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CONTENTS.

John Stuart Mill.................................................. 1
Ad Stellam .......................................................... 4
Weimar ............................................................... 4
Some Philosophical Terms ....................................... 11
Probitas Laudatur, et Alget .................................... 16
EDITORS' PORTFOLIO............................................... 18
Salutatory...Specialties...Teaching...Exchanges...Calvin C. Littlefield.
ODDS AND ENDS.................................................. 25
COLLEGE ITEMS .................................................. 26
PERSONALS ....................................................... 27

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1875.
JOHN STUART MILL.

"Beware," says Emerson, "when a great thinker is let loose upon the planet." Perhaps no man of the present century has done more to give form and tone to philosophic thought, among English-speaking people, than the subject of this article. Since the decease of Mill, his autobiography has awakened fresh interest in a life most remarkable and unique. It has a special interest for American students from the fact that during the late rebellion, when almost the entire upper and middle classes in England were in sympathy with the Confederacy, Mill's voice and pen were employed in hearty support of the Government. His timely publication, in 1862, of the "Contest in America," furnished a nucleus of liberal opinion which rapidly increased till the end of the contest. Mill was emphatically a man of culture. His has been called "the most elaborate mind of our age." But he was no recluse. His interest in social and political questions was deep and constant. The highest ambition, even of his youth, was to become a reformer. He is known as an advanced liberal, in Parliament, but he is best and most widely known as a publicist. His most important works treat of logic, political and social economy, and prevailing systems of philosophy; the psychological basis of his system is that of his father and Dr. Brown. His metaphysical system is substantially that of Hobbs and Comte; and he did more than any other man to introduce Comte's works into England.

It may be said, however, that he sometimes seems to be inconsistent with the systems which he adopts. He derives all knowledge from experience. His definition of matter
is "a permanent possibility of sensation," and of mind "a series of feelings with a background of possibilities of feeling." He is so far an idealist as to admit that the existence of the external world cannot be proved. His "System of Logic," illustrated from his familiar acquaintance with modern discoveries in physics, is the most elaborate treatise on that subject in the language.

In ethics he was a Utilitarian, and was the first to assume that name. He says he did not invent the term, but found it in one of Galt's novels. His real views are those of his father, for whom he had a profound respect, and Bentham, modified by his own original thinking. He makes moral sensibilities the result of association, and innate emotion, if it exists at all, "a regard to the pleasures and pains of others."

At first an advocate of pure democracy, he came to embrace a theory of government by the educated few, who should be, in some way, responsible to the people, but whose decisions should be the ultimate authority. This was his Utopia.

In religion he was simply negative. His ideal of a true life was to be wholly without religion, and free from its influence. He says, in his Autobiography, "I am one of the very few examples, in this country, of one who has not thrown off religious belief, but never had it. I looked upon the modern exactly as I did upon the ancient religion, as something which in no way concerned me. It did not seem to me more strange that English people should believe what I did not, than that the men I read of in Herodotus should have done so." He had early learned from his father to regard all that religion claimed to teach, as belonging to the unknowable. But if anything is needed to counteract the influence of this side of Mill's character, it is found in his own confession of restlessness and misery, partially relieved by recourse to poetry, and finally smothered by an idolatrous love for the woman who became his wife, till, at her death at Avignon, he buried, not only his joy, but his hope.

He says that in writing his Autobiography, his first object was the influence which it might have on education; and the story of his studies is, perhaps, the most interesting and important part of the history of his life. His father determined to educate him according to his own plan, and, at the age of three years, he began to teach him Greek. He tells us that before he was eight years old he had read all of Herodotus, Xenophon's Cyropaedia, Memorials of Socrates, and parts of Diogenes Laertius, and Isocrates. At twelve he had written, from Livy and Dionysius, a history of the Roman government; had read more of the Latin classics than is read in any American college, and was studying logic and political
economy. At fourteen, before most boys seriously begin the work of education, his education, so far as it was directed by others, was finished. Mill says that he was "neither extremely quick of apprehension, nor possessed of a very retentive memory." "What I could do," he says, "could assuredly be done by any boy or girl of average capacity." Do not such cases as this suggest some radical change in the methods of primary education? He attributes his intellectual pre-eminence solely to the fact that he had the "advantage of at least a quarter of a century over his contemporaries."

Another peculiarity of his education is that he was very early required to think for himself. "Nothing that could be thought out," he says, "was ever told me." His lessons were recited, not from his books, but from notes which he took of them. His education was not cramming, but culture; not a burdening of his faculties, but a strengthening of them. One result of this independent thinking was that, while he always regarded his father as an almost infallible oracle of truth, he yet held many of his opinions in greatly modified form, and wholly rejected others. Is not the great fault of the American system of public education, both in school and college, what Agassiz so earnestly declared it to be, that it is too much a mere text-book education? And does not this account for much of the lack of vigor and originality in modern literature?

Mill's culture, however, was mainly intellectual. He was little more than a thinking machine, and this had its legitimate effect upon his life and character. It made him an egotist, and it took away his sympathy with men. Of the society of England he says, "To a person of any but a very common order of thought and feeling, it must be supremely unattractive." And he adds, "A person of high intellect should never go into unintellectual society, unless he can enter it as an apostle." While Mill's education was thorough, it was one-sided. It broadened his mind, but it narrowed his heart. No culture is complete which does not develop the whole man, and broaden his sympathies as well as his opinions. Mill felt estranged from the human brotherhood, because he did not recognize the Divine Fatherhood.
AD STELLAM.

THOU of the silver sheen, that, poised in heaven's stupendous height, Hung gleaming o'er foul Chaos ere Creative Word brought light, Say, as from out thy caverned chambers in eternal space, Thou glimmered through unmeasured depths in thine aerial race, Were thy faint rays a witness when God's power strode the earth, And to the dead, dull, moonless orb, gave glorious life and birth? And have not all these years, that saw great kingdoms born and die, Brought thee decay nor wrinkled age to dim thy glorious eye? How hast thou seen proud potentates their golden sceptres wave, Then watched their majesty decline and give them to the grave, While over all in life and death, from out thy vaulted home, Far-flaming satellite of God, thy silver light hath shone! And over peoples yet unborn shall beam thy fulgent light, When they and I are shrouded in the mists of death's dark night. Yet art not thou immortal! for the power that bids thee stay In heaven's great arch to light the world, shall sweep thee, too, away. And when from out the hour-glass of my life the sands are gone, When earthly eve is melted into heaven's eternal morn, I'll joy to think that though the flesh must yield to fiat high, The spark outshone by thee on earth outlives thee in the sky!

WEIMAR.

SHALL we stop in Weimar on our way from Dresden to the Rhine? "No," says a traveled friend; "many another town has finer galleries, grander palaces, and far more magnificent streets." All of which is true. Many a vale of Scotland is more beautiful than Lanrick Mead, and other lakes in themselves as charming as Loch Katrine, yet these we had visited with especial interest because Scott had made them populous with mustering warriors, and eloquent with tragedies of ambition and love. Similar attractions, but stronger, because historic and personal, cluster about the quiet streets and sombre edifices of Weimar. For this town of only thirteen thousand inhabitants, at the end of the last century, held in Germany a rank and importance like that of Corinth when
she was called the eye of Greece. Weimar was the eye of Germany, kindled with the light of poetry, art, and philosophy, flashing with genius, wit, and eloquence.

The taste and ambition of Duke Karl August is commonly accredited with making the little Duchy of Saxe Weimar the literary and artistic metropolis of Germany. But it was however, which would have been far more grateful and healthful had some of his earlier books been inspired by a less voluptuous imagination and a more correct faith.

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The taste and ambition of Duke Karl August is commonly accredited with making the little Duchy of Saxe Weimar the literary and artistic metropolis of Germany. But it was of his earlier books been inspired by a less voluptuous imagination and a more correct faith.

Here, in his maturity, for twenty-seven years beginning from the date of American independence, Herder preached those sermons which gave to Weimar a pre-eminence in pulpit eloquence corresponding to its literary distinction; and here the fruits of his versatile mind were gathered into his sixty volumes of History, Criticism, Poetry, Philology. Here Schiller passed the happiest part of his literary life; while he lived, dividing with Goethe the homage of cultured and courtly circles, as, now that they are dead, he shares with him the homage which their country pays to transcendent genius.

It was the interest awakened by a knowledge of these and similar facts which led us to reject the advice of our friend to pass by Weimar, and caused us to find no little satisfaction in the time spent in this town. It is this which makes us solicit your company in an imaginary walk through its historic haunts, though it offers to the eye nothing that is unique or striking, except perhaps the interior of its theatre—which we did not see—its monumental bronzes, and its park. We will start, if you please, from Wieland street.
The inscription, "Hier wohnte Weiland," on a house at the right, shows why the street is so named. At the end of the street, and directly in front of the theatre, we come into the square that contains Rietschel's adored bronze statue of Schiller and Goethe. Almost colossal in size, they seem perfect in attitude and proportion. One would say energy and passion predominate in Goethe, frankness and gentleness in Schiller. I could hardly forgive the sculptor for placing the wreath in the hand of Goethe, and seeming to represent Schiller as reaching after it. For though it must be admitted, I suppose, that even Schiller only approached Goethe in grasp and power of imagination and in vigor of expression, yet when we weigh their manhood, the hearts of the men together with their intellects, the scales will tip in favor of Schiller. I can not but think this is the verdict of the popular heart of the German people. Every city in which these men for any time dwelt, places with pride a tablet announcing the fact on the house or street so honored; but everywhere we found the Schiller house not only accessible to all visitors, but generally, as the property of the city or of some literary club, converted into a cabinet of mementoes of the life and works of Schiller. While the Goethe houses are shut, sombre and forbidding—a not unfitness illustration of the respective generosity and patriotism of the two men.

Passing from the Theatre Platz, we soon reach the Schiller street and the house in which the poet lived and where he wrote his latest and best works. The first room is an exhibition- and sales-room containing mementoes of the poet and illustrations of his works: pictures, busts, and bas-reliefs. On the second floor, where the best rooms of German houses are usually found, his study, parlor, and sleeping-room, plain and modestly furnished apartments, remain much as they were when he occupied them. Some of the furniture, however—that of the bed-chamber—has been remorselessly hacked by the knives of acquisitive visitors. Perhaps, thought I, enthusiastic young Germans have wanted a whittling to dream over. I may have thought aloud, for the attendant said, pointing to the scarred bedstead, "That is the work of Americans." She evidently meant to compliment my countrymen by calling attention to this mark of reverence for the demigod of whose shrine she was a vestal. I would not undeceive her, and I knew that if circumstantial evidence were to convict, most American visitors would be found in possession, if not of the whittling, at least of the implement by which it might be secured, and the propensity which prompts to its use. In the other two rooms, which are connected by
folding doors, are the ancient chairs, the sofa on which the poet was wont to seat his guests—for in Germany the sofa is the seat of honor—the desk at which he wrote, and the antique piano with which he cheered the hours of weariness. Just above this, hangs Marshall's engraving of Abraham Lincoln! I might have thought, “Here is another token of the German hero-worship! They all shed tears of reverence here, and intend that Americans at least shall do the same.” A glance into the eyes of one of our party—to whom every memento of the dear native land is now doubly precious—would have proved the device a success. But our cicerone no sooner observed our attention fixed on this portrait than she said, “That was placed here by an American.” We visit the garden and receive from the attendant a flower and leaves from an ivy planted by Schiller. After purchasing some other mementoes of the poet, we proceed to the market place. Every German city has one or more open, paved areas, often several acres in extent, where on certain days of the week throughout the year, all kinds of commodities, in booths, on rough tables, or spread upon the pavement, are exposed for sale. The market place of Weimar is, as is usual, surrounded by prominent edifices, among which is the “Rath-haus,” or city hall. Here also is the house of Cranach, the painter of the Reforma-

tion. A short distance from here, on one of the many streets leading from the market, stands the church in which Herder preached; just behind is the parsonage in which he lived, and in the square by the side of the church, is the monument erected to his memory by the grand-duke, bearing the inscription, Licht, Liebe, Leben (Light, Love, Life). Leaving the square, we turn to take one last look at the Herder house and the church. While observing the enormous size and altitude of the tower, we notice what appears to be grass growing in an angle of the roof against it, and wonder by whom the seed was sown, when our attention is attracted to a far more interesting sign of life in the person of a little girl looking from a window of the belfry; no chance visitor, but one of the residents of that aerial tenement, looking from the window of her room at the party of strangers below. For they are no ghouls, but genuine

“... people
Who live up in the steeple.”

What a weariness it must be to her to go home from school, even though the shadow of her home at noonday fall on the school-house. If it is the sexton who lives up there so far away, we will no longer wonder that we found the door closed when we sought to enter the church and see Cranach’s celebrated painting of the Crucifixion. From here we direct our steps to the grand-ducal palace,
which is neither very old nor very grand. Its principal attraction is a suite of rooms bearing the names, respectively, of the most distinguished of the brilliant literary circle who, in the time of Charles Augustus, were wont to assemble there. The walls of these apartments are adorned with frescoes by Preller and other artists of Weimar, illustrative of scenes in the principal works of Goethe, Schiller, and Wieland, and symbolical of the versatile activity of Herder. In the apartment of the grand-duchess are the original cartoons of Da Vinci's "Last Supper."

From the close atmosphere within these walls, and the imaginations which, it would seem, must always people these apartments, we are glad to emerge into the open air. One may take, at this time of day, twice as long a walk here as we have yet made, without meeting as many people in the streets as we presently see on the bank of the river and standing in its shallow edges engaged in washing clothes. One can not wonder that they prefer to bring their clothes to the river for washing, when he has seen the women carrying water from the street pumps to their homes, in wooden tanks strapped on their backs.

A few rods from the castle, the river Ilm forms a cascade, and flows under a fine bridge, crossing which we descend into a most charming valley, where all that art could do to enhance the beauty of nature has been done, and so exquisitely done that only careful examination detects the presence of art. Delicious water is gushing here and there from picturesque fountains. Beautiful little cascades fall with soft, rippling music over the rocks between mossy walls into the river below. Whether these are native or wholly artificial, it is impossible, from the appearance, to say. The river winds through a grove called the "Star." The best description of its beauty will seem extravagant before you have seen it, and then utterly inadequate. The magnificence of its gigantic trees, interlacing their branches in an archway far above the broad avenue; and its dense and charmingly variegated foliage, scarcely allowing a ray of the noonday sun to shimmer on the sward, or on the flint and jasper graveling of its paths, make a walk through it a pleasure to be remembered, even without the additional interest one might derive from the fact that this was a favorite walk of the poets.

Turning to the right from this avenue, recrossing the Ilm, and entering the park, we descry, on a low bluff which skirts the park next the river, a ruin—apparently an ancient and interesting ruin, only as much of whose walls has been left as would leave unmarred the beauty of the park. We found a date cut in the stone—1577. Though surprised to find it was no older, we copied the date, intending to inquire.
into its history. The result of inquiry is a discovery—a discovery which would long since have been made practical in America, were it not that investments for old castles, like those for castles in the air, pay no dividends—that old ruins can be extemporized! The whole thing is—I will not say a sham, a cheat, a sell, —it is one of the devices of Goethe, whose taste supervised the laying-out of the park, and who sought to bring into it every beautiful feature which belongs to an ideal landscape, and so to hide the art, so to exclude the stiffness and regularity which belong to most artificial parks, that all should appear the spontaneous work of nature; and, indeed, except the paths, all did appear as truly so as the unshaven lawns with their profusion of wild flowers and the peacocks that were prinking themselves and screaming on the trees.

In the middle of the park are the botanical garden, and the museum, a quaint building surmounted by a row of statues around the edge of the roof. At the upper extremity of the park is “das Römische Haus,” once a summer residence of Goethe, and a little beyond is a villa called the “Belvidere.” In spite of the curiosity to visit these, awakened by a glimpse of gilded domes and minarets, we turn toward the city, passing, at the lower end of the park, another castle more venerable in appearance than the ducal residence.

From here, passing through two or three streets not yet visited, we reach “Goethe Strasse,” where an inscription on one of the grim, angular houses, informs us which was the home of the great dramatist. A little beyond, where this street ends in a triangular space, we come to the Wieland monument. Here begins the street leading to the new cemetery. We wish to go thither, drawn, not by the ducal tomb nor by the renowned names of those who slumber within and around it, but chiefly that we may stand by the grave of John Falk, the poet and critic. His talent won first for his works, and through them for himself, a flattering invitation and reception at Weimar. Yet he alone, among its artists and literati, lived and labored, not for himself nor merely for the happiness of his own class, but for the welfare of another and very low stratum of society—for those who were outcasts through misfortune and crime. He had himself risen from the ranks of the poor, having received from charity the means of obtaining his education. When he was leaving his native city, Dantzic, to enter the University of Halle, one of the old burgomasters is reported to have said to him, “If ever a needy orphan appeals to you for aid, think that it is one of those who now help you, calling for the repayment of what they have bestowed!” When the wars of Napoleon were devastating Germany and filling even Weimar with orphans, while Goethe,
with indifference to the sufferings of his countrymen, was pleasing himself with the creations of his own fancy, in a way that showed him wanting, in some degree, both in patriotism and humanity, Falk was hearing this appeal, and opened his doors for the reception of destitute and wicked children, who were happy to have found a new father in "Papa Falk." One evening, as he sat among them at the head of the table, after the customary blessing, one of the little ones, who perhaps had never witnessed in his former home this act of devotion, said: "Papa, why do we always ask the Lord Jesus to be with us at the table? He never comes." "If you only believe that he comes, he is here," replied Falk. "I am going," said the little one, suiting the action to the word, "to bring a chair for him." Presently there was a knock at the door: it was a homeless, hungry youth asking for food. Falk immediately brought him to the table, seating him in the chair which had been placed by the child, who observing it said, "The Lord Jesus could not come himself, and so he has sent this man, has he not?" "Yes, that is it," replied Falk; "He accepts as given to Him whatever we give to any one in need."

From this time till his death, Falk's life was devoted to his philanthropic work. His lyric muse, his social influence, were enlisted in its service. His institution was not a mere asylum, but a veritable reform school, supplied with teachers specially trained for their work under Falk's own supervision. To those who had esteemed him chiefly for the readiness of his wit and the keenness of his satire, this must have seemed a wonderful career, as indeed it was, and the motive that led to it was doubtless to them a mystery. For the heart of Falk, whose four children had been taken from him by death, had been opened to love all whom Christ came into the world to bless. His inspiration and his methods were love. He employed no external restraints, not even locks on his doors. With cords of love he bound, and by its power he transformed many hundreds of vagrant and wicked children into good men and useful citizens. It is needless to add that his death was like his life, that of a Christian. His epitaph, written by himself, has been rendered into English as follows:

"Underneath this linden shade
John Falk, a sinner saved, is laid;
The blood of Christ his freedom made.
"Born upon the East Sea strand,
Home he left, and friends, and land,
Led to Weimar by God's hand.
"When the little children round
Stand beside this grassy mound,
Asking, Who lies underground?
"Heavenly Father, let them say
Thou hast taken him away;
In the grave is only clay."

How much of the social, literary, or philanthropic splendor of the olden time now irradiates the homes and sombre streets of Weimar, a transient
visitor has little means of observing. Those with whom he converses prefer to direct attention to the glories and the worthies that have been. But he can not doubt that its library of one hundred and thirty thousand volumes still furnishes food to many book-worms who spin the light threads of story and song, or the heavier material of science, history, and didactics; that its museum is still frequented by both artists and students. In its theatre, at least in winter, when its titled citizens are not abroad in travel or in summer resorts, the dramatic masterpieces that were born on its soil are still reproduced, not by strolling actors, but by home talent, amateur and professional, which lives, if it does not thrive, on a salary which in America would not suffice for a printer's devil. Musical talent of the highest order must still find here both employment and appreciation, since this is the home of Liszt.

GERMANY, 1874.

SOME PHILOSOPHICAL TERMS.

He who intends becoming much acquainted with any art or science must make himself conversant with its nomenclature. In no other study does the young student find such a vast and perplexing variety of terms employed with no well defined and stable meaning, as he meets at once in the study of Philosophy. It is the object of the present essay to state, as clearly as the space allowed and the abstruse nature of the subject will permit, what Philosophy itself is, and to define a few of its chief divisions, showing to some extent, the relations which they bear one to another. No attempt to be original is here made. On the contrary, the writer has relied, for many of his thoughts and forms of expression, on works which are of established authority on the subjects discussed.

Philosophy broadly signifies an inquiry into the origin, nature, and laws of all phenomena which come within the range of human observation, both those which pertain to matter and those which pertain to spirit. It means, therefore, a knowledge of causes rather than of results. "All philosophy," says Sir William Hamilton, "is knowledge, but all knowledge is not philosophy. Philosophy is, therefore, a kind of knowledge." Knowledge may be considered as of two kinds. There is the knowledge of results, effects, things as they exist. This is called historical or empirical knowledge.
Some Philosophical Terms.

By empirical is meant simply "what belongs to or is the product of experience or observation." There is also the knowledge of the reasons and causes of things. This is called philosophical knowledge. I know that it rains; that knowledge is empirical. I know also why it rains, the laws by which moisture is collected and precipitated in the air; that knowledge is philosophical. I know that when I sleep, I dream; that knowledge is empirical. He who tries to tell me why I dream, and to explain the nature of dreams, is the philosopher. So then, empiricism or history regards only facts—phenomena as they are; philosophy is concerned with their reasons and causes. These two terms, empirical and philosophical, were used, as here explained, by Aristotle, in the fourth century before Christ, and are thus used at the present day in the writings of Sir William Hamilton and many others. "Philosophy," wrote John Locke, "is the knowledge of the reasons of things—in opposition to history, which is only the knowledge of facts; or to mathematics, which is the knowledge of the quantity of things;—the hypothesis or system upon which natural effects are explained."

Philosophy, then, means an inquiry into the origin, nature, and laws of all phenomena observed by men. Now, there are two great classes of phenomena of facts—those which pertain to matter and those which pertain to mind. Philosophy applied to the study of material objects gives Physics, which includes Natural Philosophy and Natural History. Philosophy applied to the study of immaterial objects gives Psychology, Logic, Ethics, and Metaphysics. We will briefly consider these four great divisions of supersensual philosophy.

Psychology may be regarded as that part of philosophy which relates solely to the immaterial part of man. It deals "first, with the phenomena of consciousness; secondly, with the faculties to which these phenomena may be referred; and thirdly, with the Ego, that is, the soul or mind in its unity, individuality, and personality." "The soul which thinks, and the faculties or powers of thinking," are what the psychologist considers. He aims at a systematic knowledge of the faculties, operation, and laws of the immaterial part of man, so far as they are known by consciousness. Psychology has sometimes been divided into two parts—empirical psychology, and rational psychology. By the first is meant a knowledge of the faculties and phenomena of the mind; by the second, a knowledge of the mind itself, and so of the causes of the various phenomena which it presents.

Now it is evident that Psychology, so far as it is purely empirical, is entirely outside of philosophy. Empirical knowledge and philosophical knowledge are distinct from each
Some Philosophical Terms.

other. Rational psychology, which, so far as it can be shown to have any existence, is purely philosophical, has been stoutly assailed by Kant and some English thinkers, as being an impossible science. We readily admit the existence of an empirical psychology, but many scholars are unwilling to deny the existence of a strictly philosophical psychology. Men have striven long and earnestly for a knowledge of the mind itself, and of the causes of its phenomena, and have thought that they toiled not in vain. Whether they grasp phantoms or realities, whether their science is true or false, they have established a psychology which has commanded more than mere respect, and which is not empirical, but rational and philosophical.

Psychology relates to the mind and soul very much as physiology to the body; and since the nerves and the brain are so intimately connected with the mental operations, psychology may be looked upon as only one step beyond and above physiology. Between these two runs the dividing line between physical and supersensual philosophy. Just here stands the materialist, contending that mind does not exist apart from matter, that the two are one, and that the sciences of Physiology and Psychology are one science. "God only knows whether the two substances which we call matter and mind have not something which is common to both. But the phenomena which they exhibit are so different as to lead us to infer a difference in the cause." While denying the claims of the materialist, some thinkers have wrongly extended Psychology to certain physiological phenomena. Psychology proper relates only to the mind and soul.

Logic has received a great many definitions to suit the different conceptions which have been held of its nature and province. It stands intimately connected with Psychology. Both deal with the laws of thought; but Psychology seems to aim at the discovery of these laws, while Logic makes use of them in guiding the mind aright, especially in its acts of reasoning. Psychology deals more directly with the mind itself; Logic, more directly with its products. Assuming that the mind is, that it acts, and that it proceeds in accordance with certain laws which Psychology states, Logic deals first with concepts; secondly, with judgments; and thirdly, with reasonings. The immediate object of Logic seems to be not so much the discovery of truth, as the testing of that which may be either true or false. It is used, on the one hand, to confirm truth; on the other, to expose error. By Aristotle and the ancients generally, Logic was regarded as "the instrument of all science—the rule by which true and false are to be tried." Plato speaks of it as a part of phi-
Some Philosophical Terms.

Philosophy, and also as the organ of philosophy. According to Mansel, the logician's branch of inquiry is twofold, partly constructive and partly critical. “In the former capacity, he inquires what are the several forms, legitimate or illegitimate, which Thought as a product will assume, according as the act of thinking is or is not conducted in conformity to its given laws. In the latter capacity, he sifts and examines the special products of this or that thinker, and pronounces them, according to the features which they exhibit, to be legitimately produced or otherwise.” Very many logicians of this century, following Archbishop Whately, have held that “Logic, in its most extensive application, is the science as well as the art of reasoning. So far as it institutes an analysis of the process of the mind in reasoning, it is strictly a science; while so far as it investigates the principles on which argumentation is conducted, and furnishes rules to secure the mind from error in its deductions, it may be called the art of reasoning.” Sir William Hamilton, however, has declared that the laws of thought, and not merely the laws of reasoning, constitute the adequate object of Logic. The laws of thought include the laws of reasoning, and much else besides. Thinking is employed by Hamilton “as comprehending all our cognitive energies.” There are, he says, “certain supreme laws which express the absolute and fixed rules not only of the human intellect, but of all thought, whatever be the subject which frames it or the object which it concerns. To determine those universal laws of thought in general, in order that the human mind in particular may find in all its researches a means of control, and an infallible criterion of the legitimacy of its procedure, is the object of Logic.” To many thinkers, this appears to make Logic invade the domain which properly belongs only to Psychology.

Ethics “explores the nature and excellence of virtue, the nature of moral obligation, on what it is founded, and what are the proper motives of practice.” Psychology, as dealing with the constitution of the human mind, and expounding those principles by which men are seen to be moral and responsible beings, has been regarded as the basis of Ethics. “Taken in its widest signification, as including the moral sciences or natural jurisprudence, Ethics may be divided into Moral Philosophy, International Law, Public or Political Law, Civil Law, and History, Profane, Civil, and Political.”

Metaphysics refers to being itself as distinguished from its phenomena. Aristotle defined it to be “the science which contemplates being as being, and the attributes which belong to it as such.” According to Hamilton, it is “the science conversant about all inferences of unknown being from its known
manifestations.” It is the same as Ontology. There is a science of matter, called Physics; there is a science of mind, called Psychology; “Metaphysics is the science of being as common to both.” According to J. S. Mill, one step from Physiology and we are in Psychology, one step from Psychology and we are in Metaphysics. Since the publication of Locke’s Essay, the term Metaphysics has been used as more or less synonymous with Psychology. But, in the realm of Psychology, Metaphysics proper deals only with that which Psychology possesses in common with all other sciences—namely, Being. “It contemplates pure existence apart from the sensible accidents of matter or figure.” “It considers things in their essence, independent of the particular properties or determined modes which make a difference between one thing and another.” The real essence and ground of all being is God. Therefore Aristotle applied the term Theology to that which afterwards was called Metaphysics. Ontology or Metaphysics, at the present day, may be treated in two ways, “according as its exponent is a believer in one or many fundamental principles of things.” Some believe that there is only one distinct being in the Universe, and that, even in a closer sense than Pope may have meant, all things are but “parts of one stupendous whole.” Other metaphysicians hold that Deity, the human soul, and matter, are, in a certain sense, distinct and independent. “According to the latter method, which professes to treat of different classes of Being independently, Metaphysics will contain three co-ordinate branches of inquiry: Rational Cosmology, Rational Psychology, and Rational Theology. The first aims at a knowledge of the real essence, as distinguished from the phenomena, of the material world; the second discusses the nature and origin, as distinguished from the faculties and the affections, of the human soul, and of other finite spirits; the third aspires to comprehend God Himself, as cognizable a priori in his essential nature, apart from the indirect and relative indications furnished by his works, as in Natural Theology, or by his word, as in Revealed Religion. These three objects of metaphysical inquiry—God, the World, the Mind—correspond to Kant’s three Ideas of the Pure Reason; and the object of his Critique is to show that, in relation to all three, the attainment of a system of speculative philosophy is impossible.”
PROBITAS LAUDATUR, ET ALGET.

IT'S always been the standard rule,
Since Judas played the traitor's part,
That those talk most in virtue's praise
Who have its progress least at heart.

This truth is not, nor ever was,
Confined, alone, to artful man;
The scenes of nature, teaching us,
Adopt the same deceitful plan.

The ocean chants no mournful hymn,
When still are storms and rushing waves,
To tell of thousands who, beneath,
Sleep their last sleep in shifting graves.

The world gives fame to unjust acts;
We cringe, and words of praise repeat;
With lips, we loudly cry, Success!
At heart, we whisper, Sad defeat!

As man expires he sees his heirs,
Officious round the bed of death;
But hears them count, in undertones,
Each labored, painful, gasping breath.

We often laugh the loudest laugh
When tears would best our hearts relieve;
The gales of fortune often blow
Most smoothly, just on ruin's eve.

In public life the most corrupt
Reform and right discusses best;
He seeks, in this delusive way,
Substantial down to plume his nest.

That student, whom you may have seen,
With look so bold, and yet so meek,
Recite the more, the less he knew,
Was, as you guessed, employing "cheek."
Probitas Laudatur, et Alget.

Whene'er I see a man so pure
He fears to go where sinners throng,
I always muse if right is right
That fears to meet and combat wrong.

But there will come a day at last,
When all of earth and life is o'er,
When we shall see as we are seen,
And lovely truth shall starve no more.
EDITORS’ PORTFOLIO.

SALUTATORY.

A NOTHER year, with its joys and sorrows, its labors and rewards, its successes and failures, has passed away. A new year now begins. It is the time for new vows, new plans, new enterprises—the time for a general beginning anew. How bright will be the success of some, and how sad the failure of others. The beginning of the new year is the anniversary birthday of many an institution and enterprise.

The Student, under the care of '76, now enters upon its third year. Though we dare not hope its success will be the brightest, we trust, by persevering effort, to save it from becoming a total failure.

It is not without much hesitation and anxiety that we enter upon the duties of the position to which we have been elected, feeling, as we do, that there are broader shoulders on which this responsibility ought to rest. But we bow to what seems to be a decree of the Fates, promising to do the best we are able, and all that can be reasonably expected. The object of the Student is, of course, to afford the undergraduates one more opportunity for practice and improvement in writing, and to show our friends, and the friends of the College, what we can do, and are doing from month to month. Neither the general plan, nor the size of the Student will be materially changed while under our charge, though it will be our aim to make it even more interesting as a College paper, than it has yet been. We shall look to the Alumni for some assistance each month, and hope that those to whom we most naturally look, will not think our requests too frequent. We trust, that as the several classes leave these halls and grounds, they will not lose their interest in the Student, nor feel that it is any less their magazine than while they were here. To the members of other classes, we would say what has been so often said here, that the columns of the Student are open to you especially, and we earnestly solicit contributions from all who are interested in its success. To the members of '76 we say, after the interest and feeling some of you manifested in the choice of officers for the Student, it is your duty to rally to their support. That you will do all in your power to make the magazine a financial success, we have no doubt. But what will you do to make it a literary success? Our class is the largest in College, and surely it has as good writers in it as any. We know that you are not
Editors' Portfolio.

19

willing that the Student should decrease in merit while in our hands, but are anxious, rather, that its rank among other College publications should be even higher than heretofore. Let each put a shoulder to the wheel, then, and show what '76 can do.

SPECIALTIES.

It is the firm belief of many persons that every man possesses special talents for some particular business or profession. Without stopping to discuss this idea, to the support of which many able men, and especially phrenologists, lend their aid, we would consider for a moment another idea growing out of this, viz., that every young man on entering College should know what is to be his business after graduating, and should devote his time specially to the studies and books bearing upon that business. What we wish to say here has nothing to do with the much-discussed elective system. We refer to the idea that in Colleges where there is no elective system, students should give special attention to the studies for which they think they have an especial talent, and which they fancy will be most profitable to them in after life, even if by so doing they neglect other studies of the course.

And it is not merely among people who are inclined to question the benefit of a College course, but even among students themselves, that this idea is found. One who has chosen medicine for his profession says, "I will devote myself chiefly to Chemistry, Anatomy, Physiology, and other sciences closely connected with medicine; these other branches will be of no use to me, therefore I will give no more time to them than I can possibly help." The future lawyer or minister says, "A knowledge of Calculus or Chemistry will do me no good in my profession, so my time and attention shall be given to other branches."

The trouble is, in an institution where the faculty have not established an elective system, it does not pay for the student to attempt to establish one for himself. But some say, "O you should not neglect your regular studies, but devote your spare moments to these special branches, and choose such books for your reading as will instruct you in your future work." That it would be well for every young man who knows what his life work is to be, to have his eyes open and be always ready to seize upon any bit of information respecting his chosen work, we of course admit. But will he who confines himself in his reading chiefly to one branch of knowledge, make any less mistake than he who constantly neglects general studies that he may give his time to a particular study? It is an oft-repeated statement that the object of a College course is to give general culture and lay a broad foundation for future
building. Again, it is admitted that devotion in life to one particular business, to a specialty, has a tendency to produce narrow-mindedness.

Bulwer has said, "Strive, while improving your one talent, to enrich your whole capital as a man. It is in this way that you escape from the wretched narrow-mindedness which is the characteristic of every man who cultivates his specialty alone."

If, then, the student at the very beginning of his education devote himself to a specialty—if, during the best opportunity of his whole life, he neglects to acquire general knowledge and culture, how much more will this tendency toward narrow-mindedness be increased. When the young man enters upon his profession, he will find that in order to gain eminence, or even success, he must devote his whole time and energy to that profession. Then, too, he will find the need of that general culture which he should have acquired before entering upon his life work. Experience has proved that, as a rule, the student who, while pursuing the regular course of study usually prescribed by New England Colleges, attempts at the same time to study law, theology, or medicine, gains but little in his particular branch and loses much in general studies.

TEACHING.

Probably more than one-half of the Bates boys are at present engaged in teaching. On the morning of the first Monday after Thanksgiving, many a hand that all the fall had been turning the pages of a Mental or Natural Philosophy, of Greek and Latin lexicons, rang the bell and recorded the names of a score or more of lads and lasses of all sizes and ages, from the young miss who thinks her education about completed, but has arrayed herself in her last new gown and gayest ribbons, and come to school the first morning to see how she shall like this "College feller," down to the little fellow on the front seat, whose new boots swing clear of the floor, and whose chubby hand grasps the new primer with which he is to begin the ascent of the hill of knowledge.

The Freshman is, as a general thing, making his first attempt at teaching. How he has looked forward all the fall to that first morning. If he is a city-bred boy, how strange it all seems to him—so many different pairs of eyes watching all his movements, and so many different classes and studies. And even if he is from the country himself, it is some time since he left the country school, and he finds that it was much easier while a scholar, than now as a teacher, to tell what a teacher should do. What a long forenoon it is, and how often he pulls his watch from his pocket, thinking each time that the thing must have stopped!
The most of us teach merely for the money, but whether we intend it or not, we can not but gain something more. Many a student will tell you that he has learned more of arithmetic, algebra, and grammar while teaching, than in his classes at school or in College. Such a statement, though not always strictly true, has much of truth in it. When one comes to teach these branches, he calls into use all his previous training in them. While a scholar he has, perhaps, slid over principles with only a repetition of them, but now he must clearly understand each one before teaching them to others. Thus, while teaching, we not only gain some knowledge of human nature and of life outside of College walls, but we return to our studies better fitted to receive instruction.

But there are some evils and losses attendant upon teaching while in College. Our terms and studies are so arranged that we can teach ten or twelve weeks each winter without any very appreciable loss. And yet, if the studies are made a little easier for the first few weeks of the winter term, what an opportunity this affords for extra work. But some are obliged, or feel themselves obliged, to teach fall or spring terms in addition to the winter school. One inducement is that the pay is greater and the schools are pleasanter. But the loss in their studies is also greater.

One perhaps can not judge for another in such a matter, but it seems to us that it would be better for a young man to run in debt a few hundred dollars, and work the harder after graduating, than to lose three or four months of each of his last two years. While we are in College, that should be our business, and, if possible, nothing else should be allowed to seriously interfere with it.

OUR EXCHANGES.

As we sit down to glance over and comment upon a few of the host of College papers which have been collecting on our table for the past month, we have no desire, at the very beginning of what we trust will be a pleasant and profitable acquaintance, to indulge in severe criticisms or sharp sayings. We trust that as our acquaintance ripens, our friendship and kind feeling, one toward another, may also increase. We have been somewhat amused to notice the different opinions expressed by these papers in their comments upon their exchanges. One, feeling the need of a little stricter economy under the new postal law, "kindly but firmly" requests several papers to cease exchanging, and includes among these one which the next paper we take up mentions as "one of our most welcome exchanges, not only on account of its high literary merit, but on account of the generous and sympathizing spirit it manifests toward the weak."
Thanksgiving furnished the subject for many an editorial in the first we received. Some were rejoicing in the anticipation of bountiful dinners, while others are returning thanks for the realization of the same. The *Madisonensis*, especially, abounded in references to Thanksgiving, and the beauty of it is, turkeys seem to have been plenty and the people generous at Hamilton. Our thanks are due the editors for the kind wishes they express for the success of the *Student* while in the care of '76.

The *College Argus* has a few words upon the duty of the students to contribute for the *Argus*, which express so well the idea we wish to impress upon the minds of students at Bates, that we quote them here: "It must surely be unnecessary for us to explain to the students of Wesleyan that the interest of the *Argus* is as much theirs as ours; that whatever of success it may have attained belongs not to the editors but to the College, and whatever of disgrace may come upon it will not be more of a disgrace to the *Argus* Board than to the whole College. Let every one feel that the reputation of the *Argus* belongs to a certain extent to him, and let him do his best to sustain it. We want contributions from all. Do not wait for the editors to call upon you and urge you to write, but take it for granted that we wish to hear from you. It is often more work to run around and persuade unwilling genuises to air their talents than to write twice the needed amount. But it is impossible for four men to furnish all the material for a sheet so large as the *Argus*, and have it maintain as high a standard of literary excellence as we could wish. Give us plenty of short, lively articles, and we will make the *Argus* more emphatically than ever an interesting paper."

The *Seminary Budget* is a neat-looking quarterly, edited and published by the young ladies of Sacramento Seminary, California. The most of its articles are well written and interesting, though we think "Vocal Music" and "What Johnny says about tight-lacing" a little stale.

We are surprised that the *Tripod* should cut the acquaintance of the *Index Niagarensis*. It seems to us a very spicy sheet. If its type was as good as the paper, its mechanical appearance would be excellent.

The *Harvard Advocate* speaks of the Student's fame for obituaries, and selects the following "specimen" sentence, from an article in the December number: "When eternity strikes twelve, it (wealth) cannot ward off the stroke of death." It also selects another sentence for publication, recommending young men to put their brains in their hands and dig their way to influence. Don't be alarmed. We can furnish an obituary, if you are afraid eternity will soon strike you; always glad to aid the needy. As far as
Editors' Portfolio.

the recommendation is concerned, you need not have followed it, the writer was only in fun.

We have received the January number of Vick's Floral Guide for 1875. It is truly what it professes to be, a complete guide in the cultivation of all our best and most common flowers and vegetables. To one who has anything of a garden, we should think it indispensable, and to those who have no opportunity for gardening it must be the next best thing to a garden itself. The price of the magazine is but twenty-five cents a year, and anyone purchasing seeds of the publisher, Mr. James Vick, Rochester, N. Y., to the amount of one dollar, is entitled to the Guide for a year.

CALVIN C. LITTLEFIELD.

It is with pain that we announce the decease of our classmate, Calvin C. Littlefield, whose funeral took place on Saturday, Dec. 7th, at his home in Wells, Me. As we, in the first issue of the Student under the auspices of '76, pay this tribute of respect to his memory, we remember well with what a loyal interest and zeal he always entered into every undertaking of the class.

Mr. Littlefield entered college in the autumn of '72, with the present Junior Class. He at once took a leading position in scholarship, which he maintained until failing health interfered with the pursuit of his studies. Although some of us were fearful when we parted with him at last Commencement, of what the issue might be, yet we were not prepared to hear of his sudden death. Indeed, we are informed that he rode out with a classmate less than a week before his decease, and seemed himself hopeful of recovering speedily, and of rejoining the class in the spring.

All his habits were of a most scholarly nature; and his manners and bearing, so modest and free from ostentation, secured (as such a character always does) the friendship and esteem of all with whom he was associated. One would scarce have thought, when our class first assembled, that he, one of the most vigorous in mind and body, would be among the first to fall. The thought of death is never a pleasant one; but when the young and hopeful, the strong and ambitious, are cut down, it awakens thoughts peculiarly distressing. The scattered state of the class has prevented us from taking concerted action in respect to his death as we could have wished; but the pain at our hearts tells us how deeply we sympathize with his relatives, though we were not permitted to shed, with them, a tear over his remains.

He was one of the few who can fully and safely reveal their whole character, knowing that where good predominates, defects, if there be any, seem insignificant. He made pretensions to no virtues that he did not possess, and was content to be sim-
ply himself. He will need no lauda-
tion on his tombstone to tell his
worth; it is written on the hearts of
all who knew and loved him. We
are certain that his aim in life was
high, and it makes our sorrow greater
to feel that he was called from earth
ere his hopes were realized. La-
mented classmate! Though our
leader in earthly wisdom is lost to
us, we know that you are learning,
in advance of us, the elements of
heavenly truth. May the brightest
and sweetest flowers of spring, the
time when you hoped again to join
us, blossom on your early grave.
ODDS AND ENDS.

IT is reported that the "Bob" still preserves its life-like expression.

There is a man in P. H. who can declaim so as to be distinctly heard at Lisbon Falls.

Favorite expression of Juniors last term: "I—I don't remember the next topic."

We notice in the Journal reports of country lyceums, in which Bates Freshmen, as usual, take a prominent part.

Sufficient numerical evidence has been brought forward to warrant a combined probability of two-thirds, that "Old Noah he did build an ark."

P. H. has suffered of late from an inundation of song-books. The songs are very sweet, but the various modes of rendition have a tendency to mar their effect.

The most ingenious method of avoiding an unpleasant task was that of E—, who left the following for his absent chum:

"Your sleepy chum has sought his nest, To give his weary carcass rest; Please be so kind, when you retire, As just to renovate the fire."

Prof. puts forth a question in Rhetoric. Junior maintains a dignified silence. Prof. gives a satisfactory answer. Junior unblushingly asserts, "Yes, that is just what I was about to say."

Colorado started a college a few weeks ago, and its inmates now consist of one woman, three Indians, a buffalo calf, and a Professor of Botany. Advocates of co-education, rejoice! success begins to reward your efforts.

Prof.—"What is the rule for the velocity of discharge?" Student—"The velocity varies as the square root of the distance." Prof.—"What do you understand by the distance?" Student—"The length from the opening to the aperture."

A perfect recitation receives the title of "rake" at Williams, "sail" at Bowdoin, "squirt" at Harvard, "tear" at Princeton, "blood" at Hamilton, and "x" at Trinity. We suggest for Bates, "fabric of distorted fancy."

When young Mr. S—left home for College he said to his mother, "Mother, I will write often and think of you constantly." When he returned two years later he remarked to his loving parent, "Deah mothaw, I gweet you once moah."—Ex.
SPRING term began Tuesday, Jan. 5th.

Rather lonesome in recitation just now.

Prof. Stanton and wife are spending the winter in London, where they will remain until March, and then go to the Continent, returning, perhaps, in season to be with us at the beginning of another College year.

Rutgers rejoices in a new gymnasium.

One of the Oxford Colleges is to have a $500,000 chapel.

The proposed National University will consist of seventeen faculties.

At Harvard the attendance of the Seniors at recitations is voluntary.

In the College of Medicine connected with Boston University, 49 of the 100 students are females.

A wealthy merchant of Baltimore has left a bequest of $40,000 to found a professorship in the theological department of Boston University.

The Seniors at the University of Missouri have five studies, with daily recitations in each.

Michigan University has had one thousand one hundred and twelve students during the past year.

Tufts College has fifty-six students in its collegiate course, and twenty-seven in the theological department.

Two parties of Dartmouth College Juniors will make a pedestrian tour through England and Scotland next summer. They estimate their expenses at something less than $100 each.—Argus.

Three Colleges have recently invited James T. Fields, of Boston, to Professorships of English Literature, but he will accept none of the invitations. He will lecture very extensively this season, particularly to College students, among whom he is very popular.

President Smith of Dartmouth College, in a late conversation alluded to the custom of students serving as waiters in the hotels during the summer, and is reported to have said: "When we consider the fact that nearly one-third of the students of Dartmouth teach school during the winter, and work at harvesting in the summer, we need have no fear about the dignity of labor becoming an obsolete expression."
PERSONALS.

'72.—A. M. Garcelon is pursuing his studies at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City.

'73.—Wm. Rynne is studying medicine in New York.

'73.—We understand that G. W. Small and E. C. Wood, former members of '73, are also studying medicine in New York.

'73.—C. H. Davis is Pastor of the Free Baptist Church, Richmond, Me.

'74.—B. F. Stanford, first editor of the STUDENT during its first year, is in the office of the Commercial and Financial Chronicle, 79 and 81 William St., New York City.

[Space will be given every month to the record of one or more of the alumni, in the form of the following. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material.—Eos.]

CLASS OF 1870.

Raymond, Charles Edward—Born February 25, 1845, at Wayne, Me. Son of Alfred and Laura W. Raymond.

Fitted for College at Maine Wesleyan Seminary, Kent's Hill.

1871-72—Student of R. L. Harlow, and a member of the Medical School, Lewiston, Me.

1872-73—Assistant in the High School, Bristol, Conn.

1873-74—Principal of the High School, Rockville, Conn.

1874—Principal of High School, Bristol, Conn.

Married, July 24, 1873, to Miss Rose M. Richmond of Bristol, Conn.
Post-office address, Bristol, Conn.
**BATES COLLEGE.**

**FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Title</th>
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<tr>
<td>REV. OREN B. CHENEY, D.D.,</td>
<td>President.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>REV. JOHN FULLONTON, D.D.,</td>
<td>GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JONATHAN Y. STANTON, A.M.,</td>
<td>THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M., Professor of Hebrew.</td>
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<tr>
<td>RICHARD C. STANLEY, A.M.,</td>
<td>CLARENCE A. BICKFORD, A.B., Instructor.</td>
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<tr>
<td>THOMAS L. ANGELL, A.M.,</td>
<td>FRANK W. COBB, A.B., Tutor.</td>
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<td>EDMUND R. ANGELL, Tutor.</td>
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**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 *Caesar* 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 *Worcester's Ancient History*.
- **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 dismissal 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 Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

**COURSE OF STUDY.**

The regular Course of Instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

**EXPENSES.**

The annual expenses are about $200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

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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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For Catalogue or other information, address OREN B. CHENEY, PRESIDENT, Lewiston, Me.
This Institution is located in the city of Lewiston, Maine, and is named in honor of LYMAN NICHOLS, Esq., of Boston. The special object of the school is to prepare students for the Freshman Class of Bates College, though students who do not contemplate a College course are admitted to any of the classes which they have the qualifications to enter. The School is situated near the College and Theological School, and thus affords important advantages of association with students of more advanced standing and scholarship.

The Course of Study comprises three years and as many classes; that is, the first year, or third class; the second year, or second class; the third year, or first class. The classes are so arranged that students can enter the school at any time during the year.

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THEODORE G. WILDER, A.B..........................Teacher of Mathematics.

For further particulars send for Catalogue. A. M. JONES, Secretary.

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THE BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Published by the Class of '76, Bates College.

TERMS: $1 a year, invariably in advance. Single copies, 10 cents.

Single copies will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents and stamp.

The Student will be furnished to all subscribers until an explicit order is received for its discontinuance, and until all arrearages are paid, as required by law.

Rates of advertising, 75 cents per inch for first, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

MISSING NUMBERS.

If any subscriber fails to receive a copy of the Magazine when due, we would thank him to inform us, and the mistake will be immediately rectified.

The Magazine will be for sale at the following bookstores: French Bros', Douglass & Cook's, and Stevens & Co.'s, Lewiston; Willard Small & Co.'s, Auburn; Loring, Short & Harmon's, Portland; and A. Williams & Co.'s, 135 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Literary communications should be addressed to the "Editors of the Bates Student." All subscriptions and business letters to

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BATES COLLEGE,
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