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THE

BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

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EDITED BY HENRY W. CHANDLER AND FRANK P. MOULTON.

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LEWISTON:
PRINTED AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE.
1873.
A SUMMER AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

CHAPTER I.

IT was one of the most perfect of midsummer days. Just enough breeze came stealing across the lake to dimple its bright bosom and temper the hot beams of the sun. On all sides, from the far-away mountains rendered dim and ideal by distance, hitherward to the placid edges of the lake—hill, valley, and many an indolent river were glad beneath the radiant sky, and vocal with the songs of birds and the merry-making of the mowers in the hay fields. What though these sounds could not be heard afar? However soft and low, they were Nature's richest tones, and to the listening ear of God each melodious note, and every joyful laugh upspringing from an innocent heart, was a pleasing song of praise. So thought at least one musing voyager, who could behold the beautiful scene with something of a poet's appreciation and a poet's longing.

Between three and four hours had gone by since the graceful little steamer Naiad left her moorings at the south end of the lake and began her upward run. The afternoon had thus far passed quietly away, almost the only sounds on board being an occasional exclamation of admiration at some new and attractive feature in the scenery, or a merry outburst of laughter from some jovial group, and the noise made by the steamer as she went puffing her easy way through the tiny billows. The passengers were variously distributed over the upper deck beneath the awnings. Some were engaged in idle conversation, enlivened at times by the spirit of fun; some were absorbed in reading; others, it seemed, had not yet aroused themselves from their afternoon naps, taken while reclining at full length on the long benches; and others yet were sitting alone and gazing with half-closed eyes into or across the sparkling waters.

Just back of one of the paddle-boxes, on the seat adjoining the railing which ran around the edge of the deck, were two young men of apparently about the same age. One of them, reclining on the seat, with his head resting on a leathern traveling bag, was fast asleep. His face was a pleasing one, with its
fair complexion and its clear brow, across which in careless confusion swept a mass of shining, wavy hair, moved by the lightly passing breezes. Even with the features thus immobile and the eyes closed, one could easily tell that the sleeper was a person of sunny temper and merry speech. The whole face was suggestive of an easy-loving and mirthful disposition.

The other youth was sitting with his face turned towards the far-off horizon, his head resting between his hands, and his elbows on the iron railing in front of him. For nearly an hour he had sat thus, absorbed in thought. His appearance without being remarkably striking was yet attractive; the face was full of fine expression, the form indicative at once of strength and grace. His hat was off, and his hair brushed back from a forehead which gave token of a quickly-perceptive, and at the same time imaginative, mind. The blue eyes were large and thoughtful; the mouth and chin showed pride and sensitiveness, but suggested also a want of decision and strength of will. A skillful physiognomist would say that here was a person quick to apperceive and fertile in invention, but on the whole more likely to dream noble things than to do them—a person who might indeed be heroic at times, when fired by a sudden impulse, but incapable of prolonged and patient effort.

For almost an hour, we said, this young man had sat with his eyes turned towards the distant horizon. His mind had been busy with the past. He had been recalling faces which he had once beheld only with joyous emotions, but which were now associated in his mind with sad and melancholy thoughts—faces which, when they went from the world seemed to take its light and beauty away with them. He had been listening to voices which sometimes sounded to his soul like strains of solemn music, wafted at night-fall across still and dusky waters from a distant shore. Of his boyhood, he had been thinking, and his home in the great city—a home made as happy by loving hearts as it was splendid by means of wealth. He was scarcely fourteen years of age when one dark night his father came home from his counting-house, haggard and faint, a ruined man—ruined in purse and spirit and body. One week later and the once wealthy merchant was borne to a pauper's grave, and his broken-hearted wife, with her two children, were alone in the wide world. Before two years more had gone by, the mother and her little daughter were in the spirit-world, and William Arnold, at sixteen, was an orphan. Day and night he suffered as only a sensitive and dependent spirit like his could suffer.

Through another year he lived and worked in the store in which he had been employed since his father's death, and then came a change. A bachelor uncle who had been living in South America for twenty years, and from whom his only brother, William's father, had not heard for many years before his death, returned to the United States with a large fortune, and no one dependent upon him. He learned with sorrow that his brother was no more, and having found William he immediately adopted him, made him his sole
heir, sent him to school and eventually to college.

What wonder that the deep soul of the bereaved lad went out toward his generous relative with a love like that of a son? And so, when, about six months before his graduation from college, William received a telegram that his uncle had been suddenly stricken down by apoplexy and had passed away from earth, he mourned the later loss just as sincerely and almost as deeply as he had the earlier.

The fact that he now found himself, at twenty-three and just out of college, in possession of a large fortune, did not avail to lessen his sorrow. Sitting there with his eyes full of a tender and dreamy light, and reviewing the changeful past, he would gladly have surrendered his whole wealth for the privilege of greeting, as in days gone by, his kind benefactor.

But his mind was not always melancholy; sometimes the darker mood would come, as on this summer afternoon, and he would yield to it. But now, his mind turned from the past to his plans for the future. They had been rapidly maturing during the last few weeks. He was rich, and could live a life of leisure, but idleness, he thought, would not suit him; he must be active; he must live amid stirring scenes. In his boyhood he had felt a passion for travel which had never abated. Providence, now, had opened the way for him. In the company of his college friend, Richard Reynolds, he would pass a few of the midsummer weeks at a retired resort among the mountains and lakes; then, he would make speedy preparation and embark for Europe on a pilgrimage which should extend through years; he would tread the snows of Siberia and the hot sands of Sahara; he would collect stores of information curious and rare; he would—

Quick screams, followed by a sharp call for help, cut short his revery. He sprang to his feet and was on the point of hastening in the direction of the sounds, which came from the lower deck, just forward of the paddle-box, near which he had been sitting; when, as the boat sped on, he caught sight of a lady struggling and gasping in the waters of the lake, a few yards off. Quick as thought, obedient to impulse, he threw off his coat and a moment later reached the side of the unfortunate lady, just as, completely exhausted by her frantic efforts, she was on the point of sinking.

For a moment confusion reigned on board; women screamed, men shouted and ran to and fro seeking means of rescue, but in vain. The steamer carried no small boat, and the unhappy lady and her would-be preserver were already too far away to be benefited by anything which might be flung to aid them.

While the steamer was stopping and putting about, the minutes dragged heavily by. All eyes were fixed upon the imperiled ones; every breath was suspended with anxiety. Would they be saved? Could they hold out only a little longer? If so, all would be well. Soon the steamer was speeding directly towards them. Nearer and nearer it came; the white faces of the sufferers could be clearly seen as they battled with the waters for life, wearied but
self-possessed; the distance rapidly lessened; strong hands were ready; the boat moved with slackened speed; it stopped; a moment passed, and the rescued couple were in the arms of their friends. Exclamations of joy and words of mingled congratulation and praise were heard on every side. The lady was borne almost lifeless to the little cabin, her garments "clinging like cerements," the beautiful face pale as marble, and the water dripping from the rich braids of her unbound hair.

Arnold was looked upon as a genuine hero. Persons who, a few moments before, had regarded him only with idle curiosity, now addressed him as friends and admirers. Leaning on the arm of his friend and companion, Reynolds, he was assisted to a place where he could change his clothing and recover somewhat from his extreme weariness. Reynolds did not speak until they were alone together.

"Will," he at length began, in a frank, impetuous way, "Will, you're a hero, covered all over with glory; I believe I am proud of your acquaintance. But while I'm endeavoring to restore you to your former bodily condition, suppose you tell me how in the world you managed to keep above surface so long, if you are not too tired. Of course I'm remarkably glad you did so, but, to speak truth, you could n't have been blamed had you betaken yourself to the caverns of the deep with such a rare fresh-water nymph, and never returned. Isn't she a beauty? I'll tell you about her presently. I think I envied you while you were holding that somewhat dangerous tête-à-tête in the water. But how did you manage it? They say that drowning persons lose all their wits and make nothing of dragging a would-be preserver to the bottom with them. How is it? You are a man of experience now."

"I couldn't have held out," returned Arnold, "if the lady had not possessed a very rare presence of mind. She seemed to lose the most of her alarm the moment I reached her. She followed my directions to the very letter; had she not done so we would both have gone down before the boat came."

"A prodigy, certe," said Reynolds. "And now let me tell you whose existence you have prolonged. I found out something about her from one of the passengers. He volunteered the information, and I listened. Her name is Harlow, I think, She is a member of a Western college, and thinks she has as much right to know Greek and the Calculus as any man; a brilliant girl, I guess, in every respect. You've seen her face; you will have a chance to test the quality of her mind before long. Of course she and her party, as well as ourselves, are bound for the Old Homestead place, or they would n't be here on the boat."

"I shall be glad to make her further acquaintance," was Arnold's reply. "Do you know how the accident happened?"

"She was leaning too heavily against the rope which answers for a railing around the lower deck, and it broke where, passing through an iron ring, it had become very much worn."

After some time, as the two friends made their way to the upper deck, a gentleman, somewhat past middle age,
met them, and taking Arnold’s hand, exclaimed—

“Once more, sir, I must express my gratitude to you, and the thanks of my little party, for your generous gallantry. I am an uncle of Miss Harlow, the lady whose life you have saved; my name is Harlow—Henry Harlow; yours is already known to us. The ladies and myself will feel honored by your further acquaintance. We propose to pass several weeks at the Old Homestead.”

Arnold bowed, expressed his acknowledgments and introduced Reynolds. Mr. Harlow greeted him most cordially. Inquiry was then made concerning Miss Harlow.

“Doing finely, sir, finely; she will be as well as ever in the morning, and laughing merrily, I'll warrant you, over her impromptu and romantic bath.”

After a few words more, Mr. Harlow withdrew, and left the two friends standing near where Arnold had sat not long before and recalled the changeful past.

It was now sunset, and the western sky was aglow with vermilion hues, alternating with bars of “that soft shade of green we sometimes see in evening skies.” The tiny wave-tops had lost their silvery brightness, and growing larger under the influence of the cool evening breeze had clad themselves in warmer and gold-threaded mantles stolen from the sunbeams. The valleys which came down between the hills to the borders of the lake were beginning to be filled with purple shadows.

The little steamer was approaching the end of its voyage. The shores on either hand were drawing nearer and nearer. At length through the gathering gloom they seemed to sweep round and meet each other only a short distance ahead.

A few moments later and the voyagers found themselves sailing in a narrow channel, between wooded banks. Soon they emerged into a much smaller lake than the one they had crossed during the afternoon, and turning suddenly to the left, ere long they reached a little pier which extended out into the water a short distance from the dusky shore. The land came down to the water's edge with a gentle slope. A few rods away, and surrounded by lofty elms, stood a somewhat large and irregularly shaped building, “indistinct in the twilight,” and half hidden by the elms. Through the windows of this house lights gleamed, welcoming the new-comers to the retirement and comfort of the Old Homestead Place.
THE HARBOR.

ROAD and deep the harbor lies, and countless
Ships ride on its proudly heaving breast—
Ships with freight from a foreign land,
Ships to bear from the native strand,
And ships that have met the wave with dauntless
Pride, come here for shelter and for rest.

At the head of the port the city stands,
With pointed spires and domes on high,
While to the edge the buildings come,
And docks jut out to make a home
For tired keels that have loosened their bands,
And stripped their masts to the misty sky.

Great arms of the land upon either side
Stretch out as if to embrace the sea.
Here are the forts that guard the town,
The lights to tell where ships go down
On hidden reefs. Rugged rocks are here, and wide,
And pebbly creeks that meet the lea.

Beyond the point is a rippling cove,
Where most of my childhood's days went by,
On its left cliffs rise from the seas,
While on its right are forest trees,
Whose wide-spreading branches stretch out above,
And bar the light of the deep-blue sky.

Behind is the sand, in front lays the deep,
'Tis here I played: and one of my age,
With golden hair, and sparkling eye,
And cheeks where sunlight ne'er could die,
Played with me. Here we scaled the craggy steep,
And made of the beach a marking page.

We piled the rocks in a shapeless bed,
And held the cord for our crafts to float,
We watched the sail and chose our own,
And waited till they all passed on,
To see whose reached the lighthouse first, and said,
"When men we will have our ocean boat."
Thus passed the time, till all of manhood's prime
  Came, when our proud vessels kissed the bay,
   Ready to plow the ocean main,
     And then with wealth to come again
To fill our store. He went with his this time,
  But I remained and sent my ship away.

He ne'er returned; but when the night was wild
  And madness swept the deep, they told me
   That his proud ship, so staunch and true,
     Went down with all its freight and crew;
And he who my playmate was when a child
  Was rocked to sleep by the mighty sea.

So oft I stand by the loud-sounding main
  And gaze far out in the misty blue,
   Waiting if ever I may see
     My absent vessel coming to me,
And ask if it ever will come again,
  Or if its voyages all are through.

And I think that another ship will come
  When the day is dying slowly here,
   When shades are dark upon the sea,
     And growing longer on the lea,
To bear me off from this wave-beaten home
  And take me to another shore; where

Broad and deep the harbor lies, and countless
  Ships ride on its proudly heaving breast,
   Ships with freight from a foreign land,
     Ships to bear from the native strand,
And ships that have met the wave with dauntless
  Pride, come here for shelter and for rest.
AN APPEAL TO YOUNG MEN.

SINCE Lord Chatham's celebrated reply to Walpole in the House of Commons, "the atrocious crime of being a young man" needs no palliation nor denial. The young man of to-day stands upon lofty ground. Has he a message to deliver? The ears of men are opened. Has he a marvel to point out? Their eyes follow his guiding finger. Formerly, even the Agamemnons held their silence, while the Nestors of the people poured forth words "sweeter than honey." Now, the reverend Saul takes counsel from the youthful David. Gray hairs were once a sign of wisdom; now, of old fogyism and decay of mental power. The beardless face once argued rashness and instability; now, a wholesome radicalism and strength of mind.

How far the effects of this change of feeling may be salutary we cannot now judge. Age and wisdom have been so long associated in our minds that they are not separated without a struggle. And we always shrink and tremble when an impetuous youth snatches the reins and drives furiously over an uneven road; yet the skill of the driver may fully equal his impetuosity and carry him through with perfect safety. And so, if the young men of to-day are wise enough and skillful enough, the country may rest safely in their hands.

But just here lies the difficulty. In the first place, most young men are blind to the true state of affairs. Tell them that they are the architects of our country's future and they answer you, "No! the world looks with distrust upon our efforts. We have no chance to show what we might accomplish. The demand for men of experience excludes us from all hope of suitable employment."

It is needless to affirm that these complaints insult the truth no less than they degrade manliness. The young man has to prove only that he is striving honestly for a good purpose and he is encouraged by the approval and support of all his acquaintance. And if he chances to be what the world calls smart, he is more than encouraged,—he is held up, he is borne on irresistibly to his fate. Go into the law offices all over the land and learn who are the most successful and best-patronized lawyers; go and see who stand behind the teachers' desks and wield the rod of authority in the school room; go to the parish meetings of our churches and see how often the old and faithful pastor is thrust out to make room for a mere stripling, and then ask if young men have "no opportunity to show what they might accomplish."

But a second part of the difficulty arises not from a misconception of the true state of affairs, but from the impatience of young men to grasp the reins before they are able to master the horse. This impatience is a characteristic of all Americans. They are too eager to gather the visible fruits of labor. The true Yankee spirit of haste is disseminated all over the land, and men feel that they must be "doing something." What wonder, then, that
the influence of this spirit is found outside our colleges, working against their continuance, and inside, neutralizing their active efficacy and success? Illiterate persons are ever ready to sneer at college graduates, who have spent the best years of their life in getting their education. One is pointed out as the man who took four years to learn how to pull teeth scientifically, and another as a young lawyer who had natural ability enough to have placed him at the head of his profession, by this time, if he had not wasted his time in college.

These remarks come, of course, from the uneducated; but a similar sentiment is gaining ground among college students themselves. A restless desire for more rapid improvement blinds them to their actual improvement. Indeed, the mental gymnastics which college exercises afford, increase the power of the mind so gradually that the growth is almost imperceptible; and many a man has graduated from college without knowing a tithe of his own mental enlargement. Students seem to believe that if they can accomplish a four years' course of study in three years, they shall get their education one year sooner; forgetting that education is a slow process, requiring a gradual development or drawing out of the mental faculties. But this saving of time is so great a matter in the eyes of Americans, and of New Englanders in particular, that it must needs receive some notice; and so, commercial colleges have sprung up for business men, and schools of journalism for literary men; lightning calculators annihilate cube root, and seven lessons in grammar do the work of years.

A contributor to *Scribner's Monthly* recently said: "The profession of literature numbers fuller ranks but fewer chiefs than it did forty years ago." Men are educated hurriedly and are satisfied with much less than if they made their education the work of a life-time. Compare our literary men with those of England, and where do we stand in point of either numbers or excellence? The truth is, we do not take time enough. Of that culture which comes from a truly liberal education we know comparatively nothing. Even among our best educated men, there are few of really broad culture. True, we gain something while we lose more. "The hurried education and restless habits of our rapid age produce a wider diffusion of average merit, with less concentration upon achievement that will live." The ranks of literature are full of strong, able-bodied men, but it is to be feared that the fame of their exploits will never reach posterity.

In view, then, of this state of affairs and of their responsibility, what shall young men do? This responsibility, as we have said, is not to be scoffed at, for it is real. The young man may deny it, and may even fail to realize it, but the truth remains unchanged. The term of conservatism has expired and radicalism has been inaugurated with due honors. Young men, as representatives of new ideas, are the most prominent. Old men, as supporters of conservative principles, are held in disfavor. With radicalism come scep-
ticism and a contempt for the principles and policy of our ancestors. These two enter the dwelling of the citizen and render him impatient of civil restraint under the laws which our fathers instituted; they enter the workshop of the mechanic and make him restless at the bench where his father was willing to toil for his daily bread; they even profane the sanctuary and turn worshiping hearts away from that God to whom our ancestors were fain to kneel.

And again we ask, how shall the country be kept safe in this crisis? And the answer comes, young men, it rests with you. The country places in your hands the unwritten pages of her future history and bids you fill them with a record of noble deeds. The great Ship of State is yielded to your guidance. For your sake the old men keep their silence. For your sake they make no murmur, even when you crowd and jostle them from your path. Will you longer deny your responsibility?

Isaac, snatched by God's favor from the altar of sacrifice, grew up an honor to his father and a glory to his race. Twelve years ago the word came, "Sacrifice to me your sons upon the altar." And the sacrifice was begun, but, by God's good pleasure, you were saved for other duties. Will you fail of your high mission when your destiny is in your hands?

There is a pleasant theory in modern spiritual geology, that the "straight and narrow path" of the olden time has been gradually widened by the convulsions of ages, till now a broad and smooth ascent, bordered with delightful resting-places, leads from the City of Destruction even to the gates of the Eternal City; but the pilgrim who pursues the right path finds a Slough of Despond at the very beginning of his journey. So, young men, that may be a pleasing theory which tells you that the interests of culture are subserved as well by haste as by time-taking and self-denial; but this theory is as false as the other. As you realize your trust; as you love culture for itself; as you love your country; as you would bless posterity, be not recreant to your duty in this matter.

WOMAN IN COLLEGE.

To the Editors of THE BATES STUDENT.

I CONFESS to having perused THE BATES STUDENT, from its initial number, with interest and eagerness. Of course the Editors' Portfolio has received its due share of attention. The June number was not neglected by me, and the leading article of the editorial department thereof was a subject of some reflection. The writer evidently designed to treat the topic of "Woman in College" with candor and fairness, in fact, to illustrate the rule he would have woman observe in her career, viz.: "Moderation and discretion are shining virtues."

I admit the truth of this axiom, yet,
nevertheless, the ultimatum of these editorial meditations, though clothed in courteous language, has a slight soupçon of bigotry and selfhood, inasmuch as said ultimatum is the entire unfitness and incapacity of women for the course of training and culture usually pursued in college.

I quote: “She needs a training and culture peculiarly adapted to her.”

Now, there is no effort whatever to point out what that peculiar course shall be, in order that women may walk therein, which important omission reminds me of what I have often noticed, viz.: That it is far easier to point out defects in another’s conduct than to mould one’s own exactly and harmoniously; so is it easier to criticise unfavorably than to suggest remedies for the imperfections commented on.

It is true that in the muscular exercises which flourish in college precincts— as base-ball playing, boating, astounding gymnastic exercises, etc.,—woman has neither the ability nor the desire to participate. This is well. But in the recitation room, in the literary exercises, or in any position in college which is strictly a part of the acknowledged and legitimate curriculum, has not the average woman, wherever the experiment of co-collegiate education has been tried, always acquitted herself as creditably as the average man? Girls stand side by side with boys in the several departments of the public schools— Primary, Intermediate, Grammar, High and Normal — and also in our private Seminaries and Academies. It has never been alleged that, in any or all of these preparatory departments, their class rank was inferior to that of their male companions, nor has the assertion been made that the morals or manners of either party have suffered any injury by such educational association.

Now, the propriety and economy of both sexes enjoying in common all the scholastic advantages afforded by the State, being universally conceded (and the public-school system is the crown and glory of New England), why should the propriety and expediency of such co-education suddenly cease at the college threshold? Why should the college doors be opened invitingly to the young man and be closed to the young woman, with an ominous clang indicative not only of refusal but also of disapprobation? I fail to see that the college is aught but a wider educational field, or that any limitation ought to be applied to admission there-to other than in the public schools—the sole restriction in the latter being the ability to sustain the close and critical competitive examinations; and the girl or boy who fails to attain the requisite standard of excellence, goes to the wall.

Let it be the same in college. Surely, this is not asking too much—simply, the same opportunity to develop what powers of mind God may have given woman, as fully and untrammeledly as the same privilege is granted to man.

Probably, nine-tenths of the teachers of youth are ladies (in Lewiston schools the proportion is greater), hence an imperative necessity for a higher culture for women than they have heretofore obtained. If the
mental moulding of Young America
is to be so largely accorded to women,
let it be seen to that the republic suffers
no detriment by neglect to give these
educators the fullest and widest intel-
lectual development of which they are
capable.

It is not desired nor practicable that
every woman shall be a college grad-
uate, any more than that every man
shall be. Mental and physical ability,
and the circumstances which surround
one, must determine the question of
who or how many shall enter upon
and pursue this extended course of
study. Neither does the collegiate
education of women have the slightest
direct bearing upon the suffrage ques-
tion. That does not enter into the question at all. The only point at
issue is that all educational institutions
shall be open alike to all.

Bates College solved this problem
for New England. Its pioneer lady
graduates have demonstrated that the
average woman can and may pass the
ordeal of college training with as fair
a degree of credit as does the average
man. In view of the immense service
which Bates College has done not only
women but society at large, in this
matter, I propose that the women of
New England shall endow a Profess-
orship in this, the first New England
college to disregard the unpopularity
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for New England. Its pioneer lady
graduates have demonstrated that the
average woman can and may pass the
ordeal of college training with as fair
a degree of credit as does the average
man. In view of the immense service
which Bates College has done not only
women but society at large, in this
matter, I propose that the women of
New England shall endow a Profess-
orship in this, the first New England
college to disregard the unpopularity

THE COLLEGE CLUB.

"O-NIGHT we meet in Char-
lie's room, do we not, Thom-
as?" asked one of the boys, as he
looked in at my door, on his way
down to supper.

"Yes," I answered, "be sure and
come as we expect, something pretty
good to-night from Fred; he has prom-
ised us a paper on the Freshmen, and
we all want to hear it.

"All right," said Harrie, for it was
Harrie Bruce. "I will come up as
soon as I get my supper."

This dialogue took place upon one
of the evenings of our semi-occasional
meetings.

The way our club happened to be
formed was this: A few of us who
enjoyed a quiet smoke together, had
been in the habit of strolling into some
one of the boy's rooms and holding
familiar conversations on various
topics not down in the college curric-
ulum. At first I remember there were
but three of us, who, as the opportu-
nity offered would, of an evening find
ourselves chatting away the time; fash-
ing into talk the dreams and
The College Club.

phantoms of ideas which floated before us while breathing the fragrance of the mild narcotic.

Occasionally other friends would drop in and take part in the conversation, and almost before we knew it, something of a free and easy organization had sprung up, styling itself the College Club.

As it assumed shape, some of the more conscientious of the party thought it might give character to the occasion to introduce something of a literary nature at our meetings. That it might tax our energies as little as possible, we, after due deliberation, decided upon the following.

The first of each evening should be passed in conversation. When our ideas had been sufficiently ventilated, some one of us would read a paper, the subject having been suggested by the conversation of the previous evening. This obviated the difficulty of choosing a subject, and gave us the benefit of each other's ideas. We were so much pleased with the results that we finally decided to offer a report of a few of our meetings to The Student for publication. The MSS. were accordingly placed in my hands to be arranged as might be deemed proper. The College Club has made its bow, and will now speak for itself.

At our last meeting the conversation, after quoting the last jokes of the Profs., and various comments on the many snubs the Freshmen had suffered and their verdancy in general, their need of female society and our own desire for the same, at last flowed steadily on the memories of our Freshman year.

A paper was then read by Charlie Wood, on "Secret Societies," the subject assigned at the previous meeting.

The previous conversation had suggested "Freshmen" as fit subjects for discussion, and the paper was assigned to Fred Foster.

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After the conversation began to show signs of weakness, we disposed ourselves comfortably about the room and listened to the following paper.

AGE THE FIRST—FRESHMEN.

It is with no feelings of sadness that we call to mind the scenes of our Freshman year, or attempt a few comments on this, the first age of college life. It is full of strange vicissitudes and uncertainties. We look back upon it without regret, and congratulate ourselves that it is with us as a tale that is told. New faces are seen in our old haunts, filling with equal success the places we so lately held. We do not envy them. We look with complacency upon their many mistakes, satisfied that we could have done no worse.

Entering college is the culminating point of youthful endeavors. Around this event cluster all the hopes of our early ambition. If upon that morning we first came together as classmates, we could have read the thoughts which were the secrets of each heart, what a fertile page should we have of hopes and doubts, aspirations and fears, boldness and timidity. What a searching of faces and reading of character there was—the germs of future friendship. It takes but a short time for us to find our places, as naturally as if by some preconcerted
plan. Those who have come from some village Academy, where they were looked up to as prodigies of promise and have arrived at this same opinion themselves, here meet with representatives of other Academies equally self-respected. There are some hard knocks it is true, but the result is mutual respect and improvement. It chips off obtruding corners or drives them out of sight. The timid ones—the scholars—who keep their rooms and burn the midnight oil to legitimate ends, are soon separated from the more boisterous element, and have an atmosphere of their own.

The Sophomore is the first to scrape acquaintance with the innocent Freshman, and is ambitious to introduce him at once into the mysteries of college life. He generally succeeds—not always, however, in a manner most agreeable to the stranger—but he soon becomes convinced that it has its mysteries. His acquaintance with the Sophomore cannot, if we judge from appearances alone, be anything of the pleasantest. Something gives his mind a sombre turn. He carries his head low and seems to be striving with deep thought; seldom looks you square in the face. These are the symptoms more or less manifested during the first term. Whether it is home-sickness or thoughts of some one left behind, or the intrigues of wily Sophomores, with their bad counsel and worse deeds, is only for the initiated to know. The facts are indisputable. It is a trying place for a young man. As we think of the time when we were there, we almost have a feeling of sympathy for them; but our elevation could not countenance such a feeling. False dignity of upper-classmen. If there is ever a time when a fellow needs a few words of good cheer and good advice, it is when he has come from a pleasant home and taken up his abode among strangers, nearly as strange to each other as he is to them,—none of them with habits formed, and the demand for excitement proportional to their numbers.

There is a certain amount of necessary training, however, which is needful before they can assume the responsibilities that will devolve upon them. It will not do to allow them to go on unrestrained. An occasional shower bath and an innocent laugh at their expense has its salutary influence. This should not be done in a malicious spirit, but, as the father says to his children, with an understanding that it is for their good. Maintain as far as possible good feeling, and make it a joke instead of an insult.

Among other memories of our Freshman life, we think with a smile of our experience in the library. It is said a jackass would starve to death between two ricks of hay of equal quality. The Freshman is as undecided in this classical pasture of books. He goes to the library early, with wise look and stealthy tread, and remains there hours, hovering round the shelves, nervously taking down book after book, and with a hasty glance as nervously putting them back. He talks learnedly with his brother Freshmen, on books and authors. Doubtless Dickens receives some profound criticism, but the range is not a wide one. Oliver Optic is studiously avoided.
He passes with a smile of superiority the well-worn cover of Robinson Crusoe, and the Arabian Nights is forgotten. No, he is in college now, and wants something solid.

Some obliging Junior, perchance, hears this last remark and mentions a number of works that are worthy of perusal, whose titles demoralize the Freshman's powers of pronunciation! He stammers a grateful acknowledgment, and begins his search. But it is time for the library to close. He makes a dive for some big black-bound book, Educational Statistics, some Theological work, or an Encyclopedia, and carries it with a satisfied air to his room, where it lies on his table until he imagines the Prof. will think he has read it, when he carries it back, and the operation is repeated.

The truth is, the Freshman, if he does justice to his lessons, has not time to read much. It is a year of hard work and hard usage. We have to creep before we are allowed to walk, to work before we can play.

Whoever gave the name "Freshman" to this age of college life had his eye on facts.

While Fred was gathering up his manuscript the most of us woke up, and pronounced it good. We assigned the next paper to Harrie Bruce, and, after a few sleepy remarks, for it was late, retired to our respective rooms.

THOMAS NAST.

[The following sketch is taken from Harper's Weekly, Aug. 26th, 1871.—End.]

THE most cordially hated man in New York at the present day—hated by men whose friendship would be a dishonor—is Thomas Nast, the most successful, most widely known, and most gifted humorous artist whom the genius of America has produced. Though of foreign birth, he came to this country at so early an age that his mental and moral development belongs wholly to the land of his adoption. A more thorough American does not breathe. The whole range of his art is instinct with the best and highest thought of the New World. No other country could have afforded the same kind of culture which has made him what he is—the foremost caricaturist of the age. He thoroughly appreciates the boundless hospitality which makes every foreigner welcome to our shores, and in recognition of the free boon of citizenship sinks his own nationality in that of his adopted country, and devotes his best talents to her service. He was educated a Catholic, but that has not blinded him to the dangers of political Romanism, especially in a republic like ours, where the maintenance of law, freedom, and order depends upon the intelligence of the people. The Catholic Church, as an ecclesiastical organization, has never been the object of his satire; it is only
such members of that communion as seek to pervert its machinery to political purposes whom he castigates.

Thomas Nast is the son of a musician in the Bavarian army, and was born in Landau, Bavaria, in the year 1840. When he was six years old his parents came to the United States, bringing their boy with them. They were very poor, but their industry presently made them comfortable. The boy showed from the beginning his fondness for drawing; and although his parents were very sure that it was folly to devote himself to anything but a mechanical trade, he persevered in his artistic studies. Upon leaving school he drew with Kaufmann for six months, and had no further instruction from a master.

When he was fifteen years old Nast began as a draughtsman for an illustrated paper. He gave himself so ardently to his work, sparing but four hours for sleep, and diligently drawing and studying during the rest of the night, that he found he was injuring his sight and his health. Three years of diligence and success made his name known, and leaving his exclusive work upon the paper, he was so profitably employed that in February, 1860, he had money enough for a visit to Europe. He went to England with an engagement to send home pictures of the prize-fight between Heenan and Sayers. From England he pushed on to Italy, and reached Genoa in time to join Colonel Medici's expedition to Southern Italy; and crossing to Sicily, went through the island with Garibaldi, and was afterward at the sieges of Capua and Gaeta. He made sketches of all the memorable events he saw for American, English, and French illustrated papers; and after a rapid tour through Germany, Switzerland, and France, the young artist landed again at the end of a year in New York.

His first impulse was to paint pictures suggested by his Italian experience; but the opening of the great campaign between the North and the South drew his heart and mind to another theme; and in the year 1862 he began the remarkable series of illustrations which from that time to the present day have appeared in this paper. Our readers will remember the marked impression they made upon thoughtful minds in every part of the North.

His artistic activity was not confined to newspaper work. In 1865 he painted a characteristic picture, called "The Union Advance arriving at a Plantation," an episode of Sherman's march to the sea. It was exhibited at the National Academy of Design in this city — if hanging a picture over a door where it can not be seen may be called "exhibiting" anything but the stupidity of the hanging committee. A year or two later he painted "The March of the Seventh Regiment down Broadway," when the first call for volunteers was made after the firing on Fort Sumter. Like the first-mentioned work, it was full of character and movement.

In 1866 Mr. Nast designed a series of grotesques for the Bal d'Opéra — a gallery of semi-satirical popular portraits, unique for the purpose, and very successful. Each picture was a pal-
pable hit. But of Mr. Nast's works, his pictures for this paper are undoubtedly the most characteristic and important. They are of an allegorico-political character, at once pictures, poems, and speeches. They argue the case to the eye, and conclusively. A few lines do the work of many words, and with a force of eloquence which no words can rival. Their effectiveness is unquestioned. It is said that the Boss and Head-Centre of the Tammany Ring himself has declared in his wrath that while he doesn’t care a straw for what is written about him, the great majority of his constituency being unable to read, these illustrations, the meaning of which every one can take in at a glance, play the mischief with his feelings. Mr. Nast's recent pictures, suggested by the riot of July 12th and the New York Times's exposure of the Ring, are among the most powerful of his efforts. Every stroke of the pencil cuts like a cimeter. His caricatures of Tweed, Sweeny, Connolly, and Hall are admirable in their grotesque fidelity. They never can be lived down; and if future ages know anything of the worthy quartette just named, it will be owing to their merciless caricaturist. Doubtless they would rather court oblivion than endure this immortality of infamy. They are naturally anxious to avoid such unpleasant notoriety, and they also naturally supposed that a very simple means would remedy the difficulty. Believing that “every man has his price,” they tried to buy him off. To their astonishment they found they were dealing with a man who was not for sale! They then tried the efficacy of threats. Letters of the most violent character poured in upon him, some anonymous, others signed with the writer's name, threatening violence and even death unless he should quit caricaturing the Ring, political Romanism, and the worser sort of their supporters. The pages of this paper show, and will continue to show, that threats are quite as impotent as bribes with Mr. Nast. He is not to be bought or frightened. We have already mentioned, in a late number of the Weekly, that he is a member of the Seventh Regiment, and on the day of the late riot shouldered his musket and marched with his comrades in defense of freedom, equality, and order.

Mr. Nast's position as a political caricaturist is very high. In Mr. Jarvis's "Art Idea"—a work well known to artists and connoisseurs—we find the following just estimate of his talents and capacity:—

"The lofty character and vast issues of our civil war have thus far had but slight influences on our art. Rarely have our artists sought to give even the realistic scenes of strife. This may be in part owing to their inaptitude in treating the human figure, or the delineation of strong passions and heroic action.

"Judging from wood-cuts in Harper's Weekly of compositions relating to the various stages of the war, Nast is an artist of uncommon abilities. He has composed designs, or rather given hints of his ability to do so, of allegorical, symbolical, or illustrative character far more worthy to be transferred in paint to the wall spaces of our pub-
lic buildings than anything that has as yet been placed upon them. Although hastily got up for a temporary purpose, they evince originality of conception, freedom of manner, lofty appreciation of national ideas and action, and a large artistic instinct."

Although his strength lies in political caricature, Mr. Nast can do excellent work in other departments of art. His society cartoons — vide "Too Much of a Good Thing," in the Supplement to the last number of the Weekly — are full of fancy and humor. There is infinite variety in what he does. His inventive powers seem to be inexhaustible. At the same time he knows the value of iteration in art — as witness the portraits that run through the entire series of his pictures on the Ring. Each one is so marked that if you catch only the glimpse of an eyeglass, the tip of a nose, or a straggly bit of hair, you know it stands for Hall, or Tweed, or Sweeny, or Connolly.
COMMENCEMENT week, with its bustle and excitement, its happy greetings and sad farewells, has been followed by two months of quiet and rest. All of the Commencement exercises passed off pleasantly. The Baccalaureate sermon, by President Cheney, was unusually interesting, and was listened to by a large audience. The original declamations by members of '74, though not giving evidence of any too much hard thought and study, were well received. The concert by Gilmore's Band, with Arbuckle and Miss Adelaide Phillips, fully met the expectations of all. The orations by the graduating class, on Commencement day, were finely written and well delivered. The oration before the united literary societies, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, was ranked among the best ever delivered in this city.

At Commencement dinner President Cheney explained the financial condition of the College, making known the amount, $25,000, then needed to secure the $100,000 pledged by Mr. Bates, and called upon the friends of the College to assist in raising this sum. Accordingly a subscription paper was started, and nearly $3,000 were subscribed at the dinner. Of this sum, $1,000 were subscribed by Hon. Wm. P. Frye of Lewiston, and Wm. B. Wood of Boston—each of these gentlemen subscribing $500.

The class exercises of '73 were quite interesting, but the audience, closely packed into the Main St. Church, with the doors and windows crowded, were hardly in a condition to appreciate them. The number of those who attend our Commencement exercises is increasing every year, and it is plain that it is becoming impracticable to hold any of the exercises there. Without doubt the City Hall could be obtained for these, and, if the audience did not fill it, they would be comfortably seated and in a condition to enjoy the exercises. We hope that '74, and all succeeding classes, will obtain the City Hall, not only for their concert and oration, but for their class exercises, and, if circumstances warrant, for their graduating orations, Commencement day.

We can now look upon the first decade of Bates as a part of history, and as it was crowned with manly victories and unexpected blessings, may the second be doubly so.

—-It should be the object of colleges to adopt such a course of study as will give their students a manly culture and thorough discipline, as well as fit them for business. With respect to those studies which are most useful
for the college student to pursue, wise men may differ. Among those branches of study which are too apt to be neglected, however, even by students of high culture, we class the study of History. That young men in college are shamefully ignorant of history, is indeed too true. Why is this? One reason is, it is not so extensively taught as it should be. Another and greater reason is, students do not know how to study history.

How often we hear students say, "I would like to know more of history, but I don't find much satisfaction in reading it, for I forget it so quickly!" Many students find great enjoyment in the study of geometry and calculus; but how many would find satisfaction in reading them? or how long would a knowledge of them be retained? We know how to study these; but not so with history. We learn but very little history in college, except what we gather from casual reading. To the minds of most students the pages of history are as though they had been rolled into a scroll, at which, as it was being unrolled, they had occasionally been permitted to look, thus seeing only an arc of the historical circle.

Not long since, one student was asked by another whether Roger Williams founded Rhode Island or Connecticut. Had he been taught the circumstances which brought Williams to Rhode Island, and which gave Providence its name, he would have had no difficulty in remembering. This is but an example, yet it illustrates a general fault. It is like learning effects without knowing the causes. History is a narrative of succeeding events. Events are the result of individual action. In order, therefore, to get a general idea of history, one must learn the circumstances and reasons for human action. One might as well try to remember the most difficult proposition of geometry or trigonometry without understanding the course of reasoning upon which its demonstration depends, as attempt to become conversant with the events of history without studying their causes.

Is history a science? If it is, it should be written and read as a science. In primitive times history was little else than a mere chronicle of the deeds of kings and warriors. The historian of the present age must drink deep at the hidden spring of philosophical inquiry. History may as yet be an imperfect science, owing to the complexity of human affairs and the incompleteness of observation; but in its nature it is a science and should be studied as such.

Again, we believe history should be made one of the leading branches of study in our colleges, not only because we should thus learn to study it philosophically and methodically, but because it is pleasing, disciplinary and practical. The object of education is to develop thought. In order to develop this faculty to its greatest capacity, we must pursue those studies which the mind has an appetite for. There is perhaps no study pursued in college which gives all the students more enjoyment than this. The history of the social changes, the revolutions and wars, both of ancient and modern times, opens a field productive of the most genuine intellectual pleasure as
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well as the most profound philosophical study.

The utility of historical study can not be questioned. There is needed a knowledge of history to show the relation of the past to the present. It teaches the continued progress of successive ages. We are apt to think our own the only wise and important age. As one writer has said, "History shows us that we are heirs of the past, and to that heritage we shall add but little before we bequeath it to the future." Each age has taken one step, longer or shorter, up the hill of science and universal experience. We have been advancing upon the same path, and are now standing upon the ground but one step nearer the summit. In history allowance must be made for the time, the country, and the state of things in which each character moved. Institutions that are in themselves bad may form a link in the chain of progress; they may pave the way for something better. Despotism is better than anarchy. It is a step between no rule and good rule.

Do we not all, as students of Bates, feel that there is great chance for improvement in the study of history, and that there is need of more extensive historical study in the college we represent?

— The time is not far distant when we are to resign our positions as editors of The Student to those who are to assume the responsibility of conducting it for its second year. We have thought it best to call the attention of the class of '75 to the matter at this early date, in order that there may be no delay or difficulty occasioned by any misunderstanding. We shall issue our last number in December, and the duty of conducting The Student will then devolve upon '75. Who of this class are to be its editors is yet to be determined.

We wish to call your attention to the method of electing editors. Some college papers are published by a Students' Association, and the officers of the association, including the editors, are elected at a mass meeting of the students. Other papers are published by a single class, generally the Junior or Senior, and the editors are elected either by the class or by the faculty. It is better generally for one class to have the management of the publication, since the responsibility rests upon a less number, and the work is likely to be more faithfully executed. The Student is published monthly by the Junior class. The year begins with January, and ten numbers constitute a volume, there being no numbers issued during the vacation months, July and August.

How, then, should the editors be selected, by the votes of the class or by the Faculty? '74 and '75 are establishing precedents which are to influence all the classes following them, and it is very important these precedents be worthy of imitation. As the classes increase in numbers, wire-pulling and society prejudice will be likely to play an important part in the class elections. This should be carefully guarded against. The Student, though under the direct management of a single class, is a college publication, and ought not to be subjected to such weakening influ-
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ences. Again, should the Faculty appoint the editors, dissatisfaction might arise in the class, and the editors fail of success from a want of coöperation on the part of the class. We do not presume even to suggest in this matter of election, much less advise or dictate. We earnestly desire that '75, free from all prejudice, may elect as editors the men best qualified for the positions. We will, however, suggest that these editors be chosen as early as the middle or last of October, in order that they may be more thoroughly prepared to enter upon the duties of their office. They ought certainly to be elected before the winter vacation. Let all interested in this matter give it the careful consideration it deserves.

The expenses of The Student at the end of the year will be more than the income derived from the subscriptions to the magazine.

In order to raise money to pay for The Student, our manager has arranged for a course of lectures to be delivered in Lyceum Hall this fall. The course will begin with a lecture by Thomas Nast, Thursday evening, October 9th. His subject will be "Caricaturing," and it will be illustrated by cartoons and sketches (drawn in the presence of the audience) of local and national celebrities. We have all seen Nast's cartoons, which were the chief attractions in Harpers' Weekly for several years. We have seen what he has done, now we shall have a chance to see how he does it. One who has so interested the public by his sketches in Harpers' Weekly, cannot fail to interest an audience by his ready wit and the use of his crayon.

The second entertainment will be given Thursday evening, October 23d, by Mrs. Louise Woodworth Foss, who will give Dramatic Readings. She comes to us highly recommended by the press and the public. The Star Magazine says of her: "Two years ago she made her debut before a highly cultivated and critical audience in Boston. Although she appeared without the prestige of a brilliant continental success, without a high-sounding name, like Siddons, or great fame like Charlotte Cushman, she has quietly, modestly and surely won her way into a position where her distinguished abilities have attracted public attention and applause, together with the most emphatic praise from distinguished critics. For years a hard, persistent student, she is now reaping the reward of her labors. Having a clear, powerful voice of great range, and fine commanding presence, she has distinguished herself as a delineator of Shakspeare's characters. She is described by one of the Eastern critics as possessing rare ability for strong emotional or passionate renderings, together with a keen appreciation for the humorous and witty. With clear perception, a lively imagination and versatility of emotion, she readily possesses herself of the spirit of an idea, making the sentiments of the author her own, and hence giving them a vivid interpretation."

In personal appearance Mrs. Foss is young and attractive, entirely free from "stage airs." As a reader of
tragedy and humor she cannot be excelled by any lady now reading.

The third entertainment will be a lecture by Hon. Wm. Parsons, Thursday evening, November 6th. Mr. Parsons is from Ireland, and this is his fourth season in America. As a lecturer he stands among the first. His success has been without a precedent. The subject of his lecture will be Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

The fourth and last entertainment of the course will be a story-lecture by Edward Everett Hale, Friday evening, November 21st. Mr. Hale will be remembered as the orator at the Commencement of '72. His success as a lecturer was long ago established, and we are happy to announce that he will come to Lewiston this fall and read a new story entitled *In his Name*.

These lectures will be in Lyceum Hall. Monday, September 8, season tickets, with reserved seats, will be for sale at French Brothers in Lewiston, and Willard Small & Co.’s in Auburn. Season tickets, with reserved seats, for the four lectures, $1.00.

Single tickets will not be for sale until the evening of the first lecture, after which date season tickets will not be for sale.

The object of these lectures is a worthy one, and the lectures themselves are worthy of a generous patronage.

Go early and secure seats for the course.

We wish to call the attention of our readers to our advertisers. Those who kindly advertise in *The Student* should be patronized by the friends of *The Student*. We have no hesitancy in saying that those who advertise are among the very best in their respective kinds of business.

Willard Small & Co., Auburn, and French Brothers, in Lewiston, advertise books and stationery of all kinds. At either of these places the purchaser can be suited, both as to the article purchased and the price.

Richards & Merrill are first-class tailors. They are sure to suit customers, not only in ready-made clothing and gents’ furnishing goods, but also clothing made to order.

There is not a neater or more attractive jewelry establishment in Lewiston or Auburn than that of J. W. McDuffee, in Savings Bank Block.

Customers can be suited to hats and caps at J. P. Longley’s store.

J. H. Wood, who deals in boots, shoes and rubbers, offers special inducements to college students.

Fuller & Capen advertise the Singer sewing machine. The advertisement explains itself.

Webster’s Dictionary is the most useful companion a student can have.

Ballard’s Orchestra is second to none in the State.

The card of Symmes & Atwood is worthy the notice of stewards of clubs.

Let our advertisers be patronized as they deserve.

We would call particular attention to the article published in this number entitled “Woman in College.” It is a criticism on the editorial relating to this subject in our June number. We believe in fair play, and therefore consistency, if nothing else, would compel us to publish this article, writ-
ten as it is by a woman. What more fitting than that woman should wield her pen on such a subject? The subject is, of course, open to discussion. Some have affirmed that a wrong position was taken in the editorial, others have expressed their hearty approval of the same, and it is not improbable that other articles relating to this subject will shortly be published. While discussing such a subject the rule we shall take as our guide in the selecting and publishing of articles will be

Vir mulierque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.

EXCHANGES.


Literary communications should be addressed to the Editors. All subscriptions and advertisements to THOMAS SPOONER, JR., Manager.
QUESTION of the day—How did you make it canvassing?

Honor and fame from no condition(s) rise, is the Freshman's motto this term.

Don't fail to read the Alumni Notes. They are of double importance this month.

The altars of Hymen are yet smoking with sacrifices. Fellow students, don't smoke.

The tough stories told this term by our canvassers are equaled only by those regularly recounted by our pedagogues in the Spring term.

Why is Elijah's translation to be preferred to that of Enoch? 'Cause he was translated with ponies.—Record.

Which one of the vowels is the happiest? I,— because it is in the midst of bliss, while E is in hell, and the other three in purgatory.

A student lost his overshoe in a visit to the Female College recently. He says he has many times lost his heart in such affairs, but never lost his soul (sole) before.—Ex.

A New York editor is accused of being drunk, because he printed a quotation as follows: "And the cock wept thrice and Peter went out and crew bitterly."—Ham. Lit. Monthly.

A Sophomore asked the Professor of Mathematics to excuse him for fizzling in examination because "he had at that time a rush of blood to the head." Professor thought it might have been an attempt of nature to remedy the thing which she is said to abhor.—Ex.

Scientific. Charles—"Have you read Darwin's Book, Miss Gibbons?" Miss G.—"Oh, yes." Charles—"And ah—ah, what do you think of it?" Miss G.—"I think it a very exhaustive treatise upon an intermediate series of modifications in which the sensibilities of human nature are involved." (Charles retires to meditate and consult Webster.)—Vas. Mis.

A poetical student—very. I sat by the open window on a fine dewy evening. The stars shone out and the moon flung her mild beams over the rocks that bounded my view. The birds had retired to rest, the wakeful frogs made music in the neighboring marsh, and the fire-flies bespangled the darkness. I gazed upon the charming scene—I raised my eyes to the milky way and recollected that I had not a clean shirt for Sunday.
College Items.

The Fall Term began August 21st.

The Freshman Class now numbers 37.

Professor Hayes sailed for Europe Aug. 20th. He is to be absent a year, eight months of which are to be spent in study and four in travel.

At the Prize Declamation exercises by '74, Commencement week, the first prize, of fifty dollars, was awarded to W. H. Ham; the second, of twenty-five dollars, to T. P. Smith.

Rev. Uriah Balkam, D.D., has recently been elected Professor of Logic and Christian Evidences. All cannot but rejoice at so valuable an addition to our corps of professors.

Don't forget to buy your tickets early for "The Student Lecture Course." The lectures will be such as none can afford to lose. Tickets can be obtained at French Bros., Lewiston, and Willard Small & Co.'s, Auburn.

The following have been elected as disputants in the Junior Prize Debate next Commencement: Spear and Evans, Smith and Palmer, Oak and Washburne. They are chums as coupled above, and the debate is spoken of as the contest of the chums. Who shall be the fortunate Horatius, probably Plug, the patron deity of such occasions, will decide.

At the annual elections of the literary societies, Friday, Aug. 29th, the following were chosen as officers for the ensuing year:


Polymnian Society.—President, Robert Given, Jr.; Vice President, A. M. Spear; Secretary, E. H. Besse; Treasurer, B. H. Young; Librarian, L. M. Palmer; Executive Committee, M. A. Way, A. T. Salley, A. T. Smith; Editors, J. H. Hoffinan, J. H. Hutchins, J. H. Huntington; Orator, C. S. Frost; Poet, H. H. Acterian. Fourth Editor and Assistant Librarian to be chosen from the Freshman Class.

Mr. Michael Reese, a citizen of San Francisco, furnished the necessary $2,000 to purchase the library of the late Dr. Francis Lieber, for presentation to the University of California.
'72.—In Eastport, August 5th, by Rev. Mr. Pyne, Mr. Theodore G. Wilder and Miss Lizzie Stickney, all of E.

'73.—In Lewiston, August 4th, by President Cheney, Mr. J. P. Marston of Paris, and Miss Margaret A. Lemont of Lewiston.

'73.—In Lewiston, August 16th, by Rev. G. W. Bean, Mr. E. R. Angell and Miss Lizzie James, all of L.

'73.—In Lewiston, by Rev. J. S. Burgess, Mr. E. P. Sampson and Miss Edith M. Wood, all of L.

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

CLASS OF 1867.

Stockbridge, Winfield Scott.—

Born February 11th, 1841, at Byron, Me. Son of John C. and Bernice Stockbridge.

1867-69, Student at Bangor Theological Seminary.

October 5th, 1869, Ordained Pastor of the Free-Baptist Church, Houlton, Me.

April 1st, 1870, Became Acting Pastor of First Free-Baptist Church, Gardiner, Me.

February 1st, 1873, Acting Pastor of Globe Congregational Church, Woonsocket, R. I.

Married, August 25th, 1869, to Emily Parker, daughter of Andrew and Elvira Parker, Buffalo, N. Y.

Children, Frank Parker, born June 11th, 1870; Helen Elvira, born November 11th, 1871; William Herbert, born February 14th, 1873.

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REV. JOHN FULLONTON, D.D.,
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REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, D.D.,
Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.

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THOMAS L. ANGELL, A.M.,
Professor of Modern Languages.

REV. JAMES ALBERT HOWE, A.M.,
Professor of Systematic Theology.

GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M.,
Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M.,
Professor of Hebrew.

REV. URIAH BALKAM, D.D.,
Professor of Logic and Christian Evidences.

REV. CHARLES H. MALCOM, D.D.,
Lecturer on History.

FRANK W. COBB, A.B.,
Tutor.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

Terms of Admission.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's Aeneid; six orations of Cicero; the Catiline of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and in Harkness' Latin Grammar. GREEK: In three books of Xenophon's Anabasis; two books of Homer's Iliad, and in Hadley's Greek Grammar. MATHEMATICS: In Loomis' or Greenleaf's Arithmetic, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' Algebra, and in two books of Geometry. ENGLISH: In Mitchell's Ancient Geography, and in Worcester's Ancient History.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Wednesday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

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THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian Church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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