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CONTENTS.

My Chum and I. IV., V. ........................................ 87
A Spring-Time Carol. ........................................ 96
The Value of Examinations. ................................... 97
A Visionary Adventure. ........................................ 100
EDITORS' PORTFOLIO. ........................................... 104
(Journalism...Our Letters...Athletic Sports...Review...A Suggestion.
...Exchange List.
ODDS AND ENDS..................................................... 108
COLLEGE ITEMS................................................... 110
ALUMNI NOTES.................................................... 112

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MY CHUM AND I;

Or, A Winter in the Pettifer Neighborhood.

IV.

Of course Chum wasn't dead. If he had been this chapter would be bordered with black, and you would take the hint at once that you were to read an obituary notice. In which I should do my best to eulogize all of Chum's virtues and to make you believe he never had any vices, as do obituary writers in general. Dead! It makes me shudder to think of such a thing. He was only stunned. Over his left eye there was an ugly cut which bled freely, but after bathing and bandaging it, he declared to me that the wound was nothing more than a scratch. Though I do believe if the unkindly weapon that inflicted it had struck but an inch lower, Chum would never have laughed so lightly over the affair as he did the morning after, when Captain Pettifer came bustling into our room, and handed to him an epistle, couched in the following words:—

"Capen Petifer,—"Yerve gut a Villin in yer House wooes name is Gild and i rite this tu give yer notice i em goin tu clean him out are this ear naborhood. I am a poor lon widder wich i no but i aint a goin tu lou eny stuck up skool marster tu punch mi youngist boy in the head and brake the bile wich hes gut under his arm not ef i no miself so he can't pull a kord line fer teu months are comin. Jake is a good boy when let alon so ef the marster gives me tew dolars i wunt go tu law. Tell him so rite now immediatly.

"from yer frend,

"Haner Trot.

"ps i em goin fer the justis ef the piece."

"'Goin' fer the justis ef the piece'!" cried Chum, in an ungovernable explosion of laughter. "And pray, captain, who is the 'justis ef the piece'?"

"Anthony Bike,—he that keeps th' tavern up at Trottes Bluff. But don't let it fret yer, Guild; I'll fix it all right with Jim Pease. I allers stand by a messmate ef he's on his weather-beam, I do," and the honest old sailor winked mysteriously, bringing down his emphatic limb in a substantial way.

"Thank you, thank you, captain. I shall certainly need your services if I
am to be entangled in the meshes of the law."

"Th' widder's gut her spunk up and 'll fight hard. She 'll git Beans, I s'pose, but it's gen'rally 'lowed round here that Pease can steer th' closest to th' wind, that is, yer know, keep th' case well luffed-up afore th' jury."

Who the captain had reference to by Pease and Beans, was rather indefinite to us at first, but we afterwards learned that they were the two individuals that held undisputed sway over the Pettifer Neighborhood court of justice.

The reader is probably aware by this time that Chum had been engaged on the previous night in a combat with Hannah Trott's son. It seems that the said youngest boy, who was known in the Neighborhood by the name of Picked Evil, had resented a thrashing which Chum had given him in school for some misdemeanor. Deeming the night of the debate the fitting time to take revenge, he waited near the house for Chum's return, and perceiving him alone, began operations by springing upon him as he entered the gate. Whereupon a rough-and-tumble battle ensued, in which Picked Evil, according to his mother's most elegant composition, got rather badly handled. Chum's practiced arms could deal pretty hard blows, and although Picked Evil was quite a giant in strength, he found to his grief that his clumsy limbs were no match for them. They hammered him unmercifully; and had it not been for the arrival of some auxiliary who attacked Chum from the rear with a heavy club, Picked Evil would undoubtedly have been a subject for the doctor during the rest of the year.

It took nothing more than twelve hours for the news to travel the length and breadth of the Pettifer Neighborhood, and before night the great question pending in every household was whether the master would pay up, or fight it out with the widow. That Chum didn't pay, it is probably unnecessary for me to say. His relish for the ludicrous was too keen to spoil what promised to be so interesting a proceeding as going to law with the Trott family.

When the constable came with the warrant of arrest he appeared a little flustered, as he expected Chum would show fight, and be a difficult customer to handle. But we got into his sleigh in our most civil manner, and didn't show the least sign of excitement or of being terrified by the dignity of his office, which kinder put him out, he said, for he didn't know how to take the chaps with their oily ways.

"I should say, Mr. Constable," began Chum, "that your mare is a blooded horse, eh?"

"Wal, now, I dunno; perhaps she is. Ain't much ef a judge, I ain't," and gathering up the reins, he inflicted the whip sharply upon her back. "She comes ef good stock, I reckon, — had her sence she 's a colt."

"Yes, I noticed her breed at the first glance," replied Chum.

"Raelly, now?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Perhaps, now, yer somethin' on a hoss; I hear yer from college? Ef yer see any undiscovered points in the mare I'll be obliged to yer to enlighten me."

If Chum had not favored me with a
frown I certainly should have laughed outright at these last words. For, instead of discovering any new point in the mare, it would have been more difficult to find anything that wasn't a point or an angle. She looked nothing short of forty years old, and as if she had been fed on sawdust since her maidenhood. Her legs were covered with bunches, and threatened every time she took an extra spurt to give out all together.

Chum said he thought her neck was after the fashion of a trotting horse, and perhaps her eyes showed high blood, too. But the constable seemed a little doubtful about this, for he said that the left eye had been stone-blind these dozen years, and he sometimes thought the right one was getting in a bad way.

"Over-feeding, over-feeding!" exclaimed Chum, in a decided manner.

"Do tell! I never thought of that."

"Certainly, my good sir; you may depend upon it. High living heats the blood, turns the liver wrong side out, and irritates the eyeballs."

"To be sure, that's rational."

The praise bestowed on his old horse brightened up the official, and after a few moments of silence he, all at once, became confidential, saying in a low tone, "She's gut Pease, I heer."

Chum pretended not to understand him.

"Pease, I say, — the lawyer."

"Oh, yes, what of him?"

"Nothin' much, only he's smart. Come nigh ridin' into Congress on a cow case he had afore th' 'Squire last fall."

"Then I am undone, I suppose?"

"Maybe not, maybe not. Yer've gut grit, and that goes a long ways round here."

When we arrived at the Bluff we found the tavern filled with a motley collection of hangers-on, whom curiosity had drawn together upon this interesting occasion. The magistrate, a stout, red-faced man, apparently possessing more knowledge of liquor than law, was seated before a small pine table with pen, ink, and paper; and as soon as the constable ushered Chum in, he intimated by bringing down his heavy fist on the table and bawling silence, that the court was opened and in readiness for business.

Pease, the illustrious, then in a very consequential manner, arose to his feet (he had been seated upon a log of wood near the fire, speaking in mysterious whispers to Picked Evil and the widow), and after discharging a quid of tobacco from his mouth, and hemming and hawing, and looking daggers at Chum, opened the case with the following exordium:

"May it please the hon'able Court and gentlemen, as the attorney fer the plaintiff in this important case, I remark, firstly, that I expect and have no doubt I shall have a fair and impartial hearin' and decision from this highly enlightened Court. My client, who is a youth ef the highest standin' in this respectable community, — aye, the apple ef his fond parent's eye, has been willfully and feloniously assaulted while peacefully pursuing his way along the quiet thoroughfare ef his own native town. Yes, may it please yer honor, he has been assaulted; he has been assaulted! I say! and by
whom, yer honor? I'll tell yer by whom—by lawless rowdies.”

Just at this moment Captain Pettifer came hobbling in, quite out of breath, and accompanied by a tall, lank looking individual, who, throwing his head forward of the captain’s shoulder, interrupted the pettifogger with, “Look-a-y’ere, Pease, I’ll have yer up fer def’mation ef character.”

Pease paused, I might say there was a terrible pause, while the illustrious scanned his adversary from the toes of his boots to the crown of his head.

“Oh, it’s you, is it, Beans?” said he, with a look of great contempt. “It’s you that’s a-goin’ to advocate the schoolmaster.”

“Yes, it’s me, and when yer address me yer may put are handle to my name, Mister Pease, if yer please,” and this new champion advanced as near to the grandiloquent Pease as the crowd would permit him.

“As I said before, yer honor,” continued Pease, in the coolest manner, “I think it a disgrace to the human family that such men as the criminal at the bar” (a flourishing gesture towards Chum) “should be permitted to per-owl about our beautiful Neighborhood in the dead hours ef the night to waylay honest, innocent people. It’s contra-ry to the principles ef the Constitution, contra-ry to the principles of the law, and contra-ry to good order, and must be stopped; and, may it please yer Honor, this man should be made an example ef, and heavy damages be given to my client.”

“Ahem! Mister Trott will yer take the stand?”

After some hesitation Picked Evil got upon his feet, and giving Chum a wide birth, walked to one side of the justice’s table. He was a delicate looking boy, measuring something over six feet in height and weighing perhaps a hundred and eighty pounds. His face was large and bony, and ornamented by a beak nose, which had probably suggested the nickname he bore. The arm with a “bile” under it he carried in a sling.

“Now yer’ll please to state to his Honor the particulars ef the assault upon yer individual person.”

“The truth, the whole truth, and nothin’ but the truth,” exclaimed the justice.

“Aye, he’ll do that,” put in Beans; “like the glorious Gen’ral Washing-ton the boy was never known to tell a lie.”

“Silence! silence in the court, I say!”

Picked Evil’s story was in substance, that while on his way home from the Academy on the night of the debate Chum had attacked him without any provocation; that he (Picked Evil) would certainly have shown him what right-smart fighting was if some one hadn’t come and took the school master’s part. Who that some one was he couldn’t tell, because he knocked him down and then run; but he reckoned it might have been the master’s mate, Mister Jasper.

During the recital of this woeful tale it took the combined efforts of the captain and myself to keep Chum from laying violent hands on Picked Evil again, to teach him, as he said, how to tell the truth.
"Keep yer sails trim, Guild, and don't let the wind out," persuaded the captain, in a whisper, "'cause we're goin' to tack ship now and run em down. Beans, he's gittin' himself ready to pull taut."

Mr. Beans at this particular moment was straightening himself into a theatrical attitude, and winking mysteriously at the justice.

"Yer Honor, the defence 'll be short, brief, and to the p'int. I've an infant, a pure and unperverted infant, who knows no guile, that was an eyewitness to this most cowardly, villainous, scandalous, cold-blooded, premeditated, corporeal assault upon my peaceful and quiet-lovin' client."

"Amen!" cried Pease.

"Mister Pease if yer please, keep yer breath fer yer prayers."

The judicial functionary commanded order, order.

"Order it is, yer Honor. Now then, Sonny, step up this way," and to our surprise little Ebb went forward.

"Sonny, jest yer tell now what yer saw from the top story ef the house where yer live."

"I was lookin' out th' winder, and when Mister Guild come in th' gate, Picked, he jumps on him; but oh, didn't Mister Guild give it to him!—right end over end."

"Laws, jest as ef th' 'Squire's a-goin' to mind what that boy says!" said the widow, contemptuously, from her corner.

"Missis Trott."

"Mister Beans."

"I'm a goin' to have a coroberation ef this boy's testimony."

The widow looked puzzled. "Coroberation" wasn't laid down in her dictionary.

At a nod from Beans Ebb went out, and after a moment returned, leading Flo by the hand.

"Will yer Honor please to observe what this little girl says?"

The justice signified his assent to listen; and poor Flo, trembling a great deal and very much frightened, related the circumstances of the affair quite the same as did Ebb.

"And didn't yer see Joe Trott come up behind the Master?" queried Beans.

"Oh, yes sir, I did; and he hit Mister Guild dreadfully with a great, big club."

"It's a lie, the hull ef it," shouted Pease. "Beans you manerfactured the yarn yerself."

"A what?" asked Beans, placing his hands on the back of a chair and throwing his ungraceful figure forward until his neck seemed ready to part company with his body altogether.

"A what?—Do I hear with myears?"

"A lie!"

"Gentlemen and the Court, I call yer to witness he said a lie, for which I desire yer presence out on the potato patch while I lick him within an inch ef his precious life."

In vain did every one cry "order," because every one did his best to cause disorder. The table and chairs were immediately thrown into confusion as well as the justice himself. The widow screamed; the constable laid down the law right and left with a black bottle; and all the while Pease and Beans were in a deadly struggle on the floor.
But there is always an end to the roughest storm; and of course the pugilistic exercises of the crowd terminated when every one had fairly got the wind knocked or kicked out of him. The illustrious possessed a bloody nose and blacked eye, while Beans showed a broken tooth. This is about all the damage that was done, though the contest, I have since learned, is spoken of as the great battle between Pease and Beans.

When the justice had succeeded in arranging his crumpled crown, and had wiped his watery eyes until they looked quite like carbuncles, he expressed himself to the effect that this ere thing had gone 'bout fer 'nough, and ef Mister Pease and Beans would step round with him into the back room they'd bring the case to a decision.

How they did it was never known to any one except themselves, but Captain Pettifer intimated to me, as his private opinion, that Beans jest treated to Medford rum all round. Be it as it may, Chum was acquitted, and the widow, though quite beside herself with anger, nevertheless managed to speak her mind freely concerning civilization and various demoralized people not far distant, etc.; after which she made a hasty retreat, accompanied by her hopeful offspring.

V.

All day long dark, heavy clouds surcharged with snow, hung in the west, and then as the afternoon wore away the wind rolled the huge burden nearer the zenith, till finally the swaying, scudding mass gained full possession of the sky. Over sea and land shadows upon shadows crept, growing thicker and thicker, and an eddying, blinding deluge of flakes was swept hither and thither by the irritating war of fighting winds.

And this, I believe, is the way the storm began.

If, my reader, you have ever been on the coast during the winter season you surely haven't forgotten that roar of the surf, that grating and grinding of the shore-ice on the rocks. What a dismal, melancholy sound was it this night! What gloomy fancies ran races in my brain! All the dreadful shipwrecks I had ever heard or read of seemed to pass before me like the pictures of some horrible phantasmagoria. Though the fire on the hearth was just as cheerful and brilliant as usual, I couldn't somehow content myself to sit beside it. The window was the place that attracted me; and sitting there with the curtain half-drawn I watched the light at the Point, the sea all white with foam and leagues of angry breakers. And there was another as restless as I,—Uncle Davy Grier. From the time the wind began to blow the hardest, I had noticed him with his curious-cut garments drawn closely about his shrivelled and crooked body, wandering up and down one of the crags that skirted the shore. And every now and then shading his eyes with his hand he would bend forward and look far out to sea, as if endeavoring to pierce the very horizon itself.

"Th' ole man's a little light up aloft when a storm's brewin'," said the captain, observing him.
"He acts strange, certainly," I ventured to say.

"He's lookin' for Reuben, poor ole man."

"For Reuben?"

"Yes; he's been lookin' for him this many a year,—many a year, Mister Jasper." And then after a pause he said more to himself than to me, "and Reuben 'll never, no, never come."

I wanted to know who Reuben was, but I withstrained my curiosity, for Chum was always chaffing me about being too inquisitive. But things will come around strangely sometimes, and no mistake. What I mean, and intend to tell you of, happened an hour or two after the above words between the captain and myself. Just as the back log had been rolled into the fireplace and the poker hung on its proper nail, who should come in out of the storm but John Myrtle and Mary — the very two of all others in this wide world that we wanted to see on this particular night. We? I mean the Pettifers of course. Chum and I had got into a habit of including ourselves with the family before we had been in the house a fortnight.

"Well, really, Mr. Jasper," said the light-keeper in a cheery voice, "your fire means to bid defiance to the 'cold, chilly blasts of —' what is the month, Mary, my dear, that the poet has in his verse?"

"Oh my, how the snow does blow! I think it has run quite off with my breath."

How lovely she looked! What a beautiful color suffused her cheeks as she laughingly held her numb fingers before the blaze.

Now I imagine that every lady reader will ask right here, while Mary shakes the snow from her clothes, what on earth could have brought her out of doors upon such a night as has been described. Well, you see, Ebb was ill with a fever. He had been in his bed more than a week, and during this time Mary Myrtle had taken turns with Philothety in nursing the little patient. To-night, as he was something worse than usual, she had come to remain with him until morning.

"Why do the poets, Mr. Jasper, write such beautiful lines about winter, when it is so freezing and disagreeable?"

"Nonsense, Mary; the poets sing about everything. It is their trade," said her father, taking one of the empty chairs beside the hearth.

"Perhaps that is truth; I never thought of it before."

Be it written that Mary uttered these words thoughtlessly, for her attention was riveted at that moment upon a knot in her hood string, which she was trying to untie. Having succeeded, she laid the bonnet aside and stole just one glance at the looking-glass to see if her hair was exactly as she wished it to be before going into the sick chamber. Have I forgotten to mention that Chum was in there? Yes, Ebb liked to have Chum sit with him, because he could tell wonderfully interesting stories that made the little fellow forget his pains and fall asleep.

Well, after Mary's exit John Myrtle and I sat conversing for some time. Then the entry door opened slowly and Davy Grier came in. He looked at neither one of us, but stared at the un-
curtained window behind me. Then approaching Mr. Myrtle—still keeping his eyes on the window—he pointed his bony hand towards the panes, saying in a chilly whisper, while his face turned deathly pale:

"Look, look, do you see it, John Myrtle?—the face of Reuben. He's come back to me again. Oh my God!" and he fell to the floor, apparently lifeless.

We started to our feet, for our nerves had received something of a shock, so impressive was the manner of this strange man. Mr. Myrtle bent over him and felt his pulse.

"He has only fainted," said he. "Let us carry him to the other room where the air is better."

It required very little exertion on our part to bear his emaciated body through the entry way and so on to what was called the porch, where we sat him down in a chair. After a moment or two he began to show signs of returning life, and Mr. Myrtle thought it best to leave him alone, as the sight of us would probably bring back to his mind the face at the window.

"I suppose this all appears very strange to you, Mr. Jasper?" he said, when we were again in the dining-room.

"Do you believe he really saw anything?"

"I can't tell. Perhaps so, for people do say that the dead come back to the living; and—let me see!" stopping his walk up and down the floor and counting his fingers, "this is the fifth time he has seen the face, I think. The first time was during a terrible gale at Sydney, Australia, just after we came down from the diggings. We worked a claim together for two years, David Grier and myself; and a better, braver man than he I never met. But—the face, Mr. Jasper, is said to be that of a man he killed in the diggings. The story runs that Reuben was a half-brother who went out from England to Australia with him; that they acquired a large fortune, quarreled over it, and so forth, and so forth. It's the same old tale that was told of many partners in the gold mines. How true it may be in his case I can't say, for I never heard a word of it from his lips. But if such a murder did happen it probably occurred during the raging of a storm, since it is always at such times that he sees the apparition, or whatever it is."

"The presentiment that has so weakened his mind might have arisen from the remorse that such a crime would be likely to bring to him."

"Very probable, very probable. The presentiment came to him on our voyage from Sydney to New York only a few weeks after he had seen the face. When we arrived he was quite insane, and I hadn't the heart to leave him in charge of unknown people, so I brought him here, hoping he might recover; but as he didn't John and I agreed between ourselves to build a wing on to the house for him to live in. Hark!"

We listened,—and heard a dull, rumbling sound like thunder mingled with the noise of the wind.

"What is that?" asked Chum, coming in haste from Ebb's room.

Another explosion followed, louder and heavier.

"Quick! a lift with my great-coat, if
you please. There's something wrong at the Cape. They're firing the signal-gun."

"I'll go, too," cried Chum, seizing the captain's pea-jacket.

Although not of a particularly excitable nature the spirit of the moment gained possession of my nerves, and hurrying on my cloak I followed after Chum and Myrtle as they sped on towards the Cape.

The snow had fallen to considerable depth, and the sea for miles seemed one sheet of foam. Every now and then the flash from the cannon lighted up the neighboring jagged peaks, and in the intervals of the storm I could hear the shouts of men. As I came up to the group of figures assembled on the cliff, I heard Chum asking in an excited tone:

"Is there no way of opening communication with her?"

"Why, you see, sir, a boat couldn't live two minutes in the surf," replied an old tar. "We tried to launch the yawl from the Light, and it went to pieces right under our hands."

"What, then, in the name of heaven are we to do? We can't stand here like cattle and see that vessel with her whole crew go down only a few rods from shore?"

"If we could only get a rope to them," said Mr. Myrtle, "every one could be brought ashore."

"But it ain't a possible thing," exclaimed a number.

"It is," cried Chum; "I'll swim to the vessel myself."

"The first wave will dash you to atoms against the cliff."

"The rope, the rope. Bring the rope."

"Why, Guild, you are mad to think of attempting to live in that boiling water," argued John Myrtle.

Chum walked to the edge of one of the hanging rocks and looked down.

"What depth is the water below?"

"Forty fathoms, at least."

"And how far to the water?"

"A good fifty feet."

I saw that Chum meant to try the feat, and I was fully alive to the danger he would encounter, yet I believed in him, just the same as I always had since the first time I looked upon his handsome face.

"Now then, there's no time to be lost; lend me a knife."

And in an instant he whipped off his hat, boots, and pea-jacket; then with the knife he cut off its sleeves and passed the rope through them, that it might chafe him less.

The old sailors must have noticed that there was evidently a method in his madness.

"Mr. Myrtle, oblige me by putting the rope in a double coil round my chest."

"Guild, don't go I beseech you; let me try it."

"Tie the rope, please; I am a good swimmer."

The rope was tied to suit him.

"Who among you will pay it out?"

"I, of course," said Mr. Myrtle; "no other hand shall touch it."

"Well, then, stand aside all of you, and let me have a clear start."

He walked to the edge, looked over to see how much the cliff shelved out; then stepping back a pace, he leaped down into the dark depths.

What an awful moment was the
next! Every eye was bent upon the roaring waters.

“He pulls the rope! He’s rising with the wave!” shouted John Myrtle, paying out desperately.

It might have been ten minutes, or no more than five, before we heard, above the voice of the storm, a loud yell, followed by a cheer from the deck of the vessel, and knew by the drawing of the rope that Chum was there, but it seemed years to me. Aye! I believe I lived a short life-time in those minutes.

The next thing to be done was to send off (by means of the rope Chum had carried) two strong cables, and then await the arrival of the crew. In half an hour’s time they were all safely landed, and after giving three as loud and hearty yells for Chum as ever came from human lungs, we all started for the light-house.

---

A SPRING-TIME CAROL.

I

SING for the love of the singing,
And not for the sake of the song;
In the air there’s a melody ringing,
I’ll seize it and bear it along.
’Tis heard in the rush of the river;
’Tis felt in the breath of the breeze;
’Tis seen in the robe which the Giver
Bestows on the wakening trees.

The gossiping swallows repeat it;
The robin responds with a will;
The eagle is hasting to meet it,
Where it rests on the far-distant hill.
’Tis the world in its purest emotion;
’Tis the song which God’s grateful ones raise;
When all Nature is loud with devotion,
And silence is vocal with praise.

There’s a tear on the cheek of the morning;
A blush on the forehead of night;
But the tear is a gem of adorning,
And the blush is a sign of delight.
Man’s mourning alone is outspoken;
Earth stifles her sorrow in song,
The Value of Examinations.

And her music is ever unbroken
While man helps to bear it along.

And shall I, who am blessed beyond measure,
Not join in the paean sublime?
Can I hinder my heart's swelling pleasure,
And be guiltless of fault or of crime?
No, I'll sing for the love of the singing,
And not for the sake of the song;
In the air there's a melody ringing,
I'll seize it and bear it along.

THE VALUE OF EXAMINATIONS.

The report that the authorities of Harvard College had resolved to abandon compulsory attendance upon recitations and prayers has already called forth considerable discussion. As this question of compulsory attendance is, doubtless, to remain an open question for some time, the present discussion is timely and valuable, since it will tend towards a just understanding and settlement of the various points in dispute.

When attendance upon recitations is left to the option of the pupil, his standing can only be determined by examinations; so that the value of examinations becomes really a fundamental question in the discussion of this important educational topic.

The value of an examination depends upon, at least, two things. The first thing is the object sought to be attained by the examination. Is it to learn just how many facts have been acquired, and the order and time of their acquisition? Is it to determine the exact space passed over, and the facility with which the mind of the scholar reproduces the very things found in that space? It would seem from the usages of examiners that this is the object sought, and, if it be, is any process of argumentation needed to show that examinations are utterly without value?

Who, that has had any experience in learning or teaching, in examining or being examined, does not know that inordinate cramming, even to the production of mental dyspepsia, will be resorted to as a means of preparation? Who does not know that many a scholar has a prodigious memory but very little power of thought? and who does not know that such examinations tend to stimulate this mere memorizing power, while the thinking power, which is by far the noblest faculty of mind, is permitted to become dormant, or, at the
The Value of Examinations.

utmost, to attain only a sickly growth? This cannot be the true object of examinations; yet, are they not generally conducted in such a manner as to give foundation to the conviction that the acquisition of facts is considered to be the main thing in an education, that the mind is regarded as a well-planned and cunningly-devised storehouse, needing to be filled, rather than a springing germ, needing help towards growth and development?

Is not the real object—the only worthy object—of an examination, the determining of the exact growth of mind during the time devoted to those studies which are under investigation? What is education, if not the means for the attainment of growth? What is an examination, if not the means of ascertaining what growth has been attained?

The time for mere cramming, it is to be hoped, has gone by forever. The education demanded by the age is that which results in mental growth. What studies shall be pursued in the attainment of that growth; the manner of conducting recitations; compulsory or voluntary attendance upon those recitations, are all unsettled questions. Probably they will never be settled in a manner satisfactory to all; but the great fact that education is the drawing out, the development, the growth of mind, is settled and will remain settled; and the only examination, worthy of the name, is that by which the amount and quality of mental growth is determined.

It is evident that the quality of the growth should be investigated, since mental, as physical, growth may be unhealthful, abnormal. So that the true object of an examination is the determining of the quality and extent of mental growth, rather than the number and kind of facts acquired.

The next thing upon which the value of examinations depends is their thoroughness. That an examination should be thorough, to accomplish any satisfactory results, is an axiom. A little skimming over the surface will determine nothing as to the value of real acquisitions which lie deep down in the mind. The deep soil must be turned up before its character and worth can be ascertained.

How, then, shall an examination be made thorough and searching? One answer, perhaps inadequate, is by having competent examiners. How often do college boys tip the wink to their mates when they see staid and reverend gentlemen come into the recitation room and look upon their exhibitions of learning with a dullness that is profound! They know too well that the rust is so very thick upon the minds of these venerable examiners, that they are utterly incapable of performing the tasks set for them. And when they know it, it may readily be inferred that their teachers know it; and the conclusion is quickly arrived at that such an examination will be a farce, and a ridiculous one too.

The common way of conducting an examination is to let the professor propound the questions himself. Once in a while a superficial or meaningless question will be asked by one of the learned (?) examiners; but the professor does the most of the work himself. How terrible the temptation to make
the class appear well, none but a professor can know. Is it a wonder that he should yield to it, and that he and his classes should practice the grossest frauds? They are doubtless "pious frauds"; at least, they should be, when practiced by a theological professor. All of us who have been through the trying ordeal of an examination know only too well the tricks and subterfuges resorted to in order to make a class show off. A little story—who knows that it is not true?—will serve as an illustration.

A certain professor of Ecclesiastical History, in a certain Theological Seminary, had been in the habit of examining his classes invariably in that portion of ecclesiastical history which relates to events before the advent of Christ. He had contrived to ask so very many questions on this portion of history that the time would slip away, and the class have to be dismissed without any examination whatever upon the later history of the church. The committee at length found some fault, for a wonder, since examining committees are generally so very easily satisfied. So the professor planned a change of base—a coup de maître. He drilled his class most thoroughly upon the history of events, from the fourth to the tenth centuries; he managed to leave the questions he proposed to ask where his pupils would be sure to find them; and when the day of examination finally came, he picked up his book, and with much apparent casualty opened it, saying coolly, "I have opened at the fourth century, I guess we may as well commence here." And so the examination proceeded until all the prepared questions had been propounded and brilliantly answered up to, and including, the very last question upon the tenth century, when the professor very naively said, "Well, I suppose we might go on in this way all night, but I am tired, and I guess we'll stop here!" What a farce! what a cheat! what a lie! To prevent similar "pious frauds" examiners should be chosen that are competent.

But there is at least one thing further needed to make an examination thorough. It should not be confined to the grooves which have been closely followed in the course of preparatory study. It is so easy to glide along in cut channels that a wayfaring man, though a fool, may not err therein; but the independent mind will hew a way for itself, even through solid granite. Manly, independent thinking is needed above all things; and does it not seem that an examination should reveal the real condition and progress of the mind? In order to this, is it not necessary that all props and stays should be removed, so that it can be seen whether the mind depends upon itself, or leans upon a foundation laid by other hands? Of what advantage is it, for instance, that the pupil knows every rule in the Greek Grammar, fine print as well as coarse, if he does not understand the real genius of the Greek language? What is the form without the substance? Breadth of questioning in the examination will do more to determine the scholar's real attainments than multitudes of questions prepared to accord with a predetermined formulay.

Now let us have examiners qualified
A VISIONARY ADVENTURE.

I WAS a student and a recluse. From youth I had grown to manhood with no desire to leave my sylvan solitudes for the din of the great cities. The clouds, the hills, the laughing waters, books, my own serene thoughts—these were my loved companions, and I wished for no others. I was not, however, a hater of my race. Rather did I glory in man, recognizing no higher being, and this was my sin. I read my libraries over, and marveled at the record they contained of human achievement. I was often struck by what I conceived to be the majesty and perfectness of man. I recognized no other God than the principle of life which pervaded the universe and appeared to attain its highest form or expression in man.

Walking one day by the river side, I fell to musing, as was my wont, on the mystery of man's being, not hesitating to assign to him the chief place in the life of the universe, because of the glory and perfection of his nature. Ah! I knew not then, as I do now, the depravity of the human heart.

When I, at length, aroused myself from my deep meditation, and lifted my eyes to learn into what place I had wandered, purposing to retrace my steps, I discovered that I had unconsciously penetrated into what appeared to be the depths of an enormous forest. The trunks of lofty trees reared their giant forms on every side. The air was laden with the perfume of a thousand flowers. All the foliage seemed vocal with the music of singing birds.

Astonished, and yet pleased, with my unexpected surroundings—for the forest, though dense and overhanging, gave evidence on every hand of careful cultivation, inasmuch as everything was orderly and neat, there being no tangled undergrowth of brake and brush and trailing vines, but instead
an unobstructed passage over smooth, grassy and winding walks — being pleased, I say, and also intent upon exploration, and upon learning where I was, for I was obliged to confess myself completely lost, I mended my pace and strode rapidly through the beautiful avenues of the labyrinthian wood. As I moved hurriedly onward, anxious thoughts and uneasy feelings gradually replaced the pleasurable emotions which I had first experienced on recovering from my abstraction, and my anxiety was increased when I observed that the dim twilight of the woods was beginning to deepen into the gloom of night, and that I frequently met with trees and turns which appeared somewhat familiar, so that I was led to conclude that, confused by the mazy intricacies of the way, I had for some time been pursuing a circular course and was no nearer emerging from the woods than at first.

When I became fully convinced that this was indeed true, in despair of soul and weariness of body, I threw myself on a mossy couch at the foot of a tendril-covered oak. The gentle breezes of early evening sighed through the overhanging branches, and now and then the feeble ray of some new-born star would penetrate the foliage and meet my upturned gaze. I had just begun to soothe my troubled spirit by a return to my usual trains of thought, when suddenly the soft, sweet sound of music far away, saluted my ear.

I started to my feet and leaned forward to catch the winning notes. After a moment’s pause, I hurried in the direction from which the music seemed to come. Before I had proceeded far the distant sound of voices became distinctly audible. Encouraged by this, I neared, ere long, what, from the sounds I heard, I judged to be a scene of mirth and festivity. A moment more, and from behind a sheltering tree I gazed full upon a vision of bewildering enchantment. A spacious and beautiful grove extended before me, lighted by many a torch and pendent lamp. White statues gleamed here and there through the dusky woods, and the dancing waters of many a fountain sparkled like showers of beautiful gems. A band of musicians, reclining upon the green sward of the centre, toward which the ground rose in a slight and graceful swell, sent forth from their instruments far sweeter strains of music than ever before it had been my lot to hear, to which, groups of dancing maidens, robed in white and wreathed in flowers, added the harmony of their tuneful voices.

With ravished ear I stood spell-bound. Surely, sweeter sounds from siren tongues never lured unsuspecting mariners on treacherous rocks, than those which well-nigh deprived me of the power of motion and speech.

But soon the chorus ceased, and the spell was broken. Then mirth reigned, and

"From crimson-threaded lips
Silver-treble laughter trilled."

Other forms emerged from the depths of the forest, and youths and maidens, old men and matrons, with joyful faces and happy voices mingled and conversed together.

"This is the life of the world as thou hast pictured it," breathed a
low voice in my ear. I turned quickly, but saw nothing in the dark shades behind me.

"Yes," I whispered to myself, "such is the society of perfect beings, from which I ever live secluded. But solitude for me is better than even the society of gods."

For a while I hesitated whether to step forward and announce my presence, or remain yet longer a secret spectator. Presently, however, as two of the merriest maidens came tripping lightly toward my place of concealment, I determined to emerge and address them. Accordingly, as they came near, presenting myself with a low bow, I began in my most courteous tones: "Fair and gentle ladies, pardon the intrusion of—"

Immediately a film passed over my eyes; my tongue was paralyzed; I felt the sweep of a chilling wind, and heard it whistling through the forest.

Ere long I saw again, but O, the great change! There was indeed the same grove, but gone were the beautiful lights, the statues, the fountains, the maiden bands, the sweet musicians, the forms of noble men and matrons. A dim and lurid light pervaded the dismal place. Amid uncertain shades, weird and eerie, stood each form of tree or bush. Even the troubled air breathed doleful sighs and suggested invisible terrors. I stood as amid the damps of an opened charnel-house, and an involuntary shudder passed through my very soul. I would have turned and fled, but could not. Ere long, phantoms, with the forms of human beings, began to pass and repass and assemble before my eyes. White and awful faces, disfigured by suffering or violent passion, looked out from the gloom. Sighs, groans, curses, and fiendish laughs fell upon my unaccustomed ear, and as I stood, filled with amaze and horror, the whole place presented a scene more sad and terrible than I could ever have conceived.

I saw the shriveled, shivering form of a wretch whose only god was gold. I saw men with drawn daggers and the aspect of fiends, gaming for the paltriest gains. I heard the moans of suffering mothers, and the cries of lean and starving babes. I saw hard lines of wickedness cut upon the brow of youth, the eyes of young and old aflame with the fires of hell. I saw selfish greed trample virtue under foot, mad with an unhallowed thirst. I heard the most terrible blasphemies, the vilest and subtlest slanders, the most horrible exultations over the fallen. I shuddered at the misery of the betrayed, and the heartlessness of the betrayer. My soul was pierced by the shriek of the assassin's victim, and affrighted by the awful despair of the suicide. Whatever I have since learned of the vileness and heartlessness of man, I saw set forth in the most startling and not untruthful forms, and the scene was the more terrible because I had never known of humanity's darker phase. I suffered as one suffers in some terrible nightmare, and as a violent commotion arose among a crowd of maddened wretches, as their eyes gleamed with the baleful light of passion, as the most terrible oaths fell from their foamy lips, and their lifted daggers reflected the ghastly light, had not relief come I know not that I could
have longer lived. My tongue was loos-
ened, and my pent-up feelings found
vent in one quick cry.

O grateful change! I still stood at
the edge of the grove, but it was once
more fragrant and beautiful. No bright
lamps, however, hung from the lofty
branches, there were no white-robed
forms, no sweet music. The mellow
light of the moon struggled through
the tree tops, flecking the turf with
patches of light. The breezes breathed
softly around, causing the only sounds
which I heard. I drew a long breath
of relief, and turned to leave the place.
I had taken but a single step, when
appeared before me, so suddenly as to
cause me to start quickly back, the
appearance of an aged man. He was
tall and commanding of presence, and
clad in a long, loose gown, girded at
the waist. His long, white beard was
lightly stirred by the passing breezes.

"O man," he said, and his deep-set
eyes seemed looking into my inmost
soul, "go from this wood wiser than
when thou camest. In thy seclusion
and ignorance of man, thou hast pre-
sumed to name the human soul as the
master-spirit of the universe, deeming
it, forsooth, equal to the ideal of the
poet. Leave thy hermitage; go forth
into the world and mingle with men,
learn by experience the truth of that
taught by thy vision. Call man no
more perfect, no more forget thy God."

Having said these words the aged
speaker disappeared within the wood.
All else, too, glided away from my
sight. I seemed entering a new exis-
tence; I was, in fact, but returning to
my natural state. All had been a
dream, within a leafy retreat of mine
by the river side.
EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

JOURNALISM is one of the greatest civilizing agents in America. There is no other agent which is so extending and strengthening its power. There are many reasons which might be assigned for this mighty influence which journalism has obtained in our country.

The first thing that strikes us forcibly in looking at this matter of journalism is the variety of the subjects treated by the modern newspaper. Everything, from the intricate questions of diplomacy down to the best method of building a rail fence, is discussed in the papers of to-day. The common people look upon the editors of papers as beings possessed of superior facilities for obtaining information. Hence they place almost implicit confidence in their statements. This is proved by the fact that men of every trade and profession, when any question of general importance is discussed, think and act according to the tenor of their favorite journal. This is especially true of political questions.

In order to gratify this thirst of the people for information, there has arisen a class of men, now indispensable to the success of any great paper, called reporters. It is their business, and we might properly say profession, to investigate matters of interest and report their discoveries to their respective journals. There is no class of men to whom the public is more indebted for much of the valuable information received from the papers. Mr. Stanley's discovery of Livingstone is only an exaggerated instance of what is done every day by the reporters for the leading journals of the country. Immense sums of money are expended in carrying forward these investigations (as in the case of Mr. Stanley above mentioned), and one would at first suppose that the information thus obtained could be furnished to the people only at a very high price. Such, however, is not the fact. The enormous expense incurred is offset by the income accruing from the army of subscribers to these journals—armies counted oftentimes by the hundred thousand.

Another reason of the power of the press is that it is very effective in uniting different sections of a country whose local interests may be widely different. A glance will convince all that the modern newspaper with its immense circulation does more than any other agent to strengthen the bonds that unite different sections of a country, even though that country may be divided by natural boundaries as is the republic of the United States. A net-work of railroads, as in the United States, may do much to increase the facilities for intercommunication. But, however
much travel and trade may do to unite the interests of sections, we maintain that the press, by taking possession of the thoughts and moulding the minds of men, does more.

It is plain that what has been said of newspapers in general is applicable, with certain restrictions, to college publications. Just in proportion to the variety of subjects treated by a college publication, just in proportion to the hard labor put forth in efforts to obtain information on matters of interest, just in proportion as it profits by well-meant advice and honest criticism, will it be a live, influential college paper or college magazine. College journalism is doing much to develop better methods of instruction, to impress upon men the importance of education. For every college publication is an exponent of the culture of its respective college, and in proportion to the degree of culture will be its influence.

As among other papers, so among college publications, differences of opinion often arise. But the same result follows when a subject has been well "ventilated" by a college paper as when it has been discussed by any other paper, namely, a pretty close approximation to the right. We hope this may be the case in regard to the difference of opinion in relation to the proposal for a convention of college editors advocated by the Cornell Era and Chronicle, and of which we purpose to speak in our next.

— We wish to say a word or two about the system, or rather lack of system, by which our mail matters are managed. The present custom of having the mail man carry our letters to the post office and distribute the mail on his return, is found to be decidedly inconvenient, and the frequent growls at the present arrangement lead us to think that a change would be advisable. Let it be distinctly understood at the outset that we are speaking of the method of conducting mail matters, for which the students are responsible, not of any negligence on the part of the mail carrier.

Little need be said to show the inconveniences of the present system, if system it may be called. All have experienced these inconveniences, so we shall here refer you to your own experience, rather than attempt to enumerate them. Think of the frantic cries for the mail man, and the beautifully expressive combinations of adjectives that followed the announcement that he had gone to supper, or had gone down town—call to mind the growls and direful threatenings that fell upon the ear—think how many times you have wished there were a different arrangement—consider all this and what is suggested by it, and we believe it will be unnecessary for us to enlarge upon this point. The fact is, that unless one is so fortunate as to see the mail man when he returns from the post office in the morning, the time of his receiving his letters depends entirely upon circumstances. Woe betide the unlucky one who is absent when the afternoon mail is called off. He is kept in blissful suspense until—until when?—until circumstances permit him to see the mail carrier.

Although one may not be able to
suggest a remedy, it is well oftentimes to complain of the disadvantages of any system, for the sole purpose of directing attention to it and calling forth an expression of opinion. It is better always for the complainer to propose some remedy. We suggest as a remedy for the case under consideration, the establishing of a post office at Parker Hall. The room adjoining the Reading Room, the entrance to which is from the west end of the Hall, is well situated for this purpose, being easy of access to all. Our idea would be to have the mail man carry down and bring up the mail as usual, but instead of distributing the letters to each one, place them in the boxes (which should all be lock-boxes) where each student could get them whenever it suited his own convenience. By this arrangement every one would know just where to look for his letters.

There are, of course, objections to be brought against such an arrangement. We shall notice only two. These are, first, that such an arrangement would impose too much work upon the mail man; and second, the item of expense. In regard to the first, would it be more difficult for the mail carrier to place the letters in the boxes than to distribute them to each student, as he now, does? The lock-boxes would, it is plain to see, obviate the necessity of his remaining in the office to distribute the mail. The item of expense is doubtless the chief objection to be brought against such a system. It seems, however, as though the increased advantages resulting from such an arrangement ought to weigh down this objection, and turn the scale in favor of the proposed remedy.

In short, we plead for an arrangement by which the time of receiving letters may not depend upon circumstances, but be regulated by system. To this end we should be pleased to give place in our columns to any expression of opinion for or against the measure suggested.

--- When we come to consider carefully the number of athletic sports in which our students engage we find the number very small, for it is only one. We mean base ball. The advantages, however, for this healthful exercise are limited, since the students do not possess a base-ball ground.

Many of the students would be willing to do almost anything to revolutionize the present system of athletic sports, or rather to establish one. We have a fine gymnasium building, but nothing in it, except a bowling alley. Several have asked us what interest was accruing from the gymnasium. We could only reply that it was impossible to reckon interest without a principal. Now if there were a principal in the gymnasium, in the shape of apparatus for physical development, who can estimate the interest which would arise therefrom?

We regard the matter of physical culture of just as much importance as intellectual culture. The latter rarely avails much without the former. Union College, as we learn from an exchange, is to have a gymnasium. Indeed, nearly every college in the land is taking active measures for this same thing. If Bates is to stand on a level
with the best she must not be behind in this matter. Policy, if nothing else, should constrain us to do something toward fitting up the gymnasium building for the accommodation of our students.

Let us not be discouraged in our efforts to obtain apparatus for the gymnasium, but cease our growls and threatenings, and go to work. But there, what can we do?

—— We have on our table copies of Hagar's Arithmetics—Primary Lessons in Numbers, Elementary Arithmetic, and Common-School Arithmetic, advertised elsewhere. These books are by D. B. Hagar, Principal of the State Normal School, Salem, Mass.

They are written by an experienced teacher, as the concise yet comprehensive definitions plainly indicate. One peculiarity of these books is, that Mental Arithmetic and Written go hand in hand from the beginning to the end—a "new departure" in the line of arithmetics. The books are up to the times, embodying valuable modern methods of computation and topics having direct relation to the business transactions of to-day. All display of arithmetical knowledge, all obsolete matter and merely puzzling problems have been excluded.

In the mechanical execution the publishers have done their work faithfully, and have produced the handsomest set of text books we have ever seen. Teachers and school officers would do well to give these books a careful examination.

The books are published by Cowperthwait & Co., 628 and 630 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. James A. Bowen, New England Agent, 39 Brattle St., Boston.

—— We would suggest to those interested in base-ball matters that they organize a nine and get to work as soon as possible; or else take measures immediately to raise money to pay for the balls and bats which they will certainly have to furnish the nines who are so fortunate as to play with them. Our base-ball men may be smart, they may be able to work a base, but they can't work miracles.

EXCHANGES.


Other Papers.—American Newspaper Reporter, Once a Week, American Journalist, The Star-Spangled Banner.
WHY do full-faced students, as a general thing, get higher rank than thin-faced ones? Because they have more cheek.

Prof. — "How may the various effects of electricity be classified?"
Student. — "As luminous, mechanical, and theological."

Prof. — "What can you say about the flight of birds?"
Student — "They flop one wing at a time."
Prof. — "Not exactly."
Student — "I mean, of course, when they turn around."
Prof. — "You may be seated. I see you have taken only a one-sided view of the matter."

The following dialogue lately took place between a Junior and a Freshman:

Freshman, entering Junior's room — "Mr. — —, will you have the unbounded kindness to grant me your travelling bag for temporary use?"
Junior — "With pleasure, sir."
Freshman — "I will express my obligations for the present, and when I return I will bestow upon you a more substantial compensation."

And before the Junior could fully comprehend his meaning the descendant of Demosthenes had gone.

The young ladies of Vassar have formed an "anti-falling-in-love-before-you-are-out-of-school club."

The Middle college cat "Dammit" has been re-christened "Paradise," because he is lost! — Ham. Lit.

A Yale College student said he had "rather be boss pancake-baker to Vassar College than to have Prof. Tyndall's head on his shoulders."

A professor observing a student with something in his mouth like tobacco, cried out: "Quid est Hoc?" when the student replied, "Hoc est Quid!"

A worthy gentleman in Danbury played euchre at a neighbor's house until an hour after midnight Monday, and beat every game, but got skunked going home.— Danbury News.

It is reported that Dr. Hopkins says "the only race he wants to see is a skull race, and to have it consist in a development of the cerebrum and cerebellum, and not of the biceps." — Vidette.

The story of a lazy school-boy who spelled Andrew Jackson &dru Jaxn, has been overshadowed by a genius out West who wished to mark half a dozen new shirts. He marked the first John Jones, and the rest ditto.—Ex.
Two Sophomores who vowed they
"wouldn't go home till morning," reached their room in a state of "hilar-
ity." The more sober of the two essayed to open the door. His compan-
ion becoming impatient, said, "Can't you fine key-hole, chum? Gi'me the
key-hole, chum; I'll show yer lock er
door."— *Sentinel.*

"Everything has its use," said a phi-
losophical professor to his class. "Of
what use is a drunkard's fiery red
nose?" asked one of the pupils. "It
is a light-house," answered the profes-
sor, "to warn us of the little water that
passes underneath it, and reminds us
of the shoals of appetite on which we
might otherwise be wrecked."

Professor of Astronomy to super-ethe-
real Junior— "What have you learned
about the constellations?"

Junior— "In the incipient stages of
the evanescent stars I wended my way
by these stellar lights to the north side
of the university, and pensively gazed
heavenward, remarking—"

Prof. — "That will do." — *Vidette.*

Many persons, besides school boys
and college students, use the phrase,
"He is a brick," without the least idea
that it is supposed to be of classic ori-
gin! It is said that King Agesilaus,
being asked by an ambassador from
Epirus why they had no walls for
Sparta, replied, "We have." Pointing
to his marshaled army, he said: "There
are the walls of Sparta; every man you
see is a brick." — *Harper's Weekly.*
COLLEGE ITEMS.

We understand that the Sophomores are delighted with their lectures on ornithology.

The Seniors have engaged Gilmore’s band, with Arbuckle and Miss Adelaide Phillips, to furnish music for Commencement.

Rev. O. R. Bachelder, for twenty years missionary in India, recently visited the College and addressed the students in the chapel.

A petition for a base-ball ground has been signed by nearly all the students, and has, we understand, been presented to the Faculty. Nothing, however, has yet been heard from it, so we are unable to inform our readers either of its success or failure.

By request of the Vienna Exhibition commissioner, of the department of American publications, the March number of The Student has been sent him and will be forwarded among the other American periodicals to the Vienna Exhibition.

The Eurosophian Society has recently made an addition to its library. Among the authors may be mentioned O. W. Holmes, Charles Dudley Warner, Horace Mann, Sir Walter Scott, T. W. Higginson, J. G. Holland, W. D. Howells, Prof. Tyndall, E. E. Hale, James Parton, Arthur Helps.

Whitelaw Reid will address the literary societies at Dartmouth next Commencement.

Mr. Fred. W. Seward, son of the late Wm. H. Seward, has offered a prize, called the “Seward Memorial Prize,” to be contested for by members chosen from the Literary Societies of Union College.

The new chapel of Yale College is to be begun in the spring and completed in one year. It will be in the form of a cross, occupying nearly all the space between Farnum and Durfee Colleges, and will cost about $100,000.

The following, from the Madisonensis, shows the circulation of some of the college papers: Amherst Student, in its fifth year, 800; Harvard Advocate, seventh volume, 600; Michigan University Chronicle, fourth year, 800; College Argus, sixth year, 800; The University Herald, first year, 500; Targum, fifth year, 900; Cornell Era, fourth year, 600.

The very valuable library of the late Dr. Lowell Mason has been given to the theological department of Yale, by
the Mason family. It is chiefly composed of ancient and modern works relating to sacred music, and is probably not excelled by any collection in this country. It comprises the entire library of the eminent German composer Rink. The library of the college is already rich in books on sacred music, and this gift will be of great importance in increasing its usefulness.

The Rowing Association of American Colleges met at Worcester on the 2d inst. Harvard, Yale, Amherst, Wesleyan, Williams, Cornell, Trinity, Dartmouth, Columbia, Brown, Bowdoin, and Amherst Agricultural were represented. A motion to suppress pool-selling at races was adopted unanimously. It was voted not to employ any professional trainers or “coaches” after this college year; all students pursuing regular courses of study were declared eligible to University crews; a regatta ball was decided upon. The next race will occur July 17th at Springfield.

The usual race between the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford took place over the usual course on the Thames last Saturday, and resulted in a victory for the Cantabs. This is the fourth time in succession that the victory has fallen to the light blue, and puts the total score of the races won by each of the two contestants only two apart. Thirty races have now been rowed between these two Universities, and of these Oxford has won 16 and Cambridge 14. The race was well contested; the time, about which there is a dispute, being the best on record, if the shorter time is decided upon. Cambridge came in three lengths ahead, in 19.37; according to some reports; in 20.35 according to others. Sliding seats were used for the first time by both parties, and to this is attributed the quickness of the time. The interest in the race in England seems to be entirely undiminished.

**NEW ENGLAND COLLEGES.**

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Place</th>
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<tr>
<td>Harvard University</td>
<td>Cambridge, Mass.</td>
<td>1636</td>
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<tr>
<td>Yale College</td>
<td>New Haven, Ct.</td>
<td>1701</td>
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<td>Brown University</td>
<td>Providence, R. I.</td>
<td>1794</td>
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<td>Dartmouth College</td>
<td>Hanover, N. H.</td>
<td>1769</td>
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<td>1793</td>
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<td>Bowdoin College</td>
<td>Brunswick, Me.</td>
<td>1794</td>
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<td>1800</td>
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<td>Waterville, Me.</td>
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<td>1821</td>
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<td>1854</td>
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<td>Bates College</td>
<td>Lewiston, Me.</td>
<td>1863</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


Harvard is under the supervision of the Unitarians. Yale, Dartmouth, University of Vermont, Williams, Bowdoin, Middlebury, and Amherst, the Congregationalists. Brown and Colby, the Baptists. Trinity and Norwich, the Episcopalians. Wesleyan, the Methodists. Holy Cross, the Roman Catholics. Tufts, the Universalists. Bates, the Free Baptists.
ALUMNI NOTES.

'68. — Thursday, April 17th, (Fast Day) the wife of Prof. Chase presented him with a son. We hope he will not be a fast boy.

'69. — Mary W. Mitchell is teacher in one of the public schools of Worcester, Mass.

'70. — L. G. Jordan is Principal of the Nichols Latin School in this city.

'71. — A. N. Marston is Principal of the High School at Rochester, N. H.

'72. — A. G. Moulton is sub-principal of the High School, Auburn, Me.

['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.

RAND, JOHN HOLMES. — Born Aug. 3d, 1838, at Parsonsfield, Me. Son of Albert and Nancy Rand.

1868-69-70, Instructor in Mathematics at New Hampton Literary Institution, New Hampton, N. H.

1871-72-73, Instructor in Mathematics and Mental and Moral Philosophy at the same institution.

Post-office address, New Hampton, N. H.

*HEATH, REV. ALBERT HAYFORD.

— Born July 19th, 1840, at Salem, Me. Youngest child of Abram Ashley and Florena Heath.

1868, Ordained and installed Pastor of Court-Street Free-Baptist Church, Auburn, Maine, Feb. 27th.

1870, Installed Pastor of the Roger Williams Church, Providence, R. I., October, 23d.

Married, Jan. 7th, 1868, to Lucie J., daughter of Nathaniel G. and Sarah Simonds, Charleston, Mass.

Child, Albert Cheney, born Nov. 10th, 1868.

Post-office address, Providence, R. I.

* Owing to some mistakes which were made in the above record printed in our February Number, we have thought it advisable to insert the same again, corrected.
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JONATHAN Y. STANTON, A. M.,
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REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, A.M.,
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COMMENCEMENT.................................................................June 25, 1873.

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