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JUNE, 1874.

No. 6.

THE
BATES STUDENT.

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EDITED BY FRANK H. SMITH AND GEORGE OAK.
BUSINESS MANAGER, J. HERBERT HUTCHINS.

CONTENTS.

Parson Polyglot's Son, Chap. III.,	- - - - -	135
Successes and Failures,	- - - - -	139
Influence of Public Spirit on Individual Character,	- - - - -	141
Grumblers,	- - - - -	143
His Satanic Majesty,	- - - - -	145
The Power of Obtrusion,	- - - - -	146
A Fragment,	- - - - -	149
Misrepresentation,	- - - - -	150
EDITORS' PORTFOLIO,	- - - - -	152
Library Books during Vacation . . . Lectures of Dr. Malcom . . . Exchanges.		
ODDS AND ENDS,	- - - - -	156
COLLEGE ITEMS,	- - - - -	158
ALUMNI NOTES,	- - - - -	160

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PARSON POLYGLOT'S SON.

CHAPTER III.

"It is very possible," writes Caudle, "that she talked two hours more."

Douglass Jerrold.

GRANDMOTHERS are your true philosophers, after all. They are not intellectual icebergs, like your ordinary philosopher. If they are not impressed so strongly by the degeneracy of mankind, they have, at least, more compassion for its weakness. I remember with what a deep-drawn sigh my grandmother used to say: "This is a desp'ut' wicked world!" and I am more than half inclined to believe her. The particular abhorrence of my grandmother was the sin of lying, and she commonly ended her laments on the world's wickedness with the pointed declaration: "All men are liars." Her truthful grandson was then a small boy.

Though I must confess that my grandmother's assertion requires

qualification, yet I shall always trust that she meant well, and that her faultiness of statement was due, wholly, to her ignorance of the rules of logic. If she had been asked to state her argument in the form of a syllogism, I doubt if she would have made any reply other than an echo of the last word, with a slight change of pronunciation and tone. For the honor of her memory, let me indicate the process of reasoning by which she arrived at her conclusion.

Suppose you are staying over night at the "Dewdrop Inn," in a town where a classmate is teaching school. It will not do to make inquiries concerning him of your host; for, besides the fact that inn-keepers are notorious scandal-mongers, it is ten to one that the

inn-keeper's boy got a sound thrashing at school yesterday. Inn-keepers' boys are always doing such things. Still, it would be equally unsafe to consult the honored deacon across the way; for it may be asserted with even greater certainty, that the deacon's daughter has received flattering attentions from the school-master. In either case the chances for an unprejudiced judgment are exceedingly slight.

What my grandmother meant to say, then, was:

Prejudice unfits a man for speaking the truth.

All men are subject to prejudice.

Ergo, no man invariably speaks the truth.

If any other excuse for my grandmother is needed, it lies in the fact that she resided in Mooseville.

The Father of Lies himself seems to have made the locality a place of frequent, if not constant, abode. The Devil's Paradise and the Devil's Pass have been mentioned already. Besides these, there were the Devil's Cove and the Devil's Head; the Devil's Pool and the Devil's Cave; Devil Inlet and Devil Island. The Devil's Cave had been hollowed out by the waves under a wild, beetling cliff beyond the northern extremity of the village. Near the entrance to the cave was a little hollow in the rock, known in

all the country around as the Devil's Footprint. The shape of the impression proves, either that the Arch-enemy was disguised in the form of a man, when he laid his foot there, or that the old story of his being cloven-footed is a myth. Strange sounds were often heard issuing from this cave, and the superstitious declared that Satan himself sometimes came forth from the entrance and hovered over the village in the form of a dense fog. This declaration, proved true, would account for the wide spread, in the village, of that Satanic quality which has been already hinted.

In one sense, Mooseville was not an exceptionally wicked place. Considered with respect to crime, it was exceptionally pure. With respect to those petty (?) sins that cause much of the worry and fret and real trouble of life, it was lamentably wicked. That is to say, the people of Mooseville, having nothing in particular to do, spent their time in a lively kind of gossip which was peculiarly their own. Its spirit seemed to form a part of the atmosphere itself. It was mingled with the breeze from the wharves, where a crowd of loafers was always collected. It might be felt anywhere except in the old school-house, which was the only busy place in the whole village.

A few days after the opening of our story, it was whispered at the sewing-circle,—in perfect confi-

dence, you know, — that Humphrey Barstock was a brute.

"Yes," said a fidgety little woman with a remarkably large and industrious mouth, "I wouldn't a' believed it, if I hadn't heard it with my own ears. But you mustn't mention it, for the world. I wouldn't have the story start from me for anything, Mrs. Pillkins."

"Hem! I rather guess I know how to keep a still tongue in my head," said Mrs. Pillkins, indignantly.

"And they do say," broke in the fidgety little woman, "they do say that he drinks like fury. But I shouldn't want to say that on my authority; for I've lived right opposite to their house goin' on six year', and I never see nothin' o' that kind, though, if this is true that I've told you of, it looks like it. Now don't it, Mrs. Pillkins?"

Mrs. Pillkins averred that, to her mind, it *did* look *decidedly* like it. And what was more, she believed every word of it.

"I shouldn't wonder," she continued, "if he had been drinking the other day. Susanna Shubob told me that, do all they could, they couldn't get that man to take them to Arnold's Cove. At last, he said he wouldn't go anyway. Now when a man will do that, he is either drunk, or he is a brute." *Quod erat demonstrandum*, she might have added.

"Oh, by the way," she continued in a mysterious tone, as the number of her hearers grew larger, "do you know how it happened that that Farjeon feller come down here with that what's-his-name?"

"Harl Linscott," suggested a modest-looking lady.

"I didn't ask for no interruptions, if you please!" said Mrs. Pillkins, with a killing look. She gazed at the offender for a few moments in silent scorn, and then went on. Not, however, till she had indicated, by turning her back on the modest-looking lady, that she had no more to say to *her*.

"Wall, my sister Jerushy's husband, he's got a cousin that lives in Boston; and he knows these Farjeons very intimate. He goes there, regular. He's rich, you know, Jerushy's husband's cousin is. Now this cousin writes to Jerushy's husband, and Jerushy tells me, direct, that old man Farjeon wanted George to go to college, but, get that boy to study there at home, he couldn't. He was always up to some deviltry or other, and you couldn't keep him out of it. So the old man, he advertised in all the papers for a private tutor to travel with his boy. It hadn't been more'n an hour, Jerushy says, before this,—this,—Linscott come along, and old Farjeon engaged him in two minutes."

"For my part, I think he might

ha' found better company for his boy than that old hateful!" exclaimed the fidgety little woman, who could hold in no longer.

"I think so, too," said Mrs. Pillkins, with a knowing smile. "I'll tell you a thing or two about that, in a minute."

The circle of listeners drew closer around Mrs. Pillkins, as she continued in a hushed voice.

"Yes," she repeated, "I'll tell you a thing or two. And the first is, that Harl Linscott is jest as bad's a murderer."

"A murderer!" exclaimed a chorus of horrified voices.

"Yes, a murderer. It was on-ly yisterday that Sarah Lovejoy, —she's my niece that's be'n visitin' me from New Hampshire,—was gittin' ready to go back home, when she happened to remember that she must git sunthin' down to the store. So we started out, and the first person we see, walkin' on the other side o' the street, was Harl Linscott. 'Giles Maycook, as I live!' said my niece. Them was her very words, ladies: 'Giles Maycook, as I live!' and she turned as pale as a sheet. I led her right back into the house and made her tell me what in the world she meant. At first, I couldn't git a word out of her. She was wrought up to that pitch that she could not speak; and it's the honest truth, too, if you do laugh, Miss Pettigree."

These last words were aimed

at the previous offender, whose face now wore an incredulous smile,—whether because the wearer of the face suspected that Mrs. Pillkins was getting into one of her fits of exaggeration, or because she had serious doubts if a woman could ever arrive at that state of speechlessness which Mrs. Pillkins described, has not transpired. Mrs. Pillkins, after another prolonged look of silent scorn, deigned to proceed.

"At last, she give me the whole story, and it just amounts to this: Giles Maycook (Sarah declares it's him; she's jest certain of it,) used to live in the same town that Sarah does, and she knows all about him. She says that people tell her that he was kind of a queer boy always. When she first saw him, at any rate, he was a kind of a misnomer,—kinder hated everybody, you know. But somehow or other, Sarah says, he got acquainted with a girl the' was there, and fell in love with her. Wall, if you'll believe it, after that he wa'n't the same feller. He turned right 'round and behaved himself like anybody, only he was mighty jealous. Lord! he wouldn't let that poor girl speak to no man but him.

"Wall, one day," here Mrs. Pillkins dropped her voice to a tone half way between moderate loudness and a whisper. The faces of her listeners grew, correspondingly, more eager. "One

day," she repeated, "he found out that she'd be'n kinder flirtin' with a feller named Jones. That, you know, was jest like settin' a match to the tinder. People don't know anything for certain about who did it, but they do know this: That same evenin', somebody fired a gun through the Jones's winder, and the bullet jest grazed this Jones feller's head and stuck in the wall on the other side o' the room. And that very night, this same person set fire to the buildin's, and they was every one burnt down."

"Did they arrest him?" asked the fidgety little woman, in a great flutter.

"The next day," said Mrs. Pillkins in reply, "Giles Maycook was missin'; and he hasn't be'n heard of from that day to this

till Sarah saw him, no longer ago than yisterday."

How much longer Mrs. Pillkins entertained her hearers on the same subject, need not be told. It is certain that whatever she said, served only to confirm the other ladies in the opinion they had formed of Linscott at first sight. They all 'knew there was something wrong about that man, the minute they set eyes on him.' Their conversation was interrupted for about five minutes at tea time, while Deacon Lufkin was asking a blessing; but it received its final check much later in the evening, when a furious ringing of the bells filled the town with clamor, and the sound of a prolonged and indistinguishable cry came up from the streets below.

SUCCESSES AND FAILURES.

IN this world of joy and sadness,
In this life of love and hate,
Many a great man lives unnoticed,
Fettered by the bonds of fate.

On the bloody field of battle,
Mid the carnage, din, and strife,
Many a noble, unknown hero
For his country gives his life.

Successes and Failures.

In the lonely, quiet church-yard,
Moss-bound head-stones guard the sod
Neath which many a pilgrim sleepeth,
Known to few except his God.

In the world's broad field of action,
Many a man mistakes his place,
Makes of life a mournful failure,
Fails to benefit his race.

In the dark, primeval forest,
Many a woodman fells the pine,
Whom God fitted for the pulpit,
To expound his truth divine.

In our rich and costly churches,
Many a parson talks of sin,
Who has talents for a woodman,
And a woodman should have been.

In the fields and on the hill-sides,
Many a peasant tills the ground,
Who, in halls of legislation,
First and foremost would be found.

From the depths of pain and sorrow,
Many a soul sends up a prayer
To the God who gave it being,
And bestows his watchful care.

God has given man the power
Over evil to prevail,
Some, in poverty will triumph,
Some, in highest stations fail.

At the golden gate of heaven,
When the final trump shall sound,
Many a proud heart will be stricken,
Many a lowly head be crowned.

PUBLIC SPIRIT.

ITS INFLUENCE ON INDIVIDUAL CHARACTER.

HUMAN experience has clearly demonstrated this fact, that we are the helpless subjects of influence. We may discipline our minds to a rigid individuality, or even isolate our hearts from human sympathy, yet our characters are largely molded by external influences. To our own zeal we add the stimulating impulses of kindred spirits, or are restrained from the pursuit of their natural bent by the counter spirit of inaction. Our characters are built upon the moral or immoral principles which we adopt in life.

These physical natures are formed out of the material substances that surround us. So the inherent principle of physical and moral action is developed under the stimulating or restraining influence of social life. Like the mighty ocean streams, the current of public thought and action carries to every household its energizing power.

In our own country there has never been a time since the establishment of our government, when young men were actuated by a more elevating spirit of public morals and industrial energy than at the present. Every throb of patriotism, every moral emotion, every spirit of industry, that inspires the public heart, must

awaken some kindred feelings in these breasts of ours.

Hence, we owe a twofold indebtedness to our country; first, for the higher love and respect for labor which she infuses into our minds; and, second, for the moral influences with which she actuates our higher natures. The industrial energy of our people has rendered honorable and accessible every sphere of labor.

Genius can boast no superiority over the humblest laborer. There are no exclusive privileges growing out of the possession of wealth or knowledge; these are prizes which the throng may hope to win. It is America's glory that she recognizes no social distinctions except those that spring from refinement and intelligence; for the brave defender of liberty or the rescuer of a few shipwrecked sailors can call forth as hearty an approval for heroism and devotion to duty as the most honored statesman.

In whatever direction we turn our energy, our industry finds a recompense and our zeal an approval. The young men of to-day are mainly what our country makes them. Just entering the arena of the world's great battlefield, they catch its inspiring theme and, were military life the aspiration of the hour, they would

all be soldiers; but were cock-fights and bull-fights the popular amusement, they would grow up slaves to cruel passion.

The present is our country's happiest mood; industry, education and religion are the necessary prerogatives of American citizenship. Our genius is fostered and developed under the quickening influences of radical ideas. Were we as spiritless by nature as the stones beneath our feet, we might hope to resist the strong currents of public thought as they pass.

Scattered all over our country are institutions of learning which are constantly sending forth men of strong minds and warm sympathies; we can not escape their influence; we have caught their spirit, and are following in their footsteps. Humbling as may be the thought, we are only reproducing,—can we hope in nobler forms?—the lives and characters of others. In the hour of our greatest peril, the throbbings of national patriotism found a response in every childish heart.

The germs of liberty, the spirit of industry and all our aspirations after knowledge are cherished from our earliest day; we grow up into the spirit of the times.

I repeat it, we are greatly indebted to our country for the spirit of industrial energy which she awakens within us; but even more than this for the moral training which she gives us. We are all

ready to admit that life, without an underlying moral principle, is a curse to society and the world. We first learn to respect, then to love, and lastly to idealize whatever is popular;—hence our ideals.

But it may be safely stated that the character of our life is determined by the nature of our ideals. It is not necessary to search men's hearts to determine their character; we discover it by their conduct; but our conduct is only a reproduction of our motives in material form, and they exhibit to the world the sum and substance of this inner life of thought and purpose materialized. The source from whence our thoughts and purposes acquire their character is the ideal treasure in the heart. We constantly associate our thoughts with our conceptions of what is most honorable, which gives completion and character to our resolves. We have deified certain attributes of human conduct and are translating them into a real picture of life. In observing the conditions of barbarism, we find a strange harmony existing between public chastity and deified heroes. The same relation exists in every state of society. The stream rises no higher than the fountain; nor does our conduct exhibit a higher degree of morals than our preconceived notions of morality itself. From the ideal, enthroned in our moral natures, flow down, through the

portals of our being, ennobling influences to lift us into angelic freedom, as debasing influences to render us more grossly material. It is not impossible for us to rise into a purer moral atmosphere than that which envelops the mass of men; but the tendency is to a general assimilation of character which can be counteracted only by the exercise of will.

The labyrinth of fortune stands with open gates to allure us into its intricate mazes by a thousand fleeting phantoms. But the ascending paths of true progress, which lead us up into the pure realms of thought and reason, are

lined with far more worthy objects. Why is there so narrow a conception of the soul's mission on earth?

The mind, with its limitless capacity for improvement, was designed to be actuated by nobler impulses than those that spring from sensual indulgences.

The world has its claims upon us, which ought to be faithfully met; but truth is the only acquisition which we can carry with us across the boundaries of time. If truth is our aim, life will be full of the sweetest joy, and in heaven a coronet woven by angel hands will await our coming.

GRUMBLERS.

IN one ward of the huge "Hospital of Incurables," as society has been sneeringly denominated, are to be found victims of bilious affections. They mistake the torpid state of their livers for the disorders of society, and settle into a state of imbecility and grumbling. Such persons are most afraid of innovation, and are full of fearful forebodings for the future. They are ever regaling

you with homilies upon the corruption of the age and the impossibility of checking it. With them this world is a "vale of tears," and few, very few, will escape the fire that is unquenched, unless, perchance, they elongate their faces and join in an everlasting whine. Diogenes, is their type of manhood, and our wonder is that they don't shave their heads and live in tubs.

As "Each substance of grief hath twenty shadows, which show like grief, yet are not so," so each appearance of evil is distorted into many shapes by these inert grumblers. Let one rogue be elected to office, and instead of trying to prevent the recurrence of the like, these prophetic souls whine out predictions of the overthrow of the Republic. Let them hear a sermon not in accordance with their gloomy views, their disordered fancies see floods of atheism and pantheism rolling in to overwhelm us. Tortoise-like, they view everything good or bad with a lazy, suspicious glance, and at the approach of danger draw themselves into the shell of indifference or silly despair. To them correctness of practice and completeness of opinion are ever receding. As though merely criticizing and rejecting supposed wrong, would ever attain the right. Such persons are neither independent thinkers nor actors, although they usually claim that merit. For it is a universal law that the diseased weak become the dupes of the diseased strong. If their favorite author ignores politics, they ignore them also. They read of the Puritans, and straightway assume a meek demeanor and utter their words with a nasal twang. Meet them at a place of mourning, they button-hole you, and simperingly make the astounding revelation that life is short and

uncertain, as though, by virtue of that revelation, they were bound to make it dubious as well. Very much of this cant and whining hypocrisy comes from the habit of taking on trust the ideas and habits of others, and trying to apply them in the most out-of-the-way places. It is that sort of intellectual conservatism which, in its adoration for one author or one age, falls into vassalage and loses its own being in that of another. Its type is to be found in him who, when reproved for beating his father, answered, "It has been the custom in our family for several generations." Instead of drawing from all sources, assimilating the good and rejecting the bad, the thoughts and actions of some one else are adopted. As a result comes that intellectual state which sees nothing but corruption and ruin before it. Considering the importance of hope, energy, and independent thought, especially in a country governed like ours, how deplorable seems the habit of fault-finding and despair. Well has it been said: "Recklessness is a bad quality, but so is wild and extravagant hope, while neither is so inglorious as inactive despair." We ought to remember that God, not the devil, made this world. Can we, then, think that evil shall always prosper? We might also remember that out of all evil comes good, and there is no true good that shall not one

day be realized. Yesterday can not be to-day, neither can the thoughts and acts of to-day, if fittest, exactly correspond to those of yesterday. Therefore, as Carlyle says, "seeing well what is to be done at our hands, let it be done with submission, courage, and heroic joy." "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." As a source of inspiration "there are behind us,

behind each one of us, one thousand years of human effort, of human conquest; and before us boundless time with its as yet uncreated continents and El Dorados, which we, even we, have to conquer, to create; and from the bosom of eternity shine for us celestial guiding stars."

"My inheritance how wide and fair,
Time is my fair seed field, of time I'm heir."

HIS SATANIC MAJESTY.

BEWARE of the Devil, his imps, and his heirs,
His treacherous traps, and spider-like snares,—
So slyly and artfully laid,—
That have flooded the earth with its follies and fears,
The cause of all sorrow, the source of all tears,
Since Adam from paradise strayed.

I imagined when young, that the frightful "*Old Clout*,"
Had a panther-like claw, and a huge cloven foot,
And horns that were branching and tall,
A visage begrimed as if covered with soot,
A long forked tongue that would from his mouth shoot,
And an eye with a fiery ball,—

That he dwelt in a pit, where a wonderful hoard
Of blue-burning brimstone and charcoal was stored,
Where the red liquid yawned like the sea;
And loud like the thunders, the hissing flame roared,
And forth from his nostrils the lava stream poured,
Like the belchings of Mount Mouna Kea.

But experience teaches such notions were wrong,
 For we meet him, quite oft, in the erudite throng,
 With a smile most bewitchingly fair ;
 While rhetoric flows from the tip of his tongue,
 Deceiving the aged, alluring the young,
 Till many are caught in his snare.

We see that our Statesmen are oft led away,
 Are led in the path-way of error astray
 By some of his imps or his tools ;
 But they learn that though they, at deception can play,
 Often times, in the chase, by the creature at bay,
 The huntsman, himself, may be fooled.

Some are led on by Afrit, half frolic, half frantic,
 Like a rudderless ship, on the ocean Atlantic,
 Where the tempests rush hoarse and sonorous,
 In chase of lewd pleasures and passions so antic,
 Ever singing their solo, so rude and romantic,
 With a tra, la la la, for a chorus.

THE POWER OF OBTRUSION.

LET us have a little worldly wisdom. "To push on in the crowd," says Thackery, "every male or female struggler must use his shoulders. If a better place than yours presents itself just beyond your neighbor, elbow him and take it." Let one watch the passing to and fro in a crowded thoroughfare, and see at what advantage the obtrusive man makes his way along. He reaches his destination in season, has his business done and is ready for the calls of the next hour. While the unobtrusive individual partakes certainly of the angelic nature if the serenity of his spirit be not perturbed by the elbows he feels and the staggering march he

makes. Did you ever try to pass people in the street and have another step in before you?

Bacon, in his essay on boldness, speaking of the reply made by Demosthenes to him who inquired what should be the chief quality of an orator, says: "Wonderful like is the case of boldness in civil business. What first? boldness; what second and third? boldness. And yet boldness is a child of ignorance and baseness far inferior to other parts; but nevertheless, it doth fascinate and bind hand and foot those that are either shallow in judgment or weak in courage, which are the greatest part, yea, and prevaieth with wise men at weak times. . . . There is in human nature more of the fool than of the wise; and therefore those faculties by which the foolish part of men's minds is taken, are most potent." We quote these passages to show the need of obtrusion in our efforts for worldly success; and, secondly, to contradict those who claim that obtrusion belongs to the foolish but has little weight with the wise.

These sentiments are not congenial to human pride; yet, are they not true? Call it not the bosh of a misanthrope; for will any sane man disagree with Bacon and say that it is not in human nature, as manifested in the acts of every-day life, to give more weight to the foolish than to the wise? We may be heroes in

thought, yet are we not cowards in action?

Obtrusion may be defined as putting one's self forward beyond what polite usage recognizes as the limits of decorum. Could we read the biography of the successful men in our country, read it as it is written in their characters, how many would reveal the fact that obtrusion played no part in gaining that success which the world has bestowed upon them? Look into the high places, and, even if you are not a "sore-head," I think you will admit that, as a rule, the most worthy are not there found. It is mediocrity and obtrusion that make a man. When obtrusion rests upon genius or high talent, the record of its deeds is marvelous.

Watch the scholars of a primary school at recess. You will find certain ones who lead in their sports, who with success obtrude their method of playing upon their schoolmates. They may not evince those promises of talent bestowed upon some of their playfellows. They may not possess superior qualities for leadership. Yet they are leaders,—leaders by the very virtue of forcing themselves into leadership. If we follow the lives of the scholars, we shall find the same qualities giving the same rank. Jump the little fellows into college. Has obtrusion lost its powers as the years increase? Take a thoughtful glance

over college life. Note him with care who asserts himself, forces himself into the coveted honors, who obtrudes. Mark with attention the meetings of the literary societies. Look into the manner they are conducted. According to whose plan is it done? Who is it that has his way? We make full allowance for the numerous and sometimes rather sudden declensions of the froward. It seems to us that the students in college are influenced less by the aggressions of the would-be dictators than people in the world. Yet even here, who is it that accomplishes the most in managing? Take any chance scheme that may be carried out in college life; who has the controlling influence in its execution? It seems to us, that the impartial observer would at once see the pervading power of a shrewd and well-played obtrusion.

After graduation it is the same obtrusion that plays so important a part in attaining worldly success. It is the ruling doctrine, to state the naked truth, to push yourself in if you can do so by ousting another. This is not idealistic, we confess, but is it not realistic? We are all more or less desirous of living after this principle. We may pray with our lips for a higher life, but our works are ever tending to the realization of a lower life. We are willing to agree with the essayist in the last number of the *STUDENT* in calling

politics a profession. But what a profession! We may point with pride to a Sumner, but we can point with shame to a thousand followers of Butler.

Make a catalogue of all the phases of society you can bring to mind, and among the actors in each you will certainly find the obtruder. The obtruder is found alive in the country and the city. In the meetings of the sewing circle and the farmers' club, and among the coteries of the nabobs in the metropolis.

It is the curse of politics that the obtruders can not be expelled. In spite of fate, they manage the caucuses and control more rather than less in legislatures. They inevitably obtrude an opinion or a dollar where it will do the most good.

Democratic institutions are especially favorable to obtrusion. Society is constantly undergoing a change. The low assume high positions, and the rich and powerful are reduced to want and weakness. No caste to hold a man up when he is personally down, nor to bridge over a weak scion of a family, reserving the place for the next in succession. This leads to an abandonment of supreme faith in man's surroundings and the growth of a firmer faith in his unknown possibilities. So every obtruder, at the start, has more or less of this uncertainty among the people to aid him. In this

country, a doctor going into a strange place will get a larger practice, without letting the inhabitants know much about his antecedents, than in the countries of Europe. There he is questioned more thoroughly, both by the government and the people. Thus an obtruder has a better opportunity to force himself upon a community under democratic rule.

In looking upon this subject, we must lay aside our likes or dislikes. The question is whether or not the obtruder gains his end, not whether he has risen or fallen in our estimation.

Obtrusion arises from an excessive self-esteem, and a corresponding disbelief in the power of others. It is the positive of pretension. It acts while pretension

struts. It is always a means for gaining some end. Neither reasoning nor entreaty will check a resolute obtruder. Obtrusion itself is required to check obtrusion. Hence, its power is evinced in two ways. First, as obtrusion is decidedly unpopular, one would rather bear with it, than to appear obtrusive one's self; and, second, it is the power of obtrusion that checks obtrusion.

The blind obtruders are those who are held up for derision more especially; while the more cunning in the art, by means of hypocrisy, conceal in a great measure, the real nature of their works.

The power of obtrusion is great and its rewards are alluring, but whowould not rather say with Emerson: "Be and not seem."

A FRAGMENT.

As oft the sunset's russet gold I view
 O'er distant hills in glory fade away,
 Or, through the broad expanse of ether blue,
 Watch the fair beams of slow-departing day,
 I wonder if the coming of the night
 Mirrors the eve that creeps on earthly things,
 And hides beneath its shade, from mortal sight,
 The brightness which eternal morning brings.
 While yet I think, a whisper comes to me,—
 "Fill well life's measure; then that brightness see."

MISREPRESENTATION.

ONE direct method of falsehood, generally considered, is misrepresentation. It is a "flag of truce" between a truth and a lie. I can misrepresent a fact and not lie. This, however, does not atone for the injustice connected with misrepresentation. Men, failing to make a proper distinction between falsehood and misrepresentation, run into gross blunders and egregious sins. Every existing class of men misrepresents. The merchant becomes quite proficient in the art. The contractor may be a little exorbitant. The lawyer will construct a scientific misrepresentation; the clergyman a sanctimonious one. All unite in this magnificent enterprise of misrepresentation.

Among the leading results engendered by it, we mention selfishness, a tendency to weaken faith in humanity and a liability to confuse the notions of right and wrong. Through misrepresentation the moral law is transgressed.

Selfishness is in utter contradiction to goodness. Experience evinces that misrepresentation is in most cases a scheme concocted for personal aggrandizement. When one intentionally and nefariously simulates his own or another's virtue for attaining his end, that person gives loose rein to selfishness. No man can perform a

rash act without influencing some faculty of the mind. Thus the statesman, through political excitement, zeal for party, a desire for office with the view to fame, often misrepresents in behalf of self.

Misrepresentation is a powerful auxiliary in shaking one's confidence in all mankind. A single illustration, from *actual experience*, will suffice.

The person who has canvassed extensively for books, or other merchandise, knows full well the alluring besetments of misrepresentation. The same individual desires to purchase an article of clothing. A clerk shows the goods, making some general, well-polished statements as to quality and price. The purchaser listens with the utmost disgust and is opinionated that the sleek-looking clerk strongly misrepresents, though in point of fact he may be sincere and honest.

The novel writer misrepresents. He purposely exaggerates, connecting circumstances and statements in a manner best suited to serve his object. True, novel reading is not to be discarded, for, through it, the imagination receives an impetus and sublime notions are conceived. The bad influence, however, preponderates; for extensive reading of fiction

leads to instability, and manacles profundity of thought.

The press is an advocate of misrepresentation. Quibbling, making much out of little, for the sake of gaining public opinion and the public dollar, are synonymous with misrepresentation.

Alexander Hamilton, during the trial of Henry Cuswell, uttered these words: "The liberty of the press consists in the right to publish the *truth*, with good motives and for justifiable ends, whether in respect to governments, magistrates or individuals." What percent. of the emanations from the press reach this standard? The study of moral philosophy demonstrates what is embodied and implied in right and wrong. The mass of mankind are limited in

knowledge as to theoretical and practical moral science, hence they are somewhat in the dark as to what is right and what is wrong, whether the notion of moral law is original or derivative. Anything which serves to misdirect the conscience as a moral guide, must have a corresponding deteriorating result upon character. The individual, through mistake, malice or negligence, misrepresents, and the conscience, the regulator of all ethics, becomes diseased, refuses to perform its functions; the character is at once ugly in appearance and nature. The remedy is simple: "Do to others, as you would that they should do to you." Life will be subject to higher powers. Great will be the reward.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

LIBRARY BOOKS DURING VACATION.

IF there is one rule of the college which the students would gladly see changed, we believe it to be that which denies to them the use of library books during vacation. This is no exceptional feeling, but, as far as our observation extends, is shared by every one connected with the institution. Knowing as they do that, in some at least, if not most other colleges, this privilege is freely accorded, it is not at all surprising that they fail to see the necessity of the course pursued at Bates. That a change would be most advantageous to the students, no one, we think, will deny. All have more or less leisure time during vacation which might be both pleasantly and profitably employed, if the proper kind of reading matter was procurable. To many this is impossible. Passing vacation at a distance from any public library, and being shut out from that of the college, their only recourse is in the society libraries. Every one knows what this amounts to. Limited as these libraries are, even when we take into consideration the Congressional Documents and Patent Office Reports, the number of *readable* volumes

is very small, so much so that only three volumes can be allowed to each member. Judging from our own experience, these do not furnish a third of the reading possible during vacation.

If, then, this privilege is so desirable to the students, why should it not be granted them? Common sense forbids the idea that any advantage to the college results from this locking up of books, and the only plausible reason we can conceive of is, that their loss is feared. Certainly, we should be sorry to believe that any one would willfully retain a book belonging to the College, even if it were possible for him to do so without detection, but admitting this to be the case, does it furnish a valid reason? Even if it were deemed advisable to guard against the possible loss of one or two books each year, it certainly seems possible to accomplish this in a different manner. Students taking out books to retain during vacation, might be required to make a deposit with the librarian, either of money or property in some form, and thus the students would obtain the desired privilege, and at the same time the college would be guarded against loss. We

sincerely hope that some action will be taken in this matter, and that we may be allowed, either upon these or some other terms, to retain books during the coming vacation.

LECTURES OF DR. MALCOM.

The lectures of Dr. Malcom having now closed, and sufficient time having elapsed to admit of calm consideration of and dispassionate judgment upon them, a brief review of the course may not be inopportune or unprofitable. Commencing with the Saxon Period, the lecturer gave us a vivid picture of the manners, characters, and times of our Teutonic forefathers, before, during, and after the introduction of Christianity. Their influence upon the present age was outlined, and to them were attributed the foundations upon which the political, social, and individual characters of the English speaking peoples are built. Then followed an account of the Norman Conquest, with its romantic incidents and semi-religious character. Thence we were carried, by a rapid succession of shifting scenes, through the crusade of Richard the Lion-hearted, half king half knight-errant; through the reign of King John, pregnant with the greatest event of English history,—the execution of the Magna Charta,—and amidst the Wars of the Roses, until we were called upon to follow the rise and

growth of the English Constitution. From the first, a plan was evident, the aim being, as was explained by the lecturer, not only to make each lecture complete in itself, briefly summarizing at the close the effect of the period considered, upon the political, religious, and social condition of the country, but also to make each lecture supplementary to the preceding. Here, however, we think that one more lecture was needed to enable us to fully understand the origin and growth of the English Constitution, namely: upon the life of Simon Mountfort and the reign of Edward the First. Embracing, as they do, one of the most important eras of English history,—the time when Saxons and Normans became merged into Englishmen,—the absence of a lecture upon these periods was very noticeable, and on account of it we did not understand as fully as was desirable the rise and growth of the English Constitution.

In the seventh lecture,—upon the founders of Rhode Island,—the spirit of English liberty was traced to its logical conclusion, in the establishment of the first commonwealth founded upon the broad principles of complete civil and religious liberty. The lecture upon the Rise of the English Universities, was of course especially interesting to students.

The abilities of Dr. Malcom as

a lecturer are indisputable. Forcible in his expressions, and happy in his illustrations, he holds the attention of his audience throughout. His powers of description are of the highest order, and were most happily displayed in the account of the Norman Conquest and the Crusade of Richard. These romantic scenes were portrayed by the most vivid of pen-pictures; yet, highly as we appreciated them, we confess to the wish that less space had been allotted to them. In our opinion, the lectures would have been more profitable if much of this space had been occupied in treating at more length of the cause and effects of the events considered, and in a fuller account of the manners, customs and political history of the period. It is not the romantic portions of history which need to be explained and illustrated, so much as those portions which, while they are really the most important, are usually the most dry and uninteresting to the average student. We rejoice to learn that Dr. Malcom is to mark out a course of historical reading for the Seniors next year, and we hope that, when he next visits us, he will not only extend his course in English, but will also deliver a course in American history.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchanges for this month are, with a few exceptions, rather

dull. As vacation approaches, there is always a tendency to get along with as little work as possible, and editors form no exception to this rule. However, as all are similarly affected, it is well to exercise forbearance.

The Cornell Review claims our attention first, since it reached us just as our last number went to press, and too late for notice. We have to thank the *Review* for its kindly expression of sympathy, and we assure it of our appreciation. This is the largest, and, despite the jealousy towards Cornell existing in various quarters, is one of the ablest of our exchanges. The Faculty have done much to prevent cramming by empowering the dean of each college to order an examination in his department whenever he sees fit. — *The Yale Lit.* is again before us. It contains an excellent article on "Literature among Studies," which offers some thoughtful, and, as far as we can see, practicable, suggestions on the formation of clubs for the purpose of reading and discussing the various authors. We should be glad to see some such plan carried out here. — *The Dartmouth* still continues its articles on Webster. They form interesting and instructive reading. The appointments for Commencement this year are made with reference to writing and speaking qualifications. We clip the following from

the Editorial Department, for the benefit of some students at Bates: "Don't feel troubled if it sometimes appears that you are deriving no improvement from college life. The main thing is to keep up your connection with your class four years and get a diploma. If you do this, your success in life will be assured. The world is much given to asking whether a man has a diploma or not, very little to inquiring what work he has fitted himself for." — The *Crescent* for May disappoints us. We expected an improvement, but it falls much below the April number. Among the interesting subjects treated are the following: "She Wants a Pair of Shoes," and, "That Chicken." The following is one of the most profound sentences: "Why, you may select a young chicken and run ten miles after it, only to find that you have been running the last five after its grandmother." It is to be hoped, too, that the author of "The Maiden" has written his last poem, and retired to enjoy his laurels, or perhaps we should have said *hers*. — The *Chronicle* devotes most of its space to the discussion of the recent hazing and the consequent suspensions, together with the comments of the press. A card is published by the Senior and Junior classes for the purpose of putting the affair in its true light, and they certainly make out a strong

case. It appears that the only form of hazing practiced is pumping, and that this is engaged in by both classes with the utmost good feeling, only "hazers being hazed." Hazing has been frequently engaged in "under the direct observation of the city officers without remonstrance," and the sympathy of the people of Ann Arbor appears to be with the students. On the whole, there appears to be two sides to the question, and it is not impossible that the Faculty acted hastily. — We have received the *High School*, published by the students of Omaha High School, and noted its contents. It presents to us a good selection of interesting and well written articles, and is evidently under the charge of an able corps of editors. We are glad to welcome it.

—We have received Part 9, Book V., of the *Union Era*, and are much pleased with its literary merit and general appearance.

—According to established custom, the STUDENT will not be issued during the summer vacation, July and August. Mail for the STUDENT should be directed to the college, during vacation, as usual.

NOTE. We would call attention to the advertisement of Rob't J. Mulligan & Co., which is to be seen on another page, and advise all wanting anything in their line to patronize them.

ODDS AND ENDS.

SEEKING in vain.—The Juniors after evidences.

—Shakespeare on the Seniors: “Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.”

—Recitation in Geology. Prof.—“What is the distinction between birds and reptiles?” Student. “Well,——birds have feathers, and reptiles have *heads*.”

—Class in Political Economy. Professor.—Can you give an early instance where men were warned against the evils of paper currency?

Student.—Yes, sir. The disciples were warned to take no *scrip* for their journey.—*Harvard Advocate*.

—“I’m so thirsty!” said a boy at work in a corn-field. “Well, work away,” said his industrious father. “You know the prophet says: ‘Hoe, every one that thirsteth.’” —*Ex*.

—Williams has conferred the degree of G. A. G. B., which, being interpreted, is Great American Gas Bag. It is said that the immortal Daniel actually blushed to receive such honors.—*Ex*.

—Recitation in Chemistry. Prof.—“Mr. R, what can you say of the heat of the blow-pipe?”

Mr. R.—“I’m not certain, but I think—it is hot.”

—Host to Student.—“Won’t you talk a little Latin for us?” Student.—“Da mihi partum tauri, Mr. F.”—*Ex*.

—Student to Professor of Geology.—“To what age do I belong, Prof.?” “Don’t know; have only learned to classify rocks, not bricks.”—*Ex*.

Pedagogue from Bates to desultory pupil.—“You want a little more vim, sir, did you know it?” Pupil.—H’m — dunno what that stuff is.”

—Scene, German recitation room. Actors, energetic Prof. and slumbering Soph. Nervous Prof. calls vociferously on the quiet dreamer for action. (Startled Soph. rises and translates.) “Why do you rouse me from my vision?” —*Amherst Student*.

—One of our boys while holding sway in an antiquated school-house, proposed the following questions to his geography class: “What is a hemisphere?” — “Half a sphere.” “What is the composition of the word?” — “Don’t know.” — Teacher (explaining)—“Hemi, which means half.” Pupil (repeats)—“Hemi,

which means half."—T.—"And sphere, — what is that?"—P.—"Oh! that's rest half I spose."

—Twenty-one Freshmen were recently suspended from an English college because a Professor couldn't find out who put that carpet tack in his chair.—*Courant*.

—The following translation of German is, to say the least, both unique and original. Junior:—"Die Pantoffeln der Grafen. The pants of the Count." Horrified Prof.—"No! no! look at the gender! look at the gender!" Junior.—"Oh, yes, yes, the pants of the Countess." (Class howls).

—Witty Sophomore to a Freshman. — "Say, Freshy, I've got a conundrum for you. What's the difference between a man who robs you on the road, and my coal dealers?" Freshy, (after deep deliberation,) "The former gets something, and the latter gets nothing." Soph., (blushingly) "Oh, -ah! I didn't mean that. One is a high-(weigh)-man, and the other isn't."—*Courant*.

—We imagine those Marietta students, who recently received the very handsome addition to their library from Grand Duke Alexis, will be especially edified by those ten volumes in Russian type, the title of one of them be-

ing as follows: CAO B ANPBYN COHOAAABHA FO YAEHAONAAPE-TAT.—*University Herald*.

Scene in Hertzog Hall.—Several students engaged in scuffling, boxing, etc.; a gentle(?) knock is heard at the door; the noise suddenly ceases, and all is quiet. The door is opened, and the Rector enters and speaks:

"What is the cause of all this disturbance?"

Student.--"Prayer meeting, sir; can't we have one meeting without being molested?" Rector withdraws, meditating upon the various ways of expressing religious sentiments.---*Targum*.

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COLLEGE ITEMS.

THE first nine has just procured some extremely neat uniforms. Evidently our base ball men mean business.

Improvement is the order of the day. The College Campus is being graded, supplied with foot-walks and carriage-ways, and otherwise improved. This is all that is needed to make it one of the finest.

The President is entitled to the heartiest thanks of the Association for the prompt manner in which he has met the request for a base ball ground. Good judges pronounce it one of the best in the state.

The following gentlemen will participate in the Junior Prize Declamations, Commencement week; J. R. Brackett, H. S. Cowell, F. L. Evans, F. B. Fuller, H. F. Giles, F. H. Hall, J. H. Hutchins, Jas. Nash, Geo. Oak, L. M. Palmer, A. T. Salley, A. M. Spear, C. G. Warner, F. L. Washburn, G. W. Wood.

The addresses recently delivered before the Literary Societies, by the retiring Presidents, Robert Given, Jr., of the Polymnian, and F. P. Moulton of the Eurosophian, were regarded as very able productions, and were listened to with

great interest by their respective Societies.

A passage between the two divisions of Parker Hall having been promised the students, it is not surprising that much grumbling is heard, and that frequent inquiries are made after those *iron doors*. When shall we be permitted to rejoice?

It is worthy of note that this year the first colored student will graduate from the Theological School at Yale College, and also from the academical department. —*Ex.*

The colleges of Illinois have formed a state association consisting of Chicago University, Northwestern University, Wesleyan University, Ill., Industrial University, Knox College, Monmouth College, Illinois College and Shurtleff College, for the purpose of holding contests in oratory. The first contest will take place at Wesleyan University, Bloomington, Nov. 20, 1874. A resolution was passed inviting the colleges of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Iowa and Wisconsin, to form similar associations, and calling for an Inter-State Convention to meet at Chicago, June 4th, 1874, to make arrangements for an In-

ter-State Contest. Oberlin has taken the initiative in Ohio, and probably the other states will form similar associations.

We recently saw somewhere the statement that students rarely break down from hard work, but from fretting, worrying and chafing under school duties and responsibilities. We presume that it is true, and have seen many things in school life that give plausibility to the notion. We know that there is very much fretting among students here and elsewhere, and the preparations for the various Commencement exercises make the present term full of such frettings. Fretting is always a sign of weakness, and the student who does not overcome the tendency to it is not making very satisfactory progress in self-discipline and culture, without which education is of little worth. Possess your souls in patience, fellow students, if you would do the most and best work possible, enjoy your school-days to their fullest, and show the best training when you depart from these halls. Remember the advice of Dow,

Jr., in one of his sermons, (?) viz.: "Fret not thy spirit." — *Amherst Student*.

BATES COMMENCEMENT.

EXAMINATIONS.

Juniors, Friday, June 12th, 2, P. M.

Sophomores, Saturday, June 13th, 8, A. M.

Freshmen, Saturday, June 13th, 2, P. M.

REV. CHAS. S. PERKINS, A. M. } Examining
REV. JOHN A. LOWELL, A. M. } Committee.
REV. CHAS. F. PENNEY, A. M. }

BACCALAUREATE EXERCISES.

Sunday, 2 1-2, P. M., June 14th, at Main St. Free Baptist Church.

Sermon before the Theological School, Sunday, June 21st, 7 1-2, P. M., at Main St. Free Baptist Church, by Rev. DeWitt C. Durgin, New Market, New Hampshire.

Original Prize Declamations by Juniors, Monday, June 15th, 7 3-4, P. M., at Main St. Free Baptist Church.

REV. S. B. W. DAVIS, }
REV. J. E. DAME, } Com. of Award.
REV. A. L. HOUGHTON, }

Annual meeting of the President and Trustees, Tuesday, June 16th, 8, A. M.

CONCERT.

By the Germania Band, assisted by Mrs. H. M. Smith, Madame Camilla Urso, and Mons. Sauret, at City Hall, Tuesday evening, June 16th, at 8 o'clock.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

Wednesday, June 17th, at City Hall.

Address before the united Literary Societies Wednesday evening, June 17th, at City Hall.

Orator, Rev. A. P. Peabody, D. D.

ALLUMNI EXERCISES.

Thursday, June 18th, 10, A. M., at Main St. Free Baptist Church.

Orator, Rev. A. L. Houghton.

Poet, G. H. Stockbridge.

CLASS EXERCISES.

Thursday Evening, June 18th, at City Hall.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'67.—Rev. H. F. Wood was installed Pastor of the Pine Street Free Baptist Church, in Manchester, N. H., May 22.

'72.—F. W. Baldwin has resigned his position as Teacher of the Lenox High School, and is now in Portland.

[Space will be given every month to the record of one or more of the alumni in the form of the following. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material.—Ed.]

CLASS OF 1869.

GRAVES, LUCIEN CHASE. — Born at Vienna, Me., Feb. 14, 1849. Son of Jonathan and Lovina Graves.

1870--'72, Employed as a Teacher in the public schools.

1873--'74, Engaged in business in Boston, Mass.

Post Office address, Boston, Mass.

CLASS OF 1870.

CHICK, ALFRED GREENLEAF, — Born, 18—.

1870--'71, Teacher in High School at East Winthrop, Maine.

1872--'74, Preaching at North Hinsdale, Vt.

Married, September 27, 1871, to Miss Helen F. Mitchell, by George C. Lorimer, D. D., at Dover, Me.

Post Office address, Brattleboro', Vt.

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Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.

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

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

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

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

REV. URIAH BALKAM, D.D.,
Professor of Logic and Christian Evidences.

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

CLARENCE A. BICKFORD, A.B.,
Tutor.

FRANK W. COBB, A.B.,
Tutor.

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.

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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.

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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.

—o—

Board of Instruction.

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G. G. Smith, Pittsford, N. Y. Rev. Jos. Beggs, Falls Church,
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The Bates Student.

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