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LEWISTON:
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1875.
To the native American, as he notices the ever-increasing immigration of foreigners, the question presents itself: Will this work for our good? It can not be gainsaid that with the influx of German and Celtic elements, America is receiving some disadvantages; but while we see all the evil, which always is on the surface, we fail to recognize the good received. In the following biographical sketch of Franz Lieber, we would seek to show, by his pure and noble life, one of the many instances in which America has gained by foreign immigration.

Franz Lieber was born in Berlin, March 18, 1800. His youth was spent in that city, and he saw Napoleon as he marched in triumph through the streets of Berlin. In his youth he gave evidence of talent, and was assiduous in his studies. In 1813, the great war of liberation, Lieber was too young to tender his services to the Prussian government.

But two years after, one day in March, when his father, upon entering the house, said, “Boys, clean your guns, Napoleon is loose again,” Lieber went and enlisted as a “jäger” in one of the Prussian regiments. In a short time he was placed under the command of Blücher. In after years, Lieber loved to narrate the eagerness and cheerfulness with which even striplings left their parental home to fight for the “Vaterland.” Lieber participated in the battle of Ligny, and was shot through the neck and breast. On his return from military service he again entered the school-room, to prosecute his studies. Becoming connected with the University, he was noted for his love of freedom. This cost him a few months of imprisonment. After his release he went to Jena to
complete his education, and in 1820 he received the honorary degree of Ph.D. From Jena he went to Halle, from Halle to Dresden, to pursue his studies. While at Dresden the news of the revolt of the Greeks reached him, and leaving his country he engaged in that rebellion. However, he soon became disgusted with the management of the cause and left the army. He determined to visit Rome on his way back to Germany. With a well-nigh empty purse he entered the Holy City and presented himself to the Prussian ambassador, the celebrated historian Niebuhr. Niebuhr at once saw that Lieber was a young man of much promise, and invited him to his house, and finally engaged him as a tutor to his son. This scene in Lieber's life shows us Niebuhr as a man, and we admire him the more, since he entertained Lieber despite the poor clothing he wore. Lieber, we may reasonably infer,availed himself of the great opportunity of being daily in the company of so great a man as Niebuhr. He was also Niebuhr's companion in visiting Naples; and when Niebuhr left Rome for the fatherland Lieber accompanied him.

Lieber returned to Berlin in the hope that he would be permitted to live quietly, but his name was in the black book as a demagogue and "philhellene," and he was a second time subjected to imprisonment for his republican sentiments, and for being a member of a secret society. In his confinement Niebuhr visited him, and finally effected his release. During his imprisonment Lieber was not idle, but composed a book of poems entitled "Wine and Love Songs," which he published under the nom de plume "Arnold Franz." In 1828 he went to London to remain awhile. Here he made the acquaintance of Mrs. Austen, the translator of Ranke's History of the Popes, and George Grote, the historian of Greece. He applied for the position of the newly instituted chair of German and Scandinavian literature, at the University of London. Niebuhr seconded his endeavors for this position by a letter commending him to leading men of England. Before this letter reached him, Lieber, with characteristic decision, had formed the plan of going to America, and had taken passage for the new world to make it his second home. He went to Boston, and while there he received a letter from Niebuhr approving his plan, and giving him aid in employment as a correspondent for European journals. A portion of this letter of Niebuhr is so interesting that we insert a few lines here. After approving his design in going to America, and showing England's disadvantages to a stranger, he says: "The New England States, in which you live, are worthy of their name, which would not be fitting for States south of the Potomac. It is England
without its aristocracy and tradition, active and energetic alone in material life, therefore without beautiful illusions, but also without English hypocrisy." As soon as the laws of the land permitted, Lieber became a citizen of his adopted country. In Boston he soon made the acquaintance of Story, Channing, Ticknor, Prescott, and others of note in scientific and literary circles. Here Lieber edited the "Encyclopædia Americana." In this enterprise he had the warm approval and help of Judge Story. This Encyclopædia consisted of thirteen volumes. In 1832 he removed to New York, but within a year he was called to Philadelphia to draw up a plan for "Girard College." As the result of this labor we have the "Constitution and Plan of Education for Girard College for Orphans." In 1835 he was called to the chair of History and Political Economy in the University of South Carolina. Here he labored for twenty years. In 1837 and 1838 he published two works, entitled "Legal and Political Hermeneutics, or Principles of Interpretation and Construction in Law and Politics. Boston: 1839"; and "A Manual of Political Ethics. Boston: 1838." To show the esteem in which these works were held, we will quote the commendation of Chief-Justice Story. "The book contains," said he, "the fullest and most correct development of the true theory of the State that I have ever seen. It is replete with healthy political views, and is ornamented with manifold erudition. Many thoughts are to me new and striking. It solves the question, Which system of government is the best? by the answer, illustrated in a thousand ways, that it is that which best furthers the substantial interests of a nation." In England he was likened to Montesquieu. Lieber wrote much for the periodicals. Among his subjects were the "Essays Concerning Property and Labor," "Law of Estate," etc., etc. Lieber was soon recognized as an authority on matters relating to Political Economy. In 1848, when Germany was in revolution, Lieber went to Europe, hoping that his beloved fatherland might be free, but he came back to his adopted country after seeing the hopelessness of the republican cause there. In 1856 he resigned his professor's chair in South Carolina, in order that he might boldly advocate the cause of freedom to the black. Coming to New York, he became professor in Columbia College.

At the outbreak of the slaveholders' rebellion he manfully stood for the Union, and in 1861 he delivered two lectures before Columbia College in behalf of the cause of the Union. In these he combated the idea that the Union was simply a contract which can be dissolved at pleasure. He compared the Union to marriage, and stigmatized secession as free-love. In 1863, at the
request of President Lincoln, Lieber compiled "The Instructions for the Field Army of the United States." This book has become a standard in our government, and has also been called by Laboulaye "a matchless work."

When Germany resisted the unprincipled usurper Napoleon, in 1870, Lieber's heart went forth for "Deutschland." American citizen as he was, he was still a German, and with eagerness did he watch the course of that memorable war. He had fulfilled Niebuhr's wish, he was a German still.

Lieber was a married man, and has two sons in the American army. He died of heart disease, Oct. 2, 1872. Thus quietly passed away Francis Lieber, an honor to Germany and America.

MARCH.

Deep in the hearts of the woods to-day
The gray old hemlocks but faintly stir.
A spicy odor fills all the air,
Won from the heart of the pine and fir;
And the pale green ferns and maiden's hair

Border the narrow way.

The sky is blue as skies in May,
But skies are fickle and suns are cold.
Will the violet ever wake from sleep?
When will the lily her buds unfold?
For winter is king and snow is deep,

And faith is dead to-day.

When will the wind-flower hang its head
Over the laughing, babbling brook?
When will the golden cowslip peep,
By lowly paths, from its sheltered nook?
Why lies the spring so long asleep?

Where has our summer fled?
THE STUDY OF LANGUAGE.

FEW branches of modern scientific investigation have disclosed a rarer wealth of truth and valuable information than the researches of scholars in the field of comparative philology. By studying the affinities of different tongues, they have been able to trace the connection between nations far back of the period of actual history or tradition, and have thus shed much additional light upon their origin. Language has been found to be a living organism, reflecting in its words and forms the unwritten history of nations, vital with the imagination, feeling, and experience of the people that use it.

No matter what may have been its origin,—whether, as the evolutionists would have us think, it is man's invention, which by a process of development has grown from rude beginnings into the perfect form in which we now have it, just as man himself has been "evolved" from the ape, or whether man speaks because he must, because of an instinct within him, given by his Creator, just as the beaver builds his dam or the bird its nest,—it is none the less true that language, even more than reason, is what distinguishes us from the brutes; that it is the garb—nay, as Wordsworth has said, the very incarnation of all our thoughts and feelings.

"Among the many ends which we may propose to ourselves in the study of language," says Professor Marsh, "there is but one which is common and necessary to every man. I mean such a facility in comprehending, and such a skill in using, his mother-tongue, that he can play well his part in the never-ceasing dialogue which, whether between the living and the living or the living and the dead, whether breathed from the lips or figured with the pen, takes up so large a part of the life of every one of us." It is the importance of having this facility and skill, and the means of acquiring them, that we wish briefly to consider.

No one can complain that the study of language has been neglected. Many, on the contrary, think it has been too exclusively studied. As the key to bodies of literature, and as a means of mental discipline it has always held the chief place in systems of education from the time of Cicero down to the present; but the critical, scientific study of our own vernacular, its origin, history, and development,—the careful inquiry into the hidden powers and deep significance of words, with the above-mentioned end in view,—has been and is all too rare, both in the schools and by individual scholars. That young men are allowed to go out of our schools and colleges with such inadequate knowledge of their mother-tongue, and so little skill in
using it, indicates a radical defect in our system of education. It also accounts, in some measure at least, for the unsatisfactory training which many students obtain, and the meager results they are able to show for the time consumed, since one's capacity for acquiring knowledge depends largely upon his facility in understanding the vehicle in which that knowledge is conveyed.

A man's dexterity in the use of his mother-tongue, then, is the measure of his culture, as his manner of using it is the index of his character; and his influence over others, whether as writer or speaker, in public or in private, will depend upon the extent to which he has made it his own; so that the practical importance of such a study as we have indicated comes home to every one, and we look to see the time when the student, instead of being left to his own resources and having to grope his way as best he can, will have the guidance which he needs; for no amount of reading or dictionary-hunting or haphazard investigation can take the place of careful, systematic study. Some, it is true, are born with silver tongues, having by nature a ready command of language and rare skill in using it, just as poets are born and not made. Indeed, this is one of the secrets of the poet or the great writer in any sphere. Thought and the words in which it is clothed are more intimately connected than we are wont to suppose. He who has read any great author, such as Shakespeare or Wordsworth, without feeling the indescribable charm of the language, as well as the beauty and sublimity of the thought, without realizing that there is some mysterious bond of union between the two, has never felt the power of words, nor known what a delicate and perfect instrument they may become in the hands of a master. "You might as well think," says Coleridge, "of pushing a brick out of a wall with your forefinger, as attempt to remove a word out of any of the finished passages of Shakespeare."

The same might be said of Wordsworth. Take the following passage from his "Intimations of Immortality," as illustrating the union referred to, and the power of simple words when used by a skillful artist:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!

Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have glimpse of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,—
Can in a moment travel thither,—
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

How much of the fine linguistic sense shown in these lines was given the author by nature, and how much was acquired, of course we can not
tell. But they tell us plainly that not many words are needed for the expression of the loftiest thought; that the most common words are freighted with the deepest meaning; and that we are daily walking amidst marvels, if we would but open our eyes to behold them. There is no virtue, then, in mere numbers nor in high-sounding derivatives, though for various reasons a good stock of words to select from is desirable, and is becoming more and more so, as, with the gradual development of the language, the different shades of meaning come to be more clearly defined. What is needed is a keener sense of the fitness of words, of the relation of language to the thought which it embodies. And there are laws here, as elsewhere, which must be understood and lived up to with loyal duty, since their violation tends not only to demoralize the mind, but in turn to corrupt and debase the language itself. Affluence of speech and power in the use of words consist mainly in having this sense of their fitness, in the skill with which they are combined and adapted to the thought. How to cultivate this sense, so as by a wise discrimination always to use the right word, becomes an important question. Manifestly the first condition is, that we be thoughtful and conscientious in the use of language, challenging the most common words and requiring them to yield up their deepest meaning. Thus they will become the signs of definite ideas, and induce greater accuracy of thought, as a careless, inaccurate use of language is sure to lead to confusion and obscurity of thought. "The mixture of those things by speech, which by nature are divided," says an English writer, "is the mother of all error." One needs only to recall the endless theological contests that have been fought over single words, to understand the ground upon which this assertion is based. But the culture of language, as of everything else, if it is to go far, must have its foundation in thorough and extensive knowledge. One must know something of the history and development of the language, of the inner life and meaning of the words which are already his, and seek by familiar acquaintance with the writings of those who have best understood the idiom and power of his native tongue, to discover the secret which they possessed, and thus enrich his own vocabulary.
A SULTRY DAY IN SUMMER.

DAY dawns, and the earth is filled with splendor;
The light grows tender on field and flower;
Grief dies in the bliss that the breezes send her,
And gladness and gayety rule the hour.

Noon glows, and we faint in a blazing river
Whose currents quiver and sway and fall;
Our thirst is mocked by the waves that ever
Flow, hot and bitter, around us all.

Night falls, like an angel of death and sadness;
No signs of gladness our senses greet;
Yet she heals the day of his noontime madness,
And grants a rest to our weary feet.

DRAWING IN SCHOOLS.

THERE has been, during the last six years, a continually growing interest in New England, in the instruction of the people in drawing. It has been introduced into the schools of many of our cities, and in Massachusetts, as in some other States, in all large places evening classes have been formed, that those who by their age or other circumstances, are prevented from attending the day schools, may obtain instruction in the evening. The primary object of the evening school is to help educate our mechanics in drawing, in order that their work may not be inferior in value to that of foreign artisans.

Although this object is a laudable one, and the attempt to attain it forces itself upon us by the competition of skilled workmen of other nationalities, yet we believe the effect upon the minds of those instructed is much more to be desired. We refer to the education of the aesthetic sense which recognizes beauty of form, and tends to cause one to observe with delight those combinations of material objects which persons of good taste call beautiful, and to look with discomfort on those which lack the qualities essential to beauty. A necessary means of acquiring this faculty is learning to draw well. Indeed,
one of the foremost expounders of art education in our country says: "To establish schools of art and art galleries before the mass of the community are taught to draw, is like opening a University before the people know the alphabet."

It is claimed by the advocates of the present College and fitting-school curriculum, that while the course in other schools must be narrow and devoted to the pursuit of specialties, that of the College is broad; and, rather than fitting for any special pursuit, it tends to develop and round the manhood of the student. At the time of his graduation he is supposed to stand on the threshold of life, having at least a good foundation for whatever calling he may choose for his life-work. Why, then, should not the elements of drawing be taught in the fitting-school?

It may be said that drawing is taught in the schools which the student is supposed to pass through before he begins to fit for College. But the teaching of drawing in such schools must be of the most elementary character, and if not pursued farther will be of no use to the student; and also some of those who claim to be among our foremost educators, even contend that the State should give its children in the public schools only the simplest rudiments of an education. It may be argued that there is not time for teaching drawing, and that it, with other equally important branches, must be put aside. Yet it is a little remarkable that although drawing is neither taught in the school nor required for admission, somehow the pupil is expected to know something about it. He is called upon at nearly every recitation during six or seven years, from the time he enters the fitting-school until he leaves College, to represent solids upon a plane surface, yet he is rarely taught any correct method for so doing; and the consequence is, he knows no more about it when his education is supposed to be completed than when it was begun. The consequence is often more than this. If the pupil has a taste for drawing, it receives no encouragement, and the probability is that he soon does as most others of his class, and the teacher is enabled to distinguish his cube from his rhombic prism only as Mark Twain distinguished the bust from the pedestal. To most College students, drawing a piece of chemical or philosophical apparatus on the blackboard is a disagreeable duty, and a correct representation is generally an impossibility, because to execute such sketches requires practice in perspective drawing.

Perhaps we mistake, but we always supposed that the blackboard diagram was intended to show the pupil's knowledge of the object to be represented. But, however accurate his knowledge of the object, with no knowledge of perspective, or descriptive geometry, there is a
Drawing in Schools.

strong probability that the chalk lines will resemble “what never was on sea or land.” Yet, although the blackboard air-pump of the Junior doesn’t seem to obey the law of gravitation by standing on two legs, and it is often difficult to explain the mechanism without the ignoble action of referring to its counterpart in the text-book, yet such things are passed over as being of little moment, and the steam-engine is supposed to run as well with an eccentric fly-wheel as with any other.

We contend that a short time in the fitting-school devoted to a few principles of drawing, would be more than regained in the time saved in making those free-hand sketches which students are sent to the blackboard to draw during their College course; to say nothing of the self-respect which every one feels in doing a thing well. Many of our graduates become teachers in the public schools, and the question is now sometimes asked: “Can you teach drawing?” It is evident that this question will be more and more frequently asked within the next few years; for, although special teachers are now required for that department, it is conceded that more would be accomplished should the regular instructors teach also drawing. It must be a little humiliating, to say the least, to know that one has pupils who learned in the lower grades to draw better such a design as their teacher is trying to produce on the board. We think it but just that the highest salaried teachers in our schools should be able to teach drawing. The circumstances and tastes of most boys lead them to adopt some pursuit in which skill with the pencil is a great, sometimes an indispensable aid, and there is no reason why the instruction which they receive should not be as good as that given to the few who are fitting for College.

As our knowledge of Art increases, so does our interest in the appearance of everything around us, especially in that of our public and private buildings. And what man should be more liberally educated than the architect? A principal part of his study is Greek and Roman architecture. What, then, is more fitting than that he should understand the language in which they spoke and wrote of their works, as well as that other language, which, in crumbling ruins and solitary columns, tells us of those ideas of fitness and beauty which have been equalled in no other combinations? A knowledge of both languages, it would seem, must give one a deeper insight into the secrets of Grecian architecture. But an architect must have a thorough knowledge of drawing, and while studying the languages of the Greeks and Romans, it is indispensable to his future success that he should practice this art. We all love to look at noble buildings, and it is said that there is
an insensible art education gained by so doing. Emerson says: "The pleasure a palace or a temple gives the eye, is that an order and method has been communicated to stones, so that they speak and geometrize, become tender or sublime with expression." But if we have not been taught to observe and criticise such combinations by drawing them, if we know nothing of that order and method, the pleasure is wholly lost.

If the present American fitting-school and College curriculum is to hold its boasted position, as being the best foundation on which all our youth should build, not the youth of one class, but of all classes, is it not evident that it must be modified to a certain extent? Of course the cry of utilitarianism is immediately raised, but it must be remembered that utilitarianism sometimes brings about high results. The technical education of our mechanics was not begun that they might beautify their dwellings, that they might be better judges of fine pictures or beautiful buildings, but that they might earn as many dollars by a day's labor as a European artisan who comes to this country; but the result will be the education of the brain as well as the hand, and that purity of mind which results from a love of the beautiful.

It is not with a utilitarian view that we think that drawing should be taught in the fitting school, but that those who by nature have a taste for such things should not, while pursuing the course of the broad system of education, be deprived of its refining and elevating influence; that the student may be able to do well all that is required of him; that the graduate should be able to tell the distinguishing features of the architecture of that people whose literature he has studied, as well as the artisan who knows not a letter of the Greek alphabet; and that the average mechanic shall not be more at home in an art gallery than he who is said to be liberally educated.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

O THOU whose youthful spirit saw
The glory of thy Maker's power
In clouds which fled before the winds!
Tell us, oh! tell us, if thy soul
Saw not also in their gloomy
Bosoms aught of love divine!
**A Feeling of Insignificance.**

Yes, love also thou didst discern,
For, mounting upward from thy heart
Went forth thine own "The Lord our God"—
Such was thy spirit's glad acclaim.

Thou sleepest now. For us, the songs
Which in thy life's bright early years
In melody were sung by thee,
Remain, to us a legacy
Of inspiration powerful.

I said, "Thou art asleep." Thy form
Of flesh and blood may sleeping be,
But not thy soul; that, happy in
The converse with the throng redeemed,
With them the Lord of all doth praise.

Couldst thou have lived a longer—
But no! thou didst thy length of time
Fulfill. Thy length? 'T was God himself
Who limited thee to thy years.

Boston, thou mayest well be proud!
For o'er the grave of him whose hymns
We gladly sing, a citizen
Of thine, in rev'rence deeply felt,
A monumental shaft hath placed.

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**A FEELING OF INSIGNIFICANCE.**

There are in man two kinds of feelings—the one of self-sufficiency, self-importance; the other of unworthiness, insignificance. The latter and its effects will constitute our theme.

By a feeling of insignificance we do not mean that which a soldier feels when he looks to his general, a subject when he thinks of his king, an ignorant man when he compares himself with a learned man, or a miserable reprobate when he reflects on the life of a virtuous man. None of
A Feeling of Insignificance. 67

these. For a man may be less good, less knowing, less able than another, but never insignificant compared with another; and he who has this feeling before any of his fellow-beings, degrades himself. By a feeling of insignificance, then, we mean that which is produced in us when we look upon this wide world, then look to the vast expanse of the heavens, then think of him who made these, then look at ourselves.

Such a feeling as we speak of is peculiar to those who do not look at things only, but at causes; who do not see man alone, but God. This is what we mean by our theme. And what are its effects? Do you see that man who feels that he is nothing? Such a man should be classed among the greatest. He may know nothing about arithmetic, grammar, the natural sciences, metaphysics; he may have conquered no nations nor achieved great undertakings; nay, he may be a most obscure individual; yet, in that he adopts no mean, transitory thing for his standard,—that he does not measure himself with man, but goes to the infinite and there determines his worth—which he finds to be nothing,—he has the highest knowledge and is the greatest. Whatever else may be tokens of distinction in man, the knowing one's own place is the mark of greatness. One may be as learned as Plato, but if he does not know his place he does not know much. He may be as great as Alex-
Our motto is "excelsior!" The philosopher is crying "excelsior!" the moralist "excelsior!" the artist the same; and a nobler song was never sung. But let none sing it but those whose minds conform to the sentiment of our theme; for a lowly mind is the condition of the highest development of man, just as a fertile soil and a genial climate are the conditions of a most luxuriant growth.

To strive after the highest ideal, one must have some conception of its excellences; and no one can have this in any legitimate degree unless he knows his utter worthlessness. Millions have crossed the ocean, but few have been impressed with the sublimity of its vastness; while the great majority can see nothing admirable in its broad expanse, because only the few have looked at themselves to see that they were very small indeed. An object may be ever so sublime and imposing, but if the spectator feels himself as imposing as that object, it is to him a commonplace thing. When one stands before some grand mountain scenery, he must not swell out into the bigness of that mountain, but he must be in a subdued state of mind; then he is prepared to drink in the beauty of the picture before him; then his heart begins to swell at the sublimity of the prospect. He feels something that he can not express.

So, when we stand before the ideal, we must first feel that our knowledge is ignorance, our goodness as "filthy rags," our existence nothingness; then we shall see it in all its magnitude; whereas it was a vague imagery, now it is a reality; then the source of a few good things, now a sea of excellence; a human standard—the divine ideal. Things assume a different aspect; every object presents to us something deeper than mere surface. We no longer measure the universe by our own greatness, but by immensity; we see all the possibilities of a life whose terminus of development is infinity; in short, like John of Patmos, we seem to see a new world and a new creation. All this flows from a feeling of insignificance. But what of it? What that we see all this? It is that now we are in a condition to grow; we can truly sing "excelsior!" Can a thirsty man pass by a fountain of pure cold water and not drink from it? Can a man see all this glory, beauty, magnificence, and not be assimilated to it? Impossible. Our mind feeds on nothing but the noblest; our soul drinks in from the eternal fountain; we are like a seed sown in the garden of the universe, and there is no end to our development.

There are many who do not learn, from a lack of natural capacity, but by far the greater number do not learn because they do not know their own ignorance. The world is full of good men, but the truly good are
Fanaticism.

more scarce than gold, because few are they that feel their lack of goodness. The reason that so little is accomplished in the advancement of the arts, sciences, and morality, is that there is such an enormity of presumption. The way to be something, to do something, is to be nothing.

FANATICISM.

Fanaticism is the product of a mind disordered, governed not by reason but by imagination. As the ocean, disturbed by the raging elements, wrecks many a vessel upon its coast, so the mind, tossed about by fanaticism, distorts many an idea brought within its domain. Fanaticism always shows a mad contempt for experience. The first crusade was born of a fanatical spirit. It was attended with disastrous results and untold suffering. Yet fanaticism, blind and impetuous, led on other crusades to the same inglorious end. Thus in religion, politics, and science, fanaticism evinces a contempt for experience. Seeking the subversion of reason and the enthronement of imagination, it cherishes wild and extravagant notions, which, if realized, would result in the exclusion of all the elements of an advanced civilization. Fanaticism is intolerant. It leads to acts of desperation. Its history is the history of blood, of tortures, of absurdities. Listen to the story of the rack and stake. Read of the unbounded sale of indulgences by the Romish priesthood, and be convinced. The reign of fanaticism is the reign of terror. It drives the hermit into the wilderness, shuts up the nun in the cloister, assassimates the king upon the throne. But of all forms, religious fanaticism is the worst. It has shed more blood, devastated more lands, robbed more men of their God-given rights, than all other forms combined. It is allied to the powers of darkness, and obtains complete mastery over men in an age of superstition and ignorance. There is a kind of religious fanaticism, not wholly extinct, which contends for the honor of a creed. This makes much of new moons, meats and drinks, but omits the weightier matters of the law, as judgment and mercy. Hence religious fanatics are not confined to believers in the Shasters and Koran. Even in our own Christian land they are found engaged in heated debate over minor points of doctrine. But we must not confound fanaticism with enthusiasm. The latter we praise, the former denounce. Enthusiasm is that ardor of mind essential to a successful propagation of
truth. Without it, science and the Christian religion would have made little advance. Newton displayed enthusiasm in his study of nature. But he was no fanatic. William Lloyd Garrison manifested enthusiasm in his efforts to overthrow slavery. Yet he was no fanatic. The fanatics composed that bloodthirsty mob which would have shut Garrison’s mouth and destroyed his printing-press. By a rope he was dragged through the streets of Boston. Why this act of violence? Because the advocates of slavery well knew the cursed institution could not bear the light of a sober, free, intelligent discussion. But how did Garrison appear before that mob? Bowing reverently, he said to a friend close by, “Shall we give blow for blow, and array sword against sword?” “God forbid!” Is this the language of fanaticism? No; but of a calm, resolute mind, fired with enthusiasm in the cause of human freedom. Whatever may be said of other religions, the Christian religion is not fanatical. It appeals to no malign emotions; fosters no arrogant assumptions; represses pride and envy, and commends itself to reason and the enlightened conscience. Christ was no fanatic. For when the people would have crowned him king, he forbade them, saying, “My kingdom is not of this world.” His kingdom was founded in the hearts of men, established in righteousness, based on the law of love. Coming down to modern times, we discuss a species of fanaticism in our own country in the shape of Mormonism in Utah, Free-Love societies in New York, and the tendency all over the country to convert liberty into license. From what has been said we see that the general happiness and welfare of mankind demand both a removal and preventive of this malignant spirit of fanaticism. How shall it be done? By fortifying our minds with a liberal education and our hearts with the gospel of Christ.
EDITORS’ PORTFOLIO.

INTER-COLLEGIATE.

A LITTLE more than a year ago it was decided, at a meeting of the students, that Bates should join the “Inter-Collegiate Literary Association,” and the necessary steps were taken.

The members of ’74 were, we believe, strongly in favor of the movement, while ’75 was opposed to it. The other two classes probably thought but little about the matter. It is not at all strange, then, that what little interest there was should die out, and that Bates was not represented at the recent contest.

We have refrained from saying anything upon this subject before, knowing that nothing we could say would be likely to influence our fellow students either way, nor indeed do we desire thus to influence them. Now, however, that the first contest is a thing of the past, and while there is yet time to choose representatives to the second, if it should be thought best, it may be interesting to some of our readers to know the opinion of the college press upon such contests.

The comments of the daily newspapers have probably been noticed by most students. The Tribune gives its hearty support to the enterprise, while the Herald bestows upon the contestants such epithets as “prize pigs,” and seems to think that the half-fledged young orators are getting out of the shell altogether too early. A short article in the Popular Science Monthly finds the worst feature about such contests in the fact that prizes of money are made an inducement to effort, and says that the recent contest “had about it more of the ethics of the cockpit than is quite consistent with the lofty claims that are put forth in regard to the inspirations of the higher culture.” The writer of this article seems to have a spite against all colleges, and takes this opportunity to vent his spleen.

The Harvard papers speak of the matter in a general way, not absolutely condemning, yet giving but faint praise.

The Magenta infers, from the reports of the papers, “the absence of some of the older colleges and their salutary restraint on the ebullitions of undergraduate boyishness.”

Syracuse University joined the Association, but a contributor to the University Herald presents a “minority report,” in which the great bugbear is trickery. But was there ever competition of any kind in which some would not find trickery
and partiality? Another objection of the writer's is, that the candidates will slight their regular college work, and devote too much time to the special studies in which they are to be examined.

The Trinity Tablet says: "As a contest of strength between colleges it has been more than a farce, for essays can be cribbed; and as to the oratorical part, a victory in this decides no more than that one college happened to have a better speaker than the others." Well, friend Tablet, may it not be some credit to an institution that it has trained its students to be good speakers? We have scores of good speakers in this country who have become such by thorough training. The Tablet further says: "Accuracy of scholarship, or ready ability, or quickness of perception, were not called into account. When the Contest embraces these particulars, it may expect to meet with better success, and not till then." It should be remembered that the next one does embrace these particulars.

The Madisonensis is in favor of the movement, and anxious that Madison should join the Association at once. The papers referred to above represent institutions which did not send representatives to the recent contest. Those published at institutions which did send representatives speak well of the exercises. It will be remembered that only six colleges engaged in the contest, but several others signified their intention to be represented next year, among them our neighbor Bowdoin.

Now, what is Bates going to do about it? As for ourselves we have never been particularly earnest either for or against the movement, but it seems to us that if an institution doesn't intend to engage in the exercises, it had better withdraw its membership, as Union has already done.

**INDIVIDUALITY.**

The mind, like the eye, is always seeking for something new and fresh: it constantly craves some new toy, something, as yet, untried. A speaker or writer can neither amuse nor instruct, unless he brings forth what is original or, the equivalent of originality, puts old truths in a new form. Novelty is what is needed to ensure success in the press, the pulpit, and in the lecture room. Most people will soon grow tired of the pulp of truth from which the juice has all been pressed. We like to know all the little details of the lives of noted men: how Shakespeare lived and wrote. The habits of imitators and copyists we care nothing about.

It is a person's individuality that attracts our attention; genius is individuality let loose from the leading strings of affectation. The interest is awakened by what is odd, eccentric, or peculiar. How often we hear it said of such a person, "He
is odd!" It would be a blessing to society if there were more oddities; more of those who have self-reliance and strength of character enough to throw off the shackles of imitation and conventionalism.

There never was a leader in art, literature, science, or on the battlefield, who did not display individuality. It was a characteristic of Milton, Napoleon, and Washington. It discovered America, actuated the emigration of the Pilgrims, threw off the yoke of Great Britain, established and perpetuates all our institutions. Like qualities are not found in leader and follower. The blind can not lead the blind. The teacher must be superior in attainments to the scholar, the general to the soldier; originality must lead the commonplace.

America can, as yet, boast of but few men of unique and independent characters. Young nations, like young men, are prone to imitate; painters and sculptors study the works of the old masters to copy, not to originate; writers imitate the style of those whose names once thrilled the world, instead of trying to express thoughts whose influence ages can not silence. Individuality seems to appear more frequently in the class that is called uncultivated than in the ranks of refinement. If such is the case, we are led to inquire if the course of study pursued in our schools and colleges is such as is best calculated to foster and develop originality. Too many instructors in our schools are not alive to the responsibilities of their position. The curriculum of too many colleges has a tendency to bring all to a common standard of education. Too many universities are mere asylums for crippled intellects and rheumatic culture. Many students, instead of trying to improve their own powers, aim at the qualities of some one else; the ass has never lost his desire for the lion's skin. The hero of Commencement frequently bears, in a burdensome load, all the stepping-stones over which he has passed. An education should bring out what is in a man, otherwise, he will go from college as a captive goes from prison, bearing only the scars of chains. Let us have a culture that will promote individuality, multiply oddities, and an era of intellectual action will be the result.

A WORD ABOUT BASE BALL.

Is our nine to be beaten during the coming season by everything but some country nine? Must we always remain content with saying, "Well, it was a close game, anyhow, and if ——"? There is not a man on the nine but can play a good practice game, and all have, at times, done themselves much credit in match games, but generally when we come to play a match game somebody is sure to make a flip, and then ——.

It seems to us that what our base-
Editors' Portfolio.

ball men want more than anything else is gymnasium practice. In other institutions the men go through a regular course of training before they are given a position on the nine. Our old opponents here in the city have been at work in their rooms all winter.

Is it reasonable to expect that our nine can go into the field, and after a fortnight's practice in throwing, batting, and catching, successfully compete with men who have had three months or more of regular training?

Our gymnasium is not in the most perfect condition, but do we get all the benefit from it we might?

We are not finding fault with our nine; they did themselves much credit last year, but we want to see them do still better the coming season.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The Alfred Student advises its exchanges, if they can't say anything favorable about a paper, to say nothing. With the majority of our exchanges, however, the cry just now is, "O for sharp but honest criticism!"

It reminds us of the cry for honest politicians, who can not be touched by "Crédit Mobilier" or "salary grab" schemes. There are very few editors so strictly downright, upright, honest, so indifferent to praise, that they will not speak well of, or pass lightly over, the exchange which contains a puff for them, and "go for" the one which has given them a rap.

We always read the Niagara Index, but we must say we think the articles in the "literary" department of the last number sound too much like school-boy compositions. Its editorials are good, better than the contributed articles. Attempts at wit are rather numerous in the Index, and sometimes a little tiresome.

The new editors of the Harvard Advocate have made one improvement, at least — in the form of their paper. Here is an idea which it would perhaps be well for some of our fellow students to remember when they think of contributing to the Student, but fear they have not the ability. Speaking of the speeches made by professors at the recent annual supper of the editors of the Advocate, they say: "It seems rather odd, but by no means unpleasant, to hear a professor of logic, a grave metaphysician, argue in favor of the admission of more poetry into the columns of the paper, and the encouragement of articles of a lighter sort in preference to those of an argumentative nature."

We have received the Ewing Review, with the request to please exchange. Yes, we will exchange; but don't give us any more such selections as "The Real Cause." Several young ladies of New Orleans High School indignantly switched themselves out of the school-room...
because an attempt was made to admit several colored pupils into the school, and the writer finds in this "sufficient proof of the oft-asserted fact, that the colored race and the white race can never harmonize," and winds up with the declaration: "We admire the spirit and applaud the action of the plucky Southern belles." Shade of the departed Sumner! The Civil Rights Bill, then, is only a farce.

The *Vassar Miscellany* is decidedly superior in literary merit to any other of our exchanges, but we hardly believe the *Miscellany* is really interesting to the students of Vassar. The tendency toward dryness is great enough in monthlies, but in quarterlies it is just three times as great.

The *High School Monthly* is the best high school paper we have seen, and is by no means inferior to some of the organs of great "universities."

The *Philomathean* and *Williams Atheneum* have not been seen since January, while the *Amherst Student*, *Yale Literary Magazine*, and *Cornell Review*, papers which have formerly exchanged with the *Student*, have not yet been seen by the present editors. If these papers have cut our acquaintance, they might have the politeness to inform us of the fact.

If the *University Press* sees any more jokes in the "blue" *Student* which it thinks good enough to be copied, will it please credit them with at least an *Ex.*
ODDS AND ENDS.

WHAT a disadvantage it is to be honest about making up.

"My book is of the old edition," will fittingly answer almost any question in Political Economy.

An epicine attachment has sprung up between the Seniors and Sophomores, and they now sit together at Chapel exercises.

A copy of the Student comes back marked "Returned," "Refused," "Not Wanted." One expression will do. Don't afflict us unnecessarily.

"Ye pedagogue" applies the lash to refractory pupil. Second urchin whispers — "That's darned mean, anyhow." Teacher—"What did you say, sir?" Second urchin, whimpering—"I said that I—I should think Mothes would be ashamed of himself."

A contributor to the Argus suggests that the next "Inter-Collegiate" be closed with "a chapel exercise as conducted in College, and that to the man caught studying most successfully during prayer time there be given a prize in moral science." In such a contest as that we would risk some of our Juniors against any in the country.

A Senior, short of funds, has ten cents worth of beard which he would like to dispose of.

A valiant teacher came the other day; he reports his school as very hard, and exhibits a pocketful of ears, teeth, eyes, and other trifling souvenirs.

Mr. A., in reply to question—Well, Professor, I glanced over this somewhat hastily, I don't know as I can tell." Mr. B.—"I didn't have time to look over the lesson very thoroughly, Professor." Mr. C.—"I found my time so fully occupied, sir, that I was compelled to give the subject merely a cursory perusal." Prof., with a hideous facial expression, meekly asks: "Is there any one who will volunteer?"

A Fresh, about to dismiss his pupils, at the close of his first day at the business, and desiring to impress upon them the importance of punctuality, thus put the case: "Now, scholars, I wish you all to be here to-morrow at the opening of the school, or, in other words, to be punctual. Perhaps it will aid the memory if I give you the derivation of that word; it comes from pungo, pungere, pepigi, punctum; all remember it. Excused."
A circle of Freshmen with distended cheeks may be seen daily around the spirometer. Any "pap" there, boys?

A Theologue attends every prayer-meeting in the city, belongs to the Y. M. C. A. and the Auburn Reform Club, preaches as often as he can get a chance, and still complains of a want of spirituality.

The editors of the Geyser manifested a desire to incubate; the desire was gratified, and a Raven is the result. It bears evidence of being a healthy chick, and the Earthamite adds, that "if it is fed well while in the nest it will attain to a hale old age."

Prof.—"Are you prepared this morning, Mr. — ?" Senior.—"Yes, sir; kind of prepared." Prof.—"Please explain what you mean by kind of prepared." Senior.—"Well, I thought that between myself and yourself, we might make a recitation." Prof.—"That will do, sir."—Targum.

A couple of members of the dark-eyed conference were passing down the avenue, when one of them trod on the indigestible portion of a pear, and as his number elevens went up the rest of his body was correspondingly lowered. "Ki yah, brudder Jones, is you fallen from grace?" chuckled his companion. "Not prezactly, deacon; Ise sittin' on de ragged edge of dis pear."—Capital.

A Freshman complains that his father sends bi-weekly letters, but no checks. A Sophomore friend assures him that this is a proof of unremitting affection.—Advocate.

An exchange asks: "Can the water-melon be successfully cultivated on sandy soil, with a Theological Seminary near by, containing a hundred and twenty students studying for the ministry?"

Junior Class. Prof.—"Mr. P—, translate! Student—"I pass, Professor." Prof.—"I order you up, Mr. P—." Another Student (well versed in the art)—"You can't order a man up after he's passed." Professor promises to think it over.—Collegian.

A clergyman recently transformed an old saw, thus: You may kindly guide the prancing steed to the crystal brook which babbles down the hillside in the summer sun, but you can not coerce him to stoop and slake his thirst in the silvery stream, if he be not willing to accept your proffered kindness.—Irving Union.

What changes a few years bring about—don't they? Yesterday the citizens of Arbor Hill were aware of a woman madly tearing along, potato-masher in hand, giving chase to her husband, who was flying from her presence like a deer. Eight years ago the same female took a medal at an Eastern seminary for a graduating essay on "Repose of Character."
Professor in Logic—"What is a dilemma?" Senior—"I can not analyze my feelings, sir."—Transcript.

President—"Self-reserve is the ticket that will win any woman's heart." Senior (mildly)—"Give me two tickets."—Transcript.

A student recently dropped a number of suspicious looking leaves upon the class-room floor. He should remember that if one carries Beans in his pocket they will rattle.—Ex.

A meek-faced, humble-looking individual, in attempting to traverse a bit of banana peel lately, sat down violently on the sidewalk, and merely remarked, "Grace, mercy and peace."—Ex.

A student who evidently enjoys Hebrew has kindly given directions how it should be read: Turn the book upside down, open at the end, put it in one corner of the room, stand on your head in the other corner, begin at the bottom line and read backward.—Ex.

A stranger from the country observing an ordinary roller rule on the table, took it up and inquiring its use, was answered: "It is a rule for counting-houses." Too well bred, as he construed politeness, to ask unnecessary questions, he turned it over and up and down repeatedly, and at last, in a paroxysm of baffled curiosity, inquired: "How, in the name of wonder, do you count houses with this?"—Ex.

A youthful Pennsylvania granger, about to be chastised by his father, called upon his grandfather to protect him from the middle man.—Ex.

"Gospel-sniping" is the latest term applied to our Theological students who fill various Sunday appointments out in the country.—Crescent.

A Burr Oak young lady entered a drug store lately, and wanted to see the papers for a week back, and the intelligent clerk showed her a roll of sticking plaster.—Tyro.

A Freshman astonished the Rhetoric class, the other day, by asserting that "William Penn was very sectarian, he even married a lady of his own sex."—Cornell Era.

A copy of our last issue comes back to us with the singular endorsement: "Damn your old paper; keep it, I don't want it." We despair of ever making a paper that will be attractive to that gentleman.—University Press.

Scene, Math. Room. Mr. Smith at the board endeavoring to eliminate $x$, $y$, and $u$, from the equations. Professor comes and stands by Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith grows nervous and "puts it up together." Professor inquires blandly: "What do you want to get rid of now, sir?" Mr. Smith, fearfully bored, replied: "Want to get rid of $u$, sir." Class applauds.—University Herald.
COLLEGE ITEMS.

ONE new man has joined the class of '78.

The College has been made the recipient of $4000 by the will of the late Mrs. J. R. Chesley of New Market, N. H.

We go to press a few days too early to notice the lecture of Hon. Carl Schurz. Tickets have sold well, and at present writing there is prospect of a full house.

Mr. Geo. E. Gay of '72, Principal of the Auburn High School, is about to enter upon the work of securing $25,000 for the endowment of a Professorship to be called the Knowlton Professorship.

The Day of Prayer for Colleges was observed in the usual manner, Feb. 25th. Prof. Stanley conducted the exercises, which were of an interesting character. Owing to the state of the weather there were fewer citizens present than usual.

The fourth annual convention of the Rowing Association of American Colleges, was held at Hartford, Conn., on Wednesday, Jan. 13. Union and Hamilton Colleges were admitted to the Association. The convention decided to hold the next regatta at Saratoga, July 14, 1875.

Columbia College has revived the custom of wearing caps and gowns.

—College Olio.

It is probable that Prof. D. C. Gilman, President of the University of California, will accept the Presidency of the John Hopkins University, of Baltimore.

The Columbia College students have re-elected Capt. Rees, who commanded their crew last summer, and are sanguine of repeating their victory next year.

Taylor Hall, one of the finest buildings of Racine College (Wis.), was destroyed by fire Thursday, Feb. 4th. Loss $75,000; insured for about $30,000.—Targum.

Some wealthy gentleman of Syracuse has contributed $20,000 to Syracuse University. He is also to endow a professorship in the near future, bringing his subscription up to $70,000.

The Faculty of Harvard College have forbidden the various societies from taking part in public amusements where an admission fee is charged. The movement does not meet the entire approval of the students, as it interferes with the interests of boating, base ball, etc.
PERSONALS.

'67.—Rev. A. Given has accepted a call from the F. B. Church at Greenville, R. I., and entered upon his duties, March 7th.

'70.—D. M. Small is practicing law in Providence, R. I.

'74.—Jan. 26, Martin A. Way of Woonsocket, R. I., and Miss Annie C. Piper of New Hampton, N. H. Mr. Way is the successful Principal of the High School at Woonsocket.

[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.—Eds.]

CLASS OF 1870.


1871–72, Student at law in the office of Stone & Burnham, Newburyport, Mass.

1872–74, Principal of the Bristol High School, at Bristol, Conn.

1874, Autumn. Admitted at the Essex Bar to practice law in the Courts of Massachusetts, and entered into partnership with Col. E. F. Stone, under the style of Stone & Pearson, at Newburyport, Mass.

Married, Nov. 8, 1873, to Miss Mellie H. Fernald of West Poland, Maine.

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CLARENCE A. BICKFORD, A.B.,
Instructor.

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Tutor.

EDMUND R. ANGELL,
Tutor.

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

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's Iliad; six orations of Cicero; the Catiline of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and in Harkness' Latin Grammar.

GREEK: In three books of Xenophon's Anabasis; two books of Homer's Iliad, and in Hadley's Greek Grammar.

MATHEMATICS: in Loomis' or Greenleaf's Arithmetic, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' Algebra, and in two books of Geometry.

ENGLISH: In Mitchell's Ancient Geography, and in Worcester's Ancient History.

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

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

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