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THE

BATES STUDENT.

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CONTENTS.

A Summer at the Old Homestead.  Chapter II........................................... 193
A Twilight Drive................................................................. 197
Open Eyes................................................................. 199
Letters from a Log House................................................. 201
The Aged Poet's Wish.................................................. 205
The College Club.................................................... 206
Our Calcutta Correspondence........................................ 209
Mrs. Foss and her Readings...................................... 210
EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.............................................. 212
    Plea for Pluggers... Woman in College.
ODDS AND ENDS.................................................. 215
COLLEGE ITEMS................................................... 217
ALUMNI NOTES................................................... 218

LEWISTON:
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CHAPTER II.

READER, our first scene closed with the coming of the night. The curtain again rises, and lo! still it is night, and the hour is late. Thick shadows engloom all things on the land, and sleep upon the still surface of the waters. There is no light save the sacred and everlasting light of the remote stars. There is scarcely a sound save the melancholy sighing of the zephyrs which, leaving the summits of the pine groves and stooping to "smoothly kiss" the sleeping waters, come up the slope to die amid the elms.

More than twenty-four hours have elapsed since William Arnold and his fellow voyagers entered the spacious hall of the Old Homestead. Yes, reader, we have availed ourselves of one of our undoubted privileges as a story-writer and passed completely over the occurrences of one whole day. But those occurrences, as concerning the characters of our story, were of no especial interest, and to narrate them would have been both profitless and tedious.

On this night and at this hour, perhaps of all the visitors at the Homestead, only Arnold was awake. His friend Reynolds, wearied with his afternoon's jaunt over the hills, most certainly was asleep. The evidence of his senses made this a sure thing to the mind of Arnold. But from his own eyelids sleep was banished. Nor did he court slumber. He preferred to lie awake awhile and think. He was going to enjoy the few coming weeks; of this he felt sure. The fresh and fragrant inland air was invigorating. It might indeed be sometimes oppressively warm at midday, but the blithe-some mornings and dewy evenings were full of delight. The glowing skies; the sweep of the hill-slopes; the far vistas from the mountain heights; the long-drawn aisles of the echoing wood, where the shifting sunbeams loved to play; the odor of the pines; the music of the waterfalls; fishing, hunting, and pleasure excursions; afternoon sails along the edges of the lakes where the waters were imbrowned by the shadow of the neighboring forest; and the companionship
of pleasant acquaintances — all seemed to promise him a period of rare content and delightful recreation.

But it was not altogether thoughts like these that occupied his mind at this hour of the night. There were other thoughts of a deeper and somewhat perplexing nature. Miss Mabel Harlow had most strangely impressed him. Naturally enough, he, at first, felt a strong desire to know more of one for whom he had risked his own life. Since then he had seen her, associated and conversed with her. He had seen in her evidences of an unusual and remarkable character; so very much and so peculiarly did she differ from all other persons with whom he had ever conversed, that he knew not how to regard her. There was a strangeness about her which he could not understand. She attracted him, and if at the same time she did not repel, yet she so perplexed him that at times he could not feel at ease in her presence. The impression which she made on him was anomalous in his experience and apparently inexplicable.

She possessed a striking personage. He had noticed her as she stood on the lawn and as she came into the dining-hall at noon, and each time he had thought that this “Lady of the Lake,” as his friend Reynolds called her, could not be at all inferior in beauty to the one which Walter Scott conceived.

> “And ne’er did Grecian chisel trace
> A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
> Of finer form, or lovelier face!”

Yes, it was a lovely face, but there was a loftiness, a stateliness about it, something that reminded him of the faulty faultlessness of Tennyson’s Maud. In conversation with her he had admired her wit and eloquence as much as he had been perplexed by her sudden and frequent transitions from mood to mood, “from grave to gay, from lively to severe,” and the occasional strangeness of her speech.

Of Mabel Harlow, then, he was thinking. He was endeavoring to define the impression she had made upon him, and to solve this fascinating problem. This it was that occupied his mind and kept him awake at this still and late night hour. He had not fallen in love. No; he was certain that he had not; and yet, he was compelled to confess that this girl had taken possession of his mind; he could not drive her from his thoughts. At length, however, he slept; and in his dreams we know not what visions may have haunted him, of a perfect yet strange, mysterious beauty.

The next morning, just as the sun “new risen” was pouring a flood of golden light through the mountain-gaps of the east, Arnold awoke. Through the half-open window he caught a glimpse of the waking landscape and heard the matin songs of the birds in the elms. He arose at once, without waking his companion, and was soon sauntering along an easy pathway which had been cleared through the woods on the western side of the little lake which extended from the foot of the slope in front of the Homestead northward for two or three miles among the hills.

It was indeed a glorious morning. The splendor of the re-appearing sun filled the heavens, and, descending to the earth, caused every dew-damp leaf
of the forests, and every blade of grass, and every nodding flower, to shine and tremble with the joy of a new life. A few lingering clouds, which had not yet wholly lost the roseate flush of the dawn, were slowly sailing across the glowing skies; the mists still shrouded with their silvery veil the eastern shore of the lake where the shadows longest lingered; while on all sides the birds cleared up their choicest notes in bush and spray to gratulate the sweet return of morn.

On Arnold went till he had placed a half-mile between himself and the Homestead. A few yards ahead of him the path took a gradual turn to the right and led down among the trees to a sandy shore, somewhat wide for so small a lake, and extending along the distance of several rods. As he approached this turn in the path, a sound fell upon his ear which caused him to suddenly stop. Some other early riser had reached the Beach, as it was called, before him. Again he heard it, the "silver-treble trilling" of a woman's laughter, and the splashing of some object in the water of the lake.

"Here, Sir Point, here!"

He heard these words ringing through the woods and out across the lake. They were followed by more splashing and a fresh outburst of laughter. If he could have failed to recognize the voice, he might even then have known who the speaker was. He had not only made Miss Harlow's acquaintance the preceding day, but that of her pet dog, Sir Point, as well.

"Love me, love my dog," she had exclaimed, with the most captivating unreserve, and he had responded, "Most certainly; I am happy to make your acquaintance, Sir Point."

"Sir Point Harlow," she said.

"Sir Point Harlow," he repeated. And now, should he retrace his steps or go on? He went on. As he neared the beach he caught sight of her and again paused. The lines from Scott once more recurred to his mind. She was standing at the water's edge. Sir Point was near her, wet and panting, yet eager to return again to her hand the stick she was about to throw into the lake. Just as she threw it and the dog bounded after, she perceived Arnold.

"Bon jour, mon brave délivreur!" she cried out gaily.

Returning the salutation he advanced toward the beach.

"Am I intruding?" he asked.

"No, sir; you are thrice welcome, You come in your usual character of deliverer. I have grown somewhat tired of this sport and gladly welcome a change, though, as Sir Point seems to enjoy it so hugely, had you not come, I suppose I should have forced myself to continue. Isn't this a lovely morning? Away, sir, go away from me!"

This last sentence was addressed to the dog as he emerged dripping from the water and sprang toward her, carrying in his mouth the recovered stick.

"Beautiful indeed," replied Arnold.

"You are an early riser, Miss Harlow."

"Yes, I seldom sleep any after day dawns; something forbids." Her gayety suddenly left her, and looking steadfastly over the water, in cold, passion less accents, she went on. "When retire at night it is with the conscious-
ness that, whether I slumber soundly or lightly, before the faint light of the early dawn shall grow into the great sun, something will murder sleep. I sometimes wonder that I sleep at all, and sometimes wish that when I do sleep I might never awake. There are some souls that walk beneath the noon-day sun, and yet wander through an eternal gloom, rayless and pathless."

A strange speech, certainly. Arnold looked at her, puzzled and almost shocked. As she finished speaking she turned her gaze full upon him, and there was a light in the large black eyes which he could not interpret. He had noticed it a few times the preceding day, and it was this, more than her words, that impressed him.

She was singularly free and unrestrained in her ways and conversation, though at times strangely reticent for several minutes. There was a charm about her which, to the mind of Arnold, atoned for what his friend Reynolds had plainly declared to be a lack of womanly reserve and decorum. The remark had irritated Arnold somewhat, but he had given no indication of his feelings. In Miss Harlow he knew that he should not find that softness (be not disturbed, fair readers, the word is used in a complimentary sense) and deference which belong to most women, and yet he admired her and acknowledged a charm in her presence. He was not in love, however; the very thought of such a thing was repugnant to him. Nor could he regard Miss Harlow as a being formed either to love much or to be much loved. One of his very strongest feelings with reference to her was curiosity; he desired to know more about her, and he determined that he would know more.

There was silence for a moment after she ceased speaking. Arnold knew not what to say.

"Your words and manner are very strange, Miss Harlow," at length he frankly confessed. "You surprise and perplex me. I do not understand you."

She turned quickly from him and pointed across the lake.

"Standing here, I might as well attempt to pluck the leaves from those distant and indistinct trees, as by whatever longing and searching—" She broke into a ringing laugh and as if by magic her gayety came back to her. "You don't understand me?" she cried. "Of course you don't; nobody does; I'm what you might call a chronic enigma to everybody, myself included. But I've played the egotist and perplexed you enough for once; let us change the subject. Come, Sir Point, if the gentleman is willing we will talk about you."

She immediately proceeded to give Arnold a humorous account of the dog's characteristics and funny exploits, and ere long he had caught her spirit and found himself laughing heartily at her quaint and witty presentation of facts in the biography, as she expressed it, of Sir Point Harlow. Seating themselves on the large rocks which had been fashioned into rude seats and placed a few feet distant from the water's edge, they conversed and chatted of many things, measuring wit with wit, until, starting to his feet, Arnold exclaimed, "It is the breakfast hour, and we perhaps ought to be returning to the house."
"I doubt not that you are hungry," she said. "You are not the first youth I have talked into an appetite."

"I can very readily believe that," he rejoined.

"But you are the first one to succeed in making —"

"What?" he asked.

"Nothing."

"The first youth to succeed in making nothing. Well, that is a distinction," he admitted with a laugh.

"I charge thee to fling away all ambition to gain a higher. Disappointment is a bitter thing."

"I would my horse had the speed of her tongue," he quoted.

"If he had, it would be exceedingly unsafe for you to drive him."

"Go on," he said;

"Thou talkest well, but talking is thy privilege; 'Tis all the boasted courage of thy sex."

"Thank you. I'll reply to no more borrowed wit. You ought to be ashamed to burden your memory with such libellous quotations. Come, Point."

They left the beach and entered upon the path just as the breakfast-bell was heard ringing in the distance.

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A TWILIGHT DRIVE.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO E. L. OF NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

T H E summer day was dying;
Yet through the vale and o'er the hill —
Falling like a purple fold —
The rays of sunset lingered still.
Calmly and slow the river ran
Its winding way,
Stirred only by one fragile boat
Of leaden gray.

High, verdant hills were, sloping
Down to the water's mossy edge:
And cottage homes, and here and there,
A church spire rose above the hedge.
The brown stone towers of "Hawkswood,"
Dimmed with the light,
And nearer the castle turrets
Of "Laurel's height."

"Hawkswood" is situated about two miles above the city of Newburyport, on the left bank of the Merrimac. Its entrance is at the head of "chain bridge." The river bank is covered with stately pines at this place, and in the centre, towering above all, is a large stone mansion very beautiful and imposing.

"Laurel Hill" rises from the right bank of the Merrimac, in a bend of the river nearly opposite "Hawkswood." It is noted for the white laurels which grow there in profusion. On its summit is a large building constructed after the manner of ancient castles in England, and is called "Warwick Castle." It has been used as the summer home of the British Minister for several seasons. This, with "Hawkswood" and the Merrimac between, forms a beautiful view.
A Twilight Drive.

While meadows green were lying
Just below on the other side,
Stretching away to southward,
To meet the ocean's swelling tide:
Where, stained by the dying sunlight
The light mists glow,
Mingled the azure shade above
With that below.

The summer day was dying;
And, turning from the dusty roads,
On a goodly mountain's top
We halted, to view these abodes
Of peace, with rocks and hills so dear
To you and me,
And to see the light fade slowly
Over the sea.

Then, to the path returning,
We went down o'er the sandy hill,
Across the bridge, where a brook
Ran slowly. On one side a mill
Stood, shaded by stately walnuts,
And willow trees
A few, like weak amidst the strong,
Rose among these.

As on we passed, tall maples
Flung their shadows across the way,
As disappointments do sometimes;
Farm-houses, with barns old and gray,
Looked out from either side. Children,
With bare, brown feet,
Hallooed to each other, from up
And down the street.

But these fair scenes unheeding,
We talked of our joys and sorrows,
Bygone facts and future hopes,
And of things one earns or borrows.
Life, so dear to us, made dearer
By each other,
Received new love, as in each we
Found a brother.
When evening came we parted;
While you went back to your own home,
It was my lot far away,
A stranger, in strange lands to roam.
But when twilight wanes, and shadows fall
Across the way,
I oft think of that mountain drive
At closing day;

And wonder if in summer,
Or in autumn, cool and sweet,
Or when winter blows its
Chilling blast, that you and I will meet,
Or when one shall reach his hand on
The other side,
To greet, and raise the other from
The mystic tide.

OPEN EYES.

WITHOUT brain, sight is in vain.
Sight presents material for the mind to meditate upon. Every one can see the outward forms and the passing beauty of nature's productions; but not in every one does seeing set the machinery of the mind in action. One person, with eyes half closed and mind entirely inactive, looks upon the rose with a momentary feeling of cold delight, without experiencing even a shadow of refining influence. Another, with eyes open and mind active, looking upon the rose, experiences a feeling of appreciation. He not only enjoys the sight of it, but takes pleasure in studying the laws of its growth; and his heart throbs with gratitude towards the Creator of all flowers.

Many a one has visited the Southern plantations, and heard the groans of the slave; but only the clear-sighted, open-eyed Mrs. Stowe really saw "Uncle Tom," little "Topsy," "St Clair," "Legree" and "George Harris." Sight is the guide to action. If one sees, in a good book which he reads, the excellent thoughts expressed, he will become a diligent reader. But if he merely goes through it with eyes half open, reading becomes a task, and he soon quits it.

At times, chances for speculation have occurred. Some open-eyed persons, seeing their opportunity, have acted upon it and become rich. Others have continued in the same routine of daily toil. In speaking of a smart man, we frequently say he is wide awake. We mean by this, if he is a
scholar, that he is critical; if he is a merchant or politician, that he is shrewd and capable of making calculations in respect to future events. A man who has open eyes is wide awake in the sense here indicated. If a man is a critical observer, he will become a close thinker. And "as a man thinketh so is he." Therefore, if a man sees well, he will think well, and consequently act well. Not only, then, is close observation necessary to insure success, but in order that one may become honest and wise, he must keep his eyes open in search for truth.

But as it is not in the province of this essay to discuss the importance of right living, we must confine our thoughts to the relation open eyes sustain to success. And, first, the mean politician should have a sharp lookout, just as much as the wise statesman. This is evident from the recent political wrangles and money frauds among government officials. True it is that Oakes Ames and Mr. Brooks, and even the honorable Mr. Butler, had their eyes open when they planned their scheme for making money. The only difficulty was, that they opened their eyes so wide they could not close them again, which uncommon phenomenon so attracted the attention of other honest men that they in amazement opened their eyes also. Too many fingers in the pie picked out all the plums, and many a senator was led to cry, What an honest man am I! Here were two instances of acute mental vision: first, in the planning of the scheme by one party, and second, in the investigation of the same by another.

Again, cannot every student testify that it is necessary to be thoroughly awake in order to extract a Greek root, to translate Thucydides, or to find the solidity of the groin? Flowers bloom alike for all, but it took Robert Burns to see and appreciate their beauty. We all associate with men of different minds each day, but it takes the keen vision of a Dickens or Shakspeare to see all the different characters. Steam moves the lid upon the kettle in the presence of all, but Watt alone discovered in this the mysteries of the steam engine. Every summer's night the ingenious spider suspends his web across man's pathway, to be torn down the next day by some one of his numberless enemies; but only one man saw in this the plan for the suspension bridge. All students have the privilege of a good library; but it takes the open eyes of a Goethe or a DeQuincy to see and appreciate, to the fullest extent, the fine qualities of a good book. Many of us find little pleasure in reading the works of Milton or Shakspeare, while a New Year's almanac will interest us for hours. Is the almanac better than Paradise Lost? Were Milton and Shakspeare blind writers? or are we blind readers, too indolent to open our eyes and see what they wrote? It may be said that all these men to whom I have referred, received special talents from nature; yet it will be admitted that their success depended upon their powers of observation and research. Whether this power was given them by nature, matters not as far as this essay is concerned.

We next observe that it is necessary for one to go through this world with
his eyes open, if he wishes to accumulate wealth. But does not the rich man get his wealth through luck, some one will ask? Sometimes one meets with good luck or misfortune from circumstances entirely beyond his control; but these are exceptional cases. Generally, one has good or bad luck, according as he manages well or ill. The lives of Commodore Vanderbilt and John Jacob Astor afford us examples directly in point. Mr. Vanderbilt spent the first part of his life in the steamboat business. In this he was very successful and accumulated a large property. He finally foresaw that his money would be better invested in railroad stocks. He therefore invested his money in these, and became the greatest holder of railroad stock in the country.

It is hardly necessary for me to refer to the well-known history of Mr. Astor, the poor German emigrant, who commenced life in America by beating furs; who became the sharpest man in the fur business; who established trading posts in London, Quebec, and Montreal; who sent vessels laden with furs to China, and brought them back laden with tea; and who invested the profits of this gigantic enterprise in public land, which increased so rapidly in value that he became the richest man in America. Any one who carefully studies this man's history, cannot fail to recognize the fact that his success was due in a great measure to his taking advantage of circumstances.

So it is in life. In order to gain success, we must be wide awake and make plans for the future. How often when some young man gets a good position, do we exclaim, How lucky! O, that I might sometimes be fortunate! Just as though upon some Fortune, with her golden locks, were smiling with special favor. The fact is, he is the lucky man who goes through life's pilgrimage with open eyes, ready to grasp every golden opportunity for improvement which the All-Perfect hand may be pleased to bestow.

LETTERS FROM A LOG HOUSE.

By most students of colleges, and all schools of the higher grades, the coming of vacation is hailed with delight. There are a few students, however, who are obliged to "work their way," to whom vacation is merely a furlough for a few weeks of hard labor. At all colleges this class of young men is always to be found. They are easily distinguished from those who spend their vacations in travel, pleasure excursions, or even the more quiet enjoyments, such as fishing, novel-reading, and loafing. They can be recognized by the expression which their countenances assume when, just before the term closes, they gather in groups about the college halls to discuss the best chances of making money for the next two months. Observe the flush of anxiety which steals over the brow, accompanied by an occasional
ray of hope, as they read the advertisements for school teachers, or bookagents who can earn a hundred dollars per month! Healthy, delightful employment, with a hundred dollars per month! "A fabulous price," the indigent student says to himself. "Two hundred dollars will give me a great lift towards bearing my college expenses for the year," he further reasons. But how quickly disappointment follows when he learns that it is a humbug!

This is not a fictitious picture, but one which many a student knows to be true. Would that those who have no sympathy with the scholar, and who think his life is one continual round of idle spendthrift, could be made to feel this!

The following letters contain the tales of one who "went out canvassing" during the summer vacation; and they show that an agreeable vacation is sometimes very disagreeably spent. Yes, reader, these letters are from Jacob Greenwood, who, not yet having learned that there are a great many humbugs in this world, started for Canada with high expectations. He took with him the well-known Young People's Bible History, thinking that everybody would consider it a duty and a privilege to purchase such a book. It is partly through a desire to excite sympathy for hard-working students, and partly to show the curious incidents these letters contain, that they are given to the readers of The Student. The day after he started Jacob sent his first letter, written during his journey while his courage remained good. It read:—

MY DEAR CHUM,—I am now in the great French city. I arrived at the Canada Hotel about seven o'clock this morning. O, I had a delightful ride! The first part of our journey was through land, for the most part level and unattractive; but through the northern part of New Hampshire the scenery was grand. On either side were mountains and valleys of every imaginable shape. Some were covered with trees; others were one compact mass of stone. Some were circular; others were angular. One looked like a huge oyster shell, with its oval side turned upwards; and another formed a perpendicular height of craggy ledge. The train appeared at one instant to be going directly against one of those masses of stone; at the next it was crawling along between two columns, and then darting with tremendous speed through an open ravine, leaving those grand heights fading into seeming haystacks. I thought that to a man standing on one of those peaks, our train would have appeared like a serpent crawling through a pile of big stones. It became dark by the time we were fairly past this pleasant scenery.

After a sleepy night sleeplessly spent in anxious meditations, in a car crowded with French Canadians, our train came to rest; and I found myself in a depot, where crowds of strange people were hurrying to and fro, with curious carpet-bags, funnily jabbering to each other. As usual in such places, I was immediately surrounded by hackmen, three on one side and four on the other, each trying to beat his rival by
getting a chance to drive me up town, where I had no desire to go until I had seen how things looked where I was. As everything was spoken in an un-recognized language, I stood wondering and speechless, till a familiar French word met my ear, and I happened to think I had been studying French. *Je ne peux parler française que un peu; je parle anglaise,* I ventured. Immediately the familiar words, "Have a hack," "have a hack," filled my ears, and I was soon relieved from the disagreeable familiarity of those hackmen by being carried to one of the finest hotels of the beautiful city. Being obliged to continue on my journey at six o'clock this afternoon, I have not had the opportunity of visiting many of the places of interest in this unique city.

The only noticeable object of interest which I have had the pleasure of seeing, is Notre Dame. This cathedral is the pride of all Catholics. With respect to size and grandeur, it might well be the pride of all Canadians, for it is one of the largest edifices on the American continent. As I entered the main audience room, a feeling of awful solemnity stole over me. Those immense rows of seats, all vacant, seemed to say to me:—

"Alone, alone, all all alone."

I saw a few groups of men and women sitting or kneeling in deathlike stillness before the altar or some one of the sacred images; but they did not lessen my loneliness in the least. After taking a cursory glance at the general appearance of this magnificent room, I entered the stairway, where, by means of irregularly winding stairs, travelers are enabled to ascend to the top of the tall spire. About half way up the spire is the great bell. When I reached this I stopped, and fell into conversation with a man whom I saw sitting near. I learned from him that this church was forty-four years in the process of erection. Its spire is two hundred and twenty-five feet in height; the bell weighs twelve tons. From the top of the spire one can obtain a fine view of the whole city and its surroundings. How grand a privilege it is to stand on a pinnacle in the skies and look down on a busy city! The first thing that attracted my attention was the material of which the city is built. The streets, and nearly all of the buildings, are made of a bluish, dove-colored stone. The churches in the various parts of the city, with their tin roofs glittering in the sunlight, were the next objects of interest. The numerous and elegant parks, though small, add great beauty to Montreal. Victoria Bridge, one of the great gateways between Canada and the States, is a noble structure; it is constructed on the tubular principle. It is two miles long, and contains 3,000,000 cubic feet of masonry. The total weight of masonry is about 22,000 tons; the total weight of iron in the tubes is about 10,400 tons. The cost of this bridge, I believe, was about $5,000,000.

With a hasty observation of these few objects of interest, I came to my room for the purpose of writing this letter, which I must bring to a close, as it is about time for me to take the train. So I shall be obliged to con-
tinue on my journey, and bid you good
bye till I can write again.

Yours sincerely,

JACOB GREENWOOD.

After receiving this letter, I was
greatly encouraged about Jacob. And
thinking that he was having a very
agreeable time, I felt no further anxiety
about him, until I received two more
letters in quick succession. One of
them was dated: —

LOG HOUSE, July 4th, 18—.

My Dear Chum,—Believe me, I am
writing in a log house. The people
here have log houses, log barns, log
sheds, log fences, logs for wood, and
logs for bridges. So I call the town
Log House, though its right name is
Iroquois. This town is very pleas-
antly situated on the north bank of the
St. Lawrence.

I arrived here at 11 o'clock P.M.,
so I did not get much knowledge of
the country between this place and
Montreal. The country here is very
level and beautiful. The St. Lawrence
is a charmingly beautiful river; its
light sparkling waters roll joyfully on
with majestic modesty, as if trying to
keep the people of Canada and the
States at peace. The hotel at which
I stopped last night was small and un-
inviting. As I entered it, I found a
servant boy about fourteen years of
age, and one weary traveler like my-
self. We were in the bar room, and
were not invited to any other apart-
ment. This was a small filthy room,
which was filled with tobacco smoke
and the sickening smell of liquor. On
one side of the room was the bar, with
its bottles arranged on an open shelf,
grinning like little Satans. As soon as
I was fairly seated, one of these smil-
ing fiends said: —

"O welcome trav'ler! let us shake han'b;"
Hoping thus to seize a victim;
Said I, "Behind me little Satans!"
And in anger sore I hiss'd 'im."

Having traveled a long distance, I
was hungry and weary; but the pros-
pect of an acceptable supper was so
slim, that I did not hesitate to retire
without any. After a night made
restless and long by dreaming forebod-
ings, I awoke, just in time to prepare
for breakfast. But could you be made
to feel as I felt, when I caught sight of
the breakfast table, and the landlord
and lady, I know you would be in-
duced to return thanks for your daily
bread; or, to be more exact, you would
not play the shirk by asking Charlie
Pius to say grace each day at the
dinner table. Well, when I accosted
the aforesaid persons with our usual
“Good morning,” I was astounded at
the wondering scowl of the counte-
nance, and the sharp but prolonged
“sir?” which issued from the mouth
of the landlady. Since they did not
often meet with people from The
States, my voice sounded as strangely
to them as theirs did to me, and I soon
learned that that was the way they ex-
pressed our “What did you say, sir?”

Upon the table was a dish of raw
bacon, and two eggs (there were two
of us to take breakfast) which had been
dipped into warm water. There was
also some butter, bread and tea. I
thought the table and dishes were some
Noah and his family were wont to use
until the flood, when, as they had no
time to store them in the ark, they left
them to the mercy of the waves, which
bore them to the Canadian shore. As I passed through the bar room, I saw several men openly draining the fiery cup. They had been discussing the character of the other traveler. When the landlord woke up this morning, he found this man preparing to take his wallet, which contained the few dollars he chanced to have shown the stranger last night, when making change for some liquor he sold him.

As soon as I learned of this, I went to my room, locked my valise, and came to a house and asked the lady if she would give me board and lodgings for a few days. She said she would; and she gave me a room to which I immediately retired and commenced this letter.

But I must go out to see what sort of a village I am in; and I want to know whether I can sell any books. But, O dear! what am I going to do among such people? And what shall I get to eat?

Do write soon, and let me know how Ike Trusty is getting along, and what Jesse Brag is doing?

I was thinking that I should be pleased to learn that Jesse had flunked, this vacation. You know we never liked the appearance of Jesse Brag, and never liked to hear Jesse brag. I know there is some comfort in knowing that others are in poor circumstances, as well as ourselves, but I suppose I ought not to wish any one in my circumstances, so excuse my evil thoughts, and,—

I will remain as ever,
Your sincere chum,

JACOB GREENWOOD.

After receiving this letter from Jacob, I began to feel quite concerned for him. I feared especially that he might not like the habits of the people, and their kind of food. I was altogether uncertain, too, whether he would succeed in his new business. I therefore resolved to write him the most encouraging letter the circumstances would permit. Before my letter was commenced, however, I was not a little surprised at receiving another letter upon which was a six cent stamp and the familiar hand writing of chum.

THE AGED POET'S WISH.

In life's young days, when some one chanced to ask,
If choice were mine, how I would rule the throng;
I answered I would rule them by a song,
And dreamed my pow'rs were equal to the task.

But now I smile at my young earnestness,
And wonder much how I should rule the throng,
Who am not master even of my song,
But the poor slave of that which I express.

I smile at this, and only wish that I
Might write one noble, soul-inspiring line,
And feel, for one glad moment, it was mine;
Then, most content, I'd lay me down and die.
THE COLLEGE CLUB.

II.

AS I have intimated, irregularity was the only regular feature our meetings could boast. But we thought Harrie had had sufficient time to prepare his paper; even if he had not, the spirit was upon us to have a chat, and this was the all-important object. Human nature loses none of its identity by culture or any artistic veneering. If our ancestors reveled in the luxury of a "corner grocery" where they nightly entered the lists in social combat, it is not strange that there should be a demand for similar entertainment among the rising generation. Such steady-going conveniences as the "corner grocery" can no longer satisfy this demand. The saloon, the club-room, or wherever money can be the fastest spent, are now the places of resort.

Our club was the social extract of the "country store," nothing more nor less; its discussions spiced with gossip and tobacco smoke; the gentler sex excluded, from the necessity of the surroundings. We had but few of the appliances of a modern club. We couldn't afford them. We should have spent money just as freely and just as foolishly had it been ours to spend.

Circumstances had conspired in favor of our morality. But I fear we did not appreciate this boon of fortune. An occasional supper, with its extensive turbot and the various surroundings necessary to the ceremonial sacrifice of the same, and a libation of the "generous juice," would have been much to our liking. No! the College Club was temperate from principle, according to its vote, from poverty, according to fact.

The corner grocery element was strongly developed. You have but to renew the youth of these patriarchal loafers, familiar to our fathers, substitute a cigar for the clay pipe, and an air of nonchalance for the look of humility, and the transformation is complete. The new edition is before you, revised and corrupted by the modern improvements. If the binding is somewhat changed, the matter within remains the same. The subjects of discussion do not change, and new ideas on old subjects are rarities. The usual amount of fault-finding and advice is given with the same patronizing air, and individual opinions supported by the same peculiarly individual wit, the application of which no one but the propounder mistrusts. So the world continues to "waltz through space," as the clergyman once remarked—meaning I suppose that its progress is interrupted by an occasional retrograde movement.

Pardon me, good reader, for this digression. I promised to trouble you with simply the reports of our meetings, and if I continue to moralize and philosophize, I fear you will petition to have these records taken from me and placed in less fertile hands. The Club would not authorize anyone to expose its character, but I know all the members desire the truth to be told, that there may be no misunderstanding.

At our previous meeting the conversation continued mostly upon college
affairs. The reminiscences of our Sophomore year occupied most of the evening, and were rehearsed in a manner highly interesting to ourselves. If you could have heard the shouts of laughter that made the four walls of the old room ring again, you would not be much in doubt as to the nature of these reminiscences.

The deeds of Sophomores, if they are of such a nature as the popular belief attributes to them, are nothing to boast of. As we do not claim to have departed from the general course of these individuals, we must modestly decline to recount our own personal experience. But with you, we can vouch for the "general cussedness" of the Sophomores in the abstract. As this, however, is the province of the manuscript, to warm over whatever of our conversation may be thought fit, I must withhold. After the conversation, the paper on Freshmen, by Fred Foster, you have already seen.

OCT. — 187-

The evening was waxing late and Harrie had not yet made his appearance with his paper. At last the door opens and in he comes, with his manuscript black from the marks of frequent erasure, in his hand, his hair a little disordered from the recent search for ideas; he seats himself at the table with the exclamation, "Just got it done, boys."

While he is arranging his papers we settle ourselves comfortably in our seats and wait for him to begin.

AGE THE SECOND — SOPHOMORES.

The Sophomore year is perhaps the most eventful and marked of college life. It retains a prominent position in our memory. A sort of second top-boots and breeches period. We have entered the world of knowledge, and this is our first promotion. A time when we have just enough behind us to feel that we have accomplished something, and the responsibilities of the future are yet too far in the distance to be considered. The Sophomore looks with derision upon the swaddling clothes of the class below him. He is fully convinced of his own importance, and fears his authority will not be recognized without some material manifestation. He cannot refrain from trying his new boots on his younger brother.

With such feelings as these does the student return from his first summer vacation, and hazing becomes the order of the day — and night especially. It is not our intention to enter upon a tirade against this ancient but dishonorable custom. We are all of the same opinion, and are alike glad to see it becoming a thing of the past. But we would not have people think it a disordered manifestation of human nature. It is a perfectly natural development — nothing monstrous about it. We should all do the same thing week in and week out, perhaps in a less aggravated form and lost to sight in the multifarious duties of every day life. We like to see others below us and to know that they feel it. There is a secret satisfaction, however much we may try to conceal it, in the least authority. In college, however, this spirit assumes a most disgraceful shape because it is manifested by those who
know better, and from whom more is expected. This it is that adds to the disgrace and gives to "college hazing" such prominence.

Such manifestations occupy for the most part the first term of the Sophomore year. During this time their authority is supposed to be established and the character of the college maintained. If we look upon these things differently now, and with a feeling of surprise at ourselves, we are nevertheless more disposed to laugh than cry, and regard them as foolish rather than vicious. Nor are the Freshmen alone the object of the Sophomore's ambition.

The professors are circumvented by every conceivable plan. If, on the previous night, the hours of study have been otherwise employed there must be a little engineering in the morning's recitation. The class enters the recitation room with an "understanding." The recitation has but begun before a doubt enters the mind of some Sophomore, and to have it removed he asks a question. Upon that, questions become epidemic throughout the class, and the exertions of the professor are tasked in argument until the bell admonishes that the hour is up, when the class is excused with "a review for the next morning." The class files out of the room with a placid smile on the face of each individual Soph. Probably the doubts have been all removed.

"Cutting" is another propensity which the Sophomore indulges to its full extent. His conscience shortens the five minutes of grace to four — when he vanishes out of the window or into the cellar, unless, perchance, at that moment the professor turns the corner, when his courage fails and the action is suddenly reversed.

Whatever else characterizes this second age differs in degree rather than in kind. The "tall hat, cane and whiskers" have an unquestioned right here, and soon make their appearance. We have known Sophomores to practice a sort of manual exercise in their rooms with their unwieldy implements before venturing in public, hoping to gain sufficient address to capture some unguarded heart. In fact Cupid finds many worshipers among these youth. As we mention it we can count, by the blushes, those who in our class were converted at this time, and are yet in thrall to his powers. But I find myself growing personal and must beware.

As the year draws to a close the Sophomore begins to have a glimmering of something beyond, and his ambition is stimulated by worldly interests. Public debate and declamation are his pride and delight. He becomes established in his opinions and wishes to argue the point, that others may become convinced and know the truth. He cultivates his style and is much given to classical phrases. His French is frequently aired and his rhetoric decidedly Sophomorish.

These are a few of the peculiarities of the Sophomore year which represent one stage of transition in college life. To the student it is distinguished by a self-satisfaction which is dissolved only too roughly and too soon.
—A short applause followed, after which twelve watches came from their respective pockets, and their respective owners declared it time to break up. After transacting a little business and assigning the next paper to Sam Jerrold, we accordingly broke up.

OUR CALCUTTA CORRESPONDENCE.

CALCUTTA, INDIA, July 21st, 1873.

MORE than three months ago President Cheney sent us a very kind invitation to contribute to the columns of your College periodical, and I partly promised him that I would do so. To speak frankly, I have an eye to business, not to say "an axe to grind." Yankees the world over ask the practical question, Will it pay? and Yankee missionaries are no exception. We have no time for writing fancy sketches, and no strength to spare for the work of newsmongers; but if now and then a few facts from this dark quarter of the world can interest your readers enough to make them wish and seek to help these benighted millions, they shall have them.

This morning, in company with our American Consul-General, Mr. Litchfield, and Miss Dr. Seelye of the American Zenana Mission, we visited the Leper Hospital of this city. Sixty confirmed, incurable lepers, three-fourths of them men, were sitting about the wards, or sunning their disfigured bodies on the verandas. The doctor in charge had been testing a new method of treatment, by order of the Bengal Government, but how significantly he shook his head, when we asked if the experiment had been a successful one? The poor patients are treated kindly, well fed, allowed to go and come when they please, and are provided with a Chaplain who holds a religious service at the Hospital every week. Only the nominal Christians, perhaps one-sixth of the whole number, attend this meeting, the Hindus and Mahommedans caring for none of these things. The scene was one to make the heart sad, and we turned away into the fresh air of the street thanking God for health and hope.

Just such a leper's hospital is this vast country. From the Himalayas to the Cape, and from sea to sea, the land is cursed with the leprosy of sin, and its foul stench burdens the air of heaven. For many centuries India has been a lazaret-house, from whose pestilential wards millions have dropped into the agonies of everlasting torment.

The disease has been incurable, though philosophers and sages have devised many remedies. Of late Hindus have been trying a new method of treatment. Last Sabbath evening I listened to the distinguished Hindu reformer, Babu Keshab Chandra Sen, who stands at the head of this "new departure." But every honest observer must testify that the new treatment produces no salutary effect on this deep-seated,
dreadful disease of sin. The dogmas and negations of the Brahminist religion are but as court-plaster and cologne to the sores of leprosy. They have no cure for that alarming malady, sin.

But, thank God, there is “balm in Gilead,” and a “physician there.” He who had pity on the poor Galilean leper, and touched him, saying, “I will, be thou clean!” is even here in these abodes of sin and misery. At His healing touch already thousands have been made clean. And still the work goes on. But how few in India to point poor perishing sufferers to Him who alone can help and save them! Our hearts were filled with joy and praise on hearing that several students at Hillsdale College were eager to join our little band in this foreign field, and devote their lives to holding forth the Word of Life to the heathen. Can't Bates College send us help? My whole object in sending you these hurried lines to-day is to call for fresh laborers for this Mission field. “Come over and help us.” We need young men and young women, full of learning, life and enterprise, for a work so beset with obstacles as this. Whoever hears the Spirit’s call, “Son of man, I have made thee a watchman,” and feels “Wo is me if I preach not the Gospel,” let him pray for heavenly guidance, and exclaim, “Here am I, send me.” We shall look for help from Bates, and when her representatives come to our aid we shall give them a genuine hearty welcome.

JAMES L. PHILLIPS.

MRS. FOSS AND HER READINGS.

[MRS. LOUISE WOODWORTH FOSS, who gives a reading in THE STUDENTS' COURSE OF LECTURES, Thursday evening, October 23d, recently gave a reading in the parlors of a friend. Among the invited guests was Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, who thus describes her and her readings.—Eds.]

A YOUNG woman stood before us, fresh, winsome, bright and cheery, showing perfect health in her brilliant complexion and well-rounded figure, who bowed to us gracefully, and greeted us with so pleasant a smile, as to bespeak immediately the good-will of everybody. Her figure was fine and commanding, her dress stylish and becoming, and her manner dignified, perfectly self-possessed, and free from artificiality. She began to read: her educated voice was music in its every tone. Clear as a silver bell, resonant and flexible, it is capable of expressing every grade of passion and emotion known to humanity.

She gave us Longfellow’s “Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer”; and our hearts throbbed responsive to the beseeching, imploring petitions of those who, “burdened with crosses,” pour out their plaints to Heaven. She recited “The Charcoal Man”; and we heard the oft-repeated echoes of the distant hills, as it gave back the cry of the charcoal-vender, and the mimickies of mischievous urchins in far, far-away streets. She read “La Cica”;

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and, lo! the voluptuous and wily Italian Countess was before us, with her languid air, her coquettish glances, her softly-spoken Italianized English, while her companion, the Hoosier senator, lined out to her, with Western accent, a quotation from Isaac Watts, his "favorite English poet." Then followed "Gone with a Handsome Man"; and we wept over the desolation of the seemingly-deserted young husband, who smothered the curses that leaped to his lips, and blessed his faithless but still beloved wife instead. And when the "joking" wife returned in company with her father, who proved to be her "handsomer man," we all caught the contagion of John's hearty laughter, as glad to have the joke end thus happily as was the benumbed but now beatified John.

How we all broke down over the death-scene of poor "Jo," as depicted in the "Bleak House," the thin, husky voice begging piteously in the darkness of coming death for the "light" which was so "slow in coming," and then halting forever midway in prayer, as the light of the great Hereafter burst on his astonished vision, dispelling for him the fogs and mists and chilling vapors of earth which had always enshrouded them. She recited "Charlie Maceree"; and by this time we had forgotten to criticise, and had yielded ourselves to the enjoyment of the occasion, expressing our satisfaction in a perfect abandon of applause. We held our breath at the artistic rendering of the dramatic little poem, which showed us the stalwart Charlie battling with the swift-floating river, across which his vain Scotch sweetheart had dared him to swim. He began to sink; and our hearts stood still at her frozen horror. She shrieked for "help!" and we rose half way from our seats in our desire to go to her aid. Leaning over the river's brink with wide-extended arms, she encouraged, and tenderly exhorted, and bravely assured him, till his hand grasped hers, and he was saved. And the little parlor audience went wild with acclamation as the fair reader gave us a vivid picture of the Scotch "laddie," fainting on the bank, now held to the heart of his overjoyed "lassie," who turned to weep aloud with penitence at the peril she had enticed him to run and gladness for his salvation.

And then came a reading from the "Midsummer Night's Dream," with another from "Macbeth," sandwiched between selections from Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" and Mrs. Stowe's "Oldtown Stories."

Our programme was long and varied. For the audience soon took that matter into their hands, calling out for what they wanted, like diners at a café.

Nobody seemed to remember that Mrs. Foss might be wearied, until it was well on to midnight. And then her audience crowded about her, the ice of the early evening all thawed away, to offer hearty congratulations and eloquent thanks.

Mrs. Foss has youth, health, and talent; and, with the laudable ambition which now moves her, the world will yet hear more of her. As it is she is already well known to the public, which has accorded her no small meed of praise and of more substantial recompense.
"He plugs," says many a college student, sneeringly, about the one who excels him in the recitation room or in public debate. The word plugging has come to be used as a term of reproach for all hard-working students. It seems to be a favorite notion with some students, that no one is smart who is obliged to work hard for excellence. This is a mistake. They are the smartest, in general, who work hardest. The advance in art, literature, science, and philosophy, is due to the persevering, invincible will of those who were pluggers in college; or, to those who were active in the ordinary occupations of youth, if they did not chance to take a college course.

In college young men form definite modes of study and application. Some are very active; others are careless and idle. Is it not true, that active students make active men? And are not the men of action the men who benefit the world? But, it is said, some of our greatest men were the poorest scholars in college. Does it follow that they were not great workers in college? Many students mistake in basing their conclusions upon exceptional cases. Because some distinguished man had a remarkable disregard for text books when he was a student in college, is no argument that, if I am careless in college, I shall become a great man.

We do not propose to confine our remarks entirely to those who spend their time in plugging upon the studies laid down in the college curriculum. Our argument is this: no one excels without great effort; the most studious application to study, by the undergraduate, is generally accompanied by corresponding application to business, by the post-graduate; further, thorough scholarship is not indispensable to the future greatness of the college student, provided he applies himself earnestly to some favorite employment in college; this may be miscellaneous reading, writing or debating, but it must be something; it is next to impossible for one, who makes no proficiency during the college course, to become a successful man.

Some are slow to learn and are not anxious to excel in their studies, but are intensely interested in something else. To this they give their attention; they work hard till they gain success and excellence. Then the idle student, looking upon such with envy, tries to console himself by saying they plug, as much as to say they could not beat me if I should try. But why does he not try? He has not the ability. Every one does about as well as he can.

Some contend that all persons have equal natural abilities, but by different cultivation these abilities become unlike
in degree; while others believe that men are born with entirely different abilities. Not accepting or rejecting either in full, we are inclined to believe that, though the mind itself, the psychical entity, may be the same in essence, men are endowed with different inclinations and different powers for application. The faculty to apply one's self to any task is a part of his ability. This is no less true in the case of great men than of students in college.

One reason that hard study is considered weakness rather than strength, by some students, is, that the first scholars do not usually gain immediate distinction; but this is a false stumbling block. Some of the best scholars enter upon professional life, after leaving college, and become the most successful and useful men; while others fail as professional men. Their failure should not be attributed to misdirected energy while in college, but to a wrong choice of employment after leaving college. Diligent scholars acquire scholastic tastes. Frequently, they desire to pursue their studies after they leave the Commencement stage. Hence many become teachers; and teachers, however deserving, seldom gain applause. But are teachers less great men than distinguished lawyers and cackling stump speakers?

Perhaps the strongest reason for the sneers which hard-working students receive, is the fact that Valedictorians are thought to study for rank. But we believe that such students do not usually study merely for rank; they study because they have a strong desire for knowledge and a love for study. It may be further said, that students should acquire general knowledge and not be confined to text books; in other words, that they should not become "mere book worms." A truer saying than this was never uttered; yet, are there not some who have not the ability to acquire that kind of knowledge, and are, nevertheless, good scholars? Is it not better for such to acquire a knowledge of text books than no knowledge? We admire a great statesman or a national poet more than we do a lowly blacksmith. Should we blame a young man who had a natural taste for shoeing his neighbors' horses, because he did not write poetry or try for a seat in Congress? We should not sneer at any student for not doing what he has not the ability or taste to do. What is the object of life, if it be not to make ourselves and others happy and contented? If one who has no taste for general knowledge, and consequently no chance of becoming useful to others by that means, can find enjoyment and satisfaction in poring over his text books, should he not receive commendation for even this kind of study?

Women like to be talked about. Now, as each woman cannot be talked about, how pleasant it is to have some woman question, for instance the co-education question, to discuss. In the June number of *The Student* was an editorial in which the view was taken that women ought not to be educated together with men in the same colleges. In our September number we printed an article, written by a woman, taking just the opposite view.
Editors' Portfolio.

She begins by saying that the writer (the writer of the June editorial) evidently designed to treat the topic of Woman in College with candor and fairness. But unfortunately he did not succeed, if we may judge from what she says. She states that the ultimatum of the June editorial was the entire unfitness and incapacity of women for the course of training and culture usually pursued in college. This we flatly deny, and challenge any one to point to a single expression in the editorial which will warrant such a statement. She indignantly quotes "She needs a training and culture peculiarly adapted to her," as a foundation for the statement. But do the words of this quotation mean what she tries to make them? Where comes in the entire unfitness and incapacity of women, etc., etc.? The argument of the intellectual inferiority of woman has never been maintained in The Student. Nobody is so foolish as to deny that women have the intellectual abilities sufficient to master the studies of a college course. That is a settled fact; and all this talk about the brain power, the intellectual ability of women, is, as regards the question of co-education, simply intended for effect. What better chance for woman to manifest her indignation and create a panic, than by taking every opportunity to assert in the strongest language that her intellectual capacity is equal to that of man, and that the person who says it is not is a liar? Shall we wonder then that women always fiercely attack this argument of intellectual inferiority when they find it, and assume it to be made when they can't find it?

We believe that woman is called upon in this age to do a great work—but not man's work. She therefore needs the advantages of a higher education. We say, let her have that development of her powers, that broad culture which shall enable her to accomplish her life work most successfully. We say further, let her get it in the proper place. Throw wide open the doors of Vassar College and Packer University to males, and let the question of co-education be fairly leveled. A yell—a feminine yell of horror breaks upon the air at the idea of so iniquitous a thing. And that is the way it will be forever. We hope Vassar will keep her doors closed against males, and we hope that male colleges will shut their doors against females. We believe this is the true principle. Let males be educated in male colleges and females at their own colleges, and we hope that time will soon come when the doors of male colleges will be shut in the faces of females with an ominous clang indicative of something more than refusal and disapprobation.
ODDS AND ENDS.

The latest thing out — The Catalogues.

The Seniors are very active in their efforts to comprehend the complexity of Upham's "complex activity of Abstraction."

A young lady was recently explaining the meaning of tulip (two-lip) salve to her three-year-old sister, when the little one exclaimed, "Why, I calls it spit."

Student in Mental Philosophy to Prof. — "Will you please define a simple idea? I have searched the book all through and have been unable to find one."

Prof. — "Are those two lines parallel?" Student (in profound thought, replies) — "One of them is parallel, the other is not."

Soliloquy of Prof., after a student has tried to pass an examination: "I ought not to let him through, but will have to, lest by his continual coming he weary me." — Ex.

The story is told of Thomas Nast that when he was at the height of his celebrity in New York last fall, a Western lady sent him a marriage proposal. He sent back a cartoon of a lady with two or three children, with this inscription, "My wife and children, the only objections."

The Vassar Miscellany is going to give a prize this year to the College paper that says the most pretty things about her. — Ex.

The Anvil, to say the least, is unique among College journals. Of the twelve pages in its last issue, only two were devoted to College matters. It may be very interesting as a newspaper, but we fear it will find it difficult to compete successfully with the New York Tribune and Herald as a political newspaper. — Vidette.

Anxious parent in the rural district — "John, I suppose the students learn a great deal of astronomy at the Harvard observatory?" Innocent son — "Well, the observatory isn't quite so convenient as one of the Athenæums in Boston, where we see new stars every week!" Parent — "Bless me! what advantages you boys do have!" — Ex.

"Old man," ventured a Sophomore, approaching the domicile of his dulce and addressing her paternal, "lead me to where my love lies dreaming the happy hours away, that I may pour into her diligent ears the ardent story of my affection." The only token the
darkness gave was an inanimate boot-jack hurled by the enraged sire at the adolescent victim of Cupid, as he disappeared down a dark alley.—University Reporter.

In the elocution department, last term, as the class were studying the passions, among others, examples of modesty were required. Mr. A. gave his example:

"O stay, the maiden said, and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast;"

"A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
‘Excelsior!’"

The professor then asked how modesty was expressed in that example, "I think," said A., "it was rather modest in him to refuse."—Argus.

Union, we believe, claims one of the raciest of college anecdotes as her special property. The late professor Gillespie, so the story runs, had the degree of LL.D., conferred on him twice in one summer, by two admiring and appreciative Commencements; and he was at a loss how to dispose of the double honor, until mathematics, of which the Professor knew a thing or two, came to his aid, when he promptly proceeded "to reduce the question," and signed himself L_4D_2. —Ex.

Exam. paper—"Give legend of Proserpine." Venturesome Fresh.—"Pretty girl by the sea-shore—Pluto on the scene—falls in love—snakes her—great confusion—girl screams—mother—wants to go home—no go—off for Hades—anxious mother—half crazy—meets Hecate—three heads—tells story—ham sandwiches and coffee for two—off to Jupiter—gets some mad—demands daughter—can’t get her—tragedy—grand tableaux—curtain." The Faculty are deliberating on this case also.—Courier.

Chemistry. Prof.—Mr. —, please hand me that ewer.
Student—Sir?
Prof.—That ewer there.
Student—Yes, sir, I’m here.
Prof.—(getting his bile riled)—On the table.
Student—On the table?
Prof.—(bile very much riled)—Don’t you see that ewer on the table?
Student—I ain’t on the table!
Prof.—(ready to bust)—Can’t you see that ewer full of AS.?
Student feels greatly insulted, and leaves the room to lay before the President his grievances.

Prof., very much discomfited, goes for the ewer himself.—Ex.
SICKNESS prevails about Parker Hall to a greater extent than usual.

Prof. Balkam is occupying the chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy during the absence of Prof. Hayes in Europe.

The officers of the Sophomore class this year are as follows: President, F. E. Emrich; Vice President, A. T. Smith; Secretary, E. C. Adams; Treasurer, H. W. Ring; Orator, E. H. Besse; Historian, T. H. Stacy; Prophet, G. L. White; Poet, W. H. Merriman; Odist, J. W. Daniels; Chaplain, B. M. Edwards; Toastmaster, C. C. Littlefield; Class Committee, M. C. Day, Edward Whitney, B. H. Young.

The officers of the Freshman class are as follows: President, J. H. Randall; Vice President, Miss L. Lillian Montgomery; Secretary, L. A. Burr; Treasurer, O. B. Clason; Historian, E. J. Burnham; Prophet, A. Merrill; Orator, H. W. Oaks; Poetess, Miss Jennie E. R. North; Odist, F. F. Phillips; Toastmaster, J. K. Tomlinson; Chaplain, S. J. Gould; Class Committee, A. W. Potter, N. P. Noble, E. H. Patten.

James Russell Lowell, Professors Tyndall and Munro, received the honorary degree of D.C.L., at Oxford, England, last June.—Magenta.


At Williams College two Sophomores engaged in a little hazing, and were suspended. The class escorted them to the depot, and they also were suspended. The upshot of the affair was that all returned submissively to their college duties.—Magenta.

Mr. Lebarre, a French chemist, is said to have discovered that hydrogen is not an element. It is actually a combination of two elements; one of which compares in weight with hydrogen as formerly known, as 1 to 9, and with ordinary gas, as 1 to 25. The lighter element is called Abaron on account of its lightness; the heavier retains the name of hydrogen.
ALUMNI NOTES.

'72.—G. H. Stockbridge is principal of the High School, Richmond, Me.

'73.—N. W. Harris has recently entered upon a two years post-graduate course at Yale. He is fitting himself for a journalist.

'73.—A. C. Libby is in Boston. He is in the Civil-Engineering business.

'73.—F. Hutchinson is principal of the High School, Topsham, Me.

'73.—E. R. Angell and C. H. Davis have entered the Theological School, where they are at present pursuing their studies.

[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.—Eds.]

CLASS OF 1868.
CHASE, GEORGE COLBY.—Born March 15th, 1844, at Unity, Me. Son of Joseph and Jane D. Chase.

1868–70, Instructor in Greek, Latin and Mental and Moral Philosophy, at New Hampton Literary Institution, New Hampton, N. H.

1870–71, Tutor in Greek and student in the Theological School at Bates College.

1871, Elected Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in Bates College.

1871–72, Attended University Lectures at Cambridge, Mass.

1872, Entered upon duties of Professorship at Bates College.

Married, June 12th, 1872, to Miss Emma F., daughter of Joel and Betsey Millett, Norway, Me.

Child, George Millett, born April 17th, 1873.
JOURNAL

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