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VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1874.

No. 8.

THE
BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Published by the Class of '75.

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

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PARSON POLYGLOT'S SON.

CHAPTER V.

Grant thou a pardon here, and then the tale
Shall move on soberly, as it is meet.

—*Keats.*

IN the chronic phrase of the story-writers, we must now pass rapidly over the space of four years. Think not from this, gentle reader, that your author has turned astrologer, and proposes to disclose to you the secrets of the future. As has already been intimated, the scenes which have been described are not scenes of yesterday. Perhaps it should have been stated before,—again giving credit to the story-writers,—that the time of our story extends over the short but memorable period of years from 18— to 18—. The reader now understands why it is that, after a short pause for breath, we take the earliest opportunity for saying that Charlie Templeton did not die; and also,

why we pass over altogether, the long, lingering sickness, with which he was afflicted. Dead sorrows do not excite the emotions that animate our interest in living ones. Scrubb is not half so much interested in the dead-and-gone death of Methuselah, as in the prospective death of Grubb, head-clerk in the office in which Scrubb is assistant. And yet, in point of reputation, Methuselah is indisputably ahead of Grubb.

We might have killed poor Charlie Templeton as he lay there helpless on the beach, and nobody would have been the wiser. Our tender-heartedness restrained us. Let a knowledge of this put an eternal end to the dumps of our friend Hard-case, who whines dolefully:—"It

is a sad satire on human nature,—this fact that the fear of detection is the only preventive of universal wrong-doing and crime.”

Yes, Charlie Templeton lived. We feel that it is necessary to say this, in order to explain what follows. It might excite surprise, not to mention distrust, in a practical mind, to find our hero moving naturally in earthly society, before it learned that his truant life had been restored to him there in the gray morning. We, for one,—these authorial pronouns must be mended!—being practical, should think it a very strange affair, to say the least. Now, however, we beg that the reader will not be taken aback, if, on entering Mrs. Percival's parlor, nearly four years after the events of the last chapter, he recognizes in the tall young gentleman sitting there, the really dead Charlie Templeton of other days. He has grown handsome since we saw him last, albeit the paleness of his face is no improvement. His college life of two years has given his face a thoughtful, manly look, that well becomes him. His boyish spirits have not left him, as is evident from the laughing animation of his talk with Winnie. Yet the glee of both is subdued, perhaps more so to-night than usual; for he goes back soon to complete his Sophomore year.

And what has Winnie been doing all these years? As you

look at her now, with her deep, laughing, brown eyes, and her warm, rosy cheeks, you think, no doubt, that she must have spent the most of her time in becoming kind-hearted and frank and generous. But no, she has never been other than all these. She has been attending school, too. She is taking a post-graduate course in the village academy. She doesn't do much at home, only study, and help a little about the house, and sew, and read, and—well, once in a while, she writes to Charlie, when he is away. They both thought it very strange,—this idea that a boy and a girl can not be good friends without being lovers. They didn't know why it was so different from the case of two boys, or two girls. So it was agreed that they would write each other good, friendly letters, and no more.

That was when Charlie first went away. They called themselves boy and girl, then. Charlie is a young gentleman now, and Winnie a young lady. There *is* something in a name, after all. Charlie, at any rate, finds it much harder to be only a friend to Winnie than he did when he was a “boy”; and to-night he means to ask her if he may not bear that other title of lover. And what will her answer be? Has she found the same difficulty? She hardly knows. She doesn't realize that there has been any

change,—it has been so natural and so gradual. Yet the change has come. Possibly she will see it all to-night. Possibly she reads in Charlie's manner a hint of what is passing through his mind. She does, she reads it, and it comes to her with a sudden thrill of terror. She is tempted to run from the room, out into the dark street, anywhere, anywhere, out of the sight of him. Then a sweet feeling of peace and satisfaction falls upon and soothes her, like the sound of low music heard through the shadowy twilight of a vast cathedral.

There, reader, we must withdraw, in very deference to the laws of good breeding. Charlie's words are not spoken in the public ear. It is the old, old story,—old, yet ever new. It is a scene too sacred to be exposed to the supercilious sneers of young men who are not foolish enough to fall in love; or to the incredulous pooh-poohs of old men who have forgotten that they were once young, and lovers.

It is one of the deplorable things of this life that we are not oftener at our best. The daily cares, sicknesses and vexations drag us down. It is only when we rise above our ordinary selves that we see the world as it is. Then only can we really appreciate loftiness of life, feeling, or purpose, in our neighbor. Then, because our own hearts are in sympathy with

all true feeling, we respect the character even of our enemy, find something in the zealot to admire, and do not quite scorn the poet. It is not our higher natures that raise all this outcry against sentimentalism. When care-saving machines shall have been invented for the mind, and dyspepsia been driven from the body, we shall hear that outcry no more.

We return to Frank Dinsmore. That Sabbath, when he conversed with Linscott, was a day full of meaning to him. If he had possessed elastic force enough to rebound from the shock Linscott had given him, all would have been well; but his mind was plastic, yielding, easily molded at the will of the workman. Strong influences toward uprightness and virtue, at this time, would have made him firmer than he had ever been. To persons of his self-distrustful nature, the first conscious lapses from rectitude are hard. Not till one loses his faith in all human virtue, does sin become easy and stingless. The very self-distrust of these persons causes them to cry out, not, "Give me license: the world is all sin"; but, "Why am I made so weak, when all others are so strong?" Thus every transgression lowers their own regard for themselves, without detracting from their estimate of the general integrity. Loss of faith in humanity comes at last, as an alternative to despair and suicide.

Linscott's philosophy, however, overcame all the difficulties that would naturally have stood in the way of Frank's becoming a bad man, by taking away the sinfulness of sin at the very outset.

"Who has a right to tell you that his conscience is better than yours?" said he to Frank, a few days after the Sabbath before alluded to. "I tell you, it is all a matter of education."

This was dangerous philosophy for Frank to handle. It worked slowly but surely, for the undermining of his whole character. We see him first at the card-table, then in the billiard-room, in the society of disreputable young men. He found that, under the influence of his new philosophy, he could wear his new character with an air of nonchalance that was quite as surprising as it was gratifying to the ordinarily bashful young man. He began to think that he was somebody, after all.

The incident to be related in the next chapter, took place nearly four years after this, on a wild, gusty night in March. Of Harl Linscott and George Farjeon we need only say that they never returned to Mooseville after that summer. Mrs. Pillkins averred that she "see in the paper that Giles Maycook, alias Harl Linscott, had been arrested in Boston, for an attempt to murder a feller named Jones, up in New Hampshire." She exhibited the very

paper, but, unfortunately, the item referred to had been torn out.

CHAPTER VI.

There are times
When simplest things put on a somber cast.
—Keats.

IT was a cold, windy, March night. Not so cold, either, if one judged by the sense of feeling alone. If you looked out of the window, there were the pale, cheerless stars shining, cold and unpitying, through a gray atmosphere of drifting snow. Whether you looked out of the window or tried to warm yourself at the fire, there was that sound of hurrying, piercing winds that made you shiver; for the night was windy, beyond a doubt. One of those nights when the wind dies away into a long silence, and then comes creeping, walking, running, hurrying, leaping past the window with a shriek, and then screaming, crying, moaning, whispering, into silence. Ugh! it makes one shiver only to think of it! On such nights, a solitary person hears strange sounds at his ear, or sees ghostly faces before him. The sounds break off in an instant, and the phantoms vanish as quickly as they appear; yet even their momentary presence fills the mind of a timid man with a kind of trembling horror.

Frank Dinsmore was sitting alone in his little room up stairs. He had been standing at the window. The storm, that had, that day, covered the earth with a light, fleecy robe of snow, had ceased; and the north wind, sweeping southward to find a warmer clime, whirled the light flakes into all manner of fantastic cloud-shapes, so that Frank could hardly tell whether the snow-white clouds that overhung the western moon were real or fancied. He had drawn the curtain, however, and now sat in a thoughtful mood before the fire. The fire had burnt low, and whenever, for a moment, it flickered into flame, a look of uneasiness, if not of dread, was visible on Frank's face. His eyes frequently sought the doorway; and often he looked behind him, like one that reads *De Quincey* in the evening. He made a movement as if he would light the candle, and once started to go out; but the thought of the cold night, or, perhaps, of the dark stairway, restrained him. He dared not look at the stiff, staring pictures on the wall. He had drawn the curtain because a tall post on the opposite corner

had persisted in resolving itself into an Indian warrior, armed with an old fusee, and gazing fixedly up toward his window. And now he heard voices in the outer air, upon the roof, everywhere, confused and unintelligible. But, hold! what caused that rush of air through the entry and up the stairs, setting his door ajar? Did the outer door open? If it did, it must have been closed again; for the sudden draft had ceased. Yes, it did open, and some one—who was it?—had come in. Frank could hear him creeping slowly and with cat-like tread up from stair to stair.

Oh, the terror and suspense of those moments! If he would only reveal himself at once!—but no, at every creak of the stairs he paused—it seemed an age. Frank could not stir. The Unknown Being on the stairway moved nearer and nearer. At length he paused upon the landing; and while Frank, almost screaming, and with a face white with terror, stared out into the darkness of the hall, the Being drew stealthily nearer to the room, and a masked face peered in at the doorway.

NONDUM.

HOW oft in meditative mood I've sought
 To burst the chain that limits human flight,
 And strive beyond the realms of finite thought
 To gaze at that which baffles Reason's light.

I love not that which from the hand of God
 Would steal the key to all mysterious things ;
 Nor would I brook a longing for the rod
 That warns me of afflictions which it brings.

Yet is it trespass that we here possess
 A soul that pants eternal truths to learn?
 Or do we honor High Command the less
 Because aspiring to those truths discern?

I cannot fathom Heaven's mysterious things ;
 Nor can I measure God's eternal plan ;
 My reason staggers at the thought it brings,
 When molded and deformed by creeds of Man.

I would t'were mine to hush the clamoring throngs
 Of clashing theories my thoughts devise ;
 And hear the accents of celestial tongues
 Dispel false doctrines from my spirit's skies.

I know the future all things sure reveals ;
 Yet thirst I for that higher knowledge here ;
 So guide me safe where errors truth conceals,
 And lift the unblessed ignorance I bear.

Not yet! But when shall gleam my life's last ray,
 And heaven's vaults for me unbarred shall be,
 Disrobed of earthly creed, in Heaven's clear day,
 The golden truth eternal I shall see.

A FEW WORDS IN REFERENCE TO CALIFORNIA.

THINKING that a few lines in relation to some of the different phases of California life may be in some degree interesting, we take advantage of some of our spare time for this purpose.

We are sorry to say that, as far as our observation and experience go, there is a gross misrepresentation of the West, both on the part of tourists and residents. We do not wish to be understood as saying that those who write about and tell us of the West, intentionally exaggerate their accounts. Their tastes and habits may be different from ours, so that it is to them all they represent it to be. But we will endeavor to give a true statement of California life, as it is there that we have had most of our experience, without prejudice for or against it. The nearest and quickest passage to California from Maine is by rail; so we propose to take that route and hasten along as fast as possible, stopping to notice, however, a few of the most prominent features as we pass.

The journey is a very pleasant one, and full of interest and excitement. After leaving New England and the middle states, everything begins to look new, but the newness soon wears off.

At first the prairies look beautiful and grand, stretching away as far as the eye can extend, a treeless plain apparently as limitless as space itself. But after riding a few hours, the novelty turns into a dreary monotony, which remains unbroken till we cross the Mississippi, and bound away with lightning speed to Council Bluffs, which begin about forty miles this side of the city of the same name on the Missouri.

Council Bluffs take their name from a council held with the Indians by the explorers, Lewis and Clark, in 1804. Their peculiar formation presents one of the most interesting features of the route. They rise, sloping up from the plain, about two or three hundred feet, in cylindrical, pyramidal and conical forms, so perfect that nature seems to have rebuked man for claiming as his own invention those forms which she modeled before his existence.

Leaving Council Bluffs, we cross the Missouri to Omaha, the city of cut-throats and thieves, and thence away through Nebraska, anxious to reach the snow-capped peaks of the Rocky Mountains, and wind through their mighty gorges and along their canyon brinks.

But how disappointed, when we reach Sherman, the highest point of the pass where the railroad crosses, and have found nothing but one ascending plain; yet to the north and south, the peaks raise their snowy crests, which, together with the Black Hills of Wyoming, partially relieve our disappointment.

The Pacific slope presents nearly the same appearance, only we are descending instead of ascending. As we pass along, the next objects of interest which meet our view are the Castle Rocks of Utah.

Huge masses of reddish stone rise up, almost perpendicularly, from one to two thousand feet, upon the tops of which, as upon some lofty height, the Castle Rocks appear, adorned with their towers, and turrets, and battlements. These rocks present such symmetry of parts, and such a miniature of what, at least, a picture of the old feudal castles is, that if Cedric himself had seen them he would have mistaken the delusion for a reality.

Speeding away through Salt Lake Valley and over the fertile plains of the Humbolt, we now arrive at the foot of the Sierras, and our thwarted expectations of the Rockies are here more than realized. We are really among the mountains; sometimes hemmed in on every side by the gray walls of a seemingly impregnable

prison, where the sun never shines except at noon; and then upon the summit of some lofty peak, the view from which is unimpeded except by the summits themselves. From this point, range on range, gorge upon gorge, with their heads of eternal whiteness piercing the very sky, can be seen, which, it seems to us, can not yield in romantic beauty and awful grandeur even to the legendary fame of the storied Alps. Here we leave the last point of expectation, and glide away into the sunny plains of California.

Now that we have arrived at our point of destination, the Sacramento Valley, we will devote the rest of our space to our subject.

THE CLIMATE.

This is healthful, mild and fruitful. There are no sudden changes of weather, and snow is seen as often here in summer as there in winter, except in the foot-hills and mountains. The air is clear and balmy, and so warm that flowers blossom on the plains all winter, and the orange and lemon trees are laden with yellow fruit. The clearness of the atmosphere is wonderful. An object ten miles away can be seen as distinctly there as at a distance of one mile here. In fact, we think that the climate is as fine as any one has ever represented it to be, and all that could be desired.

SOCIETY.

There are just two classes of society, the aristocracy and commonalty. These never mingle in social circles. The first class consists of the wealthy, regardless of their occupation or calling. Many of the most eminent men of the Pacific coast and leaders of society are professional gamblers. Probably you would be surprised to hear that Colonel Baker, the great senator of Oregon, and "Christian hero of Ball's Bluff," was a professional gambler, nevertheless, such is the fact. Sunday is the day set apart by bankers, merchants and clerks, for sporting, and the report of the shot gun and rifle can be heard to a greater extent than on any other day.

With the above example, set by the leading class of people in all pursuits, we can not expect much else than gamblers and knaves of the lower class, which is, to a great degree, the case. This class has increased much during the last decade, on account of the great influx of Chinese, which has brought white labor into disrepute, and thrown thousands of already desperate men into idleness, the hot-bed of vice. These are unpleasant reflections, for we believe that society is identical with morality, and closely connected with the destiny of a state or nation. If this is true, the omens, which presage the future

of California, are very unauspicious; yet New England men and principles are so widely diffused, and are holding the equilibrium of the force which acts upon society at such a poise, that we believe it will finally fall upon the right side.

THE SCHOOLS.

We have heard a great deal about the superiority of the school system of California over ours, and have noticed in some of our papers about the marvelous advantages of the State University; but in these reports there is "great cry and little wool."

We had the opportunity of visiting the public schools of the city of Marysville several times, and of forming the acquaintance of the teachers, one of whom, the principal of the High School, is a graduate of Bowdoin. The word "thorough" seems to have lost a great deal of its force in crossing the plains, for what they call thorough teaching would be a kind of sale work here. We remember that the teacher of the High School told us, "he intended to teach thoroughly, but didn't mind the technicalities much." We visited the school one day, and it happened to be our good luck to hear the Latin and Greek classes. About the first recitation was the inflection of the verb *amo*, the imperfect of which was given *amabam*, *amabas*, *amabat*. I con-

cluded that this was one of the technicalities, and I thought, by the way they pronounced, that pronunciation was classed under this head. They did not scan Virgil at all. This same carelessness was noticeable in every branch of study. You will be satisfied of the merits of the State University, when you learn that the trustees and faculty are undecided whether

to admit the classics as a part of the course. The fact is, as near as we could learn, that a person can get a more desirable education at any of our preparatory schools or seminaries. We intended to have spoken a word in regard to the Chinese, but our space is full, and we are obliged to omit further details.

OUR INDIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

INTEMPERANCE IN INDIA.

BHIMPORE, INDIA, 21 JULY, 1874.

MR. EDITOR,—

THE use of intoxicating drink is strictly prohibited by the Indian *Shasters*, and no orthodox Hindu will indulge in it. This is what we used to hear years ago, and it was one of the good points for which India was lavishly complimented on the platform and in the pulpit. But, alas! the hydra Intemperance has begun its work in this fair land of the sun, and its terrible ravages are seen on every hand. When I came to Midnapore, less than ten years ago, there were a few liquor shops, but now, on well nigh every street and

lane of the town, several may be found. Saddest of all, it is chiefly foreign liquor that is doing the mischief in India. In ordinary country shops you may find brandy, gin, Old Tom, and whiskey from Ireland and Scotland, not to speak of French brandies. Young Bengal believes in stimulating. Caste or no caste, he must have his cups, and those who can not afford the genteel article, must put up with country-made liquor. I believe numberless hogsheads of common country liquor are retailed from bottles wearing foreign labels,

as genuine gin and whiskey. Are the people the worse for this? Hardly, I should say, for India has yet to learn all the fine arts of the foreign distiller, who can manufacture the best and handsomest wines from alcohol and chemicals!

Less than two years ago, an English babu died of *delirium tremens* at Midnapore. He was one of my earliest acquaintances at the station, and his was one of the very first zenanas opened to our missionary ladies. He had been educated at a mission school near Calcutta, and spoke English correctly and with ease. His post was that of an engineer in the public works department, and he was getting on well; was in favor with his employers, and was drawing a salary of about \$1500 per annum. I used to converse with this babu on the claims of the Christian religion, and his frankness pleased me much. He at times seemed to be an earnest inquirer after the truth. But he was transferred to another station, and so we lost sight of him and his family too. In '72 he returned to Midnapore, but how changed! The rum-fiend had fastened on him his cruel clutch, and he was but the wreck of the man I knew. I need say no more, for the sequel of such a history is too familiar to Americans. The babu died, and was buried by sorrowing friends, and his horse and carriage went

to the rumseller, to pay up the back bills!

A sadder case still occurred a few months ago at Midnapore. The cleverest Bengali gentleman at the station, the Government Pleader and District Attorney, a "progressive" Hindu (which means that he could eat beef and drink wine without compunctions of conscience), fell to drinking freely with gay associates on Christmas evening, and that night was thrown from his carriage and instantly killed, while in an intoxicated condition. So you see that the vices of enlightened lands are finding fertile soil over here in pagandom, and bid fair to reach a rank and luxurious growth.

Our native churches are suffering much from the inroads of this foe, intemperance. As among the Karens of Burmah, arrak and opium have divided many families and broken up churches too, and it would seem that in India we must have a hand to hand fight with this demon of strong drink. Would that sound temperance views were held by all foreign Christians here. Too many, alas! are tampering with what Mr. Moody rightly called "the infernal stuff," when addressing a select Scotch audience the other day. Not a few ministers, and some missionaries, too, bow at the shrine of Bacchus, and are the popular apologists for fashionable drinking habits. Rev. Dr. Crosby,

of Gotham, has his *confreres* over here in our colleges and pulpits. At the great Allahabad Conference of Indian missionaries of all sects, an Englishman presented a "Memorial on the Spread of Intemperance," and urged that the missionaries, as a body, sign it, and send it up to Government. This move was opposed by several prominent delegates, so the memorial was signed by only those missionaries "who approved of its contents!" The mover of this temperance memorial said to me months afterwards in Calcutta:—"The Americans stood by me to a man."

Don't fancy, Mr. Editor, that nothing is being done in India to stay the tide of intemperance. Already not a few principal stations have their temperance clubs. At Agra River, Mr. Gregson, a Baptist missionary, edits a periodical, entitled, "On Guard," and is doing a good work among the soldiers. At Darjieling, on the lower Himalayan range, the English chaplain and the Scotch missionary are accomplishing much for the reformation of the poor slaves to strong drink. At each of our mission stations we have a thriving temperance society, and are doing all we can to save the children and youth. Our pledge includes all intoxicating drinks and drugs, and also otherwise hurtful articles, prominent among which is tobacco. Opium is being used more than ever

before by the natives of this country, and I am sorry to see, from recent statistics, that this is the case also in the United States. As in China, so here in India, the English Government derives an immense revenue from the sale of intoxicating drinks and drugs. Persons can not sell without license, but all they like with license. Government manufactures the liquor and raises the opium, and individuals doing either are liable to heavy fine and imprisonment. Such a monopoly is a shame and a stigma on the government, and we hope that Christian influence may ultimately prevail, and this blot be removed from the policy of a Christian government.

Missionaries, as a body, present a standing protest against this heaven-defying wickedness, established and protected by English laws; and for this reason Christian missions are not popular with many Englishmen, though such men as Lord Lawrence, Sir Donald F. McLeod, and others, are a striking exception among the ruling classes. Some of your readers may recollect a recent debate in the British Parliament, in the course of which the Duke of Somerset spoke warmly of missionaries as "enthusiasts" and "the instigators of riots," in countries now open to civilization. This worthy nobleman said that "every missionary almost requires a gunboat." Lord Clarendon thought that mission-

aries "should follow in the wake of trade," and not go out pioneering. It was a capital answer that the Bishop of Hereford gave these troubled lords. He said, "There happened to be trades carried on by British subjects, and protected with a high hand by the Government, which would make a most unhappy preliminary to the preaching of the missionary. Should he wait till the beneficent influence of

fire-water or opium had made the people more amenable to the preaching of the Gospel, and then preach to men whom the trader had demoralized or intoxicated with his liquor and his vices?"

I hope Bates College has her temperance league, and sends out her sons and daughters to battle for truth and soberness against the corruptions of modern society.

J. L. P.

SOCIAL CHARACTERISTICS.

THERE are very many very strange things in philosophy, and some facts that are even paradoxical, perfect paragons of mysteries. But, however far we push our inquiries, into whatever province of physical speculation, the contradictions of nature are nowhere so marked, are nowhere brought out in such bold relief as in the history of social and moral life. Phenomenon after phenomenon has been traced back to the normal working of some immutable though secret law, so repeatedly and so accurately as to occasion a general feeling of security under the universal sovereignty of physical order. And in abandoning the assurances of natural

science for the uncertain generalization of social law, we are like phantom spirits, that hurriedly leave the gray of advancing morning to plunge into the dim shadows of the unilluminated western wilds. No science is free from speculation, yet the truth exists, and may be known, giving character and respectability to the whole superstructure of conjecture. The discovery of a single principle of uniform action in the forces of nature is enough to give to the scientist standing ground, and though a curious mind may weave over him a booth of speculative thought, it does not destroy his ground of certainty. But the social and moral world can hardly

be said to possess a single principle, even if we mention the eternal distinction of right and wrong, which most men think is innate, upon which can be built a philosophical system of any stability. The standard of morals is constantly changing. That which meets the approbation of society to-day, may shock our sense of propriety to-morrow, when no change in the estimate of morals is appreciable. The general character of men does not change as their appreciation of certain virtues or vices varies. The religious criterion is, to appearance, but a cluster of virtues, for any one of which another might be substituted, without materially lessening their joint value. In New England the two leading virtues which call forth the highest admiration are truthfulness and chastity. But in another portion of our land, chivalry overtops them both. The frequency of anomalous cases almost destroys the certainty of generalizations, which are the foundations of all law and order. The reason seems to exercise very little influence in dictating what shall be the end of moral attainments, and the controlling principle in our pursuit after material objects.

So to one man utility may be the ultimate of all thought and purpose and art, while disinterested benevolence may shape the career of another. The leanings of

one's nature are under the influence of circumstances more than in the control of his reason. A praiseworthy religious steadfastness is sometimes strangely blended with an utter disregard of the truth. The Spanish chivalry were a fine illustration of this curious combination of opposite characteristics of action. Each age and each nation is distinguished by lifting to the zenith some new member of our social instincts or moral attributes, to guide the ambitions of men; and not unfrequently is the spectacle rendered anomalous by associating with our ideas of perfection some qualifying vice. So to the moral philosopher is committed the task of explaining these phenomena; yet they are not without interest to us.

Students of history well know that once in our land a respectably active spirit of Christian philanthropy existed in the very midst of the worst form of human oppression. It is strange that men's hearts, God's truest earthly Edens, can produce side by side the rank weeds of discord and the amaranthine flowers of virtue.

The vital force of a tree secures its upward growth; if the obstacles to be overcome are not too great, it will speedily develop into a perfect tree; if too great, we shall see a gnarled and pitifully deformed object. So with our virtues. It is a historic fact that whole nations sometimes so

far pervert the order of nature as to confer upon brutes the tenderness and respect due alone to man; consequently the value of life is low. The eloquence and philosophy of Seneca were directed against the terribly cruel practice of gladiatorial contests, but the ideal of his philosophy was drawn from the national patriotism of the times.

Now all this goes to prove what we have so often seen,—the commingling of virtue and vice as joint rulers in the sphere of intellectual predominancy. The explanations are very numerous and very unsatisfactory. An unbridled imagination, and a susceptibility to moral enthusiasm, doubtless go far in explaining many of these mysteries. But are we not extatic and imperfect? then will the natural ferocity or imperfections of our nature protrude in some direction. It is our nature to serve and be served, to honor and be honored; now if we reverse nature's law, and worship the lower objects of creation, we shall despise the higher. Hence the cruelty of the Turk to man, and his magnanimity to animals. In more highly civilized nations, men's eccentricities appear in other forms. But it is all the same. We can scarcely guess a man's practices when told of some leading tenet in his creed. In spite of the inculcation of that grand moral principle, man's equality, the conduct of

the early church went counter to the spirit and letter of this central principle of her religious code.

Religious heresy called forth the whole vindictive force of their being, which, under the honest pretense doubtless of benevolence, did its bloody work. It costs nothing to learn inconsistency, and much less to practice it.

Perhaps our perplexity would find some mitigation by looking into the workings of civil law. Our statute books are burdened with dead-letter laws, through the action of our greatest statesmen. And why? Because they embody their highest ideals in a theoretically faultless law, but subsequently find it ill adapted to the condition of the people. Such an adaptation is never perfect till the law recognizes and provides for other imperfections than it is designed to remedy. The general character of the people must be considered, and the remedy developed from the existing, not the ideal, qualities of the masses.

The same is true of social science. The average man does not form his code of governing principles from his own conception of things, but generally adopts the policy of some one far superior to him in power of conception and application. It is by reason of this law that the practiced virtues of a great and good man become the highest ideals of his neighbors. It is doubtful whether the

ideal character of the average Greek or Roman was as high as the real practical life of our nineteenth century. But this adaptation of ideals, so far beyond our power to apply, gives rise to the most absurd contradictions of practice and belief. Abstractions have but little coercive force, and so long as the masses are constrained, through imitation, to ac-

cept in belief what they never can attain in practice, so long will the social element perplex the observer with its inconsistencies. It is no ill omen, because the people profess and do not; it is a proof that among them exist, or have existed, minds of great power of conception, the only gateway to social elevation.

THE END.

ALL rivers flow into the ocean, all systems have their centers, all courses their effects. All things are for an *end*. Nature is beautiful, not because it makes the sun shine, matter attract, the earth revolve, but because there is a manifest oneness of thought in all its workings. Rays of light from surrounding objects would cause mere blurs did they not converge to a focus.

Nature presents a vast theater of action. Rivers flow, the rains fall, night, day and the seasons come and go, vegetation springs up, grows and decays; man is born, matures and dies. The destiny of all animate existence is

the same. Nations are organized, flourish, achieve great undertakings; they also meet the same end. Infinite space is teeming with worlds and systems of worlds. All is life. All is action.

In contemplating these truths, while we are struck with admiration, and exclaim with the Psalmist, "Thou doest wondrous works, O God!" we yet can but ask ourselves, "What is the *ultimatum* of all this?" Did God make them to amuse himself?

Great as the world is, infinitely greater as the universe is, there are those who think that all this was created for their own *little finite* selves. It is the pinnacle of

each nation's ambition to become *the ruling* power of the world. As if in this broad universe there was no other thing but nationality!

This world, with all its beauty and grandeur, was created for a purpose. Man was created, endowed with capacities for thought, improvement, affection, worship, enjoyment. Surely the end of this was the highest happiness of man. But the limit is not yet reached. Though the sun sheds his vital rays upon our planet and for our good, yet other worlds, even larger than ours, are not in the least slighted by him.

Is there not then something beyond the happiness of man?

We might think his salvation to be *the end*, since *Christ died that man might live*; but is not this alone too small for a Great Creator? After having created man, the best thing possible might be to procure for him an eternal life. But what great interest would be at stake, if man did not exist at all?

If immensity is full of creations, and this world, compared with others, but an atom, what must man be? Almost nothing. But would God create an infinity for the salvation of almost nothing? He might create a hive for a swarm of bees, but a *world—never*.

Is man, then, worthless? As an end he is almost worthless, but

as a means he is as important as the angels in heaven. Man, in his own sphere, is a great being; but the instant he steps out of it, he is lost in the vastness of infinity.

The salvation of man is a *grand scheme*, yet it is tributary to some thing *grand*; it is only a cog-wheel in the *great machinery* of God's creation.

What, then, is *the end*?

In studying natural history, that which most attracts our attention, is the principle of *development*. The earth, once without form and void, is now full of life and beauty. Vegetation, commencing in sea weeds, ended in the giant trees of the forest. The first traces of animal life, appeared in a form half vegetable, half animal; subsequently higher forms appeared, last of all came *man*. The same law is exemplified in the history of mankind, and in the occurrences of every-day life.

Can we see traces of a *great end* in this law of *progress*? There is a *realm* beyond: the realm of *beauty, love, perfection*,—God's realm! There angels are advancing. As the numberless streams run into the sea, so all things are converging towards the *great sea of perfection*. They will never reach it, yet they will be forever advancing, forever nearing, this *great focus* of the ages.—Such is *the end*.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

CHOOSING A PROFESSION.

NOTHING troubles the Senior more than the question of future occupation, calling, or profession. It frequently happens that the student is undecided upon this subject all through his course, waiting, like Micawber, for something to "turn up," and suggest a career for him to pursue. The Freshman is wholly unconcerned as to his future prospects, and feels competent to fill almost any prominent position. The Sophomore occasionally experiences, for a brief moment, a glimmering of trouble ahead. The Junior, although looking anxiously forward to his Senior year, dreads the responsibility which this position engenders, of choosing a profession. But it is by the Senior alone that the magnitude of this responsibility is fully realized. And no wonder that discouragement almost gives way to despair, as he looks out into the great world before him. Did he design entering upon the study of law or medicine? A shingle meets him at every corner, and every block is filled with offices. He can not enter into mercantile pursuits (I am speaking of the average student) for want of capital. He

has a liberal education, and much is expected of him; hence, he can not undertake any of the humbler occupations. Frequently he wishes that he had learned a good trade, and thus fitted himself for a certain sphere of usefulness. Thus, he passes many hours in moody reverie, and the blues are his constant companions. And yet is there no bright side to this dark picture? Is not the sunshine renewed again beyond the shadow? We answer yes, and point to the testimony of all past experience as a proof of it. Who ever knew a man to persevere in any calling, even though his ability were but medium, without attaining a good degree of success? The instances are very rare. While, on the other hand, we have innumerable examples, like that of Patrick Henry, of mere struggling with poverty and battling against other equally adverse obstacles, coming off victorious. Very many are undoubtedly frightened from entering the profession for which they have always cherished a preference, for the very reasons mentioned before. But we firmly believe that if a man has designed entering the professional field, he has only to regard the great number now in it as so

many evidences of success achieved, and to press forward steadfastly toward the goal of the calling.

A BOOK ASSOCIATION.

A short time since, Prof. Stanley mentioned to the Senior Class, the advisability of taking some measures to procure what books we need directly from the publishers, but no action has been taken, and we take the liberty of calling the attention of all the students to this matter. There can be no objection, we think, to the advisability of the plan, and still less to its feasibility. In the course of the year we purchase a large number of books, and an arrangement could be easily made with some publishing firm to supply us at wholesale prices, and thus no inconsiderable saving would be made. Moreover, the chief objection to purchasing at the bookstores in the city, is the difficulty of always obtaining books when desired. For instance, the Seniors have experienced so much difficulty in obtaining astronomies, that the fourth week of the term a part of the class were still unsupplied. Now, in the event of an association, a little care upon the part of the students and professors would entirely obviate this, and we should be regularly and economically supplied. There are several methods by which this idea might be carried out, but the best plan

seems to be the formation of an association by which an agent could be chosen to make the necessary purchases. Books should be delivered to members of the association at cost prices, and the agent should be remunerated by a fixed salary. By this means the agent would be insured against loss, and the members would obtain their books more cheaply and without vexatious delays. This idea was started, we believe, some years ago, but as the faculty felt under obligation to purchase books in the city, it was not pressed. That difficulty is now removed, we understand, and we shall undoubtedly have their approval, if not their co-operation.

THE POSITION OF THE COLLEGE PAPER.

It is a question of importance, not only to the conductors of a college publication, but to its supporters and patrons as well, in what relation it should stand towards the faculty and the students. This is especially the case in regard to the *STUDENT*, since both the faculty and the class are concerned in the appointment of its editors. The students, since they and they alone are responsible for its financial support, would naturally regard it as their especial organ, and bound to espouse their cause upon all occasions. The faculty might at the same time demand that it either advocate its

measures, or remain silent when it could not consistently do so. In this case, what should be its course? Should it cater to the faculty, and thereby lose the confidence and support of the students? or should it declare for the students, and so incur the displeasure of the faculty? What it would do is evident. If its editors were what is termed "faculty men," it would of course support the authorities. If they were from the opposite class they would even more warmly support the students. Now, is there a rule by which a college paper ought always to be governed, and, if so, what is that rule? We believe it to be the same rule which should control all journalism, namely, — independence. It should be bound by neither party, but by the interests of all. It is in this way alone that the objects of its establishment can be best attained. The first of these objects is, if we mistake not, the improvement of the students in the art of writing, more especially in giving expression to their views upon matters which immediately concern them. But how is this to be accomplished to the fullest extent, except when it can be done fearlessly and without restraint? Clearly in no way, and hence the desirableness of absolute and entire independence upon the part of the paper, that the views of all may find a place in its columns. The second great object is the promo-

tion of the general interests of the college. This, of course, is the primary reason which governs faculties in encouraging or even permitting the establishment of a college publication of any kind. This being the case, that faculty must be narrow-minded indeed, and blind to its own true good, which would demand of a paper its unqualified support, or object to candid and manly criticism, for in no way can the interests of a college be advanced so much as by free and open discussion of its affairs and its policy. Of course by this we mean a perfectly courteous, but at the same time fearless expression of opinion, whether favorable or otherwise, and we consider that this ought to be satisfactory to all. At any rate, we deem it the course that will in the end be most conducive to the prosperity of the college journal.

A COURSE OF HISTORICAL READING.

The importance of historical study has been too often urged to need any remarks here, but if we mistake not, we are to listen to Dr. Malcolm during the summer term, and evidently a course of preparatory reading would be very desirable. To meet this need, it was arranged that Dr. M. should mark out a course for the year, and we have been waiting patiently, but see no signs of any action. Are we to have this course marked out, if so when?

EXCHANGES.

Our exchange list for this month is small, owing, doubtless, to the fact that the fall term commences so much earlier here than in most colleges. At least, we can hardly bring ourselves to believe that so many journals have cut our acquaintance. Judging from the exchanges received, the year opens most auspiciously upon the college world. Increased numbers of students and teachers are reported from nearly every college, and an increased interest in collegiate education is very sensibly manifested. In short, everything bids fair for a prosperous year. Our exchanges themselves seem to feel the good effects of vacation, and open the year with numbers which give promise of an improvement upon past issues.

The *Owl* is the only magazine received, and claims our first attention. "Is the Monkey Father to the Man," still continues. The writer hardly sustains himself in this article. He allows his feelings to over-influence his judgment, and descends too much from argument to invective. Nevertheless, the present chapter shows considerable thought. The *Owl* is ably edited and conducted, and although

intensely catholic, always conducts its discussions in a perfectly courteous and gentlemanly manner, much more than can be said of many more pretentious publications.—The *Cornell Era* has triumphed over the *D. S. P. Times*, and rejoices. The *Times* modestly declares that its publication was discontinued because its mission of reform was ended; but the *Era* more than intimates that it died for want of support. Inasmuch as we never discovered anything particularly reformatory in its columns, we presume that the *Era* is correct. The incoming Freshman class numbers one hundred and twenty-five.—The *Trinity Tablet* for August contains a pleasant little poem, although we can not commend it as superior. Aside from this there is little in it to interest those unconnected with the college.

We have just received Part III. of *Our First Hundred Years*, by Lester, and are much pleased with its contents. The chapter upon the colonial college is particularly interesting. The work is just what the publishers claim—a guide book of American progress. Every one should have it.

ODDS AND ENDS.

LET all those indebted to the STUDENT, pay up *instanter*. No fooling here.

—"I said unto the fools, Deal not foolishly; and to the wicked, Lift not up the *horn*."

—The latest instance of cheek: Stopping to bow to the Prof. when you are cutting.

A Freshman translates, *E vita cesserunt stelligeri*, "They have departed from this life to the stars."

—A Yale undergraduate visited the White Mountains this summer, and while there, one of the Bates' waiters asked him if Yale proposed to enter the Inter-collegiate Literary Contest. "Why, yes," replied Yale, condescendingly, "haven't you heard of that? We shall have a *University crew* and a *Freshman crew* there too."

—We have a Freshman from the rural districts who is fortunate enough to sleep with a Senior. The other night Freshie happened to awake just as the town clock was striking. "By George, S——," exclaimed Fresh, "that *bellman* has to be right on hand, don't he?"

—They can't "skin the cat" on the horizontal bar, at Vassar, on

account of the new style in back hair.—*Dartmouth*.

—Five foot Senior to hilarious friend: "It don't take much to amuse you anyway." Six foot Senior, looking down on the speaker: "No, you've given me a good deal of amusement yourself."—*Record*.

—A young man asked for a copy of Homer's "Odyssey" at a book-store in Norwich, Conn., the other day, and the clerk not finding it, remarked in a reflective way, "Well, we havn't any of Homer's latest works in at present."—*Ex*.

—In a conversation with Pres. Porter on the Human Intellect, a Senior, the other morning, in answer to the question, "Which has the more unity, a grain of sand or an elephant?" responded, "The elephant, *because there is more of it*."—*Record*."

—A college professor asked his class to collect specimens; and one day they deposited a piece of brick, streaked and stained, with their collections, thinking to impose on the doctor. Taking up the specimens, the professor remarked: "This is a specimen of baryta from the Cheshire mines." Holding up another: "This is a

piece of feldspar from the Portland quarries." "And this," coming to the brick, "is a piece of impudence from some member of the class."—*Independent*.

—An undevout Senior, who had a place on the committee of arrangements for his society public, so arranged the programme as to have no prayer or benediction on the list. His fellow committee men, on finding out his plan, remonstrated, and urged the necessity of a change. Whereupon said senior brusquely remarked: "The programme is too darned long, anyhow."—*Ex*.

—An undergraduate at Cambridge, who found among the questions on his examination paper this, "Why will not a pin stand upon its point?" elaborately explained the point thus: "1. A pin will not stand on its head, much less is it possible that it should stand on its point. 2. A point, according to Euclid, is that which

has no parts and no magnitude. A pin can not stand on that which has no parts and no magnitude, and therefore a pin can not stand on its point. 3. It will if you stick it in."—*Clipped*.

—A certain student, during the recent "Waiter Crusade," was making the descent of Mount Washington in a carriage which contained several young ladies, who constantly made the air vocal with praises of the charming scenery, &c. At length one of the fair ones, with imagination wrought to the highest pitch, thought that she descried a red man on a neighboring peak. Our "student man" naturally turned to catch a glimpse of the "noble son of the forest," when the æsthetic element of his nature was prostrated at the exclamation, "Dear me, Clawra, I do wish you wouldn't say so much to attract the attention of that *driver*!"

COLLEGE ITEMS.

QUITE a number of the boys are teaching this term.

Improvement is still the order of the day. A *fifteen inch fence* has been erected on the B. B. grounds.

A game of base ball was played on the 13th, between the Androscoggins of this city and a mixed college nine. The score stood 11 to 3 in favor of the Androscoggins. We judged that the score would have been about 8 to 6 with fair umpiring.

Prof. Sewell, of Bowdoin, has since succeeded in raising \$75,000 of the amount required by that institution, and is hopeful of soon obtaining the remainder.

Between 120 and 130 applications have been made for admission in Amherst College, and the new Freshman class will number about 100 members. In Yale College there have been 204 applicants for the academic course, and more than 100 for the Sheffield Scientific School.

The Juniors have elected the following class officers: Pres., C. S. Libbey; Vice-President, J. O. Emerson; Secretary, J. Rankin; Treasurer, M. C. Day; Chaplain, F. E. Emrich; Orator, M. Douglass; Poet, T. H. Stacy; Odist, J. H. Huntington; Toast Master,

W. H. Merryman; Historian, A. L. Morey; Class Committee: H. Woodbury, O. W. Collins, and G. F. Adams.

The Freshman class officers are as follows: Pres., C. E. Brockway; Vice-Pres., H. A. P. Rundlett; Sec., F. O. Mower; Treasurer, J. W. Hutchins; Orator, F. H. Briggs; Poet, A. J. Shaw; Historian, M. Adams; Odist, G. W. Phillips; Prophet, E. V. Scribner; Toast Master, J. P. James; Chaplain, J. Q. Adams; Class Committee, C. E. Hussey, J. G. Bradt, A. M. Flagg.

Among the well-known surviving members of the famous Harvard class of 1829, with which the late Judge Curtis was graduated, are George Tyler Bigelow, William Henry Channing, James Freeman Clarke, F. B. Crowninshield, George T. Davis, Joel Giles, William Gray, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Benjamin Peirce, Samuel May, Chandler Robbins, Samuel F. Smith and Edward D. Sohier.

The excellency of our base ball ground is beginning to be appreciated by outsiders. A game was played here, the 23d instant, between the Resolutes, of Portland, and the Androscoggins, of this city. The score stood 8 to 7 in

favor of the Resolutes. Mr. Oakes, of the Bates nine, played with the Androscoggins. We understand that he was pronounced by the Resolutes, one of the best under-hand throwers in the State.

On the 26th, a game was played between the Unions, of Turner, and the Bates nine, upon the grounds of the latter. The score stood 34 for Bates to 5 for the Unions. The fact that the Unions obtained their scores through the errors of their opponents, should stir up our boys to the necessity of hard practice.

A union has been effected between the *Williams Vidette* and *Williams Review*. Hereafter but one paper, the *Williams Athenæum*, will be published at that college. We hope to receive an early call from the new periodical.

We learn from the *Independent*, that the Glen House was not the only hotel which employed student waiters the past season. The

Profile House contained sixteen Dartmouth boys.

Female education seems to be prospering in England. About 630 young ladies entered themselves as candidates at the Oxford local examinations.

We learn that the Freshman class of Colby University numbers thirty-five, of whom several are ladies. It is several years since so large a class have entered. Increased provision has been made for the accommodation of students, by filling up the south college building. Rev. Nathaniel Melcher, of Kennebunk, has accepted the professorship of Mathematics, and already entered upon his duties.

N. B.—The Seniors have succeeded in engaging Frederick Douglas for their lecture this Fall. The lecture will occur at City Hall, Nov. 17. Tickets will be out the 1st of November. Let all engage their seats as early as possible.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'70.—C. H. Pearson has been admitted to the bar in Mass. He will settle at Newburyport, as a member of the firm of Stone & Pearson.

'72.—A. G. Moulton has been appointed principal of Lapham Institute, North Scituate, R. I.

'74.—Robert Given, Jr., is teaching in Jay, Me.

'74.—J. H. Hoffman has entered Andover Theological School.

'74.—F. P. Moulton is principal of the High School, at Littleton, N. H.

'74.—H. H. Acterian has entered Bates Theological School.

[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 1871.

FLINT, GEORGE WASHINGTON.
—Born, March 2, 1844. Son of William and Emeline Flint.

1871--'73., Principal of Frances-town Academy, at Frankestown, New Hampshire.

1873, Autumn, Principal of Lebanon Academy, West Lebanon, Maine.

1873--'74, Assistant in High School, at Bath, Maine.

1874, Spring, Elected Principal of Collinsville Graded School, at Collinsville, Connecticut.

Married, January 30th, 1873, to Miss Mary E. Monteith, of Mc-Indoes Falls, Vt., by the Rev. D. S. Hibbard, assisted by the Revs. G. S. Norcross and M. B. Bradford.

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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. CHARLES H. MALCOM, D.D., <i>Lecturer on History.</i>
RICHARD C. STANLEY, A.M., <i>Professor of Chemistry and Geology.</i>	CLARENCE A. BICKFORD, A.B., <i>Instructor.</i>
THOMAS L. ANGELL, A.M., <i>Professor of Modern Languages.</i>	FRANK W. COBB, A.B., <i>Tutor.</i>
EDMUND R. ANGELL, <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 *Aeneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and in Harkness' Latin Grammar. GREEK: In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's Greek grammar. MATHEMATICS: In Loomis'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 Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

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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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THEODORE G. WILDER, A.B.,	- - -	Teacher of Mathematics.
EDMUND R. ANGELL, A.B.,	- - -	Teacher of English Branches.

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