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Bates College

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VOL. IV.

JUNE, 1876.

No. 6.

THE  
BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Published by the Class of '77.

EDITED BY GEORGE H. WYMAN AND HENRY W. OAKES.  
BUSINESS MANAGER: OLIVER B. CLASON.

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1876.

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AN INTRUDER IN THE DOMAIN OF ART.

I BELIEVE I shall always remember the miserly eagerness with which, on opening the door of the Art Gallery, connected with the library at St. Johnsbury, Vermont, a few weeks ago, I hastened to note that the room was vacant of all human forms except those that stood forth so plainly from the frames upon the walls. It was not until I had marked this, even, that I turned my eyes toward that grand painting by Bierstadt, "The Domes of the Yosemite," in front of which I had been struck breathless, a year before, as I went, all unknowing, to view a collection of paintings in a little country village in Vermont. But at that earlier time, the Domes acted upon me by repulsion. Theirs was a grandeur which I could not, dared not approach. I could raise my eyes to them, but I might not speak; for their frigid, eternal calm had no

sympathy with human passion, and their unmeasurable strength, no kinship with human weakness.

By degrees, however, the mountains, though having relaxed none of their sublimity, have come to wear a less forbidding aspect, and I often think of the central one as a vast cathedral in which the heart of man might delight to wonder and worship and adore, to all eternity. The Domes are now my friends, and symbolize to me the unspeakable majesty and tenderness of God.

Accordingly, my first feeling, on this latest morning, was one of satisfaction that I was not to be disturbed, for a time at least, by the senseless chatter of unappreciative visitors. "Now," said I to myself, "I must improve my opportunity, for some curious sight-seer will soon claim admittance to see the queer-colored paints on the canvas, or,

perchance, to suggest some improvement in the faultless blue of these smiling skies." Having said this with some heat, I sat down to become calm—for I had learned that in order to enjoy a work of art, one must not make an effort to that end—and before long was lost in the awful depths of the Yosemite valley.

On my left thundered the Yosemite Falls, and in front stretched the valley, winding about the Dome in the centre of the view, and hindered, beyond, by irregular mountains that rose into cloud-shaped peaks in the distance. Suddenly, as I gazed along the valley, a huge bird rose from a group of trees and, sailing rapidly in curving lines, settled on the very summit of the Half-Dome on my right. "Surely," thought I, "that is a mighty condor, strayed from his distant home, or, at least, our own great gold-crowned eagle!" I had even taken a step forward to gain a nearer view of the unrecognized bird, before I was recalled to myself and discovered that an illusion of the eye had changed a diminutive house-fly into a prodigious creature of the air. Nevertheless I said aloud: "Thank you, Monsieur Mouche! thank you! You have helped to produce upon me an impression which the painter alone has failed of. Really, your artistic sense surprises me. I must follow your movements." Finding, however, that the fly, like a certain man

of my acquaintance, who always spoils, by immediate repetition, a story which has created its laugh, was injured by my praise, and was determined to play the trick after the secret of it was discovered; and having, moreover, been thrown into a lighter mood by a pleasant chat with my new-found companion, I turned my eyes to a little sentinel painting posted upon an easel, to guard against too close an approach to the treasures behind it. The fierce look of the mastiff watching by the cradle of the sleeping infant had fairly made me draw back in fear on the occasion of my first visit; and, even now, I knew Ponto (so I have named him) to be on the alert to resent any familiar demonstrations toward the object of his charge. Therefore, when my friend, the fly, presented himself in the neighborhood, as if he would suck the sweetness from the baby lips, I gave him warning.

"Have a care! Have a care, Monsieur Mouche! Ponto will bear no trifling. I know him, and my advice is, as a friend, that you keep out of his sight. There, if you must take just one sip, do stop that infernal buzzing. Being earless and toothless, do you not catch the significance of those half-spread wings on Ponto's head, nor of the glittering ivory in his mouth? Ah, my friend, let me not take you at a disadvantage. If you could make yourself understood, what would you

not tell me of man's deafness, having ears, and of his blindness, having eyes?

"But I will stop this moralizing, if I can. It is a habit we men fall into. And the odd thing about it is, that we yield to our habit only in the presence of those whom we consider our inferiors, or of those who, being our superiors, are in our power. We never think of moralizing with a lion unless he is caged.

"Pardon me, Monsieur Mouche, I trust you will not accept these remarks as casting any reflections upon yourself. Truly, I have a deep interest in you. Now be careful to—— Good gracious! don't go near that fire! I was just beginning to warn you of that. If you were at all versed in philosophy" (I was really at a loss how to explain the danger to my friend) "I could tell you that fire develops heat, and that heat——" here the poor fly (how very human flies are!) tried the experiment of which he was warned, and, after it, fell down as if dead, upon the floor.

"Well done, my fine fellow," I cried out. "How you startled me! I thought you would be burnt to a cinder.

"Ah, you will pay a visit to the old Halberdier across the way. Well, you may be sure *he* won't harm you, whatever you do. I dare say you might drag your barbed feet along his eyeballs and not make him wink. Not him. The Keeper of His Maj-

esty's Coffers, he. Affairs of state, are in his custody. In whom shall the government repose confidence if he fails of his duty.

"His stiff posture would be unendurable to one less bolstered up by a great trust; but he stretches complacently back against the wall, holding his halberd at one side and wearing a huge sword at the other, as who should say: 'I am not stirred by trifles, but I know my business. Beware!' I declare, I believe he could growl as loudly as Ponto.

"Matters of dress are of minor importance to him. See where his boot-top has fallen over, leaving a bare ring about his leg. Will not shame make him bend?" Try him there, Monsieur Mouche. But no! I knew he wouldn't stir. Were I His Majesty, I should fear that his very disdain would cause him to give undue advantage to a wily thief.

"I should really like to come in here when the shadows are about the world. Of course the maiden over yonder lays aside her reading, and the happy children in the Old Oak are warmly tucked in bed; but our friend of the Royal Guards, why, even sleep must have given up trying to disturb his equanimity, as I see you have, my dear Mouche.

"And what is it now? Oh, a trip to the country. A happy thought, truly; for I could not but observe that you were actually turning gray in those pent-up streets. No doubt

it will be better than a fishing excursion for you to pester Rosa Bonheur's fat oxen.

"Meanwhile, I will turn to my favorite Woods of Assohockan—or no! my eye is caught by Aspasia the splendid, gazing from her window forth upon the fairest and noblest of the Grecian cities. It is beauty in repose. The golden adornments of her voluptuous arms and her graceful neck do not flash too brightly; and the blue Ægean, with the violet hills beyond, are in keeping with her mood. She is musing upon the fortune that has linked her name with that of Pericles and has made her mistress of the homage of —"

Just here my pleasant revery was interrupted by the opening of the door and a shout, "An intruder!" It was the librarian. He went out, but presently flew back, and with him a whole bevy of assistants, every one with a duster in his hand, and all shouting: "Drive him out! Drive him out!"

I was relieved to find that it was only Monsieur Mouche that had excited all this commotion. His enemies rushed toward him, vociferating loudly, and brandishing their weapons in the air. But he glided unharmed through their midst, returning again and again to display his dexterity in avoiding their blows; and he finally began offensive demonstrations by alighting on the nose of the exasperated librarian. He hastened to abandon the position he had gained, however, and just in time, too, for in a moment a sound thwack came down upon the very spot he had vacated. "Bravo!" I cried, as I left the room, and saw the baffled protectors of art looking up at the sky-light, on which my friend sat, out of their reach. "Nobly done, my brave Monsieur Mouche—my artist warrior! Really, I admire you. I will write you a memorial."

And this is the end of it.

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"VALE."

Life is so full of partings and farewells:  
 In childhood, ere we knew the bitter truth,  
 Some good-bye sounded as a solemn knell,—  
 An early lesson, learnèd to our ruth.

So, all along, and linked with brighter things,  
 Some severed chain has left a broken end,  
 Bruising us as it strikes, and downward rings,  
 Left thus to hang, but never more to mend.

The fair days of this sweetest month, "full June,"  
Fill us with yearning sadness and regrets;  
The world for us seems strangely out of tune;  
Still, 'tis the strand toward which our current sets.

Four years! Where are they? past—aye, surely past;  
The great forever of our boyish dreams  
Is done; but from the influence it shall cast  
Will spring the charm to further manhood's schemes.

Classmates, there's hope in all things; even here,  
Though parting from the friends so closely bound  
Unto our lives by youth's strong ties, and dear,  
Beyond our griefs is hope of meeting found.

We part but for a time; eternity is sure,  
And may it join us with its mighty strength:  
May we so live, and through this life endure,  
Our life above shall bring us close at length.

Some have accomplished ere we scarce begun;  
But not forgotten now,—their mem'ry lives,  
Continuing 'mong us, though their days be done:  
Heart-bonds exceed the limits which earth gives.

And may the teachings of this honored place  
Launch us, with higher aims, toward nobler deeds.  
So farewell, Alma Mater of our grace;  
To thee our souls shall turn in many needs.

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#### CHOOSING A PROFESSION.

**T**HE time comes in the life of every young man, when he must decide what his occupation shall be. "What am I to do—what shall I become?" is an important question to every young man who desires to be successful in life. It is to be lamented that so many young men grow up and go out into the world without any aim or resolution to accomplish something. Nothing gives the character so much strength and energy as a definite object in life.

It seems perplexing, to many young men who have a desire to enter upon a professional life, to decide which one of the professions to take. They either understand themselves so little, or else have such a lack of confidence in their abilities, that they become weak and hesitating, fearing to enter upon any course lest they fail; and doubtless this is one reason why so many remain undecided so long a time before they make a choice.

Cautiousness in this direction is well, but it should be carried only so far as to guard against "jumping at a conclusion" that one is *best fitted* for a particular profession, or that it offers the best chance of becoming wealthy, or that it will bring one prominently before the world; for if we permit the thirst for selfish aims to *override* our natural tastes, we make a fatal mistake. Every one, we think, should first consult his own tastes or inclinations; for we regard the desire or reluctance to select a profession as a true criterion. After one's mind has received a fair amount of discipline, he is in a way to understand himself, and his inclinations to do this or that will be a true index for him.

We hear much said about waiting until one has completed his course of study, or of relying largely upon advice from others, before one makes a choice of his profession. Discipline is good—advice is good, and

both should be sought; but cannot a person receive discipline after he makes a choice of a profession?

The amount of mental discipline received during the course of preparation for college, and the first year's studies in college, ought to be sufficient to develop the mind to such a degree as to enable its possessor to know what the predominant qualities of his mind are.

As to advice, it should be taken but sparingly; for an *overdose* of it is liable to work evil results. Very often we hear it remarked of a man that he has "missed his calling." Perhaps he has; but the chances are ten to one that he did not, himself, really choose his profession or trade, as the case may be; but that his father or mother or some uncle thought it best for him to take the profession which strikes them as the *one* in which he will best succeed, and after having kept sounding it in his ears for a long while that he was "cut out" for a doctor or a lawyer, and we might add, with no intended irreverence, for a minister, have persuaded him to choose the profession which they desired him to take. Years pass away, he has failed to achieve success; in fact his interest in his profession is gone, and he now neglects his professional duties; and then the world says of this one, and truly too, "he missed his calling."

Another thought comes up here. In choosing a profession, one ought to consider that he has got to labor,



and endure many perplexities; he should keep in mind that the road to affluence and success by one's profession is not an easy one; but, if he have pride in his profession, love for its tasks, and an enthusiasm which will keep him continually at work, he cannot fail of realizing some fruits from his labors. Lack of ability is often made up for by the *whole-souledness* with which a man enters upon his task; for an intense desire to advance in one's profession, and to be successful, makes a ready man, and enables him to accomplish much. "Where there is a will, there is a way."

The best abilities for one kind of profession may be wasted, and nothing accomplished, by attempting that which does not enlist enthusi-

asm; and is this not one great reason why so many have failed—that they have not acted well and nobly their part, rather than because they have lacked a sufficient amount of talent?

Success in his profession is what every man looks forward to—what he hopes for; and while desiring this, he should never lose sight of the fact that success means toils and struggles, as well as triumphs and trophies; and to toil and struggle and not faint by the wayside, one must be in earnest, completely aroused, and fully determined to achieve success; and to do this, he must be fitted for his task, satisfied with his calling,—entering upon it with the feeling that, "let what will betide," by his profession he will stand, by it he will fall.

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### WELLS.

THE waves rolled in and broke  
 Upon the shore;  
 The winds came full and fresh  
 Across the sea;  
 The misty sails went out  
 To come no more;  
 And left the dying day  
 To him, and me.

We wandered up and down  
 The beaten sand,  
 And talked of things our hearts  
 Alone could know:

Till long the shadows grew,  
 And o'er the land  
 Night spread her sable wings,  
 And hovered low.

'T was long, and long ago,  
 My boy, my boy;  
 Yet oft upon that same  
 Smooth shore I stray,  
 When memories of the past  
 Come back with joy;  
 And oft my lonely soul  
 Looks up to say:

"God bless 'my boy,' and bring  
 Him back to me."—  
 Still roll the waves and break  
 Upon the shore;  
 Still sail the ships across  
 The misty sea;  
 But we shall meet, for time  
 Is evermore.

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#### THE GERMAN ELEMENT IN AMERICA.

THE alleged fact that one-sixth of our entire population is German, and of German descent, is ominous of an influence to the future weal or woe of our country.

But what caused such an influx of population? is a question that very naturally arises. Germany had been cursed by a terrible war. This wasting, destructive element had ravaged that country for thirty long years, till poverty was written upon almost every town and hamlet, and starvation stared thousands in the

face. To avoid the latter, emigration was necessary. America was now the "land of promise" to this war-cursed people. Hence a tide of emigration, greatly enhanced by Queen Anne's offer of free passage, began to flow from that country to this. The condition of this early influx of population was anything but favorable. Ignorant, and exiled by poverty from their native land, they came here with out-stretched arms, imploring aid for their immediate subsistence. How different

their condition from that of those coming to our shores at the present time. The German of to-day is far from being dependent. He comes with sufficient to support himself and family—if such he has—till he can find employment congenial with his tastes. Nor does the poverty or independence of immigrants concern the individual alone. It matters much whether one thousand persons upon landing are worth \$1000 each, or come as paupers to be fed and clothed from charitable institutions. Notwithstanding the improved condition of German immigrants, it remains a serious question whether or not their influence upon our country will be a permanent good. The German has characteristics to be condemned as well as those to be admired. We shall notice both sides of the question, and let the reader draw his own conclusions as to the purpose of this essay.

One very prominent and discreditable feature of that nationality, is the beer-garden. Wherever they settle in large numbers, it is sure to be planted. Its numbers, too, are legion. Go where you will, in New York or farther west, the inveterate beer-garden is sure to be found. Its influence is not only pernicious to society, but it opposes all moral reform. Yet this evil might be overcome with comparative ease, were it not for the clannish habits of immigrants. In consequence of these, they become isolated from the

rest of our population, and cannot be brought so effectually under the influence of our institutions as they should be, and otherwise might be. Thus isolated, they retain, to a great extent, their old German ideas and customs, without becoming Americanized,—a result utterly at variance with the best interests of our country.

Another feature, equally as vicious in its influence, is their utter disregard for the Sabbath, and the tendency among them to make it a holiday. The beer-garden is then made more attractive than ever, while its patronage is increased many-fold. The desecration of the Sabbath is an evil against which every well-disposed person must earnestly battle, that the right may be sustained and our whole land blessed with the regulative influence of wholesome laws.

In religious matters, generally, the German has yet to learn many important things ere his soul can become imbued with divine promptings. Scepticism has a wide range in his thoughts. With him the Bible is a book of but little account. Like the Roman Catholic, his choice and effort is to have it expelled forever from the common schools, that his children may be freed from its teachings.

With such formidable barriers in the way, true progress must necessarily be much retarded. With this view, would it be strange if Liberty itself should seem to be endangered?

Such might be the case but for the redeeming qualities to be found in the German. Conservative in his ways, he moves slowly but steadily on through life. He is not in a hurry to get through life, nor is he impatient to accomplish at once the work of years of toil and industry. He can endure prosperity, and yet not lose his balance. In this respect the German and the American differ widely. The American cannot endure long-continued prosperity without losing his high standard of morality. The great mania with him is for wealth — wealth immediately. To the attainment of this one object every energy, too often principle itself, is made subservient. His family must live in fine style, ape all the fashions of society, and do every thing else conducive to popularity.

The effect of this appears in broken-down constitutions, effemi-

nate offspring, and but little of real enjoyment in life. To correct this evil remains, we think, in great measure, with the German. Some one has remarked to the effect that intermarriage with the Germans is the only means by which the American people can be saved from degeneracy. Although incredulous as to the truth of this, yet the influence of the German element in our country will, doubtless, have a marked effect in moulding the future destiny of this nation. There exists, to be sure, a wide dissimilarity in many respects, between the German and the American, but these differences will gradually disappear, till one shall become lost in the other. The liberty-loving German of to-day, will be the representative American of to-morrow,—who shall wield a power to be felt at home and abroad, helping largely to place the nation upon a foundation secure and abiding.

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#### HERO WORSHIP.

WE are all, in some respect, hero worshipers — perhaps not in the same way as the ancients; but we are very willing to reverence, honor,—yes, worship,—those who stand far above us. Unlike the Norsemen who had their “giants” or “Jötuns,” we do not have a multiplicity of gods, or a god or

demon for every thing. We call things by their right names. We do not name electricity “Donner,” or clouds the drawing down of “Thor’s angry brows”; neither do we speak of frost as “Jötun driving home his horses at night and combing their manes.” That the ancients worshiped men as gods, does not seem

so strange when we reflect that we are but just emerging from the era of the dark ages.

When, only a few years ago, some thought there were only seven planets, and things seemed to go by sevens, we were not far ahead of the idea of the "twelve sons of Odin," and other twelves. It is a noble impulse that prompts one to the hearty reception of an heroic person; and, although he may not be said to worship him, yet tradition and time do so much to lend enchantment that former superstition is, in great part, due to this cause. The idea of predestination is like the Norse belief that destiny had decided who should be slain.

One of those famous expeditions of Thor to Utgard, and his sights there, are about as reasonable as are some of which we read at the present time. For example, that of one coming to this earth from Heaven, saying he was keeping house there, and farming, and, perhaps, passing counterfeit money; also of his performing, or of his being said to perform here, what it would seem no sane man could believe. Yet they are favored by the brightest intellects of modern times.

The doctrine which Mahomet taught was probably the best the people were capable of accepting; and if he succeeded in abolishing the worship of idols, let him have the praise due, for many of his pre-

cepts compared well with the principles of Christianity. Who can but admire the chivalry of a man daring to face the enmity of his nation and persevering to the end?

This hero worship shows what power one man may have over another. What a sway of the people held those heroes of the Revolution; and, since that time, such men as Choate, Webster, and Sumner! It is right that such men should receive honor from their countrymen. We would not worship them as the Arabs worship Mahomet; but they were benefactors of the human race, and as such deserve honor.

Mahomet's doctrine is accepted by more people than any other on the globe. It may not be—indeed is not—as good as that of Christ, yet it seems good to them; and instead of saying we do not see how people can believe such, we should reflect on those people deluded by the stories of Katie King. Think of the sincerity of the Mahometan,—how he will travel days and weeks, crossing the desert at the risk of his life, undergoing every hardship, in order to perform his vows at Mecca. One admires his devotion, although he might as well pray at home as at Mecca.

We have said that we all are hero worshipers. Dante's "Divine Comedy" has made his name immortal, as well as have the works of Shakespeare rendered his a familiar household word. As Mahomet estab-

lished his religion by breaking down idol worship, so Luther aimed his strength against Popedom in Germany, and Knox caused a reformation in Scotland. We may call it hero worship, or what we please; but these two men will ever be remembered in the hearts of their countrymen, and the Germans will always speak with pride of the "Reformation of Luther."

Of Johnson it has been well said that he "was a prophet to his people, preaching a gospel to them"; and, if his writings are not now so

much read as formerly, his style of thinking has been studied by many of his successors. Then might be mentioned Burns, Cromwell, Napoleon, and our own beloved Washington—

"He whose pure name a stain eternal brings  
On vulgar chieftains, raised by crimes to kings.  
Pillar of state, and bulwark of the field,  
A host his presence, and his arm a shield,"—

but we forbear. We close with a remark from Carlyle: "Hero worship never does nor can die. Loyalty and sovereignty are everlasting in the world."

## EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

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### COMMENCEMENT.

ANOTHER mile-stone in our College course has been passed. Another Commencement, with its bustle and weariness, with its happy greetings and sad farewells, has come and gone. Another class has retired from the Commencement stage, amid showers of bouquets, and with the fond anticipations of friends, to commence in earnest the battle of life. Though few may write their names upon the roll of fame, we trust all will exert an influence for right in the sphere they occupy. The exercises have been exceedingly good, and an increasing interest in them is manifest, which is shown in the large and select audiences that attend all of the entertainments. To retain this interest an improvement must be made in the length of the exercises. The Faculty should recognize our importance as a College, and make a change soon that will limit the number of speakers. The best exercises will weary the most patient audience in five hours.

Sunday afternoon, June 25th, the exercises of the tenth annual Commencement of Bates College began, with the Baccalaureate Sermon before the Senior class, at Main Street

Church. Passages of Scripture were read by Prof. Stanton, and prayer was offered by Prof. Hayes, when the President delivered an excellent discourse, of which we give but a brief extract.

The text was 2 Cor. iv. 7: "But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." The theme of the discourse was "The Divine Glory Apparent in Human Agency." It frees us from many doubts, to believe in divine existence. God is a being possessing certain intellectual and moral attributes, as I possess them; the only difference is, His are infinite, mine are finite. Our country needs not merely the cold assent that there is a God. The great need of the world to-day is a vital faith in an infinite being, perfect in every attribute of his character, yet kind, forbearing, righteous, and just.

God's plan of salvation is the best adapted for the end in view. The Scriptures teach us that we, as rational beings, are a little lower than the angels. They are variously employed in the service of God; they minister to us.

The wonder is not that God should undertake to save us, but in

the way he saves us. He saves us by the instrumentality of man, not by angels; he saves sinners by sinners. There are several inferences to be drawn from the subject. We should not expect too much from religious teachers. They are men, and subject to the same temptations and imperfections as other men. They do not ask you to consider their word, but the word of God. These men are the vessels which bear the precious treasure to others, in proclaiming the gospel.

I address you, young gentlemen, as those appointed to do good in the world; it may be in one profession—it may be in another; but I ask you to remember that you have spent four of your most precious years in College, that you might be better prepared to do good. In leaving us, allow me, in behalf of the Faculty, to thank you for your good behavior during your course of study. You go out from College to fight the battle of life, and our prayer shall be that you may fight it bravely and well,—so that, gaining the victory and giving the honor of it to Him through whose strength you conquer, you may at last unite and sing with those of whom it is said: "And they sang a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof, for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, and hast made us

unto our God kings and priests; and we shall reign on the earth."

The President closed with a brief address to the class. After the sermon, the following Class Ode was sung:—

King Eternal, o'er us bend!  
Holy Spirit, now descend!  
Prince of Peace, thine arm extend,—  
Class of Seventy-Six defend.

Broken long has been our chain,  
Two have gone with thee to reign;  
Others wander in the plain;  
Father! bring us back again.

In the darkness and the gloom  
Thou hast stood beside the tomb,  
Rolled away the stone of doom,  
Taught new beauties how to bloom.

And to thee we humbly cry:  
God of Mercy! be thou nigh!  
Bend the heavens, break the sky!  
Homeward take us when we die.

Sunday evening, the address before the Theological School was given by Rev. C. S. Perkins of Portland, from 1 Peter iv. 1: "Forasmuch then as Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind."

The theme of the sermon was, that those who would serve Christ must arm themselves with his armor of suffering. Christ's mission of humility and service astonished a nation which was looking for a ruler who should come in magnificence and worldly power. The Lord appeared to teach the doctrine that those who would be great must serve.

Some who suffer and toil here are never known; but there is a roll of



honor, where those who have served quietly shall be known.

The suffering of Christ is our example. If the King of kings came down and voluntarily suffered for sinful men, we certainly should be willing to devote our lives to others. If Christ had not suffered, his mission would have been in vain. We must equip ourselves with the same armor.

All reforms have been brought about by the suffering of a few men and women. To this warfare, under Christ's leadership, we are called.

The Junior Orations were delivered Monday evening, at the Main Street Free Baptist Church, before a large and appreciative audience. Ballard's Orchestra discoursed sweet strains for the occasion. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Howard. President Cheney presided. Below is the programme of the evening:—

MUSIC.  
PRAYER.  
MUSIC.

1. True Greatness.  
Benjamin Tappan Hathaway.
2. Master Minds.  
Carrie Maria Warner.
3. Dangers to Our Republic.  
James Watson Smith.
- MUSIC.
4. The Influence of the Press.  
Oliver Barrett Clason.
5. Grecian Civilization.  
Joseph Aubrey Chase.
6. Political Melancholy.  
Newell Perkins Noble.
- MUSIC.
7. Caste.  
John Kinzer Tomlinson.
8. The Value of Scholarship.  
Giles Alfred Stuart.

9. Right.

Franklin Folsom Phillips.  
MUSIC.

10. Party Spirit.

Augustus William Potter.

11. Finished Lives.

Jennie Rich North.

12. I and Thou.

Pell Russell Clason.

MUSIC.

BENEDICTION.

The first oration, by Hathaway, took the ground that "True Greatness" was not dependent upon condition of life, but on inward principle. The noble stand and struggles of Sumner, in regard to the slave question, were touched upon in a fine manner. His position was good and his gestures easy.

"Master Minds" was the subject which Miss Warner discussed, and it was well handled. Voice and inflection were natural and forcible.

Smith spoke rather gloomily on the "Dangers to Our Republic," but sustained his points by good arguments. His allusions to the conditions and histories of other nations were good and well timed.

O. B. Clason pointed to the "Influence of the Press" as one of the greatest of the agents which have given to our country her present position among nations. The delivery was characterized by ease of voice and gesture.

Chase treated "Grecian Civilization" in a manner which showed a good knowledge and appreciation of the history and peculiar beliefs of this most wonderful people.

The manner in which Noble attacked the "Political Melancholy"

so common at the present day, was refreshing, and showed some hope still that the future of the United States would be one of prosperity. His manner was graceful and delivery very fine.

Tomlinson presented some sound ideas on "Caste," and attacked the restrictions of society at the present day,—claiming that wealth should not take the place of merit as a passport to recognition in society.

"The Value of Scholarship" was well discussed by Stuart, who illustrated his points by allusions to men whose letters, in science and discovery, have made them noted.

The oration of Phillips on "Right" showed good ability as a writer. The argument was clear and comprehensive, and exhibited signs of considerable thought. Might formerly made right, but such should no longer be the case.

Potter spoke well on the evils of "Party Spirit" when carried to excess. His voice was good and manner easy.

Miss North had a well written part on "Finished Lives." Not only are we to look to the history of masters for "Finished Lives," but we find each life to be finished that fills the station allotted to it. Her manner and gestures were easy and graceful.

P. R. Clason's subject was "I and Thou," and his criticisms on the false modesty which has substituted plural

forms of speech for singular, were well appreciated by his audience.

This is the second time the class of '77 has appeared before the public. All agree that the speakers did credit to their class and training. They unanimously voted not to accept any prize.

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The Trustees of the College met at 8 A.M., Tuesday, and President Cheney submitted his report, from which we find that the invested funds of the institution are \$283,870, with a floating debt of \$81,292, leaving the endowment fund \$202,578. Through the efforts of a Committee appointed last year, the College receives the Boston property of the late Joshua Benson of Boston, valued at \$61,150, on which there is a mortgage of \$9,428. The income of the invested funds of the College has, for several years, lacked \$4,000 of meeting the annual expenditures. The President urged the necessity of raising \$12,500, the amount now required to ensure the College the liberal donation of Mr. Bates. On Thursday morning, at the Alumni exercises, the President reported the amount raised; and now the financial condition of the College is established on a firm basis, and the event for which President Cheney has so arduously labored is accomplished.

John N. Rand was elected Professor in Mathematics. He was a

fine scholar when in College, and comes highly recommended as a teacher.

Prof. Wendell, whose health has been poorly, sent in his resignation, but President Cheney advised him to continue a member of the Faculty. A leave of absence was granted him.

The graduating class of the Theological School was smaller than it is hoped it will be hereafter. There are four members in the class, of whom three took part in the graduating exercises, which opened at 2 P.M., Tuesday. We submit a programme of the literary exercises—the treating of which did credit to all concerned:—

## MEMBERS OF MIDDLE CLASS.

1. Spencer's Idea of God as the Unknowable.  
Hagop Harootun Aterian, Rodosto, Turkey.
2. The Doctrine of the Person of Christ.  
Andrew Jackson Eastman, Lowell, Mass.
3. Scientific Objections to the Value of Prayer.  
Thomas Spooner, Jr., St. Johnsbury, Vt.

## GRADUATES.

4. The Mission of the Free Baptist Church.  
William Harding Cutting, W. Compton, N.H.
5. The Natural and the Supernatural Elements of a Successful Ministry.  
Llewellyn Wing Raymond, Harrison.
6. Christianity a New Influx of Power.  
Jacob Sanborn Neal, Barrington, N. H.
7. The Inner and the Written Revelation of God.  
Charles Henry Davis, Lisbon.

The Alumni Meeting was called to order at 2 P.M., Tuesday, by E. R. Angell, Vice President. Prayer was offered by Rev. A. L. Houghton of Lawrence.

Two candidates were nominated from the Alumni for Overseers: G.

C. Emery of Boston, and Josiah Chase of Portland. The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, G. B. Files; Vice President, T. Spooner, Jr.; Secretary and Treasurer, F. W. Baldwin. Executive Committee, Prof. G. C. Chase, M. A. Way, G. W. Wood. Orator, G. C. Emery; Substitute, J. S. Brown. Poet, C. A. Bickford; Substitute, Mary W. Mitchell.

Perhaps the most brilliant feature of Commencement Week was the concert Tuesday evening. It was *the* musical entertainment of the season, and Miss Cary's name on the bills was enough to ensure its success. The shower, which cast a shadow over the face of many a fair one, did not lessen the attendance. City Hall was packed—floor, aisles, and galleries—with the most brilliant and select audience that we have ever seen in attendance upon a concert in this city. The opening overture by the Harvard Symphony Club, under that wonderful leader, Zerahn, received its merited applause. Mr. Winch was welcomed with applause; but it remained for Miss Cary to electrify the audience, and her appearance upon the stage was the signal for continued and deafening applause. Being recalled, she sang "Home, Sweet Home" with a pathos that charmed all. Miss Cary's "Viva l'America" being followed by rounds of applause, evoked "Comin' Thro' the Rye." Cheered

and encored still, she came upon the stage, and aroused the patriotism of the audience by singing, as she alone can sing, the thrilling words of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The pianist of the evening was Kotschmar of Portland, under whose skillful hands the piano seemed a living, breathing thing.

All the parts were brilliantly performed. We congratulate the class of '76 on the fine musical treat they have furnished the citizens and the guests of the College.

Wednesday, the gala day of the week, dawned unpropitious. Everything was enveloped in fog. It seemed as though the Class of '76, after four years' preparation and anticipation of this day, would go forth from their Alma Mater in a rain-storm. All concealed their disappointment and quietly submitted to the decrees of fate, which for once were propitious. By nine o'clock the last belt of fog had disappeared. Soon the campus grew animated with classical young gentlemen and the imposing forms of wealthy patrons and dignitaries.

The procession formed to the music of Johnson's band, with the Senior Class as escort, and Charles Clark as Marshal. They marched through the principal streets to City Hall, where a large audience had already assembled. The galleries were radiant with lace and muslin. Bouquets were heaped in profusion,

which were destined for the favorite speakers. The following was the programme of the exercises:—

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

*Candidates for Degree of Bachelor of Arts.*

1. Oratio Salutatoria. (Latina.)  
Enoch Case Adams, Litchfield.
  2. Dissertatio. The Hope of Progression.  
Walter Corren Leavitt, Lewiston.
  3. Disquisitio. National Conscience.  
Arthur Leroy Morey, Dickinson, N. Y.
  4. Disquisitio. Commercial Morality.  
Marion Douglass, Dixfield.
- MUSIC.
5. Dissertatio. Sense and Sentiment.  
George Fish Adams, Derby, Vt.
  6. Dissertatio. The Law of Costs.  
James Holman Huntington, Brunswick.
  7. Thesis. Work.  
William Orville Collins, Starks.
  8. Oratio. Our Government an Aristocracy.  
James Oscar Emerson, Pittsfield, N. H.
- MUSIC.
9. Dissertatio. Wasted Resources.  
Hiram Waldo Ring, Richmond.
  10. Thesis. Political Leaders.  
Dennis Joseph Callahan, Lewiston.
  11. Disquisitio. The Relation of Scholarship to Practical Life.  
John William Daniels, Rumney, N. H.
  12. Oratio. Self-Deception.  
Edward Whitney, Harrison.
- MUSIC.
13. Thesis. Unconsciousness a Symptom of Health.  
John Rankin, Wells.
  14. Disquisitio. Obstacles a Condition of Success.  
Reuel Jefferson Everett, Poland.
  15. Thesis. Co-operation.  
Horatio Woodbury, Auburn.
  16. Oratio. Mental Slavery.  
Wendell Holmes Adams, Litchfield.
- MUSIC.
17. Disquisitio. Causes.  
Irving Cushing Phillips, Auburn.
  18. Disquisitio. Intellectual Character.  
William Henry Merryman, Harpswell.
  19. Disquisitio. The Basis of Political Freedom.  
Benjamin Herbert Young, Rochester, N. H.
  20. Oratio. Hinderances to Originality.  
Charles Sumner Libby, Lewiston.
- MUSIC.
21. Disquisitio. Useless Knowledge.  
George Loring White, Auburn.
  22. Disquisitio. The Permanence of Types.  
Thomas Hobbs Stacy, North Berwick.

23. Oratio. Settled Things.  
Frederic Ernest Emrich, New York City.
24. Oratio Valedictoria. The Scholar in Political Life.  
Edward Rollins Goodwin, Wells.

## MUSIC.

*Candidate for Degree of Master of Arts.*

25. Oratio. The Scholar.  
Frank Woodbury Cobb, Lewiston.

## MUSIC.

Conferring Degrees.

## BENEDICTION.

The Marshal and his aids escorted to the platform the Trustees, Faculty, and other prominent gentlemen. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Penney of Augusta. Space will not permit us to criticise the parts individually. As a whole they were excellent, being well written and delivered. Less fine rhetoric and fewer metaphors were indulged in than on some occasions. The subjects were practically and thoughtfully treated, showing that the class of '76 realize the duties and responsibilities of life, and are prepared to meet them as men. At the close of the exercises, all came forward and received their diplomas which ensures them the title of A.B., and for which they have spent four years of hard toil. Thus the class of '76 stepped forth into the world, and others take their places.

The procession now re-formed and marched to the College grounds. Dinner was served in the Gymnasium. There was a dearth of dignitaries upon the stage, but all the places were filled. The customary after-dinner speeches were indulged in. Ex-Senator Fogg of N. H., President Cheney's old chum in Col-

lege, was the first speaker. Sharp hits, that brought forth rounds of applause, were indulged in by Mr. Goulding of Lewiston, and Mosher, editor of the *Morning Star*. The dinner closed with the benediction by Rev. Mr. Waterman, and music by the band.

Wednesday evening, the annual address before the United Literary Societies was delivered by James Parton, on "Republican Nobility." It was a very fine and scholarly production, and was listened to with interest by a large audience, who frequently interrupted the speaker with applause. We give a brief sketch of the address:—

It is a changed world which the Summer's harvest of graduates are about to enter. New difficulties are to be encountered, as well as new privileges to be enjoyed.

Universal debt is an ominous peculiarity of our day. It begins to be doubted who owns us. Europe has a tremendous mortgage on us. Some limit must be put on this tendency. Now, young men, you are about to enter this changed world, wherein there are twenty ways of going wrong to one way of going right.

More educated men in this country fail from disregard of physical laws than from any other cause. We must try to recover the old-fashioned conscience, as well as the old-fashioned body. A large proportion of

the men who serve the country at Washington are honest, but there is a vast amount of petty stealing. Freedom from debt is a good aid to honesty and the possession of property. The religion of the future will not depend on the fact or fiction of the deluge.

The oration closed as follows: "Deluge or no deluge; immortal life or endless death; one truth remains undeniably certain,—that all the happiness our race has ever known has resulted from the pure lives and steadfast labors of good men and good women. The world has changed, and will never cease to change; but the conditions of welfare in it and victory over it are unchangeable."

Class Day exercises at City Hall, Thursday evening, were witnessed by a large and brilliant audience. The orator of the evening, O. W. Collins, delivered his oration very finely. The subject was Education. The chronicles, by Emerson, contained a brief and interesting history of the class for the past four years. The audience listened attentively to the secret history of college life, and applauded, as the mishaps of some of the class were ludicrously told. The epidemic of marriage broke out early in the class, which compelled some to leave College and obey the injunction of Scripture, to multiply and replenish the earth. The ranking of the Freshman Class,

at the close of the Sophomore year, was well embellished.

Mr. Daniels's poem, entitled "Finis Coronat Apus," was well applauded. The prophecy, by Whitney, was very amusing, showing much originality. It was one of the most attractive features of the evening. Goodwin gave the class some good advice in the parting address.

The exercises closed by singing the Parting Ode (written by A. L. Morey), to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne":—

The green and gold four times unfold,  
Since first we clasped the hand;  
Four times the red its lily wed,  
And we are here again.  
We are not all, Death's solemn call  
Was whispered in our ear;  
Two arrows sped, and with the dead  
Two classmates now appear.

Nor yet we stand the same good band  
That formed four years ago;  
Life's duties spoke, our ranks they broke,  
Elsewhere to meet the foe.  
We cannot tell how long or well  
We may engage the force  
That each has fought, at least in thought,  
While in his College course.

But this we know, where'er we go,  
Or e'en the past review,  
Our thought shall be to cherish thee,  
Our *Alma Mater* true.  
Instructors, friends, our tarty ends;  
The words we fain would tell  
Are bound in one; our task is done,—  
To all—Farewell! Farewell!

The week's festivities closed Friday evening, with the reception of the graduating class, and their friends, at President Cheney's. The last farewell is said, and the Class of '76 go forth from their *Alma Mater* never to return as students. May they fight manfully and successfully the battle of life.

CLASS SUPPER.

The Junior Class Supper came off at Poland Springs, June 14th,—the class having decided that it would be pleasanter to select some place that could be reached by teams, rather than by rail. At ten minutes past two o'clock, some of the finest turnouts that could be obtained in the two cities left Railroad Square, Auburn, for Poland. All thoughts of books and study were laid aside, and pleasure was the controlling thought. Everything favored this. The day was fine, with a cool southerly breeze. The drive was beautiful. The trees in some places formed natural arches above the road by the interlocking of their branches, and glimpses of water were visible through the leaves as the road wound along the shore of the Pond. Most of the party arrived at the Springs by half-past four, and amused themselves till supper time, strolling about, playing croquet, and drinking mineral water.

At eight, all assembled in the dining-room, where a good supper was in readiness; and after satisfying the carnal wants, sentiments were proposed and replies made. An adjournment was then taken to the parlor for the exercises, consisting of an oration, history, poem, and songs; all of which were appropriate and very interesting.

A short time was now spent in social enjoyment, when all took their departure, agreeing that it was the

pleasanteest occasion of our College course, and had cemented more strongly the firm bond of friendship which binds the Class of '77.

BASE-BALL.

*Bates vs. Lowells.*—Our boys met the Lowells, May 22, on the grounds of the Androscoggin. An exciting contest was anticipated. The game was well played, and was interesting to the large crowd in attendance. Had our nine played as coolly as usual, a different result might have been recorded. The Lowells extended an invitation to our boys to play them a return game at Lowell, which invitation will doubtless be accepted.

BATES.

	1B.	R.	E.	P. O.	A.
Adams, c. f., . . .	1	2	2	1	0
Clason, 2d b., . . .	3	1	1	1	4
Record, c., . . .	2	1	7	4	1
Oakes, p., . . .	0	0	3	1	5
Lombard, 3d b., . . .	0	0	1	2	2
Noble, l. f., . . .	2	2	0	1	0
Burr, s. s., . . .	0	1	1	0	1
Clason, 1st b., . . .	3	0	1	12	0
Whitney, r. f., . . .	1	0	0	2	1
Total, . . .	12	7	16	24	14

LOWELLS.

	1B.	R.	E.	P. O.	A.
Cogswell, 1st b., . . .	1	2	0	10	1
Woodhead, 3d b., . . .	1	2	1	3	2
Brown, c., . . .	2	1	3	7	0
Say, s. s., . . .	1	1	0	0	2
Foley, p., . . .	1	2	0	1	2
Sullivan, 2d b., . . .	1	1	2	0	2
Macullar, l. f., . . .	1	0	0	3	0
Blogg, c. f., . . .	0	1	1	0	0
Firth, r. f., . . .	1	1	1	0	0
Total, . . .	9	11	8	24	9

*Bates vs. White Oaks.*—The White Oaks visited Lewiston, June 3d, and played the Bates. The game was witnessed by a small crowd, and was uninteresting, the nines being so unevenly matched.

BATES.					
	1B.	R.	E.	P. O.	A.
Adams, c. f.,	1	3	0	3	0
P. R. Clason, c.,	1	2	0	8	2
Oakes, 2d b.,	1	2	3	3	3
Lombard, 3d b.,	1	2	0	1	1
Noble, l. f.,	2	1	0	0	0
Burr, s. s.,	1	2	1	0	2
O. B. Clason, 1st b.,	1	2	0	10	1
Whitney, p.,	3	1	0	2	0
Besse, r. f.,	1	1	0	0	0
Total,	12	16	4	27	9

WHITE OAKS.					
	1B.	R.	E.	P. O.	A.
J. Bartlett, c.,	1	0	3	5	2
Ed Bartlett, p.,	0	0	2	0	1
W. H. Rolfe, s. s.,	2	1	5	0	2
Cash, 1st b.,	0	0	0	10	2
Simons, 2d b.,	0	0	5	3	3
Lunt, 3d b.,	3	0	3	2	0
Rolfe, l. f.,	0	0	0	5	2
E. Bartlett, c. f.,	0	0	0	1	0
Witham, r. f.,	0	0	1	1	0
Total,	6	1	19	27	12

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates,	4	0	1	0	0	3	3	5	0
White Oaks,	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0

Time of Game: 1 hour 40 minutes. Umpire: G. Wilson. Scorers: Cash and J. W. Smith.

*Resolutes vs. Bates.*—On the 10th of June, our boys went to Portland and played the Resolutes of that place. The game resulted in a defeat, the second of the season for our nine.

RESOLUTES.					
	1B.	R.	E.	P. O.	A.
J. Barnes, l. f.,	1	2	0	2	0
Leighton, p.,	2	1	2	1	2
Knight, s. s.,	1	2	0	0	4
Wilson, c. f.,	1	1	1	2	0
F. Barnes, 3d b.,	1	2	1	1	2
Ayers, 1st b.,	1	0	2	11	0
Evans, 2d b.,	3	0	2	3	2
Gove, r. f.,	0	0	0	1	0
Crocker, c.,	0	0	8	6	1
Total,	10	8	16	27	11

BATES.					
	1B.	R.	E.	P. O.	A.
Adams, c. f.,	0	0	0	1	0
P. R. Clason, c.,	3	1	6	8	3
Oakes, p.,	2	0	1	2	1
Lombard, 3d b.,	0	0	2	1	3
Noble, l. f.,	1	0	0	1	0
Burr, s. s.,	0	0	3	0	1
O. B. Clason, 1st b.,	1	0	0	9	3
Whitney, 2d b.,	0	0	0	4	0
Besse, r. f.,	0	1	0	1	0
Total,	7	2	12	27	11

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Resolutes,	2	0	0	0	0	3	0	3	0
Bates,	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0

Time: 1 hour 50 minutes. Umpire: Noble. Scorers: Resolutes, Ilsley; Bates, Smith.

*Bates vs. Dry Goods.*—On Saturday, June 24th, our boys played their last game before the close of the term, with the Dry Goods of Portland. All were well pleased with the result. The Dry Goods played Payson of the Bowdoin as pitcher, and the manner in which our nine batted him proves them to be one of the heaviest batting nines in the State. Many fine individual plays were made by both nines.

BATES.					
	1B.	R.	E.	P. O.	A.
Whitney, r. f.,	1	2	0	2	0
P. R. Clason, c.,	3	5	5	7	1
Record, 2d b.,	5	3	1	3	5
Oakes, p.,	1	1	2	2	4
Lombard, 3d b.,	1	1	0	1	0
Noble, l. f.,	1	1	0	0	0
Besse, s. s.,	0	2	2	1	2
O. B. Clason, 1st b.,	2	2	1	11	2
Adams, c. f.,	2	1	0	0	1
Total,	16	18	11	27	15

DRY GOODS.					
	1B.	R.	E.	P. O.	A.
Payson, p.,	0	2	3	1	8
Whitney, l. f.,	2	0	1	0	0
Hersey, 3d b.,	0	0	0	2	1
Briggs, 1st b.,	1	0	2	13	4
Morrill, r. f.,	1	1	2	1	1
Crisham, s. s.,	1	0	2	0	1
Kimball, c.,	0	0	5	6	1
Scott, 2d b.,	0	0	1	3	3
St. John, c. f.,	0	0	0	1	0
Total,	5	3	15	27	19

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates,	2	1	0	8	0	2	4	0	1
Dry Goods,	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1

Time: 2 hours 5 minutes. Umpire: George Wilson. Scorers: Dry Goods, J. F. Day; Bates, J. W. Smith.



## ODDS AND ENDS.

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"Bum, Bum by, we hope" — to hear the last of a certain song which has lately appeared.

It was noticed that, perhaps mindful of last year's experiment, the Prof. took a station behind his bench when laughing gas was taken by the students.

"You can't fool me," as the Prof. said when he accused a young lady of taking a part in a song which had been performed by a Senior, who has a voice which can be adapted to nearly any part.

From tall hats, kid gloves, &c., Seniors have taken a step further. They now proudly appear with "mulierculæ" (Anglice, little women) on their arms, and smile pityingly on the under-classmen.

In Chemistry, recently, the experiment of filling a small bag with hydrogen gas and letting it rise to the ceiling, was performed. One of the students, desiring to shed new light on the subject, inquired if it wouldn't rise better in the open air. The Prof. gravely considered the question, and decided that "It—would—probably—rise—higher." An answer highly satisfactory to class.

An Auburn young lady who attended the base-ball match between Bates and Bowdoin, says that the only relief to the oppressive heat of the afternoon was the breeze caused by the flapping of the ears of a certain *noble* youth on the Bates nine, as he rushed past the seat of her party in frantic, but ineffectual, efforts to reach first base.

The game of ball between the two Senior nines resulted in a score of 39 to 13 in favor of Captain Adams' side. The *nines* were composed of ten men each, and great exertions were put forth by every player. The in-fielders, on both sides, displayed great skill in getting out of the way of the ball, and everybody was careful not to throw a ball in such a manner as, by any chance, to hit a baseman.

The Juniors, also, had a game of ball, and after about three hours of hard playing the game was called at the end of the fifth inning, with a score of 17 to 15. The pitching of Emerson and Tomlinson was very effective, and productive of many base hits. Flies were numerous, and generally flew till they struck the ground, the players not being disposed to hurt them—selves.

The higher classes—the “lore” classes. The lower classes—the “hire” classes.—*Aurora*.

Why are hot biscuits like a caterpillar? Because that's the grub that makes the butter-fly.—*Aurora*.

The STUDENT makes its appearance thus late in order to give its readers a sketch of Commencement exercises.

The friend who holds a mirror to my face,  
And hiding none, is not afraid to trace  
My faults, my smallest blemishes within;  
Who friendly warns, reproves me if I sin—  
Although he seems not so, he is my friend.

But he who, ever flattering, gives me praise,  
Who ne'er rebukes, nor censure, nor delays  
To come with eagerness and grasp my hand,  
And pardon me, ere pardon I demand—  
He is my enemy, although he seem my friend.

—*The Capitol*.

We learn that a German chemist has succeeded in making a first-rate brandy out of saw-dust. We are friends to the temperance movement, and want it to succeed, but what chance will it have when a man can take a rip-saw and go out and get drunk on a fence rail?—*Ex*.

A Senior thus gave the hint to his chum: “It is an interesting though somewhat troublesome botanical fact that the vegetable growth which we consume for fuel, has a linear prolongation much too extended for the longitudinal dimensions of our generator of caloric.” His chum took the saw and went.—*Ex*.

Some students in a Maine University were scolding the janitor for remissness, and assured him that if he did not mend his ways he would go to the bad place. “And what will you do there?” said they. With a chuckle the janitor replied, “*Wait upon students*, same as I do here, I s'pose.”—*Harper*.

A Senior has had all his translations bound in Turkey morocco, with titles little indicative of their true character, such as “*Helps over Hard Places*,” “*Youth's Companion*,” “*Greek Made Easy*,” “*Help for the Lowly*,” “*Hope for the Fallen*,” “*Spectacles for Young Eyes*,” etc.—*Yale Courant*.

Some time since a gentleman died who, during life, refused to believe in any future punishment. Two or three weeks after his demise, his wife received, through a medium, a communication which read as follows: “Dear wife, I now believe. Please send me my thin clothes and a barrel of ice-water.—*Ex*.”

A Chinaman was caught stealing a piece of rubber hose. The irate owner kicked him around a whole square, and after he had exhausted himself and incapacitated the celestial for sedentary occupations, John calmly prepounded the following question: “You seem no likee lendum?”—*University Monthly*.

## COLLEGE ITEMS.

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There were 68 in the graduating class at Amherst this year.

With this number we retire from the editor's chair for a season.

Many friends of the College, Alumni, and others, have been present during the last week.

Yale has defeated Harvard in the boat-race. Now for discussions on the relative merits of the different strokes.

The \$200,000 endowment fund has been secured at last, and now visions of new halls and various changes and improvements float before our eyes.

J. H. Rand of '67 has been elected Professor of Mathematics. Prof. Rand has been for many years instructor in Mathematics at the New Hampton Institute.

The Class of '80 will probably be the largest that has ever entered BATES. Twenty-five have already entered, and from twenty to twenty-five more are expected.

We learn that G. A. Stockbridge, of '72, contemplates taking a course of study at the University of Leipsic. Mr. S. has already a high reputation as a scholar, but is not yet content.

On Saturday evening, June 17th, the Class of '76 took a trip to the Springs. No accidents reported but certain sore lips were to be seen next day.

The committee, at Harvard, to choose the color to be worn at the boat races, decided upon cardinal red, as being one easily distinguishable and not hard to procure.

President Stearns, of Amherst, recently died, and his loss was deeply felt by those connected with the college. He was President of the college for twenty-two years before his death.

We omitted to mention in our last number the present to the base-ball nine of a beautiful bouquet, from the garden of Rev. Mr. Bowen. Coming, as it did, just after a hard-fought battle, this token of interest was well appreciated by the boys.

The Class of '77, after some discussion, a short time since decided upon a class ride and supper, a plan, by the way, which had long been talked of. It was decided to visit Poland Springs, and about two o'clock Wednesday, June 14th, the procession of teams, each carrying a Junior and lady, started out. Incidents, interesting and otherwise,

were numerous; but notwithstanding a runaway and smash up, all got home in safety. At the hotel, after supper, the class exercises came off, including an address by President Phillips, oration by Hathaway, history by O. B. Clason, and poem by Miss Warner, with music at intervals. Altogether the affair was very enjoyable, and deserves to be repeated.

By mistake, no notice was made in our last issue of the Sophomore prize declamations, which came off at the Main St. F. B. Church, on the evenings of April 28th and May 5th. C. E. Brockway and F. D. George were selected from the first division to contend a second time. Mr. Daggett took the first prize, and Mr. George the second. The speaking was considered very good, and the Class of '78 may feel proud of its oratorical power.

We omit, for want of space, a full score of the last two games which our nine has played. The record is as follows: Monday, July 3, Bowdoin 4, Bates 3. Tuesday, July 4, Androscoggins 1, Bates 9. The contemplated trip to Massachusetts has been given up for several reasons. The nine wishes to express its obligations to Mr. Howard of '79, under whose efficient management the base-ball interests of the College have been well cared for.

The statistics of the graduating class are as follows: Whole number,

24; oldest man, 29; youngest, 21. Average age, 24 years 3 months. Combined ages, 484. Tallest man, 6 feet; shortest, 5 feet 3 1-2 inches. Total length of class, 137 feet. Heaviest man in class, 190 pounds; lightest, 135. Total weight, 3680. There are eleven Free Baptists, seven Congregationalists, one Methodist, one Catholic, one Mormon, three without religious preferences. Four choose law, six ministry, four medicine, two journalism, two teaching; six are undecided.

#### PERSONALS.

'72.—Herbert Blake has returned to Hallowell, and has opened a law office there.

'73.—F. W. Cobb delivered the oration for the candidates for degree of A.M. His subject was "The Scholar."

'73.—J. H. Baker of Denver, Col., was at Bates during Commencement.

'73.—Miss Annie E. Haley was among those who took the degree of A. M., last week.

'74.—J. F. Keene is studying law in Boston.

'75.—A. T. Salley has entered the Theological School.

'75.—Fuller has been round the last week, with an eye on the base-ball nine. He reports that Washburne is still in Boston, and has not lost interest in affairs at Bates.

'75.—Frank Smith, formerly editor of the *STUDENT*, was in Lewiston Commencement Day.

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