The Bates Student.

A Monthly Magazine,

Published by the Class of '76.

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BUSINESS MANAGER: IRVING C. PHILLIPS.

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LEWISTON: PRINTED AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE. 1875.
MODERN SOLAR RESEARCHES.

Our subject carries us back to the solar eclipse of 1842, when astronomers noticed peculiar rose-colored appendages about the disc of the sun. Indeed, this phenomenon was probably seen as early as the eclipse of 1733, by Vassenius, who observed what he supposed to be red clouds floating in our atmosphere; yet it was not until the first mentioned date that they were systematically recognized. Even then astronomers were uncertain as to their origin and nature; but these questions were settled in turn by the eclipses of 1860 and 1868, the former proving them to be true solar appendages, and the latter gaseous.

As is well known, a luminous, gaseous body gives a spectrum of lines, while a solid or liquid yields a continuous spectrum. That of the prominences as observed at total eclipses consisted of bright lines, while the true solar spectrum was composed of a bright band crossed by dark lines. This band produces a glare in our atmosphere by reflection from its particles. Hence, it was argued by scientific men that if a powerfully dispersing spectroscope was used, this atmospheric glare would be lessened, by which the bright lines of the prominences would be rendered visible at any time.

As a result, Lockyer and Janssen found them in full sunlight, while the former also determined that a continuous layer of the same material completely encircles the sun, to which Frankland gave the name of chromosphere. This holds an intermediate position, being exterior to the photosphere, or true light and heat giving layer, and below the corona, or outer atmosphere, seen only at total eclipses.

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the lines seen in the spectrum are simply images of the line slit through which the light enters the battery of prisms, the jaws of the slit sometimes not being separated more than \( \frac{1}{10,000} \) of an inch. Light from an incandescent substance being simply wave motion, the lengths of these waves become functions of their refrangibility or position in the spectrum. Thus light of the greatest wave length has the least refrangibility and is found in the red end, while the shorter the wave lengths the greater the refrangibility and the nearer the approach to the violet. Hence, as each chemical substance on being rendered incandescent emits light with wave lengths peculiar to itself, the position of spectral lines becomes an index to chemical composition.

But astronomers did not stop here, for it was not merely desirable to be able to study the constitution of the prominences at any time, but also to observe their forms. For this purpose Lockyer and Zöllner had recourse to rotating and vibrating slits. It is apparent that if we cause the slit of the spectroscope to rotate or vibrate rapidly over a prominence, its form can be observed; first, since the successive lengths of lines given by the slit in its movement correspond to varying heights of the prominence over which it is vibrating; second, since the retina retains a light impression for a small fraction of a second, if the movement over the entire prominence occupy less than this interval, the effect is the same as if we viewed it at once in its entirety.

However, this was but preliminary to what was to follow, and, although correct in theory, was somewhat difficult in practical application. It occurred to Huggins that by simply opening the slit wider he might see the whole prominence at once, provided the prismatic battery was powerful enough to render the background of atmospheric glare faint. It remains to notice more explicitly these two classes of research which claim so large a share of attention from the scientific world.

Suppose an observer wishes to determine the chemical nature of a prominence or the chromospheric envelope. Having adjusted the spectroscope to the eye end of the telescope, and directing our instrument to the solar disc, we see in the field a beautiful band of rainbow-tinted light crossed by hundreds of dark lines. Now slowly move the telescope towards the solar edge until some of these dark lines flash into brightness and we are upon the chromosphere and prominences. Here we shall find the four lines of Hydrogen, the bright line termed \( D_3 \) in spectroscopic nomenclature, as well as two others due to some unknown substance. Besides these there are often lines of Magnesium, Barium, Chromium, Titanium, Sodium, and Iron. Indeed, it is probable that at
the base of the chromosphere all the metals exist which have been found in the photosphere. In confirmation of this, Prof. Young saw and catalogued 103 such lines several years since. Afterwards, having placed his instrument on Mt. Sherman, some 8000 feet above the sea, he was able to increase this number to 273, while at total eclipses all the solar dark lines have been seen reversed.

But suppose we wish to observe not the chemical nature but the forms of the prominences. Having our telescope upon the chromosphere as before, bring into the centre of the field the C line of Hydrogen, for example, and focus sharply. Now simply open the slit to the requisite width and the delicate forms of the prominences at once appear, with a perfection of detail proportionate to the power of our battery. As seen with the spectroscope, they have the highest beauty of form and color, now bursting forth from the photosphere as eruptions of great violence, and returning gracefully like the jets from a fountain, dissipating themselves as smoke, spreading their slender filaments from the parent trunk like the branches of an ancient elm, or wreathing themselves into the fantastic shapes of light cirrus clouds. Withal be it remembered that in the interpretation of phenomena this field of delicate beauty gives place to an arena of mighty forces.

These gas prominences are by Zöllner divided into two classes, eruptive and cloud form. The latter often attain a height of 20,000 to 80,000 miles, with a still greater length. At times they are attached to the chromosphere by vertical columns of the same nature, and, in turn, are entirely separate. They are generally supposed to be the remains of eruptions, although Secchi maintains that he has seen them form under the telescope.

The former class often attain a height of 60,000 to 90,000 miles, and, in one remarkable outburst the ascending jets reached a height of over 300,000. Assuming that they started from the level of the chromosphere, Proctor proves that the velocity of expulsion was at least 257 miles per second, and probably more than 500. But a radial velocity from the solar surface of 379 miles overcomes the sun's gravity. Hence if any dense material accompanied this explosion, it passed into space never to return.

Secchi, however, makes a less arbitrary classification than Zöllner, based upon internal constitution. With him there are two kinds of prominences, one faint and delicate, the other dense, compact, active, with filiform structure and peculiar optical character. In the first only the Hydrogen lines and D 3 exist, while the spectrum of the latter is much more complicated, and contains many of the metals.

Some astronomers contend that the
chromosphere itself is only an assemblage of low prominences, which being seen edgewise give the appearance of a continuous stratum from simple perspective, while others disagree with this view. At all events, this much is certain, that they are of the same general character as the chromosphere in the midst of which they appear, and the higher the parts of them we examine the fewer substances are present, while in the highest only the Hydrogen lines and $D_3$ are persistent.

But the object of all scientific labor is to determine laws of action, and in this field we are not without results. We already know that although the prominences occur upon all parts of the sun, they are most frequent in latitudes of maximum sun spots and faculae, while they are most active and highest in regions of greatest abundance. Observations also tend to establish the fact that there is a strong solar wind blowing from the equator towards the pole. Much, however, remains unknown, which future researches will doubtless reveal.

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**TWILIGHT.**

*SLOW* fades the light, soft falls the night
In dusky shadows down,
To take away the cares of day,
And still the busy town.

Through azure bars look out the stars
To guard the city's rest;
And lamplight gleams, with countless beams,
From homes by Heaven blest.

The sounding feet, along the street
With children's laughter ring;
And birds of night, in weary flight,
Chant songs of love and spring.

With sweetness rare, upon the air,
Steal soft and mellow lays,
From organs roll, and fill my soul
With thoughts of other days.
Oh days of joy! when I a boy
Knew only life's sweet part;
When crowding cares and wily snares
Were strangers to my heart.

How grandly flew, through endless blue,
The clouds of fleecy white;
The evening star seemed not so far
Away as it seems to-night.

The laughing rills among the hills,
The hollow sounding sea,
The beating rain upon the pane,
Had happy songs for me.

The place I knew where berries grew
The sweetest and the best;
And scarcely stirred the sitting bird
Ere I had found its nest.

And day by day, to brush away
The thorns that came at will,
Two hands by me went constantly,
Two hands that now are still.

Oh, come again! ye golden train
Of youthful sunny days,
And bring to me simplicity,
In faith, in trust, and praise.

Ah! well I know the constant flow
Of ever passing years
Shall bring those days of trust and praise,
Or some of brighter spheres.

And when from night I find the light
Where changeless glories are,
That place shall be a Heaven to me,
If those I love are there.
"No man," said Tully, "can escape sorrow and sickness, and sorrow is an inseparable companion of melancholy."

The orator had fled from the city to his beautiful country seat, to indulge in solitude his great grief for the loss of a beloved daughter, when bitter experience forced home to his heart this unwelcome truth. The discerning Roman did not speak so very much at random, since he has the full endorsement and able support of that wise Anatomist of Melancholy, Democritus, Jr., alias Robert Burton. He says: "Sorrow is the mother and daughter of melancholy, her epitome, symptom, and chief cause."

If Sophocles killed himself because a tragedy of his was hissed off the stage, and Aristotle because he could not understand the motive of Euripides, it was for the reason that sorrow raised naturally sensitive and melancholy spirits into a sort of frenzy.

Our subject, however, does not lead us to consider so much the cause of melancholy in genius, as the effect of melancholy upon genius. Still, it would be very interesting to know just how far the brain of Pascal revealed at post mortem examination the tendency of that Christian philosopher to skepticism, or how much pride had to do with Byron's misanthropy. I take it that self-conceit made Thoreau a hermit, and then it tried to banish his melancholy loneliness by telling him that "Solitude is society when we meet our friends." Whatever the cause, we must pity one who tries to comfort his lonely heart, which is forever reaching out after sympathy, with such meagre and far-fetched consolation as conveyed in his question, "Why should I be lonely? Is not our planet in the milky way?"

Aristotle said that melancholy men are the wittiest of all. Is it not attested by good authority that wit is madness? Allow the remark by one of our most celebrated lecturers to be true, that poetry is allied to wisdom and madness, and we have it that poets beyond all other men are melancholy. Or hear an ancient speak again: "Great is the force of imagination, and much more ought the cause of melancholy to be ascribed to this alone than to the distemperature of the body."

We see at once the application to poets. None but a sensitive mind can be poetical. And what is more likely to be jarred in contact with the rough world than a sensitive spirit? "Poetic temperament," says Mrs. Browning, "half way between the light of the ideal and the darkness of the real, and rendered by each more sensitive to the other, and
unable without a struggle to pass out clear and calm into either, bears the impress of the necessary conflict in dust and blood."

How many noble minds have sunk in the struggle and gone into the silent grave with a weight of grief upon them little dreamed of, much less felt, by the cold, unsympathizing world!

We wish to notice briefly the melancholy of men of genius, all the way from the momentary and pleasing sadness of Milton to the terrible madness of Cowper and Collins.

The description of some simple scene in nature will often summon a train of pensive thoughts, when we are all unmindful of a real cause for grief. We can appreciate the feelings of Milton without waiting for the morbidness of digestion, when

"Oft on a plot of rising ground
He heard the far-off curfew sound."

"Many a time," said Napoleon, "when men have imagined me studying out some campaign, my thoughts have been busy in fond recollection of my early home, as I listened to the mellow sounds of a distant village bell."

With what a view to the community of feeling, upon a quiet Sunday eve, has Mr. Hartley Coleridge wished "the Sabbath day's child" her "worst woe, a pensive Sabbath melancholy." What Autumn, with its sere leaf, is to the other seasons, what Sunday is to the other days of the week, what twilight is to the other hours of the day, the sweet-toned nightingale, "smoothing the rugged brow of night," is to the feathery tribe.

"Sweet bird that shunnest the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy."

The willow that bends its limbs above the little grave bears a mournful significance to the heart of the grieving mother. So have the Rue, Cypress, and Hellebore, from the earliest ages of antiquity, been associated with the saddest phases of human life.

The poet, with his heart morbid with the abundance of sentiment lavished upon the creatures of his fancy, drinks from the fountain of nature—not the pure element which God has given, but water steeped like the Lethe of forgetfulness in the soothing narcotic of a dreamy melancholy.

In reading the lines indicative of grief and melancholy, it is natural for those whom grief strikes dumb to query whether sorrow in verse be true sorrow.

"Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires," says Addison; but it may be questioned whether the passionless Addison ought to sit in judgment. Perhaps Landor gets nearer the truth when he says—

"Grief must run on and pass
Into memory's more quiet shade,
Before it can compose itself in song."

We may well doubt the sincerity of the "woe-worn musings" of Rasselas, or ornamented sorrow of Mil-
Melancholy and Genius.

The melancholy of Samuel Johnson is not such as to excite one’s sympathies. The stern old moralist, while in his big way the most loquacious of men, wrapped himself in such a gloomy self-conceit, and endeavored to conceal from men his petty foibles and weaknesses with such a pertinacity, that his pleasures and pains are alike indifferent to us. But Boswell did not leave posterity to grope about in the gloom of Johnson’s writings to find out whether he was a hypochondriac, but represents him as sorely pressed with fears of insanity. His earnest inquiries after the welfare of Collins, his morbid liking for Burton’s Anatomy, which was the only book that could call him up two hours earlier than usual, bespeak the wretchedness of his mental condition.

In pleasing contrast with Johnson is the gentle pensive spirit of Kirke White. Not a page of his poetry but is tinged with a soft shade of melancholy. His muse speaks as already in Charon’s boat, and softly whispers back to mankind words of peace and comfort; and we can almost see the ghostly cheek and sunken eye of “pale Consumption’s shrunken form,” and hear his sigh “that he is all alone.”

Hawthorne has remarked “that it is a curious subject of observation and inquiry if hatred and love be not the same thing at bottom.” It would be carrying the paradox no farther to say that melancholy and

ton’s Lycidas, but who can follow Tennyson through In Memoriam and not feel that real sorrow is there? He says:—

“I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel.
But for the unquiet heart and brain
A use in measured language lies,
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotic’s numbing pain.”

What comes to us from the pen of the true poet with feeling, has often been agony in his breast; and when he calls upon the grove and stream to bear witness of his grief, it is but the natural mode of expression.

Petrarch, all whose writings show a “heart ill at ease,” utters these plaintive notes:—

“Each leafy mount and plain,
Each wandering stream and shady forest know
What others know not, all my life of pain.”

It seems that Shakespeare did not escape all the “natural shocks this flesh is heir to,” but rather, if we allow his sonnets to be a true exponent of his life and character, suffered much from the melancholy of poverty, neglect, and ill-appreciation. For,

“In disgrace with fortune and men’s eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
“My life... sinks down to death
Oppressed with melancholy.”

And look upon myself and curse my fate.”

Taken in connection with the sorry life of “Poor Goldy,” his opening line in the Traveler,

“Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,”
always struck me as strangely sad.

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Hawthorne has remarked “that it is a curious subject of observation and inquiry if hatred and love be not the same thing at bottom.” It would be carrying the paradox no farther to say that melancholy and
humor may dwell together in the same soul. As a good hater is generally a good lover, so is a humorous man of great sensibility. Jean Paul Richter was a humorist from his inmost soul, yet how closely it bordered the pathetic. In his smile itself a touching pathos lies hidden and a "pity too deep for tears." Addison said: "Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy." Cowper testifies to have written his most ludicrous lines in his saddest moods. "John Gilpin" came after a night of uproarious laughter. The "suffering tender melancholy" Hood writes:

"There's not a string attuned to mirth
But has its chord in melancholy."

Charles Lamb has been called the subtlest, purest, tenderest humorist of England, and his life was the most melancholy. In his humor itself there are often painful allusions. He writes to Moxon: "We sleep here three in a bed—my bedfellows are cough and croup."

Swift, according to King, was the unhappiest man upon earth. His practice was to keep his birthday as a day of mourning. The humorist Hood said:

"All things are touched with melancholy."

It may be questioned whether the world has since witnessed a scene so utterly sad as Burns's struggle with the base entanglements which coiled closer and closer about him till death opened him an outlet. We overlook his failings when we contemplate his great heart of love. The daisy falls not unheeded under his plowshare nor the ruined nest of that "wee cowering, timorous beastie." In reading the sad strains of his Lament and Ode to Despondency, our hearts are touched by the measure of silent anguish revealed, and no doubt many a sorrowing heart has felt its griefs echoed in these wails.

It is the bitterness of repentance for sin—which all must feel—and only those of the most sensitive nature can feel to the utmost. He cries out in his bitterness of spirit,

"When shall my soul in silent peace
Resign life's joyless day,
My weary head its throbbings cease,
Cold mouldering in the clay?"

The character of Edgar A. Poe had the waywardness of Burns, the mystery and gloom of Byron, and the melancholy of both.

Collins was a bard who touched the "tenderest notes of Pity's lyre." His life, no less than his odes, awakens in our breast emotions of pity. His tender nature suffered for the want of sympathy. The fervor of his visionary, tremulous spirit turned in the anguish of disappointment to insanity, and his fitful career closed in the succession of a moody melancholy, a few lucid intervals, and paroxysms of a manic's violence, when his shrieks were heard in the most appalling manner
Eloquence.

Echoing through the cloisters of Winchester Cathedral.

Similar to Collins's was Cowper's life. Says he, "All that delights the happy, palls on me." But we will extend the topic no farther. Only observe that melancholy in literature is far different from that in life. Pervading the former it is like minor chords in music—breathing forth strains of a pleasurable sadness; in the latter it has the gloom of despondency, the wild fitfulness of despair, and the awful fury of the maniac.

ELOQUENCE.

Eloquence in its highest flights is, without doubt, the greatest exertion of the human mind, and is the most wonderful in its nature and immediate triumphs. The capacity of the general, the wisdom of the statesman, may be of more lasting effects upon human affairs, but they are less in their influence. The triumphs of the orator are immediate. He who stands up before a vast assemblage composed of various passions and habits, who conciliates their feelings, carries away their judgments by his eloquence, who sees every gaze fixed on him, and every ear listening intently to the words that drop from his lips, sees indifference turn into excitement, aversion melt away amid enthusiasm, and knows that all this is the creation of and has sprung from the ardor of his conception, enjoys one of the greatest triumphs of the human mind.

It is because eloquence touches the heart, that such a power is exerted by the orator upon his hearers. It is because the orator makes others sympathize with him, and calls up in their breasts the same emotions that exist in himself, and makes them feel, think, and act as he would have them. Eloquence must be the most thrilling and fascinating of all things, since it touches more sympathetic chords, and awakens more feelings in the human heart than anything else.

The degree of a man's eloquence depends, then, upon how well he can infuse the passions or sentiments with which he is moved himself, into the breast of another, and fill his audience with a part of his own enthusiasm.

It was this power of making others feel as he himself felt, that enabled Webster to sway an audience. Though it took long to arouse his sluggish energies, yet when he was thoroughly aroused he became invincible.

The ancients well understood the
great power and mighty influence of a persuasive voice, and they relied much upon the orator for giving stimulus to anything that they wished to accomplish. To be able to sway the minds of the masses, to mould them after their own liking, and to achieve some grand personal aggrandizement through eloquence, was thought by the ancients to be the grandest achievement of human efforts. Political power, personal fame, the direction of the State, the decision of its dearest public and private interests, were to be attained only through public assemblies. So much worth did they attach to eloquence, that they considered it of the first importance to establish schools of rhetoric, and took care that the art of elocution should be thoroughly taught.

In ancient days, everything that related to public affairs, lay much more in the hands of a few than at the present, and the chief aim of men was accomplished through the power of persuasion. The history of Rome and Greece reveals the fact that the mass of the people looked to such men as took it upon themselves to appear before the public, to lead and guide; and if success crowned their efforts, the people lauded them to the sky, but if they failed, bitter were the execrations heaped upon them. Therefore, those men who appeared before the people to advocate or oppose any measure, knew well that to carry and sustain a measure, they must be skillful in the art of persuasion.

And thus, to be a chief among the people was to be eloquent. Indeed, it may be said of the Romans and Grecians that they sat at the feet of eloquence and worshiped; for by them eloquence was not only considered the means of winning the favor, convincing the judgments, and securing the suffrages of the judges, but of moving the affections, arousing the feelings, and elevating the mind. They felt that it was eloquence that gave their statesmen and generals such wonderful command of the human heart, and enabled them in the most trying situation, and often in the crisis of a battle or heat of a tumult, to utter such noble and impassioned sentiments, which so often determined the fate of the day, or even the fortune of their country.

The highest type of eloquence is that which partakes most of simplicity. When there is pretension and a seeking to avoid the truth, there can not be true eloquence. The more natural, frank, and sincere an orator is, the more eloquent he will be. The eloquence of the rude men of early days was due to the fact that they were free from affectation and artifice, and were true to nature in expressing their real emotion. Eloquence is founded upon truth. Says a writer: "It is a conscious presence of truth sincerely loved, truth more powerful
Eloquence.

far than kings, which makes the
great orator mightier than himself,
and enables him to speak better than
he knows. It is this that flashes in
his eyes, trembles in his tones, illu-
minates his features, and dilates his
whole frame.” Says Milton: “True
eloquence I find to be none other
than the sincere and hearty love of
truth.” To be impressive and to
stir the hearts of the masses, elo-
quen ce must have its outgrowth
from a noble character. The re-
puted character of an orator greatly
affects the interpretations put upon
his sentiments and the weight at-
tached to his words by others. The
same words which are powerful to
move when uttered by a man of un-
blemished character, will be almost
without effect when spoken by one
whose character is covered with
dark stains. When, at the close of
the revolution, Washington resigned
his sword in the Senate amid the
tears of a represented nation, the
patriotism, the fortitude, and the
integrity he had shown were more
eloquent than the words he spoke.
If we turn over the pages of history
we shall there learn that those have
been the most eloquent, and that
their names now cluster in the
brightest constellation that studs
the dome of the temple of fame,
who have lived the truest and most
noble lives. Eloquence has been
employed in behalf of different
causes, according to the motive with
which orators have been actuated.
With Demosthenes it was employed
to urge his countrymen to fight
for country and glory. Of Demos-
thenes it is said he knew only
two things—Athens and eloquence.
Cicero thought of many things, and
spoke of many things for the good
of his country. Chatham loved to
speak in eloquent strains of the
grandeur and majesty of England;
and Webster, who so frequently
drank at the fountain of eloquence,
and often raised his voice in defence
of constitutional liberty and to allay
sectional strife, aroused patriotic
emotions by portraying to his hear-
ers the glory and greatness of their
country. When we consider how
the voice of eloquence has moved
men, how it has filled the soul of
millions with floods of emotions,
and aroused them to sublime and
godlike deeds; when we consider
this, we hesitate not to claim elo-
quen ce as the exponent of some-
thing that is grand and immortal in
the mind of man.
MY SHIPS.

DAYS, and months, and years ago
I sent my ships to sea;
Left their moorings side by side,
Sailing out with wind and tide,
Out to dim horizons wide.
Sailed they swift or sailed they slow,
In summer's sun or winter's snow,
None came back to me.

When your ships come up the bay,
Riding proudly o'er the foam,
Remember mine are lost to me,
Lost upon a soundless sea,
Lost through all eternity.

When your ships come up the bay,
Think of my lonely heart, I pray,
When your ships come home.

ROBERT BURNS.

"There was a lad was born in Kyle,
But what na day, o' what na style,
I doubt it's hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi' Robin.

"Our monarch's hindmost year but one
Was five an' twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Januar' win'
Blew hansel in on Robin."

SUCH is the account which the subject of this sketch gives of his birth. On the 25th of January, 1759, in the reign of "Georgius Secundus," Robert Burns, "the Shakespeare of Scotland," was ushered into this world to taste its joys and sorrows, and to leave it its most pathetic tale.

Burns's father was a poor man of sterling qualities, but unable to render his son any assistance save the force of a good example and the fruits of his own observation and experience. His education was limited. He learned English well, had a fortnight's French, and spent a part of one summer at land-surveying.

Friends of influence he had none. Yet with no adventitious aid, his brilliant genius raised him to the
very highest rank of poets, and compelled society, notwithstanding

"His ancient, but ignoble blood
Had crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,"

to acknowledge that he had nobility, the patent of which he received "immediately from Almighty God."

Burns's youth was spent in working with his father and brothers on a farm. The confinement and vigor of this course was by no means congenial to his nature; for, as he remarks in a letter to Dr. Moore, his "social disposition was like the Catechism definition of infinitude, without bounds or limits." To his straitened circumstances, however, we are doubtless indebted for his beautiful descriptions of rural life and scenes. He could sympathize with the humble, for he knew how serious to them are the little matters which others regard so indifferently. His fondness of good-fellowship and sympathy made him the confidant of half the lovers of his town. And the weird legends of the peasants furnished a rich stock for his fertile imagination.

The first volume of Burns's poems was issued in 1786, from the obscure press of Kilmarnock. This issue met with very flattering success, and brought him to the notice of Dr. Blacklock, at whose suggestion he went to Edinburgh, where he published a second edition the next year.

After passing a short but brilliant career at Edinburgh, surrounded by wealth, beauty, and power, the fashionable idol of the day, and making a tour through Scotland to see its historic grounds, Burns resumed the occupation of his youth, and married his "bonnie Jean," whom he had known in former days, and began life in earnest. His taste for such employment had not much improved, however, and circumstances being unfavorable, he soon gave up the lease of his farm, removed to the town of Dumfries, and supported his family upon his income as officer of excise, until his death, which occurred July 21st, 1796.

His last days were wretched indeed. Want, vexation, and disappointment overcame his manly but sensitive spirit, and brought him to the grave at the early age of thirty-seven. His morning sun rose out of obscurity clear and unshaded, its noon glittered with dazzling splendor, but it entered a cloud of adversity and set in darkness.

Burns is his own biographer; for in his works we see the man. His soul was broad and comprehensive. The human heart knows no emotion with which he could not sympathize. He never forgot in his obscurity that he was a man, nor in his highest prosperity that he was but a man.

The poor often look enviously upon the rich as upon people more highly favored than themselves; while the rich look upon the poor as useful creatures, rather to be pitied
Robert Burns. 121

than otherwise. But Burns looked beneath the surface of human life, and saw how little the real difference, when the happiness of the one is put in the balance against that of the other. "The Twa Dogs," written in his youth, when his father was under peculiarly embarrassing circumstances, illustrates to some extent his penetration.

In "Tam o' Shanter" he exhibits a wealth of imagination and a felicity of expression rarely equaled. Tam, disregarding his good wife's advice, had gone one night to the village inn, where in company with his old cronies, and with a bountiful supply of the landlord's ale, he reached the summit of human happiness.

"Kings may be blest, but Tom was glorious, O'er the ills of life victorious."

On his way home he meets the Devil with his legions out on a frolic. Tam is surrounded by ghosts, goblins, witches, and warlocks. Tam fully realizes the situation. He is aware that "In hell they'll roast him like a herrin',"

His only chance of escape is in crossing the running stream near by before they seize him; and this he is barely able to do by the help of his good mare Meg, who succeeded in bringing off

... "her master hail,
But left behind her ain gray tail."

In "The Cotter's Saturday Night," he gives us a beautiful picture of domestic bliss which none can read without being made better by it.

His "Inscription for an Altar to Independence":—

"Thou of an independent mind,
With soul resolved, with soul resigned,
Prepar'd Power's proudest frown to brave,
Who will not be, nor have a slave;
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear,
Approach this shrine, and worship here;"

is an epitome of his own mind. Freedom he loved. The names of Bruce and Wallace kindled in his bosom a patriotic pride, which glows throughout his works. Religious bigotry he could not brook, and he sometimes denounced it with the most bitter satire. Says Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Not Latimer, not Luther struck more telling blows against false Theology than did this brave singer. The "Confession of Augsburg," the "Declaration of Independence," the "French Rights of Man," and the "Marseillaise" are not more weighty documents in the history of freedom than the songs of Burns.

Where can be found a stronger expression of devoted friendship than in his "Lament for James Earl of Glencraiu."

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget his crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child
That smiled so sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencrain
And a' that thou hast done for me."

But the most prominent feature of Burns's character was his humanity. No creature was outside the sphere of his sympathy. Even for Satan
himself he had an inkling of pity. He closes his "Address to the De'il" with

"But fare you weel, Auld Nickie-ben.
Oh wad ye tak' a' thought and men!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still ha'e a stake—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
E'en for your sake!"

Burns had faults, but they grew out of excess of the social elements of his nature. Of meanness he was never guilty. His associations led him too often, perhaps, to take a social glass, and into kindred follies he often fell. His greatest weakness, however, was with regard to the gentler sex. He never saw a fair face but to fall in love with it. Love and Poesy are twin sisters, and for him they ever went hand in hand. He first "committed the sin of rhyme" in honor of a little girl with whom he worked in the harvest field, and his last song was a pledge of love to the "Fairest Maid on Devon Banks."

To this last weakness may be traced the foulest blots that mar his character; but toward these we are inclined to use some of that charity he so generously bestowed upon others, and adopting his own language, say—

"Who made the heart, 'tis he alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring its various bias;
Then at the balance let's be mute
We never can digest it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

Burns's life was eventful, interesting, sad. His genius exists for all time. His works have not yet "gathered all their fame," but they are loved, repeated, and sung by all who are familiar with them. Says Holmes—

"The lark of Scotia's morning sky,
Whose voice may sing his praises?
With Heaven's own sunlight in his eye,
He walked among the daisies,
Till through the cloud of fortune's wrong
He soared to fields of glory,
But left his land her sweetest song,
And earth its saddest story."
DREAMING AND DOING.

THERE are many ways in which students waste precious moments, precious, the old simile says, as sands of gold, but none, we fear, more common than speculation, daydreaming, and castle-building. There is in every institution many an Alnaschar whose step from the Commencement stage shatters his beautiful theories and ideas drawn merely from books. This habit, to be sure, is not confined to college walls, nor to persons especially engaged in the study of books, yet we venture to say that in any number of persons engaged in some kind of active business there will be found less of this spirit than in the same number of students. The school room, the college, and the study seem to be the peculiar nurseries of this spirit. It is here we begin to get an idea of the many fields of labor open to man, that we read of the great deeds accomplished, the brilliant successes and high honors won therein; and we naturally picture, though we may not admit or show it to others, a bright future for ourselves in some one of these fields. What essays, orations, and lectures many of us have written with the pen of fancy and the ink of imagination, but which utterly refuse to be transcribed to prosy paper.

“Ten thousand great ideas filled his mind, But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.”

This habit seems to be natural to some extent to all men, and especially to those of a lively imagination. And it may be asked, “Is it not well to plan our future and derive inspiration from the success of others?” Thought and planning are certainly very essential elements to success. Though fortunes are sometimes made, and battles won, by the aid of unexpected circumstances, no man was ever long successful in business, and no general ever successfully conducted a whole campaign, without well-arranged plans. But we should be careful to distinguish between real thought and dreaming awake, building castles in Spain.

Too many people are like that man of whom President Lincoln said, “That man thinks he is thinking.” Such a listless way of thinking can not be productive of any great good, since it is not concentrated upon one object; and when we mistake it for real thought it becomes not only useless but positively injurious. It is injurious, because just in proportion as we indulge in it, it incapacitates us for real and productive labor, either mental or physical. He who has acquired and still fosters this habit may have in his mind the germ of a great
thought, a thought which, if worked out and applied, might revolutionize the world, bring honor and fame to himself, and be of great benefit to his fellow men. But as one is inclined to this dreamy style of thought he is disinclined to action; and instead of developing and applying the thought, he merely indulges in extravagant speculations until the same idea occurs to some active, practical mind and is developed and brought into application. Such persons are always sailing out into the future in search of riches and honor; but they always come back empty-handed, complaining of their ill luck, and that they are not appreciated by the world.

There are many men possessing about the amount of learning said to be dangerous, and endowed by nature with minds capable of great conceptions, who are so indisposed to real labor of any kind, and so unaccustomed to methodical habits, that they will not commit their thoughts to paper or arrange them in any logical order so that they may be presented with force to the hearer or reader. Here also comes in the tendency to theorize—always theorize and never practice. It is so much easier for some people to spin out theory after theory, "not like the spider's web, compact and round, but like the gossamer, stretched out and entangled without end, clinging to every casual object, flitting in the idle air, and glittering only in the ray of fancy," and to prove their theories by words instead of acts.

We, as students, living so much among books instead of acts, are too apt to be content with learning how to do a thing, instead of learning to do it. There is a wide difference between the two. Every teacher ought to know that what a pupil wants is not merely to be told in words how to perform a difficult problem, but he wants to see that or a similar problem actually performed. How many who study surveying or navigation merely from the text-book, know anything of these branches one year after the book is laid aside? Geology and Zoology teach us how to classify rocks and animals, but it is only by studying these objects outside of the book and cabinet that we learn to actually make the classification. We, as students, while we are learning to think and to use words, which are said to be alone immortal, need more action, need to realize more fully the necessity of a spirit of push. When Hazlitt says, "We sometimes find as remarkable a deficiency of the speculative faculty coupled with great strength of will and consequent success in active life, as we do a want of voluntary power and total incapacity for business, frequently joined to the highest mental qualifications," it seems to us he might have said, very often, instead of "sometimes." Had we time and space, it would not be out of place
Editors' Portfolio.

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to speak in this connection of the idea conveyed, if not expressed in so many words, under the subject of being and seeming, that he only possesses true merit and is fit for high positions who stands back and waits for public opinion to bear him into power. We may stand forever on the banks of the mightiest river that ever flowed, but its current will never bear us on unless we step in.

THE SPELL.

In spite of considerable resistance, Bates was finally obliged to submit to the fearful epidemic which has prevailed so extensively throughout the country for the past few months. Some symptoms of the disease were seen late in the spring term, but were manfully fought off. Soon after the beginning of the present term, however, we were hopelessly inoculated by the Lewiston High School. For a fortnight the fever ran high. Complicated combinations of vowels and consonants were whizzing around every corner. The little red book was seen in every recitation. The fever reached its height April 21st, and on that evening twenty-five students of the College met an equal number from the High School in bloodless, but not "skill-less," combat on the stage of Lyceum Hall.

Spelling school is no new thing in Maine, and does not draw so large an audience as in some other States. A fair audience, however, was present, chiefly, of course, friends of the High School, though the Bates boys in the audience did not suffer their representatives to lack for applause.

Mayor Russell presided, Rev. W. T. Chase acting as enunciator, and Supt. Tash and Prof. Chase as referees. Three fell from the ranks of the High School at the first round, thus winning the leather medal and bouquet, while the College ranks stood firm. The bugbear of the evening, the leather medal, having now disappeared, the College boys became rather reckless, and a number of good spellers quickly retired upon comparatively easy words. While spelling from the hand-book the High School kept the lead, but after test words began to fly about its ranks were rapidly thinned. When the list of test words was exhausted there remained four on the side of the High School and five in the College ranks. Liberal doses of the Unabridged soon subtracted three from each side, leaving the honor of the High School a young lady who had shown herself a good and careful speller, and on the other side E. C. Adams of '76 and Tracy of '78. The young lady soon retired and Adams followed her example, leaving Tracy the hero of the evening and the winner of Shakespeare.

This was the most closely contested match we have yet seen reported, showing plainly that it was impossible to floor all on either side with words in common use.
The spelling of the scholars from the High School showed careful study of "ye little red book," while the Bates boys showed that they were well posted in Webster. Considerable talk has been made about words spelled by members of the High School differently than on the paper in the hands of the enunciator and declared by him to be wrong, but since found to be one of the authorized ways; and from items in the papers one not present at the contest might get the idea that the High School was misused and the Bates boys had it all their own way. If neither the speller nor the referee chosen by his side take pains to appeal from the decision of the enunciator,—he of course being guided by the book or paper in his hand,—to the Dictionary, who is to blame? Several words spelled by Bates boys were declared wrong by the enunciator, but on an immediate appeal to Webster proved to be correct. Charges of unfairness, we are sorry to say, have also been made against Bates boys. These charges need no denial from us; they are too self-evidently ridiculous for any candid person to believe.

A SUGGESTION.

The interest manifested in gymnastics since the recent additions of apparatus to the gymnasium and the impromptu walking matches frequently indulged in, suggest to us that it is about time a field day was instituted here at Bates. Field day has become a fixed institution in most colleges, especially in New England. On some appointed day, either in spring or fall, the students gather on the campus or ball ground, and engage in such athletic sports as standing jumps, running jumps, walking and running matches of a mile or more, sack races, hurdle races, throwing the ball, etc., prizes being awarded to the victors. Such sports can not fail to draw a large number of spectators and furnish much amusement for all concerned. These exercises are generally in charge of an Athletic Association; but the fact that we have as yet no such organization need not prevent our having a field day. Field day once established would certainly increase our interest in gymnastics, and perhaps lead to the formation of an Athletic Association.

Our base-ball ground would be just the place for such sports. The prizes are usually of but little real worth, and could be easily raised by subscriptions and by assessing a tax upon the contestants. We see no reason why such a day may not be established by another fall. Come, Juniors, wake up, the mantle of the Seniors is about to fall upon you, and here is a chance for you to immortalize yourselves. Take this matter in hand, begin to talk about it now, and not forget it when you return next term, and we may see some rare sport.
Editors' Portfolio.

We trust this seed may fall into good ground, and bring forth fruit in abundance.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The April number of the Targum seems to us the best, especially in mechanical appearance, we have seen. The literary articles are good, though, if we were to criticize, we should say they were rather declamatory in style. The interest in boating at Rutgers appears to be strong.

Our Catholic exchanges, especially the Owl and the Index, seem to be much pleased with an article upon "Romanism," in our February number. They express surprise at the candor of the article. Will either of them give us an equally candid article upon Protestantism? A college journal is, perhaps, not just the place for a religious discussion, but our Catholic friends surely have more to say upon their religion than the representatives of Protestant institutions upon theirs. They, perhaps, consider it their duty to profess and uphold their faith; but they must admit that they lack that candor and freedom from sectarianism which they profess to admire in the above mentioned article.

The Magenta laments the lack of architectural beauty in the buildings at Harvard. It declares that the Harvard students who have figured in spelling matches (and been defeated) were not authorized representatives of the college. Were it not for repeating what they have so often seen, we should feel inclined to compliment both the Advocate and Magenta upon the excellence of their poetry.

The Irving Union has enlarged and improved since we first made its acquaintance. That "Trials of a Twin" seems strangely familiar; we think we had read it before we ever heard of the Union. Thanks for your word of praise in March, but two small s's won't take the place of a capital.

We are glad to greet the Hesperian Student in its new and more becoming dress. The editor is very much dissatisfied with the last Nebraska Legislature. He says the legislature balances its retrenchments of appropriations for schools by increasing the appropriation for the State Penitentiary. Allow us to call your attention, friend Student, to the similarity between that article, "What is a book; and what is it to read?" and the introductory to Dr. Noah Porter's work upon Books and Reading. Can it be that you put that article into your magazine knowing that the author was guilty of the most outrageous plagiarism? Dr. Porter opens his book by imagining a South-Sea-Islander suddenly taken from his savage home and placed in the midst of a great library, and says that a public library would be a most incomprehensible thing to him. The author of the article in
your paper, says: "One of the most incomprehensible objects to the savage is a book." His second sentence, "A church he can understand," Dr. P.'s second paragraph begins with the sentence, "A cathedral he would at once understand." Take again the sentences in which your article says that the savage could comprehend a military parade. With the exception of one or two unimportant words, exactly the same thing is found in Dr. P.'s book. And so on throughout the whole piece. There is but one way to account for such remarkable similarity, not only in thought, but also in expression. We have read much in our exchanges concerning plagiarism, but we never expected to see the columns of a college journal stained with such a plain and inexcusable case.

A new exchange, the Sigma Epsilon, from Sewanee, Tenn., greets us. We are always glad to meet these new friends in college journalism, and especially those from the South. It is often said that college papers will tend to bring into closer acquaintance and firmer friendship the many institutions of learning throughout the country; and it seems to us especially desirable that a more intimate acquaintance should spring up between institutions in the North and those of the South.

The College Herald insinuates that if it were not for its clippings there would not be a spark of vivacity in the Student. We suppose, then, there is a very little "vivacity" in our columns; but does the Herald contribute anything towards it? Do any of your witticisms figure among our "clippings"? The greatest fault we have to find with the Herald is its abominably tight wrapper.

An editorial in the Crescent says: "The Crescent seems to bother a great many people." It has not bothered us, but we have been surprised that the students and friends of Hillsdale do not make the magazine more of a success. With so large an editorial corps the editorial department of the Crescent ought to be fuller and more interesting. We know it is easy to find fault and give advice, and we heartily sympathize with the editors and wish them the highest success.

There is great rejoicing in the sanctum of the University Review over a puff which one of its Western brethren passes upon it, and now the editors cry for sugar plums from its other exchanges. We have often heard temperance lecturers speak in impassioned language of the strength and fierceness of the appetite aroused by a single glass, and here is a good illustration.
DR. B—— "told" at Auburn, or, at least, we saw his lips "a-going."

Prof. — "What are hibernating animals?" Student (promptly)— "Those that live on grass."

We were represented at the Auburn spelling match, and would have taken the prize if "they hadn't cheated."

When Prof. — rose to spell, at the late contest, a loyal student was heard to exclaim, "Five cents he makes his first!"

Student—"Chum, they've raised the amount of rank required for an oration." Chum (gruffly)—"They haven't raised mine any."

NOTICE. Persons having frog's eggs to dispose of, can learn something to their advantage by applying to the Junior Class committee.

Recitation in Embryology. Professor—"How about the duration of the embryonic period." Student— "Hens sit three weeks, turkeys, four."

A man in P. H. dislocated his jaw, the other evening, by attempting to encase a pillow while holding it in his teeth. Let his misfortune be a warning to others who ape the housewife.

The police now tell people the time of day without being asked.

A student translates "Melodie des Kuhreihens," "tune the cow died on."

A Junior studying "Evidences" comes to the heading "Divine Aid Uncertain," and lays down the textbook.

Our bowling apparatus now consists of one ball and two pins. One of the pins is in fair condition, the other needs a "head put on it."

The "spell" passed over without accident, excepting that one fellow was run over on the street while gazing at signs, in quest of such words as Pulverman, Ehrenfried, etc.

Paterfamilias, looking over student's rank bill, sees, Prayers ——, and sadly remarks, "I am sorry, my son, to see this; I hope there will be an improvement next term, and that I shall see you credited with, at least, one prayer a day."

We advise the Sophs to walk circumspectly. A Freshman turned himself upside down in the gymnasium a few days since, when, behold! weapons fell out of his pockets sufficient to have taken Sebastopol in twenty minutes, had they been properly handled.
High School conundrum. "Why is Bates College like a bank?" "Because it has many tellers." College conundrum. "Why are the High School scholars like eggs?" "Because they foam when beaten."

A "scrimmage" occurred lately between a Junior and a Sophomore. The Junior represented science and experience, the Soph. muscle and determination. Consequently, the issue was a tie. We learn that the affair will be settled by arbitration.

Latin Class. Prof.—"How do you decline pecunia?" Dead-broke student—"With the greatest reluctance."—Index.

A tall, slim, red-haired youth of the Sophomore class, has declined a liberal offer to act as auctioneer's flag in this city.—Record.

The Junior who takes an interest in Zoölogy, has coined the following parody on "I was a wandering sheep":—

I was a Rhizopod
With Protoplastic cells;
I had a little Nucleus,
But I had nothing else.
And as I floated 'round,
On Separation bent,
Absorbing to my Nucleus
My food, I lived content.
And now I am a man,
Through Evolution's power,
But, O my little Nucleus,
I miss thee every hour.

—Yale Courant.

A Theologue in one of the clubs says he will ask the blessing for half his board. We think it would be worth that to the club.—Madisonensis.

According to the Cornell Times, five misses are practicing rowing at that University. They ought to beat any crew in the world, for at the start they have gone five miles—each miss being as good as a mile. Ex.

The laziest student now at Lawrence is the Freshie who sat at the foot of the college stairs a full half-day, waiting for the world to turn over, so that he could get into the chapel without climbing.—Lawrence Collegian.

It appears that at Vassar College there is one day in the week called "Onion Day," on which all the ladies indulge in raw onions, as a health promoter. It requires upwards of fifteen bushels of this high-toned esculent to go around.—Tyro.

Here is the latest version of, "Mother, may I go out to Swim?"

Mater Anser.

"Desidere, mater, naturae."
"I! filiola carissima!"
Et, vestimentis detractis, haece ventis
Ab ramo memineris dare—
Ab caryae ramo amarum.
Sed cave! nequaquam accedes ad aquam!
Sic circumnatabis tutissima. —Ex.
THE Senior exhibition passed off very quietly.

At present writing Prof. Stanton and lady are in Rome.

Our nine, we hear, are to play a series of games with first class clubs.

The proceeds of the late spelling match were made over to the treasurer of the Base-Ball Association.

It is rumored that we are to have a new professor at the beginning of the next collegiate year.

Ex-Senator Patterson of New Hampshire, will lecture before the Literary Societies at Commencement.

Prof. C. H. Malcom recently delivered a course of lectures before the Faculty and students of Oread Institute, Worcester. "These historical lectures," says the Watchman and Reflector, "are able and elegant, and show much research on the part of the gifted author."

The "nine" has been organized, and consists of the following men: P. R. Clason, Oakes, Burr, O. B. Clason, Whitney, Hall, Noble, Fuller, and Adams. There is more enthusiasm in base-ball matters this year than ever before, and with constant training in the gymnasium and on the grounds, we expect the "nine" to show its supporters some exciting contests this season.

The Seniors have completed their engagements for the Commencement Concert. The following talent has been secured: Miss Annie L. Cary, contralto; Mr. Wm. H. Fessenden, tenor; Mr. Henry C. Brown, cornet soloist; Herr Hermann Kotzschmar, pianist; and Brown’s Band. Persons out of town desiring tickets can obtain them by addressing J. H. Hutchins, Bates College, Lewiston, Maine.

From F. W. Helmick, 278 West Sixth street, Cincinnati, Ohio, we have a beautiful piece of sheet music, "Remember Deeds of Kindness." Price 30 cents.

J. Fischer & Bro., Dayton, Ohio, send us School Festival Songs, a collection of favorite English and German trios and choruses for exhibitions, concerts, and parlor entertainments. The book contains thirteen songs and thirty-three pages. Many of the songs are given in both English and German. Price 75 cents.

Silver Threads of Song is the title of a new song book for school and home, compiled by H. Millard, and published by S. T. Gordon & Son, 13 East Fourteenth street, New York. The volume contains many of the popular songs, and is specially adapted to schools, both by its songs and the excellent treatise on the elements of music.
PERSONALS.

'68.—In the Boston University Year Book we notice the name of C. G. Emery as a member of the School of All Sciences and candidate for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

'69.—Addison Small has resigned his position as Superintendent of Schools in Auburn, and is to be cashier of the People's Savings Bank in this city.

'69.—W. H. Bolster has resigned the pastorate of the Congregational church in Wiscasset.

'71.—J. N. Ham is Principal of the High School at Peabody, Mass.

'73.—C. B. Reade and G. E. Smith were admitted to the bar at the April session of the S. J. Court in Auburn.

'76.—A. M. Burton, a former member of this class, is Principal of the High School at Bryant's Pond, Me.

[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 1868.

Wendell, Oliver Clinton. Born May 7, 1845. Son of Oliver E. and Vienna Wendell.

1868, October, Entered Cambridge Observatory.

Married, July 10, 1870, to Sarah Butler, daughter of Dr. John R. and Sarah M. Butler of Augusta, Me.

Went West same year.

1872, Spent several seasons with Jas. B. Francis, Hydraulic Engineer, Lowell, Mass.

Children, Arthur B. and Charlie B.

Present post-office address, Dover, N. H.
## Bates College

**Faculty of Instruction and Government**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Title</th>
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<tr>
<td>Rev. Oren B. Cheney, D.D.</td>
<td>President</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rev. John Fullarton, D.D.</td>
<td>Prof. of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jonathan Y. Stanton, A.M.</td>
<td>Professor of Greek and Latin Languages</td>
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<td>Rev. Benjamin F. Hayes, D.D.</td>
<td>Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy</td>
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<td>Richard C. Stanley, A.M.</td>
<td>Professor of Chemistry and Geology</td>
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<td>Thomas L. Angell, A.M.</td>
<td>Professor of Modern Languages</td>
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<td>Rev. James Albert Howe, A.M.</td>
<td>Professor of Systematic Theology</td>
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<td>George C. Chase, A.M.</td>
<td>Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature</td>
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<td>Thomas Hill Rich, A.M.</td>
<td>Professor of Hebrew</td>
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<td>Rev. Charles H. Malcom, D.D.</td>
<td>Lecturer on History</td>
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<td>Clarence A. Bickford, A.B.</td>
<td>Instructor</td>
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<td>Frank W. Cobb, A.B.</td>
<td>Tutor</td>
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<tr>
<td>Edmund R. Angell, A.B.</td>
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**Classical Department**

**Terms of Admission**

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

- **Latin**: In nine books of Virgil's *Aeneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *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 Hartley'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 Worcester's *Ancient History*.

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

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

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

**Course of Study**

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

**Expenses**

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

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

**Theological School**

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