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THE

BATES STUDENT.

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EDITED BY FREDERICK B. STANFORD AND HENRY W. CHANDLER.

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MY CHUM AND I;

OR, A WINTER IN THE PETTIFER NEIGHBORHOOD.

III.

I'VE been thinking. That is what my old grandmother would say if she were alive — my grandmother by my father's side. "Yes, my lad, I've been thinking, and I understand it all now. The thing is as bright as the noon-day sun." These words she would repeat dreamily and then take up her knitting.

Well, I've been thinking how it came about, and I am quite sure that it was at the close of our fourth week in the Neighborhood when the War-horse Literary Association met at the Academy to debate the question: "Is the soldier or the sailor the most useful to his country?" Nothing of much account had happened previously. Teaching a country school is prosy business. The only excitement is at the beginning of the term, while the over-grown boys are looking forward and longing to be subdued. When they have been, and the school commences in earnest, life becomes a routine of monotonous spelling-books, multiplication tables, bad reading, worse writing, and chewing gum. Our school was a type of all others, I suppose, with its big boys and little boys, its large maidens and small maidens. Some had red hair and some were freckled. There were turn-up noses and turn-down noses, big mouths and little mouths, intelligent faces and idiotic faces; in truth, about every species of the human countenance known by man.

The only thing that was at all alike among them was their family names, and so similar were these that Chum thought we might safely consider ourselves tutors in a mammoth private family.

After the work of the day was done we generally walked to the post office, watched the delivering of the mail, gossiped with the do-nothings who congregated there in great numbers, and then returned to the captain's to beguile the evening as best we might. Sometimes one or two of the neighbors dropped in just to have a little chat with the old captain or Philothety upon the questions of the day, such as the
last donation to the minister, or was Abiel Touser really going to marry that Mehitable Mipps, or was it probable that Amos Andrews’ ship had weathered the last gale. All topics of interest and importance to the good folks of the Neighborhood.

And this was all,—this was life in a secluded little coast settlement. Rather dull, perhaps you think? Aye, so it was! But nevertheless relished and enjoyed by most of the dwellers there, for the whirl and bustle of the world, with its wranglings, its strivings for gold, and uneasy, restless surging, had not yet got possession of this quiet community.

“It’s a right-smart notion and no mistake,” is the way Captain Pettifer seconded Chum’s proposal to organize a debating society, or lyceum. In fact, the idea was caught up instantly, and thus came into existence the War-horse Literary Association. Chum objected at first to the society being known and styled as the War-horse, but the captain commanded in his loudest voice, “Let th’ apple’ation be War-horse,” and the appellation was War-horse. The time for the first meeting was appointed and, as the Latin poet has it, “the horses of the sun brought round at last the long-expected day.” And the day wore away to twilight, and the evening came, and the old Academy was brilliantly illuminated that night if never before. All the lanterns in the Neighborhood seemed to have come together by mutual consent, and hung themselves in every odd place in the building. And how they did show off the young misses who had remained away from school the entire afternoon to curl their hair on the kitchen poker! A crowd of old sailors was there in their nautical uniforms, who were in the very best humor, talking and laughing, and joking in the kindliest manner.

Every now and then the jingle of sleigh-bells caused a general stampede to the door to see who the latest arrival might be. And then,—could you have seen the number that came out of these puns you never again would wonder how Noah got all the animals into the Ark. Such a Babel of confusion with asking and answering of questions. Had Maria come? Yes; and Joe Trott along with her. Then a titter, and remarks sounding like “I guess so,” and “I thought as much”; while from the stout maternal parent, incased in pa’s buffalo coat, came the injunction to “bring in the warming-pan, Moses; and keep the coals alive, or we’ll all freeze are goin’ home.”

We were ready to begin the exercises about eight o’clock, when the first supply of peanuts had given out, and the minister put in an appearance. The discussion of “Is the soldier or the sailor the most useful to his country?” I feel incompetent to criticise. Neither do I deem it best to say just how many times the Reverend Christopher’s wig fell off while arguing a point, nor how Captain Pettifer thumped the floor with his wooden leg when Chum gave the audience the benefit of his opinion, because all this while I should be keeping in waiting two people that were always too modest to crowd themselves into notice.

At the first of the evening I did not see John Myrtle and his daughter
Mary, for they sat at the end of one of the back-forms quite apart by themselves, but when once I had observed them my eyes got in a way of traveling to their part of the house every time I looked up. Perhaps a sort of magnetism was the cause of it, though I cannot say for certain, so skeptical is this age about such things.

There are women at whom after the first meeting you forget to glance a second time, they seem to be such indifferent creations, such imperfect sketches of an idea to be filled farther on in a clearer type; then again there are those that command your homage at once, either by some happy combination of features, or winning grace, or music of the voice. Mary Myrtle could not surely be numbered among the first, and as to classing her with the last I am doubtful, for upon this evening in question, I could not exactly determine wherein her fascination depended.

She was dressed in black,—not fine, glossy black, but black that was gray, rusty and well worn. A very small silk handkerchief of the same color was drawn over her shoulders and pinned where its two corners met her gown in front, making a sort of triangle of whiteness,—some would say, "revealing a neck and throat pure and white as a lily-leaf"; and they would say no more than the truth, only I never like to put things in that way.

So much could I have said of her at this second meeting, but it was not until afterwards, when I had become more accustomed to her face, that I really had any idea of it. For fear, however, that my language may not do her justice, and that this manuscript may sometime be read by her, I will simply copy a note I found in one of Chum's note-books, which I think must have been jotted down while we were in the Neighborhood. It ran thus: "There is no task more vain than to attempt to make a picture of a woman whose beauty is in her expression—in the shy, elusive, womanly soul which looks through eyes of gray or azure. One may describe them in a charming attitude, their eyes can be said to be changeful things—now blue, now gray, now hazel, varying as their mood varies, but laughing often, while yet the 'lips hold serious earnestness'; that the hair is bronze, and the features are the figure is rounded and womanly rather than girlish. But with all this the face is masked."

As Mary Myrtle sat there in the school-room she seemed one by herself. While other girls chatted with their beaux, or whispered wonderful secrets, she remained quietly beside her father.

The old captain had told me more than once that Jack Myrtle was a wonderful man. "He's are man what's had his ups and downs, that he is. But I sometimes think he's clean gone since he tuck up with the Point Light. Jack should are put his head into better bus'ness 'n trimmin' lamps,—though I allers lowed it's respectable 'nough." So frequently had I heard these remarks made about John Myrtle that my curiosity was excited to know him, and finding my way to Captain Pettifer, I solicited an introduction.

"Jack," said he, in his familiar, off-
hand manner; and at the same time pulling his friend by the coat-sleeve. 'Jack, here's one of 'em—Jasper. I guess now ef yer'll give him an invitation to th' Light, yer'll find him pooty well up in some ef yer books.'

"Happy to meet you, sir," said Mr. Myrtle, obeying the captain's summons: "My daughter, Mr. Jasper."

She glanced up in my face and bowed gracefully. I never forgot that look. I might say that I never recovered from the effects of it, were it not for making you believe that I fell in love with her there and then.

"Quite a lively discussion we have had to-night?" continued Mr. Myrtle. "Yes," I answered, indifferently, not exactly aware of what he had said, for I was thinking,—well, never mind of what.

John Myrtle was a tall, slender man, past fifty years of age, I should say. His hair and long beard were iron-gray; and in his tanned, chronicled face an artist would have found a record worth studying. The knotted muscles of the mouth and the wrinkles about the brow meant something, as well as his dreamy, thoughtful, sorrowful eyes. He had spent his life among rough, coarse people, perhaps; but the curious flickering shadow of grace that remained in his manner, reminded one that he was a gentleman by birth.

"Speakin' ef discus'ons," said the captain, "reminds me ef that one we had twenty-five years ago, or there'bouts, under these same shingles. We'd jest made a good run over from Liverpool, yer'll mind, Jack?—got here th' night Polly Purrett had th' fit that skeered her into bein' humpback."

"Yes, I remember, quite well," replied Mr. Myrtle, smiling.

"Wal, Mister Jasper, the way Jack gin it to 'em that night a'n't in print, but it ought to be, for I solemnly swear Parson Olewinkle admitted for once he was arg'erd up a stump squarely."

"So he did, so he did," chimed in Philothety, "I hecrd him say as much in rael earnest at Mrs. Mipps's, the time Mehitable was born."

Philothety had a way of reckoning her dates by births.

"Ah, yes, that was a long, long ago, John." And he looked at his daughter in a way that seemed to say, "See what a picture I have got to remind me that I am growing old."

"Things have changed, sartin'ly," replied the captain.

"Change is the law of earthly life," Mary ventured to suggest.

"To be sure, my dear; that's jest what I tell yer father when I arg'er with him 'bout givin' up th' Point Light."

"But you know, captain, that father is too fond of quiet and of the ocean to ever remove from the Light. And then don't you believe you would miss us just a little if we went away?"

"Now yer see, Mister Jasper, how a woman 'll trim her sails and swoop down on a man afore he can say Jack Robinson."

At this juncture of the conversation, Chum joined us; and as the captain went through the maneuvre of introducing the "t'other teacher," I was relieved from making any reply to this last remark. Chum always knew what to say, and just how to say it; I never could do much more than to stare at
people through my spectacles. After exchanging a few commonplace words, he fell to conversing, as was perfectly natural, of books and authors, for he said he had heard Mr. Myrtle was a close student in his castle by the sea. Now and then Mary dropped a word or two, and so the talk ran on about something and yet about nothing, until everybody in the room began to think of a sudden about going home. Then of course a great commotion ensued; and no one knew exactly where to look for his hat or her shawl. People that had come to the Academy together got separated, and some were obliged to return either with new partners or none at all. For I am sure that I saw John Myrtle going away with the old captain instead of Mary; and when the lights were extinguished and I began to look around for Chum, he could not be found.

So I walked home alone and sat down in our room to await his coming, wondering all the while where he could be. No; I was not wondering, for I knew pretty well where he might have gone.

A letter lay open on Chum's writing-desk, a letter from the member of our class in college whom he had styled Pious. It had arrived that night, and we had read it together before going to the Academy; and now for the want of something better to do I took it up again and read:

"At the College, "Sunday Evening.
"My Dear Guild,—I have heard from you and Sid through Dalton, who is longing for your return, and protests he never was so lonesome as now. And allow me also to say that I am anxiously waiting for you to make your appearance in the class-room again. First, because we miss you no little; and secondly, because we are having a glorious revival here. Yes, Guild, a glorious revival, and I do hope and pray that when you return you will be touched by the Holy Spirit, and feel yourself ready to become a Christian. For our little band of converts needs you, and God needs you to help in His work.

"I know I have spoken to you of this great and important subject many times during our past three years in college, and that you have always evaded good-naturedly any direct reply to my entreaties, but now I want you to be sober and thoughtful. Commune with God, my dear Guild, ask him to give you light, to guide your footsteps and show you how to walk in the way of the righteous. Oh! it is glorious, glorious, to be born again; to know that we are God's own, and may one day hear the words 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

"The time is near at hand when we are to go out from the shadow of our dear Alma Mater; and it is my earnest wish that every member of the class shall have taken up the cross before that day arrives. If you will only come out and take the lead I am certain the others will follow. In truth, I think the most of them are looking to you.

"You should have seen how the Chapel was crowded this evening during our season of prayer. It would have made your heart leap for joy, I am sure. Wintercast was so overcome when he arose to ask prayers from the students that he could hardly utter a word. He has given up his pipe, and plays whist no more. Dalton promises to do likewise when you return.

"Now you understand how much depends upon you.

"I know, and we all know, Guild, that you possess rare talents, that you
are ambitious and mean to make your mark and win a great name,—but pause and reflect! 'For what is a man profited if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'

"Yours faithfully,

"JOTHAM TAYLOR."

Dear old Jotham! how it would have wounded you to see Chum laugh over your well-meant words and kindly interest in his spiritual welfare!

Well, I sat there I don't know how long after folding the letter and extinguishing the light. The night was very beautiful, with a bright new moon high in the heavens, and the stars twinkling through gauzy clouds. I must have fallen asleep, I think, for some odd fancies got possession of my brain, one of which was that I saw Chum and Mary Myrtle standing, hand in hand, on the rim of the ocean, and when I tried to hear what they were saying, for I could see the smile upon her face and the lips parted as if in speech, the murmuring sea seemed to catch the whispered words and mingle them with its music. And then suddenly there arose from the waves a horrible green-eyed monster, which, dripping with sea-foam, stood betwixt Chum and me, and—

"Mister Jasper, Mister Jasper,—oh come quick!" were the words that broke the dream or spell; and I knew that Ebb was pulling my coat sleeve and crying pitifully.

"Is this you, Ebb? Why, what is the matter!"

"Oh, quick, quick,—Mister Guild—he's dead—out here."

I stopped to ask no more questions, but springing to my feet followed hastily after the little fellow, as he darted through the long entry and out of doors. There, near the steps, where the moonbeams fell full upon him, lay Chum stretched out upon the ground, and Flo in her night-dress, bending over his prostrate form.

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**TO THE SKY.**

**ALL** hail to thee, thou deeply glorious Sky!

Where'er I roam, thy beauty greets my eye.

Beneath thy frequent smile old Earth is glad,

Or when with gilded green or snow-stole clad,

And weary man in thee hath felt a power

To ease the pain of many a dreary hour.

Can I thy praise withhold? or look above

And not declare a deep, enduring love?

While waiting on the hill before the morn,

To see the glorious pageant of the dawn,
To the Sky.

With what delight I hail the faintest ray
Of light auroral trembling far away.
And when at noon, thy azure arches high,
I stand beneath, thou pleasant sunlit Sky,
And watch the varying cloudlets sailing slow,
With shadow slight upon the fields below,
Or view the fulgent west at eventide,
While lying lone upon the mountain side,
And fancy sees through half-enclosing trees,
What rich-apparelled ships on golden seas,
Scarce moved along by soft and perfumed breeze,—
Naught can prevent the heart’s exultant thrill,
The soul expands, nor will the tongue be still.
And when the weary sun has gone to rest,
And million worlds on high again attest,
Through all the shadowy night their being bright,
With silent joy upon the splendid sight
We gaze,—upon thy face sublime, O Sky!
Beholding the Creator, eye to eye.

I love thee, Sky, in all thy changeful moods,
And sweet it is while wandering through the woods,
To see through swaying tree-tops thy blue eye
Peep through the rifts of fleecy clouds on high,
And cheer my tangled way. And in my boat,
Upon the quiet bay, ’t is sweet to float
At summer morn among the odorous isles,
And see thy face new-wreathed in sunny smiles.

Thou all-embracing Dome! how near thou art,
And yet how far. Wide Earth’s remotest part
Thou comprehendest, and the loftiest light
That stars the sombre forehead of the Night.
Yet not alone sublime thou art, but old.
And everlasting. When through Chaos rolled
The word sublime of God, “Let there be light,”
Thou present wast, and saw the wondrous sight
Of land appearing mid the water’s strife,
The springing herb, and new-created life.
Beneath thy constant arch the tribes of men
Arise, and live, and sink to earth again.
And as thou art to-day, a stable dome,
So wilt thou be through ages yet to come.
Optional Attendance on College Exercises.

Silent thou art, save when the thunder's sound
Rolls echoing on through all thy vast profound.
And yet, though voiceless to the ear of sense,
Thou speakest to the soul with eloquence,
And like a watchful God thou bendest o'er
Whatever desert, sea, and distant shore,
And such thy wondrous soothing power,
O'er saddest hearts in every saddest hour,
That men look up to thee as on the face
Of even Him who died to save the race.

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OPTIONAL ATTENDANCE ON COLLEGE EXERCISES.

The suggestion of President Eliot, in his late Report to the Board of Overseers of Harvard College, looking towards making the attendance at recitations, public prayers, &c., in that Institution optional, instead of compulsory as now, has called forth various responses from the public press; some opposing the contemplated change and others favoring it; though in the latter case somewhat cautiously, and with becoming hesitation.

Well may this be so. The regulation requiring obligatory attendance is probably as old as the oldest college in America, and has obtained in the schools of all higher grades, not strictly professional, without exception, of sufficient importance to deserve formal recognition.

The high source from which the question has now arisen demands for it a respectful and candid consideration; and, should any practical results follow the suggestion, its possible bearings upon the interests of collegiate education in our whole land, even more imperatively demand, that it should be discussed on general principles, independent of all local and personal considerations.

The discussion has not yet progressed sufficiently far to develop the full animus of the opposition to the present regulation, or to bring into definite form the whole array of possible arguments in favor of the proposed change. Several of the more important, however, have been stated with sufficient accuracy, and it is not difficult to anticipate others.

The reason first preferred in order of time, is the one most naturally expected, viz., that the change from compulsory to optional attendance would bring American colleges into accord, in this respect, with European Universities. This argument has been met by President M'Cosh of Princeton, with a flat denial of the alleged fact upon which it is based, both in general
Optional Attendance on College Exercises.

and in detail. He says, and his personal acquaintance with that whereof he affirms in this case, gives to his statement decisive authority, that in the colleges of England, Scotland, and Ireland, the students are subjected to frequent and critical examinations, recitations as they would be called in this country, of the studies pursued in the presence of competent tutors, and that in all the good colleges of those countries, the tendency of late years has been towards a weekly or daily supervision of studies, so that the change in question would be regarded in Great Britain as a step backward, rather than forward. In Germany, the thorough and rigid training of all students in the gymasia, preparatory to a connection with the Universities, imparts a degree of discipline and scholarship equal to what is ordinarily acquired in this country at the end of the Sophomore, or even the Junior year. Even with this advantage in favor of these Universities, it is doubtful whether the voluntary principle commends itself in its practical workings, as an example worthy of imitation.

That the German schools are provided with professors of the most eminent culture and scholarship, and that a portion of their students, owing to industrious habits and exemplary devotion to the pursuit of knowledge, graduate in high honor, is too well known to be questioned; but that at the same time large numbers fail of any tolerable success is equally undeniable.

Not to speak of empty benches, except in case of lectures from the most popular professors, it is obvious to say, that the excessive tendency to idleness, midnight carousals, beer drinking, and sword duelling, if not wholly due to a want of proper restrictions, certainly quite consistent with it, are features of academic life in Germany that one would not wish to see transferred to our shores. Dr. Schaff, whilst warmly approving the voluntary principle as it obtains in the German universities, admits that "to many a youth this academical freedom proves disastrous."

Though he thinks a major part are saved, at least, so far as scholarship is concerned, through the "patient and plodding disposition" proverbial to the German student: an argument of slender force when applied to American youth.

And then it is urged that compulsory attendance is adapted to boys in the preparatory schools, rather than to the more matured and better disciplined men of our colleges and universities. And yet it is allowed that the average age of applicants for admission to Harvard College, varies not far from eighteen years. If this be a criterion for other colleges, then there must be hundreds entering these institutions each year, whose ages vary from sixteen to eighteen; a period of life at which, it is well known, that principles of character and habits of study are far enough from being permanently fixed and safely settled.

Would it be prudent for the authorities of our colleges, would it be meeting one of the gravest responsibilities imposed on those to whom is entrusted the process of fitting our youth and young men for honorable and useful citizenship, to allow them, at such an
Optional Attendance on College Exercises.

age, to choose, wholly without restraint or hinderance, whether to meet the professors and their classes in the recitation room, or pass the hour nobody knows where or with whom?

It is true there are large numbers in all our colleges, whose ages, or established habits of study and thorough devotion to learning, render restrictive regulations, as applied to them, comparatively, if not wholly unnecessary and useless. But even in these instances they impose no burden, scarcely an inconvenience. And students of this class, if I mistake not, will be among the very last to ask for an abrogation of the rule.

Among the many results that cannot fail to follow the contemplated change, may be mentioned the deterioration of scholarship on the part of a very large portion of the members of our colleges, which is even now lamentably too low. It is proposed, however, to check, if not wholly to remedy this tendency, by enforcing strict and thorough examinations at stated periods, say once in twelve, perhaps once in six months; at least at the time of promotion to advanced standing, or of conferring degrees; and in case of failure no promotion to be allowed, and no degrees conferred.

But in innumerable instances this would be placing the penalty, if it be regarded as such, at a too great distance to be practically and certainly efficient, so that failures would be numerous, or success would be attained by an unnatural and unwholesome "cramming" during the latter portion of the probationary period, which would be scarcely an improvement on failure; for healthy discipline and sound scholarship are the results of slow and steady growth. They can never be forced.

It has not been denied, neither will it be, that in the absence of the obligatory regulation, the attendance at recitations will become largely less regular and certain. The result of this would be, to many, an irreparable loss. Daily recitations not only afford an opportunity for testing what the student has accomplished by himself in his study, but furnish occasion also for correcting mistakes and solving difficulties, which will greatly aid him in his progress from day to day. But the evil spoken of does not end here. The change proposed will tend to encourage idleness, especially during the earlier portions of the periods between stated examinations; and idleness, besides being a crime in itself, falls but one step short of various irregularities of habit, if not of actual dissipation.

But it is urged withal by the advocates of the proposed change, that young men of the age above named, and so on to the period of graduation, to be properly trained to self-control in freedom, should be allowed to taste freedom and responsibility. This statement involves a principle of the very highest importance. It is past all question, that as a preparation for the responsibilities and duties of active life, youth, especially at the period of ripening into manhood, should be freed from external restraint so far and so fast as is consistent with safety to morals, and to the confirmation of right habits.

But there is a difficulty in the application of rules, arising from the fact
that, owing to constitutional tendencies, or early training, some are prepared for freedom much earlier than others, so that in case of large numbers associated in the same capacity, it becomes necessary, just as in civil society, to establish general regulations, ostensibly for all, and yet practically applicable to a less number.

If it be implied in the argument in question, that the present compulsory regulation tends to break down the spirit of independence in our young men and render them servile and unduly conservative in after life, it will be a sufficient reply to say, that the Alumni of our colleges are largely found everywhere and in every department of human activity, in the very front ranks of the toilers for progress and improvement. Or, should it be alleged on the other hand, that this undue restraint, when relaxed, will lead to abuses of liberty and to unrestrained license, it is obvious to remark that many a man, prompt and regular in his professional or business habits, has occasion to bless his Alma Mater for confirming, if not even inducing in him, such uniform habits and tendencies as he has found indispensable to true success and permanent prosperity.

But there is another class of persons scattered all over the land, equally interested in this question, but whose voice will scarcely be heard in the present discussion. I refer, of course, to the parents and immediate friends of the students in our colleges.

It is well known that there is abroad a general impression, whether well or ill founded it is not necessary here to inquire, that in college life there are peculiar and dangerous temptations to idleness, and consequent irregularity of habit of some sort. And this occasions constant and painful anxiety on the part of parents. There is to them, however, a most timely and grateful relief found in the consideration that their sons will be brought into daily contact with wise, judicious and cultured teachers, who will aid them in their studies, and, if possible, impart to them a portion of their own love of truth and enthusiasm in the pursuit of knowledge. They feel assured that habitual neglect of study, and any considerable irregularity of habit, will not be possible; or if possible, will not long be kept from their knowledge.

Now change all this, and how are they to assure themselves that the studies are not wholly neglected, and habits and character correspondingly suffering? To be sure, one arguing in favor of the change in question, speaks of the "well guarded enclosure of college life"; and another assures us that the wisdom of experienced professors will devise "safeguards that will prevent irretrievable disaster." But what these safeguards are to be, we are left to painful conjecture, and even to absolute doubt of their efficiency, whatever they may be, in case the present restriction be broken down. Certainly the result of this will be to increase the distance, already too great, between teacher and pupil, and this of itself will tend to weaken, if not to break, the force of all social and moral restraints.

The above considerations, favoring the retention of the compulsory regulation, as it now stands, will hardly be
met by the assertion that it is a mistaken view of the whole question to suppose that it is proposed to make the change a sweeping one, when in fact, no serious thought is entertained of extending it beyond the Senior Class, and this possibly by way of experiment.

No such limitation is even implied in President Eliot's proposition, but quite the reverse. Indeed, it appears obvious from his whole statement, that he would not think it unwise to apply it equally to all classes. In any case, it is obvious, that the innovation once begun would not stop with the Senior, or even with the Junior or Sophomore Classes.

Such, then, are the probable results of the movement, if carried out, on the interests of higher education in our own land, and even in other lands, that it cannot fail to awaken a profound interest on the part of all intelligent and earnest educators in the schools, and excite uneasy apprehensions in the minds of many true friends of our colleges everywhere.

It was intended to consider somewhat particularly that part of the proposition which contemplates making attendance on public prayers, as well as recitations, optional. Some of the arguments already adduced will bear with equal, if not with still greater force on this part of the question. But full justice cannot be done to it in this paper.

It must suffice here to say, that God has set his seal of approval to the formal and uniform recognition of his name and authority in all our colleges and higher institutions of learning,—has set it, by the renewal to spiritual life of so many hundreds, and even thousands, who have gone forth from these halls of learning, as Christian men, to aid in purifying society and religiously blessing the world.

It is far enough from the intention or thought of those favoring the change in question, to dispense with public prayers in college; but the question, coming up just at this time, when the spirit is becoming rife among us that would not only do that unseemly thing in all our public schools, but also banish from them every trace of religion, possibly on this account may awaken a deeper interest in the minds of good men. Christ and his claims are now too little known in the halls of learning, so that one cannot consent to even a seeming abridgment of whatever recognition of these remains, without the strongest and most satisfactory reasons.
FRANKFORT is one of the great money centres of Europe. From 1815, the period of Napoleon’s overthrow, up to 1848, the era of the third French Revolution, Austrian paper, almost alone, held the market here; but when the various European governments were shaken and seemed likely, many of them, to go by the board in that stormy period, the banks and speculators of Frankfort made their first purchases of American paper. Being considered perfectly safe, it gradually worked its way upward; but the hard times of ’57 cut it down, and the Austrian stocks rose again. Then in ’59 came the Italian troubles, and the American rose anew. The great Rebellion followed, and then came the wonderful fluctuations in the money market here as well as with you. The war of ’66, between Austria and Prussia, sent the Austrian paper tumbling again, and opened the way for a still larger influx of the American securities, now regarded as perfectly safe.

In the Frankfort market are found, to-day, Austrian, American, French, German, Italian and Turkish stocks chiefly. The Austrian may be divided into two principal divisions, i.e., State and non-State paper. Of the former there are two kinds. First, ordinary bonds, with interest payable annually or semi-annually. The second is quite unlike anything we have. For instance, the Austrian Government, at Vienna, wants 2,000,000 thalers to build a park or public building. A banker gives it, say, 1,800,000 thalers, receiving thus at once 200,000 bonus. He then issues bonds, notes, to the amount of 2,000,000 thalers, say at 100 thalers each. The Austrian Government guarantees them, and the public buys them. Now, instead of paying interest on the bonds, a sum considerably less than the interest of the whole loan is divided into portions ranging from 500,000 to 100 thalers, and four or five times each year, at Vienna, there is a drawing, a lottery, honestly made, and each bondholder stands his chance for one or more of the prizes. This method he prefers to receiving a fair rate of interest. No prize is less than the face of the bond, and the holder can, at any time, sell, at the exchange, his bond for at least its par value. He has the chance of drawing a prize four or five times a year, and the bonds often run for fifty years. Sometimes the plan is to pay a small per cent., and diminish the prizes accordingly. In either case, the Government or the banker makes a handsome speck, as less than the legal interest is returned to the bondholders.

Of the second class of Austrian stocks (the non-State), the principal are the railroad, the industrial, and the credit stocks; some of the former, however, being guaranteed by Government, as railroads are a public good. But through all of these the lottery system runs the same. It is remarkable how wide-spread it is at present. War, which, at any moment, is likely
to break out between Austria and Prussia, renders all real estate possessions here dangerous property, since in war, insurance avails nothing, and almost every man, woman and child, having any money to invest puts it in paper. This unsettled state of the European finances, where the slight indisposition of an Emperor or King creates a panic, and croakers see the annihilation of governments impending, renders all home paper here unstable, compared with American stocks, now that we have outlived our terrible civil war.

A visit to the Frankfort Borse (i.e., French Bourse, English Exchange, and American Gold Room) is quite entertaining. Here the Jews predominate, and to see all the tricks, rigmroles and pranks of the old speculators is novel, at least. The room itself is a study; dark, of a half Moorish and half Gothic style, having a little statuary, stations for the sellers and clerks, and a crowd of screaming money-maniacs of all ages, from blooming twenty to hoary eighty. There is, of course, less excitement here than in the Bourse at Paris. In fact, I doubt if such another Bedlam as that exists. There, the building is immense, and to stand in its lofty gallery and look upon from 300 to 500 men, with hats off, hands in the air, filled with papers, swaying to and fro, and every soul of them screaming: Yes, yelling like very demons, while the sweat runs down their burning faces in streams — to see this is terrible; but when added to the sight is the horrible din of voices which well nigh stuns you, nothing more is necessary to convince you that civilization is a myth and humanity a hoax.

The amount of paper which changes hands daily, at the Frankfort Borse, is astonishing. Not unfrequently 150,000,000 thalers in stock are bought and sold in a few hours. When gold in America was at its highest premium, millions of dollars worth of bonds were bought here by the money-kings, at the rate of thirty-eight cents on the dollar. What a harvest for them, but what a famine for us! Immense fortunes were made in a day, and the market here is now filled with every species of American paper, from Government bonds down to the latest railroad stocks.

Many, especially the Jews, who deal at the Borse and buy or sell, daily, thousands, have, perhaps, actually but a few hundred dollars, or at least never risk more than this in their speculations. They often proceed in this way: The buyer says I will take 20,000 thalers of a certain paper at, say, ninety-five, to be delivered in twenty days. The time expires. The price is now, say, ninety-nine. The buyer says to the seller, you may pay me the four per cent. gain and keep the stock, which stock, by the way, may be with him merely imaginary, and has been sold over and over again in the same manner. Beaming countenances, false letters, lying reports, &c., &c., all play their role among the old heads, and up goes the price, some veteran buying mildly, apparently. The young and the green bid high, and when the figures are right the sharper sells, and puts another golden lining in his pocket. None can equal the Jews in these sly tricks, and starting with a penny they end as millionaires. But
many a poor wretch walks out of the Borse ruined, and in its depths the sullen Main listens to his death-gurgle.

When Frankfort holds its annual Horse Fair, or Horse Market, as they call it, the city presents all that commotion and life attendant upon such occasions. There are, perhaps, a thousand horses brought in, and quite a large variety of breeds among them, the French and English, however, predominating. England, France, Holland and the various German States, all contribute to the number, and buyers and sellers from nearly all Europe are on hand. The horses are divided into two lots, draft and driving horses, and are stationed in two different parts of the city. The former are in the square, about the Goethe monument, known old as the Ross Market — the Horse market — but which now one often calls the “Goethe Place.” Here the thoroughbred French horse, heavily-limbed, small-headed, thick-necked, short-backed, heavy-maned and broad-hipped, is the principal character; but, coming as they do, chiefly from borders of France, they have none of that fancy trimming and silken gloss which their more famed compatriots wear in the Parisian markets. They are ponderous fellows, most of them, always fat as butter, good-natured and wonderfully strong. They are tied to ropes running through the square in parallel lines, and between these rows the dealers are cracking their whips and their jokes, while their jockey boys, in clouds of dust, are running up and down with the horses, displaying them to the crowds. The prices seem to range from $75 to $200, and all horses sold are guaranteed a certain number of days; so that if any disorder or defect appears within the specified time the seller must refund the money. Flags are flying, everybody is jolly, and the barrels of beer that go down are shocking to malt.

Upon the other side of the city are the nice driving horses, at the city stables, and they are nice, indeed perfect beauties, and as well behaved as they look. The thousand and one kings, grand dukes, dukes and princes of Germany, make their purchases here yearly, together with the army of wealthy men, so that the very cream of the equine stock is brought here for sale. The beautiful English horse takes my eye. He is tall, clean-limbed, round-bodied, with arching neck, small head, open nostril, trim ear, projecting eye, full chest, bright bay color, a step as nimble as a squirrel’s, and a style that’ll make the children by the roadside drop their playthings in admiration.

Into the Horse Fair the lottery enters also. A committee, consisting of the first men of Frankfort, have charge of the matter, and the whole affair is managed with scrupulous honesty, not to fill their own pockets, but to enhance the agricultural interests of the community. The tickets, which have been selling for months, are a thaler (about seventy cents) each. The prizes consist of horses, carriages, harnesses, blankets, whips, and everything pertaining to this department, besides a liberal supply of watches, works of art, &c., &c. The first prize is an elegant turn-out, a coach and four fine English bay horses, with all the fixings, the whole worth here about $2,500. The drawing takes
A Day's Journey.

place in the large concert hall, at the close of the Fair, and the scene, which is naturally exciting, is rendered still more attractive by the display of the artistic prizes in the hall, and the stirring music of a fine band. The manner of drawing is this: On each side of the director, upon the platform, is placed a wheel or revolving drum; in the one there are as many numbers as there have been tickets sold; in the other are the numbers which are fixed to the prizes; two men whirl the drums; two others, without looking in, draw out each a number. At each trial the director announces the numbers drawn, one the number of the ticket, and the other the number of the prize belonging with it. When the first prize is won, a loud cheer arises through the crowded hall, the band strikes up a gay air, and a general jollification ensues. The next day the journals publish the result, and away go the prizes over all Europe. So goes the world in Deutschland.

A DAY'S JOURNEY.

Of all days in the year, that was the loveliest, which was mentioned in the calendar of that year as the 20th day of May, 1871. And of all gay parties, that was the gayest, which set out from Lewiston, on the morning of that day, to visit the Old Manning House in Raymond, where Hawthorne passed a few years of his early life.

There were Ellsworth, Johnson, Wiggin and I. The two former, though they had already received the rolls of parchment which reward the successful completion of a college course, were not, on that account, ashamed to associate with undergraduates, but were, all in all, two as genial A. B.’s as ever wore the title.

I remember how I proposed the visit early in the Spring, and how, on this bright May morning, I was surprised at breakfast, by a voice from the street, shouting to me to "hurry up if I wanted to go to Raymond." I did "hurry up," and, in a few moments, found myself behind Johnson, in a two-seated carriage which was to be drawn by a span of fine-looking, dark red horses. Johnson had come for me first, and we were to gather in the rest of the party on the way.

At the first corner, Wiggin climbed into the back seat with me, and we dashed off down the street with such sparkling faces, that many a gray-haired old man and blushing maiden stopped to wonder what could be our errand, and did not cease until enlightened by the evening edition of our enterprising Journal. But we cared little for their speculations so long as the way was clear before us. Down through the streets, already busy with a city’s traffic, and across the old and rotting bridge at a rate which threat-
A Day's Journey.

ened to bring down upon us the penalty of the law, and we were in Auburn and at Ellsworth's door.

"Well, boys," he tried to articulate, as he seated himself by the side of Johnson, "we must dispose ourselves comfortably, if we are to ride forty miles to-day."

But his sentence was chopped into a dozen pieces, as the horses, obeying a command from Johnson, started off at a round pace over the uneven road. The caution was not needed, however, for the freshness of the morning breeze forbade lassitude, and brought on its wings just the right train of thought for those about to visit the old-time abode of America's great romancist.

"Then you had a very sober and quiet journey," says one.

Not at all, my dear friend. We were just as happy and boisterous as Hawthorne would have been, had he been with us. Not a whit more so, I verily believe.

Occasionally, we would strive to awaken melodious echoes by the sonorous intonations of four strong voices exerted to their utmost tension. Then would we listen, for a few moments, to the songs of the early birds. But their performances painfully indicated that they had never taken lessons of a modern singing-school teacher; for they sang the same old tunes our boyhood's ears had heard. So we soon ceased to listen, satisfied that in one respect at least, Art can improve upon Nature.

The roadside scenery was not particularly striking, except that it was all glorified by the indescribable charm of Spring.

"Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
And bonny blue are the sunny skies."

The trees, after having stood forth for long months in a dreary nakedness, seemed to be just recalling the early lessons of modesty which their mother, Nature, had taught them, and were donning a new garb of perfect green.

Oh, Nature was in a merry mood that day, and she seemed to be playing her tricks for the especial purpose of amusing us. For example, a large oak, doubtless fifty years of age, was standing on his head at one side of the road, his limbs extended in a most ridiculous manner, appearing not to realize the laughableness of his situation in the least. For ourselves, we could not help smiling at the odd figure which his posture presented; yet we regretted exceedingly that the venerable creature should incur so much criticism from a simple ignorance of the customs of good society.

Off in the fields, a woodchuck now and then sat watching us as we passed, or a flock of noisy crows sailed off scornfully into the distance. Once, as we were traversing a long extent of forest, we met a most hideous looking man. He resembled the old "Grab Man," as my childish fancy painted him, years ago. He had an empty bag thrown over his shoulder, as if he were all ready to stow away the first hapless youth who should cross his path.

Arrived at Raymond Village, we inquired the way to the Manning House.

"Oh!" exclaimed our informant, "you mean the old house where Nat Hathun used to live! Wall, you jest
keep right on about two miles, and then turn to the left and keep on agin till you come to a large, square house and there you are."

It was "high noon by the hot sunbeams" when we reached our place of destination, and sought the nearest grove where we might partake of our picnic dinner undisturbed. It was a romantic place, such as Hawthorne might have delighted to revel in. Tall pine trees swayed gently overhead, and a dry, clean sward was spread beneath our feet. Near us, on our left, were a dozen little groves, each a counterpart of our own, and all set off by a background of black, interminable forest. On the right, golden sunbeams glanced up from the clear waters, and dodging the frequent trees, struck us full in the face whenever we looked that way. We afterward went down to the water's edge and out upon the bosom of the lake, where a scene of startling beauty burst upon our view. There were — but I restrain my pen, for I have almost reached the prescribed limits of this article.

The Old Manning House looked more like a small church than a large dwelling house; and, indeed, at this time, it was used by some religious denomination for church purposes. It was impossible to determine what had been its original color, and the warped clapboards were rapidly falling off. Through what had been an attic window, a broken-backed chimney could be seen, looking as if it had been crushed in an effort to pierce the roof. We could not enter the room which Hawthorne had occupied, for the upper floors had been removed the better to accommodate the powerful lungs of the weekly preacher; but we could see the window through which every morning he had looked forth upon the new day. We lingered long about the place, and did not come away without some substantial memento of our visit. The good people of the village were very kind and attentive. Two of them had seen "Nat" and known him.

"Nat was a cute fellow at askin' questions, Nat was," said one of them. "He was allers tryin' to find out new things."

Returning, we did not retrace the steps of the morning, but took a route which would offer us new scenes and landscapes. There was none of that boisterousness which had characterized our morning journey. All that had disappeared before the thoughts which the scenes of the day had awakened. Besides, our way lay through the thick, dark woods, and the fantastic movements of the trees as we hurried past, the subdued murmur of the swaying forest, and withal a certain indefinite sense of majesty, had a soothing, quieting influence which placed silence on our lips. A flock of wood-pigeons, flying off into the twilight of the woods, induced no comment. Out of the woods our way led over a lofty hill whence we could look down into the valley and see the diminished trees, robbed, by the distance, of half their stately grandeur. Yet it was not without a feeling of complacency that we beheld the sight, — so proud is man to look down upon that to which he has been accustomed to look up.

Once, while we were still miles away, we saw Mt. David and the Col-
A Day's Journey.

leged nestling at its foot. Then the roar of the falls became audible above the rattle of wheels and the sighing of the evening breeze. Again we crossed the old bridge which then spanned the Androscoggin, and again we traversed the city's streets; but the noise of traffic had ceased, while darkness and a hush were fast creeping over the city.

"It was a beauteous evening, calm and free; The holy time was quiet as a nun Breathless with adoration."

And so that day, which had brought us a deep and solemn pleasure never to be forgotten, passed out in quietness and peace,—lingering a little above the western hills, till the stars came forth, and the moon, rising with queenly majesty in the east, signalled across the heavens that she was ready to resume her sway, unaided, over the broad expanse and myriad worlds of Night.
WHILE it gives us great pleasure to chronicle among our Items several instances of munificence to our sister colleges, we are happy to record the generous proposal of friends to donate one hundred thousand dollars to Bates, on condition that the College raises the same amount within five years.

This willingness, on the part of business men, to aid our colleges, ought to encourage and stimulate to still greater exertions the many colleges of our country. It is truly encouraging, for it shows that the work which the colleges are doing is appreciated. Since, however, they have not reached, by far, the maximum of their power, such instances of liberality ought, as we have said, to rouse them to put forth all their efforts to reach that point.

The object of a college is not, as so many think, to turn out polished men — men who shall be simply ornaments to society. The aim of such an institution should be in accordance with the demands of the people. Now, the world needs, and is continually demanding, practical men, men who can do something. Hence, the aim of the colleges should be to send out, not ministers, or doctors, or lawyers — but men. In other words, the aim of the college should be to help young men, by a systematic course of training, to perform better their active part in this active world of ours, no matter what may be the business of their lives.

We regard the present offer, so generously made to Bates, as peculiarly significant. It shows that Bates, though young in years, has, to some degree at least, met these demands. It is an evidence that Bates is making herself felt as an educator. The great question, then, for us is, shall the required hundred thousand dollars be raised? Or rather, how shall it be raised? All know the financial condition of Bates, all understand how much better she could do her work if she rested upon a foundation financially solid; that is to say, if she had a large endowment fund. Therefore it behooves all our alumni, who love their Alma Mater and rejoice in her prosperity, to do all they can towards raising this amount. It is a time now, if ever, for all friends of the College, and all true friends of education, to do a good work. The number of our students is constantly increasing, our College needs more money, and must have it, to carry forward her work successfully. This brings us back to the all-important question, how shall this money be raised? We shall not presume to lay down any specific method. We believe that the necessary amount can be raised — yea, we
believe it will be raised. Let all the friends of Bates consider carefully the work which must be accomplished by them within the next five years.

Many times during the winter, "long and dreary, cold and cruel," and especially since our hearts sighed with the winds the dirge of the departed year, we have caught ourselves exclaiming with Thomsonian fervor,

"Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come!"

It is related that our Pilgrim Fathers, who sailed in the Mayflower, intended to pitch their tents near the mouth of the Hudson; but for some reason, perhaps because, being strangers to the New World, and buffeted by storms, they lost their way,—they finally immortalized Plymouth Rock, leaving to a more southerly coast only the wrecks of their good intentions.

When we reflect that, had they settled where they first intended, we, their descendants, might have escaped the severities of these northern winters, we are thankful that we are philosophers, and have learned the folly of indulging in useless repinings. But, after all, what matters it; better days are now before us. Blustering March has blown brief February from the stage, and though Spring is not yet etherealized, brighter times are on the wing, and we can almost hear the song of the first robin, and smell the fragrance of the sweet May-flowers.

The Spring Term is drawing near its close. Now that the village pedagogues have returned from their winter schools, the college halls and grounds have well-nigh lost the desolate look which they are wont to wear during the winter months. And, just now, the students are students in the true sense of the word. From the learned Seniors, who are warmly praised for the altogether unprecedented success which attends their efforts to translate Butler’s Analogy, down to the faithful Freshmen, upon every brow sits, not only the good nature, but also the look of profound wisdom, which made Mr. Dick a marked man in the eyes of Miss Betsey Trotwood. But, be it added, beyond the look of wisdom, any comparison of a really earnest student with the “childlike and bland” Mr. Dick, of course fails.

Charles Lamb said in one of his essays, that he had no ear for music. We have two ears, and unfortunately certain persons have discovered that they are both for music. These musical geniuses seem to consider it their duty to furnish music gratis for the above-mentioned ears, at all hours of the day and night.

Good music we love. But such music—music

"Like the loud note of angry swine Petitioning for swill,"

we can forego.

Whether such persons are naturally religiously inclined, and so feel compelled to spend the greater part of their time in prayer and praise, we know not. Perchance they feel bowed down with the weight of sins innumerable. If such is the case, it occurs to us, as we look down from our window upon that snow-covered reservoir, that it would be an act of kindness on our part to consider carefully and discover,
if possible, “what art can wash their intestines of a defunct cat. We prefer guilt away.”

Doubtless all our students would enjoy good music. We have some fine musicians among us. We could have good music, vocal and instrumental, if the students would only organize a club. Why could not such a thing be done?

If there are any who desire to have good college singing, for the purpose of cultivating their voices, and for the entertainment of themselves and their friends, let them take measures to bring about so desirable a thing. We ourselves, and doubtless all, would be willing to assist in such an undertaking. Still, it is a question in our mind, whether it would not be better for college students to leave their musical instruments at home, and devote all their spare time to the cultivation of their intellects. However this may be, it is a fact that there is nothing cultivating or elevating in the “harmonious discord” produced by the continual grating of horse hair upon the India-rubber intestines of a defunct cat. We prefer to hear Tom Felis himself. With the increasing number of students, and, of course, the influx of musical geniuses, such a state of things is rapidly growing from an annoyance to a positive nuisance.

—— Many of the students enjoyed some rare music in the College Chapel, one recent afternoon. The Jubilee Singers of Fisk University, during their stay in Lewiston, visited the College, and sung in the Chapel to an appreciative audience. If the cause which they represent were not enough of itself, some of the finest harmonies we have ever heard produced by a chorus of human voices could not fail to arouse our warmest sympathies and well-wishes.

They are soon to sail for Europe, we understand, and we cannot doubt that the success and praise which everywhere attends them, will be given abroad to these singing representatives of a newly emancipated race.


d—— Literary communications should be addressed to the Editors. All subscriptions and advertisements to Thomas Spooner, Jr., Manager.
Odds and Ends.

Prof. — "What is the nature of heat? Student—(who didn’t expect to be called up there)—"It's warm."

Truth, like the juice of the poppy, in small quantities, calms men, in larger, heats and irritates them, and is attended by fatal consequences in its excess.

Startling discovery! A student, after prolonged investigations, has discovered that there are three hundred and sixty geographical poles. This is truly an age of progress.

Sophomore (who never reads novels) commenting on Arthur Bonnicastle in Scribner's — "What a splendid thing this Arthur Bonnicastle is; it was the favorite at the reading circle in the neighborhood where I taught, this winter!" Teachable Junior — "Is it a novel?" Soph. — "No, indeed; it's altogether different from a novel!"

Passenger, who wants to get aboard of a Hartford horse car, which looks as if it had seen too much service: "Noah, stop your ark." Noah feels a little indignant, and does not stop. Again he hails: "Noah, stop your ark." Noah holds up with, "Come, hurry up, the animals are all in except the jackass."

Why a ship is "she." Some heartless wretch (who should be punished by being tied to a post, with his face within six inches of kissing distance of a pair of bewitching "cherry lips" — feminine lips — with the certainty of never reducing that number of inches between him and bliss,) says a ship is called she, because a man knows not the expense till he gets one; because they are useless without employment; because they look best when well rigged; because their value depends upon their age; because they bring news from abroad, and carry out news from home.

A college diploma is of no value at all, except as it represents a certain amount of hard study, continued long enough to give the student a profounder knowledge than is obtained by merely learning the names of things, and covering, as far as possible, all kinds of learning. Other things being equal, the boy who studies for seven years, will make a more capable man than the one who studies only for five, irrespective of the diplomas received; while it is always to be remembered that the most valuable lesson taught at the best of our institutions of learning is the art of study. — N. Y. Evening Post.
COLLEGE ITEMS.

THE Spring Term closes March 26th.

We understand that the Sophomores are to have a lecture in Ornithology once a week, next term.

The bowling alley has lately been repaired. We hope it may be used more and abused less in future.

All our readers will be glad to learn that friends of Bates have generously offered to donate $100,000 as an endowment fund, provided the College raises $100,000 within five years.

The day of prayer for colleges was observed here as usual, February 27th. The afternoon recitations were suspended, and a prayer-meeting was held in the Chapel. The meeting was quite well attended. Some interesting remarks were made by Profs. Hayes and Stanley of the College, and Prof. Rich of the Theological Seminary; also by Rev. E. N. Fernald and Rev. Dr. Balkam.

The Prize Declamations by members of the Sophomore Class, came off Friday evening, March 21, at Main Street Free Baptist Church. Owing to the inclemency of the weather the audience was not so large as could have been desired. The following members of the Class participated: J. R. Brackett, J. H. Hutchins, H. F. Giles, H. S. Cowell, G. W. Wood, A. T. Salley, F. B. Fuller, F. H. Hall. Ballard's Orchestra furnished music for the occasion, and, as usual, gave perfect satisfaction. The committee of award were Rev. Uriah Balkam, D.D., J. B. Cotton, Esq., W. H. Lambert, A.M. The prize was awarded to G. W. Wood.

Wabash College is rejoicing over a gift of $50,000 from Chauncey Rose, Esq., of Terre Haute.

Hon. Samuel Miller of New Haven, has given ten thousand dollars to Yale College for the endowment of a fellowship, to be called the "Douglas Fellowship."

The income of the University of Michigan is $76,000, while its expenditures are $92,000. The studies of the Senior year in the University are to be elective.

The Rev. G. D. B. Pepper, D.D., has declined the Presidency of Colby University, preferring to continue in the Professorship of Theology in the Crozer Theological Seminary.

The oldest and youngest man, at the time of entering Harvard College, in the present Senior Class, were respectively 29 and 15; in the Junior Class,
College Items.

28 and 14; in the Sophomore Class, 23 and 15; and in the Freshman Class, 27 and 15.

Trinity College (Hartford, Ct.) has at length succeeded in obtaining a new site. She sold her present location about a year ago, to the city of Hartford, as a site for a new State House. The new location embraces nearly eighty acres, and cost about $200,000.

The great German University, the University of Berlin, which has given to Europe many of her greatest philosophers, theologians, and scientists, and has so long been the most celebrated seat of learning on the continent, is on the decline. Leipsic has out-stripped it in numbers, and, it is thought by many, will soon succeed to its envied position of supremacy. Berlin has, in a short time, fallen from 2,503 students to 1,990; while Leipsic has now 2,315.—Tyro.

Mr. Theodore Lyman of Brookline, Mass., promises to add to the subscription started to replace the losses of Harvard College in the Boston fire, one-twentieth part of the money subscribed, up to a gross subscription of $400,000. He is to pay this proportion only on subscriptions that shall be made before Jan. 1, 1874.

Cornell University has lately received an autograph drawing and description of an electric telegraph instrument, contained in a letter written by Samuel F. B. Morse to the Hon. Archibald L. Linn, on the 23d of January, 1843, that is, at the time when the distinguished inventor was engaged in persuading Congress to make appropriations for a practical trial of his invention.
ALUMNI NOTES.

'67.— W. S. Stockbridge is pastor of the Congregational Church in Woonsocket, R. I. He was presented with a son, Feb. 14, 1873.

'68.— C. G. Emery is teacher in one of the public schools of Boston, Mass., with a salary of $2,000.

'69.— Wm. H. Bolster is pastor of the Congregational Church in Wiscasset, Me.

'70.— E. A. Nash is Clerk of the Municipal Court in this city.

'71.— G. W. Flint is Principal of Francistown (N. H.) Academy. He was married, recently, to Lizzie Monteith, daughter of W. R. Monteith, Esq., Barnet, Vt.

'71.— C. H. Hersey is studying law at Bethel, Me.

'72.— J. S. Brown is the successful Principal of the Lyndon Literary Institution, Lyndon Centre, Vt.

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

CLASS OF 1867.

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