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No. 1.

THE  
BATES STUDENT.

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EDITED BY ARTHUR S. WHITEHOUSE AND FRANK H. SMITH.  
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A SUMMER AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

CHAPTER V. (CONTINUED.)

ON sped the *Argo*, laden with life and joy and beauty. If, amid so gay a company, any two could be said to be the central figures, the life of the party, those two were Mabel Harlow and Dick Reynolds. The brilliant and ready wit of the one, the irresistible humor and contagious laughter of the other, were an unfailing source of entertainment and a guarantee against dull sobriety. Jokes and stories alternated with swelling choruses until, to the reflecting Arnold, the little yacht and its occupants, on the blue waters, bathed in the glorious sunshine, borne onward by fragrant and propitious breezes, seemed the symbol of happy, reckless youth, undisturbed by thoughts of disaster and woes to come. But he was the only one to whom came such reflections as this, and by him they were not long indulged. Before they passed away, almost unconsciously he

repeated in a whisper a few lines from Campbell :

“ And in the visions of romantic youth,  
What years of endless bliss are yet to flow ;  
But, mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth ?  
The torrent's swiftness ere it dash below.”

Having reached the center of the lake, an oblique course was taken, leading to a quiet cove on the north-eastern shore. Only a few rods distant from this cove, a brawling stream came tumbling down rough steps, over huge, jagged rocks, “ forever shattered and the same forever,” and forming a combination of precipitous falls and noisy rapids. No excursion up the lake would be quite complete, without a visit to the moss-covered rocks and wild scenes of Macdonald's Falls. Soon the cove was reached, and the excursionists disembarked on the sandy shore. With many a shout and burst of glee, which echoed and re-echoed among the

“gloomy hemlocks,” they traversed, in single file, a narrow foot-path leading toward the falls, the sonorous sound of whose waters pervaded the wood.

“Straight from the forest’s skirt the trees,  
O’erbranching, made an isle,  
Where hermit old might pass and chant  
As in a minster’s pile.  
From underneath its leafy screen,  
And from the twilight shade,”

our merry party emerged at once into full view of the “wild torrent, fiercely glad,” whose onward plunging never ceased, and whose wild roar might always be heard by the huntsman on the mountain, and the fisherman on the lake, long after the summer drouth had silenced the music of the waterfall and the murmur of the brook. Less than a furlong up the hillside, the river lost its level course by a gradual bend toward the west, and plunged directly downward, in a steep fall, to the distance of thirty or forty feet; then it went tumbling, dashing, whirling along over huge rocks, filling the air with moisture. Just before its entrance into the lake, there was another fall nearly as large as the first. It was by the side of this latter fall that our party stood on emerging from the wood, and so near were they to it, that their faces and clothes were wet by the springing spray. They could scarcely hear each other’s shouts above the deafening roar, and the world of waters, as it came thundering and leaping along, seemed

every moment about to seize them in its whelming embrace. They lingered in this delightful place nearly an hour, and then wended their way back to the *Argo*, and were soon bound, as Mabel Harlow quoted, “o’er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,” for the quiet grove where they proposed to spread their dinner cloths.

“Hurrah, here we are!” shouted Reynolds, as, amid a chorus of voices and the creaking of cordage as the sails were lowered, the *Argo* neared the destined shore. He stood on the forward part of the boat, with one foot on the bowsprit, waving his hat in the air. “All hail to the fays and fairies, the satyrs and satans of yonder wood!” Here the ardent youth, as the boat’s keel struck the sands, lost his balance, and, after a wild grasping of the *tenués auras*, made a long step toward the shore and found himself knee-deep in the clear water. A loud outburst of laughter accompanied him in his descent.

“Small craft under our bows; starboard the helm!” cried Mabel Harlow.

“Here, Arnold, where are you?” shouted Winslow. “Plunge to the rescue, my gallant diver! Another chance to distinguish or extinguish yourself!”

Himself vociferously calling for rescue, Dick waded with long and rapid strides to the shore, and stood there lugubriously watching

the slower and safer debarkation of the others.

Once within the resounding arches and grateful shadows of the grove, sheltered from the now burning rays of the sun, the real object of the excursion began to be realized. Games, songs, stories, jokes, brief and pointed discussions passed in quick succession, until the old wood rang with the pleasant sounds.

Noon came, and the dinner cloths were spread upon the ground. During the course of the merry meal, an incident occurred to which is due the writing of the present chapter. Our party had nearly completed their repast, when, suddenly bounding from the hidden recesses of the forest, with a joyful bark, came Sir Point, Miss Harlow's dog. He had not accompanied them on the voyage up the pond, because, when they started, he was not to be found. All greeted him with cries of welcome—all save Mabel herself. She, as Arnold alone noticed, uttered not a word, but, turning slightly paler than usual, glanced around the grove apprehensively, and with a look of anxious inquiry in her large black eyes. Suddenly her gaze became fixed, and with a quick cry she started to her feet. Arnold first, and then the others, looked in the direction of her gaze, and discovered, standing not far away, a young man, a stranger, dressed in light clothes;

—a stranger, and yet before seen by some of the party. It was the mysterious Bronson.

“By George, Phisto himself!” exclaimed Dick, half aloud.

“And who is Phisto?” inquired Winslow.

“The devil, or one of his delegates, I think,” muttered Dick. “Look at Miss Harlow,” he added in a quick whisper. That lady, with a dark and troubled look on her face, was earnestly motioning the stranger to retire from sight. Mr. Harlow sprang to his feet with a sharp exclamation. As he did so, the strange visitor retired into the thick woods. There was a slight rustle, and Mabel Harlow also disappeared. She was instantly followed by Sir Point, and then by her uncle.

The rest of the company looked at each other for a moment in utter silence. “Well, what's the meaning of this?” asked one of the young men, whose name was Addison. A brief conversation followed, during which it appeared that though several, including Reynolds and Arnold, had seen the stranger before, none knew who he was or what was his occupation.

The mysterious circumstance above related, and the absence of Mabel Harlow, very nearly proved fatal to the spirit of fun which had been so recently regnant. Some quietly conversed while sitting on the ground; others, either singly

or in pairs, strolled through the grove, or to and fro along the shore. Reynolds and May Moreland found themselves together, seated on a rustic bench near the edge of the woods, and looking southward across the lake.

“May!” said Dick, and his tone and manner indicated the more than friendly relations which existed between himself and the beautiful girl at his side.

“Yes.” The blue eyes were fixed on the towering cloud-palaces of the south, which the busy winds had built within the hour.

“What’s the matter with Mabel Harlow?”

“Why, I don’t know, I’m sure; how should I?”

“Why don’t you like her?”

“What a question! How do you know that I do not? Most persons can not help liking a lady who is so accomplished, so——”

“So strange,” suggested Dick.

“Well, so strange then. Some persons are admired and liked for their peculiarities, you know.”

“Yes, but, to speak plainly, Miss Harlow does not appear to me to be such a person. And yet, poor Will is bewitched by her, and nearly crazed by his vain attempts to understand her, and to account for the strange spell she has thrown over him. Have you any idea as to who that fellow may be?”

“What fellow, poor Will?”

Dick laughed. “No, Phisto.”

“I have not; but I feel sure that he is in some way related to the Harlows.” And she went on to tell him why. She said that a few nights before, soon after she had retired, she was aroused by the sound of voices in the adjoining room, which was occupied by Miss Harlow. She at once recognized the tones of Mr. Harlow and his niece. They were engaged in earnest conversation. The windows of both rooms were open, and only a few feet apart. She heard one thing distinctly,—a question by Mr. Harlow. “Once more, Mabel,” he said, “I ask you if Jack is in this neighborhood; have you seen him since——” The rest of the sentence was lost. She heard no more.

Just as Mary finished speaking, the barking of a dog and the sound of voices in the grove behind them attracted their attention. Leaving their seat, they hastened thither, and saw Winslow reading a note which he held in his hand, while before him stood Sir Point, panting and impatient. One of the young ladies explained. “Point came through the woods just now with a stick in his mouth, on the end of which was that note.” Mr. Winslow began to read aloud:

“DEAR FRIENDS:—Pardon our sudden desertion. Do not wait for us; we will return by the road through the woods. Let Point bring Mabel’s hat and sun-shade.

You will please take charge of our other things.

H. B. HARLOW."

The reader and hearers of this brief note were still more puzzled than before. The whole affair was shrouded in mystery, and conjecture was vain. Making a bundle of the required articles, Winslow put it into the dog's mouth, and he at once disappeared. "Jason," the boatman, after having seen the excursionists safely landed at the grove, had sailed away, promising to return early in the afternoon. And so, about an hour after the bringing of the note by Point, the keel of the *Argo* again grated on the sands. The many questions which were put to the old boatman concerning the Harlows, and the mysterious stranger, obtained no satisfactory answers. The boatman knew nothing that would tend to explain the occurrence of that noon.

The party did not long delay after the coming of the *Argo*, partly because the wind was rising, and the sky was cloudy, portending rain. Naturally enough, the return to the Homestead was quieter than the departure that morning.

That evening, at the tea-table, Mr. Harlow was present; the ladies, his wife and niece, were not. After tea, he spoke to several of the excursionists with reference to what had taken place at noon. "I speak for Mabel as well as

myself," he said, "in asking you to pardon our very unusual and indecorous action this noon. We were both extremely agitated on seeing, so very unexpectedly, a face and form which I, at least, had not seen for a long time, and which revived some of the most painful recollections of my life." This he said, and ventured no further explanation. Immediately after, he went up stairs to his room, and was seen no more until late in the evening. Then he, Mrs. Harlow and Mabel entered the parlor together, where most of the boarders were assembled, engaged either in singing or in conversation. Reynolds was present; Arnold was in his room.

The music ceased as the Harlows entered, and several persons arose to greet them. Mabel was clamorously besought to join the group of singers. The chorus was incomplete without the aid of her rich and powerful voice. She begged to be excused, however, saying that she had only come to say good-bye. Mr. Harlow then stated that it was their intention to go away the next morning in the *Naiad*, and, as the boat started at an early hour, they had come down stairs to take leave of their friends that evening. Their departure from the Homestead was to be somewhat before they had intended, but circumstances compelled them, much against their desires, to cut short their stay.

Expressions of commingled surprise and regret were made by all present, for the Harlows were much respected, and their presence had added not a little to the social life and enjoyment of the company at the Homestead. At length the leave-takings were over; gradually the parlor became deserted, the lamps were extinguished, and silence reigned throughout the place, just as the moon rose, round and golden, behind the dark forests, and gilded from shore to shore the smooth surface of the lake.

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CHAPTER VI.

An hour or more past midnight, Dick suddenly awoke and became aware that he was alone in the bed. Partly rising and glancing round at the wide-open window, through which flowed the full radiance of an early harvest moon, he saw Will partly dressed and with his chin resting in the palm of his hand, looking steadfastly out into the beauty and stillness of the night. It suddenly occurred to Dick that Arnold was not in the parlor when the Harlows took their leave of the boarders. And when he went to the room, he found Will in bed and fast asleep.

He did not awake the sleeper, but at once retired, and was himself soon unconscious of the outward world. It must be, then, that Will knew nothing about the intended departure of the Harlows. He resolved to inform him.

“What’s the matter, Will? Why are you sitting there?” demanded Dick.

“I am not sleepy,” was the reply, made without any motion of the head, “and the night is too beautiful not to be enjoyed.”

“Ah!” said Dick, with a yawn, “I agree with you so far, but I differ from you as to the best way of enjoying it. But you are a poet, Will, my boy, and I’m at best only a pumpkin head, and would rather sleep than make love to the moon. Do you know that the Harlows are going off with the *Naiad* to-morrow morning?”

“What! Is that true? When did you learn it?”

“It is true. They were down in the parlor this evening with their mouths full of farewells and benedictions. It was sudden, they said, but necessary.”

“Why didn’t you come up and let me know it.”

Dick paused a moment. “I declare, Will,” he acknowledged, “I didn’t think of you through the whole of it. I beg your pardon.”

Here the conversation ceased. Before ten minutes had passed away, Dick was once more buried in slumber. At length Arnold arose, took his coat and hat, and went out for a stroll. Noiselessly he proceeded down the stairs, and through the hall.

“No sound in the chambers,  
No sound in the hall!  
Sleep and oblivion  
Reign over all!”



DE PROFUNDIS.

Last night, I heard a solemn church - bell toll,  
And when its moans had twelve times struck the ear,  
It strangely broke into a clamorous cheer,  
As if some joy had overcharged its soul.

“The old year dies! toll solemn notes and drear.”  
So first,—and then: “Bid gladder measures roll;  
The new year lives? The dead has had his dole;  
All hail the happy birth of a new year!”  
I lay and shuddered 'neath the midnight sky;—  
“O God! shall these things never end?” I cried,  
“Must all my joy in sorrow's ashes lie,  
And hope be born by a dead brother's side?”  
A mild rebuke came back as a reply,—  
“The world's hope lived not till the Saviour died.”

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IS THE MIND ALWAYS ACTIVE?

THE question in regard to the ceaseless activity of the mind has been one of interest from very early times. Plato maintained the continual energy of intellect. Cicero says: “*Nunquam animus cogitatione et motu vacuus esse potest.*” That great modern thinker, Kant, declares that we always dream when asleep. He maintains that to cease to dream would be to cease to live. Sir W. Hamilton says: “As far as my observations go, they certainly tend to prove that, during sleep, the mind is never either inactive or wholly unconscious of its activity.”

However it may be, we know that the mind is sometimes awake when the body is asleep. Sleep is a periodical and temporary suspension of the volitional functions of the organs of sense; and there occurs, simultaneously, a suspension of the volitional functions of the rational soul. But is this latter phenomenon an absolute necessity of the mind itself, or is it for the sake of the body? Whatever agitates or excites the body must be removed, or sleep is impossible. Such is our nature, that volitional mental action always excites the body. Therefore it must be suspended that we may sleep. But,

because this excitement is removed, there is no reason to suppose that the exciting agent sleeps. Indeed, the suspension of volitional action does not always result in sleep, though it does always result in bodily inactivity; for, when awake, we know that the body is inactive from this cause, and sleep implies inactivity. But, on the other hand, the suspension of volitional action does not result in mental inactivity when awake; how, then, can it result in mental sleep? For previous inactivity and calmness of that which sleeps are indispensable conditions of sleep.

But further, by a mere act of the will, we can not stop the beating of the heart. Sleep can not stop it. The circulation of the blood is beyond volitional control. By an act of the will, we can not cease thinking; because thought exists independently of volitional action. Much less, therefore, can sleep, which is subject to the will, suspend the existence of thought. It is far easier to conceive that the respiratory muscles and the fibers of the heart become tired, than to suppose that the mind is ever inactive. He who has counted the successive beats of the heart until death, has also numbered the ceaseless acts of the intellect to infinity.

But are there any functions of the body that are not necessary for the existence of the mind?

Besides sleeping, the body must be sustained by the consumption of food and by exercise. Now, deprive it of either of these necessary functions, and death hastens. But on which does the existence of mind depend? If the body dies from lack of exercise, the mind does not perish, because volitional mental exercise is not necessary for its existence. If the body starves to death, the mind does not starve, for it does not eat. Shall we say, then, that the mind dies because the body dies from want of sleep? If so, sleep is necessary for mind as well as for body; and whoever suffers physical death from lack of sleep, dies also spiritually. But if sleep is common to both mind and body, how can one lie dormant and the other glow with thought and fancy? If inactivity and unconsciousness pervade our whole being when asleep, why do we dream? Why do our dreams have such a degree of reality? And why do we enjoy and suffer so much in them? Frequently, they are so distinct that, if the events which they represent to us were in accordance with the time and place of our existence, it would be almost impossible to distinguish a vivid dream from a sensible perception. "If," says Pascal, "we dreamt every night the same thing, it would, perhaps, affect us as powerfully as the objects which we perceive every day. And if

an artisan were certain of dreaming every night, for twelve hours, that he was a king, I am convinced that he would be almost as happy as a king who dreamt for twelve hours that he was an artisan. If we dreamt every night that we were pursued by enemies and harassed by horrible phantoms, we should suffer almost as much as if that were true, and we should stand in as great dread of sleep as we should of waking, had we real cause to apprehend these misfortunes."

Now, it is established by the best authority, that this supposed case has actually happened. "A young man had a cataleptic attack, in consequence of which a singular effect followed in his mental constitution. Some six minutes after falling asleep, he began to speak distinctly, and almost always of the same objects and concatenated events. On awakening, he had no reminiscence of his dreaming thoughts,—a circumstance which distinguishes this as rather a case of somnambulism than of common dreaming. Be this, however, as it may, he played a double part in his existence. By day he was the poor apprentice of a merchant; by night he was a married man, the father of a family, a senator, and in affluent circumstances. If, during his vision, anything was said in regard to his waking state, he declared it unreal and a dream."

The mind uses the body as an instrument. It has taken the body for a medium through which it affects other bodies, just as man takes any instrument which is material, adapted for the application of his power, to affect other materials. When he lays it aside, that alone is inactive, and not he himself. When one drops the hand, it is motionless, but the mind is alive with thought. Give man the power to convert the steel and wood of the mattock into flesh and blood, and to give it the same relation to his mind that they hold, and he has the same instrument as before, with this difference: in the former case, it contains, from the first, the sum totum of its durability, which can be used constantly, or at intervals, until exhausted; in the latter, it possesses, at any time, only a small amount of durability, which is soon consumed; but the existence and usefulness of the member are prolonged by the power to reproduce its expended energy, if rest be given it. But perfect rest can not be secured when awake; for then there is always an irritation, or excitement, kept up by the mind. Therefore sleep comes to the rescue, and the work of reparation begins as the mind withdraws and busies itself with the immaterial.

But if the mind does not sleep, it does not become fatigued. Not necessarily. All rest is not sleep. If volitional mental exercise is sus-

pendent that the mind may rest; it does not determine that it shall sleep; much less does it preclude the possibility of its ceaseless activity. That which restores bodily vigor may not be able to refresh the mind, any more than music or painting can delight the body. It is more natural to suppose that the mind gains rest through a change of occupation. It is doubtless the experience of us all, that, when we have become tired over one book or topic, by taking another of different tone, we are soon refreshed and fired with even greater energy than ever. This is more in accordance, also, with our belief in the immortality of mind. If mortal attributes belong to it, any farther than is necessary to accommodate the body, whence its immortality? The mind seeks activity, and finds rest in diversity.

From the preceding considerations, it is probable that the mind does not sleep. If this is true, we conclude that it is always awake. But, when awake, it is active; therefore, it is always active. The fact alone, that no power of ours can discontinue the operations of thought, seems to stand boldly forth and affirm that we always think.

But if we always dream when asleep, why do we not remember it? The fact that we can not remember is no proof that we did not dream, or think. In our wakeful moments, we think of a multi-

tude of things, of which we were conscious at the time, but which we can not remember even a little after. We never remember, for any long period, any except the more prominent thoughts. Look back over your past life. How few are the remembered acts and thoughts, compared with all of which you were ever conscious! Yet you will not deny that you did and thought much that can not now be recalled; though all you know in regard to it is, that you have lived a certain time, and that, when awake, you always busied yourself about something; and that, since the transaction of what you recall could not possibly consume so much time, there must be much that you do not recall. But who can remember everything that he did yesterday; or every word that he read an hour ago; or every trifling thought that flitted by within half that time? Yet no one will deny that he was active then, and that then he was conscious of it.

Now review the period of last night. It was a portion of your life. You know that your pulse continued to beat. You know that you thought, at least, a part of the night; because you remember a dream. Did you not dream all night? "No, because I do not remember that I did." Stop! Relate in full all that you thought yesterday. When you have finished, you know that all that you

have recounted occupied but a small part of the day, and that those few things were the more prominent. Just so with our thoughts when asleep; only the more prominent are remembered. The law that governs is generally the same in both cases. If forgetfulness is more noticeable in the one, it is because circumstances are not so favorable for memory.

The power of recollection depends much on what the object of memory is, and how a knowledge of it is obtained. We get a far better idea of a landscape from seeing it than from the minutest description of it. And, in general, we have a better conception of what we learn through the senses than of that which can only be an object of thought; and the stronger the impression, the more lasting the recollection. Memory, therefore, has a much greater advantage when we are awake than when we are asleep; for, on the one hand, many of its objects come through the senses, and, by the free action of the will, we can dwell at pleasure upon abstract notions,—thus affording a better opportunity to fix them in memory; while, on the other hand, all its objects are immaterial, or mere abstractions, and thought is more disconnected and transient.

But even if there is no memory, the view is not at all improbable. For, though memory implies consciousness, consciousness can ex-

ist without memory. Now, there is a peculiar kind of dreams, known as somnambulism. When in this state, mind and body have either become so completely disconnected as to allow the former to exist, for a time, almost wholly in a spiritual state, or they have assumed a very extraordinary relationship; so that faculties hitherto cramped and restrained, or wholly unknown, develop and act with the greatest power and freedom. The whole mind is exalted into a state of transcendent purity. What was wholly forgotten is recalled. Languages are spoken that the person could not speak when awake. If he has no ear for music when awake, then he is an excellent singer. If, when awake, he uses a vulgar phraseology, then his language is elegant and correct. Orations are delivered, remarkable for beauty and eloquence. Difficult questions, that have long baffled the most arduous attempts to solve, are then reasoned out and made plain. The body, if active, is completely under the control of the will; and wonderful feats of danger and strength are easily performed. The bodily senses, however, are profoundly dormant. The muscles appear to be the only bodily organs of which the mind then has need. Indeed, persons in this state have walked barefoot in the snow until their feet were frozen, without being sensible of their con-

dition. Now it would not be strange if a veil were drawn between this and the normal state.

This is the case. "It is the peculiarity of somnambulism that we have no recollection, when we awake, of what has occurred during its continuance. Consciousness is thus cut in two; memory does not connect the train of consciousness in the one state with the train of consciousness in the other." It is also remarkable that, during the somnambulatory state, memory connects not only the events of that state with the events of all similar states, but also with the events of our normal existence. But somnambulism is of different degrees. Forgetfulness may not always be a criterion of it, though it generally is. Sleep-walking and other bodily demonstrations are not necessary for it; and they seldom occur. Generally, the person does not leave his bed. Hence, it is impossible to tell how much sleep is passed in this condition. It is far from being improbable that much of that portion of sleep, during which we have no recollection of consciousness, is passed in the somnambulatory state.

But even the absence of consciousness does not preclude mental activity. An immense portion of our intellectual riches consists of deliquescent cognitions. As there is a minimum visible, a point beyond which ordinary vision can not penetrate, so there is a mini-

mum cognizable, a limit beyond which action is too feeble to make a real impression. Hence, we are not always conscious of all mental energies whose existence can not be disallowed. We have abundant evidence of this from the phenomena of mental latency and the association of ideas.

But experience establishes the fact, that the mind remains conscious during sleep. We do not fall asleep suddenly; but remain, for a time, in a transition state. If, now, we are gently aroused, we can, by a little effort, trace back the line of thought to what we were thinking when the senses commenced to grow torpid. After falling asleep, if we are awakened, and immediately call attention to the matter, we find that we were dreaming. And, whenever awaking, by taking notice, we can always discover that we were dreaming.

Thought is directed in the same manner when asleep as when awake, if left to itself; and curiosity, in either case, is excited under the same circumstances and guided by the same laws. Certain senses, when asleep, admit imperfect impressions. Now, when awake, whatever strikes the senses determines the character of thought; and the result is the same when asleep. Frequently the nature of a dream is owing to some noise which is imperfectly heard through the dormant sen-

ses. In such a case, the mind guesses, reasons and judges in regard to it, just as it does when awake concerning what is imperfectly known. There have been persons, so susceptible to sensible perceptions when asleep, that they could be caused to go through almost any adventure;—such as fighting a duel, and even discharging a pistol placed in the hand, without awaking.

But why is it that a person, generally, can not sleep well in a strange place at first, especially if it is a noisy community, but at length finds no difficulty in sleeping? It is for the same reason that he can not read in a room full of strange objects, or when he is in a strange company, until curiosity is satisfied. Let a man from the country change his abode to the city. At first, he finds much difficulty in sleeping. He no sooner becomes calm than the rumbling of a wagon excites his attention, and sleep is broken. When curiosity is satisfied as to what it is, he again commences to sleep. Presently the bell of some steeple sounds the hour. That is a new noise. The mind, determined to know what it is, rouses the senses into activity. This state of things continues for a few nights, and then gradually wears away, so that on the twentieth night, perhaps, our friend has no difficulty in sleeping. The noises continue as ever, but they pass

unnoticed, for curiosity is satisfied.

Distraction and non-distraction, therefore, are matters of intelligence, and not matters of sense; for it is not the senses which become accustomed to the noise of the city; for they transmit the impressions on the twentieth night as well as on the first. The action of the organ is the same; but it has ceased to be interesting, and consequently is neglected. The whole phenomenon is mental, not physical.

Again, let some one pass gently by the door of your sleeping apartment, or into the adjoining room; if the event is rare, you instantly awake. But carriage after carriage passes under your window, and sleep is undisturbed. The noise in one case is trifling compared with the noise in the other. How can we account for it? It seems that the mind watches faithfully while the body sleeps; and that it judges these sensations, and, according to its decision, it awakens or does not awaken the body.

This is further shown by our ability to awake at any appointed hour, or at a certain sound. The mind estimates time when asleep just as it does when awake. As one, from experience, can judge the flight of time pretty correctly when awake, so, in virtue of this, he does the same when asleep, and awakes at the appointed hour.

Watchers, and especially those who watch with the sick, become accustomed to sleep undisturbed by any noise, except a certain signal, or by the least distressing movement of the patient.

Finally, the phenomena of awaking, when called, illustrate clearly the point in question. When called, the mind commences to rouse the senses, and before they are fully awake, we often attempt to answer, which usually results, at first, in broken and labored articulations; but, not unfrequently, the answer is so plain and decisive

that the caller is deceived in regard to our condition. It is related that, on a certain turnpike, the gateman was in the habit of closing the gate at night and taking his nap. One night, a passer knocked at his door, calling, "Gate." "Coming," said the man. After waiting, the demand was repeated, and the same answer followed. This went on for some time, until the passer opened the door and awoke him. The body was asleep; but the mind was awake. It was tardy in awaking its companion.

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#### CO - EDUCATION OF THE SEXES.

THIS subject, though comparatively new, is already well-worn. Much has been said; something has been done; but the question is still tentative. An editorial, though it be the essence of dogmatism, will not settle it. Time alone will decide whether co-education be wise or foolish. Meantime, it is well for us, boys as well as men, to give vent to our ideas; we may, by accident, hit upon something surpassingly wise. The position of the *Student* has certainly seemed incongruous. The College has put herself in the fore-front of the battle in favor of co-education. Her sons are expected to catch her spirit and re-

flect it. May it not be that co-education will prove a failure, for the very reason that college boys themselves are so generally opposed to it?

The writer of this article has watched the *Student* with no little interest, and now asks room to answer some of the objections which have been urged against the co-education of the sexes. Let me preface what may be said with a plea for candor and dignity. Dogmatism is certainly uncalled for in a discussion carried on by undergraduates; and sneers, though they be Carlylean in strength, will not settle any mooted question. Let us be candid and dignified, young



gentlemen and ladies, whenever we appear in the pages of the *Student*.

The first objection which I wish to notice is the physiological one. There is an objection, based on physiological grounds, which has some force, but only medical men of long and varied experience are competent to speak conclusively with regard to it. It is urged, further, that young ladies have not the bodily strength which is needed to pursue the regular studies of a college curriculum.

Does not experience show that women will do as much hard work in the study and recitation room as men, without detriment to health? A theory has no place here. Your opinion or mine, no matter how sage it may appear, is worth nothing. Facts are better than theories. What are the facts?

The experiment has long been tried in the University of Michigan, and the results of that trial are worth much. President Angell, in his last annual report, writes as follows: "Nor do I see any evidence that their (the young ladies) success in their intellectual pursuits is purchased at the expense of health. On the contrary, I doubt if any equal number of young women in an any other pursuit in life, have been in better health during the year. I am persuaded that, with ordinary care and prudence, any one of our

courses of study may be completed by a young woman of fair ability, without undue draft upon her strength." Such words from such a source have weight. Any theory opposed to such facts is as the spider's web in the track of the lion; the lion pushes on, and the web is broken down.

Our own College is young and her experience limited; but, so far as it is worth anything, it militates against this objection. It is certain that one of the Alumnae did more work while in College, outside of her studies, than many men do in the same amount of time, and earned a first part. Her appearance on the platform at Commencement betokened a vigorous, healthy body, as well as an active mind.

Another objection which is now strenuously urged against the co-education of the sexes, is that there is an essential difference in the male and female mind, therefore (*sic*) men and women should not be educated together. I have no disposition to quarrel with President Eliot, who says that "sex penetrates the mind and affections, and penetrates them deeply and powerfully;" but I fail to see how a conclusion adverse to co-education can be logically drawn from this premise.

If a difference in mental constitution necessitates a different course of study, then we must have a different course of study for ev-

ery individual. No two individuals are alike. The very word precludes that possibility. It is safe to say that almost every class in College will afford the extremes of manliness and effeminacy. If this objection is to have any force, why not let it be urged against the admission to colleges of men who are unfortunately endowed with feminine traits of character? But suppose we reduce this general principle to universal practice; we should then have small colleges, for no class could consist of more than one student.

The objection is really aimed at a broad culture. It is urged by those who plead for technical education, for specialties. If we allow it to have force and way, it will beat down classical education, and the days of generously endowed, noble-minded men, of "giants," will have passed away. But it has no force. The Miltonian and the Newtonian minds are radically different, yet both need the same generous culture, the same careful training, through the undergraduate course. The post-graduate departments are varied to suit the special needs of all.

Two children go out,  
 "From the same cradle's side,  
 From the same mother's knee,  
 One to long darkness and the frozen tide,  
 One to the peaceful sea!"

The college is the cradle in which the children of learning are rocked; she is the mother upon

whose knee they are dandled; but from this cradle, from this knee, sons and daughters go forth to fill widely different spheres of usefulness.

Another objection that has been urged against the co-education of the sexes, is that the influences of college-life are "not always the most pleasant and beneficial." I quote: "We have neither the time nor the desire to describe these adverse influences, but they exist and are patent to every informed and observant mind; and more than this, *they can not be prevented*; they exist in *rerum natura*." The italics above are mine, but such words deserve italics. It hardly seems possible that they could have been the product of a pen guided by an informed and observant mind.

It is certainly a notorious fact that the society in many of our colleges has been far from perfect. Rowdiness has prevailed to an alarming extent. Beings in the shape of men have done deeds that belied their manhood. Indeed, the very atmosphere about many of these colleges has been infected with moral pestilence. The philosopher seeks to know the cause of these facts. Young men are very demons in college, while they are gentlemen at home. They vitiate the very air in college, but at home they mingle with fond mothers, and gentle sisters, and loving lady friends, and

under such benign influences rapidly regain moral health and vigor. Is it not a fact that man needs the influence of woman? "It is not good for man to be alone." The student of history who is familiar with the workings of Manicheism hesitates to join in the cry against co-education.

The refining influences of female society are needed in our colleges. Will not purer men come forth from the walls of that college whose doors are open to women? There are two sides to this question. Suppose we grant, for the nonce, that college influences could be hurtful to woman; are they not equally hurtful to man? It may be loss to the woman who enters college, but is it not gain to the young men already there? I am more and more surprised at the remark quoted above. These influences "can not be prevented." With the risk of seeming dogmatic, I say, they can be prevented, by opening the doors of our colleges to women.

There is another objection. It is the sum of these and all others urged against the co-education of the sexes. It is prejudice. The mule's ears will stick through. "I am opposed to the admission of women to our colleges; therefore, I can't believe in it." That is the substance of the argument thus far urged on that side of the question. Our fathers, and their fathers, etc., etc., were educated by themselves; therefore we will be. Yes, and your father, according to Mr. Darwin, if you will go back a few generations, was a monkey; therefore you are resolved to be a monkey.

Let us give our voices and votes in favor of a fair trial of this experiment. If it shall be proved by trial that the principle is a poor one, then it will be quite time to reject it. Meanwhile, let us rejoice that women are bearing off college honors triumphantly, thereby stimulating their brothers to better and manlier work. It is well to be generous here, not jealous.

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### CONVENTIONALISM.

**T**HERE is a sphere in which man lives by himself; a solitude into which no human agency can penetrate. It is in reference to this that we hear it said: As no two particles of matter touch each

other, so no two souls ever come in contact; no two individuals ever understand each other.

Yet by far the greater portion of our lives is spent among others, in their society, in wars, in com-

merce, in trade, in the interchange of thought concerning houses, lands, books, paintings, theories, beliefs, and the multitudinous series of objects and subjects which the complex nature of man seeks to grasp and solve. In this phase of life we exert influences. We can not act but we must step on some one's toes, or aid a fallen brother, or lead a tottering father. We can not sit still but we are in some one's way. And we are influenced. We continually ask ourselves how this or that will appear in the eyes of the world. From neighborhood gossip to the diplomacy of nations, is this deference paid to public opinion.

These two lives are led by us all; they are inherent in the nature of man. We know a distinction to exist between them, however much they may coincide at times. When we should follow the dictates of self and when that of others, is often a delicate and puzzling problem, and the solution must be found by the individual himself. Yet a few hints of general application may be given.

Most of our transactions are, as they should be, of a conservative nature. We do as others have done. If we will but take the pains to look around, we shall discover precedents, rules, generalizations in every department of life. A few are written and published; more are unwritten and going the rounds in their traditionary char-

acter. We well know the value of this stupendous mass of facts and conclusions which permeate every niche and corner of society. However much of error or superstition it may embody, yet we recognize in it the condensed wisdom of ages.

Manners, fashion, custom are the expression of these innumerable ways and means of living. It may be thought that these are confined to man in private life, while public opinion is applied to man in his public capacity,—that these two seem to be diverse; yet they are one in kind, and differ only in the degree of publicity. Whatever is true of man in his dealings with his neighbor, is also true of him in his dealings with his neighbors. As has been intimated, man is capable of only two lives. The one is private, with himself; the other is public, with men. The latter is susceptible of infinite degrees of expansion. Men's fashion and public opinion are the practical leaders of mankind. It is to these we revert for guidance in our complex relations in society. They tell us what to eat and how to eat it; what to wear and how to wear it; what to believe and how to believe it. They may be condensed into the one term,—conventionalism.

Conventionalism is sometimes radical in its tendencies, as in the episodes of French history; sometimes rational, as among the learn-

ed of Germany to-day. Conservatism never partakes of these characteristics. The constant mission of conventionalism is with the present. It only lives in the present, whatever may be the influences of the past in forming that present. In high circles and state affairs its voice is public opinion. Its power is almost unlimited. It is a natural desire of man to be conventional. It is apt to grow with his growth and strengthen with his strength. Men the most substantial become dolls to please its fancy. It is thus powerful, for it makes its own estimates of what is wise and what foolish, what proper and what improper, who the hero and who the coward, who solid and who flippant. In this manner it beguiles its unwary victims. Do we wish to be independent? We almost invariably go to conventionalism and ask what constitutes independence. Would we be honorable? We sacrifice all in the cause of conventional honor. Is this right? or that wrong? Go ask this sovereign, and be content with its decision. Thus, in a measure, we confound real right with conventional right, and spend whatever force we devote towards right living in the cause of the latter.

Does any one wish to test his courage in these times, and lament that the heroic age of the world is past? Let him face conventionalism, not alone in some cause which

may seem great in his eyes, but also in little things. Let him continue his battle against it till the novelty has worn off, and he may become convinced that those who kill the body by physical martyrdom are not the worst species of men; that tyranny, though somewhat refined, is not abolished nor softened. Take for example the late Mr. Greeley. Think you martyrdom would not have been preferable to that man? Nay, he verily suffered martyrdom. We are not now discussing whether or not he may have made a failure and become a votary of conventionalism. But surely conventionalism was the chief cause of his death.

Among us, politics have always been a wide and alluring field for human ambition. But he who would enter the political arena must first take his oath of allegiance to public opinion. Without this armor he is vulnerable; nay, rather unnoticeable, which latter is the quality held in low estimate by politicians. The masses are never independent. The masses are led by public opinion, and the office seeker sees that his first work is to put himself in tune with that public opinion.

Conventionalism is continually in the process of change. But we require consistency in men. Hence the tragedy which inevitably falls upon the obsequious followers of conventionalism. The

public opinion of to-day, in the eyes of the Congressman, is far different from what he supposed it to be a year ago. But conventionalism has its value; and these instances of total bankruptcy on the part of its followers are only a proof of their weakness and loss of faith in the moral law,—that conventionalism is amenable to the higher law as much as individuals, and that, when it becomes false, it is doomed. If it sustains numerous and gigantic parasites, its vital force must be more gigantic. If its influence for evil is great, its influence for good is greater. It is at the basis of two great principles upon which mainly rests the fabric of our civilization,—the division of labor, and the combination of individuals in the conduct of affairs and the accomplishment of great undertakings. The efficiency of these are recognized in morals and religion. Would a man set up his will as radically independent in all matters? He must be prepared to re-enter the primeval condition, reduce his wants to the minimum and supply them all himself.

Conventionalism is a word that is full of significance to the true and benevolent scholar. It is his special mission to learn and teach that which shall make him a benefactor. While connected with the people in the bonds of conventionalism, closer than at any former period, yet for that very rea-

son must he keep himself clear, with greater diligence, from its alluring but fatal promises. The Hon. Mr. Garfield, a short time previous to the death of the late lamented Prof. Agassiz, in a speech in the House of Representatives, said that one of the brightest and most intellectual men of the nation (Agassiz) had recently told him, that he had made it the rule of his life to abandon any intellectual pursuit the moment it became commercially valuable. It is also related of Prof. Agassiz that at one time a business man was urging him to become a partner in a commercial house, in which his technical knowledge was to be regarded as an equivalent for the capital and mercantile experience of the other members of the firm. "You would make any amount of money in the business," said the man. "I have no time to make money," replied the Professor.

The temptation of the scholar to devote his energies to those pursuits held in high repute by the money-making aristocracy of the country is great, and his strength is often tried to the extent of succumbing. How often he fails to see the true glory of his mission, and so sacrifices it to paltry ends and an ignoble life! It is not by refusing to look at these temptations, by laughing at their deep meanings and the sad and weighty reflections they suggest, that he

will learn to stand when the day of trial comes. Conventionalism is a subtle poison to the whole tenor of his life. He may partake of it and not be under its dominion; but who shall indicate the point of divergence of the harmless and the fatal road? It is for him, especially, to preserve his independence, to follow what Margaret Fuller called "stern sincerity," and Emerson, "the severest truth." Let him resist these temptations that would draw him into the crowd. Let him deny himself of the honors and emoluments which tend to distract him, and stick to his work; and thus his reward shall be great in proportion. Even the votaries of con-

ventionalism will in time recognize in him a superior, and repay him its honors without the asking.

But the question arises in regard to the limits we ought to set ourselves in following conventionalism. While it may be best to follow its dictates generally, yet we should reserve the right of appeal. As a last resort, we must fall back upon that inner life. To ignore the pre-eminence of this tribunal, in which we ourselves are judge, advocate and prisoner, in which we are also responsible to a higher power than that of man, in which we must listen to our own verdict, — this is the extreme of desecration.

## EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

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### SALUTATORY.

WITH the present number the Bates *Student* makes its *debut* under its new corps of editors. One year ago a mere literary fledgling, struggling for a place among the host of College papers, it has ceased to be an experiment, and with brighter auspices commences its second volume as a fixed institution. And it is our intention that the *Student* shall lose nothing of its excellence while in the hands of the class of '75. Pursuing a plan substantially the same as that adopted last year, we shall at the same time endeavor, by the introduction of new features, to render the magazine still more worthy the attention of the reader. It will also be our task to make its columns of general interest, although the *Student*, in common with other college publications, looks for support chiefly to the undergraduates and alumni; still we shall aim, by the judicious selection of articles, to make it worthy the attention of all classes. And to assist us in carrying out our plan, we must beg our friends to be ready with contributions, remembering that the pages of the *Student* are al-

ways open to students, alumni, and friends of the institution.

We have to beg the indulgence of our readers for the delay in the appearance of this number, and also for any lack of literary merit which it may possess. It has been prepared under peculiar difficulties and embarrassments. Promising them a better number the next time, we wish them, in closing, one and all, "A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

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### OPTIONAL ADVANTAGES.

— "What," says many a man who has succeeded by the unaided force of his own talents, "is the use of a college course? Of what practical benefit is it?" Again and again are these questions asked, and as often are we led to inquire the cause.

Obviously it is because so large a proportion of college graduates fail to obtain distinction. The world thinks,—and rightly too,—that, other things being equal, a person of liberal education ought to display more ability than one who has not enjoyed the same advantages. When, therefore, they find the contrary to be true, they very naturally question the



utility of that liberal and higher education.

With us, of course, this has no weight. We have shown, by our presence, our faith in the college. For us the inquiry is, Why do so many fail to profit by their college course? We believe the fault to be their own.

Each college so arranges its curriculum as to compress within four years the greatest possible amount of mental culture and discipline, and this being obligatory, every student is benefited in a greater or less degree; but of the optional advantages very few avail themselves as they might. We have the cabinet, the lecture, the society, the prize declamation and debate, and, as a supplement to all these, the library. Each is designed for our benefit; to amplify and illustrate the contents of our text-books; to cultivate our literary talents; to render us ready and pleasing speakers; to assist us in gathering for our own use the wit and wisdom of former times; but it is optional with us whether we shall use or abuse them. What most students need is, not better opportunities, but a more thorough and discriminating improvement of what they have; not more work to do, but more work done. Hundreds of students, intending to become public speakers, habitually neglect the society, and refuse to participate in the prize declamation or debate. Others,

although cherishing a wish to become teachers, journalists, and perhaps authors even, are apparently indifferent, and make no effort to succeed in the profession of which they are dreaming. Have they unlimited confidence in their own abilities? Do they derive encouragement from the lives of successful men? Surely, their faith must grow weak when they remember that distinguished men have almost invariably been untiring workers. In fact, as a rule, great achievements, are preceded by great preparations, and a man might as reasonably hope to become a successful mechanic *instantly*, as to expect to produce first class brain-work without previous training.

Neither do we believe that any one seriously expects this. All are looking forward to a time when they shall commence in earnest. With some, this time is next term; with others, next year; and not rarely it is after graduation. It is evident that the neglect of these opportunities arises, not from a misapprehension of their importance, but from carelessness, combined, perhaps, with a slight indisposition to exertion. But whatever the cause, we are confident that they are pursuing a false course. If they fail to obtain the requisite discipline in college, they must do so amidst great difficulties in active life, or stop short of success. Now we would not

be understood to advocate making a speciality of our future profession while in college, but we do believe in obtaining a broad and generous foundation on which to build. In a word, we believe in labor, satisfied that dreamers in college will be such through life.

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OUR EXCHANGES.

We have just received the *Packer Quarterly* for Jan. It contains two very good poems. They are generally very successful in this department.—In the Dec. number of the *Owl* is a very well written article, entitled, "Priests are no alarmists." The editorial department contains an article on *Steam Engines* which is interesting; we can not say as much, however, of *Adventures of a*

Strong-minded Kitten. — We have to thank the *Tyro* for its hearty indorsement of the *Student*.

Among our outside exchanges is the Boston *Weekly Globe*. This is an eight page paper, containing a full digest of the news, editorials and live topics, the latest literary intelligence and book-notices, and is well worthy a place in every College reading room.—*Wood's Household Magazine* always gives us a lavish supply of well written articles. The present number contains three engravings, and other good things in proportion. We have lately made arrangements with the publishers, by which we can send this magazine, together with the *Student*, at \$1.50 per year. We hope many of our readers will take advantage of these rates.

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COLLEGE PAPERS.—Cornell Era, Vassar Miscellany, Harvard Advocate, Cornell Review, Yale Courant, Trinity Tablet, The Geyser, Brunonian, College Journal, Central Collegian, Magenta, Anvil, College Argus, Cornell Times, Amherst Student, The Owl, Aurora, College Chronicle, Wabash Magazine, The Dartmouth, College Olio, The Chronicle, Nassau Literary Magazine, Union College Magazine, The Tyro, Packer Quarterly, Madisonensis, University Herald, The Targum, College Spectator, Index Niagarensis, Bowdoin Orient, Yale Literary Magazine, College Herald, Denison Collegian, Alumni Journal, The Annalist, Dalhousie Gazette, College Days, Irving Union, Hesperian Student, University Press, Williams Review, Williams Vidette.

OTHER PAPERS.—American Newspaper Reporter, Once a Week, American Journalist, The Star-Spangled Banner, Weekly Gazette.

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Literary communications should be addressed to the Editors. All subscriptions and advertisements to J. Herbert Hutchins, Manager.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

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**U**NHAPPY—that student who poured a gallon of water, from the third story window, upon the head of Prof.—, thinking it was a Freshman.

— A Prof. informed one of the students the other day that he seemed to be “hereditarily late.” (*Western Coll.*) Now we know what ails some of our Juniors.

— Mr. R—, who has been complimented by the ladies on his classical appearance, went into a shop last week to purchase some gloves. As he was carefully adjusting a pair of Jouvin’s best to his digits, the polite clerk addressed him with: “Excuse me, Mr.— but what—ah—factory do you work in?” The next moment he was alone.

— A couple of Seniors lately went out on a geological expedition. In the course of their perambulations they found some cider, a beverage to which they were entirely unaccustomed. That they drank much more than will make a man sober, not even themselves will deny. On their way home, they went all right till they

came to a hill covered with ice, and how to get down and not break their precious necks was a question. While debating the matter, they saw three ladies trying to descend the hill, and one proposed that they both go and help them. Tom, who thought that Zeke would need the most assistance in order to climb down safely, generously allowed that worthy to be escorted by two of the ladies, while he himself confined his attentions to the third. Arriving at the bottom, the boys lifted their hats and received thanks, but they afterward said that their consciences smote them, for they knew they never would have landed safely alone.—*Cornell Era.*

— Our friend Simpkins is teaching this winter. When examined for the school, the “committee” propounded the following problem: “If 7 men can build  $27\frac{1}{2}$  rods of stone wall in  $3\frac{1}{4}$  days, how long will it take 4 men to build a like wall in 9 days?” After ruminating a few minutes, he said he thought it could be done by algebra, but he hadn’t his pencil.

## COLLEGE ITEMS.

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**S**TUDENTS are slowly coming in after the Holidays, and the walls begin to wear a more cheerful aspect.

Something is the matter with the heating apparatus of the Chapel,—judging from the temperature of the room at Prayers.

Something has been said about fitting up the Gymnasium. We hope it will not end so. Let something be done this season.

Oberlin College has 1350 inmates, mostly incurable.—*Ex.*

A Yale professor has been elected to one branch of the New Haven Common Council, and the colored college carpenter to the other.

England has three Universities, Scotland has four, Prussia has six, Austria has nine, Italy has twenty, and the United States over three hundred.—*Ex.*

The corner stone of the Jubilee Hall of the Fisk University at Nashville has just been laid. The colored singers of the University made enough money with their

concerts to buy twenty-five acres of land, eight acres of which are in the square, forming the site of the hall.—*Ex.*

Not all the ablest men in Congress are college men. While Logan, Butler, Pomeroy, Connor, and Voorhees, represent the Alumni of as many colleges, such men as Trumbull, Poland, Bayard, Conkling, Sherman, Thurman and Edmunds never received the benefit of college training.—*Ex.*

Some of the smaller Southern colleges are assuming their former positions as educational centers, with every promise of future prosperity. Among these may be named Davidson College, in North Carolina, which appears to be supplanting the old University of the State at Chapel Hill. It has now one hundred and fifteen students, a larger number than in any previous year. As for the proposed Central University of Kentucky, over the location of which there has been no little wrangling, it is now definitely decided to establish it at the town of Richmond. Great things are hoped for it when completed.

## ALUMNI NOTES.

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'73.—A. C. Libby is teaching a High School at Lubeck, Me.

'73.—F. Hutchinson is meeting with his usual good success as Principal of the High School at Topsham.

'71.—J. M. Libby is Superintendent of Schools in Poland. He is also teaching with good success in the same town.

[Space will be given each month to the record of one alumnus in the form of the one below. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material.—Ed.]

### CLASS OF 1870.

HOUGHTON, REV. ALPHONSO  
LUZERNE.—Born May 3, 1847.

Son of Azel E. and Betsey H. Houghton.

1870, '71, '72, Tutor in Latin School, and student in the Theological School at Bates College.

Sept. 5, 1872, Ordained and Installed pastor of the First Free Baptist Church of Lawrence, Mass.

Married, Jan. 1, 1873, to Hattie Bernice, only daughter of Elisha P. and Elizabeth F. Mallett, of Bath, Me.

Post office address, Lawrence, Mass.

# BATES COLLEGE.

## FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.

REV. OREN B. CHENEY, D.D., <i>President.</i>	REV. JAMES ALBERT HOWE, A.M., <i>Professor of Systematic Theology.</i>
REV. JOHN FULLONTON, D.D., <i>Prof. of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology.</i>	GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M., <i>Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.</i>
JONATHAN Y. STANTON, A.M., <i>Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.</i>	THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M., <i>Professor of Hebrew.</i>
REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, D.D., <i>Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.</i>	REV. URIAH BALKAM, D.D., <i>Professor of Logic and Christian Evidences.</i>
RICHARD C. STANLEY, A.M., <i>Professor of Chemistry and Geology.</i>	REV. CHARLES H. MALCOM, D.D., <i>Lecturer on History.</i>
THOMAS L. ANGELL, A.M., <i>Professor of Modern Languages.</i>	CLARENCE A. BICKFORD, A.B., <i>Tutor.</i>
FRANK W. COBB, A.B., <i>Tutor.</i>	

## CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

### TERMS OF ADMISSION.

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

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

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

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

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Wednesday 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 17, 1874.

For Catalogue or other information, address

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

# NICHOLS LATIN SCHOOL.

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

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