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LEWISTON:

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1873.
MY CHUM AND I;

Or, A Winter in the Pettifer Neighborhood.

VI.

As a number of writers, together with Lord Bacon, have written lengthy essays concerning courage, I don’t feel myself called upon to add any new remarks to the subject for the enlightenment of the reader. Though were I to bring together on this page the various comments that were made in the Neighborhood about pluck and grit, and being darned-smart, it would be seen that the theme, notwithstanding the fine things that have been said about it, had a great deal of interest to the good folks; that they would talk and express their opinions at any rate. Parson Olewinkle, too, always alive to the occasion, on the following Sunday after the wreck, took a text from the Psalms which reads, “Before Ephraim and Benjamin and Manasseh stir up thy strength, and come and save us.” And although the captain did remark that the parson got a trifle off his course in alluding to anybody by the name of Ephraim, or Benjamin, or Manasseh, as there were no such persons in the Neighborhood, the sermon was considered a “reg’lar resurrectioner.” It was intended to awaken men to a sense of the duty they owe one another, to point out the value of a brave and courageous spirit in times that try men’s souls; in short, to heap encomiums on Chum for his daring conduct.

He sat and bore it very well until the parson began to direct his gestures towards our seat, then he grew a little red in the face. For two small boys in front of us, becoming curious to look at the subject of all this preaching, turned round and brought their innocent noses to rest on the back of the pew, while their eyes were fixed in an inquisitive stare. These infants were really too much for Chum’s assumed dignity, and in vain did he try to overawe them by stern looks and desperate frowns. They couldn’t be made to understand that he intended anything more than to be very funny. Such is the stupidity of guileless youth.

We had an appointment at the lighthouse that pleasant Sunday afternoon, and thither we directed our steps after
leaving the meeting house. John Myrtle met us at his door. He was getting a little impatient, he said, for the tea-kettle had been sputtering some time, and Mary was afraid the biscuits would be cold. It was an early supper, you see, that we were to have in a quiet way. So, after exchanging greetings, and telling how tedious the parson had been, and remarking that it was warm out, quite like a spring day, we four made ourselves as comfortable, I dare say, around the tea-table, as any one could wish to see. As I sat there I thought the Point Light an enchanted place. Everything had a different aspect from most households. The chairs and tables were made of different kinds of wood twisted together in grotesque shapes, as if an attempt had been made to counterfeit Nature herself. And even the English ivy that had been creeping for years up the walls, and knotting itself about the window tops, had fashioned such a tapestry as never was seen before. While from the ceiling hung a large willow cage, and in it a parrot, which kept rolling its eyes and asking in a melancholy voice what the wild waves were saying.

When supper was finished we went into the "Castle of Indolence,"—for such had Mr. Myrtle styled his sitting-room,—and here had Mary made her deft fingers busy in various ways. Of course the small sketches in oil of sea and shore were hers, and the curtains with inwrought figures, and the hearth rug. Likewise the straw bird-cage for the canary, and the tidies that ornamented the easy chair, the sofa, and the piano stool. Here, too, were John Myrtle's treasured volumes, arranged on shelves that took up two entire sides of the room.

I sat myself down to look over a few of these books. Chum used to say I sometimes made myself very rude by diving for people's books the moment I entered their house, and I am not certain that he didn't speak truth, but on this occasion, I was curious to know what authors the light-keeper associated with. The first two were a little doubtful, according to my orthodoxy, or rather according to my grandmother's. They were Rousseau and Voltaire. Mr. Myrtle smiled as I closed the covers and put my hand upon the shelf for something else.

"Have you read them much, Mr. Jasper?" he asked.

"Very little. I may say, none at all."

"I like them, hugely."

"Yes?"

I took down another whose ancient binding attracted my attention. It was an aged copy of the Iliad, and on the fly-leaf I read that the book was presented to John Myrtle as a reward for his fine translations of the same during his Junior year in college. He was a college man, then? I pondered not a little over this revelation as I turned page after page, and the thought that came into my mind was, whether the ultimate of the future which Chum and I were so fond of picturing for ourselves would ever come to be a prosy life in a light-house. There might certainly be worse places in the world than such a one, yet I didn't like to think of tending oil lamps.

Mary now came in, having finished
her household work, and Chum asked her to sing. A slight tinge of crimson dyed her cheeks, but there was no hesitancy in her manner, such as we had been accustomed to in our circle of acquaintances. She sat down to the piano in a quiet way and sang one of Moore's melodies. I do not remember what the words were. In truth, I am not certain that I heard them all, or comprehended their meaning, for the moment was a dream-like one. There was a wonderful charm in her rich, silvery voice; and the swelling waves of tone, the beautiful cadences, which from the fullest sound died away to the faintest breathing, the splashing waves without, the sunbeams gleaming across the ocean and flooding the room with mellow light, all exercised an irresistible influence over me.

When she had finished she turned around as if wholly unaware that her voice possessed such magic power. And Chum was on the point of paying some pretty compliment, for you know it is considered the proper thing in polite society, when John Myrtle balked him.

"Your instrument is sadly out of tune, my dear."

"Yes. I sometimes imagine that it is tired of the player."

"Impossible!" said Chum, enthusiastically.

"Oh, you are too decided, Mr. Guild," and with a little laugh, she tripped across the room to one of the windows where the curtain required re-arranging. The ring that held it back had fallen from its hook and rolled away; so Chum made search for it, and when it was found, he thought he descried a ship just on the horizon line, and loitered there beside her, watching its approach.

I had before seen Chum and Mary standing together, but never in exactly the same attitudes, or in the deepening shadows of twilight, and now the dream which had so strangely knit itself into my fancy on the night of the debate, came back to me again.

"Does it not appear," I heard Chum say, "as if the ship were sailing up into the heavens?"

Mary did not answer. Her thoughts seemed to be wandering far away, and her eyes had the same dreamy expression I had so frequently noticed in her father's, as if longing and yearning for something, he knew not what.

So they stood there apart from Mr. Myrtle and myself; and fortunately I made some remark about a passage in the Iliad, which led us into a discussion. Then our conversation ran on, from one topic to another, until it came about that the light-keeper got to talking of himself. I listened. I was very much interested, for there were parts of his story that awakened my sympathy, yet I could not help hearing, now and then, a word or two from the couple at the window, though it was impertinent.

Once Chum was speaking about our school drawing to a close, and likewise our sojourn in the Neighborhood; and I either heard or imagined that Mary asked if he was glad, and if he had become tired of the place. What his reply was I know not, for the light-keeper was saying,

"I made a mistake, perhaps, when
I left the hospitals in Paris and went to Australia, but after all I don't think it matters much now, Mr. Jasper. I might never have been anything more than a very fair country practitioner. I think a man's blood cools after he is thirty; and, finding that the world has not been created for his benefit alone, he is apt to lose ambition, and so settle down to a commonplace existence like other mortals. Don't you believe that that is the case, in general?"

"I suppose it is," I said, "though my experience has been rather limited."

It was past nine o'clock before Chum and I put on our coats to return home. It had been a pleasant evening, I think, to all of us, and there was some lingering on our part before we could make up our minds to take our departure. They accompanied us to the door, both father and daughter, and invited us to come again, urging at the same time that we ought to be more neighborly. Chum and I thought so, too, as we walked along the road to Captain Pettifer's.

"Sid," said he, stopping short and laying his hand upon my shoulder, "Sid, I'll tell you what is running through my mind if you'll promise not to laugh?"

"Laugh! Why should I laugh, is it anything very funny?"

"No; but you may think that I am getting foolish, spoony, and all that sort of thing."

There was a peculiar look in Chum's face. He appeared to be somebody else instead of my friend with whom I had associated so long.

"What is it?" I asked. "Tell me."

All around us there was a dead silence, save only the ocean fretting the shore, and above a star-lit sky.

"I mean to ask Mary Myrtle to be my wife. What do you say?"

"That I would if I were you," and taking his arm, we went on again without another word.

When we came to the door we found Doctor Higby's team standing there. Doctor Higby was the physician of the Neighborhood, and had been attending Ebb through his fever. We were surprised, though, at his being there now; for he usually came in the morning; and—well, Ebb was worse. That was the reason. Worse! on the very day we considered him out of danger. The doctor was telling Philothety, as Chum and I entered, that there had been a very unfavorable change in the little patient, and he didn't know what to say. Really, he didn't know what to say about the result. She, poor woman, stood in the middle of the floor, very pale, twisting her apron nervously.

"Our Ebb is dreadful sick," she said, in a tremulous voice, after a moment. "Praps God thinks we a'n't been kind to him."

"Hush!" whispered the captain, looking out from Ebb's room, "he's a trifle easier now. Will yer come in here, Guild?"

Chum went in on tiptoes, and closed the door.

* * * * * *

I feel that I am now coming to the part of this narrative which will be exceedingly difficult for me to write. The scenes of that night and the day following have a certain vagueness about them, like shadows that have
visited me in some unpleasant dream which memory fails to reproduce. I know I sat before the fire a long time, thinking what I could do or say to comfort the poor old captain and his sister if Ebb should die. And there was Flo, too, who had a great dread of death. To lose Ebb would certainly break her heart, for he was all in all the world to her. I had not thought of it much before, but how strange it was to me now, to miss these children from the fire-place. There was Ebb's ship, the very one he rigged the night I came, propped up on the mantel-piece just as he left it. And his words about what he meant to do on becoming a man, came back to me, while the joyous, happy laugh that Flo had over his attempt to lift her in his arms like a man, was sounding in my ears.

Well, by-and-by, morning came, and the sky was cloudy, and a heavy wind blew in from the sea. We sent out word that there would be no school that day, and the neighbors, learning the cause, came in. And every one spoke in low tones, and moved about noiselessly. They talked of the night that an English barque went to pieces off the Cape, and how the captain, wandering up and down the shore with his lantern, had come upon the lifeless body of a woman whose dead arms held a little girl. And the old man finding the child still lived, brought it home to Philothety, and they called her Flo, because she had come ashore with the flood tide. Then upon the going out of the sea an infant boy was discovered among the rocks, and they named him Ebb. It would be a very sad thing, kind-hearted people said, for these little waifs to be separated now. They had been so much to each other, and such a comfort to Philothety and the lonely old sailor.

So the day long we were watching and waiting; and the iron heart of the grim old clock kept beating, beating heavily within its dusty case. Yet the time was drawing near. Its hands were on the twelfth hour of the night, the hour when the living dream,—and Ebb was dying! The door of his room opened softly, and Mary Myrtle motioned for me to bring in Flo, who was sobbing in my arms.

"Floy," he whispered, as I lifted her to his pillow, "Floy, don't cry. I'll tell God how I love you, and He will let me come back," and then stretching out his little wasted hands he drew her face down beside his, and so passed away in silence into the awful mystery.

I never shall forget that moment. The captain stood with folded arms at the foot of the bed, looking into the dead face with all his soul in his eyes. Not a word escaped him, not a muscle moved, not a nerve trembled. The rest of us were as silent and motionless as he, but watched him with pitying looks. At last, after what had seemed a long time, he turned and said in a tremulous voice, "Leave us alone a little, my boy and me."
ASPIRATION.

A PAINTER viewed his native hills,  
And called them passing fair;  
He wrought their likeness by his skill,  
In colors rich and rare;  
And o'er the country far and wide,  
The people named his name with pride.

He travelled far in distant lands,  
And gazed on beauties there;  
He wrought their likeness by his skill,  
In colors rich and rare;  
And, after years, he ceased to roam,  
And sought, an aged man, his home.

He viewed once more his native hills,  
But they were bleak and bare;  
No vineyards rich with virgin wine,  
No castles old were there;  
And what his youth had called so fair  
Seemed cold and dull and bleak and bare.

So I have looked on birds and flowers,  
And called them passing fair;  
Have sung their songs with feeble skill,  
In measures quaint and rare;  
Have launched my frail barks on the tide,  
With merchant's hope and builder's pride.

But now, before a nobler theme,  
These beauties pale and die;  
No scene that graces earth, no tint  
That glorifies the sky,  
Can tune my lyre to melody  
Save that they teach me, Lord, of thee.

And when again my halting pen  
Pursues my eager tongue;  
When o'er my soul sweet passions roll  
That lead my lips to song;  
Then let my inspiration be  
Derived, O Lord, from only thee.
MEMORABLE DAYS.

HAWTHORNE in his felicitous style epitomized a general truth when he wrote, "Life is made up of marble and mud." There is marble, pure and white, and beautiful. There is mud, mud, mud, one eternal waste of mud hemming us in on every side. It is in mud that we pass most of our lives; in mud that we waste opportunities that loom into gigantic proportions and taunt us with the what-might-have-been of an irrevocable past. But we are happy with the privilege of recalling that portion of the past which has afforded us enjoyment, and neglecting the whole domain of disagreeable facts and fancies. Memorable days are the cherished remembrances of mankind. We refer to that class of days the memories of which are perpetuated by observing with fitting ceremonies the recurrences of the day in the week, month, or year. Memorable days are the outgrowths of believing times and owe their origin to sublime circumstances. They are intimately connected with the patriotism or religious beliefs of a people. No age of gross immorality, no times of general scepticism ever produced a memorable day. During the French Revolution they attempted to establish a number of days that should be memorable for ages. The result of their endeavors is familiar to all. It requires a large faith in humanity, a thorough conviction of the nobility of true manhood, a keen and sympathetic perception of the beautiful, and above all a large and warm heart that loves its fellow men sincerely and earnestly. Such natures alone call forth the universal voice of gratitude, and furnish a basis whence spring actions that make the day of their achievement memorable.

The people alone enjoy the prerogative of making a day memorable. They instinctively recognize heroic deeds and with enthusiasm hail their event. The day that saw Orleans surrender to Joan of Arc is a fit representative. True, it is enveloped in the fog of mediæval vagaries and more substantial superstition, yet there is in it that inherent quality of patriotism, animated with that firmness of faith, that will ever shed a ray of light through the darkness of the times and ever enkindle the hearts of men with that ardor of enthusiasm that shall constitute it one of the forget-me-nots in the long pilgrimage of the earth. Our own country affords an excellent illustration. The Fourth of July has been and continues to be the day of days to the American patriot. Divested of all the bombast of the oratorical displays accompanying its celebration, it remains dear to the hearts of our countrymen.

But a far larger and more influential class of days remain to be mentioned—memorable days which are closely connected with the religious beliefs of a people. In the forefront of these must be placed the Sabbath. This contains the very essence of a day destined to be remembered through the ages.
of its observance binding on the world and recognized by Christendom, it embraces those principles which in a greater or less degree are at the basis of memorable days. It is a day of joy occasioned on the one hand by the rest it affords, and on the other by the worship it enjoins. It commemorates the accomplishment of the creation. It is a benediction pronounced on the work done as good. For centuries it has been a happy day for many souls. The cares and labors of the week being laid aside, it gives an opportunity for the cultivation and refinement of the mind; for social reunions and interchange of thoughts not common to week days; for sweet communion with nature, especially by those deprived of her benign influences during the days of toil; and for worship, which brings all men before a common Father and unites them in a common brotherhood. Another illustration is Christmas. This is the ushering in of peace on earth and good will to men. Surely this is a time to rejoice and be glad. The harbinger of a better period; the commencement of that light which shall illumine all the nations of the earth, and whose rays shall penetrate the darkest recesses. We cannot stop to consider the innumerable days which are celebrated in the East. What is the history of the seven days that make up the week but the record of days made illustrious by the worship due to the sun or the moon, to Woden or Freya. They all bear witness to the fact that certain days sink deep into the heart of humanity and are handed down to posterity among its dearest traditions.

It is no trivial affair, no lucky hit, no egotistical importance, no flight of fancy nor flash of genius, no subtlety of disquisition nor profundity of learning that can make a day memorable. It is either the Creator himself giving sanction to the day and sending it forth for the pleasure and happiness of his creatures, or it springs from the heart of a man, a man whose heart is consonant with that of his fellow man, a genuine well-wisher of his race. Newton saw an apple fall to the ground. Does any one celebrate the day of his birth? Is there a liking for him in the popular mind? Does the great heart of humanity throb with exultation at the mention of his name? Yet from our earliest days we are taught the greatness of Sir Isaac Newton. His name is inwrought into the very structure of all scientific thought. His observation and patience and perseverance are held up as an excellent example to the young. Yet one thing he seems to have lacked. One thing his successors in science have generally lacked. The one thing that makes science interesting and profitable but not dear to mankind — the power of uniting moral and scientific thought.

The principle of observing memorable days is in itself beneficial to men. It affords a time for them to give scope to the better part of their nature; to believe in the larger possibilities of the mind; to learn that the body is more than raiment, and life more than meat. To feel that the cultivation of the intellect will bring us to a higher plane of life. To learn that the merchant in his counting-room, with his vessels in every part of the world, together with the intricacies of the home trade, sits
there calmly and works his way out of the meshes of the problem, and with silent though exhaustive thought arrives at conclusions which generally prove to be true. That the railroad king exercises as much influence and is as much a brain-worker as the scholar at his desk or the professor in his chair.

It is especially fitting that Americans should be subjected to these influences; for that moral element or religious sentiment, or whatever name be given it which is the substance of a grand and sublime action, noble in the sight of humanity, has been dwarfed in our country. It has been over-ridden by the practicalities and complexities of our civilization. The talent and genius of the country have flowed into the multiplied channels of material prosperity. That there must be a check to this intense and absorbing interest in fortune-making and political-gambling is admitted by all. The Nation, in a recent editorial, says: "We are every day getting nearer to that point at which either virtue or money must get final control of the government." Now it would be useless to think of restraining merchant-princes and railroad-kings in their work; but it is possible to carry nobility into that work. It is possible to see beauty, truth and benevolence in those occupations. Of course, the phase of the beauty, truth, or benevolence, will not be the same as hitherto; but will be influenced and assimilated to the "customs and costumes" of the civilization whence it originates. In this fact hopeful signs of the continued progress and development of the people, as well as the material resources of the country, may be expected.

The great obstacle in the way of the realization of these hopes is the lack of simplicity and unity. The need of that harmonizing element that shall bind all hearts together, that shall enable us to recognize the true, the beautiful, the good, however devious the paths of life. We are all the possessors of a common humanity, and all that is required is that we shall recognize the attributes of that humanity, that we shall feel a sympathetic thrill with the joys, or sorrows of that humanity. And, as we have endeavored to show, a means in thus uniting the hearts of the people is the celebration of its memorable days.

Within a few years a new day has arisen in our midst, worthy of being recognized and handed down to posterity, the celebration of which seems to be peculiarly adapted for benefiting the American mind. Decoration Day is a positive fact, no creation of man, but growing out of the times. It is a day that will call out the finer qualities of men and women, if any day can. The wreathing of the victors, who though dead yet live. The floral tribute which the coming generation pay to the departed heroes. Decoration Day can never gather around itself the bombast of the Fourth of July. A sadness felt in a thousand hearts, and echoed in a thousand more will ever be present. Where can we find a time more fitting for a look over national affairs?

Reminded of that mighty struggle, and the principles therein involved, we can think of the state of our country with a purer heart and a keener understanding.
INDIVIDUALISM IN THE SCHOLAR.

The general culture of the present age is often freely proclaimed at the expense of individual improvement. While it is our easy boast that a philosopher of five centuries ago would be amazed at the scientific truths taught in our common schools, we are in no small danger of losing the independence of thought, the power of personal investigation which he possessed, at whose comparative ignorance we smile. Absorbed by the glowing of the heavens we may forget to climb upward toward them. It is natural to praise the elaborate frieze and well-turned cornice, while the strong foundations supporting the structure are forgotten.

We repeat and vegetate only, while laboring under the pleasing delusion that we think and live. We may joyfully reap the advantages of genius, but it is quite another thing to have the inspiration of genius. The very inheritance of the great opportunities of learning what others have gained, is as fatal to real energy and development of mind as the inheritance of great pecuniary wealth to the promotion of physical or business energy.

In reading works which reveal to us the wisdom of six thousand years, we are far from becoming masters of the knowledge which so many centuries have gathered. It is one thing to placidly contemplate, complacently absorb what others have learned and taught, but quite another to grasp their thought, make it live and reproduce itself in our own thinking. The tree that reproduces must enter fully into the conditions of soil, position, heat and light. So if a mind really knows, it will reproduce; its knowledge is measured by the growths which are stimulated by contact with other minds. A man may admire a deep thought, may praise it and be subdued by it, but only a deep intellect can receive a great deep thought. We really receive no new thought except by struggle and conflict we fashion our minds according to the pattern of the new thought, making it part and parcel of our existence, living and walking on in its inspiration. Thought cannot be communicated to minds that do not think. The power of old sages, at whose mistakes and crudities we laugh, may be a far-off thing to us. It is their power, rather than their knowledge, we are to covet.

Therefore we find the professions, and our Colleges and Seminaries, abundantly supplied with paupers who, halt and lame and blind in intellect, depend on the bounties, the helps which richer, nobler minds have stored; persons "incompetent to get their own mental living." So a characteristic of the times is a strong tendency to imitate. The preacher in his study works over and adapts to his own use the products of others, more royal souls; in his pulpit he ventures from no path which he has not explored with safe guidance by a stronger, bolder hand. The painter becomes a copyist of Rubens and Claude. The teacher finds scraps of knowledge which he assorts and distributes ac-
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cording to his personal tastes, and calls
the product "his system."

"Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscere mulier formosa superne,
Spectatum admissi risum tenectis, amici?"

Conceit makes a show of capacity
at the bar and on the bench. The
scholar develops in the recitation room
imitative faculties at the expense of
competent mental vigor. The last
thought is the greatest to such minds
because room must be made for it at
the expense of all that has preceded
it. The last argument to which they
have listened is the only one which
sways them; like the Hibernian, who,
hearing the counsel for the plaintiff,
declared, "surely he has won the case;"
and then, after the plea of the defend-
ant's counsel, was glowingly sure that
"he has won the case."

As among men in working circles,
there are many who seem only diges-
ting machines, so it may be said of many
scholars, that they are acquiring only
immense capabilities for mental diges-
tion. We are to strive for individual
power, for living manhood. Such a
cultus as shall enable the scholar, at
each step, to say with fresh confidence,
I am a man, I am my own master,

"Addictus jurare in verbis nullius magistri."

Our educational discipline is not pro-
moted by feasting on the hard-earned
bounties of other minds. Schools la-
mentably succeed in hindering intel-
lectual development under pretence of
furnishing helps to the mind. It re-
quires no small native vigor to resist
such exposure and live. That was a
decisive test, certainly, which that an-
cient city devised, of exposing its chil-
dren, in order to learn with what resis-
ting power their constitutions were
endowed. Time works changes. The
Spartan moors and heights are ex-
changed for schools and colleges.

They who pass through the educa-
tional ordeals devised by the nine-
teenth century without having intellect,
thought, power, perishing in the pro-
cess, are few. It is refreshing to find
some vigorous natures that "leave
school with the possibility of being
men if not scholars." The test of the
value of study is not what store of
facts, what lists of authors it can
enable you to produce, but what kind
of men does it make; how well does
it succeed in imparting that very inspi-
ration to life which makes those men
you study the beacon lights, the great
names for all ages.

HERE AND THERE WHILE ABROAD.

IV.

THE streets of Paris present, in the
current of human life which flows
through them, a varied appearance,
and furnish a fruitful field for observa-
tion. In certain respects they are
wholly unlike our own. It seems as
though there was one continual parade-
day here. Soldiers are everywhere.
Sentinels are posted before the entrances to every imperial, official and public building. Regiments and companies, on foot and on horse, are marching in every direction. Barracks are found at short intervals, crowded with soldiers. The firemen, a force of 2000 men, are organized on a military footing, are carefully-drilled and efficient soldiers. The police are also a military body, and aside from their other duties, a portion of their force, known as the Sergeants de Ville, are stationed at the theatres, concert and ball rooms. The whole military force of France is divided into the active, or Regular Army, and the Garde National Mobile, making a total of 1,200,000 men in time of war. The military dress, of which there is said to be upwards of forty varieties in Paris, is remarkably tasteful and brilliant. The French soldier is a model of neatness in attire; is thoroughly drilled in his art, finely developed physically, and altogether a too noble looking fellow to be wasting the prime of his life in this idle manner; or, worse still, in making of himself a passive tool in the hands of power, to be shot down like a dog at his master's nod.

The police are a fine-looking body of men. Tall, straight and muscular, wearing the Napoleonic cocked hat, a long black military dress coat with bright silvered buttons, black pants with the military side-stripe, the straight sword; and, in cool or rainy weather, the graceful military black cloak, and almost invariably wearing the moustache and imperial à la mode de Napoleón.

Another distinguished feature of street life in Paris, unlike our own, is the large number of priests, monks and nuns, that one meets in all quarters. Protestantism has but a comparatively feeble hold in Paris or in France, yet the signs of the times indicate for it a much wider extension, at no distant period. The dress of the different religious orders, so unlike that of the gay Parisians, makes them especially noticeable in this city. The long black gown and broad-brimmed black hat of the priests, the coarse grey mantle, the stockless sandaled feet, the uncovered, partly shaven heads of the monks; the plain black dresses, the crosses and beads, and the broad-caped, flaring, white bonnets of the nuns, present a strange contrast to the rich attire of the thousands who throng the streets and boulevards. It cannot be denied that the mass of the Parisians look with little favor upon the church and priesthood. Visit the great churches and cathedrals upon the Sabbath, and you will find that the number, of men especially, who come there to worship, is small. The withering infidelity, the keen and subtle satire of Voltaire, Rousseau and Diderot, are bearing to-day, as through the past, their pernicious fruits, and the Frenchman glories in the title of freethinker, in the virtual abnegation of all religious belief, and in the exaltation, as aforetime, of the goddess of human reason.

The readers of the Student must know very well that it requires a long residence among a foreign people to fully understand them; and my knowledge of the true, distinctive character of the French, at this early period,
must of necessity be superficial; yet I cannot refrain from giving you some of my first impressions of the Parisians. They are apparently the happiest people in the world. You very seldom see a long-faced genuine Parisian. All seems to be sunshine with them. One does not meet any of those half brute and half human beings, with low, sloping foreheads, bristling hair, massive jaws, short, thick neck, and Herculean limbs, who, in some of our American cities, furnish material for mobs, prize-fights and Plug-Ugly entertainments. The true Parisian is, rather, round-faced, bright-eyed, fair-cheeked, the picture of health, and boiling over with merriment. That horrible charge so cruelly preferred against American ladies, that they are everlasting talkers, applies here equally well to the masculine or feminine gender. At home and abroad the Frenchman never seems to lack for subjects of conversation, and there is a wonderful vigor and earnestness in this exercise. While their language is but slightly accented, this being monotonous compared with our tongue, the speaker gesticulates far more than we do, and not unfrequently, in the ardor of his emotions, rises from his chair, even at table, and goes into the work of talking, soul and body. The utmost freedom is enjoyed in conversation; two, three, or a half dozen, all speaking at the same time, all animated, and cutting the air unmercifully as their hands fly like drum-sticks. The French, you know, are famous, the world over, for their politeness. As seen in America it sometimes bears the stigma of affectation; but here it is native, free and genuine. Your host rises and bows gracefully to you as you enter and leave the dining-room; your entertainer at the evening party gives herself unremittingly and unaffectedly to the work of making you perfectly at ease and happy, showing you numberless courtesies and attentions ever varied and pleasing. The merchant, the banker, the professor, the petty tradesman, the peasant and the child, all alike greet you with their hearty salutations of welcome and of good-bye, and rejoice to be of service to you in any possible manner. I have actually had a merchant leave his place of business and walk an eighth of a mile to show me, a complete stranger to him, the residence of a man I desired to find. Perhaps this is an exceptional case. (I can't say that there was not something about the petitioner that appealed powerfully to his pity or his sympathies.) There is an ease and gracefulness of carriage in their politeness, found among no other nations. Physically they are a splendid people, and this perfect health is the grand secret of their cheerfulness, gracefulness and vigor. Their inherent politeness is especially noticeable in their conversation. No matter how exciting the theme may be, whether literary, religious, or political, no speaker of culture ever so far forgets himself as to rebut any opinion of his adversary, or present any counter-view without the inevitable "pardonnez-moi, Monsieur," prefacing his remarks. At the literary gatherings each new production of merit is warmly greeted; and everywhere, whatever is done at all, is done enthusiastically.
With these remarks upon the living Parisians, let me devote a little space to a hasty description of one of the resting places of their dead. Pardon me if the transition is somewhat abrupt. The catacombs of Paris are immense subterranean quarries, from which, centuries ago, the building stone of Paris was excavated. They are of great extent, one-tenth of the entire city lying above them. In 1784, upon clearing some of the cemeteries, the contents were removed to these chambers, and some remains have since been deposited here, although the cemeteries without the city walls are the ordinary places of burial. The catacombs are opened once a month; and in company with some American friends I visited them a few months ago. With lighted candles in our hands we descended the winding case consisting of ninety steps. Arriving at the bottom we entered a long, narrow street or gallery, with sides of solid masonry supporting the rocky roof above, which is about seven feet high. Pursuing this gloomy passage perhaps a quarter of a mile, we entered a large chamber, whose walls were lined with bones from the floor to the roof. The arm, leg and thigh bones are in front, piled up like cords of wood, with three parallel rows of skulls running through them, and projecting a little beyond the general face. Back of this face-wall of unbroken bones are thrown the small and broken bones, so that the entire thickness of the skeleton wall is perhaps three feet. The middle row of skulls has its customary cross-bones, and sometimes are, if we may so speak, artistically arranged in the form of crucifixes. At short intervals monuments and gravestones are placed in the walls of bones, and bear suitable inscriptions and admonitions. Alleys or streets branch off in every direction, but everywhere bones, bones, bones! In this vast charnel-house are the remains of at least three million human beings! Policemen were stationed at intervals to direct the visitors in proper paths, as one might, by leaving the main passages, wander in inextricable confusion; and when his little candle had expired, would be hopelessly incarcerated in the most horrible of prisons. There are upwards of sixty entrances to the catacombs. The subterranean roof of the vast cavern is supported by pillars and masonry in all the dangerous parts, the whole work being under the constant supervision of skillful engineers. Of course the remains of the dead occupy but a small portion of these vast quarries, and visitors see but a fragment of the catacombs. Above, and completely undermined by these quarries, are the Palace of the Luxembourg, the Observatory, the Pantheon, and many other important public buildings, together with many of the principal streets upon the southern side of the Seine, filled with all their busy, crowded life; so that the Parisians are literally living, moving and sporting upon the roof of immense subterranean chambers, where their ancestors have toiled, and where they are resting now in the dreamless sleep and the profound silence of this realm of death.
EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

In our last we hinted that we should speak of the subject of a convention of college editors. We stated also that this had been agitated by the Cornell Era and Chronicle. Through inadvertency we mentioned the Chronicle instead of the University Herald of Syracuse University.

What could be the object of such a convention? Evidently to increase the efficiency of college publications. We naturally inquire, then, what is the aim of college papers? what are they trying to do? The answer is easy. Their aim is first to advertise their respective colleges, by sending forth publications as advocates of their interests and exponents of their culture; second, to furnish to their students information on matters of general interest, and especially matters that pertain to the college world; third, to open to their students opportunities for disciplining themselves in the art of writing.

The aim, then, of all college publications is the same. Now, could not a number of young men, all striving to accomplish the same thing, derive practical good from a conference? The object being the same it is plain that each one would be benefited by the experience of the rest. Imagine a convention of young men, held for the purpose of increasing the efficiency of college publications, and does it seem reasonable that it would be wholly unproductive of good results?

What is the best method of conducting a college publication? This is the question which such a convention would discuss. We are all working for the same end, with the same means; now how can we make these means most useful to secure this end? This is the question the members of such a convention would ask, and they would proceed to answer it by the consideration of those questions which naturally grow out of it. Such, for instance, as the following: Should a college publication be under the control of any class or of all the classes? Should it be published by a students' association or by the literary societies? Should it be in magazine or newspaper form? Should it confine itself to subjects strictly literary, or should it be a newspaper, as is the Anvil? These and similar questions would be discussed with reference, be it remembered, to success in the three objects above mentioned, for which all college papers are laboring. And who will dare to say that the discussion of such questions would not be felt in the increased efficiency of college publications. One's own experience is his best teacher; the knowledge of the experience of others his next best.

Then, too, how the financial editors
would enjoy a chat. How much help
could each one receive from the sug-
ggestions of the rest. The success of
any paper depends much upon the
business talent of its financial editor.
Will any one presume to say that these
keen-sighted, practical, mathematical
geniuses would derive no benefit from
such a convention?

But, say some, college papers are
"intensely local," and what is applica-
table to one has no relation to another.
This is partly true. Every newspaper
may be said to be local to a certain
extent, but does any one deny that
great good has resulted from State and
national conventions of the press? So
college papers may be "intensely lo-
cal" in some respects, but does that
prove that their efficiency would not be
increased in those points in which they
are not local, especially when it is ad-
mitted that their aims are in the main
alike?

Some have said they were sceptical
about the good results to be obtained
from a convention of college editors,
but thought that such a convention
could do no harm if it did no good.
We should hesitate to lend our voice or
cast our vote in favor of such a con-
vention if we believed it would be thus
simply negative in its results. We
favor the proposition because we be-
lieve a convention would be productive
of positive good.

—What are our debating societies
doing this term? It will take but few
words to answer this question. They
are doing comparatively nothing.
What is the reason of this? It cannot
be from lack of numbers, or on ac-
count of one society having a large
majority of students; for both societies
have a large membership, and are
about equally divided. That the inter-
est, however, is not such as it should
be, no one who understands the work
which the two societies are doing will
for a moment deny.

At the beginning of every fall term
each society does its best in debates,
in its papers, in every respect, to im-
press the Freshmen and obtain a
majority of the class. The executive
committees of both societies plan with
all the shrewdness of a Bismarck. It
is then they always (by chance, per-
haps,) select the most interesting ques-
tions for debate. It is then they per-
form most faithfully their duties as ex-
ecutive committees in taking care that
each officer and member does his duty
in such a manner as to reflect credit
upon his respective society. Every
thing works smoothly. There are no
adjournments on account of a want of
sufficient number of members to make
a quorum. The interest abates not a
whit until the last Freshman has nib-
bled the bait and been caught. Then
the executive committees and the
members, puffing from their violent
exertions, sit down to catch their
breath, and generally succeed in doing
so about the beginning of the next fall
term, when they arise, gird themselves,
and again become fishers of—Fresh-
men.

This, we believe, is the real condi-
tion and practice of both societies.
The members, now and then, as if
moved by the same spirit which influ-
enced them at the beginning of the
year, rouse themselves, and have a few
interesting meetings. But it amounts to nothing. The effort is only spasmodic.

What then shall be done to make the meetings of the two societies interesting? This is an important question. Let each member, some may say, do his part of the work. Yes, but they do not. Now, what inducements can be presented to influence them to do this? It seems to us that there is not constant rivalry enough between the two societies. Now, would not public meetings, by the two societies, at regular periods—not always at the beginning of the fall term, as has been the custom, for the special benefit of the Freshmen, but two or three times during the college year,—achieve the desired result? A prize debate occasionally between members elected by each society, might act as an incentive to excellence in debate. The regular prize debates of the Sophomore year do much toward this. We have, during the college year, many public exercises, but it seems as though a few more might be introduced without crowding.

However this may be, it is plain that something must be done to make our societies more interesting and profitable. We all, doubtless, desire to perfect ourselves in the art of expression, to improve in debate; still we know, too, that men oftentimes need great incentives to do that which they believe will be highly beneficial to them. It is evident that they are sadly needed in this case. We have made these remarks not for the sake of criticizing, but for the purpose of calling attention to a matter in which we are all interested, and awakening thought upon it.

— Our exchange list is slowly increasing. We have received some of the poorest and some of the best college papers published in this country. There are, however, several we should like to see, for the purpose of ranking them in our mind, if nothing more; but especially for the opportunity of gaining a better knowledge of the college press and matters of interest to the college world. There is the Amherst Student, the organ of one of the first colleges of New England, which our eyes have never beheld. We sometimes think that perhaps the Student heard not our gentle knocking; at other times that they are ashamed (but of course that cannot be) to put in an appearance. Then there are the Williams Review and the Williams Vidette, both excellent papers, our exchanges say,—but seeing is believing in this case. Hamilton Literary Magazine is another publication we feel interested to see. These and all other college papers we should be glad to welcome to a place among our exchanges. Call at any time and you will always find us at home.

— The question has been asked whether we (meaning by we the students of the College) can answer through its columns statements made in the Student. In reply we would say that it was the avowed object of the Student to open a way whereby opinions could be expressed on matters of importance. If any student has anything to say which would be inter-
esting to our readers, we should, of course, be pleased to give it a place in the columns of our magazine. But let it be understood once for all that, while the STUDENT is in the hands of those who now conduct it, space will not be given to reply to any passing joke which may chance to be recorded in the Odds and Ends. Aim a little higher.

EXCHANGES.


Literary communications should be addressed to the Editors. All subscriptions and advertisements to THOMAS SPOONER, JR., Manager.
Odds and Ends.

If you haven't paid your subscription for the Student, do so immediately. This is no joke.

A certain Soph., having, in his presence, spoken of a Prof. in rather a laconic style, thought it best to apologize. Accordingly, when he next saw the Prof. he did so. Imagine his surprise when the Prof. told him that he did not hear the remark. Virtue has its own reward.

James Antic Equus recently joined the Freshman class. He passed a very satisfactory examination Sunday, May 18th. Not being satisfied with his room on the ground floor, he soon left. We think that, should he return, quarters might be found in which he would be contented to make a longer stay.

Witchcraft is not wholly dead. A witch supper was held one recent evening on the campus. The witches, however, forgot to clear away their tables, etc., etc., which were found fantastically arranged on the green the next morning, much to the surprise of all (?) the students. "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

A Freshman expresses his daily experience in the following parody:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these,—I've flunked again."

"A prudent man," says a witty Frenchman, "is like a pin; his head prevents him from going too far."

Difference between a regatta prize and a smarter dog. One is a pewter cup and the other a cuter pup. (The author's family are in mourning).—Advocate.

The following comes under the head of smooth translations. "Caesar in Germanis silvis bellum fecit" rendered, "Caesar made a bell of German silver."—Ex.

Molecule thinks that the difference between Noah Webster and Daniel Webster is that the former is distinguished for his Dictionary, the latter for his airy diction.

A man who bought a thousand Havana cigars recently, on being asked what he was carrying, replied that they were tickets to a course of lectures to be given by his wife.—Ex.

Zoölogy class. Professor—"Mr. B., please give the common names for the different varieties of the felis catus." Mr. B.—"The Maltese, the white cat, the black cat, and the—Tom cat." Professor—"Sit down!"—Tripod.

The antiquarian, Edwin Trotx, in Paris, has lately obtained one of the
rarest of literary curiosities, a heretofore unknown copy, and a splendid one, of the Editio Princeps of Horace, printed on parchment.

A Junior gives the liberal translation of our college motto. "Sol justitiae et occidentem illustra," as "Son of Justice, go West."—Targum.

During the cold cloudy weather we had some time ago, several of the ladies in middle college were heard to exclaim, "O, for a little sun."—Ex.

An Amherst Senior recently inquired at a bookstore for a copy of Gilbert Blaas, and was disposed to lament the ignorance and want of enterprise of the local book dealer.

The word love, in the Indian language, is "Schemlendamourtchwager." How nicely it would sound, whispered softly in a lady's ear, "I schemlendamourtchwager you!"—Ex.

A young lady was recently called on to decline "hie." She boldly proceeded: "Hie, hec, hoc, hug-us, hug-us, hug-us," which latter was received with joyful applause by the boys.

The theologue who was heard to exclaim, "no gal," in a sad and pathetic tone, we are glad to learn was but conjugating a Hebrew verb. That Hebrew is strange stuff.—Record.

Scene after recitation. An excited Freshman rushes frantically to Prof. Atom and gasps, "Did I, oh, did I pass my examination?" Prof. Atom (with proud scorn)—"No, sir!" Off dances Freshie, radiant with smiles. Prof. A.

—"You misunderstand me; you failed, sir!" Incorrigible Fr.—"Ah! but I won a bet, you see." Prof. A. staggered. Salts, &c.—Harv. Advocate.

A man grew eloquent in a Sunday School Convention and soared into statistics. "My beloved fellow workers, there are in the Sunday Schools of this State two hundred thousand children omitting fractions."—Vass. Miscellany.

A certain Freshman was undecided about going to hear the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. He had heard either Miss Mendelssohn or Clara Louise Kellogg—he did not know which—and he did not want to go to the same show twice.—Era.

Arcadian simplicity still exists. An old lady came upon the following announcement in the Miscellany: "Miss—of '70, is pursuing her studies in Berlin." "Dear me," she sighed in gentle admiration, "Seventy years old and studying yet!"

A facetious Senior asked a Freshman to tell him the difference between a fac-simile and a sick family, but the laugh was on the Senior, for the Freshman instantly replied, "No difference; a sick family is a family that is sick, and a fac-simile means 'the same.'"—Williams Review.

Professor in Political Science—"What can you say of the right to reputation?" Senior B.—"No man can injure my reputation." Prof.—"A rather ambiguous answer. Do you mean that your character is so bad
Odds and Ends.

that no one can injure it?” Senior stammers, blushes, and sits down.—
Tale Courant.

A Senior was met on the Flag Pole Delta by two Englishmen who were visiting Cambridge. Inquiring Englishman—“Will you kindly tell me what that inscription is on the flag pole?” Student (reading) — “Washington, 1776.” Englishman—“Ah! some one connected with the college?” We vouch for the truth of the above. — Advocate.

A student here, who had only been acquainted with his girl two nights, attempted to kiss her at the gate. In his dying deposition he told the doctors that just as he “kissed her the earth slid out from under his feet, and his soul went out of his mouth, while his head touched the stars.” Later dispatches show that what ailed him was the old man’s boot.— Chronicle.

A very handsomely dressed young man, who was waiting at his horse’s head for his girl, Sunday afternoon, and desired to demonstrate to the watching neighbors how familiar he could be with such an animal, put the head of the noble beast in his bosom, and just then the animal sneezed, and — well, anybody who has seen a horse sneeze can picture to himself the state of that shirt-bosom and collar and vest, just as well as one of the old masters could do it.— Danbury News.

The following disquisition on dogs is given by a school boy: “Dogs is usefuller as cats. They bite ’em. Dogs foller boys and catches a hog by the ear. Hogs rarely bite. People eat hogs but not Jews, as they and all other animals that doesn’t chew the cud isn’t clean ones. Dogs sometimes git hit with boot-jacks for barking nights. Sleepy people get mad and throw ’em at ’em. Dogs is the best animal for man. They do more for man than ground-hogs or koons, or even gotes. Gotes smell. The end.— Ex.

Among the examination papers of an English school the following was found: “United States is remarkable for its ruins. Each State manages its own affairs; has a Council-General appointed by the people, and a Governor by the queen. Each State has a king chosen by the people and a House of Commons and of Lords. The Capital of the United States is Mexico. It is governed by a queen, a council and two representatives. It is very subject to earthquakes, and all the houses are built low in consequence.” — Ex.

Our Professors, in going their rounds after church and attendance reports, often meet with receptions not exactly in accordance with their dignity. The other day Professor W., on knocking at a certain Junior’s door, was most cordially invited to “walk right straight in.” The same Professor was once told by a Sophomore — who supposed it was a class-mate — to “throw his filthy carcass over the ventilator!” Imagine that Soph’s surprise when Prof. W. entered.— College Spectator.

An undergraduate of Dartmouth, at present acting as Grand Mogul of a country academy located in the direc-
tion of the Aurora Borealis, seems to be taking advantage of his newly acquired knowledge of "the ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" of the electric fluid, in a way which combines instruction to his pupils with gratification to himself. His plan is to connect one of his big girls to one pole of a battery, himself to the other, and then complete the circuit by joining lips! The sensation is described as sweetly peculiar.—*Anvil.*

**Extensive Art-Gallery.**—Next to the Bible, no book is more useful than Webster’s Dictionary. The Unabridged is an extensive art-gallery, containing over three thousand engravings, representing almost every animal, insect, reptile, implement, plants, etc., which we know anything about. It is a vast library, giving information on almost every mentionable subject. It indeed has been well remarked that it is the most remarkable compendium of human knowledge in our language.

—*Household Advocate.*

A certain Junior, “nameless here forevermore,” preparing for the ministry, wrote a sermon during his Freshman year. Since then, he has preached it thirteen times, spoken parts of it for declamations, and, when original declamations were required, has “been prepared” with it; handed it in as his Junior Ex. oration, and is now furnishing it to the Professor of Rhetoric, in bi-weekly instalments, for essays. The three lower classes have a treat in store for them, for he intends to use it for chapel orations next year.—*College Argus.*

There are a good many ways of boring a man. Of all the ingenious devices ever contrived, the one which seems to answer all the conditions of successful boredom is the habit of making your friend’s room your own, and passing the greater part of your time with the unfortunate victim of your affection. By so acting, you deprive him of all means of retaliation or escape. He can’t visit your room, for you are never there, and it is very doubtful whether he would want to do so, having quite enough of your company without seeking it. Neither can the wretched man kick you out of his room without doing violence to his own feelings as well as to yours. He must sit quietly day after day, and lose valuable time. If he should remonstrate, you would consider it an insult, and would at once become the man’s enemy. The only thing he can do, without bringing about a state of affairs unpleasant to both parties, is to show by his lack of cordiality that your frequent visits are annoyances, and the best thing you can do in that case is to take a hint quick. This intolerable nuisance of frequent calls is one to which we are most exposed here in College, where it is only a step from one room to another. The exercise of a little forethought in such matters would seem to correct the evil in a great measure. But there are some in whom the boring faculty is innate, and can never be eradicated. To such we can only say: “When you are meditating the invasion of a classmate’s room, just stop a moment and put yourself in his place.—*Courant.*"
COLLEGE ITEMS.

The Sophomores are to have two prize debates this term.

The Freshmen have recently procured some neat class caps.

Juniors have finished Zoölogy and begun the study of Chemistry.

Another valuable addition has recently been made to the College collection of birds.

Those of the Juniors who intend to compete for the prizes next Commencement are plugging.

Half-hour prayer-meetings have been held daily in the several rooms of Parker Hall this term.

Base-ball fever has been raging here. It has, however, abated somewhat. While practicing recently, Washburn struck a liner, which hit Giles, who was pitching, upon the forehead, and caused him to lie down in the green pasture. Giles, however, though badly hurt, soon recovered, and is now ready to pitch for Washburn or any other man.

One of the students at Princeton is the son of a Japanese priest.

There are seven hundred Japanese studying in this country.—Ex.

The Graduates of American colleges number 36,000.—University Herald.

The Fisk University Jubilee singers are creating a great sensation in London.

John C. Breckinridge is to speak before the societies at Princeton, next Commencement.

Oxford University is one thousand years old. Her revenue last year amounted to $1,000,000.—Ex.

All the professors in the English department of the Japan Government School at Yeddo are Americans.

Dr. White, Professor of Natural History in Iowa State University, has consented to fill the same position at Bowdoin.

Professor Agassiz, President Eliot of Harvard, and Doctor Wendell Holmes, have expressed themselves as opposed to co-education.—Cornell Era.

The first female graduate of Michigan University has been offered $3,000 a year and her expenses, to tell what she knows in a Japan school house.

We acknowledge the receipt of a neatly printed programme of Commencement exercises at Albion College,
College Items.

Albion, Mich. Commencement Day there is June 18.

The University of Leyden, Holland, is said to be the wealthiest in the world, its real estate alone being worth over four million dollars.—*Cap and Gown.*

A Professorship of Oriental Languages and Literature has been established at the University of California, with the object of promoting instruction in the Chinese and Japanese languages. It has an endowment of $50,000.

Some industrious chap has ascertained that in Scotland one man in every thousand of the population goes to college; in Germany, one in every twenty-six hundred; and in England, one in every fifty-eight hundred. Who will figure this up for the United States?

The Commencement Address before the Theological Society in Dartmouth College will be delivered by the Rev. Dr. Luther T. Townsend, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Boston Theological Seminary, and well known as the author of "Credo," "God Man," etc.

The *University Echo* is responsible for the statement that at a recent consultation of the presidents of Ohio colleges, it was agreed to admit students ignorant of Greek, provided they could pass in a full equivalent of other studies in the first two years. We must conclude that Greek is but slightly appreciated in the Western colleges.

There is every prospect of a radical change being made in the requirements for admission to Harvard. The change will probably consist in narrowing the field in classics, and requiring more in the department of the sciences, in English, and in the modern languages. A knowledge of French, undoubtedly, and of German possibly, will be required of candidates for admission.—*Advocate.*

The course of lectures which Mr. James T. Fields of Boston, is to deliver at Dartmouth College during the month of June, will include personal recollections of some of the leading writers of England. Among others, De Quincey, Rogers, Tennyson, Christopher North, Landor, Sydney Smith, Wordsworth, George Eliot, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Jameson, Macauley, Leigh Hunt, and Charles Lamb will be discussed.

Pres. White's recent report shows that Cornell University is in a successful and vigorous condition. Over 500 students studied there during the past year; the standard of instruction has been steadily raised, and the examinations made more and more thorough. The courses of civil and mechanical engineering are receiving special attention and have now more than a hundred students. The mechanical department is now entirely organized, having lecture, drafting and recitation rooms, and also a thoroughly equipped machine shop, thereby graduating the students practically as well as theoretically. In the library of the University are 37,000 volumes. Thirty thousand dollars have been given by Mr. Sage of Brooklyn, for the building of a chapel to be managed by the University, but not con-
trolled by any single denomination. Another gift of $30,000 has been made to endow a lectureship on moral and religious subjects. This, too, will be free from special sectarian influence. The University has now no debts.

The University of Pennsylvania, the sixth oldest American college, leaves its old building on Ninth street this fall, to occupy a magnificent structure erected in West Philadelphia, between Thirty-sixth and Locust streets. The new edifice is two hundred and fifty-four feet by one hundred and twenty-four deep in the centre, and one hundred and two in the connecting wings. It is in the collegiate Gothic style, but built in Greek symmetry. The material is mainly that beautiful green serpentine which is becoming so fashionable in Philadelphia, and is found on that bank of the Schuylkill. The new building cost $235,000, exclusive of furniture and apparatus, and is one of the most attractive and magnificent pieces of architecture in the city. The combination of color in the stone of the exterior is especially beautiful.

On Thursday, May 15, was formally laid at Cornell University the corner stone of the Sage College for women. There were present among the many distinguished visitors, as we learn from the *Era*, Hon. Ezra Cornell, Hon. Henry W. Sage, J. H. Selkreg, John McGraw, Geo. W. Schuyler, of the trustees, President White, President Angell of Michigan University, Chancellor Winchell of Syracuse University, Moses Coit Tyler, editor of the *Christian Union*, Professor Goldwin Smith, Professor Homer B. Sprague, formerly of Cornell University. Speeches were made by several of the above-mentioned gentlemen. The ceremony of laying the corner-stone was performed by a woman, the wife of Hon. Henry W. Sage, through whose munificent donation the building was erected. Altogether the exercises were very interesting and impressive.

It is a commonly received notion that hard study is the unhealthy element of college life. But from the tables of mortality of Harvard University, collected by Professor Price from the last triennial catalogue, it is clearly demonstrated that the excess of deaths for the first ten years after graduation, is found in that portion of the class of inferior scholarship. Every one who has seen the curriculum knows that where Æschylus and political economy injure one, late hours and rum-punches use up a dozen, and the two little fingers are heavier than the loins of Euclid. Dissipation is a sure destroyer, and every young man who follows it is as the early flower exposed to untimely frosts. Those who have been inveigled into the path of vice are named Legion. A few hours' sleep each night, high living, and plenty of "smashes," make war upon every function of the body. The brain, the heart, the lungs, the spine, the limbs, the bones, the flesh, every part and faculty are overtasked and weakened by the terrific energy of passion loosened from restraint, like a dilapidated mansion, the "earthly house of this tabernacle" falls into ruinous decay. Fast young man, right about.—*Ex.*
ALUMNI NOTES.

'70.—A. G. Chick is in the mercantile business in Boston, Mass.

'70.—D. M. Small is soon to settle in Chicago, to pursue the practice of his profession of the law.

'71.—J. M. Libby is studying law in Portland, Me.

'72.—E. J. Goodwin is Principal of the Seminary at Farmington, N. H.

'72.—E. F. Nason is Principal of the Academy at West Lebanon, 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.

RICKER, REV. GEORGE SMALL.—Born May 26th, 1847, at Raymond, Me. Son of Noah and Anna Ricker. 1863, Principal of Public School, Bristol, Ill. 1869, Principal of Public School, Hennepin, Ill.

1870, Principal Second Ward Grammar School, Nebraska City, Neb., and Editor of the Educational Department, Nebraska City Daily Press.

1871-72, Student at Bates Theological Seminary, Lewiston, Me.

1872, Ordained and installed Pastor of the Village Free-Baptist Church, Richmond, Me., Aug. 23d.

Married, July 6th, 1871, to Eudora J., daughter of John C. and Bernice Stockbridge, Lewiston, Me.

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