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BATES STUDENT.

VOL. X. JUNE, 1882. No. 6.

EDITORIAL.

OUR readers will notice that the present number of the STUDENT contains about twice as much matter as previously, and we hope to be able to maintain its increased size through the remainder of the year. For our ability to do this we are largely indebted to the increase in our subscription list; and for this, we would express our thanks to those who have so generously responded to the appeal which we made in our first issue, to all friends of the STUDENT, that they would make a personal effort to extend its circulation. Its subscription list has increased about one-fifth. From all parts, subscriptions have come to us, and many of them from unexpected sources. Friends of the STUDENT, one and all, we thank you.

Class of '82, your college life is ended; and over all its fond associations, its noble aspirations and lofty endeavors, its pleasures, its griefs, its loves, falls now the gloomy pall, and they are borne into the cemetery of the past where lie the cherished memories of the days that were.

And now as you depart, do not forget the momentous duties that thicken around you. You will be separated. The tones of the old bell that have daily called you to your tasks will call you no more, and the words pregnant with wisdom from the lips of your noble instructors will instruct...
and encourage you no more in your voyage through this roaring, toiling, stormy world. But be true to yourselves, and to that human nature within you which is the best manifestation of the Divine. Remember that of all mankind the American scholar and thinker has the most momentous work. Wherever human victims are writhing in the chains of vice and sin; wherever humanity struggles and groans and prays beneath the burden of misdirected effort, there is his field of labor. Wherever the snowy breast of Truth is crushed beneath the giant heel of Wrong, there God is calling to the rescue the American scholar.

Then, as graduates from this young and growing American institution, which with many of its young sisters was born amid the luxuriant and fragrant foliage of the world's late thoughts, we would ask you to make the most of yourselves; and may the day never come when the sight of an old text-book, all covered with the dust of years, and soiled and disfigured by thoughtless hands, shall thrill your hearts with the sad memories of misspent years.

The memories of the fleeting, dreamy hours you have spent here may glide into the silent halls of forgetfulness, yet the discipline, the moulding influence, and the character which you have received here must remain your continual possession when the names of pupil and teacher shall be heard no more forever. And if you have been urged by the one grand motive to do the most for yourselves and your fellow-men, each treasured thought shall be a bright gem in your coronation, when out of the dark earthworm shall shoot the angel's wing.

Those of us who still linger behind in classic halls extend to you the parting hand, and bid you God-speed and an affectionate farewell.

We have noticed in college for the past two years what has greatly surprised us, and that is the comparatively small number of students who remain in the city during Commencement exercises. On those occasions we would naturally expect to see a full attendance of students, for several reasons. The program of Commencement week is made up from the best literary material to be obtained. The graduating orations are the best productions of the most talented members of the class; the address before the literary societies is by the best speaker that can be secured, in short, all the exercises are the best work of the best men. We believe that if more members of lower classes remained to these exercises, they would not only be paid in the enjoyment they would receive, but from thus seeing the best efforts of others they would receive ideas and suggestions that would incite them to greater improvement in speaking and writing. Doubtless, this year, the Cary concert will induce more than usual to remain. We hope that all who do so will be so well satisfied that another year they will stay and try to induce others to do the same.

Guiteau is soon to be murdered because he murdered somebody else, and humanity will be satisfied, like the unreasoning but impulsive child who turns in anger to crush the stone against which he has stubbed his toe. When will Christians learn that the offices of human government is not revenge? When will man with his boasted science learn that crime is a moral deformity, the halting of a crippled spirit, and that the truest and grandest mission of Christianity is to make crutches and canes for lame souls?

Our Western exchanges are congratulating themselves upon the formation of a Western College Press Association which was formed at Indianapolis, Ind., May
According to its constitution the object of this association is to increase the efficiency and extend the influence of the College Press. A meeting of the association is held annually and prizes are offered for the best articles on subjects of general college interest. One of the best features of the association is the provision for a department in one of the Chicago dailies, to be maintained by the association. We congratulate our Western contemporaries upon the successful inauguration of their scheme, and wish for the Western College Press Association a long life. But now why cannot New England have a similar association? It has, we believe, been talked of considerably in the past, but the talk has amounted to nothing. The College Press of New England has always held a high position among the college publications of the country, and we think that by the aid of some such an association as that of our Western brothers of the quill, its influence would be largely increased. Cannot some of our older papers take the initiative in this matter?

It is a most significant fact that hardly a college professor can be found to-day who does not believe in the general principles of evolution. The doctrine is permitted, and even mildly taught, in our theological schools. This we regard as a significant omen. It heralds the hour when science and the church shall shake hands over the grave of Charles Darwin, for that is the only place that the fates appoint for their reconciliation. Science bore his coffin with uncovered head, while the Church followed behind in respectful silence, but would not be called a mourner. But Mr. Darwin was a professed Christian. He was a member of the Church, and in his death the Church as well as Science lost one of her best friends, though she will hardly acknowledge it yet.

The world knows too little of the doctrine of Darwin. Just as fast as Christians learn what Darwinism means, it ceases to disturb their peace.

It was such men as Darwin that transformed this world from a plain a few miles square into the grand old globe that it is, and hung it up on gravitation's golden chain. It was such men as he who awoke the race out of the horrid nightmare of superstition.

As a child is usually cross when early awakened and called to irksome toil, so the world is cross to-day because Charles Darwin shook it and made it open its eyes on awful problems. But when the world, with its duller intellect, has solved those problems to its own satisfaction, which we believe he had already solved, then the ancestors of those who pictured his funeral train, as a band of gibbering monkeys, will cast their laurel branches on his never-to-be-forgotten grave.

As the end of the college year again returns, with its various anniversary and Commencement exercises, we are naturally led to look back hurriedly upon those events of the past year, which, occurring among our American colleges would be likely to have important, permanent influence upon them as a whole. As a rule, there has been an absence of striking incidents. The usual number of young men have entered, the usual round of study has been pursued, the usual amount of excitement over base-ball and athletics has been developed, and though in some institutions there have been changes in instructors, and though some have sustained loss by conflagration, and our own by a decision of the court, no radical changes are apparent in any department. But if extraordinary advance has not been made, there are certainly no signs of a retrograde movement, nor is there any reason for regarding the future prospect as other
The value of a liberal education was never greater, its importance more generally admitted, the class seeking it more numerous or determined, nor the friends of our colleges more alive to their needs.

An objection to college education urged by many, namely, that it tends to disregard the practical for the ideal and fanciful, has been significantly answered in the healthy tone of college sentiment and the college press toward Oscar Wilde, the Englishman, who, appearing as a self-appointed apostle of "aestheticism," has been extensively lionized, and obtained a considerable following, though not in the college world.

No occurrences more likely to permanently influence the future have taken place than one which has arisen from the conduct of students toward one another; and in another instance the means used by professors towards students infringing the rules. A suit for damages, from hazing in Bowdoin has been tried, resulting in a disagreement of the jury. If in the final decision the alleged perpetrators should be mulcted in heavy damages, it is undeniable that the effect will be to greatly discourage those midnight pranks and actions which, though not done in malice, have often brought discredit on college life in the public. On the other hand, the shooting of a student by a college professor in Minnesota, naturally causes us to wonder at the state of affairs that causes professors to go out evenings armed with deadly weapons to watch for students engaged in misdemeanors. A detailed account of that affair would be interesting, and the results will be carefully watched.

By some, however, the past year will be remembered with no ordinary interest. The classes of '82 will ever remember it as the time of completing that course of study in which they have so long labored. And as they soon leave us and go forth from college halls to mingle in the world, we congratulate them regarding it as one of the steps of what we believe to be a common progress and advance.

By the time this is in print the field day exercises may have taken place, and the result may have surpassed the hope of even the most sanguine; but it certainly can not be what it might have been. We often hear the question asked: "Why cannot Bates make as good a record in her field-day exercises as other colleges?" We answer: "She can." To be sure, we have not the large number to choose from which many colleges have, but with the number which we have, well-trained, a record can be made which would be a credit to almost any college. Not until other colleges had been in practice for weeks, and not until we began to think that field day interest had died out at Bates, did we see the slightest manifestation of anything like enthusiasm for athletic sports. The gymnasium has been as vacant as a church on Monday. The weights have been laid away in the attic, and the muscle has grown weak. We may be able to go on the field without practice, and still carry out the day's program, and have the prize awarded to the winning class, but can we then boast of our record? It is said that practice makes perfect, but it usually requires that one practice more than twenty-four hours to become proficient in any one thing, and thus it is with field day. We can not expect by throwing the heavy weight once in front of Parker Hall to go on the field and beat the record of him who has practiced a month. Neither can we expect by running around the gym once to race with him who practices daily; but we do say that with plenty of practice Bates can make for us a record of which we can be justly proud. We hope it may be thus this year, but if not let us
remember the little motto, "Practice makes perfect."

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**LITERARY.**

**SUCCESS.**

'Tis June, full June, the queen month of the year.
Is crowning all the outward world anew,
Each morn, the roses sparkling with the dew
Ope their bright petals to the daylight clear;
Beauty outrivaling beauty far and near,
The essence of success breathes through and through:
The harmony of living yet seems new;
The chalice of earth's joy is brimming here
So soon their life is "ended like a tale,"
The bright buds fall a dry and ugly brown,
Yet One there is, who saith, "Ye shall not fail,
Albeit success wears not the golden crown.

KATHE HANSON.

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**EDUCATION AND NATIONAL PROSPERITY.**

[We are happy to present to the readers of the STUDENT the following portions of the address of Rev. Dr. Bowen, in behalf of this college.]

**THE** relation of education to national prosperity is exemplified in the history of our nation. The central idea, the one great principle of the fathers of the republic was that virtue and intelligence are vital to its welfare and perpetuity.

When a nation bases its life upon the grand, yet perilous principle of man's capacity for self-government, and proclaims as its fundamental doctrine the political equality of all men, how will this experiment succeed, where is prosperity, nay, existence itself, if the body politic be not made virtuous and intelligent? "An ignorant republic is a political chimera."

Give our sons that intellectual and moral training which arouses thrift, emulation, and progress in their calling; increase their inner worth, develop their mental power, and you make men, and the nation that rejoices in such men, rich, just, free, and unconquerable.

Intelligent labor builds up a nation. Ignorant labor is always expensive and wasteful; education is economy. A famous labor report of the English Parliament gives testimony to the influence of education in promoting individual thrift and national prosperity, and declares of certain Continental States that "they have grown in skill and progress in proportion to the excellence of the education and training they give to their manufacturing population."

We are emphatically a working nation. The hum of spindles, the clicking of tools in mines and quarries, the noise of innumerable railroad trains, and the deftly-working machines of agriculture proclaim our intense activity. Amid this activity we need to be taught that enduring, valuable prosperity is not in the accumulation of wealth, but in that "truer culture, which is neither of poverty nor of wealth, but is the beautiful fruit of the development of the higher part of man's nature."

Colleges sustain a vital relation to this general development, this happy culture and ennobling of the people. This relation exists because of the solidarity, the mutual inter-dependence, of all educational interests; the need of good, lower schools and instruction "to furnish materials for the higher schools and instruction to work upon; and the need of higher schools and instruction as goals for the lower instruction to work up to." Space will not allow me here to state and illustrate, at length, the relations and value of the work of colleges in originating, developing, and invigorating the common

* C. D. Warner.
school system of this country, but it can be easily shown that, because of that work alone, if we were to regard no other, the relation of a high and healthful, intellectual and moral training in our colleges to common life, to the welfare of the laborer, to all the associated interests of society, is of the most intimate and important kind.

Let us consider specifically the relations of Bates College to these questions of patriotism, intelligence, and religion. What are its special claims upon public sympathy and benefactions? It is but nineteen years since this college was established. Its growth has been rapid and healthful. It has been conducted with a spirit which attracts the attention of those seeking collegiate education, so that it has now one hundred and fifty students. Its last graduating class numbered thirty-six. Its work has increased beyond its means; its usefulness and influence are limited by lack of funds. It is specially compelled to appeal to the friends of education for help, because of its failure to obtain the munificent sum of $100,000, pledged by Mr. Bates. But if this loss shall raise up many friends who will pray and give for the college, the seeming disaster will prove a blessing.

In the Providence of God, the college exists; and the number of students that have found it a welcome place for their education; the large number that, without prospect of diminution, but of steady increase, continue to seek its privileges; the important relations of the college, and its influential work, proclaim unmistakably the necessity for its continued and enlarged existence. The ready accessibility of the college; its eligible environments—being in an intelligent community, in a city of unsurpassed thrift and industry, of varied and extensive mechanical pursuits; in the heart, also, of a fertile and prosperous agricultural region, which is supplied with excellent schools of all grades, and boasts a large population of more than ordinary intelligence—make its position a fortunate one.

The government of the college aims to make it a well-appointed, attractive, and progressive Christian college; believing in, and endeavoring to incorporate in its life, the much-applauded motto of President Woolsey, "We should place character before culture, and culture before knowledge."

The great question, it seems to me, is not shall the college live, but shall we live if we fail to appreciate the blessings and opportunities which its life brings to us. Its presence asks every thoughtful man, every Christian, every friend of his country how much he values the principles and influences which it is laboring to promote. Shall it honor us by setting forth our liberality, and our appreciation of that education and religion for which it nobly stands!

It is not yet fifteen years since its first class graduated. But its alumni have attained high positions of usefulness and won great honor in their work. The principals of high schools in thirteen cities and in numerous large towns; two teachers in the higher public schools in Boston; five professors in four different colleges, Harvard College, Colorado State University, Bates and Hillsdale Colleges; the editor of The Morning Star; pastors of important churches in Providence, Portland, Lowell, Dover, Lawrence, Chicago, Bath, and many other places, are alumni of this college. Another graduate was, for some time, an editor of the N. Y. Independent. One of the youngest of the alumni has contributed poems of marked excellence to the Century. The graduates of Bates are men of enterprise. Some have already taken prominent positions in the professions of law, medicine, and engineering. The Speaker
of the last Maine House of Representatives is an alumnus of this college. A colored man who graduated from it has been chosen State Senator in Florida. Another graduate has recently been invited to the Presidency of the Agricultural College of Colorado, at a large salary. Such are some of the men who have been prepared for their important places in life by this college, few of whom would have ventured to hope for a liberal education, but for its generous help and encouragement. Who can estimate the value and wide reach of gifts which have enabled it to do this work?

Your attention is especially called to its claims for aid, on account of the great work it is doing in affording education to young men of limited means, giving free tuition to more than fifty such students, to whom it says in helpful sympathy, as Pres. Hopkins, of Williams College, said to Mr. Garfield, "Come, and we will do what we can for you." Its expenses are comparatively small, and it means to make them as low as possible. Our tuition is $36; at Amherst and Brown it is $100; at Harvard and at Yale, $150; at Dartmouth, $70; at Bowdoin and at Williams, $75. The general average of expenses in Bates College is but $175, while in these other colleges they range from $100 to $700 per annum.

It is emphatically a working college, and in a special sense it is the people's college. As Hon. James G. Blaine remarked to me concerning it, "It has not got above its work, but is doing earnest, faithful, thorough service in the most valuable directions." Our students come wholly from the ranks of hard-working, intelligent people and humble homes. It being a young college, there are no questionable college traditions and customs to be perpetuated; cliques and caste, and hazing, are not recognized. The students are constantly brought and kept in contact and sympathy with the people by being obliged, most of them, to support themselves largely by teaching or other labor during a part of every year of their course. They are thus better prepared to meet the wants of the people, and for greater future usefulness. The influence of this college upon the general education of the country may be measured somewhat by this significant fact that, on an average, about seventy are engaged in teaching for quite a number of weeks each year, and that after graduation they are specially welcome and desired as teachers.

We would call attention to the college on no mere local or restricted grounds, as greatly as these concern the immediate communities amid which it stands, but more broadly on those of national good and general prosperity. For the influence of the college is not of mere local importance; the eyes of many communities in many States and Territories are turned to the valuable work of its graduates. Our work and spirit as friends and helpers of this college are known and read more generally, and with increasing interest, with every advancing year.

Attention is called to the number of graduates occupying positions of great responsibility and influence in the ministry of several large denominations. On the banners of one of Cromwell's regiments was written, "Let us not for the sake of living, lose what men should live for." This is what every earnest, devout pastor is saying by life and word to all around him. He stimulates the intellectual life as well as the moral life of men, and exerts an incalculable influence on the education of the country; therefore whatever we do to further ministerial education is one of the widest and wisest provisions for the mental and moral growth of the people.

Look upon this college in its enduring and important relations as con-
tributing to those influences which God sets in motion to win this nation and the world to himself, and all efforts and gifts in its behalf will assume an importance and be clothed with a dignity which proclaim emphatically that we are co-workers with Him.

As the agent of this college, observe that I do not beg for it. Its claims can need no importunities or supplications to your hearts from me. I claim only to set before you opportunities for well and noble doing, acting simply as a medium through whom you may exercise a high and holy privilege.

In all the helps which the sons of this college give to national good and prosperity, they will perpetuate your gifts and cause your memorial to be built not only in the life of the college, but in that of the nation. The vast, white marble Milan cathedral, with its graceful pinnacles and massive walls, stands a monument of beauty and skill not to the architect and the master-builder alone, but somewhere, and as an essential part of its magnificence and glory, there is embodied in it the simple service of the peasant girl, who, to supply her father's wasted strength, brought him his noonday meal. So when this great temple of Christian service in the life of a great nation is received with God's approving word, "Grace unto it, Grace unto it," it will be a benediction upon the humblest gift rendered by his lowliest child.

This is the question for us to solve: Shall they who go forth from this college, they who are to teach, and they who are to legislate for this nation, they who are to stand among its spiritual and civil leaders, have an adequate training, one which shall honor us and truly declare our appreciation of the great work of this college in helping to solve the vast issues that are before this nation?

These great and sacred influences of patriotism, learning, and religion which this college sets in motion are worthy our hearty sympathy and generous aid. If it be patriotism to aid our country, it is the dictate of patriotism and piety to aid her institutions of learning. Days of trial and doubtless of darkness await her, but she will emerge from them purified and glorified, if, as the Athenian of old, who, holding it glorious to love simply the civil institutions of Athens, exclaimed fervently, "Dear city of Cecrops," we, with no less fervor, but with the nobler spirit of Christian patriotism, loyal to Heaven and to her, shall say. Dear land of my fathers, thou must be won to Christ and kept for him!

It is not man pleading with you for this college, and the sacred, vital interests it represents. It is the voice of God calling to the keepers of his vineyard!

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ALEXANDER POPE.

BY E. F. N., '72.

ALEXANDER Pope was born in London in 1688, and was the son of a retired merchant. He early devoted himself to versification, or as he tells us, he "lisped in numbers." He became a keen student of language and literature, learning much by himself without the aid of a master, and also receiving private instruction. We are told that at fifteen he resolved to go to London, in order to learn French and Italian there by reading the authors. His family were then residing upon an estate at Windsor, and his desire, in a person of his state of health, seemed quixotic in the extreme, but he persisted and accomplished it. In study he was ever indefatigable and full of zeal in research. He began to write for the press at an early age, doing an amount of work that seems appalling when we think of his feeble frame. Between 1706 and 1709,
he wrote the "Essay on Criticism," which was published in 1711. In 1709 appeared his "Pastorals." The "Essay on Criticism," was soon followed by "The Messiah," the "Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady," and "The Rape of the Lock." Next came the "Ode on St. Cecilia's Birthday," and "Windsor Forest." In 1713 he issued proposals for a translation of Homer's Iliad, which was completed in 1719. In 1715 appeared "The Temple of Fame"; in 1717, the celebrated "Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard." In 1722 he sought subscriptions for a translation of the "Odyssey," and the work appeared in 1725, though Pope is credited with only twelve of the twenty-four books of this version. The remaining books were the work of William Brown and Elijah Fenton, minor poets of that day. In 1725 Pope also issued an edition of the "Plays of Shakespeare," which did not reflect much credit upon his skill as a commentator. In 1728 the "Dunciad" appeared, and in 1732 he gave to the press the first of the four epistles which comprise the "Essay on Man"; the second and third appeared in the next year, and the four were published collectively in 1734. In 1732 there also appeared some of his imitations of "Horace's Satires" and other minor poems; in 1735 his "Literary Correspondence"; and in 1737 his imitations of the "Epistles of Horace." Such in brief, is a list of his most important literary work. He died at Twickenham on the 30th of May, 1744.

But this brief story in itself gives us but a slight idea of the personality of one of the most singular characters in English literature. Rarely do we meet with one that commands so much pity and condemnation with so little of love. Weak and feeble in constitution, of exceeding low stature, and so deformed that he was nicknamed an "Interrogation Point," so slender and weak that artificial supports were needful that he might stand erect, and with his vital functions so disordered that his life was one "long disease;" surely he was ill-fitted, physically, to cope with the world in general. One can scarcely wonder that the mind held within so frail a body, and brought into contact with the life that Pope met, should have soured somewhat and developed that vindictive malice and unjust aspersion, even of his friends, which a later age has so unhesitatingly condemned. We find him capricious and fretful, quick to detect slights, bitter and malignant in his resentment of them; lavishing his affection on a woman who was disposed to be kind to him, and then in anger at her rejection of him, turning all his love to hate, and pursuing her with a vindictiveness that gave her bitter cause to remember "the wicked wasp of Twickenham." A friend gives him honest, though as the event showed, mistaken advice, and he treasures up the hurt, and replies with cutting satire, alienating one who might have been true and helpful; another, himself steeped in the poison of cynicism and misanthropy, begs him when he thinks of the world to give it another lash at his request, and the misguided one is only too eager to obey. Would that Pope had loved Addison more and the Dean of Dublin less!

Again we find him acting as the mouthpiece of the deistical Bolingbroke, and voicing opinions for which he was afterwards glad to find an apologist, and which some have gone so far as to say he did not understand, though this is doubtless a libel on his intellect, whereas the fault was probably in his heart. Perhaps it was not the best of fortunes for such a man as Pope to have been loved by Dean Swift, to have been the friend of Bolingbroke, and the lover of Lady Mary. One may well question whether such friends were best fitted to sweeten his bitter tem-
per, to elevate and purify his somewhat diseased imagination, to make him true to humanity and to God. Little was there to brighten his gloomy life, outside of the books which he honestly and devoutly loved. The love of his simple old mother was almost the only human love upon which he depended and to which he made return; until the day of her death, in 1733, at the age of ninety, she was the object of his care and affection, while she lavished upon him all the love of her nature, and satisfied by her honest, if ill-judged praises, the craving for adulation and flattery, which was so marked a trait of his character. It seems almost pitiful to think of this being, with a child's body and a man's brain, living out his life in a solitude which, as it was not the solitude of genius, had not its consolations. That he made this solitude deeper than was needful can not be denied; his artificiality in all his public relations, and even in many of his private ones, his seeming inability to act in a straightforward manner to attain any given end, his cynicism and malignancy, could not but deepen the gloom in which his physical state might naturally plunge him. Feigning to scorn public or private opinion, while he writhed under its sarcasms, distrusting his fellows and seeing a selfish motive under the simplest acts, jealous of the robustness of Steele and the good nature of Addison, inordinately fond of praise, and morbidly sensitive to blame, hardly venturing to write a letter without thinking how it would sound when posterity should read it, one would turn from him with angry impatience, did not the thought of how he must have suffered, change our impatience to pity and make us eager to find some veil of human charity to throw around his sad and lonely figure. Let us hope in the books that he loved he found some consolation for the healthy human life that he lost, and in following out his own adopted life in literary labor some pleasure, as he has certainly given some to those who came after him. It is pleasanter, on the whole, to think of his work than of the man. Let us glance at it.

"What do you read, my lord?" asks Polonius; "Words, words, words," replies Hamlet, and it is in some such way a careless reader might reply to a similar question, after laying down a volume of Pope's poems. But one might add, the deftest combination of words, unenlivened by any fire of imagination, and devoid of any fervor of poetic passion, that the annals of English literature presents. Milton died in 1674, Pope was born in 1688; but from Milton to Pope, what a descent! The one, intellectually isolated from his age, dwelt in the solitude of genius; the other, physically isolated from his age, dwelt in the solitude of temperament: the former, towering above his fellows, swept with his keen gaze tin-infinite horizons that belong to Alpine outlooks; the latter, on the level of his age, viewed only the encircling horizon of his own narrow plain: Milton, with blinded eyes, and heart worn by controversial strife, revelled in all the glories revealed to his poetic vision and forgetful of individuals chanted his psalms of praise for all that is noblest and best in human life; Pope, dwarfed and distorted in body, peered with curious eyes at his fellows and devoted his powers to discerning and lashing the vices and follies of individuals, forgetful of human nature at its best. We can thus easily conceive Milton's muse as soaring unrestrained in long, eagle-like flights; but Pope's never. The latter seems always to be rolled decorously around on the trucks of the heroic couplet. Milton's muse could soar with his subject; but Pope's subject was always compelled to move along in conventional style with his muse. Yet, after all, Pope was the offspring of his age and environment. To
the age of Puritanism and principle, had
succeeded the looseness of the age of the
Restoration, and now had come the artifi-
ciality of the age of Queen Anne. Into this
age Pope was born, and became its poet.
He tells us himself: "At fifteen years of
age I got acquainted with Mr. Walsh.
He encouraged me much, and used to tell
me that there was one way left of excell-
ing; for though we have several great
poets, we never had any one great poet
that was correct." So correct diction be-
came the prevailing characteristic of his
verse. One might almost call it the shell
of poetry without the soul; but a shell
beautifully carved and decorated with all
the minuteness and skill of Chinese work-
manship. It is pleasant to look at, but
there is not much life in it. It is good for
the edification of the moment, it furnishes
mild sensations of pleasure, excites gen-
tle titillations of the fancy, and abounds
with flashes of wit; but if tired by any
standard of high creative imagination, it
fails to meet the test. Pope has, however,
done one thing better than it has been done
before or since; in "The Rape of the
Lock" he has given us the finest specimen
we have of the mock-heroic. Again, if
Pope did not possess great creative genius,
he certainly did possess an intense poetic
sensibility, and he was a keen, critical ad-
mirer of the works of the older masters in
song, and was a devoted worshiper of
genius. It is told of him that he one day
said to a friend: "I have always been par-
ticularly struck with this passage of Ho-
mer, where he represents to us Priam trans-
ported with grief for the loss of Hector,
on the point of breaking out into re-
proaches and invectives against the ser-
vants who surrounded him and against his
sons. It would be impossible for me to
read this passage without weeping over
the disasters of the unfortunate old king."
And then he took the book, and tried to
read aloud the passage, "Go, wretches,
curse of my life," but he was interrupted
by tears. Possibly this susceptibility to
poetic work in a sphere vastly greater
than his own, helped him to finer work
in his own narrower limits, and whatever
he had to say he was keenly desirous to
have said as perfectly as possible in his
own way, and so he strove to attain that
accuracy of phrase and "justness of ex-
pression," for which he is celebrated. In
this he seems almost more French than
English, and it is not impossible that, had
he been a Frenchman he would have won
a wider fame than he did as an English-
man. His frequent use of antithesis is at
times wearisome to an English ear, his
effort to ever have a second line rhyme
with his first, sometimes obliging him to
sacrifice sense to sound, renders a reader
impatient, while the regular, recurrent
beat of the iambic pentameter becomes
monotonous. It is almost impossible that
this should be otherwise. Let it be said
to his credit that in the line he marked out
for himself, he has succeeded where al-
most any other would have failed, and
may fairly be said to have won the title of
the prince of correct poets. One can see
how in some things he strove to emulate
his predecessor, Dryden, whom he ad-
mired. Dryden writes "Absalom and
Abithophel," and "MaeFleckroe," and
Pope writes "The Dunciad." Dryden
translates the Satires of Juvenal and Per-
sius, while Pope imitates those of Horace,
a choice better adapted to their respective
talents than when Dryden translates Vir-
gil, and Pope, Homer. In the "Ode for
St. Cecilia's Day," at which each tried his
skill, the palm is usually awarded to Dry-
den. After all we can but admire the lit-
erary activity of Pope, and the amount of
work that he accomplished under such
physical disadvantages seems stupendous.
And if he has not given us any great work
of imagination, he has left a most delicate
specimen of fancy; and if he has not won
the title of a philosopher he has bequeathed us a large number of terse, epigrammatic phrases which have become proverbial, furnishing the language, it is said, with more quotable passages than any author, save Shakespeare, and perhaps Milton.

FAITH AND REASON.

BY S., ‘81.

IT IS truly said by Caesar that men most readily believe what they wish to believe. The creeds of men are too often the mere statement of their prejudices. Their desires and passions pervert the true into the false and the false into the true. The different beliefs concerning God are but the outgrowth of the different characters of men. A just man worships a just God; a merciful man, a merciful God; an honest man, an honest God; a wicked man, a blind God. It is thus that a man’s purposes and impulses are reflected from the cold and polished surface of his creed. Tell the world what you believe and it will soon know what you are.

Now to believe is to accept as true. But will any honest man accept as true what he knows to be false? Will he even desire to accept it? He will desire rather to know what is true in order that he may know what to believe. How then can he find the truth? I answer by the careful exercise of reason. By reason I do not mean the syllogisms of logic. They are comprehensible only to the few. Truth is not in the hands of an intellectual monopoly. It is within the reach of all. By reason I mean the intelligence,—that which applied to ordinary affairs is called judgment, common sense; applied to religious matters, right and honest thinking. The only good thing is the true thing, and we cannot gain it by shutting our eyes but by opening them.

Here, then, is the true relation between faith and reason. The intelligence must rule, not obey; must precede, not follow faith. He who first forms his opinions, then reasons to support them, is worthy of distrust. Not to abandon an old idea when convinced of its falsity, nor to accept a new one when convinced of its truth, is the sum of infidelity.

It is not claimed that religionists have overestimated the importance of faith in those matters which so vitally concern the present and future welfare of man; but only that their zeal has sometimes caused them to attempt to establish what they believed the true faith by wrong and unjust means. They have tried to force men’s opinions. They lose sight of the grand fact that man possesses the God-given power of assimilating truth, and become angry with the world because it will not accept their ipse dixit, and become in too great a hurry to damn the world. They have been too severe in their maledictions of doubt. “He that doubteth is damned,” has been their battle cry. Ignorance and falsity never had a stronger, nor one which could hold the credulous more securely in the ranks of superstition.

Spenser well makes Blind Devotion the mother of Superstition. Whenever religion degenerates into superstition, then the reason of men is fettered by vice and ignorance. Cowardice is the voucher of their Orthodoxy; they dare not question. Honest doubt is as high a prerogative as honest faith. It arises not from the excess, but from the immaturity of thought. It has been confounded too often with indifference, which is in its very nature dishonest. The former implies thought; the latter, its absence. The former is the door to the true temple of faith; the latter, a sure way to the wilderness of unbelief. He who thoughtlessly accepts, is as criminal as he who thoughtlessly denies. No thinking man can have unquestioning faith.
without first having questioned. How can there be certainty without knowledge? A spirit of inquiry is the mightiest engine of modern progress. Would that it were tempered more with honesty and reverence!

If Martin Luther had not doubted, the church might still be held in the chains of superstition. That doubt was the beginning of religious liberty—the key that unlocked the prison doors of the Christian church. Have we not an equal right to doubt the creed of Martin Luther? Nay, are we not in duty bound to question it?

A reasonable faith is the only honest, the only true faith; it is the only faith that can "remove mountains and cast them into the sea;" it is the only faith that can rise above the blinding atmosphere of prejudice and view the light of truth in all its magnificance; it is the only faith that convinces men.

It is related of Daniel Webster that he never could plead a case in which he did not believe, but when he had faith in his cause, no power of eloquence or logic could wrest it from his grasp. When the evidence was sufficient to convince him that his client's cause was just, he never failed to convince the jury.

Those thoughts that have become assimilated into the life of the world, that have persuaded men to a higher plane of character, and revealed to them the most glorious truths, have been the offspring of a grand and unshaken faith—a faith that is the result of honest inquiry, a faith founded on reason.

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ANCIENT AND MODERN LITERATURE.

BY F. P. M., '74.

LITERATURE is the direct work of men of genius and talent. But it springs indirectly from the minds of the people. Literary men, Jupiter-like, conceive in their own brains the thoughts begotten by contact with the people, and in due time Minervas spring forth in the form of fully developed literary productions. The poets say Prometheus stole fire from heaven with which to animate the man he made from common clay. Our literary men only mould into better shape the common thoughts of men and breathe upon the mould a higher inspiration. No genius can create thought. Thought is developed by association of existing ideas. And new thoughts may be awakened by new experiences. A literature is built up like the coral limestone; it grows above and dies below, living upon its own decay. But polyps do not create the lime with which they build. They simply gather materials from their surroundings. So literary men unconsciously absorb the sentiments of the society in which they move. In turn society feeds upon its own thoughts enlarged, classified, and enforced by the wit and genius of its literary men. Even the much-scouted Darwin was not an absolute novice. He only expressed in the concrete, openly and decidedly, what a large class of literary and scientific men had long believed in the abstract, hesitatingly.

We all have ideas more or less developed; but our ideas flit about us like disembodied spirits, more troublesome than comforting. That literature is best which vivifies these flitting idealities, and clothes them in the most attractive garb. Just as white light, which is a combination of all colors, in passing through a prism is decomposed into distinct colors of varied brilliancy, so the common thoughts of the people, in passing through the minds of literary men, are changed into brilliant attractiveness. We are elated when we read what causes us to exclaim, "That is true, but I never thought of it in that light before." The object of literature is to bring to light truths that we have long seen.
dimly through the haze that enshrouds our own minds. Such literature develops character. It makes thought spring into action. For our acts are based upon what we are led to believe is right and true. This is why "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had such a wonderful influence. It simply developed existing thought. This, too, is the secret of the success of the "Fool's Errand," and the writings of Dr. Holland. And the simple melodies of Longfellow have given joy and inspiration to more hearts than the deeper tones of Tennyson. This is because Tennyson's thoughts are not distilled from the thoughts of the common people. We conclude, therefore, that the greater the disparity between the thoughts of the writer and the reader, the less the influence of the literature upon the people.

This leads to the real difference between ancient and modern literature. Most ancient literature contained thoughts beyond the grasp of the people, or foreign to them, and thus affected them very little. Modern literature is more strictly the outgrowth of popular thought, and gives tone to the national character.

No literary production more clearly illustrates the peculiarities of ancient literature than the Iliad. It is a masterpiece of literary art. In point of originality and depth of thought it surpasses most modern productions. But the untutored Greeks could not fathom its depth. It extols character, but it is that character represented by the Latin word \textit{virtus}, bravery in war, rather than the English virtue, integrity of manhood. It teaches religion, but it is the religion of gods, heroes, and princes, rather than of ordinary men. It makes the gods and princes of supreme importance; men, their tools and playthings. So it was something beyond the people, external to them, concerning them only as it amused them. Any object grows dim as it recedes from view. The great star Sirius is a magnificent orb; but, so far away it does not furnish us so genial light as our own little fairy, the moon. So the Iliad, though an object of intense brilliancy, was so far above the people that its light could not penetrate the darkness that brooded over the Grecian mind. The eagle soaring with outstretched pinions, almost to the crystal arch of heaven, is an object of curiosity and wonder; but it has no voice to touch the heart like the sweet notes of the thrush. This great epic excites our curiosity, but it does not affect our feelings like some of our own simple lyrics. What American youth has not been stirred to manly action by the simple "Psalm of Life"? But who has been made braver by the bravery of Achilles, or more virtuous by the virtue of Apollo? The Iliad taught the Greeks to pour forth vows to Neptune, "Whose liquid arms the mighty globe surround," but it did not teach them that with the grace of God upon the heart within they could make their simple lives sublime.

What is said of Homer is also true of Virgil, Dante, and all the great authors of ancient literature. Even Horace, Rome's classic lyrist, displays the same peculiarities. Almost every ode makes allusion to a god, or a queen, or to great men's public virtues. Extolling the virtues of the gods and public men did not develop, nor did it much concern, the people's private virtues. Modern literature paints the character of heroes. But in the modern hero we see only our own souls projected. The ancient hero was the soul of a god debased by mortal contact. The modern hero is the better part of ourselves, and shames the baser part. The ancient hero was a being above man, and could produce no emulation. In this respect "Paradise Lost" resembles ancient literature. Though one of the greatest poems in the English language and strictly religious, it does not affect us as a people nearly as much as the simple lines of Whittier. This is because Milton
dealt with beings above us, with whom we have no natural sympathy.

Truth is eternal; nature, inexhaustible. Hence the ancients worked just as deep a mine as we. But the gems of truth, like diamonds, shine best when polished by their own dust. Their superstition and false notions of deity led the ancients to distort the revelations of nature, and gave them false notions of the destiny of man. Civilization affects literature as truly as climate affects vegetation. The orange blooms in the orchards of the sunny South, and the waving grain clothes the prairies of the West. The two could not be reversed. Of course a peculiar literature would spring up in Greece and Rome, lands plowed by the thunderbolts of Jove and planted with the seeds of pagan mythology. Ancient literature could not be otherwise than it is. The course of the world in past ages was zigzag. Society advanced grasshopper-like by long leaps, followed by longer pauses. Men were either heroes or—nobody. Naturally literature celebrated the deeds of its heroes, and the great revolutions of society. We, almost, have no great men. Now progress, though rapid, is more steady. Beneath old systems of thought an underlying, undermining current is formed like the stream under a melting glacier. And old institutions begin to crumble, soon to be broken into dissolving icebergs. Men are moved in masses. Society is more sympathetic. Men deal with each other, and feel for each other. So modern poetry is the result of feeling, the poetry of the heart; ancient poetry was the result of thought, the poetry of the intellect.

We conclude, therefore, if ancient civilization produced the greater fruit, modern civilization has produced the more varied and nutritious. But if we would learn what Christianity has done for the world, if we would know just what the ancients were, let us study the classics. For the productions of literary men are monumental tombstones to dying nations, on which are inscribed the age and character of the people they represent.

BRIDAL FLOWERS ON THE COFFIN.

BY S., '99.

In the woodland's fragrant bower,
Haunts true lovers ever seek,
There I breathed 'mid conscious flowers
What youth's lips will ever speak.
And I loudly now remember
How I plucked the wild flowers there,
And with blushes deep as ember,
Twine them in thy golden hair;

How I twined the buds of summer
With the myrtle from the heath,
And with love's first tender murmur
Whispered, "'Tis thy bridal wreath!"
Then I gazed with pride and gladness
On that more than queenly brow,
With no token of the sadness
That those roses bring me now.

Oh! the changes, oh! the sorrow,
That awaits each human heart,
Joy to-day, but on the morrow
With wild accents, we must part.
Must I feel that I am waking;
Must I turn from this pure stream;
Must I know the chords are breaking,
In the fabric of love's dream?

Oh! thou Great Eternal Lover,
Author of each beating heart,
O'er my sinking spirit hover.
While I tear this wreath apart,
Disentwine the tender token,
For its flowers, unfaded now.
And with grief that's all unspoken
Bind them on a marble brow.

Idle scoffer; tell me never,
There's no land where we shall meet,
That in Heaven's bright forever,
Ne'er her angel soul shall greet.

While we hear the sound of trailing
Down the starry stairs of night,
Grief will listen midst her wailing
To those messengers of light,
As on viewless wings they hover
Round the darkness of the tomb,
INGERSOLL AND THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

BY S., '99.

It is useless to contend that the history of the church does not present a sad picture, for the crimson marks of her bloody hand have stained its pages and her extinguished fagots lie at the feet of philosophy.

A just cause always loses by claiming too much. If we are to meet the champion of atheism, we must meet him with fair and honorable concessions. It will not do to assume premises that cannot stand before the verdict of history, that awful judge from whom there is no appeal. We will frankly yield to the mighty apostle of unbelief the above concession, and he may paint it as black as the depths of human hate, nor will we attempt to answer it, nor offer in its behalf one single plea. But be it understood that our concession is with reference to the church of history, and not of to-day. The fact that it has risen from the depths into which it had sunk, and is still steadily rising, is proof that it contains the elements of its own purification.

The grandest revelation of modern science is that the Christian religion is based in the organic constitution of man. This revelation is the outgrowth of the youngest yet grandest of all the sciences, that science which has given birth to the sublime and almost bewildering conception, that every element of the soul, every faculty of the mind, has its mate in the form of a cosmical law.

We possess the faculty of reason which continually impels us to ask why; and accordingly there exists in the outward universe as its counterpart, the law of causation in accordance with which all things are governed.

We possess an instinctive love of music, a distinct and separate faculty of the mind, and accordingly there exists the everlasting law of harmony. Our faculty for mathematical computation finds its mate in the eternal relations of time and space and number and quantity. This doctrine of the mutual correspondence of the mind and the outward universe is not a new one, it was foreshadowed in the writings of Swedenborg, and is to-day as well established as any fact of modern science. And thus armed would we dare to enter the arena.

Were the reality of light called in question, we should point to the human eye. Could any one be found who should deny the reality and existence of sound, with what triumph should we point to the ear. Were it possible to question that man is an eating animal, our answer would be the existence of the stomach.

Now there are just as many organs in the brain, hence faculties in the mind, as there are principles in the universe, no more, no less.

Robert Ingersoll tells us there is no God. But science puts its finger on the God-organ in the brain, an organ whose function it is to produce that moral sensation known as reverence for God. It produces no other effect in savage or civilized man. The function of the stomach is to digest food, and at intervals, to produce a longing and a love for food. Is not this a sufficient proof that nature has somewhere produced food with which to satisfy this longing and this love? So when we find a physical organ whose sole function it is to produce a love for God, shall we say that there is no God with which to satisfy that love? A stomach forever doomed to hunger in the presence of imaginary food! A lung strangling for air in the depths of a universal vacuum! An ear forever straining to catch the voice of harmony, while nature shrinks beneath the wing of everlasting silence! An eye forever gazing into the blackness of
universal night, while no wave of ether stirs the starless depths!

What should we say of such inconsistency in nature? Robert Ingersoll believes in the eternal consistency of nature. He has but transferred his worship from God to Nature, and no argument could convince him that she would for once be inconsistent. But he must tell us why she gave us a God-organ and no God.

Every precept, and every exhortation of the Christian religion, is the recognition of the function of some particular organ; and every prohibition is the recognition of its liability to perverted action.

The ethics of the Christian religion is based on the principle of right and wrong, and science lays its finger on the organ of conscientiousness. Prayer is as much an organic function of the soul as digestion is of the physical system, and for the same reason it has an organ. Will Mr. Ingersoll tell us that nature has given us a prayer-organ, and has given us nothing to pray to? One has said that if there were no God it would be necessary to invent one, and it certainly would, for this prayer-organ demands a God as an organic necessity as much as the lungs demand air.

Christ said "love thy neighbor as thyself," which is only the organic function of benevolence translated into human speech. He taught the doctrine of spirituality, and science points to the organ of spirituality in the human brain. And so it is that every teaching of Christianity responds to an organic necessity of our being. Could such a scheme have originated in human wit? As well might you argue that the stars are fagots hurled into the sky by human hands.

The fact that the church has misinterpreted the Christian religion, and even fought over it with savage cruelty, so far from being an argument against it, is one of the most powerful and convincing arguments for its reality, for that message professing to come from heaven, which contains nothing sufficiently above the dead level of the world's present thought to insure its misrepresentation, rest assured, was born of human cunning.

An age in which "Hate thine enemy" was an axiom of social science, could not comprehend that messenger whose very burden was "Love thine enemy."

The church which Mr. Ingersoll attacks is but a human organization, and hence liable to all the imperfections and mistakes that characterize human nature. But the Christian religion is a divine formula which the human church is trying to solve. The school-boy may misinterpret an algebraic formula and thus arrive at wrong conclusions, but he does not thereby destroy the everlasting mathematical truth embodied in the formula.

So the church has misinterpreted the formula of the Christian religion, and yet it stands as the embodiment of eternal truth.

Would Mr. Ingersoll claim that the science of medicine is a myth because its history is dark and ludicrous? Would he tell us that the tactics of the great Napoleon were imperfect because his raw recruits got snarled? Or, would he point us to the veteran hosts whose movements were like the evolutions of a dream.

The Christian religion is the divine tactics, the church are the raw recruits and their evolutions have been awkward; but they are slowly mastering the tactics, already their movements begin to be graceful, and by and by they will wheel into line at the Great Command, and the hosts of darkness will reel back in the sullen silence of defeat.

The so-called warfare between science and religion is only that barrier of bashful reserve that always springs up between the hearts of destined lovers.

Though we cannot deny the dark history
of the church, we may glory in her future.

You have stood amid the gathering gloom of a thunder storm, and listened to the song of a bird till the angry lightnings cleft the clouds with fiery sabers, and hoarse-voiced thunders blow their iron bugles down the brazen steep, and in the din of elemental strife that sweet song was drowned. But when the sun came out again in smiling glory to kiss the jeweled eyelids of a thousand weeping trees, you heard that same sweet-voiced bird again. So humanity once listened to a sweet song that echoed down the starry aisles. And then the storm came. Earth resounded with the clang of steel, and cruel fagot fires lit up the heavens with lurid gleam, and a sweet voice was drowned. But when the storm had passed, that same voice was singing, "Peace on earth, good will to men." And humanity still listens with rapture to that song, and will continue to listen when Ingersoll and those who wake his thunderous plaudits have passed to the pulseless bosom of the unbreathing dust. They will listen as long as sorrow's untimely visit shall dim with tears the jeweled hours of youth, as long as love shall bend over silent couches and leave its kisses upon lips that answer not, as long as human hearts shall beat to the rhythmic movement of love's great poem.

A FEW PLAIN FACTS ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.

BY F. O. MOWER, '78.

I N the April number of the STUDENT I noticed an article on "What shall we do with the Chinese Immigrants?" by A. B., '84.

I read the article with mingled feelings of surprise and disgust; the more so be-
lished the fact that there were twenty-four murders in San Francisco in 1880, and that eight of these were committed by Chinese, and upon the slightest provocation. The publication of such facts as these, one would imagine, should be an answer for all time to such malassertions. But evidence has again been furnished that the old error is still prevalent.

A short time ago a letter was received at the office of one of the leading papers of San Francisco from a person in Newburyport, Mass. In this letter the writer claimed to represent the opinions of ninety-nine out of every one hundred throughout the East. Among other questions was this, "Do you find any Chinese names among those convicted by the courts of any serious crimes, such as murder, arson, burglary, savage assault, and kindred brutalities?"

To the average Californian such a question reads like a colossal joke. It seems hardly credible that the constant reports of Chinese crimes contained in the California papers should either be overlooked or suppressed. Yet how else can such widespread ignorance upon this subject be accounted for? Now for a few figures from the reports of the wardens of our two State Prisons.

In the San Quentin Prison the total number of prisoners on hand, April 20th, 1882, was 1,181, of which number 226 were Chinamen; in the Folsom Prison, 303, of which number 37 were Chinamen. Total number of Chinese prisoners in both prisons, April 20th, 1882, 263; total number of prisoners of all other nationalities, 1,221; population of the State (census of '80), 865,000; Chinese population (census of '80), 73,500.

It will thus be seen that the Chinese form one-twelfth of our population; but that instead of furnishing one-twelfth of the State's criminals they actually contribute over one-fifth of its convicts. Or, to make the matter still clearer and closer, while 791,500 whites, colored, and Indians, furnish fifteen criminals out of every 10,000, the Chinese ratio is thirty-six to each 10,000, or nearly two and one-half times greater. So it must be as clear as the sun at noonday that the Chinese, instead of being an inoffensive race, do really furnish more than twice as many criminals as the Caucasians whom they bless (?) with their presence. How a person can, in the light of these facts, speak of the Chinese as a "gentle," "harmless," "inoffensive race," that "will eventually become good and desirable citizens," is a thing past all comprehension. And when it is said that the Chinese are bloodthirsty, brutal, violent, and dishonest, an assertion is made that is founded on facts, not on prejudice; it embodies the bitter experience of the very bone and sinew of our State, and is not the wild whoop of the hoodlum.

A. B. says: "The assertion that Chinese immigrants demoralize our citizens is absurd and monstrous. It is the direct outgrowth of narrow-minded prejudice and selfish villainy." Pretty bold language to be used in characterizing the people of a State like California, and as false as it is bold. I shall attempt to show that there is not a city east of the Rocky Mountains that would endure the presence of the Chinese with so little friction as has San Francisco. But before going any farther I would ask my readers to remember who we are, and to reflect that we are of New England and Eastern birth. The population of California is composed largely of the best brain and muscle of New England and of the Middle States, together with the best blood of the sunny South,—the sons of the old slave-holders being the fiercest in their opposition to any form of servile or coolie labor, knowing from bitter experience the horrors and degradation of African slavery. Thirty years ago the Chinese were welcomed
among us. When California was admitted into the Union, the Chinese were invited to participate in the joyous event. When the national anniversary came around, the Chinaman was a feature in the procession. When the Burlingame treaty was negotiated, the people of California honored its author with a civil banquet at which the governor of the State presided. This, it seems to me, is a sufficient denial of any race prejudice.

The people of California have lived with this question from its first germ upon our coast, and have watched its growth and development until to-day. And when we say to the people of the East,—when we all unite in saying,—when one and all of our most honored clergy, our business men, our professional men, our laborers, our artisans, our journalists, our statesmen, our thinkers, our men of leisure, our men of property,—when all of us unite in declaring that in this question is involved our lives, our future, our property, our homes, our liberties, and our civilization; when we declare to our Eastern countrymen that we cannot endure this competitive struggle with Asians and live, we have a right to a fair hearing, and not such a base and unpardonable betrayal as we have received at the hands of Republican leaders. Why, no longer ago than May 13th, I read in the telegraphic dispatches that John I. Davenport had just returned to Chicago, from Cumberland, Md., where he had been to hunt up testimony in regard to the “Morey forgery,” while Republican Senators have been voting for the very same principles which the “forged letter” attempted to fasten upon Garfield as our standard bearer. Great shades of Tartarus, what consistency! Yes, we have been basely betrayed by Republican leaders, but we who were born in the old Pine Tree State—our governor and many of our leading men were born there,—we, I say, are proud of the fact that we have one champion of our cause in the person of Senator Hale; and should have had another, had ex-Secretary Blaine remained in the councils of the nation. And it was in exceeding bad taste, to say the least, for the Lewiston Journal to speak of Senator Hale as “an apostle of the sandlot.”

I have said that no Eastern city would endure the presence of the Chinese with so little friction as does San Francisco. Let us see if this is a logical conclusion. One-fifth of the entire population of San Francisco are Chinamen; one-half of the male adult population are Chinamen; there are two Chinese laborers for every white laborer; fifty Chinamen can and do live in a tenement where a white family of five would be ill accommodated; their food is tea, rice, dried fish, and dessicated vegetables, all of which they import from China; they import and make their own clothes; they have no wives to support, no children to educate; they have developed no new industry in the State; they are leeches draining our resources and sending our very life-blood out of the country; they pay no taxes, perform none of the functions of citizens, and are capable of performing no duty incident thereto; their criminals, their paupers, their opium-eaters, and their lewd women are out of all proportion to their numbers; our prisons are overflowing with them; our insane asylums, almshouses, and pest houses are crowded with them.

How would Eastern cities be affected by a like ratio of immigration of Asians? This would give more than 200,000 Chinese in the heart of New York; the same number to Philadelphia; 175,000 to Chicago; 60,000 to Boston; from 7,000 to 8,000 in each of the cities of Portland, Bangor, and Lewiston. These people are all males, all workers, and can live for ten cents a day. Assume that all are quiet, industrious, and law-abiding, what would New York, Chicago, Boston, Portland, and
Lewiston do about it? What would the women who wash, the men who saw wood, and those who toil at daily labor do? What would the factory girls and the men and women who work in the boot and shoe shops do? What could they all do to earn bread? How could they live? Would there be riots in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Portland, and Lewiston? Or would the meek and lowly laborer see his family starve, and himself lie down and die? I leave my readers to draw their own inference.

4,080 Chinese came to San Francisco in April; nearly 3,000 have arrived thus far during the month of May; 10,000 will come in June; and 80,000 Chinamen are awaiting transportation at Hong Kong, to come within ninety days. This rate of immigration would land on the Atlantic coast 9,600,000 Chinese in one year. As our Senators have truly said, "A barbaric invasion is upon us." It is no time for sentimentalists in the East to talk about the "great fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man" in connection with the Chinese; it is a question of life or death, a question whether we shall preserve our institutions and our civilization pure and uncontaminated for ourselves and our posterity, or give them up to the barbaric hordes of Asia. For to permit this heartless, wifeless, childless population of adult male barbarians to swarm in upon our virgin soil, usurping the unoccupied places, driving out those who are already here, and preventing others from coming who would form homes, raise families, and become citizens, would be a crime against God and humanity for which we should deserve to be eternally condemned.

Editors of the Student:

BARNSTABLE, MASS., May, 1882.

To those who have never been so happy as to pay a visit to this oldest section of New England, the name "Cape Cod" seems to be a synonym for sand banks and sterility. Such people coming here would expect to find a barren tract of loose sand, with few trees, and little or no vegetation of the smaller sort. But as far as the peninsula from the "shoulder" to the "elbow" is concerned, that is an erroneous idea. It is true there is much sand upon the shores, and more or less in the interior; yet the grass is as green, the flowers as bright and fragrant, the trees—where they have been allowed to stand—as large and thrifty, and the streets and walks, for the most part, as solid as can be found in any other section of New England.

However unfavored Cape Cod may be in many respects, it is a very pleasant place to live in during the summer, and is getting to be quite a famous resort for many of the city people who pass the warm season at the sea-shore.

The people here belong chiefly to the old Puritan stock, and are very intelligent. Their intelligence is exhibited in the fine system of public schools which they have established, and the commodious, comfortable, and well-furnished school rooms they have provided. Like most New England communities, Cape Cod is well supplied with church edifices of every description, from the stately building with its ambitious, tapering spire, to the humble chapel without steeple or belfry.

Also there is here every sect and every shade of religious opinion, and consequently all grades of gospel speakers, from the dignified Unitarian, with his perfect enunciation, well-rounded periods, and logical discourses, to the plain, zealous, hard-working and poorly-paid Methodist.
Society here is, to a considerable extent, divided into castes. Being only a few miles from Plymouth, the upper part of what now comprises Barnstable County, was settled at a very early period in the history of New England, and there are many old families here whose wealth and aristocratic ideas have been handed down through many generations from their English ancestors. These families are proud and exclusive. Then there is a second class, as wealthy in many cases as the previous, who have passed a greater portion of their lives upon the quarter-deck, and won their wealth from the ocean. And lastly, the class of poorer people, laborers, fishermen, sailors, etc.

Strolling through the village cemetery, a few days ago, your correspondent discovered the grave of Thomas Hinckley, who was Governor of the Plymouth Colony, just before, and immediately after the interruption by Sir Edmund Andros, and who died in 1706. The old grave-stone had gone to decay, and a new one was erected in 1829, beneath which repose the remains of one who lived and ruled two hundred years ago, in those troublesome times, before the Plymouth Colony united with the Massachusetts.

Farther on are some old head-stones planted nearly two centuries ago. They are of slate, and their rudely-carved skulls, quaint inscriptions, and queer old-fashioned spelling carry one back in imagination to the old colonial days, and he almost expects to see one of the good old Pilgrim Fathers standing before him, when the sight of some elegant marble monument of the present decade suddenly brings him to the realization of the fact that he belongs to the nineteenth, and not the seventeenth century. Then the thought comes, How many hopes have been buried here since those old headstones were erected? How many tears have watered these sods? How many stories are hidden here of love, of hate, of joy, of misery, forgotten long, long years ago.

But Messrs. Editors, I shall be occupying too much of your space, yet I do not wish to close until I have said that the influence of old Bates is felt even on Cape Cod, for six of her sons from the classes of '77, '78, '80, and '81, are now teaching in this vicinity, and none of the graduates of other institutions stand higher in the estimation of school officials here, than do some of those who have come from our Alma Mater. R. R., '81.

[Having reserved space in this number of the STUDENT for a promised letter from an Alumnus now located in Washington, D. C., and the letter not having come to hand, we occupy that space with extracts from one of his private letters to one of the STUDENT Editors, trusting he will pardon the liberty we take in thus putting him in print without his knowledge or consent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 8th.

My Dear L.: I find enough to do to keep me employed most all the time, so that really the only time I can call my own is Sunday. I have been busy for a week or two in gathering statistics for our Senator's report on the French Spoliation Claims, an abstract from which you may have seen in the papers. The claims are very ancient, having been before Congress since 1802. To get at the history of them and their disposition in the various Congresses since that time, required much research and examining of old reports and "pub. docs." I have been here now seven months, and Washington seems much like home to me. It is a beautiful place to be in at this time of year. The grass and the foliage (May 8th) are as far advanced as in June, at home, while the temperature is just comfortable. We have had no hot days as yet, but it is usual.
I came up to the Capitol Saturday evening to a tea party in the Rotunda, in aid of the "Garfield Memorial Hospital." It was a swell affair, attended by the President, Cabinet, and all the dignitaries, and lasted from seven till twelve. The various States had tables around the Rotunda, at which were sold refreshments, and there were the usual catch-penny arrangements to be found at such levees. The Marine Band was stationed in the old Hall of Representatives, adjoining the Rotunda, and those inclined could dance. I went to Barnum's circus one night that it was here, more to see Jumbo than anything else. The President and several of the Cabinet, with other notables, were there.

A week ago yesterday (Sunday), in company with a friend, I took a long walk and saw more of the suburbs of the city than I had seen before since I came. We took the horse-cars and rode to the end of the route in Georgetown, then crossed the Potomac at the aqueduct bridge, and found ourselves on Virginia soil in the upper end of Arlington. Arlington Heights range up and down the river, opposite Washington and Georgetown, for a distance of three or four miles, and as they command a sweep of the city, were strongly fortified during the war. We mounted the Heights at the upper end and walked "across lots" their whole length, to the old Lee Mansion and estate, which is at the lower end and now occupied as the National Cemetery. The remains of the old fortifications are plainly visible, though only one, Fort Whipple, is now kept up and garrisoned. That is occupied at present as a school for instruction in the Signal Service. I was much surprised to see the desolation of war so apparent after so many years have elapsed. The country back of the Heights as far as can be seen is barren in the extreme. An occasional ruin of an old farm-house shows that once fine farms were located there.

Now, negro huts dotted here and there, with now and then a drove of hogs, or a stray mule are the only signs of life visible. Not a fence, and scarcely a tree is left standing in the background, everything of that kind having gone into the camp-fire of the Army of the Potomac, which was encamped there so long. The old Lee estate at the lower end of the Heights is a beautiful place. The estate contains about 1000 acres, and buried there are about 15,000 soldiers slain on Southern battle fields. The view from the piazza of the old mansion is grand, extending from the colleges at Georgetown above to the Navy Yard and Arsenal below, and taking in the whole city, with the river from the aqueduct bridge until it disappears below the long bridge and toward Alexandria. We continued our walk along the Georgetown and Alexandria turnpike, a road terribly out of repair, but a fair sample of Virginia roads, until we came to the "cross roads," when we turned toward the city and crossed the long bridge. We tramped about five hours, and about ten miles as we estimated it. I was well repaid, for it was like visiting a new country. Much that I saw reminded me of Missouri, as I remember it.

C. B. R., '73

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LOCALS.

"Vacation is coming,—I wish it would come; I'll sell off my ponies and buy me a gun."

"Vacation is coming, and tests, too, I 'specs, Hold on to your ponies till you get through your 'ex.'"

Busy time.

Examinations.

The Juniors have enjoyed several tramps with Prof. Hayes, in search of flowers for analysis.
"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
You have had a horrid dream;
'Twas the nightmare broke your slumbers,
'Cause you eat too much ice-cream.

Let us then get up to breakfast,
For I have an appetite
That will make my boarding mistress
Burst her apron-strings with fright."

Motto for the Parker Hall boys—Matt. vii: 7, 1. c.

Arrangements have been made for the Cary concert the 27th.

The Freshmen got their first "cut" on Prof. Rand the other day.

The closing sentence of a Junior test paper—"No encores, please."

Several of Bates boys attended the Bowdoin field day and ivy day exercises.

Many of the students listened to Senator Frye's speech in Auburn, Tuesday eve, May 30th.

They say that '82 have Eaton Pease. Rather early, isn't it? Have you any left for the 4th?

'82 will soon leave us, when '83 will assume that Senior dignity of which we hear so much. Prepare boys, prepare.

Senior dignity has had a fall. The members of '82 have been seen playing "leap frog" (or as one fellow has called it "jump toad") on the campus.

Prof. Angell is building a large and fine residence upon his lot on the corner of Frye and College Streets, which is to our minds one of the finest lots in the city.

The Sophomores say they didn't propose to take their class ride on Saturday, A.M.; you couldn't have half so much fun as on some other day when you were conscious of "skipping" a day's work. It's nature.

They were talking about old books in the library one day, a Senior and Prof. H., when the Prof. remarked that he thought he had one as old as any in town, printed in 1456. The Senior innocently inquired if it was printed in this country. We are ready to go down town. M.

The new song books have come, and seem to meet with general favor. The forty copies sent were not enough to supply the demand. The book contains four pieces from Bates: one from '82, two from '83, and one from '85.

One of the students had recently become very much excited over something, and was using big words at the rate of fifty miles an hour, when one of his friends tried to pacify him. "Well now, H., if that had happened to you what would you say?" H. (who had studied German)—"I should say that I was not satisfied, damnit."

There has never been a time in the history of Bates when so many of the students have left before the close of the term, as the present. It must be very annoying to the Professors, besides requiring much extra work and time to prepare our tests beforehand, and then be obliged to watch us for two hours. Do we appreciate all this? Probably not the latter.

Some of the boys were recently discussing the question as to which religious denomination in the United States had the largest membership. M. maintained that the Catholic was the one, and finally being rather hard-pressed said, "Well, they are the biggest, anyhow, and I could prove it if I had a Green's Almanac." The rest queried what Green's Almanac had to do with religious denominations.

If you want to exasperate a fellow who is trying to raise a moustache, propound to him the conundrum: "If you were locked up in a fourth-story room, and the house should take fire, how would you get down?" And when he gives it up, say, "by clipping your moustache," and he
will turn round and go to "plugging" with his face picturing the most utter disgust imaginable, for all such puny attempts at wit.

A shoemaker, whose patronage was somewhat injured by his less honest but more successful rival across the way, thought to repair his fortunes by advertising his integrity. He accordingly had painted on his sign, "MEN's sibi conscia recti." His neighbor, nothing daunted by any new fangled "men's" wear, in the way of understanding, had painted upon his sign, "MEN's and WOMEN's sibi conscia recti."

On the evening of Friday, June 2d, Prof. Angell gave to the Junior class, with their ladies, a farewell reception, the class passing out of his instruction at the close of the present term. As is usual at these receptions, a very enjoyable evening was spent, with music, conversation, a bountiful collation, etc. '83's relation with Prof. A. have always been of the most pleasant character, and that he may live long to give such receptions to each Junior class, is the hearty desire of the present one.

"At Illinois College, those students who reach a certain standard in daily recitations are excused from examinations. The plan is giving general satisfaction." Would not such a plan work admirably at Bates? We venture to say that the average rank for the term would be materially raised, and the general scholarship be far in advance of what it is at present. For certainly half an hour extra work daily, on each study, would be of more value than half a day cramming for examination at the close of the term. A trial of this could do no harm.

The order of exercises at Bates College Commencement will be as follows:

**Sunday, June 25th.**—Baccalaureate Exercises at Main Street Free Baptist Church, at 2.30 P.M. Sermon by the President. At 7.30 P.M., sermon before the Theological School at the same place, by Prof. R. C. Stanley.

**Monday, June 26th.**—At 2.30 P.M., Sophomore prize debate at Main Street Free Baptist Church. At 7.45 P.M., Junior exhibition at the same place.

**Tuesday, June 27th.**—At 2.30 P.M., Class Day exercises. At 4 P.M., annual meeting of alumni at college chapel. At 8 P.M., Cary concert, for the benefit of the college, at Music Hall.

**Wednesday, June 28th.**—At 9 o'clock A.M., annual meeting of the corporation at college chapel. At the same hour, examination for admission to the college, at the college library. At 2.30 P.M., anniversary of the Theological School, at Main Street Free Baptist Church. At 7.45 P.M., literary exercises of the alumni, at Main Street Free Baptist Church. Orator, A. M. Spear, Esq., Hallowell, Me. Poet, Rev. A. L. Morey of Gray.

**Thursday, June 29th.**—Commencement exercises at 10 o'clock A.M. at Main Street Free Baptist Church. At 7.45 P.M., address before the Literary Societies, by Rev. T. DoWitt Talmage at Music Hall.

**Friday, June 30th.**—President's reception to the graduating class, at his residence.

At the close of Dr. Hill's lectures at the college chapel, May 25th, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

The audience in attendance on the lectures in the chapel of Bates College, by Rev. Dr. Thomas Hill, of Portland, on the "Postulates of Revelation," express their appreciation of the kindness of the lecturer and the excellence of the course, in the following resolutions:

**Resolved,** That our thanks are due and most cordially tendered to Dr. Hill for the profoundly philosophical conclusions and inspiring lectures which have enlarged the horizon of our thoughts, quickened our perceptions of the highest truth, and stimulated us to a more reverential and devout contemplation of the works of God as revealing His existence and infinite attributes.

**Resolved,** That we thank God for devout and scholarly men, of whom Dr. Hill is a representative, who not only confirms the faith of those who wish to believe, but vanquish skeptics and infidels on this ground.

**Resolved,** That we give the venerable Doctor our most hearty God-speed in his future labors in investigating and disseminating truth, and will cordially welcome further instruction, whether from his pen or his lips.

(Signed),

G. S. DICKERMAN,
On behalf of Trustees.

B. F. HAYES,
On behalf of Faculty.

B. MINARD,
On behalf of Theological School.

EVERETT REMICK,
On behalf of Students.
In response, Dr. Hill expressed surprise that the audience should find anything to thank him for, since it had been fully as great a pleasure for him to speak as it could have been for the audience to listen to him.

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**IN MEMORIAM.**

Death has entered the ranks of '84 for the first time, and removed from us our beloved classmate, James Alexander Meikle.

He was born at Chipplendale, Mass., Feb. 20th, 1858. When he was six years of age his parents removed to Milton Mills, N. H., where for several years he worked with his father at printing cloths. At the age of seventeen he left home and went to Shapleigh, Me., where he worked in a woolen mill, carefully saving his earnings for the purpose of attending school. While here, he became an earnest Christian, and united with the Free Baptist Church.

After spending three terms at New Hampton Institution, he entered Nichols Latin School, where he was graduated in the class of '80. In the following fall he entered Bates College with the class of '84.

During his first year in college, it became evident to his friends that close application to study was breaking down his health. He was loath to yield, but in October, 1881, he left college, and went to Minnesota, hoping to recover his failing health. The climate of Minnesota was unable to stay the hand of consumption. He rapidly grew worse, and on the 6th of May returned to his parents at Milton Mills, where he died two days later.

Although for a time he seemed to lose something of his interest in religion, during his last illness he returned to his early love, and died a happy Christian.

Mr. Meikle’s mind was of an elevated order. From his boyhood he was a close observer of truth. He never slandered any one, nor was he inclined to mingle with the low and base. His associates were generally chosen from those older than himself, but he was always courteous and polite to all.

He possessed a degree of resolution and perseverance which is rarely seen. Satisfied with nothing short of a thorough knowledge of his studies, he was often found bending over his books at a late hour of the night. His spirit of independence would not allow him to rely on others; by teaching in winter, and canvassing in summer, he paid his entire expenses at school. Although he often sacrificed sleep and rest to his ambition, we can but admire that energy and perseverance which inspired him to always reach out for something greater and more noble.

Let us learn many useful lessons from his good qualities of which few men have more.

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**FIELD DAY SPORTS.**

**THE CUP WON BY '83.**

The annual field meeting of the Bates Athletic Association was held on the Maine State Fair Grounds, on Friday, June 16th. Owing to a request from the Agricultural Society that we charge no admission, the day was not advertised, consequently there were few spectators except the students.

The day was more successful than the preparation gave promise for. All but one of the numbers being contested by more than two members.

Of the seventeen numbers on the program, '84 and '85 took one each, '82 took six, and '83 the remaining nine, giving her the cup for the ensuing year. The following is the program with the winners and their scores:
2. Sack Race (distance 100 yards)—Winner, Chase, ’84; record, 5 sec.
3. Hop, Skip, and Jump—Winner, Bartlett, ’88; record, 37 ft. 10 in.
4. Standing High Jump—Winner, Bartlett, ’88; record, 4 ft.
5. Three Standing Broad Jumps—Winner, Bartlett, ’88; record, 27 ft. 9 in.
7. Throwing Base-Ball—Winner, Cowell, ’83; record, 34 ft.
8. Mile Run—Winner, McKenney; record, 6 minutes.
9. Putting Shot (20 pounds)—Winner, H. H. Douglass, ’82; record, 21 ft. 8 in.
10. Standing Broad Jump—Winner, Tinkham, ’83; record, 54 ft. 7 in.
11. Mile Walk—Winner, Harlow, ’83; record, 5 min. 5 sec.
12. Standing Broad Jump—Winner, Bartlett, ’83; record, 4 ft. 9 in.
13. Standing Broad Jump—Winner, Bartlett, ’83; record, 4 ft. 9 in.
14. Running Broad Jump—Winner, Bartlett, ’83; record, 17 ft. 9 in.
15. Hurdle Race—Winner, Hoyt, ’82; record, 39 seconds.
16. Three Legged Race (distance 100 yards)—Winners, Douglass and Emerson, ’82; record, 13 sec.
17. One Hundred Yards Dash—Winner, Bartlett, ’83; record, 10 sec.

W. S. Hoyt, ’82, acted as field marshal; S. C. Moseley, ’79, and C. B. Rankin, ’80, as judges. Mr. Witherell as referee, and J. L. Reade, ’83, and S. Hackett, ’85, as timers.

**BASE-BALL.**

The base-ball season at Bates opened on Wednesday, May 26th, when a game was played at Brunswick between the Bates and Bowdoin nines. A slight lack of confidence was felt in our nine before the game, and consequently we were the more surprised and pleased at the result. The Bates won the toss and took the field, blanked their opponents, and were themselves retired in the same condition. In the third inning Bates obtained the first score. In the fourth the Bowdoins made three runs and the Bates two, thus tying the game, but in the fifth the Bowdoins made three more. This ended the run-getting till the eighth inning, when Bates again tied the game. The Bowdoins then ran in two men in the ninth, and their spirits rose accordingly, but they were doomed to disappointment, for the Bates in their inning succeeded in obtaining three more, thus winning the game by one score.

The game, though loosely played on both sides was a very interesting one. The following is the full score:

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<td>Douglass, l. f,</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Freiligh, p,</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whitmore, r. f,</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Atwood, 1b,</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Totals</strong>,</td>
<td>42</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

BOWDOIN, 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 8 | 9
Bates, 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 9 | 9


The second game between the Bates and Bowdoins was played on our grounds on the 27th, and resulted in a victory for the latter by a score of 13 to 12. Both nines played a better game than the first, our nine slightly excelling both at the bat and in the field. But our errors were costly, and a lucky two-baser in the ninth gave the Bowdoins two runs and the game. The following is the score in detail:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>BOWDOIN</th>
<th>A.R.</th>
<th>B.</th>
<th>T.B.</th>
<th>P.O.</th>
<th>A.</th>
<th>E.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Stetson, 3b,</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wright, p,</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knapp, c,</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waterman, l. f,</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cook, s. s,</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barton, c. f,</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Packard 1b,</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Torrey, 2b,</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Collins, r. f,</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Totals</strong>,</td>
<td>48</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>37</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The game, though loosely played on both sides was a very interesting one. The following is the full score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>BOWDOIN</th>
<th>A.R.</th>
<th>B.</th>
<th>T.B.</th>
<th>P.O.</th>
<th>A.</th>
<th>E.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Stetson, 3b,</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wright, p,</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knapp, c,</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waterman, l. f,</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cook, s. s,</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barton, c. f,</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Packard 1b,</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Torrey, 2b,</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Philman, r. f,</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Totals</strong>,</td>
<td>44</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
On the 30th of May, Decoration Day, the Colbys came to Lewiston and played their first game with the Bates. From our experience of last year, and from the report of the Bowdoin-Colby game we expected to encounter a strong team and we were not disappointed. The Bates, as usual, won the toss and took the field. Colby, by bunching of hits and costly errors ran in five men in the first inning, while the Bates were blanked. Then commenced the tug of war. For four consecutive innings both nines were retired in almost one, two, three order. Then in the sixth the Bates took their turn and tied the score, running in five scores. Again the blanking process began and continued till the end of the ninth inning, when the score was still even. In the tenth, the Colbys succeeded by virtue of several costly errors on our part in obtaining two runs, neither of them earned, while the Hates were retired without a score. The frame succeeded by virtue of several costly errors: the Hates again won the toss and tied the score, the Bowdoin's hits came at lucky places to bring in runs.

The fourth game of the season and the third with the Bowdoin was played at Brunswick, Saturday, June 9th, and resulted in another victory for the Bowdoin.

As usual, the Bates outbattled their opponents, but their errors were very costly and the Bowdoin's hits came at lucky places to bring in runs.
ceed in obtaining two runs themselves in the third. In the fourth the Bowdoins put in three runs, and their hopes went up again, but the Bates in their half of the inning ran in two more, making the score stand: Bowdoins, 3; Bates, 4. The Bowdoin made their last run in the fifth, and the Bates theirs in the sixth. In order that the Bowdoins might take the afternoon train for home, the Bates did not take their half of the ninth inning, so the Bowdoins had that advantage. That it was a well played game on both sides, the following score attest:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Bates</th>
<th>Bowdoin</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Merrill, s. s.,</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tinkham, 2b.,</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sanford, c,</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nerriss, r. f.,</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richards, r. f.,</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doughies, 1. f.,</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bartlett, 3b.,</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Freligh, p.,</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dorr, 1b.,</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total,</td>
<td>34</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Bates</th>
<th>Bowdoin</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Stetson, 3b.,</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wright, p.,</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knapp, c.,</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winter, 1b.,</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waterman, 3b.,</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cook, 2b.,</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barton, r. f.,</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Packard, c. 1.,</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Collins, r. f.,</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total,</td>
<td>32</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

With the Bowdoins we are now even, and if the next game can be played we think our chance of winning it are at least equal to theirs. The nine has all done well. Mr. Sanford behind the bat has played well in every game, doing especially fine work in the last two Bowdoin games which he played without an error. Freligh has shown that he can pitch when he has the mind, though he seems to have his off days, yet we think he has improved somewhat with every game, if we except the third Bowdoin game. Captain Tinkham has given good satisfaction, both in his play and in his ruling of the nine. In short, the whole nine has done well, and we are satisfied with them, for they out-fielded and outbatted their opponents in every game except the first.

### PERSONALS

**FACULTY.—** Prof. Angell is erecting a fine building on the corner of Frye and College Streets.

A new Prof. next year (perhaps).

'72.—F. W. Baldwin has accepted a call to the Granby Congregational Church, Granby, Mass.

'82.—F. L. Blanchard is to be on the reportorial staff of the *N. Y. Tribune*.

'82.—W. G. Clark is spending a few weeks in Iowa, hoping thus to regain his health.

'82.—C. E. Mason will engage in the sale of "The Royal Path of Life."

'82.—R. H. Douglass will study law in the West.

'82.—J. C. Perkins has been teaching in the Maine Central Institute during the past five weeks. The exercises of anniversary week pay a high compliment to his efforts.

'83.—E. Remick is cashier at the Hotel Pemberton, Hull, Mass.

'83.—W. H. Barber is to be employed in Epping, N. H., for the vacation.

'83.—O. L. Bartlett is to be waiter at the Marshall House, York Beach, Me.
THE BATES STUDENT.

124

1883.—H. O. Dorr is to wait at Crescent Beach, Mass.

1883.—J. B. Ham is to be porter at the same place.

1883.—E. J. Hatch will be employed as clerk in one of the summer hotels in this State.

1884.—E. F. Burrill, E. R. Chadwick, C. A. Chase, T. Diming, R. E. Donnell, Miss Ella F. Knowles, W. D. Wilson, and others of '84 will canvass during the coming vacation for W. C. King & Co.

1884.—E. E. Emery is second head waiter at the Hotel Pemberton, Hull, Mass.

1884.—H. M. Hersey is to be toll collector near the Glen House, at the White Mountains.

1884.—E. M. Holden and H. Whitney are to be waiters and F. S. Sampson porter, at the Hotel Pemberton.

1884.—K. W. Spaulding will engage in the sale of trees this summer.

1885.—M. N. Drew will go to the Glen House as waiter this vacation.

1885.—G. A. Goodwin will work at the Marshall House, York Beach, Me.

1885.—C. A. Scott, C. E. Stevens, M. P. Tobey, and C. A. Washburn will serve as waiters this vacation.

1885.—C. F. Bryant, F. S. Forbes, W. W. Jenness, F. E. Parlin, I. H. Storer and others previously mentioned are to canvass for "Our Deportment" this summer.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

SENIOR CLASS.—F. E. Briggs is about to settle with the churches in Parkman and Abbott, Me.

J. R. Franklin will continue his pastorate at White Rock and Little Falls.

L. C. Graves will still preach at Bean's Corner, Jay, Me., after graduating.

A. T. Holman is to continue his labors at the F. B. Church in Lisbon, Me.

A. L. Morey will complete the year for which he has engaged with the church at Gray Corner, Me.

G. N. Musgrove will supply the pulpit at Greene, Me., until January, and is to remain in the Theological School at Lewiston for the coming year.

G. O. Wiggin has accepted a call to the F. B. Church at Bristol, N. H., and already entered upon his duties.

MIDDLE CLASS.—R. W. Churchill continues to supply at Richmond, Me.

B. Minard, who has been at Gardiner, Me., since last September, will continue his relations as pastor of the F. B. Church, in that place.

JUNIOR CLASS.—K. Bachelder will be employed a portion of the time this vacation in raising the balance due on the Pittsfield Institute Endowment Fund, and in collecting the sums already subscribed.

E. Crowell expects to supply for the church at Port Midway, N. S., during the vacation.

E. F. Freese has engaged to supply for the coming year at New Gloucester, Me.

B. S. Rideout will continue his labors with the church at Lisbon Falls, Me.

J. L. Smith also continues his efforts with South Lewiston Church.

ALUMNI HISTORY.

[We are obliged to postpone the report of '76 in this number, as only five of the members have given us the needful data. We are very grateful to Mr. H. Woodbury, Secretary, for sending us the class letters, but since these extend back only about two years, we shall seek to obtain a fuller account. '76 and '77 will appear in the September number, and we hope to receive reports at once.]

CLASS OF 75.

BRACKETT, JAMES RAYMOND:
Principal of the High School, Montpelier, Vt.

COWELL, HERVEY SUMNER:
1875-76, principal of Clinton Grove Seminary, Weare, N. H.; in fall of 1876 became principal of the Academy at Franconia, N. H., where he has since been employed; also supplies the desk at the Deering Centre Congregational Church.

FULLER, FRANK BOUTELLE:
Spent three years in the Harvard Medical School and received the degree of M.D. from there in 1878; practiced medicine for a few months in Wilton, Me.; in Feb., 1879, was appointed Medical Interne to the Rhode Island Hospital at Providence, R. I., and after six months' service from the first of March, 1879, was appointed Surgical Interne in the same hos-
hospital; served in that position the regular term of six months; March, 1880, was appointed and served as House Physician to the Boston Lying-in Hospital, Boston, Mass., for the usual term of four months; in Nov., 1880, settled in Pawtucket, R. I., where he has since practiced his profession; in Dec., 1880, was appointed physician to the Pawtucket Dispensary, which position he now holds; is a member of the Rhode Island Medical Society, and the Providence District Medical Society; address, 18 High Street, Pawtucket, R. I.

GILES, HORATIO FRANK:
Been in business in Franklin, N. H., since graduating; present address, Franklin Falls, N. H.

HALL, HENRY FRANK:
Graduated from Columbia Law University, Washington, D. C., in 1879; was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court, District of Columbia, in same year; 1879-81, was associated in the practice of patent law with Messrs. Dyer & Wilbur, Attorneys & Counselors in Patent Cases, of Washington; since then has been engaged in the patent law practice for himself in Washington, D. C. Present address, 815 F Street, Washington, D. C.

HUTCHINS, JOSEPH HERBERT:
1875, acting as assistant editor of the Morning Star; 1876-77, teaching in Wakefield, N. H.; since Sept., 1878, principal of Northwood Seminary, Northwood Ridge, N. H.; and since 1880, Superintendent of schools of Northwood, N. H.

NASH, JAMES:
Studied law in the office of Frye, Cotton & White until 1877; since then has been in business in Lewiston, Me.

OAK, GEORGE:
Practicing law in Boston, Mass.

PALMER, LEWIS MERRITT:
From 1875-78 was principal of High School, Hopkinton, Mass.; 1878-81 was in Harvard Medical School, Boston, graduated in June, 1881; March, 1881-82 was Medical and Surgical Intern in Rhode Island Hospital, Providence, R. I. Married March 28, 1882; has been practicing medicine in South Framingham, Mass., since April, 1882.

Palmeter, Nathan Sanford:
Entered the Theological School in autumn of 1875; for the next two years supplied various pulpits; on account of sickness was unable to complete Theological course until 1880; then settled with the church at Meredith Village, N. H., where he remained nine months; owing to failing health had to leave the field in the fall of 1881; went immediately to Boston and engaged for a firm in that place; health being greatly improved he expects to again enter the work of the ministry in some form in the fall; present address, 475 Hanover Street.

SALLEY, ASHMAN THOMPSON:
Entered Bates Theological School in the fall of 1876; supplied the F. B. Church at Lawrence, Mass., from July to Nov.; from Dec., 1876, to May, 1879, supplied for the Roger Williams F. B. Church in Providence, R. I.; graduated from Bates Theological School in June, 1879; then again supplied for the church in Lawrence, Mass., for three months; Nov. 1st, accepted a call to the R. W. F. B. Church, in Providence, R. I., where he has since remained.

WASHBURNE, FRANK LESLIE:
Practicing law in Boston, Mass.

WOOD, GEORGE WILLARD:
Studied two years at Yale, taking degree of Ph.D.; studied in Lewiston till 1881; admitted to the Bar in Suffolk County, Mass., Jan., 1881.
the University Law School, taking the degree LL.D. in June, 1879; since that
time has been in practice in Boston; in
Oct., 1880, married Miss Annie C. Bent of
South Paris; present address, 30 Court
Street, Boston, Mass.

EASTMAN, ANDREW JACKSON:
Student in the Theological Seminary,
Lewiston, 1874-77; began stated supply
with the Free Baptist Church at Steep
Falls, Me., in Dec., 1876; ordained and in-
stalled pastor at Steep Falls, Nov. 1st,
1877; May, 1878, accepted call and re-
moved to Farmumville (Grafton), Mass.;
fall of 1880, opened Free Baptist Mission
in Worcester; resigned at
Farnimsville,
and took charge of mission in January,
1881; effected the organization of a
church, and was installed pastor, April 7,
1881; pastor for one year; April, 1882,
accepted call, and removed to Pittsfield,
N. H.; married, Sept. 13, 1877, to Miss L.
F. Smith, Campton, N. H.

FROST, CHARLES SAMUEL:
Supplied the pulpit of the Auburn Free
Baptist Church one year following grad-
uation; took a three-years' course at Bates
Theological School, graduating therefrom
in 1878; in August of same year was or-
dained and installed pastor of the F. B.
Church, St. Johnsbury, Vt.; from there
came to Pawtucket, R. I., April, 1881, as
pastor of the F. B. Church, of which he is
still pastor.

Hoffman, John Henry:
Graduated from Bangor Theological
Seminary in 1877; ordained over the Con-
gregational Church in Henniker, N. H.,
Aug., 1877; installed as pastor June, 1878.

Keene Josiah Fontaine:
Practicing law in Minneapolis, Minn.

Moulton, Alvah Orv:
Since graduating has been in Parsons-
field, Me.; has been teaching a portion of
the time; has also been Chairman of the
Superintending School Committee in that
town. (We obtained these few facts from
one of his classmates.)

Moelton, Frank Pierce:
Principal of the High School, Littleton,
N. H., 1874-77; a member of the Bow-
doin Summer School of Science, Bruns-
wick, Me., during the summer of 1876; teacher of Greek and Latin in New Ham-
ton Literary Institute since 1877; a mem-
ber of Martha's Vineyard Summer Insti-
tute, Vineyard Grove, Mass.; during the
summer of 1879; in the fall of 1879 be-
came Associate Principal of the New
Hampton Institution, which position he
still holds; married Jan. 27, 1881.

Noble, Francis Low:
1874-77, studied law in the office of
Strout & Holmes Portland, Me.; admitted
to the Cumberland Bar in the spring of
1877; in California for five months in the
year of 1878; 1879-80, in Minnesota; since
then has been in practice in Lewiston,
Me., office in Savings Bank Block.

Smith, Thomas Perkins:
Taught in Somerset Academy, Athens,
Me., 1873-76; Sept., 1876, entered Har-
vard Medical School; graduated from
same in 1879; June, 1879, began the prac-
tice of medicine in Westbrook, Me. (vil-
age of Saccarappa); married, Dec., 1879,
to Annie H. Lord, Athens, Me.

Spooner, Thomas:
June, 1877, graduated from Bates The-
ological School; Aug., 1877, ordained at
North Berwick, Me.; Jan. 1, 1878, mar-
rried to Miss Clara Prescott; April 1,
1880, became pastor of Whitefield, N. H.,
Free Baptist Church.

Stanford, Fred Benjamin:
1874-75, editorial writer on the Commer-
cial Chronicle, New York, also occasional
contributor to several other daily and
weekly publications in the same city, in-
cluding the Sun, the Independent, and the
old Hearth and Home; 1875-78, literary
editor of the Sunday-School Times, Phila-
delphia; 1879-80, literary editor of the
Independent, New York; 1880-81, lived
at leisure in the South and New England
recovering from ill health; 1881 to present
date, engaged in miscellaneous literary
work, contributor to various newspapers
and periodicals. Resides chiefly in N.Y.

Way, Martin Atwell:
Principal of the High School in Woon-
socket, R. I., 1874-76; married to Miss
Annie C. Piper, of New Hampton, N. H.,
in Jan., 1876; in 1876 he went to Portland,
Me., as teacher of Greek and Latin; here
he devoted much of his time in the study
of natural history; the summer vacation
of 1877 he spent in collecting, analyzing,
and putting up flowers. He died of ty-
phoid fever in Portland, Me., Sept. 25,
1877, after a short, but useful and exceed-
ingly promising life. His noble character
is still blessing the world by its pure, ele-
vating nature.
EXCHANGES.

Another "quack, quack," from the Bowdoin baby's Mother Goose, but this time with the intonation of injured innocence. It tells us that we shall doubtless apologize after cool consideration for our reply to its criticism of the STUDENT. But we must confess that we can see nothing to apologize for, unless it be for wasting a charge of buck-shot on a ground-sparrow. It says: "We believe that we fully appreciate the spirit in which it was written, and would reply in the same choice language, but the attempt would be useless." Perhaps it would not be useless; there's nothing like trying. Of course it would be harmless. It would fall

A tiny arrow, soft and low,
From Bowdoin baby's bended bow.

But then it would give you practice and discipline, and you surely need it.

By way of venting its spleen in the form of feeble sarcasm, it says: "Unfortunately we have never received the polish and elevating influence of that excellent fitting school, yeolt Bates College." Yes my little friend, it is regarded as quite a good fitting school, for it fits students to become men, which can hardly be said of that venerable institution, which a few days ago sent to our ball ground such rowdyish delegates that it was found necessary by the gentlemen of Bates fitting school to guard the honor of its ladies from beastly insult. Such appears to be the seraphic refinement and elevating influence of Bowdoin College.

But it is not altogether the moral status of Bates that makes it a good fitting school, for it is regarded as one of the foremost intellectually. So much so that the large colleges like Bowdoin rejoice in every opportunity of receiving into the last term of the last year of their course without an examination, and graduating with the highest honors those who have despaired of taking the highest honors at the fitting school.

Here is what Goosy says in speaking of the Bowdoin Medical School (which by the way, is about all there is left of the college): "Those embryonic race exterminators across the way, who are preparing themselves for a life-work of slaughter or something as near to that as their knowledge will allow, &c., &c., &c."

Just think of a downy-chinned, little fellow talking that way about the great medical institutions of this country. As our illiterate grandmothers would say, "He does beat all." One would think that his little wings had grown strong in the tempests of six centuries, and over the abysmal depths of thought he hung hovering like a star.

Sir Isaac Newton walked out one day on the shore of the great ocean of knowledge and picked up a pebble, but the pompous poodle that bites the bucks that butt the Bowdoin baby's Mother Goose has swallowed up the whole ocean, and is now engaged on the smaller lakes and rivers.

We have received a copy of the Nichols Echo, published annually by the students of Nichols Latin School, Lewiston, Me. It is fully equal in merit to the average college journal.

COLLEGE WORLD (Selected).

Examinations are to be dispensed with at Wellesley.

The Yale Faculty have abolished the Freshman class supper.

Both Tennyson and Thackeray left Cambridge without a degree.

Sixty-two per cent. of Harvard's graduates of last year studied law.

Cornell will this year for the first time, give Commencement honors.

The young ladies of Eastham College have organized a base-ball club, and practice daily.

The first catalogue of the University of Notre Dame, Ind., was printed by Hon. Schuyler Colfax.

Physical health is required for admission by Wellsley College; and a knowledge of physiology by Cornell University.

In the year before the war it is said that North Carolina University ranked next to Harvard in the number of its undergraduates.

President Porter of Yale, President Barnard of Columbia, Professors Sumner and Whitney of Yale, Hitchcock of Dartmouth, and Marsh of Lafayette, all favor the spelling reform, and practice it in private correspondence.
The professorship of anatomy, now held by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, was established in 1782, when the Harvard Medical School was founded. The position was first filled by Dr. John Warren, who was succeeded by his son, Dr. John Collins Warren, and in 1847 Dr. Holmes assumed its duties upon the resignation of Dr. Warren. There is no other institution in the country where, for a century, a professorship has been held by only three men.—Ex.

Daniel Pratt insists that his recent article in the Herald has already had so salutary an effect upon the authorities that the good results should be followed up. That we may be of some service in putting these great ideas before the college in general and the Faculty in particular, we publish the following, of great importance to Harvard University:

"Let Shake speare stand behind the door,
Let Byron take his pen no more,
Let Milton moulder in the tomb,
And give the Great American Traveler room."

Addressed to the President and Faculty of Harvard University, greeting: Gentlemen,—There has been great changes in the Hebrew and Greek writers of Antiquity, by the Hebrew and Greek writers of this Modern Age of literature and science. My great experience in the classic Shades of Learning, forces me to challenge the educated world to prove any Heaven without life, reason, logic, order, harmony, genuine faith, belief in harmony with the organic and natural laws which govern, regulate and harmonize mankind in the present tense, heaven possessed in the human mind. The value of all objects and subjects depend on the harmony of saving properties of the Deity for powers, and their value is in their power. If the Faculty will give me some encouragement to write for the college papers, or a chance to speak in the transit of the Memorial Hall a few times before the Commencement, I want to go to London, England, this summer.

DANIEL PRATT,
Great American Traveler.

FLowers FROM THE CAMPUS.

THE METEOR.
Out from the silent caves of night
A meteor winged its lonely flight,
A portent from the darkness hurled,
The fragment of a ruined world.

Men watched its wake of dazzling flame
As from those midnight shores it came,
One moment like the lightning's glare
It flashed and was no longer there.

Across heaven's startled silence driven,
Like a wild spirit unforgiven,
"So," said I, sad, and overawed,
"A doomed soul driven forth from God."

—Brunonian.

SAINT-WORSHIP.
The parting day sheds dusky light
A swiftly from the painted window falls
A sobered radiance through the night.
And faint the distant altar gleams
Behind one candle's sacred flame.
And penitents in pious shame
Bow where the cloistered daylight streams.
And we, two heretics are there,
To different chords our spirits move;
My thoughts are solely those of love,
And yours have flown in silent prayer.
As you I lain would pay; but no—
The saint I worship walks below.

—Yale Lit.
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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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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 all the Latin and Greek languages.

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