefully waved his bat three times and crushed the last hope of the Bowdoins for a score. Noble out first, fielded by Payson. Burr made a base hit and stole the second, but not daring to slide on account of a lame leg, run over and was put out. O. B. Clason out on a fly to Payson.

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

Time of Game—1 hour, 15 minutes.
Umpire—Mr. George Wilson.

ATHLETIC GAMES.

We delayed the STUDENT a few days to publish an account of these games; but the managers being unable to make arrangements as soon as was anticipated, it will have to be postponed till June. We were decidedly pleased with the zeal manifested by the students in arranging for these sports,—contributing for the prizes, and entering the contests; but there has not been training enough the past two weeks for a good record. Besides beating our competitors, we want to make a record that will compare favorably with other colleges.

All should take part in these games who can, that we may make an exhibition which will warrant our joining the Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association, which meets at Saratoga in July. We think the money could be easily raised to send two or three men there, if they showed a prospect of success. To do this there must be vigorous practice.

The following is the list of contests as they have been arranged by the Committee: Two-mile run, two-mile walk, half-mile run, 100-yards dash, wheel-barrow race, three-legged race, running jump, standing jump, running high jump, base-ball throw, throwing dumb-bells, hop, skip, and jump, scrub race.

BATES.

	R.	1B.	P. O.	A.	E.
Adams, c. f.	1	2	0	0	1
P. R. Clason, 2d b.	0	0	2	2	0
Record, c.	1	1	13	0	2
Oakes, p.	0	0	1	1	1
Lombard, 3d b.	0	0	0	2	1
Noble, l. f.	0	0	0	0	1
Burr, s. s.	1	1	2	3	0
O. B. Clason, 1st b.	0	1	9	1	1
Whitney, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Total	3	5	27	9	7

BOWDOINS.

	R.	1B.	P. O.	A.	E.
Payson, p.	0	0	3	7	0
Fuller, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Waitt, c. f.	0	0	1	1	1
Jacobs, c.	0	1	3	3	6
Potter, 1st b.	0	1	16	0	0
Perry, s. s.	0	0	1	2	1
Sanford, 2d b.	0	0	2	3	1
Melcher, 3d b.	0	0	1	3	1
Knight, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Total	0	2	27	19	10

COLLEGE SONGS.

College songs are favors we can not boast of to any extent; so when our boys feel hilarious and vent their joy in singing, they have to obtain their songs from other sources. When we turn to the pages of the *Carmina Collegensia*, and find most of the colleges represented there, we feel as though Bates ought to add her name to the list. There is no reason why it should not be done. We have students who can write the songs, and compose the music for them; and they would confer a great favor upon their *Alma Mater* by so doing. We hope the class of '76 will set the example, and, as they go forth from our halls never to return as students, leave behind them as mementos some good songs. Some action ought to be taken to publish the songs that have been written, and to procure others from the Alumni and students. If we could have our own songs it would arouse the musical talent here, and lead to the formation of a glee club and other like societies, which every college needs and most of them have. We do not propose to laboriously prove the beauty and utility of class and college singing, but hope these few words from us will lead to the desired result.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

The *Bowdoin Orient* says that "Base-ball has come, and so has Bates," which report we are happy

to confirm. We welcome the new board of editors, and trust that their efforts will meet with more marked success than did those of their predecessors.

Poor *Dartmouth!* The liberty of the press has been trampled upon, and she has breathed her last. May her death be like that of the phoenix—only a transition to a new youth and brighter plumage.

We have received and carefully read the initial number of the *College Review*, published by the students of the State College at Orono. The paper is mostly filled by statements in regard to the course of study in that institution. Like the college itself, it is largely devoted to science. We are glad to welcome this new-comer.

The *Newspaper Reporter* nowadays is full of the Centennial exhibition. The proprietor, Geo. P. Rowell, has made arrangements for a grand exhibition of periodicals and newspapers at the Centennial Exposition. College papers will be represented, and, from the descriptions we have seen of the arrangements, it will be an interesting part of the grand show.

The *Golden Sheaf* is small, but neat. The type is large and clear—a quality lacking in many of our exchanges. We notice in the April number a very pretty poem entitled "A Dream Legend." The prose is somewhat commonplace, but is nevertheless quite good.

ODDS AND ENDS.

What's trumps?

We see by the *Era* that they have a "Jeems" at Cornell. He is a Soph though, and they don't call him "Uncle."

Hjalmer Hjorth Boyesen is to fill the chair of German Literature, newly established at Cornell. Some-body pronounce him.

Harvard, Yale, Amherst, and Princeton have formed a Base-Ball Association, and will play for the college championship.—*Tablet*.

Question discussed by Juniors: "Is it a toad or a frog?" After much controversy and a *searching* experiment, decided in negative.

A bill to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors within four miles of the California University, is called, by a San Francisco paper, "An act to promote pedestrianism among students.—*Ex*."

Daniel Pratt and Mr. Gove have honored Bates with their presence lately. Daniel was last seen walking towards the Prex's, wrathfully shaking his head and a big cudgel at the students, and refusing all offers of company.

Seven editors of the *Dartmouth* were recently suspended for pub-

lishing a forbidden article on the College of Agriculture and Mechanics. The publication of the paper is discontinued for the remainder of the college year.

At a recent lecture two frisky Juniors began playing with some old relics which they found in the cabinet, and by way of experiment allowed themselves to be hand-cuffed together. As a result of their curiosity and the carelessness of their accomplices, the key was unaccountably *lost*, and for about two hours a revised edition of the Siamese twins perambulated Parker Hall. At the end of this time the key was somehow *found*, just in time to prevent a great uprising of the prisoners.

Those hand-cuffs mentioned above also passed through another thrilling experience before they fell back to their original obscurity. This time they were used to fasten a couple of shoes together, being passed through the straps on the counters; and as the key again mysteriously disappeared, the owner had to cut the straps, which had the effect of making him look dignified all the afternoon.

A teacher in a Sunday School, was explaining to his class of boys

the meaning of "Jacob's ladder," when one of the number, more inquisitive than attentive, inquired: "If the angels had wings, what was the need of a ladder for them?" This was a poser, and while he was meditating a reply and unable to answer, another boy exclaimed: "I'll bet I can tell what they used the ladder for." "Out with it, then," said the teacher. "O, I guess they were molting."—*Ex.* Too much knowledge of ornithology troubled that boy.

The other day a Detroitier, who has a good record of army service, took down his revolver to shoot a cat which had been hanging about the house. After looking at him while he fired six shots, the cat walked away. While he was loading up for more destruction, the man's small boy inquired, "Father, did you ever kill any one while you were in the army?" "I suppose so, my son." After a long pause the boy continued, "Then you must have got near enough to hit 'em with an axe, didn't you?" It was then discovered to be about school time.—*Ex.*

One of our friends was badly sold the other evening. At about seven and a half o'clock his chum, observing preparations for a trip down town, managed to get possession of his watch and set it along to about

nine o'clock. There were one or two classmates in the room, and when the victim asked them for the time he was informed according to the revised time-table. A glance at his time-piece confirmed the statement, and he started off with a rush and a grieved look on his face. The persecuted man was met by two of his friends who in vain tried to stop him. He kept on, and only learned his mistake when the fair one herself blandly inquired: "What made you come so soon?"

We offer below some new thoughts on Spring—extracts from a poem which found its way to our possession. It gives evidence of a true poetic spirit, and, spite of its marked resemblance to some of our great poets, is declared to be *entirely original*. On account of lack of space we print but one or two stanzas:—

Spring has come at last,
With all its sunshine and shadow.
The snow must soon melt fast,
But it melts now, O how slow.

April is passing very fast,—
It will soon be gone.
The snow will then have past;
The frosts of another winter will be done.

Oh! may we long to welcome the,
Though most beautiful month of the year.
Hasten though and bring with the
Every flower to all of us so dear.

These, These are seens of Spring,
Seens which every heart should treasure,
Seens which make the birds rejoice and sing,
Seens which give us untold pleasure.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

A little coolness about the reading room, resulting from lack of fire, has been satisfactorily remedied.

We heard cephalopod defined, the other day, as a creature that used its head instead of its feet,—for gymnastic purposes we judge.

The sand bars on the campus, intended for walks, are for the most part carefully avoided, to the great detriment of the grass alongside.

Prof. Angell sprained his ankle a short time since, and the sorrowing Juniors, and others, have lost one recitation a day for several days past.

Foot-ball is beginning to flourish somewhat. There is the usual amount of torn clothes, broken shins, and other pleasant little mementos of this enjoyable game.

Such Juniors as take an interest in Botany are now receiving lectures from Prof. Hayes on this subject. Eight at first decided to attend, but at the last lecture we found that ten were present.

After all the preparations, Field Day is still a thing of the future with us. It was intended to have the contests come off on the 19th, but

we could not get the day for that purpose. Dartmouth, Amherst, and several other colleges hold Field Day this month.

Seniors now take geological trips, and return laden with such little dainties as mica crystals, feldspar, quartz, tourmaline, garnets, etc. Some very fine crystals of mica have been found on Mount David.

Our business manager has again spread himself in the advertisement way. A circular from a down-town firm came to the College, addressed to him, and he made immediate preparations for a descent on said firm, not noticing that the direction was in the hand-writing of a class-mate. Another instance of misguided zeal.

There have been great preparations for Field-Day sports. All sorts of wonders have been exhibited. One often sees two college boys with but three legs between them, going across the grounds with the speed of a tortoise. Another set shows great judgment by running a wheel-barrow into a crowd, being entirely blindfolded with the exception of one eye. The pedestrians are simply immense in their *sphere of action*.

Prof. Wendall, who not long ago accepted the position of Professor of Astronomy, has been obliged to leave his duties as instructor, at least for the present; his health not being able to stand the confinement of the class room. His departure is regretted by all who had become acquainted with him. The Seniors, who have recited to him in Astronomy, made him a visit before his departure and presented him, as a token of their regard, a beautiful ice pitcher. We hear that Prof. Wendall takes up Civil Engineering, hoping to recruit his strength in out-door employment.

Perhaps the readers of the *STUDENT* would like to know of the weighty opinions held by our Fathers upon the subject Courtship. They were "true blue," as the following will prove. When the Theological Seminary, now in connection with Bates College, was at Whites-town, N. Y., the members of the

"Rhetorical Society" frequently had spirited debates, judging from the records, upon many an important question. We append one of them. First, we give a by-law, to show how questions were decided, then the question, lastly the decision. By-law—"Questions shall first be decided by the President according to the weight of argument, and afterward by the Society agreeable to their merits." The following was given out Aug. 31st, 1846, to be discussed at the next meeting:—"Resolved, that night courtship should be discountenanced." Disputants appointed—Aff., G. T. Day, H. H. Brock; Neg., G. H. Ball, F. Reed. Two weeks of deep meditation softened their hearts a little. Question as discussed—"Resolved, that courtship *after eight o'clock* should be discountenanced." Decision—"Decided by the chair in the affirmative, and by the Society in the affirmative.

BATES COLLEGE.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.

REV. OREN B. CHENEY, D.D., President.	THOMAS L. ANGELL, A.M., Professor of Modern Languages.
REV. JOHN FULLONTON, D.D., Prof. of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology.	REV. JAMES ALBERT HOWE, A.M., Professor of Systematic Theology and Homiletics.
JONATHAN Y. STANTON, A.M., Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.	GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.
REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, D.D., Professor of Psychology and Exegetical Theology.	THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M., Professor of Hebrew
RICHARD C. STANLEY, A.M., Professor of Chemistry and Geology.	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 *Aeneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and in Harkness' Latin Grammar. GREEK: In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's Greek Grammar. MATHEMATICS: in Loomis' or Greenleaf's Arithmetic, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' Algebra, and in two books of Geometry. ENGLISH: In Mitchell's Ancient Geography, and in Worcester's Ancient History.

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

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

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

COURSE OF STUDY.

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

EXPENSES.

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

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THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

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