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VOL. IV.

SEPTEMBER, 1876.

No. 7.

THE
BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

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

BUSINESS MANAGER: OLIVER B. CLASON.

CONTENTS.

The Banquet of the Books.....	157
Value of Shakespeare.....	161
Changing, Yet True.....	163
Useless Knowledge.....	164
Flowers of the Ancient World.....	166
The Study of History.....	168
Notes from the Centennial.....	170
EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.....	173
Onward...A Word of Advice...Music...Field Sports...Base-Ball.	
ODDS AND ENDS.....	178
COLLEGE ITEMS.....	180
PERSONALS.....	182

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THE BANQUET OF THE BOOKS.

FOR fear of being misunderstood in the purpose of our sketch, let it be briefly recounted why the subject is chosen.

All readers who profess an extended acquaintance with English literature must be familiar with the account of that most wonderful battle of battles, which occurred in the library of one Dean Swift, during the progress of the eighteenth century. This conflict, no less remarkable for being witnessed by so distinguished a personage as Dean Swift than for the number, prestige, and valor of the combatants, attracted the attention of the civilized world, and became the theme of excited conversation in nearly every literary circle of the old world. But malice and envy always tread close upon the receding footsteps of fame, and scarcely had the first bugle blast of this terrible onset died upon

the air, and Swift's stirring bulletin been heralded across the country, when up rose a formidable band of doubters, who positively refused to credit Swift's account, and even went so far as to deny that any such action ever took place. Some, more unbelieving than the rest, solemnly averred that it was their unshaken conviction that Dean Swift not only had witnessed no such a battle, but also that he *had no library in which any such battle could occur*. Thus skepticism armed itself for a conflict, and a series of sharp skirmishes followed the wake of this battle, bidding fair to outrival in pugnacity anything which ever before happened in the annals of human warfare. The friends of Swift rallied their forces with a determined spirit, and always advanced in serried array, so that the enemy at last was obliged to take refuge in flight. They hov-

ered, however, at a safe distance in the rear, and hurled their winged arrows, tipped with poison, into the camp of the champions of truth.

Thus we are fully aware of the storm of skepticism and abuse which we shall call down upon our devoted head, by standing manfully at our post, and publishing to the world testimony which is founded upon no weak chain of circumstantial evidence, but upon the full, free, incontrovertible evidence of an eye-witness. Skepticism may often challenge our admiration, but never can command our hearts. The superstition which leads old ladies to be suspected of midnight rides on broomsticks, we are glad to see abolished; but never, while we have a tongue or can hold a pen, will we consent to compromise our tender sentiments, by refusing to believe that a cordial sympathy exists between animate and inanimate things. We rejoice that skepticism has shut the doors of the invisible world, and stilled our nervous midnight tremors, but must we believe the harmless leaves have no language as they rustle in the summer breeze; that the trees do not bow to us as we walk in the wild-wood; that the lakes do not smile upon us in the noontide sun; and mountains do not wag their old gray heads at our youthful follies? Must we believe the story of Orpheus and his all-compelling lyre nothing but a fable?

Fables are not flimsy disguises of

truth, but truth itself. The ass has spoken many times since the days of Balaam, if not before. Philologists recognize his bray as connected with all languages, and it is not contrary to the opinion of some that his was the parent stock. Gulliver, in his travels, saw no more wonderful prodigies than the average traveller sees in a Centennial trip to Philadelphia. Leigh Hunt expressed but a partial truth when he said that the battle in Swift's library was but a "fancy of a lover of libraries." Had Hunt the keen psychological sensibilities of a Swift, who could scarcely spare time to eat—often carrying on the two operations of reading and eating at the same time, he also would have witnessed the interesting phenomena of book sociology. The privileges of the writer in this direction have been unmistakably pre-eminent. "Oft in the stilly night" naught but the moonlight has borne company with him and his assembly of books. "At his beddes head a twenty books clothed in black and red." "The assembled souls," says Milton, "of all that men held wise."

It was the anniversary of Shakespeare's birth, and I had noticed during the day unwonted signs of emotion among my books. The shades of evening had well closed in, and I sat musing in the open doorway of an adjoining room, where the rustle of leaves floated out to me upon the balmy April air. I listened and

heard the following toast proposed: "Our century of Progress, the culmination of all the labors of the past, the flowering of the sixty preceding centuries, the era in which perfection has been reached in every department of science and art, and in all those intellectual and moral processes by which the human race is elevated into the ethereal quintessence of purity, wisdom, and happiness."

I settled myself into a position in which literary treats are best enjoyed, and feasted my soul upon this delicious banquet of the books.

In response to the toast, master leaves began to rustle, but I soon became a participant of the happy mood by which these sounds can be translated into intelligence, and was regaled by the following choice harangue: "We have met around this festive board, my dear treasures of literary gems, in this glorious Centennial year of our republic, to discuss the moral, intellectual, and social progress of literary characters during the last century of national existence. We are the repositories of the wit and learning of every age. To us are committed the gravest secrets, from the latest discovery in the art of pickling cucumbers, and of trimming over a new-fashioned bonnet, down to the last report of a congressional chairman of a democratic investigating committee. We are the only true exponents of human progress. Rail-

roads and steamboats may indicate the growth of mechanism, but were they not born of us by a certain slow laborious emanation? Where did Newton get his data by which he ciphered out the law of gravitation? The book of Nature was not the only book with which he was familiar, and upon which he necessarily depended in solving his problems. We are the intellectual telegraph wires by which an easy communication from soul to soul may be obtained, whereby thought is electrified by thought, until a spark reveals a grand truth. We are the moral pulses of civilization. The life current which flows through our pages indicates the moral health of the race. Quicker than the barometer do we foretell the brooding storm. For we are not indices merely, but are the four winds pent in the bag of Æolus, which, when let loose, drive the storm clouds over the land. War and peace are always our offsprings. The pen has shed more blood than the sword." Thus far, nought but approving nods had passed the board around. The jovial books drank deep and looked a silent satisfaction. But soon one Hadley passed a plate of Grecian roots, and straight the honey-worded one spit out Greek fire, and all the learned ones sent reproachful answers back, each in his favorite tongue, until there rose confusion worse confounded. But soon the troubled elements subsided, and out

spake the Pylian one: "I did think to show you our moral greatness, but such scenes as this soon will enervate my mind, for they greatly belie the honeyed words I'd speak. Have we not yet outgrown all petty meanness? Must we repeat the scene of which the great Dean wrote? Scarce had I framed my speech to boast to you of each grand deed we'd done, our high moral worth, and all the noble aspirations to which we give birth, when like a paralytic shock, benumbing my nerves and rendering callous all my touch, came that awful war of words. I boasted to myself that war had ceased from off the earth, since great Agamemnon and the swift Achilles in direful rage sat down before the fated city Troy. War has not ceased to hold dominion in the minds of men. Then, poets sang of heroes and warlike deeds, and praised the victor and his spoils; but now, do we not condemn the arm that strikes offensive blows, and those stump howlers who flaunt the 'bloody shirt'?"

"In every point of view should we prove superior to antiquity. The Shakespeares and the Miltons gave our fathers golden thoughts, but did they not sing of the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war"? The Greeks could tire to hear the title "Just" linked with Aristides' name, and sought no further cause to ostracise and blacken his fair fame. Shall modern ethics teach caprice when virtue is at stake, and pay to vice

the homage due to goodness, and release from duty to self and God those powers which oft transcend their proper limit?"

Thus reason ruled in all his speech; but, drunk with wine and pride, the listeners took each to himself those words of worth, and looked contempt upon antiquity. One rose and threw the Bible on the flames.

"Oh, antiquated form," said he, "prescribed by men who little knew beside the moral law, and failed to feel the force of modern politics. Let conventions rule the world, and not the lonely man on Sinai's top with his ten tame codes to curb our joys." Then fared those ancient volumes poorly. One seized our Shakespeare, tore the leaves, and scattered on the floor they lay, each broken phrase far richer than a mint of modern thought.

"Reform! Reform!" from lip to lip the cry was flung, and, on their pious errand bent, was shelf by shelf in ruin wrought, until was left naught else than writ on western shores. But alas! that universal ruin never wrought reform. Deluded ones! like the lunar ray without a sun, their last expiring gleams but revealed to each a borrowed splendor, and moved with hate and awful rage, each at the others prang. The morning sun revealed a shapeless mass of ruins.

The moral sank deep in my heart. "O, beggarly moon, with your soft, insinuating beams, it ill becomes you to cry out against our strong, rich, solar ray."

VALUE OF SHAKESPEARE.

IN no way, perhaps, can one better judge of the value of Shakespeare to the literary and professional man, than by noting the amount and spirit of the study of his works, and the revolutions which his writings have wrought in literature for two centuries past. Not only in dramatic, but in every species of poetic art, the highest type of excellence has been proportional to the nearness of its approach towards a just appreciation of the masterpieces of this sagacious mind. The strongest testimonials to the greatness of Shakespeare's genius are gathered from what has been said of him at times when he was the least appreciated, because the least understood. No one possessed of a spark of poetic feeling has ever studied this poet, and attempted to describe his own impressions, without giving evidence of the charm with which the poet had invested him. No critic has ever condemned his philosophy, or his theory of dramatic art, without being overborne by an invisible influence, which has turned his cavilings into expressions of admiration. This secret and overpowering influence warmed to impassioned eloquence the glowing imagination of Pope, filled the dull brain of Theobald with "Thoughts that breathe and words that burn," and caused

Johnson sometimes to come down from his pedagogic chair and confess himself the pupil.

While the opinions of Shakespeare's own countrymen were undergoing a radical change in regard to his genius—while his writings were renovating public opinion, and establishing a new age of literature in England, his works found their way into the closets of German students, and into the saloons of France; and in both these nations, but more especially in the former, their advent was the dawn of a brighter day in the world of literature. The productions of this genius aroused the slumbering energies of Lessing, of Herder, and established the national school of poetry of which Goethe and Schiller were the heads. The penetrating and fertilizing rays of Shakespeare's genius developed the germs of "The Robbers of Wallenstein," and of "Gotz of Berlichingen;" and the whole people, proud of possessing at least a poetical literature of their own, hailed with joy and enthusiasm him whom they acknowledged to be their teacher and example.

It will not, perhaps, be asserting too much to say that during the last half-century, the works of Shakespeare have done more to create in the minds of men a taste for literary pursuits, and to raise the standard

of literature in all countries into which they have found their way, than the combined productions of all other men of his time. Since the beginning of the present century, the influence of Shakespeare on our literature has been very great. His language and style have been the constant study of literary men, and his thoughts and expressions have become so interwoven with the literary productions of our own country that he is looked to as a great teacher, and the recognition of his supremacy is unqualified and intelligent.

We can form some just conception of the value of Shakespeare to the literary and professional man, when we reflect that he can neither write nor speak without using some portion of his language, and understanding something of what he says. With an understanding that could traverse earth, he joined an imagination that could span the heavens. With a gentleness that was responsive to the tenderest note of affection, he united a strength that could have ruled the mightiest empires. He speaks to every faculty of the intellect; he portrays every impulse of the soul. Painting every passion, touching every string of humanity, our bosoms must be stringless that do not vibrate to some of his

sounds. He imitates Nature so closely that, if we have ever been in forest or garden, we recognize among his flowers some that have been wont to breathe and smile on us. Well does Emerson say: "What point of morals, of manners, of philosophy, of religion, of taste, of the conduct of life, has he not settled? What mystery has he not signified his knowledge of? What office or function or district of man's work has he not remembered? What king has he not taught state, as Talma taught Napoleon? What maiden has not found him finer than her delicacy? What lover has he not outloved? What sage has he not outseen? What gentleman has he not instructed in the rudeness of his behavior?"

Is it surprising, then, that men of literary tastes should fall down and worship before this ideal of the drama? They can not value him too highly. Words can hardly equal his merits. He stands upon the earth, but rises above his fellows like the cloud-capped mountain brow towering far above its neighboring heights, solitary and alone. He drew his resources from the living springs that had been gushing since the creation of man. His wealth was an eternity, and to an eternity he has entrusted his fame.

CHANGING, YET TRUE.

LOOK far across the sea's upheaving breast,
Never to cease its play, never to rest;
Not twice the same its billows groan and break;
It liveth but to change, and, changing, make
Grand havoc of all trusting in its grace,
Till, tost, and torn, and sunk, none know their place.

The moon breaks clear about the singing surge;
Ere eve we list a melancholy dirge.
The light waves dance, or coyly fling the spray,
But as we watch again, all sad and gray
They beat the rocks with wild, distressing din.
O, Ocean, treacherous with deceit and sin!

But closer study these great vasts which Heaven,
Abundant and profound, to earth hath given:
'Tis true to His great law, each change perfect,
Truth rules the Universe, since God direct.
And, tho' the ocean's morn and noon and eve
Shall differ, we with truth the change receive,—
Knowing its great heart op'neth every hour;
That refuse waves of grief and joy may cower,
Or gayly mingle in the mighty main,
Buried to sob, or laugh in wild refrain.

As from the ocean to the sky we glance,
The shifting clouds now cover its expanse,
Then, separate, disclose the precious hue—
Naught but the truth is mirrored in such blue;
Tho' storms across the angry skies may run,
The sun cheers all, when all the storm is done.
Change then the surface, so the silent deep
Its own unaltered truth and courage keep.

Now thro' another year, Spring, Summer, past,
Unto the Autumn ripe, we come at last.
Each day has brought some change of time or tune;

Some fair befitting grace each golden noon
 Hath gladdened; green things of earth and air
 The plan of growing change have made their care.

Our lives, how are they? not one day the same;
 Our impulses, so often weak and lame,
 Are changing with the ocean and the sky,
 Or like the seasons die, and live, and die.
 Our duties, acts, desires, and even speech
 Seem still to change, but still the change we reach.

The very souls we meet from day to day
 Are acting on us in mysterious way.
 All, all is change, but from beneath the change
 Truth looketh forth in wide, far sweeping range.
 Therefore judge no man, living in unrest;
 Wait for the end; its truth shall be the test.

USELESS KNOWLEDGE.

THE spirit of emulation so largely cherished among free institutions has fostered the popular notion that there is much useless knowledge. The economy of time and strength requisite for successful competition naturally demands the selection of that knowledge which will best contribute to a special life-work. Hence knowledge is measured by the standard of a market value, and its utility relegated down to the creaking of the money drawer. And so the thrift and shrewdness of New England enterprise have exposed Yankees to the unjust imputation of sordid utilitarianism.

It is true that utility is born and bred in Yankee bones as surely as calcium phosphate. But men who recognize the reciprocal relations possible to use and beauty, who can bridge theory and practice by a single span, who feel the force of the moneyed value of a machine, and at the same time the beauty of symmetrical proportions, cannot greatly mistake even the highest functions of utility. It is calumny to assert that the Yankee spirit would pluck a star from the galaxies of heaven to barter in the market as a costly gem, or seek the north pole to rob old earth of her magnetism and polarity.

Yankee utility can set a price upon science above the standard of dollars and cents. There was about those wooden nutmegs, which so crucified our good name for a few paltry dimes, a beauty and unity of design far outrunning all the logic and moral deductions of foreigners. So we are charged with egotism because we do not believe, with the savants of the Old World or the enthusiasts of the New, that the Lost Arts excelled modern ones; with hard-heartedness because we do not weep the loss of the Alexandrian library; with greed of filthy lucre because so absorbed with the present as to be unmindful of the past.

We remember the past with gratitude; for it has furnished the stepping stones by which we have risen to higher things. We account it due to the memory of former struggles—those birth-pangs of freedom from civil and religious restraint, due to our reverence for those holy lives that have shed the divine radiance of purity and honor over our noblest institutions, due to our hopes for the future, based as they are upon the reality of the past, to preserve those few gossamer links in the great web of by-gone centuries that reach down through the dim twilight of the earliest ages to bind us to the infancy of our race. But it does not follow that our whole souls should be bowed beneath the awful burden of ancient learning; that we should have forty centuries

with its immense trail of speculation dangling at our skirts. The parted seed that has yielded its embryo to the warm embraces of a summer sun has done its work, and so has the past. The beauty and worth of knowledge cannot be stored in libraries to be burned by fire; they exist in the universe and the mind of man. What reason have we for believing in the superiority of the ancients? We can praise the old Egyptian ingenuity only at the expense of their common sense. For would the skill which could construct a modern engine prostitute its power to pyramids? Perchance our sordid views of utility cannot compass the uses of pyramids any more than they can that magnificent art which bequeaths a heritage of black mummies.

But there is a meaning attached to knowledge which as far transcends all considerations of utility, as in all the great purposes of growth, activism, and gravitation, the sun surpasses the Portland light-house. When a truth is felt to be eternal, when the wondrous mechanism of the universe addresses the soul in the sublime accents of a great futurity, knowledge becomes wisdom, and elevates man into the nobility of the god-like. To know that in the sweet sparkling dewdrop resides the power which blasts our mountain oaks, is useless unless the soul is thus taught a new lesson of humility and trust in our Heavenly Father. Wisdom is the only legacy

of earth to heaven; and therefore, with all the loyalty and fervor of the Hebrew patriot, should the true man exclaim, "If I forget thee, O Jeru-

salem of my hopes, let my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."

FLOWERS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD.

IT has been said that art is valuable only as it expresses the personality, activity, and living perception of a great human soul. Accepting this as the true test, if it is conceded that ancient poetry and art, when tried by it, exhibit an excellence that no modern production can claim, we naturally inquire the causes. And do we not find the first in the primitive and elementary state of society among the ancients? Our lives are but modifications of theirs. We claim superiority in knowledge of the moral and intellectual nature of man—in science, religion, and philosophy. But is not this superiority the outgrowth of fundamental laws well known to them?

How many distinguished names might we mention, which, in laboring to work out the consequences resulting from the single elementary law discovered by Newton, have exalted the character of man, by carrying out trains of reasoning in every science.

The brightest efforts of genius, the most persevering industry, have been lavished upon the details of the single law of gravity. What volumes of computations could be pro-

duced! What seeming mysteries in the depths of space unraveled by application of this one law!

The life of the ancients, in its every condition, was simple; ours is complicated. A single glance at their manner of living shows them unhampered by the thousand and one restraints that embarrass the modern seeker for fame. They were not fettered, as we are, by the accumulated knowledge of ages, the study of which tends to weaken or utterly destroy originality. The term art is taken in a higher and wider sense to-day than formerly; including the best creative effort in music, poetry, and the higher branches of literature, as well as in the pictorial, plastic, and architectural arts. The very scope of the profession with its associations precludes the possibility of attaining primitive excellence. It may be argued that the facilities for general and specific culture are better now than formerly, and that the artist is drawn to his profession by an irresistible attraction. The love of his work is his mainspring; the beautiful is his element. Yet the modern idea of reaching the goal at one stride, coupled with the

crippling influence of a band of gaping critics who stand ready to tear in pieces the first effort of the young aspirant, bewilders his mind, and there comes out a rude, mis-shapen form instead of his ideal Madonna.

In literary excellence, in perfection of form, the pre-eminence of the ancients cannot be disputed. Nothing that they attempted did they leave short of that perfection to which our greatest modern artists look in hopeless admiration. I speak of form and not matter; for as I have said before, we stand in the light of past ages—our intelligence gifted with a power of penetration of which the ancients had no conception.

In vain do we search the pages of modern literature for that ease of expression, that elegance of style, that simple grandeur which characterize the classics. They made beauty subservient to the most perfect expression of the sense; and it is this striving after truth that clothes their simplicity with power. It has been well said of Demosthenes, that it was not his object to make the Athenians cry out, "What a splendid speaker!" but to make them say, "*Let us march against Philip!*"

The higher arts, those especially which we denominate the fine arts, are employed only with the deeper and fundamental principles of our nature; principles that constitute our character, that control our intellect, that give color and direction to our views of life in all its

forms and manifestations. All that is profoundest in feeling, vivid in fancy, lively in sentiment, terrible in passion, is here revealed. In short, the history of a nation may be read in its art productions.

Because creative energy proceeds in a way of its own, it does not follow that its growth is not powerfully influenced by the circumstances under which it is developed.

John Stuart Mill defines art, "The endeavor after perfection in execution." We know that a contemplation of the beautiful produces an elevating effect on the character. All arts of expression tend to keep alive the feelings that they arouse. Is the end of the master-pieces of painting and sculpture the adornment of some public hall? or the filling of a classic poem the amusement of reclining guests? No. Our lives are spent in the incessant culture of the intellect that we may realize truth, and in no way is there so much good realized, as in the constant striving after that ideal which is the very personification of truth.

In the study of these flowers of the ancient world, we have set before us an excellence to be eternally aimed at, though surpassing what can be actually attained. They are ever fresh and pregnant with living thought. They are fountains of instruction. The pleasures which they produce have no reference to the gratification of selfish tastes or appetites. They cannot be appropriated, in that they are free to all.

THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

HISTORY is the record of experience. It shows us past ages, triumphs over time, and presents to our view the various changes which have taken place in the world. It is a message to us concerning that which was, is, and ever shall be. The records of history are varied. Here, a chapter little else than a register of human crime and calamity; there, one filled with the story of noble deeds, revealing unselfish devotion to the welfare of mankind. If these historic records are carefully read, and their facts well digested, there is much in them that will improve the understanding, strengthen the judgment, and prepare us to act better an honorable part in the world; for a close study of historical events adds to our own experience the experience of others, enabling us to trace the connection between causes and effects in human affairs.

To every citizen of a free country, like ours, it is highly important that he understand the lessons which history teaches, in order that he may properly discharge the duties which he owes to himself and his fellow-men. History comprehends a still larger field of instruction, as it enlightens and instructs governments in their duty and destiny. Ideas, principles, laws, forces, events, and men are constantly acting and

reacting upon each other; and this fact makes history almost invaluable to men and nations. Again, those truths are most valuable which are most historical—that is, which tell us most about the objects to which they belong; and it is these truths that we ought to study, seek to gain, and lay up in the storehouse of our mind, so that they will be ever at our command when needed for practical life.

It is needless, perhaps, for us to vindicate the claims of the study of history to a place in a course of education; for to the mass of students the study of history must commend itself, not merely as one of professional utility, but as a part of a course of self-culture. We have briefly stated what history teaches, and the great worth of the study of it, and now it remains for us to speak of the way in which we think it best to study it. Doubtless, many plans can be suggested by different persons, and each plan may have strong claims upon our attention.

It is obvious to every one that he should read history with a desire for knowledge, and with a view of understanding thoroughly the “whys and wherefores” of events. In reading history, as in other kinds of reading, we are apt to read in a listless, “don’t care” sort of way, just for the sake of amusement, or to

"kill time." This indifferent way of reading benefits one but little, and gives him but a slight idea about what he reads. Be the reading matter what it may, if we wish to be well rewarded for time and attention devoted, we must read in such a manner as to make what we read our own. He who does less than this reads to but little purpose. He draws nothing out of himself, and does not succeed in putting in much that is valuable. Such a one's reading widens not his amount of useful knowledge, nor even increases his power of expression.

To read the history of the trials and triumphs, the overthrow and upbuilding of nations, and to deduce useful lessons from these facts, requires all one's mental energy. This, however, is the first step to be taken in the study of history.

Another thought that occurs to us in connection with this subject, presents itself in the form of this question: How is one to read a vast amount of history and retain in memory such portions as he deems requisite to give him a good insight into historical truths? We are not to choose out dainty bits of nation's records, and feed exclusively upon them, but we should select such portions as will enable us to trace those events which are regular and consistent, though unlike each other; which come out best and most clearly in special incidents, and which illustrate the temper and feelings of

men who are concerned in them, and of the time in which they occurred. Of course, to discriminate between the important and unimportant is no easy task; but a close and reflective manner of reading and studying, will, we think, enable one to do this, and when once begun, will prove to be a great step taken in the true way of studying history.

Why not adopt something like the following, as a principle or rule to be observed in the study of history? Take, for instance, a certain period in the history of the world or some leading nation, read and study it thoughtfully, view it from different historical standpoints, and learn, if possible, the true cause of these things that have undermined and overthrown a nation, and these things that gave rise to and built up a nation; of those things that gave a charm and joy to its name, and that have filled the history of its existence with incidents of thrilling interest and of great worth to mankind.

Let us briefly sum up the ideas which we have advanced. We should read and study with a fixed purpose, duly comparing the history of one nation with that of another, making judicious discriminations, and noting the causes and effects of great historical events; moreover, we should endeavor to draw inferences, and understand the true and false methods by which men conduct affairs of world-wide interest, so as to reach the highest goal of man-

kind, or to blast and destroy the dearest hopes, noblest purposes, and the grandest schemes. Diligently studying history, we shall gain much valuable information; have sounder judgment in matters that now interest us, and that soon will pass into history, and that will have weight in future affairs of the nation or world at large.

NOTES FROM THE CENTENNIAL.

ONE can hardly take up a paper or magazine now-a-days, without finding something about the Centennial; yet, as no two see exactly the same picture, some account of our sight-seeing may be interesting. We might speak of our journey,—the pleasant boat-ride past Blackwell's, Randall's, and other islands; but—we were to write of the Centennial, so forbear.

Each morning of our stay finds us promptly at the gates, fifty cents in hand. At last our turn comes, the "turn-stile" revolves, and we are within the grounds, with a world of wonder before us.

We first visit the Main Building. In this building alone there is enough to occupy several weeks' time. Our attention is first called to the exhibits of Japan and China. The bronzes from Japan and carved work from China are especially beautiful. The wax groups from Sweden and Norway are very lifelike; so much so, that a lady approached the mother mourning over her dead child, and, with much sympathy, asked if there

was anything she could do for her. Passing through Egypt our attention is called to an immense crocodile from the Nile, by a lady who is tapping it, and asking "What is that?" Lovers of tobacco could feast their eyes with satisfaction upon the meerschaums displayed by Turkey. The pistols and daggers inlaid with gold, gave evidence of the warlike spirit of the Spaniards. They had also a fine exhibit of tapestries. Time will not permit us to linger too long gazing at Russian furs, Irish poplins and German laces, so we pass on. The diamonds and other precious stones, gold and silver ware, displayed by various firms in the United States are dazzling. At Tiffany & Co.'s, N. Y., can be seen a watch no larger than a three-cent piece, which keeps perfect time. Starr & Marcus exhibit an elegant collection of cameos, belonging to one New York lady, which attract much attention. We must not forget to mention the Bryant vase, which, at the time of our visit, was at the centre of the Main Building.

The Grecian style of the vase is symbolical of the simplicity of his life, as are the vines and flowers upon it of the beauty of his writings. In one corner of the building, near the Lewiston Mills exhibit, we found the Maine State Register, in which Bates was well represented. When tired, bodily and mentally, we rest ourselves by sitting and listening to one of the great organs, or to a piano concert.

After riding around the grounds in the cars, in order to get a better idea of the locality of the various buildings, we enter Machinery Hall. It is quite resting to the eyes, after the dazzle of the Main Building. The most wonderful thing in this building is the great Corliss engine. Its cost was \$100,000, and it requires twelve men to run it. We had no idea there were so many different kinds of sewing-machines in existence. At one machine, a blind lady was stitching, with apparently as much facility as if she had the use of her eyes.

In the Annex to the Main Building may be seen every description of vehicles, from the sulky in which Goldsmith Maid trotted her fastest heat, to the English Derby coaches. We passed through the elegantly furnished palace car "Dom Pedro II.," which is to be sent to Brazil for Dom Pedro.

In the Art Gallery and Annex we wander among statuary and paintings, so many and so beautiful, that

we hardly know which to examine. One piece of statuary, "The Forced Prayer," is a great favorite. The expression of disgust and grief upon the little fellow's face is exceedingly lifelike. We afterwards heard it described as "the dear little statuary with the tear-drops on its face." The Italian mosaics are very beautiful as well as curious. One painting which struck our fancy—perhaps because we like the poem—is of Tennyson's "Elaine," where "The dead steered by the dumb, went upward with the flood." The illuminated Missals in vellum, Italian work of the fifteenth century, and the Greek Egyptian gold ornaments, of the Ptolemaic period, are interesting to lovers of antiquity.

The display of tropical plants in Horticultural Hall is fine, yet some are disappointed at not seeing a greater profusion of flowers. In the east gallery of the Hall, Electricity played a galop by Strauss, so naturally that it was hard to believe there was not an orchestra concealed behind the curtain.

In Agricultural Hall, the mammoth grape vine from California attracted our notice. It was originally a Spanish lady's riding-whip, "so the story goes." The collections of stuffed animals in this Hall and Government building, and the collections of minerals in the latter, afford good opportunities for study to the Zoölogist and Geologist.

The Woman's Pavilion we found

very interesting, notwithstanding the declaration of a little friend, that we would find nothing there but "little tidies and such things." An elegantly carved bed-stead bore upon its head-board the appropriate inscription, "Morgenstunde has Gold in Munde." We noticed an organ and table—the latter composed of one thousand pieces of wood, made by a Swedish lady. One of the strong-minded sisterhood standing by informs us that "They are the finest things in the whole exhibition, and made by a *woman*."

Over the door of the New England Log Cabin is the inscription "Welcome to all," which we thought rather inappropriate; for the policemen were so zealous in keeping the crowd back, that we had to make several efforts before we succeeded in entering. Once inside, we were well repaid. We saw the veritable cradle in which Peregrin White once slept the sleep of innocence; John Alden's writing-desk, which came over in the Mayflower, and other ancient things too numerous to mention. Those so inclined, could obtain here an old-fashioned dinner, served up by ladies of "ye olden time."

Among the State buildings Kansas and Colorado attract considerable attention. Here is a collection of animals, some of which were shot, and all of them prepared, by a lady.

One can find much that is interesting at the Japanese, Jewish, Algerian and Turkish Bazaars, but beware of smoking the Turkish pipe!

Another interesting place, especially on a hot day, is the Glass-works. A mass of melted glass is drawn from the furnace, poured into a mould, and after a few finishing touches, there is a goblet, preserve dish, or vase before you.

In the Annex to Machinery Hall we were much interested in the process of sawing stone with "black diamonds." Thin slabs of stone were sawn out, which were very flexible.

One has a fine opportunity at the Centennial to study human nature. To be sure, we can do that anywhere, but here you will see all sorts of people.

But, after all, in attempting to describe a small portion of this wonderful exhibition, one cannot do justice even to *that* portion. The best way is to go and look for yourself. You will exclaim, with one of old, "The half was not told me."

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

ONWARD.

ONWARD moves the earth in the never-ceasing course, bringing day and night, Spring and Autumn. Nature continues her unvaried course, whatever may affect mankind. So the Class of '77, despite changes and failures, reaches the last round in the college course, and enters upon the Senior year. Here we tarry for a while, then step forth into the active, restless world. The goal of our boyhood's dreams is nearly reached; anticipation is merged into reality. At the time when we expected to have known nearly all there was to be learned, we see how pitiable has been our failure. But if we have learned enough of the boundless fields of knowledge to recognize our own smallness and ignorance, we have certainly accomplished no small thing.

Sometimes when we reflect on our course, and think of the very superficial knowledge we have gained of the different branches we have studied; when we enter the library and see the vast amount of knowledge stored there; when we note the slow progress we have made, we are led to say our course has been a failure, our time and money spent in vain. Many, when

they measure what might have been done by what has been done, have failed. Who has not, in any department of life? We think the greatest idler who drags through college is benefited enough to repay him for his time. To enter college required a certain amount of intellectual culture; the whole course is a continued exercise of the intellect. Each study opens a new mine of wealth. New trains of thought are started which lead to a broader and more diversified knowledge of life. We find many of our early theories overthrown and our purposes changed. One can not spend four years amid such associations without deriving some benefit. The very atmosphere of college life has something exhilarating in it; under its influence we are different individuals. It is independent and distinct from the outer world with its laws and traditions. College life furnishes opportunities for studying human character, that cannot be surpassed. Every one is subject to severe criticism, and their good qualities applauded, while their bad ones are exposed. Every one's acts are carefully analyzed, and their motives laid bare. Here all stand on a level—wealth and position are not regarded; only merit is esteemed, and none discover it sooner or honor

it more cheerfully than students. Their ideas of honor, though peculiar to themselves, lean toward the side of right. Their religion, though conforming to no prescribed dogmas or tenets, and in opposition to some ideas of Christianity, we would sooner take for the genuine article than much that is for sale. For noble aspirations and generous impulses, students as a class surpass any other. No stronger and more lasting friendship is seen than class associations exhibit. With these considerations, few would be willing to blot from their lives their college course.

The Senior year furnishes the last opportunity for improvement. The shades of the past mingle with the shadows of the future. We are now to lay aside the character of the boy, and assume that of the man. Life dawns upon us with its duties and responsibilities. We must now leave the camp and parade ground for active conflict, and we should look carefully that our equipments are in perfect readiness. Our course thus far has been spent in disciplining and storing the mind for future use. This year the finishing touch is to be added, and the whole made available for use. Though we cannot reclaim the misspent hours and wasted privileges of what is past, we can prevent their recurrence in the future, and by care and attention repair the error that has been done. This year will

shape in a great measure our after life. Whatever shall detract from a true manhood let us lay aside, and what shall add to it, cultivate. Our studies this year are more practical. They are more practical in the sense of having a more vital relation to the principles that underlie individual faith and character, to the historical and political relations of living men, as well as the literature in which their cultured men have expressed themselves.

For this reason, more liberty should be given to the students this year in the use of a portion of the time. And while they should not be released from any duties, allow them the choice of one study. The studies this year lead to manly and moral thought. The æsthetic and inventive in our natures is called into action. This leads to a great amount of reading, which should be rightly used. This should be our busiest year. Whatever is manly in our natures should be aroused and brought into action.

A WORD OF ADVICE.

We wish here to call attention to some practices existing among our students. We have more than once heard from our window the shouts and hooting of a score of students lounging around the front of Parker Hall. The cause was some worthy person riding by with a slow horse, a droll looking carriage, or both; sometimes, a lame person or a gen-

tleman and lady passing, or even approaching to visit a student friend. One of the idlers, with less manners than a hod-carrier, shouts at them, and others heedlessly join. There are few who would start the shout, but too many are ready to join in. Now, in the name of decency, let this cease. If we cannot be gentlemen, let us keep out of sight, and not make this building a place which both strangers and friends will avoid.

There are a few other practices calling for censure. One is, abuse of the gymnasium and its apparatus. Doors are wantonly, and it would seem maliciously, destroyed. Only a week ago a box of new balls for the alley were furnished by the college. At once there were a few students satisfied only with hurling them against doors and posts. We are glad to say that there are but few who consider such things sport. Our words are meant for the few who persist in imitating primary school boys, and bringing others with themselves into bad odor. "A word to the wise," &c.

MUSIC.

"Music has charms to soothe the savage," but not the feelings of college students at all times. Some of the recent night concerts and serenades disclosed this painful fact to us. Not that we attach any blame to individual performers, but to the want of practice together, and the

tuning of some instruments. The recent influx of college songs and airs has increased the interest in class singing and music. Even the singing of songs, the composition of which do not consider the rules of rhetoric, and the music fitted to individual capacities, may be of some avail. We hope so, and that a glee club or some other musical association will be formed. We possess the material for such a club; all it needs is organization and discipline. We have musicians fully competent for such an organization, some of whom have been before the public in such connections. A good leader can be obtained. Good teachers are at hand to give instruction in any branch that may require it. There is plenty of leisure time for practice, and the class connection of the boys would permit them to meet any time. We need such a club to furnish music for our public exercises, and it would increase the interest in those meetings. Our proximity to the city has led us to rely altogether on outside talent; and in the class debates, the smallness of the divisions make an orchestra too expensive, so we have to dispense with music. Many times, music could be furnished by our own boys which would satisfy the audience better than any we hire. This would add another benefit to our list of attainments, and show us capable of success in the fine arts, as well as in the classics, sciences, and athletic games.

Another avenue of interest would be opened to the students; another link added to the chain of pleasant associations that bind us to college life.

It is not necessary for us to mention the utility of class and college singing, nor the pleasures and benefits music affords its possessor. It opens avenues of expression in solitude and sadness, or in joy. It adds grace to character by cultivating the æsthetic in our natures.

FIELD SPORTS.

These sports, which called forth expressions from us in the STUDENT last year, attract our attention again, and we shall not be satisfied till they are established at Bates. Their failure last term was due partly, if not wholly, to the Faculty. We were surprised at the view they took of the matter. Certainly they cannot object to contests in running, jumping, and walking. These are the most approved methods of exercise, and sports that students are not apt to indulge in more than is for their good. We think these should be encouraged among college students in preference to all athletic games. They would occupy their attention least, and give them the most healthy exercise. We hope the students will take hold of this thing, and make it a success. We can do it better now than last term. Base-ball and foot-ball will not

occupy so much time. The boys are in a better condition for training after the Summer vacation. The weather admits of more practice. Our studies are not so pressing as in the summer term. Why we should have these sports, needs no argument; it is plain to all.

BASE BALL.

The first game played by our nine as re-organized for the Fall term came off Saturday, Sept. 2d. Circumstances were rather against the nine, and it was hardly expected that it could do more than to hold the Androscoggins within moderate bounds. Three new players appeared and played their game in good style.

The Androscoggins brought on a good team, having sent to Portland and secured Leighton, the catcher of the Resolutes, to face Lavin, their swift pitcher.

From the beginning, the game was one-sided, the Bates nine batting freely and excelling in base running. A high wind favoring the strikers was productive of long fly balls, and made the score on either side larger than it otherwise would have been.

Holmes of the Dirigos umpired the game to the general dissatisfaction of both sides—by reason of want of confidence and sharpness in making decisions.

Record was disabled in the first

half of the game, and was succeeded behind the bat by P. R. Clason, who, though without practice for some time, stood up to his work in good style.

There was considerable feeling exhibited by the crowd at several stages of the game, and twice the game was suspended by reason of shouting and crowding round the players in such a manner as to impede the game each time when the Bates nine was at the field. Such occurrences may occasionally aid the Androscoggins by exciting their adversaries, but it really seems to us that this small gain is more than balanced by the loss of respectability which results; and we hope that the managers will see fit to put a stop to it, as can be easily done by excluding the troublesome ones from the grounds.

BATES.

	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Lombard, 3d b.....	2	2	2	4	2
P. R. Clason, c. f.....	4	2	4	3	7
Record, c.	1	2	1	1	0
Oakes, p.....	1	1	1	5	0
Besse, s. s.	0	0	1	2	2
Noble, l. f.	3	3	0	0	0
O. B. Clason, 1st b.	2	2	12	2	1
Phillips, 2d b.....	1	1	5	0	2
Way, r. f.	2	1	1	0	0
Total.....	16	14	27	17	14

ANDROSCOGGINS.

	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hartwell, 3d b.....	1	1	1	1	0
Lavin, p.....	1	0	0	1	4
Keefe, s. s.	2	0	3	1	2
Wilson, 2d b.....	1	1	1	3	2
Leighton, c.	1	0	10	4	14
Fitzgerald, r. f.	2	2	0	0	3
Murphy, c. f.....	2	1	2	0	1
Callahan, l. f.	0	1	0	0	2
O'Brien, 1st b.	0	0	10	2	2
Total.....	10	6	27	12	30

Time of Game: 2 h. 30 m. Umpire: F. Holmes of Dirigos. Two-base hits: Androscoggins—Fitzgerald 2, Murphy 1; Bates—Oakes 1, O. B. Clason, 1. Total bases on hits: Androscoggins 9, Bates 16.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Here we are again.

Prof. Seelye has been elected President of Amherst College.

Injun Probabilities: "Mebbe snow nex' week; mebbe heap dam hot."
—*Ex.*

Eighty-three were admitted to the Freshman Class at Amherst,—ten without conditions.

The recent criminal prosecution of a Junior for the larceny of a piece of pie, at the Theological Club, Judge E——n presiding, resulted in the acquittal of the accused.

It is interesting to observe the "conscious" look of a student called up to recite in Psychology, when Intuitive Perception tells him that the question is too much for his intellect.

A Senior says it is a "Combination of Circumstances" when a ball and bat are tossed at a man from different directions at the same time, and he don't know which to look out for first.

We lately came upon the following phrase in Latin: "*Gallus tuus ego et ignis via.*" Intense study failing to give us a translation, a friend read it: "Cock your eye and fire away!"

We learn that a Freshman who was absent from prayers one morning, meeting the Senior who acts as monitor, respectfully presented his excuse for said absence, who gravely accepted it, and promised to excuse it as a first offence.

A high officer in the Faculty made the following novel statement from the pulpit recently. In the course of his sermon he said that "While for many years engaged in compiling his wonderful dictionary, *Daniel Webster* supported himself by the sale of his spelling book."

The Seniors of an Agricultural College not a thousand miles from Bangor, showed what good training can do in sharpening the judgment. After spending much labor and half a day in digging a class tree, they carried to the college, as the result of their exertions, a tree which was to their disgust found to be dead.

Several Sophs. "smoked" a *Junior* out of the room of one of their classmates, and shortly afterwards a '78 man showed them the enormity of their behavior in an eloquent speech delivered in one of the corridors of P. H., before a mixed audience. We understand that the Juniors complained to the Faculty, and as a result, the Sophs. have been "up."

The ancient Greeks buried their dead in jars. Hence the origin of the expression: "He's gone to pot."—*Ex.*

At a printers' festival, the following toast was offered: "Woman—second only to the press in the dissemination of news."—*Ex.*

"It was simply an informal affair," wrote the editor, of a little strawberry party at a neighbor's house. "It was simply an infernal affair," read the compositor; and that editor will never get any more invitations from that quarter.—*Ex.*

A Freshman of inquiring mind inquired of Prof. S——, whether one should consider Darwin's theory of the descent of man from the monkey as correct. "Well, Mr. ——" said the Prof., "that is just as you feel about the matter." And a smile starting from the Professor crept audibly around the class.

The Seniors took a geological walk under lead of Prof. Stanley the other day, for the purpose of examining the rocks at the Falls, while the water was still sufficiently low. In the course of the trip specimens of olivene, garnets, quartz crystals, native sulphur, limestone, and graphite were found.

The recent publication of the College Rules and Regulations exhibits great care in the Faculty for the welfare of the students. But a correspondent tells us of a still more touching proof of fatherly oversight.

"A short time since the Freshmen became dissatisfied with the food furnished them at their club, and sought other quarters. Prof. S——, who had been instrumental in starting said club, immediately started an investigation, with what result appears from his words. Seeking the steward, he said to him: 'Mr. P——, I have tasted the food which was prepared by Mrs. ——'. I find the brown bread was rather clammy—the white bread might be lighter. Of soup I am no judge, while the pies are as good as *my wife* can make, and the Freshman who is not satisfied with such fare must be *spleeny*. I think you had better hang on.' The Freshmen concluded to hang."

In the days when college law permitted a student at his morning devotions to remain undisturbed, a certain turbulent spirit of the Sophomore class, named Jonas, stole a sign from the town and hid it in his room. In the morning, hearing that an officer of the law accompanied by a professor were coming to search his room, he set his chum to work splitting up the sign and putting the fragments into the stove. When the authorities arrived, in a shrill voice he commenced his "morning devotion," reading from Matt. xvi., "A wicked and perverse generation seeketh after a sign, and there shall be no sign given them except that of the prophet Jonas," etc. They departed impressed with his innocence.—*Undergraduate.*

COLLEGE ITEMS.

Class difficulties are *the thing* at present.

President Cheney started a few weeks since on a trip to Europe.

The Freshman class is very large and makes a good show in the chapel.

Most of the Professors have in the course of the vacation visited the Exposition.

Our business manager is one of those who have been at the Centennial the last two weeks.

Nobody seems to regret that the term has commenced, and all are ready for work once more.

Everything about the college has a smiling look. The leaves are just putting on their delicate Autumn colors, and *now is just the time for base ball*.

We learn that the Sophs. who were before the Faculty are all right and still to be with us. While we would not countenance "smoking out" or any sort of "hazing" practiced on upper-classmen, still we are inclined to think that '78 made a mistake in making the Faculty a third party to the affair.

The nine as it first appeared in a game with the Androscoggins, was the same as last year with the exception of Phillips and Way. The new men played well both at field and bat.

Some new balls for the bowling alley arrived lately. Three things more are needed: Some new pins; that the alleys be planed off; and that the students use in a decent manner the appliances furnished them.

We learn that a large addition has been made to the Geological Cabinet—a present from Rev. I. P. Warren, D.D., editor of the *Christian Mirror*. The specimens are to be placed in a separate apartment of the cabinet, and will be ready for inspection in a short time.

We are sorry to state that quite a number are still owing for this year's subscription to the *STUDENT*. We wish to remind such that now, or as soon as possible, is the accepted time for banding in their dollar. We wish all would settle that can do so conveniently, for with us, as in other matters, "money makes the mare go." Address O. B. Clason, Lewiston, Me.

Prof. Hayes was called away from the place last Tuesday, and for the remainder of the week the Seniors have been free from care, as far as Psychology is concerned. The condition seems to agree with them.

Several of the Seniors have taken a trip to Philadelphia within the last week, and others of the students will probably go before the exhibition closes. The Faculty, rightly thinking that more will be gained by a week at the Centennial than by the same time spent in recitation, have granted leave of absence to those making the trip.

The Sophs. and Freshmen had a base-ball contest on Saturday, the 16th, at the close of which it was found that the Sophs. had "stepped on" the Freshmen by a score of 34 to 7. On the afternoon of the same day the '79 boys took a trip to Lisbon, to play a game with a nine at that place. They were again victorious, this time the score standing 22 to 9. The ride and reception by the Lisbon boys were pleasant features of the occasion.

The societies and classes have elected their officers for the ensuing year, as follows:—

Polymnian Society: President, O. B. Clason; Vice President, C. E. Brockway; Secretary, E. M. Briggs; Treasurer, F. P. Otis; Librarian, J. W. Hutchins; Editors—A. W. Potter '77, C. E. Hussey '78 ('79 and '80 not yet chosen); Orator, H. W. Oakes; Poet, Miss J. R. North. Executive Committee—B. T. Hathaway, J. Q. Adams, R. F. Jonhonnott.

Eurosophian Society: President, A. Merrill; Vice President, F. H. Bartlett; Secretary, L. M. Sessions; Treasurer, E. A. McCollister; Librarian, F. L. Buker; Editors—J. A. Chase '77, F. H. Bartlett '78, Fletcher Howard '79, (80 not chosen). Executive Committee—N. P. Noble, F. H. Bartlett, E. A. McCollister.

'77 elected her officers without the confusion and jealousy which has sometimes appeared in Senior elections. They are as follows: President, L. A. Burr; Vice President, C. V. Emerson; Secretary, A. Merrill; Treasurer, M. E. Burnham; Orator, G. H. Wyman; Poet, C. M. Warner; Historian, H. W. Oakes; Prophet, F. F. Phillips; Toast Master, J. A. Chase; Odish, J. R. North; Chaplain, J. K. Tomlinson; Parting Address, N. P. Noble. Executive Committee—O. B. Clason, B. T. Hathaway, P. R. Clason.

Class '78: President, J. Q. Adams; Vice President, M. Adams; Secretary, M. F. Daggett; Treasurer, E. V. Scribner; Orator, C. F. Peaslee; Poet, C. E. Hussey; Historian, J. W. Hutchins; Prophet, F. O. Mower; Toast Master, F. H. Bartlett; Odish, A. M. Flagg; Chaplain, A. Gatchell. Committee—F. H. Briggs, B. S. Hurd, H. A. Rundlett.

Class '79: President, A. E. Tuttle; Vice President, F. L. Buker; Secretary, G. N. Howard; Treasurer, E. A. McCollister; Orator, S. C. Mosely; Poet, E. W. Given; Historian, W. E. Ranger; Prophet, C. E. Felch; Toast Master, T. J. Bollin; Odish, E. M. Briggs; Chaplain, R. F. Jonhonnott. Committee—E. A. McCollister, A. L. Lumbert, L. M. Sessions.

Class '80: President, H. M. Reynolds; Vice President, J. F. Parsons; Secretary, A. L. Woods; Treasurer, E. H. Farrar; Orator, D. W. Davis; Poet, C. E. Knight; Historian, W. H. Judkins; Prophet, E. B. Morrill; Toast Master, J. H. Heald; Odish, Laura W. Harris; Chaplain, W. P. White. Committee—M. P. Judkins, W. B. Ferguson, F. L. Hayes.

PERSONALS.

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

'69.—Born, at Augusta, Aug. 9th, 1876, to Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Files, a daughter. (Bertha Fernald Files.)

'74. Married, at Portland, Aug. 31st, Mr. Frank L. Noble of Lewiston and Miss Mabel A. Noble of Portland.

'75.—F. B. Fuller and Geo. Oak stopped at the College last week, on their way to the Centennial.

'75.—F. H. Hall has been stopping in Lewiston a short time this Fall.

'76.—Married, at Lewiston, July 3d, by Rev. J. S. Burgess, Mr. A. L.

Morey of Dickinson, N. Y., and Miss Hattie Patterson of Lewiston.

'76.—M. Douglass started this summer for Europe, where he will spend some time in study and travel.

'76.—R. J. Everett is teaching at Canton's Mills.

'76.—C. S. Libby is teaching at West Poland.

'76.—T. H. Stacy has entered the Theological School.

'76.—G. L. White has charge of the High School at Gray.

'76.—D. J. Callahan is still manager of the Androscoggin Base Ball Club.

'76.—W. H. Adams is Principal of the High School at Lisbon Factory.

BATES COLLEGE.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

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

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's *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 dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding 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.

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

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

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

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

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

Tuition, room rent, and use of libraries free.

COMMENCEMENT.....JUNE 28, 1876.

For Catalogue or other information, address

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