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LEWISTON:
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1875.
NATIONS, like individuals, are materially changed in the progress of development. The introduction of new principles of government or distinct elements in society produces a corresponding change in national character. Accordingly, no one who has considered the mighty currents of foreign life and thought which are flooding American soil and society, can doubt that our country is, by this very contact with the spirit of other nations, receiving an influence which must, in some degree, change it for the better or worse.

So many different languages, religions, and principles of government are represented by the numerous immigrants attracted to our shores, that to even the most sagacious statesman the whole subject of their Americanization seems to extend far into the realm of prophecy.

The question involved in our subject, What will be the influence of the German element upon the future of our country? though somewhat simpler in its nature, can hardly be answered by anything stronger than mere speculations and conjectures. Before framing these conjectures we should acquaint ourselves with three facts — first, the condition of the German population previous to their departure from Germany; second, the object of their immigration to America; third, the essential points of difference between the German emigrant and the American with whom he is to mingle.

It was not till the beginning of the eighteenth century that the Germans began to settle in great numbers upon our soil. For thirty years previous to their departure from Europe, the German people had been suffering from the disas-
trous effects of bloody wars growing out of the religious disturbances which were at that time agitating nearly all Europe. The continued and heavy draughts thus made upon the resources of the country had greatly impoverished the people. The provision of food and clothing was becoming to them a serious question. Starvation in Germany was a certainty, abundance in America at least a probability.

The object, then, which induced so many of the Germans to accept Queen Anne's offer of free passage to America, was not to be found in their thirst for power, nor escape from persecution. No thoughts of Germanizing America entered their minds, but simply to seek there that home and means of subsistence which their native land no longer afforded. Consequently, the advent among us of such a class of people certainly did not forebode any immediate danger to American liberties.

It must be remembered, however, that the German who lands here today, as well as the American born, is prepared, both in outward circumstances and mental qualifications, to wield a much more powerful influence in affairs of government. In so far, therefore, as the interest and inclination of our German neighbors shall lead them to stake their fortune, cast their ballot, or raise their voice in determining any great national issue, they must be regarded as an element of power among us which can not safely be ignored.

In what direction and to what extent their influence is to be felt in the future development of American society and government, we are, in part, enabled to determine by noticing the essential points of difference between ourselves, as American citizens, and the Germans who have come among us. To begin, we speak in different languages. This fact prohibits social intercourse and renders impracticable anything like a free exchange of ideas. Were there no probability that this obstacle to perfect assimilation of the two races will in time be removed, we should be forced to regard such an element in our population as unfavorable to the further extension of American civilization. Then, every German to whom the rights of citizenship might be granted, would be only an additional weakness to the nation. But, doubtless, the interests of the two races will gradually lead to a more general intercourse with each other and the final adoption of one common language.

There is, however, another and more formidable barrier separating the German from the American. It is the marked dissimilarity between the educational training and religious beliefs of the two people. The German, though liberal in his ideas of some few general principles of human rights, is seldom characterized by mental breadth. In his
A Fragment.

views upon the subject of Education and Religion, he is as bigoted as he is eccentric. Naturally tenacious of his own ideas, he is not in a position to be reached and influenced by the American policy of free thought and discussion; for of what avail are our most exhaustive and convincing arguments, our most learned and moral dissertations, so long as the sickly, skeptical reasonings of such writers as Emerson are all that ever receive so much as one careful reading? The most of those who accept the doctrines of Christianity at all, are members of the Lutheran church or adherents of the Roman Catholic faith.

The more intelligent and better educated portion of the Germans, however, do not accept Christianity in any form, nor do they intend that their descendants shall deviate from their own beaten path. In the educational training of his children the German is especially careful that they receive no impressions prejudicial to his peculiar religious beliefs. Here then is a chasm which can not be bridged. Here lies the danger of a total estrangement of the two races.

The German, in his customs, his feelings, and his aspirations, will doubtless undergo many changes, and may, perhaps, entirely disappear from among us, but there will survive him an influence which is to affect us, not through diversity of language nor social isolation, for these will cease; neither in political principles, for in matters of government the American is vastly the superior; but it is in our religious character as a God-fearing nation that the German is to act upon us.

A FRAGMENT.

I

THANK thee that I live, O God! thine earth is wondrous fair,
Even with my sinful eyes I see thy beauty everywhere,
And breathe with long, delightful breaths the incense of thine air.

Because the laborers are few and fields already white,
I would not yet upfold my hands, but labor for the right,
And hear the shouts of harvest home when comes the starry night.

Although with Grief's dark angel my soul alone has striven,
I thank thee for the inner sense of pardon thou hast given,
That makes this struggling, tolling life the anteroom to heaven.

I
THOUGHTS ON THE STRENGTH OF ROMANISM.

We do not purpose to write on the number of Romanists in the United States, nor to conjecture as to the probability that America will become a Papal country.

We would seek to get a glimpse of the causes which are leading men of superior talent into the Roman communion. Ever since the beginning of the Tractarian movement at Oxford, there has been a looking Romeward, and Protestantism, especially in England, has lost many persons of more than ordinary ability. To account for these "perversions," as they are called, it will not answer to say a sickly sentimentality led them to the Romish church. Such answers will not explain why such men as Faber, John H. Newman, Archbishop Manning, Orestes A. Brownson, and Isaac T. Hecker, embraced a creed which they knew would make them unpopular with the ruling classes. We must, rather, seek for the reason in the doctrines of Rome, and especially those which differ from Protestant views.

The Romish view of the relation of the supernatural to the church is, on the face, more consistent than the view of Protestantism. Protestantism holds and teaches that with the death of the apostles, or, at the farthest, two or three hundred years thereafter, the Church ceased to have the gift of working miracles. The Protestant believes that all along the history of the Jewish Church, the Almighty enabled his servants to work miracles, for the purpose of confounding wicked kings and nations, and strengthening the faith of the wavering; and he further believes that the apostles, with others, were empowered to work signs and wonders. So far, so good. In all this the Romanist agrees with him. But here the Protestant stops, and says the days of miraculous agency are past. Not so, says the Romanist; God is still present in his Church, and his power is seen in the miracles wrought by the hands of his saints. The Protestant teaches that the days of the miraculous manifestations of the Lord are passed, that the heavens no longer open to shew unto mortal eyes the blessed Redeemer; perhaps, however, some believe that the dying believer often beholds the Master awaiting him. Rome teaches that the Lord who appeared to Paul may appear again to others of his saints; yea, she teaches that He does thus appear. Rome has no difficulty in answering the question, When did miracles cease? She says, Never. To a mind recoiling from the influences of materialism and rationalism such views are grateful, they appear more consistent than the views of Protestantism. To a distressed mind, these Romish views are pleasing, since they represent God's interest in the world to be the same it was in the
Thoughts on the Strength of Romanism.

Many and England, feels the want of his own land, which is but a babe compared with these older nations. This love for the old we see in the devotion of men to the classics; Rome and Greece are charming to many simply because they are old. Well, in our country, Rome takes advantage of this feeling in man, and sets forth her antiquity. She declares that she was in an age when the weak were prostrate at the feet of the strong, “and,” she asks, “who was there but the Church to plead with the strong for the weak?” She points to the dark ages, when in monasteries alone was knowledge preserved. She calls attention to the service she rendered Art and Science when she alone was the fosterer of education.

Then Rome’s claim of unity. This claim, so obnoxious to the Protestant, still has force with the inquiring mind. The natural feeling of the mind, when it sees the chaos of sects in Protestantism, is that this can not be the plan of the Redeemer. Say what we will, we must confess that this ever-increasing number of sects is far from the ideal of the Master’s Church. Even the answer that these sects agree in the essentials will not satisfy, since each prescribes to the inquirer different ways to attain the truth. Over against these scattered forces, Rome presents the appearance of a compact body, holding and teaching the same doctrines for centuries.
Thoughts on the Strength of Romanism.

Then, again, take Rome's doctrine of the relation of the Church to the believer. Rome makes much of sacraments, Protestantism little. Rome makes much of the Church, Protestantism little. Even to Goethe, this relation of Rome to the individual appeared fascinating. By baptism she introduces the child into the kingdom of God; thereafter the child is looked upon as a child of God: it has been born of the water and the Spirit. Protestants who believe in infant baptism are illogical—to them the baptism of the child amounts to but little. It does not alter the child's relation to the Church or the world. In their view it remains a child of wrath until it voluntarily enters into covenant with God. Rome does not address men thus; she seeks to have her children lead lives of purity by appealing to their sonship and to their baptismal vows. To the educated mind this is far more acceptable than the efforts of Protestants, in their periodic revivals, to win men to holiness. Then the confessional, so much berated, is really enticing to many. Man is a social being. He is communicative. Men love to tell others the feelings of their souls, to share with others their sorrows and joys. The Psalmist felt that when he kept silence he was in pain, when he confessed he was relieved. It is within the experience of all, that the mere confession to a friend, of our sin, has given relief. We have felt like getting rid of a burden. It will be answered that confession to God will give this relief. True, in most of cases. But are there not individuals who need besides this the heart of some earthly friend, to whom they can unburden their feelings? Are there not persons who need the mediation of man to make real to them the love of God? Paul felt this, as we see from 2 Cor. ii. 6-9. Ever since the beginning of the Oxford Tractarian movement, a large portion of the clergy of the Anglican and American Episcopal communions have favored the confessional, making it optional, not compulsory, for man to confess his sins to the pastor of his Church. The ritualistic portion of these two communions is earnest, and is making progress. This movement shows that some men feel the need of such an institution. It may be said that we can confess to one another. True; but have we not all felt that our confidence has been misused, and that we hesitate to communicate, even to the nearest friend, from fear of their misunderstanding us? The Romish Church requires of her clergy an oath that they will never betray the confidence of a penitent soul.

And, finally, Purgatory, which Protestants ridicule so much, has a fair side to it. Protestants, in contest with Universalism, say that the mere fact of death can not alter the moral condition of any man. Romanism also says this, and contends that the
Imagination.

weak, faulty Christian is not by death made into a pure, angelic being. It teaches that heaven is for pure souls; therefore, the imperfect Christians must, through discipline in Purgatory (or as the etymology of the word gives us—the place of cleansing), be fitted to dwell with the immaculate God, and His saints. Purgatory is to be the means of cleansing men from their selfishness, and make them like unto God.

We might go on and write of other features of Rome, which present themselves in a favorable light to the inquirer. We do not believe in Rome's claims, and yet we feel with Bossuet, "Every error is a truth abused," and we would seek by a knowledge of the error, and a knowledge of the corresponding truth, to meet the demands of the spiritual nature of man. To vie with Romanism we must understand her claims and doctrines. If we deduce ourselves with the thought that Rome can appeal to none but the ignorant, and rest content with doing nothing, we shall at length find that Rome has gained the day. Let us not indulge in mere invectives against Romanists—but let us give them the truth,—for, to use the words of F. W. Robertson, "No mere negations, nothing but the full liberation of truth, which lies at the root of error, can eradicate error."

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IMAGINATION.

THE creative spirit of man is imagination. Imagination is the image of the inward eye, an internal power, active, strong, and feelingly alive to each impulse of Nature. It is a mighty power hidden within the soul of man. And what a power! unseen, unfelt, save by the acts and written or spoken thoughts of man, whom it, in its mysterious way, moves to thought and action.

Imagination plays upon the chords of Nature; and according as it works upon the delicate feelings of the soul so are the pictures of the imagina-
opening veil, what pictures of joy and happiness are painted in our imagination! How we scan the beautiful prospect and with inward smile seem to tread over the gay verdure! Whatever one desires, hopes for, or his fear inspires him with, that the imagination magnifies, and creates in the mind some figure to please or affright. Shakespeare says:

"Such tricks hath strong imagination, That, if it would but apprehend some joy, It comprehends some bearer of that joy, Or, in the night, imagining some fear, How easy is a bush supposed a bear!"

That person possessing a strong and vivid imagination, sees much, enjoys much; and, if a man of letters, is able to give to the world something that is of interest and worth.

We read the productions of Shakespeare with great interest, deriving a large amount of pleasure and profit. The more we read, and the closer we study his writings, the more our own imagination is increased and rendered lively; and oftentimes as we read we find ourselves far out upon the sea of imagination, unable to trace our way amid the vast thoughts of this powerful and creative mind. The imaginative Shakespeare bequeathed to the world of literature a priceless legacy, something the world could not afford to part with—no, not for all its costly jewels and gems.

In perusing the writings of Dick-
pictures, beautiful images, or fearful forms and awful scenes rise up in the mind.

From the imagination have sprung those superstitious acts and sayings which have startled so many bosoms with fright and held the ignorant in bondage to those who wished to make them their dupes. But, as the world increases in knowledge and learns to distinguish the true from the false, and cultivates that which is good and ennobling, it lays aside the dark, gloomy, and mysterious, and develops itself in those things which are bright, cheerful, and natural, thus loosening superstition's hold upon the minds of men.

As considered by us, imagination is seen to be the source of much pleasure and worth to the world; for it is the warm and lively imagination that spreads before us many bright and attractive pictures to allure us on in pursuit of happiness and ease, and in full confidence we seek these, and give up only with the last breath. It is this confidence that gives life its true relish and sustains us in distress and disappointment. How much less would be done if man knew how little he can do! How sad his condition if at all times he saw the end as well as the beginning of his undertakings? Miserable indeed would he be if it were not for his imagination to picture some bright and happy lot in the future, to fill his mind with pleasant thoughts, and raise him from a state of great despondency to that of high expectations. Fable tells of a bold adventurer on a hard exploit, that as he traveled along he beheld all at once, by the sweet spells of a kind sage, the patron of his toils, a visionary paradise in a vast wilderness. The enchanted landscape was covered with flowers of the brightest and most beautiful hues; streams of bright and sparkling water went murmuring on their way, and on their banks stood beautiful trees, among whose bowers birds were singing their sweetest songs. This strengthened his wearied body and cheered him on in his long labors.

Imagination! It dispels the dark forms of doubt and despair, brightens the dull gloom of care, gives vividness to the thoughts of the scholar, beauty to the artist's touch, force and vigor to all human effort, and a grander, nobler, loftier conception of Nature itself.
YEARS ago, when I read the legends of the Indians of Canada, and the stories of the adventures of those who first came across the "sudzy see" to speculate with the Indians, or to make for themselves homes in the vast wilderness of British America, I was filled with a desire to visit that country.

At that time, I looked only on the bright side of life; and every encounter, whether with the beasts of the wilderness or the painted Indian, found me an imaginary participant. Since then, I have visited that country of my youthful dreams, even those very spots of which poets have written and bards sung.

And what did I see? Cities and towns in the places where savages once sat around their camp-fires, or the young braves danced around some trembling victim, while the dusky chieftains sat in solemn council with their medicine men.

Although not expecting to find Canada as it was years ago, I confess to a little disappointment at finding it so changed. On the former sites of Indian wigwams may be seen fine cities and towns, and where once stood an unbroken wilderness may be seen the clearing and log-cabin.

As soon as I crossed the line into the Provinces, I noticed quite a difference in the appearance of the people and their manner of living from that of the States people. The people do not seem to have that energy and enterprise characteristic of the true Yankee. While the Canadian is thinking about making an adventure, the Yankee will make it and pocket the profits. They seem to be content to plod along, retaining the manners and customs of their fathers.

Of the different classes of people, the Scots are the most thrifty, and I think the best educated. The Canadians consider their country the country, and their government the government; while their educational system is far superior to that of the States (?).

A Scotchman, while praising the Queen and the English government, and boasting of Canada’s educational advantages, remarked that he had a friend by the name of T——, living in the State of Michigan, and enquired if I knew him. I had previously informed him that I was from Maine.

The farmers, especially the Scotch, generally live in log-cabins, with stone chimneys, and fire-places large enough for small kitchens. The Scotch wives take pleasure in displaying on the walls of their cabins their tin ware,—a rival in brightness with the precious metals.

At harvest time, the bonny Scotch lassies may be seen barefoot, working in the field with their fathers and
brothers. These lassies have not that weak, sickly appearance characteristic of United States girls. The bloom of health is on their cheek, and their bearing might become a queen. The Scots are hospitable, and any stranger is welcome to sit at their board, and if he can converse in Gaelic, he is doubly welcome.

It is singular how much the old people like this dialect, and persist in talking it, while their children actually despise it. It is, truly, a harsh-sounding language,—a disagreeable combination of nasal and guttural sounds.

In most of the Scotch churches in the country, the ministers are required to preach on the Sabbath one sermon in English and one in Gaelic.

On going into some of the Scotch churches, I was reminded of an account given me, when a boy, of the style of churches and manner of worship of “ye olden times,” when it was thought no sin if a minister did get a little tipsy occasionally, or treated his guests with a little of that which inspires, by way of commemorating some particular event, such as a wedding, a funeral, etc.; for there was the minister perched on high in a bird’s-nest of a pulpit, with a sounding-board over his head, and the chorister behind his desk, in front of the pulpit, leading the congregation in singing some paraphrase of scripture.

Canada is the tippler’s el dorado, as whiskey is almost as free as water, and about as much of it drank. Every hamlet boasts of at least two hotels, which are supported almost entirely by profits from their bars. Five cents is the standard price for a “drink.” If a stranger enters the bar-room (which generally serves both for a bar-room and sitting-room), the loungers, of whom there is usually quite a number present, will vie with each other in standing for the “drinks,” not only for themselves but the stranger. If he declines to accept the invitation to “drink,” he not only incurs the anger of his would-be friends, but is looked upon as a human curiosity, worthy of the attention of a Darwin.

Behind every bar,—even that of the humblest inn,—is the inevitable mirror for reflecting the decanters, and giving the bar a pleasant appearance to its patrons.

All rainy days the tipplers seem to set apart for frolics. Therefore, on a rainy day, may be seen men of almost every trade and vocation, directing their steps towards their favorite haunt,—the bar-room.

The Canadians are making an effort to shake off this demon that has such a firm hold on them, by establishing Good Templar Lodges; but as long as so many of their ministers keep a choice brand of the article on hand to serve to guests, and perhaps to moisten their own parched lips, the Canadians may look in vain for a reformation.
It is amusing, and perhaps, too, I might say a little aggravating, to hear the "Canucks" often saying, "Canada is a great country," while at the same time curling their lips in contempt for that poor country known as the United States. They are shy of "Yankees," as they denominate people coming from the United States, and seem to think that the Yankees will "gull" them, even if they have no dealings with them. Now, I have been cheated more by the self-righteous Canadians than I have ever been by the Yankees. When purchasing any article at their shops, two-thirds of the change that came back to me, would almost invariably be States silver. The shopmen, also, have an innocent way of giving you in change an English shilling for a twenty-five-cent piece. An English shilling and a Canadian quarter-of-a-dollar look so much alike that one not accustomed to the "taking ways" of the Canadians will get "taken in."

At certain seasons of the year, the military companies of different districts are called out for a week's drill. Government furnishes all the accoutrements necessary for a week's encampment. It is then that you hear the pop! pop! of the volunteer's rifle, as he practices target-shooting.

Every evening of encampment week, the streets of the towns, in the vicinity of the encampments, are literally lined with red-coats. Occasionally would be seen a defender of the Queen's Dominions lying down on brick walks, and beside muddy gutters, in consequence of having imbibed too freely of "tangle-foot."

At the time when a force of Fenians crossed the Niagara at Buffalo, and took a small earthwork, called Fort Erie, and other forces were massing at St. Albans and other points along the frontier, preparing for an invasion, many a "native" would have sold out cheap. The Canadians generally blame our government for all the Fenian demonstrations.

Barrie, on Lake Simcoe, at the head of Kempenfeldt-bay, is a very pleasant place, of from three to four thousand inhabitants. This place is a favorite resort for summer tourists, some even coming from England to spend the summer here. It is about sixty-four miles north of Toronto, on the Muskoka Branch of the Northern Railway. This is a county town, therefore the jail and court-house are found here.

At one time during my tarry in B—, the court was in session, so I stepped into the court-room to observe the Canadian's style of courting. A jury was being empaneled, to sit on the trial of a father and son for murder. My risibles were somewhat excited, even in the presence of His Honor the Judge, to see how ridiculous he made himself appear, by his cross and crabbed remarks to both the jurors and law-
yours. I thought of the following couplet:—

"O, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel' as others see us,"

and wished that this Judge might have this "giftie" given him.

As I stood looking from the window of the Nipissing Hotel, at Kirkfield, I saw a man go past with gun, saw, and rope. I was wondering why he was going out among the stumps with those implements, when the landlord,—reading my thoughts from my face, informed me that this man was a butcher, going out to his slaughter-house, "which," said he, "is the largest one in the world."

We went out to see this slaughter-house. After traveling quite a long distance among stumps and underbrush, we came to the place. "Where is the slaughter-house?" said I. "There," said the landlord, pointing at two posts from fifteen to twenty feet long and about the same distance apart, set in the ground, with a pole connecting them at their tops, "there is the slaughter-house."

THE SCHOLAR IN SOCIETY.

An examination of the relations existing between ministers, lawyers, authors, and public lecturers, in their respective vocations, on the one hand, and that number of people in public contact with one another called society, on the other, discloses the fact that the scholar holds the position of leader among men. This statement may at first thought seem to some highly presumptuous, but a little reflection we think will prove it to be true. Lest, however, this should seem to be granting a position too exalted without sufficient investigation, let us give our attention for a few moments to the efforts of the scholar.

The efforts of the scholar, like those of a pioneer, are, in all ages, first in point of time. Almost every convenience of the present day is enjoyed in places where pioneer work has been performed. The streets over which we roll in our carriages, were once filled with the roots of forest monarchs; toil and perseverance have changed the conditions and given us what we now possess. It is so with a scholar's efforts. Hardly an object of nature which pleases or impresses us, exists, but has been studied and investigated by the scholar. If we turn our eyes to look upon the ocean, heaving its broad billows upward to meet the kisses of the sun, we shall find that our knowledge of its mys-
teries is due to some scholar. The sun has not escaped his notice. The stars have twinkled their messages through the focus of his telescope. That bird, whose matin song greets your listening ear, is known to you through his woodland rambles. That flower, whose unique shape and charming fragrance fill one with delight, is more interesting to us because we know its name; its name was made known by the scholar. When we stroll upon the sea shore and gather pebbles which have been washed up by the waves, we forget that those pebbles, even, acknowledge the previous glance and thought of the scholar. Thus, the ocean, sun, stars, bird, flower, and pebbles, have all been the objects of careful study on the part of scholars.

But the scholar not only precedes in thinking upon material things; he presents to our appreciation those profound abstractions and governing principles which control the mind, and which he grasps by intense application of thought. Leaving out of consideration a certain native quality possessed by each individual, we shall find that we owe our appreciation of the laws of mind to the labors of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, of old, and to Locke, Bacon, and others of modern time.

Sufficient has been said, however, to establish the scholar as a leader. We next are to consider his influence. When the church-bells send out their metal symphonies upon the air, is it to listen to some uncultivated person that we assemble? By no means. He to whom we listen is expected to instruct us in the things whereof he speaks, to do which requires a previous preparation and training of the mind for its work. Superior in some way he must be, else he could not for a long time maintain his position.

Just here we might with propriety notice a certain kind of mild antipathy cherished by some toward scholars. It is a notion entertained by those who lack culture, that they who choose vocations in life which demand a season of solitude and the companionship of books, are without practical views of life and are wanting in real sympathy for their fellow men. Such a notion is unfounded, and to cherish it is to do great injustice to those concerning whom it is entertained. The real scholar does have sympathy. Studying broadens his mind and enlarges his sympathy. We should like to know by what abrasive process the warm heart of any true man could be rubbed free from a tender sympathy, a feeling of intimate relation to his fellow men, when studying. As if, forsooth, the application of the mind in solitary hours was productive of hardened hearts!

Returning from our digression, we will notice more directly the influence of the scholar upon society. In far-away nooks and corners of the world, there are hearts which
have been cheered and strengthened by the sympathizing words of God's ministers, or by the books of live, earnest men and women.

The scholar, indeed, has society in his power, to mold it as he may. In our hours of leisure they appear, influencing us through their books. For us they interpret the laws of nature, make known the meaning of the sullen thunder's roar, turn aside the flashing electricity from our heads, and, in short, by their industry, perseverance, and untiring zeal, make the flowers of the field, the trees of the mountain, and the huge boulders of the cliff, contribute something of pleasure and knowledge to our minds. But he does more than this. Longfellow has said, "Glorious, indeed, is the world of God around us, but more glorious the world of God within us." Into this "more glorious world" the scholar enters, and, while there, makes known to us the grand hopes, the lofty inspirations, of its peaceful extent.

LETTER FROM CENTRE GRANGE.

We publish the following, as bearing witness to a fact little known among those who have wielded the ferule, that there is one department of teaching where a man may be so free from care as to write a jovial letter. The least observant of men would know that this letter was not written by the principal of a school. The initiated would be likely to affirm that it was not written by a school-teacher at all. "Dear Jane," through whose kindness we are enabled to lay this effusion before our readers, will tell you that Seth is none other than a happy assistant in the famous school at Centre Grange. If it is happiness men are after, let them give women their rights, put them at the head of our schools, and then serve as assistants. Here is the letter:—

CENTRE GRANGE, DOWN IN MAINE,  
February 10th.

Dear Jane,—I may as well say, at this close of the day, as I sit by my table to pen you a letter, that I wish for your sake, though I don't want to make vain excuses), I felt I could write you a better. Now don't be afraid; tho' verses were made to give grand expression to some grander meaning; yet if you'll peruse 'em, you'll see I don't use 'em for any such purpose. To make a beginning: since last time I wrote, things worthy of note—of greatest importance, in fact—have been doing; and, to speak the truth plainly, and not to say vainly, two smart young colle-
gians themselves have been showing. It happened in this way, to my private dismay (put stress on first syllable): Jones, the Professor, from a Quarterly Meeting, which sent him kind greeting, received invitation to go and address her. This same note expressly invited, P.-S.-ly, your most humble servant to let his voice high wax; and when Jones should have ended his plea, and defended his cause, to do good work by capping the climax.

It was Saturday morn; from their breakfasts of corn the horses were bidden; the children were toasted, and Grandmother Grub, with Sissy and Bub, was put in the sleigh, and to meeting they posted. There were great depths of snow, but then they must go to hear the young men from the far-famous Centre; and we found them all there, from the man of white hair to the maid with the "punkin hood" mother had lent her.

Jones arises to speak, and his voice is not weak, though the eyes of that great congregation do search him; he arranges his points, and solders their joints in a workmanlike manner,—but what is this urchin in full, open view attempting to do? He will have her nose off! there, now she is waking! The dear little sinner! I see it right in her, when she gets a chance, though, to give him a shaking. I then make my speech; I endeavor to reach their tenderest spot, with a view to restoring their lost interest; and I do quite my best, till my eloquence sets them all peacefully snoring.

Now, before I conclude this sketch, in a mood all playful, half fanciful, fondly indited, let me say that this tale, truly told, would make pale all your cheek; I have spared you lest you should be frighted. When next I write rhyme, I will take longer time, and write by the foot, or the yard, at your pleasure; you have drained now a gill, let it serve for your fill, and permit me, dear Jennie, to turn down the measure.

Yours, till death parts us,

Seth.
EDITORS’ PORTFOLIO.

MISTAKES.

“It is an uncontrolled truth,” says Swift, “that no man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them.” Whether we accept this statement as an infallible rule or not, we all admit the importance of the questions: What position in life am I fitted for?—in what business am I likely to meet with the highest success and be of the most use to the world? No man can be successful in all kinds of business, while any man of ordinary intelligence may, if he will, in some sphere of life meet with considerable success. Everywhere we see proofs of this, and proofs that in this saying of Swift’s there is much truth. We see a man toiling at some physical task which he has neither strength nor skill to perform with any degree of success. We may admire his industry and perseverance, but we laugh at or pity, according to circumstances, his folly and blindness.

In all avocations, mental or physical, literary or scientific, men are laboring under the disadvantage of not rightly estimating their abilities. Some do not value their talents high enough; but with the majority the great trouble is over-estimation. With others, the mistake is not so much in over-estimating their abilities as in undertaking a work which requires talents of an entirely different order or nature than any they possess. Such a mistake does that man make, who, possessing good literary tastes, being highly educated, having a great and valuable store of information, might become an interesting prose writer, but, aspiring to turn a poetry machine, wins only the unenviable title of “Malus Poeta.” We remember of reading in an old volume of the Edinburg Review an account of a Mr. Samuel Crisp, who lived in the early part of the last century, and whose life illustrates what has been said above. Mr. Crisp, according to the writer of the article referred to, was a man of excellent literary tastes, a good critic and valuable adviser of others. But he aspired to be a poet, and wrote a tragedy which, though not hooted from the stage,—since his friends, the most influential men and women of England at that time, did all in their power to make it a success,—after one appearance gradually sank into oblivion. As the play was forgotten, its author was forgotten with it, and Mr. Crisp spent the rest of his life in seclusion, complaining of the injustice of the world, and the lack of sympathy on the part of his
friends. Nor do we need to look into the past to find other similar cases. Our country is flooded with books whose authors have nothing to teach, but who write merely for the pay, or because having a ready flow of language and a vivid imagination, they fancy it is their mission to write. They do not understand their own talents. Many have attempted the role of public lecturer or reader, and their lack of success shows that they have mistaken their own talents. Others have dabbled in science, when their tastes, their talents, their very natures were not at all adapted to scientific studies and pursuits. Filled with admiration at the success of some scientist or inventor, they have fancied that they, too, were destined to make some great discovery, and have wasted their time and money in the attempt, but have left nothing by which the world might remember them.

We would not condemn ambition, but we pity mistaken ambition. Because a man successfully commands a nation's armies in war, it does not follow that he is the best man to stand at the head of that nation's affairs in time of peace. Because Vanderbilt and other millionaires have been so successful in their speculations, it does not follow that you or I would be likely to make a fortune in Wall street.

This rule of Swift's deserves to be remembered and reflected upon by all young men, and especially by young men in College.

It is in youth that this question—What position am I fitted for?—presents itself, and our decision determines our success in after life. He who, at the outset, mistakes his talents, must toil for years, only to be forced at last—after the best and strongest years of his life are gone,—to the unwelcome conclusion that he has mistaken his own talents. While he who is wise and fortunate enough to decide this question aright, has only to persevere as he begins and he is sure to meet with success. The strength and hope of the world are its young men, and from those who have been favored with a liberal education it has a right to expect more than from others. It is the duty, then, of us who are enjoying the privilege of a College course, to estimate as nearly aright as we can our abilities and do all in our power to restore to the world its once high opinion of a College education.

OUR LIBRARY.

It is self-evident that a University, a College, or a Seminary, in order to send out scholars of the most thorough and finished culture, should have as large and well-selected a library as its means will afford. The object of the College library is, of course, to furnish the students an opportunity to gain an acquaintance with English literature and a knowledge of science and history, ancient and modern.

Since an institution without a library can not be, in the truest
sense, an institution of learning, it becomes a question worthy of careful consideration, how the library may be made to serve most effectually the purpose for which it is intended.

We do not wish to find fault with our library. It is growing every year, and is as large, perhaps, as could be expected, considering the age of the College and its financial condition. We notice in one of our exchanges a complaint about their library, from which we infer that the students are not allowed to take books out to carry to their rooms. Ours, we all know, is managed better than that. But who of us, especially when doing extra work, such as preparing a debate, declamation, or oration, has not felt that four hours a week was too short a time to spend in the library? To be sure, when doing such extra work, we are allowed to take out as many books as we wish, but even that, it seems to us, is not enough. Many are frequently prevented, especially on Saturday forenoon, from getting into the library before, at least, the first hour is gone, and then, if seeking information upon any particular subject, they must spend the remaining hour in search of something bearing upon that subject. Often, too, we find a whole volume in which there is not more than one chapter, or a single page, which we need to read; but we dare not sit down to read it lest before we finish it we hear the warning cry, "Five minutes to get your books!” and thus lose the opportunity to secure books more profitable and requiring more time to be read. Again, there are many books containing much information, and which might be profitably read, but which we are not allowed and which no one would wish to take to his room.

Our idea of a first-rate library is a room well supplied with the best of books, and made attractive in other ways, to which the student can resort at any time for information upon any point, or to spend an hour or two in pleasant and profitable reading. This, perhaps, would be too much to expect here at Bates for the present, but we would respectfully ask why our library, in addition to the two hours Saturday forenoons and Wednesday afternoons, can not be kept open two hours every afternoon, or at least every other afternoon. We are not presumptuous enough to suppose that this plan has not been thought of before, but it surely has never been tried at Bates. We know, too, that in opposition to such a plan it would be said, first, that the size of the library does not demand such a step; secondly, that many do not use the library now so much as they might; and thirdly, that it would be necessary to employ a librarian to devote his whole time to the library.

As for the first objection, are not the students themselves best fitted to determine that point, by the extent of the acquaintance they have
been able to make with the contents of the library? It is said that a gentleman in Boston, studying up on some obscure subject, had searched the public libraries and appealed to his literary friends in vain for information upon a particular part of it, but at length asked Theodore Parker if he knew where he could find any information upon the subject.

"Yes," said Parker, "go to Harvard College library, and on such a shelf you will find just what you want."

How many of us have anything like so intimate acquaintance with our College library? Those who read most, and best improve their time in the library, will tell you that at the end of their course they have merely begun to learn the worth of the library and what is in it.

The fact that some do not make the best use of their privileges does not seem to be any reason for not extending still greater privileges to those who do use them well. If some use the library but little now, they would surely use it no less if it should be open more, while we believe there are many who would be glad to spend twice the time in the library which they now do.

All things considered, it would not, perhaps, be best at present to employ a librarian to give his whole time to the library, but why could not assistants be chosen from the two upper classes, or from the Senior class alone, who should do the most of this extra work? During the last half of his course a student has considerable time for general reading, and we doubt not there would be found some in each class who would be willing to do the work of assistant librarian for the sake of the opportunity it would afford them for reading. The work on these extra occasions would probably be little more than simply to open and shut the library.

There are, doubtless, many objections to opening the library more than Wednesday P.M. and Saturday A.M., which have not occurred to us, but we really wish while our library is increasing in size that we could have still better opportunities for getting the benefit of what it already contains.

**APOLOGY.**

We have to apologize for the delay in the appearance of the January and February numbers of the Student, and also for any lack of excellence noticed in this number. Both numbers have been prepared under most unfavorable circumstances, but had not some of the contributors for January been so far behind time, that number would have come from the press early in the month.

As for the February number, we take upon ourselves all blame, either for the delay in its appearance or for its lack of merit, only saying in excuse,—we have been teaching. Editors and manager have been widely separated during one of
the severest and dryest of Maine winters, and have not enjoyed the best of advantages for communicating with each other even by mail. Did you ever think what a situation that is for an editor, a dozen miles from anywhere, teaching, or attempting to teach, the young ideas to shoot, while he knows that parents are wondering why the "master" don't call, and subscribers why that STUDENT don't come?

Sometimes like this has been our situation for the past two months. We have tried to do the best we could under the circumstances, and offer you this number as the result of our efforts, hoping that now we are once more within these classic walls our efforts may meet with higher success.

OUR EXCHANGES.

There is no better opportunity for studying the character of the editors of a College paper than in their remarks upon their exchanges. Some pay little or no attention to their exchanges, or if they do condescend to notice one at any length, it is in a fault-finding, ridiculing tone. Others are profuse in their compliments; they see nothing but what should be praised. Can not some one find the golden mean between these two extremes? As for ourselves, though we can not read all thoroughly, we anticipate as much benefit from reading our exchanges, as a whole, as from any other part of our work.

Our exchanges for this month are full of the I. C. L. C—we can't stop to write it out in full. The institutions whose representatives bore off the honors of course regard the contest as a success, while with others it is yet a debatable question.

The Dartmouth has a large corps of editors and gives us an excellent number for January. The first article, "An Evil of Modern Times," contains in a few pages a vast amount of forcibly expressed truth. We were also much pleased with the "Bit of Allegory," perhaps because we so heartily despise the system at which its thrusts were aimed. We hardly know whether the author of "A Narrow Escape" expects us to believe his story, or was trying to see how extravagant and absurd he could be. We hardly think the article a success in either case.

The Owl is still explaining the "Mystery of Mesmerism." The Owl, by the way, has an excellent way of noticing its exchanges. It is perfectly fair and candid in its treatment of all, and has none of that prejudice which many Western institutions seem to entertain toward Eastern Colleges. Don't let the "sapient" bird come to us standing on his head again.

For a College paper it seems to us that the University Press is too much like the common newspaper. The last number furnished its readers with a copy of the Governor's message.
We find upon our table this month a new exchange, *The Eurpetorian Argosy*. We shan’t try to pronounce that name nor to write the whole of it very often. Its contents are fully as good as the average. We welcome it to our list of exchanges.

The *Trinity Tablet* has a new corps of editors. We are in just the situation to sympathize with the new editors and wish them success.

We also find upon our table two *Tyros*, one from Canada, the other from Poughkeepsie, N. Y. These two papers are alike only in name. One is a sober quarterly, having perhaps much literary merit; but we think there is a tendency toward dryness. The other is a spicy sheet edited by young ladies, who show by the way they handle the *Yale Record* that they are no novices in saying sharp things. These young ladies believe that “there is in every young person’s breast an indefinite expectation that they will some day be married,” and in proof quote Patrick Henry’s saying, “It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope.”
STUDENTS will soon have to melt snow.

Another has knelt at the altar of Hymen and gone out to test the stern realities of life. May his Days be many!

All those in favor of having the bowling alley repaired, please make it manifest by the usual sign. "Mum's the word."

By a slight typographical error one of the "goaks" in our last number was damaged. Loss slight; no insurance.

We learn that our former classmates, A. T. and G. C. Smith, are pleasantly located at Providence, in the family of the Rev. Mr. Cox.

We are glad to learn that the students who were appointed "managers" of the ball given by the A. B. B. C., discharged their onerous duties in a most acceptable manner.

A Freshman was seen in the gymnasium the other morning, blowing through his fingers. He is the first who has ventured to go there for a long time. He probably has hopes of a position on the crew the coming season.

A private note from Mt. Washington states that the dispatch, "6293 feet above the sea — how is this for high?" is, this winter, to be sent to every man, woman, and child in the country, so as to abridge the labor of next summer.

Sunday morning. Student takes "Barnes's Notes and Comments," and with semi-sanctimonious phiz seats himself for the study of his Sunday-School lesson. Chum, not especially interested in holy things — "I don't object to the use of horses in all your secular studies, but do spare the Scriptur."

A citizen of the interior, with whom one of our pedagogues was lately discussing the question of capital punishment, remarked that if sentenced to imprisonment for life, he should just take his knife and tap the "bugler," as he should consider that the only "alternity" left him under the "pannox" of heaven.

A Junior who, for twenty-one years, has withstood the rigors of Free-Baptist discipline, says: "I have devoted some time and attention to the subject of elocution, and have listened to many distinguished orators, but never have been able to produce myself nor have I seen
produced upon an audience, such a marked effect as always took place when my venerable sire, having invited me to the attic, would say, with slipper in hand, "My son, you may let down your pants."

There is some controversy about changing the day of prayer for Colleges. We do not wish to seem forward, or to dictate in the matter, but—well—to save hard feelings, wouldn't it be a good idea to observe it twice. Sh—, dignity, fellers!

A Freshie defines a funeral as "a picnic with the cold meat carried in front."—*College Mercury.*


A student in an Iowa College boarded himself on sixty-five cents a week, and studied twenty hours per day. He is now an overseer of highways.—*Trinity Tablet.*

What does he know about highways?

A student, in sending home an account of his expenses, put Birds, $1.25, for the Birds of Aristophanes, to which his father responds: "I hope that you will abstain, in future, from game suppers and other frivolities of that sort."—*Trinity Tablet.*

Scene, Junior Recitation Room. Subject of consideration, a Greek construction. Prof.—"S——, how's that?" Student—"Don't know." Prof.—"Thought you raised your hand." Student—"I was scratching my head." Prof.—"You'd better scratch it a little more."—*Union College Magazine.*

Send twenty-five cents to Lloyd Map Company, Philadelphia, and by return mail you will get a copy of Lloyd's Map of the American Continent, showing from ocean to ocean. Lloyd is the famous map man, who made all the maps for General Grant and the Union army. This map shows the whole United States and Territories in a group, from surveys to 1875, with a million places on it, such as towns, cities, villages, mountains, lakes, rivers, gold mines, railway stations, &c. Every one should have it.

The Catalogues of Seeds and Plants for 1875, of Peter Henderson & Co., 35 Cortland street, New York, are just received. They number about 80 pages, are finely illustrated, and contain five beautiful colored plates of roses, verbenas, pinks, &c. These catalogues, with the plates, are mailed to all applicants by Peter Henderson & Co., on receipt of fifty cents. All purchasers of their book, "Gardening for Profit" and "Practical Floriculture"—price $1.50 each prepaid by mail—will receive annually plain catalogues without charge.
COLLEGE ITEMS.

CARL SCHURZ will lecture in City Hall, Tuesday evening, March 9th, under the auspices of the Senior Class. The Chicago Tribune says of Schurz: "Carl Schurz belongs to the nation. He is to-day the master mind of the United States Senate. He is an orator, a philosopher, a statesman. His eloquence is as rich, elegant, and finished as Edward Everett's, his research as conscientious and laborious as Sumner's, his readiness in debate as quick and pointed as Morton's, his style as captivating as that we picture for the orators who live in history and whom we have never heard. He is a learned man, a close student, a devotee to the principles of a republican form of government, and a man of cosmopolitan reputation, who should not be permitted to drop out of active politics."

College news is rather scarce just now. Several trunks arrived last Saturday.

The landed property of Oxford University amounts to 147,477 acres.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor contributed $500 toward the prizes for the late I. C. L. Contest. Mrs. J. T. Johnson has subscribed a like amount for next year.

Of the 319 students at Lafayette College, 160—one-half—are professors of religion; 40 are preparing for the ministry.

President Gilman is about to make efforts to secure the establishment of an Oriental College in connection with the University of California.

Dr. Miner has closed his connection with Tufts College as President. Hon. Israel Washburn, Jr., and Dr. E. C. Bolles are each named to fill the vacancy.

The first "Inter-Collegiate Literary Contest" was held at the Academy of Music, New York, on the 7th of January. Prizes were awarded as follows: In Oratory, first to Tompson of New York University; second to Edmunds of Williams. For Essays, "Utilitarian Theory of Morals," first to Marquand of Princeton; second, to Thompson of New York University; "Any Character of Shakespeare," first to Fitch of Cornell; second to Cluck of Cornell. Only six Colleges were represented. The next contest will be held in New York, Jan. 4th, 1876, when in addition to the contest in Rhetoric and Oratory there will be a competitive examination in some Greek play and in Analytical Geometry.
PERSONALS.

'67.—Rev. George S. Ricker was installed as pastor of Mt. Vernon Free-Baptist Church, Lowell, Mass., Feb. 1. The installation sermon was preached by Rev. A. L. Houghton of '70.

'71.—J. M. Libby has opened a law office in this city in company with T. B. Swan, Esq., formerly of Mechanic Falls.

'71.—P. O. Quinby, a former member of '71, has been elected principal of Deering High School.

'70.—In Auburn, Jan. 21st, by the Rev. A. P. Tinker, Mr. Everett A. Nash of Lewiston, and Miss Emma A. Goodwin of Auburn.

'73.—E. A. Smith is in the office of the Baptist Union, 37 Park Row, New York City.

'74.—Robert Given, Jr., is stopping in town.

'76.—B. M. Edwards is pastor of the F. B. Church, Brunswick, Me. We understand that Mr. Edwards will not return to College.
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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Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's Æneid; six orations of Cicero; the Catiline of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and in Harkness' Latin Grammar. GREEK: In three books of Xenophon's Anabasis; two books of Homer's Iliad, and in Hadley's Greek Grammar.

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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.

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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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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; and Loring, Short & Harmon's, Portland.

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