The Relation of æsthetic Culture to Morality .................................................. 159
Higher Education of Woman ................................................................. 162
Unsolved Problems in Philosophy .......................................................... 164
Music ........................................................................................................ 168
E. C. Stedman ....................................................................................... 169
Chum's First Essay ............................................................................... 173
EDITORS' PORTFOLIO .............................................................................. 176
Superstition... Commencement. . . . Our Exchanges. ............................... 181
ODDS AND ENDS ..................................................................................... 181
COLLEGE ITEMS ...................................................................................... 183
PERSONALS ............................................................................................. 184

LEWISTON:
PRINTED AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE.
1875.
THE RELATION OF AESTHETIC CULTURE TO MORALITY.

There are some fields of thought in which we gladly follow the reaper and rejoice in the fruits of his toil, but into whose golden harvest we cautiously thrust the sickle, lest the beauty we so much admire may wither at our rude touch.

Such a field of thought does our subject open to us, whether we view it as a whole or in its parts. We stand reverently at the entrance and listen involuntarily for the command: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

By aesthetic culture we understand the culture of that power of the mind by which it discriminates with respect to the beautiful or sublime in nature or in art; that power which is commonly denominated taste.

By morality we intend not merely that external regard for human and divine law which sometimes receives the name, but that inward devotion to truth which finds expression in active personal piety.

That the two are somewhat related is generally admitted; but the kind and degree of the relation are not clearly determined. Evidently the existence of the one does not necessarily imply that of the other.

The noblest specimens of statuary —those to which genius makes pilgrimages and to which she renders homage—are the production of an idolatrous age, the representatives of deities to whom were attributed the grossest passions—many of them in their very chiseled outlines the propagators of vice and sensuality. The grandest conceptions that have found expression upon canvas have been consecrated to the service of a wicked and superstitious church; while the artist has rever-
ently bowed in adoration of his own genius. That the poet's inspiration comes not at the bidding of the virtuous alone, witness Byron, Shelley, Burns! Witness our own nameless, mysterious Poe!

On the other hand, no nation has been found so rude and barbarous as to be entirely destitute of a moral code. Ideas of right and justice prevail to some extent even among savages.

The peasantry of many nations, though apparently almost destitute of taste and refinement, are yet distinguished for their regard for the sterner virtues, and often for their courtesy and hospitality. Our Puritan ancestors, though world-renowned for their strict integrity, can hardly be said to have possessed a great degree of æsthetic culture. They did, indeed, recognize and appreciate the sublime; but this indicated only a partial development of the discriminating power.

Taste has its origin in sensibility, the susceptibility of impression. The more delicate and acute this susceptibility, the more comprehensive and accurate the faculty that is based upon it. One man is thrilled with delight by what in another awakens no emotion. The ear of one is on the alert for every sweet sound, his eye open to every beautiful scene; and when these are wanting, the imagination compensates for their absence by its own wonderful creations. Another goes blindfold through a world that God has crowned with beauty. All, however, seem to be endowed with some capacity for perceiving the beautiful. The cultivation of this susceptibility gives rise to taste in its different degrees.

But while the delicately constituted mind is thus sensitive to the presence of the beautiful, it is also, from its very organism, peculiarly the prey of external influence. Its vibrating strings are often swept by the fierce blasts of passion, or they tremble at the breath of forbidden but alluring pleasure. This, when considered in connection with the fact that evil has ever been predominant in the world, and that man is a fallen being, will enable us to perceive how the most wonderful genius may be prostituted to the service of vice. But while purity of heart is not essential to the existence of refined taste, it is nevertheless true that æsthetic culture is most effectually promoted when the soul is in harmony with its Creator.

Beauty is the manifestation of the spiritual under sensible forms. It is the invisible dwelling in, animating, and seeking utterance through the visible. The glistening dew-drop, the flower that charms us with its beauty or regales us with its fragrance, the waving tree, the broad blue sky with its changing glories of morning and evening, the deeper blue of the grand old ocean—each radiant with its own loveliness or
crowned with its own majesty—reveal to us a life subtile, mysterious, intangible.

But it is in man himself that "the spiritual shines forth most clearly through the veil of the material." Here the emotion of the heart depicts itself upon the countenance; the language of the soul is written upon lip, cheek, and eye. Here is engraved in indelible lines the character; here find expression the secrets which tongue and heart would fain withhold.

Thus in art, also, all that is beautiful, all that is sublime, derives its power to please or impress us from this mysterious interweaving of the visible and the invisible. Poe has said: "We are often made to feel with a shivering delight that from an earthly harp are stricken notes that can not have been unfamiliar to the angels." In like manner we may believe that the grace and beauty dimly shadowed through these material forms that we so much admire, are the faint foregleams of a beauty that sin has not marred and mortality has not veiled.

Meanwhile, in all these forms, and in all these voices, comes to us the voice of God. The more complete, then, the harmony between the soul and God, the ampler the appreciation of the beautiful that is but the manifestation of Himself. What wonder, then, that the vivid imagery of Isaiah and Ezekiel, the tender pathos of David, and the charming simplicity and conciseness of the historical parts of the Old Testament, remain peerless among writings of a similar nature. The men who wrote the Bible were in harmony with their Maker; and though each writer has revealed to us in some degree the peculiarities of his own mind, yet the pen of each was guided by an invisible hand; and the language of each, after the lapse of so many centuries, comes to us illuminated by the light of a heavenly inspiration. The Bible affords the grandest scenes for the painter, the purest conceptions for the sculptor, the noblest themes for the orator and the poet, while the musician has caught his most inspiring strains from the echo of its celestial melody.

Answer, Raphael, Beethoven, Milton—did ye not derive your truest, loftiest inspiration from the Sacred Volume?

We have said that a refined taste does not necessarily imply the existence of a pure heart. It is true that a cultivated mind may shrink from the perpetration of gross crime; this may be due, however, not to the love of virtue or the hatred of vice, but simply to the extreme delicacy of its own organism. For the same reason, a person in whom the aesthetic faculty is imperfectly developed may lose sympathy and shrink from contact with the masses; but the man of liberal culture will "Honor the hard hand of toil, and
reverence the form bent in the stern service of mankind.”

While correct taste and purity of heart are in so great a degree independent of each other, it is yet true that a full development of man’s moral nature requires a corresponding cultivation of the intellect; and that art can not rise to her grandest conceptions save under the inspiration and guidance of true religion. Under the influence of Christianity, art seeks her home in the region of the spiritual; left to herself, she is taken captive to decorate vice and sensuality. Wedded to art, religion arrays herself in robes of beauty; despising art, she chills us by her gloomy austerity.

The omnipresent beauty and sublimity of nature alone adequately represent infinite skill and goodness; so man’s highest development will be attained only when he once more becomes the image of his God.

---

**HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMAN.**

The happy and important changes which have taken place in public opinion during the last century, concerning the position and education of woman, show that the world is beginning to understand the spirit of the Golden Rule.

But public opinion, with all its splendid triumphs, still clings tenaciously to the manners and customs of the past. The clear light of our age reveals abuses imposed upon women during the barbarous ages of the past, still unreformed. Many of the objections to the higher education of woman are but prejudices, clothed in the shining garb of reason. These objections, when stripped of their robes of prejudice and gilded rhetoric, are only the bones of some old sanctioned error, which crumble in the pure air of knowledge.

Everywhere we hear it said that the sphere of woman does not require an extended and superior education. This remark shows that man, in the contest for gain and fame, oftentimes forgets the grandest objects of education. Those people that talk about the sphere of woman seem to forget that she has a mind. In the discussion of the higher education of woman it is not enough remembered that the mind is immortal; that its cultivation is not for time, but for eternity; and that from the realms above we shall look back with pleasure or pain upon the cultivation given to it in this world. Mind, the highest and
Higher Education of Woman.

noblest gift of God, is of more importance than material blessings. It has its own laws of growth and development, and must be nourished and cultivated for its own good. The enjoyments and pleasures which come from the acquisition of knowledge form the glory and happiness of our being. But the duties which naturally devolve upon the female sex require great wisdom. Where is there a position that demands more knowledge than that of mother? To her is entrusted the training of children during those most important years of life, when their minds receive those early impressions that nearly decide the destiny of the future man. A well educated mother can inspire her children with valuable tastes that will abide with them through life and carry them up to all the sublimities of knowledge. But if she is absorbed in frivolous amusements,—if she has received only a fashionable education, so popular in many of our large cities,—she is incapable of laying the foundation of a great character. A lawyer may need education to enable him to plead for justice; a physician, that he may know how to care for the body; a minister, that he may rightly care for the soul; but mothers, because they mould and give form to the character of the whole world. The opinion that the wife should be less educated than the husband, is a relic of the barbarism of the past. What is the ideal of married life? A perfect union of the affections, thoughts, and tastes. Intimate society can not exist between people when education has made them radically dissimilar; and that policy which marks out a different course of education for the two sexes, destroys one of the greatest sources of human happiness—that which results from similarity in knowledge and tastes. Let the same education be given to both sexes, and it will increase the happiness of married life, by multiplying the subjects in which both parties take a common interest, and by making marriage a communion of the understanding as well as of the affections.

The opinion that music, drawing, or painting, should receive more of a young lady's attention than the higher branches of learning, pervades society and has caused many evils.

If a person has a taste for the fine arts, that is the highest reason why the talent should be cultivated. But that system of education which makes music and drawing of the first importance should not be tolerated. These are, in most cases, only accomplishments to adorn youth; and when youth is gone, these accomplishments are laid aside, and, in too many cases, forgotten. We do not speak lightly of the fine arts, but against the tendency to let these supplant real knowledge; against the opinion that girls must spend their
best days in drumming on a piano
when they have not the least musical
taste; against preferring poorly
painted pictures to a cultivated
mind. Music may give pleasure to
others; it may lend charms to the
bright, rosy years of youth; but it
does not cultivate the mind like lit-
erature or science. The early edu-
cation of a girl should produce en-
joyments and amusements that fade
not away with age; should provide
for every season, and leave her,
when she is stricken by the hand of
time, in full possession of the charms
of knowledge.

By making the higher education
of both sexes somewhat similar, innumerable benefits will ensue. Woman must be admired for some-
thing, and society having proclaimed
against the charms of education, she
seeks in many cases to make herself
attractive through dress. When
society prepares for her equal

chances with man for a polished ed-
cucation,—when it regards her intel-
lectual culture of more importance
than her dress or mere accomplish-
ments,—then will many of the curses
of fashion decline.

The system of female education,
as it exists in many places, stands
condemned as absurd. Women
should not be educated for drudges,
toys, or angels, but as man’s com-
ppanion and equal. Let all restric-
tions which now debar her from our
colleges be removed. Let girls have
all the advantages of education, and
we have no fear but that she will
find her own place. The higher
education of woman should aim at
intellectual culture rather than at a
knowledge of music and drawing;
should seek to furnish pleasure that
will endure as long as life endures;
should strive to make youth attrac-
tive and age venerable.

UNSOLVED PROBLEMS IN PHILOSOPHY.

THE human mind long ago set for
its problems over which it
still toils, and which it seems des-
tined never to solve. Modern times
have witnessed an astonishing ad-
vance in both physical and meta-
physical studies. Notwithstanding
this, questions that rose, clothed
with majesty and profound mystery,
before the princely minds of the age
of Pericles, seem even more unan-
swerable than ever. Kant, the su-
preme intellect of Germany, comes
more than twenty centuries after
Plato; yet they stand alike with
rapt souls and dumb lips before phe-
nomena which defy their insight and mock their longing. Copernicus has given us the true system of the heavens; Newton, the law of universal gravitation; steam and the electric spark have become our obedient servants; the naturalist, the ethnologist, the student of physiology, and the philosopher of the mind—have all contributed largely to increase our knowledge of this mysterious and manifold creation of which we ourselves form a part; but who has penetrated the secret of existence? This fruitful earth, those wheeling stars, this animating soul within—who has told us whence they are, what they are, why they are, and whither they tend?

For answer to these great questions, men have always looked both to the student of nature and the inspired teacher. Philosophy and Revelation are the two means by which thinkers have hoped to gain profoundest knowledge of the soul and of the phenomenal universe; but they have watched and waited in vain.

The great questions and established principles of all supersensual philosophy are almost precisely the same to-day that they were three centuries before Christ. To explain the principles of human knowledge; to prove a priori the existence of God; to show whether Realism is truer or falser than Idealism; and to demonstrate that the soul is immaterial and immortal—these things are as impossible to the modern as to the ancient thinker. Three times, at as many great crises in the history of human thought, Reason has been proved unequal to the solution of these problems. First, we learn that Oriental philosophy produced Mysticism. Next we see that Greek philosophy, repudiating faith, ran its brilliant course for six hundred years and ended at last in Neo-Platonism and the faith-philosophy of Alexandria. Finally, at a much later date, in Germany, philosophy again declined from presumptuous rationalism, and the ecstasy of Plotinus reappeared in the intellectual intuition of Schelling.

But what has Revelation done toward explaining these profound mysteries? Very little. Revelation was not given to disclose all truth, but only such as is necessary to the welfare of man. Moreover, it was designed not so much to explain facts as to state them. Unmistakably does it declare God's existence, the immortality of the soul, human guilt, and the way of salvation; but it answers no philosophical queries by elaborate explanation and demonstration; and beyond these few concisely stated facts, the seeker after supersensual truth gains but little knowledge from the pages of the Bible. These pages, it is true, contain many mystic sentences which may hereafter be made clear to the understanding; but at present they baffle the keenest and most zealous
minds. Like him who stands at night on the inner threshold of some vast cathedral, and in the midst of darkness looks far up to where through the stained glass of the storied windows struggles the faint moonlight—just seen and then buried in the majestic shadows; so the thoughtful soul, not having yet learned the simple lesson of faith, and unable to turn aside from unknowable things, stands before the sublime and awful mysteries of God's Word, mocked by the scanty light which but dimly illumines the borders of profoundest gloom.

So, then, neither Philosophy nor Revelation have given answer to certain questions which are primary in interest and importance. Revelation, indeed, gives assurance of many great facts; but a multitude of things which these facts suggest, and questions which start up on every side, it passes silently by. What, then, shall thinkers do? Like multitudes during the decline of Greek philosophy, like other multitudes at a more recent date in Germany, and as very many are doing to-day in England and America, should they relinquish all that has been gained, and sink into the apathy of skepticism? Assuredly not. But should they abandon their questionings, and turn their thoughts to other and less profound subjects? Some might find it simply impossible to do this; and on the whole perhaps it is better, oftentimes, that they should not.

Men will do well if they cling to Revelation with the feeling and the faith that it contains for them many things which they have not yet apprehended. We of the present know but little compared with what will be known by future generations, learning not only from the stars and the rocks, but also from the pages of Divine Revelation.

We must also cling to Philosophy. Why? Because, first, it is a fountain of rare delight to the mind. For the old Greek it possessed a charm not inferior to that of Apollo and the Muses. And thousands to-day, though using the term in a somewhat different sense, can exclaim with the second brother in "Comus":—

"How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets
Where no crude surfeit reisns.

Secondly, because it brings "rich instruction and a mind enlarged."
"The study of philosophy is largely designed to teach one to think," says one writer. "It means the lifting of the mind from particular facts to general laws or universal truths," says another. "It makes us acquainted with human creatures and some of the laws which govern the material and visible world," are the words of Robert Hall. "It is the sovereign science, made to govern all others," thought Aristotle. "The day on which man first reflected was the birth-day of philosophy; philo-
sophy is nothing else than reflection in a vast form,” wrote Victor Cousin. “It is thought passing beyond the simple perceptions of things . . . . to seek the ground, and reason, and law of things. It is the effort of Reason to solve the great problem of ‘Being and Becoming,’ of appearance and reality, of the changeful and the permanent.”

Philosophy, moreover, does good service for man in teaching him the limits of human reason. It leads him along the very frontiers of human thought, pointing out just the points where begin the unknowable mysteries of God. But, furthermore, we must cherish philosophy because it is our sole means, aside from revelation, of apprehending supersensual truth. While it must be confessed that philosophy has failed in most of its higher undertakings, it has, nevertheless, achieved many things in the realms of nature and mind, and it has a future mission of good to the world. Recall what it did before the coming of Christianity. “When we consider its mission previous to Christ,” is the language of most thinkers, “we feel convinced that it had its place in the divine plan.” It waged a ceaseless and effective warfare against polytheism; it enshrined conscience as a law of duty; it elevated and purified the Moral Idea, revealed the immediate spiritual wants of the soul, and distinctly presented the problem which Christianity alone could solve. But the mission of philosophy did not end with the coming of Christ; it pertains to future ages as well as the past. The forerunner of the New Testament, philosophy is also its attendant, assistant, and interpreter. James Martineau has profoundly and truly said: “If there be any provision in Christianity for the growing evolution of divine truth and human discernment, then does this very process constitute a new fact in the history and experience of humanity, a fact whose law and whose moral traces it is the business of a reverential philosophy to follow. To justify the faiths which revelation assumes—to interpret this conscience to which it appeals—remain, therefore, in any case, offices in attempting which philosophy does not pass the fore-court of our religion.”
Music.

MUSIC.

O MUSIC, how oft to thy silvery strain
Have I listened with attentive ear,
Dreaming sweetly o'er memory's golden chain
Of bygone days, to my heart so dear.

When dark-eyed Nox, the sable goddess of night,
Hath closed the pearly realms of day,
How sweet the minstrelsy of the breezes light,
As they float upon their airy way.

As, musing, I listen to thy tender lay,
Watching the twinkling stars above,
I think how very sad it were, here to stay,
If this world indeed were void of love.

Like a fleeting shadow from the misty Past
Spring tender childhood's careless hours,
With happy, restless moments, which did not last,
And bright-eyed hopes which ne'er were ours.

Now, floating in on memory's silent tide,
Come the rosy days of froward youth,
Filled with rich joys, treasures we would not hide,—
The brightest, happiest age, forsooth.

How clearly I remember those sylvan retreats,
Those cloud-capped hills with valleys so green,
The old-fashioned church with its stiff oaken seats,
The cool, clear spring which fed the wild stream.

Thus heaven-born music is the golden key
To which open the portals of Time;
And as we view those days which are gone, we see
The past, though dead, a beautiful clime.

But as music charms the present, shows the past,
A silent whisper of conscience tells
That the song of life, which shall always last,
Must be sung to Him who in heaven dwells.
It is at any time a thankless task to review the works of a living writer; and when that writer is a man in the prime of life, with his full harvest work and aftermath yet to come, with perhaps only a very ordinary spring from which to judge the ensuing growth, in utter ignorance as to what future showers of inspiration may descend to bless the hidden seed and help it germinate—in such a case, when the question, "flower or weed?" is still in abeyance, it is more than thankless—it is venturesome.

Yet, if there be risk, there is also pleasure in venturing upon such fresh and unhackneyed work. It is restful sometimes to consider that the sweet notes which ring in the ear have not come sounding down through the ages, but have been uttered in one's own day and generation. To turn aside from the "perennial streams" to one of our own wayside rills is for the nonce refreshing. Moreover, in order to receive the most enjoyment, the disposition to cavil must be laid aside, and a hopeful spirit adopted, which is disposed to see the best side of everything. In such a spirit we wish to glance briefly at the poetical works of Edmund Clarence Stedman, who has some claim to be called a singer, and in proof thereof has sent forth an edition of his Complete Works, which, previous to this writing, has become an incomplete one.

In judging Mr. Stedman's work, it is well to remember it is mostly that of a young man, and should be considered fully as much for what it indicates as for what it really presents. If in what he has done there be some vein well worked, some chord finely and harmoniously sounded, or some new chant for truth and beauty, let us accept the hopeful indication and be glad therefor, though we find much that is mere echo or even weakness.

We shall take his works as nearly in the order of original publication; hence his early poems, published in 1860, first claim our attention. Among these we think The Ballad of Lager Bier is as complete and original as any. It is a jolly reverie (perhaps we ought to say revel) in a beer-garden, in which the writer sees pass before him a quaint assemblage of German worthies, and is transported to the land of German Hebes and—Lager Bier; a striking, amusing vein the author here works, and one in which he can hardly be called an imitator. This charge, however, can be brought against him in Penelope, wherein he evidently, and it would seem deliberately, sings a Tennysonian strain. Had Tennyson's Ulysses never been written, then supposing Penelope to
be read, one would find much that is pleasing; though on the other hand we can hardly conceive of Stedman’s work existing alone, as certain parts of it seem intended for a direct reply to Tennyson’s poem. It is something for Mr. Stedman, after all, that he has imitated so successfully. In Flood-Tide we find a marked flavor of Locksley Hall, to which it is decidedly inferior, to our thinking—not comparing as favorably with its original as Penelope with Ulysses. We fancy there is a suggestion of Longfellow in a sweet little poem called Heliotrope; not sufficient, however, to mar its beauty. As we begin The Freshet, the influence of Tennyson is again perceptible; but we forget it before we advance far in the well-written idyl, and this we hold a good sign. As a knight may strike sturdy blows in another’s armor, so a singer may sing a fine strain to another’s harp, causing us to forget that the instrument is not his own. How John Brown Took Harper’s Ferry is a poem in a different vein, and is quite stirring and strong. The Sonnets in this first issue we do not admire; indeed, we by no means consider Stedman as good a sonneteer as Aldrich, a younger poet who has done much more and much better work in this line.

We would next invite attention to a poem called Alectryon, which, in its flowing rhythm and excellent choice of language, is unsurpassed by anything in the volume. Yet the beauty of the poem is wholly sensuous. It may appeal to the intellect, but it never sounds any moral depths. It seems much like an artist’s work, but working in clay. A mythological story, well enough in its place, but it would seem that its fitting niche is in the Classical Dictionary; and if Mr. Stedman must sing of the old mythology, one would think he might find nobler themes to employ his pen than the illicit loves of Mars and Venus, together with the unfaithful watch and ward of Alectryon. We freely confess that our objections to this poem came after we had laid it aside, and not during its perusal. At that time we gave ourselves up to its flow, and were borne along without pausing to analyze sensations, lulled, as it were, by the gentle lapsing of its waves of melody. But when it was finished and looked upon in retrospect, we felt like one who, launching his skiff upon a quiet stream, floats the livelong day among water-lilies, under arching trees, catching glimpses of summer skies (though not often) not learning new truths nor obtaining fresh revelations of nature, but steeping his senses in languor, idly dreaming and perhaps building his châteaux en Espagne, and at last comes back more enervated than before, to take up again his burden of life.

But this does not constitute our chiefest objection to Alectryon.
Perhaps lotus-dreams have their use and significance; and an idle hour passed amid sensuous beauty, even though it teaches us no lesson, may rest if it do not harm us; but in this story there is a lack, which, though it may be necessitated by mythology (we do not know why it should be), is hardly pleasing to morality. It seems to us at any time a riskful if not a dangerous experiment, to throw the halo of imagination around unlawful love: if it bring its own moral compensation, if remorse and repentance follow committed sin, then indeed may some good result; but when this is not the case—when the wrong is deliberate, and its discovery, not its evil, causes what slight feeling is manifested—then its influence may be questioned, even though it be the *dei immortales* who offend, and fair Venus herself who seeks the Cyprian isle, "half in shame, half laughter-pleased," while Mars, angry and "disdainful of secret joys that stript him to the laughter of the gods," rages away to Thrace, and indulges his spleen by changing Alectryon, his unfaithful warder,

"—to the cock,
That evermore, remembering his fault,
Heralds with warning voice the coming day."

Perhaps Mr. Stedman has handled his theme as delicately as he could, but it seems a pity so much beauty of workmanship should be given to so unsatisfactory a subject.

The other poems in this issue of '64 which have specially interested us, are The Old Love and the New, and Peter Stuyvesant's New Year's Call; the latter particularly claiming our attention as another example in the peculiar vein which Stedman seems to have made his own, and to which we have already alluded in The Ballad of Lager Bier. Peter Stuyvesant's Call purports to have been made, when New York was a youngling, by the old Manhattan governor upon his friend Govert Loockermans. The description is well rendered; the old Dutch interior is present to our living fancies, and Hardkoppig Peter as he drinks and dreams is highly interesting, and suggests Irving's Knickerbocker with its delightful humor.

In the poems of 1869 we first direct notice to the songs and studies, among which we find some of Stedman's best work; noticeably the poem called Pan in Wall Street, wherein a dusty organ-grinder twirls a Pan's-pipe, and by dint of the poet's exorcism we forget the Wall Street surroundings and wander off to Sicilian hills with him, and are recalled at will by his art. Truly, here is a seizing of hidden springs to move one's nature; a looking under the surface of commonplace occurrences and drawing forth of concealed beauties to delight and instruct us. How he transforms a somewhat repulsive crowd into a suggestion of something finer! This is certainly one of the best, if not the best thing in Stedman's special
vein. Fuit Ilium is another, to our thinking not as good, called forth by the tearing down of an old mansion in the heart of the city. The Doorstep is a charming poem in another way. How exact the picture of the scene at the door of the country church! How delightfully the walk home is portrayed! And then—the adieu on the doorstep! Ah! "listless woman, weary lover," here is an old story sweetly and archly told. Toujours Amour and Country Sleighing are good, the latter quite musical. In Poems of Nature, we like best Betrothed Anew; but Autumn Song, The Feast of Harvest, and Holyoke Valley are very enjoyable. Under Occasional Poems, we find, Wanted—a Man, which embodies an indignant protest and a stirring appeal, and, at the time of writing (1862) may have had singular appropriateness. Here, too, we find Stedman's best sonnet, written on Abraham Lincoln's Assassination.

The Old Admiral, Gettysburg, Treason's Last Device, all stirring poems of the war—the first in honor of Admiral Stewart—thrill us and at times cause us to exult with somewhat of martial fervor. Israel Frazer's Bid for Gold is noticeable in striking contrast; a poem with a lesson, doubtless, tacked on so that all can read, but we think it inferior to some others. The Dartmouth Ode is excellent, and in it the author takes occasion to pay a worthy tribute to Chase. The Heart of New England, which completes the volume, is a touching poem, a tale with a tear in it, yet an artistic work, with an apt choice of words for the refrain that closes each stanza that reminds one of the same trait as manifested in Longfellow's My Lost Youth.

We have left ourselves no time to speak at length of the two long poems, which have in turn been made the nucleus of smaller volumes, and are now incorporated in this. Perhaps it is as well: certainly we feel less regret in omitting them than we should have felt in being obliged to leave out certain shorter and less pretentious ones; for while they contain some beautiful passages, yet as wholes they lack something to give them interest. They do not seem thoroughly sustained to the end,—though the later work, The Blameless Prince, more nearly approximates this than Alice of Monmouth. They weary you slightly, and might be placed under the head of poems that you begin with interest and finish from a sense of duty.

After all, what have we found? Is there anything in a measure new? Yes, we think there is. Such work as Pan in Wall Street seems to us in a certain way both new and delightful, and we wish Mr. Stedman might give us some more glimpses into the poetry that lies underneath the common every-day incidents of city life. We also find him charming in such
country sketches as The Doorstep, a class of work which seems as successfully performed as his other and more striking vein. The chant for truth and beauty has not been wanting. The new songs of love and passion have been found. It is also encouraging to observe that as we advance in the volume less imitation is apparent. His songs cease to be echoes, and the tones come clear, full, and ringing, in his own measure, from his own heart.

A writer in Scribner's recently said, in an imaginary letter to a person of poetical accomplishments: "The most original and individual of poets often begin with imitation, and the greatest put the whole world of life and literature under contribution. If you have stuff in you, you will find the talk about imitation growing less and less, and by and by you may have the fact of your own strong originality well proved by the crowd of mere mocking-birds who are trying to sing your songs." Whether this is wholly true or not, it is partly so, and Mr. Stedman's work has proved it. We can but hope that he will continue to sing.

We think we have found something in our examination of his work to reward our search. Ours has been eminently a modern search; not through nature's woods, stumbling over mossy logs, tripping our feet in tangled underbrush, to be finally rewarded by finding a violet "nestling cup-like in its bed of moss," and a few delicate ferns—no! we have wandered along garden paths, the evidences of cultivation everywhere about us, and after examining a few flowers, foreign to the soil and bearing their transplanting in some cases with little grace,—after turning disappointed away from some showy, pretentious blossoms, occasionally grasping at a beautiful rose only to have its petals disappear, leaving an unsightly thorn,—after all this, we have been made glad, inasmuch as we have found a heliotrope.

---

CHUM'S FIRST ESSAY.

THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was duly convened, and Chum was in agony. He was to relate his experience, or a part of it, while he was attending P—Academy. The Seniors, with gravity and well polished manners, were arrayed in order, smoking quietly and expectantly.

Here and there was a Junior, looking forlorn and sad, who, but for the presence of the Freshmen, would
have subsided, for Chum was a Freshman, just entered, and had been appointed to deliver his essay upon that eventful evening. The Sophomores were jubilant, feeling that Chum was inadequate to the momentous occasion.

With much ado the light was regulated, and in a trembling voice he spun, though I am sure that inwardly he prayed most fervently for the coming of Atropos to cut the thread and relieve him from a deadly weight of wit that clung about his heart, and bid him upward "git;" and to his room depart.

THE ESSAY.

In P—— Academy we all lodged up one flight of stairs, the girls sleeping upon one side of the long hall, and the boys upon the other. The Principal slept at the head of the stairs, and was ever on the alert to prevent communication between the two parties. But, lately, he had become inclined to visit a charming young widow in the village below, and remaining late, would creep up the stairs on tiptoe, and, softly approaching each door, place his eye and then his ear to the keyhole, to ascertain whether his chickens were well roosted.

We didn't like such maneuvering. We had been educating a billy-goat to charge upon rebellion, or any other onion, or young one. Darkness crept down from the hills and slipped out of his overcoat, and the billy of P—— Academy was led forth to be sacrificed. In the hall he stood, arrayed, not in purple and fine linen, but in long stockings, well stuffed with hay, that he might trip without disturbing the sleep of our venerable shepherd, the Principal. Sharp sticks had been thrust at "Billy," till, let any one stoop over, or point towards him, "Billy," lowering his head, would dash his horns against the opposing force; and woe to the luckless and riderless foe that encountered him then.

Every light was lowered, for it was late. A titter from some girl's room or giggle from some boy, was all that broke the silence. "Billy" stood midway the hall, with his head down, evidently engaged in deep thought. The quick, nervous step of the Professor was heard on the walk. Carefully he opened the hall door, and lightly stepped upon each stair in his ascent. All were expectant. In the darkness nothing could be seen, and we could only imagine the proceedings of the Principal from the noises that came to our ears. By the sliding, rustling movement we knew that he was at our door, looking in at the keyhole. Sanford lay upon the bed, holding a handkerchief over his mouth to keep from laughing outright, and I kept in an opposite corner. A sudden shifting on the outside, and with a thud the Professor went down. But
he, holding his rage, rises to his knees, and makes a dash after the imaginary student who dares to treat him to such honors. Smack went "Billy's" forehead against the nether portion of the Professor's body, and away he rolled to leeward. Once more, getting to his feet, he struck out into the darkness with the formidable cane, and again he went rolling on the hall floor, this time exclaiming: "I say, boys, that's enough of this." No answer, and we knew "Billy" was recruiting for the next sally.

"I'll kill you yet, and I don't want to hurt you—keep off!" Whack went the cane, and "Billy" charged anew.

"I—I—I say—I give it up—who ar-r-re ye-you?" roared the Professor, amid the thrusts and bunts of his friendly companion. Silence echoed naught. Again on his knees, for his antagonist would not yet allow him to rise upon his feet, he pleads: "Whoever you are, go to your room and it shall be all right." Silence. "I—say—le-l-l-let—me—u-up!" And they were at it again. "Prof.'s getting his ire up," whispered Sanford. "Aye; keep still."

"Well, young man, when I do find you out, you'll suffer," said the Professor, crawling off and getting to his feet.

All was still for a moment or two, when the Prof. again advanced upon his foe. Whack! crack! went the cane, and bang went the Professor, striking solidly on the floor. A titter from the girls' side, and the Prof. cries out: "Girls, bring a light." No light was brought, for it had been agreed that we should open our door at the proper time. "Confound you—con-fou-on-d you, I've got—ye," gasped the Professor, setting his fingers into the wool on "Billy's" curly head, and dancing around smartly on his knees, sitting down and rising up, with more haste than grace. "I—l—I'll—hold—you. —my—lad,—go—it,—go—it,—I—sa—y;" and the Professor fairly danced with joy at having got hold of the culprit. "Now, open the door," whispered Sanford; and, light in hand, I sprang into the hall, followed by Sanford. Boys and girls came pouring out of the different rooms, and a flood of light revealed the Prof. on his knees, his hat a few feet distant; his cane, broken, was beyond the hat; while before him stood "Billy" with his head poised for another charge. He was led away to banquet; the Prof. was assisted to his feet; the hat and cane taken, and quiet restored.

The next morning, I received a recommendation to College, and Sanford a discharge. The Prof. never visited the hall after dark again. "Billy" still lives, and cherishes tender regards for all who bow before him. Moral: "Facilis est descensus Avernus."

Chum had finished, and all were asleep.
EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

SUPERSTITION.

Tradition and modern science agree that this universe was once in a state of chaos. So history teaches us that the ideas of mankind concerning this universe, concerning its author and government, concerning nature and her wonderful and varied phenomena, were once in an equally chaotic state. To the lover of his fellow-men, to one interested in the progress of true knowledge and civilization, no department of history can be more interesting than to trace that slow but constant change in man's knowledge of the world in which he lives, and the strange objects and mysterious changes greeting him on every side. What a change—what an advance, from the dark days of fear, ignorance, and superstition, to the nineteenth century, filled with the light of reason and science; from the time when doubt and experiment were sins, to the time when only that knowledge gained by experiment is received as true knowledge—when, instead of rejecting ideas conflicting with tradition and accepted hypotheses, we reject the hypothesis if not confirmed by experiment.

Superstition, in some of its many forms, has always prevailed to a greater or less extent, and it will always remain in the world in proportion to the enlightenment, and in accordance with the modes of thought, of the people. One of the most absurd, and yet one of the most wide-spread and lasting, forms of superstition, was the belief in witchcraft. With the exception of the Epicureans, all sects of Grecian and Roman philosophy believed that certain persons were able by supernatural agency to inflict evil upon mankind. These philosophers were engaged in the exposition of abstract truths and theories, and not in the earnest study of nature. Three centuries ago the belief in witchcraft was universal, and persons were convicted of this crime and burned at the stake late in the eighteenth century. But the reign, as we may term it, of witchcraft was during the Middle Ages. From the sixth down through the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries, the minds of men were filled with supernatural conceptions, and the sense of Satanic presence and power was profound and universal. Thousands upon thousands, especially of innocent and helpless women, were tortured and put to death for the crime of witchcraft. As the belief is absurd, so, as we may rationally ex-
pect, the proofs were equally absurd. The slightest deformity or peculiarity was sufficient proof of a league with Satan, and the accused was hurried away to the tortures and the stake. What a death! Unlike the martyr who dies for his religion, these unfortunates looked forward to no blissful immortality and sweet reunion with friends gone before; for, ignorant and tortured until they came to look upon themselves as really guilty, they felt that with the denunciations of the clergy upon their heads they were doomed to worse and unending torments.

Allied to, and co-existent with, the belief in witchcraft, is the belief in demons and the constant intervention of supernatural agencies. During the Middle Ages, miracles were daily occurrences. There was not a village throughout all Europe but had been the scene of some great miracle or supernatural cure performed by its canonized saints. Nothing resulted from natural causes. Famines, pestilences, earthquakes, eclipses, were all evidences of diabolical power, intended for the injury of mankind, and to be averted only by sacrifice and penance. These beliefs have gradually faded away before the light gained by scientific investigation. And yet there is, even in enlightened communities, a strong belief in signs and omens; there is yet a clinging to, and a love for, the supernatural; a tendency to regard phenomena as direct interpo-

sitions of the Creator's hand, rather than as the result of his eternal laws.

By superstition we may mean a belief in witchcraft and sorcery, a belief in, and the worship of, false gods, or an over scrupulous and too rigid observance of unrequired ceremonies in the worship of the true God; but whether used with one or all these significations, it is best defined by the late Canon Kingsley as "fear of the unknown." It is always fear of the unknown, unseen, intangible something which can not be met and grappled with like a human being. We can easily imagine with what fear primitive man must have looked upon many natural phenomena—the tempest and hurricane, the blazing comet, the eclipse of the sun, and the earthquake. We of today are more superstitious when alone in some solitary place, or surrounded by the darkness of night; and were we willing to own it, even to ourselves, we should find that our chief sensation was fear.

The study of the old superstitions is profitable, because it teaches us to what heights of absurdity the human mind may be led, and what restraint and guidance our imaginations need. It shows us how mistaken have been even the wisest of their time. Above all, it enables us to realize what a debt of gratitude we owe those who have spent their lives in the study of nature and in scientific research.
COMMENCEMENT.

The exercises of the week began with the President’s Baccalaureate, Sunday, June 27th. The annual sermon before the Theological School was delivered by Rev. C. F. Penney of Augusta. The prize orations by members of the Junior Class came off on Monday evening at the church. The following are the names of the participants: O. W. Collins, W. H. Adams, T. H. Stacy, E. C. Adams, G. F. Adams, M. Douglass, I. C. Phillips, and J. H. Huntington. The various parts were regarded as of a high order of merit and reflecting credit upon the class. The decision of the committee, which we presume was made with the usual amount of difficulty, was announced on Commencement Day, and the prizes were awarded—first to Stacy, second to Collins.

On Tuesday A.M. the President addressed the Boards upon the affairs of the College. He stated that by the will of the late Joshua Benson of Boston, the College will receive about $50,000. The sum of $30,000 is needed to secure the pledge of Mr. Bates. The expenses of the College for the year past have been $3,500 in excess of receipts. The work of grading the campus and planting will go on during the coming year. The President announced his disapproval of too frequent absences from College, granted to students for the purpose of preaching. We are glad that this matter has at last excited the attention of the Faculty. It seems to us that the course pursued heretofore has had something of a tendency to encourage absence from College. It can but prove detrimental to thorough scholarship when students, who have been absent nearly half the time during their course, graduate with higher honors than those who have been with their class every term; for all can see that any student, however limited his ability, can do more and better work in four years than the most scholarly can do in half that time.

At one of the meetings of the Board of Fellows, Hon. J. G. Blaine presented Dr. Cheney with an elegant gold watch and chain, the gift of the Trustees and friends of the President.

Oliver C. Wendell was elected Professor of Astronomy. Resolutions were adopted in respect to the memory of Messrs. Day and Knowlton of the Board of Fellows, and the vacancies were filled by the election of Hon. G. G. Fogg and Hon. B. J. Cole.

On Tuesday, at 2 P.M., the graduating class of the Theological School held their exercises at the Main St. church, where a large audience listened attentively to the excellent speaking. The concert, Tuesday evening, was in every respect successful, and the graduating class had reason to be especially gratified at its financial results. Wednesday,
Editors' Portfolio.

at 10 A.M., the graduating exercises of '75 took place at City Hall. The various parts showed much thought, and many were expressed in elegant and graceful style. At 2.30 P.M. the procession was formed, and moved to Gymnasium Hall, where ample provision for the wants of the inner man had been made. After the dinner, speeches were made by ex-Senator Patterson, Hon. J. D. Philbrick of Boston, ex-Speaker Blaine, Hon. W. P. Frye, and others, which contributed to make the occasion a pleasant one. Wednesday evening ex-Senator Patterson of New Hampshire delivered the annual address before the Literary Societies. His discourse was somewhat of a political nature, we thought, but was no less interesting to the average student on that account. It was remarkable for force and earnestness in thought and delivery.

One of the most interesting events of the week, the class-day exercises, came off Thursday evening. The oration, poem, and address were excellent, and the history and prophecy excited considerable mirth. The historian finished that Hat affair, and told a long story to portray the fright a mastiff once suffered on account of a rat terrier, which some admired more for ingenuity than truth.

This exit of '75 ended one of the most successful Commencements ever held at Bates, and leaves the field clear for '76.

OUR EXCHANGES.

Commencement reports make up a large portion of the reading matter of our later exchanges, consequently they are somewhat less interesting than usual, as all our anniversaries are very much alike in character. Many of our favorites appear with new names above the editorial columns, and to these new acquaintances we wish success.

The first paper which we take from the huge pile that has accumulated during vacation, is the University Herald. We regard this as one of our best exchanges. It has, at times, criticized the Student somewhat severely; but we are willing to take criticism from such a source.

The Alfred Student is remarkable for the thickness of the paper on which it is printed, and for the uninteresting character of many of its articles.

The College Argus has changed hands. We hope the new board of editors will succeed in keeping the paper up to its present standard of excellence.

The Amherst Student, in an article on base-ball, has this sentence: "We would urge upon the members of the various Class Nines that they keep themselves in as good practice as possible, that if any vacancies occur upon the University Nine, there may be no lack of good men to fill them." We think that this idea might be carried out to advantage here.
The editorial department of the *Tyro* is spicy and interesting.

The last number of the *Packer Quarterly* is upon our table. We should criticize many of its contributed articles as being of a somewhat light and trivial nature, but we prefer this to the other extreme toward which many of our exchanges are inclined.

The *Targum* is emphatically what it aims to be—a college paper.

The *Vassar Miscellany*, one of our most readable visitors, contains several excellent articles upon noted authors.

We have received a catalogue of Georgetown College, and under "Regulations for Students" we notice the following: "The College Authorities reserve to themselves the discretionary power of opening all letters to students, not known to be from parents or guardians."
ODDS AND ENDS.

"Which on him to save the Androscoggins depended."

That wonderful record no longer speaks for itself. "It is hushed now; its once restless echoes are still."

A paper says that the Vassar girls are going to have a wash. That's right. "Cleanliness is next to godliness."

Students mysteriously disappear at the sea-shore. The Warwick man thinks that they elope with the mermaids.

Five of the last class graduated at the Maine State Agricultural College favor "cremation." Who despises the fruits of a practical education.

The Kentuckian who gave his attendant the hat of Daniel Boone has not visited the mountains this season. Excessive liberality has proved his ruin.

Prof. (looking at his watch)—"As we have a few minutes, I would like to have any one ask questions, if so disposed." Student—"What time is it, please?"

Scene—Glen House. Student waiter spills hot tea upon elderly gent's bald head. Up jumps elderly gent in a rage. "Look here, young man, when I want a Turkish bath I'll order it."

A Senior at Commencement found on his diploma the following: "This is granted on condition that you remove, with all your goods and chattels, to Nichols Hall without delay."

When you receive a note of inquiry with stamp enclosed, never reply, but keep the stamp. In this way, allowing that you have one such note per day, you can acquire in a year $10.95, and in 50 years, $547.50. With this amount you can secure the degree of D.D., buy a promising colt, or chew tobacco.

He sat under the sunny side of a rock by the sea, musing upon the dignity of his office, and looking out over the blue expanse. He opened his mouth and spake, saying:

"The Profile hath its charms for some; Some like the Glen and ham:
But O, for me this lovely isle,
The siren and the clam.
"With frequent gifts, I could endure Old Jove with all his sham;
But here I've found joy, rest, and peace,—
The siren and the clam."

The first discouraging word:
"Considerable fault is found with the Dartmouth and Amherst College student waiters at the White Mount-
Odds and Ends.

ain hotels, because, though their example may be good, and their knowledge of Greek and kindred topics excellent, they can't hand soup properly, and seldom bring around things ordered until they are cold.'—Springfield Rep. Our representatives can hand soup properly, we infer.

A convict with a ball chained to his leg said, the other day, he didn't like "Locke on the Understanding."—Ex.

Prof.—"Now, class, we will represent the earth by this hat, which—" Small voice from a corner—"Is it inhabited?"—Ex.

The Oberlin students talk of getting up a Students' Congress, with a view of preparing themselves for coming responsibilities.—Argus.

First Fresh. (who has a snapping turtle he wishes to dispose of)—"Now, Charles, I'll tell you what he did. I put a match in his mouth, and he held it like a vise for a whole hour." Second Fresh. (who has already lost three boxes of this article)—"Enough said. I'll take him, and put my box of matches in his jaws for safe keeping. What's the price?"—Argus.

The Sophomore who politely asked his landlady for a comb to arrange his butter with, has changed his boarding-place because, he says, he prefers a longer walk this warm weather.—Lawrence Coll.

A paper innocently asks if there is any harm in sitting in the laps(e) of ages? George thinks it depends upon the kind of ages selected. Those from seventeen to twenty-five are extra hazardous.—Review.

During the recent revival in college, a Sophomore informed his chum of the conversion of a mutual friend, whereupon the considerate young man exclaimed: "By jolly, I am glad of that, for now I can sell him my Bible."—Dickinsonian.

A Harvard student from Fitchburg broke through the ice, while skating, where the water was only four feet deep. When he was hauled out and laid upon the ice, he faintly whispered: "Boys, I didn't care for myself, but I'm engaged."—Ex.
COLLEGE ITEMS.

The Freshman Class will number about 25.

The waiter business is losing popularity.

"Who are the first niners?" is the great question.

Prof. Huxley has 350 students at Edinburgh.

Prof. Stanton has returned with improved health. The Juniors hope to hear those promised lectures at an early day.

The base-ball grounds have been put in order, and we hope that a strong nine will soon be organized and practicing to contest the State championship. Several new players are expected this term.

Harvard offers 95 electives in 11 departments, 18 of which are in Greek.

Jeff. Davis has declined the Presidency of the Texas Agricultural College.

C. D. Foss, D.D., has been chosen for the Presidency of Wesleyan University.

Three new colleges for women will open next year. Let them increase and multiply.

The Maryland Agricultural College has only thirty-five students and a debt of $10,000.—Herald.

The largest university in the German Empire is that of Berlin, which had, in the summer term of 1874, 2,980 students and 187 professors.
PERSONALS.

'72.—Rev. F. H. Peckham has accepted a call to preach to the Free Baptist and Christian Societies at Newport, Me.

'73.—E. P. Sampson has been chosen principal of the Ellsworth High School.

'75.—Monmouth, July 21st, by Rev. O. M. Rogers, A. M. Spear and Miss Helen F. Andrews. Mr. Spear has been elected Principal of No. Anson Academy.

'74.—W. H. Ham is Principal of the High School at Princeton, Me.

'75.—L. M. Palmer is Principal of Hopkinton, Mass., Academy.

[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.

LINDLEY MURRAY WEBB. Born in Windham, Maine, March 7th, 1849. Son of John and Martha M. Webb. Fitted for College at Gorham Seminary, Gorham, Me. 1870, Entered the law office of Davis & Drummond, Portland, Me. 1872, Admitted to the bar in October, and began the practice of law in Portland. 1874, Married to Miss Clara L. Cobb of Gray, Me. P. O. address, 88 Exchange St., Portland, Me.
BATES COLLEGE.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.

REV. OREN B. CHENEY, D.D.,
President.

REV. JOHN FULLONTON, D.D.,
Prof. of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology.

JONATHAN Y. STANTON, A.M.,
Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.

REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, D.D.,
Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.

RICHARD C. STANLEY, A.M.,
Professor of Chemistry and Geology.

THOMAS L. ANGELL, A.M.,
Professor of Modern Languages.

REV. JAMES ALBERT HOWE, A.M.,
Professor of Systematic Theology.

GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M.,
Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M.,
Professor of Hebrew.

REV. CHARLES H. MALCOM, D.D.,
Lecturer on History.

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

FRANK W. COBB, A.B.,
Tutor.

EDMUND R. ANGELL,
Tutor.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

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

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

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

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.

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.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

Tuition, room rent, and use of libraries free.

COMMENCEMENT.................................................June 28, 1876.

For Catalogue or other information, address

OREN B CHENEY, PRESIDENT, Lewiston, Me.
NICHOLS LATIN SCHOOL.

This Institution is located in the city of Lewiston, Maine, and is named in honor of Lyman Nichols, Esq., of Boston. The special object of the school is to prepare students for the Freshman Class of Bates College, though students who do not contemplate a College course are admitted to any of the classes which they have the qualifications to enter. The School is situated near the College and Theological School, and thus affords important advantages of association with students of more advanced standing and scholarship.

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

BOARD OF INSTRUCTION.

FRITZ W. BALDWIN, A.B., Principal............ Teacher of Latin and Greek.
THEODORE G. WILDER, A.B.......................... Teacher of Mathematics.

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

S. P. ROBIE,

Fine Custom Shirts.

PATTERNS

In Stock and to Measure.

GENTS’ FURNISHING GOODS.

103 LISBON STREET.

Lewiston, Maine.

STEVENSONS & CO.

98 LISBON STREET.

Books,

Periodicals,

Stationery,

&c. &c.

Fine Gold Pens and Pencils.

98 Lisbon Street, Lewiston.

L. O. STEVENS.

STEVENS & CO.

98 LISBON STREET.

Books,

Periodicals,

Stationery,

&c. &c.

Fine Gold Pens and Pencils.

98 Lisbon Street, Lewiston.

L. O. STEVENS.
SPECIAL NOTICES TO STUDENTS.

E. R. PIERCE,
DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry,
SILVER WARE, ETC.
NEAR THE BRIDGE, AUBURN, ME.

Paul Breton Watches a specialty. References to students in Bates who are using them given upon application.

BALLARD & HITCHCOCK,
Fish Market.
Oysters, Clams, and Lobsters furnished for family use at the lowest prices.
All orders promptly attended to.
COR. ASH AND LISBON STREETS, LEWISTON, ME.

O. DAVIS'S
Hair Cutting and Shaving
ROOMS,
HAYMARKET SQUARE, CORNER PARK ST.,
LEWISTON, ME.

DARLING & LYDSTON,
Custom Boot Makers,
FIRST DOOR WEST END OF THE CANAL BRIDGE,
MAIN STREET, LEWISTON, ME.

HAVING HAD
Sixteen Years' Experience in the Business,
we feel ourselves competent to do all work entrusted to our care in a workmanlike manner. N. B.—We do our own re-
pairing. All those wishing a good job will do well to call.

FISK & CLARK,
Druggists and Apothecaries,
and dealers in Patent Medicines and Toilet Articles. Also, a choice assortment of Foreign and Domestic Cigars.
77 LISBON ST., 4 doors above Tremont House, Lewiston.
Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded.

J. T. MILLS,
Dealer in Crockery, China
and GLASS WARE, Kerosene Lamps and Chandeliers, Ta-
bble Cutlery, Silver Plated and Britannia Ware.
75 Lisbon St., Lewiston. Sign, Big Pitcher.

LEWISTON DYE HOUSE,
West End of Canal Bridge,
MAIN STREET, LEWISTON, ME.

E. W. GOULD, Proprietor.

Drs. GODDARD & BIGELOW,
Dentists,
LYCEUM HALL BLOCK, LEWISTON, ME.

CURTIS & CROSBY'S GALLERY,
Carte-de-Visites in Every Style,
INCLUDING
VIGNETTES, REMBRANDTS, BERLINS,
PLAIN CARTES, MINIATURES, and
VAN DER WEYDE PORTRAITS.
Copying and Enlarging to any size.
Old P. O. Building. Lisbon St., Lewiston.

DAY, NEALEY & CO.
DEALERS IN
Flour, Groceries,
and Provisions,
MAIN STREET, LEWISTON, ME.

C. Y. CLARK,
Livery, Sale, and Boarding Stable,
Ash, cor. Park Street,
LEWISTON, MAINE.

First Class Teams to let at reasonable rates.
All orders for Funeral Parties will receive prompt attention.
Horses boarded by the day or week.
DOUGLASS & COOK,  
COLLEGE AND SCHOOL  
Text-Books,  
PERIODICALS AND STATIONERY.  
—ALSO,—  
Picture Frames,  
ROOM PAPERS,  
And the usual accompaniments of  
A FIRST-CLASS BOOKSTORE.  
No. 2 Lisbon St., Lewiston, Me.  
WM. W. LYDSTON,  
Fine Custom Shirt Maker.  
Shirts cut from measure and warranted to fit. PATTERNS cut from measure.  
ALSO, A FULL LINE OF  
Gents' Furnishing Goods  
Always on hand, at prices as low as the lowest.  
LISBON STREET, LEWISTON, ME.  
WOOD & GOLDER,  
Dealers in all kinds of  
Coal, Wood, and Hay.  
Near Maine Central Depot,  
LEWISTON, ME,  
HAWKES & MATHEWS,  
Dealers in Coal,  
Wood, Pressed Hay, and Straw,  
No. 81 LISBON STREET, LEWISTON, MAINE.  

STUDENTS  
—AND THE—  
PUBLIC IN GENERAL  
Are respectfully invited to call and examine  
Our Stock of Fine Goods  
adapted to the present season and chosen with special reference to young men's tastes. We have a choice assortment of  
Woolens, Worsted, and  
Gents' Furnishing Goods.  
OUR CUTTING DEPARTMENT, improved by long experience, offers special advantages for the satisfaction of all.  
Repairs promptly attended to.  
WHITNEY & ROWELL,  
Merchant Tailors,  
109 Lisbon St.  SIGNS OF GOLDEN FLEECE.  
BICKNELL & NEAL  
Keep constantly on hand a  
LARGE ASSORTMENT OF  
Ready-Made Clothing,  
HATS AND CAPS,  
Gloves, Trunks, Umbrellas, etc.,  
Of a quality and at a price to suit all.  
Lisbon Street, Lewiston, Maine  
CORNISH & WHITE,  
Practical Tailors,  
No. 55 Lisbon Street,  
LEWISTON, -- MAINE.  
E. CORNISH,  
F. H. WHITE.
COBB & MAXFIELD,

Merchant Tailors,

AND DEALERS IN

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC WOOLENS,

HATS, CAPS, AND FURNISHING GOODS,

No. 97 LISBON STREET,

Opposite Paul's New Block, LEWISTON, MAINE.

TO THE PUBLIC.—We have just received and keep constantly on hand a large assortment of the best quality of goods, from which we are prepared to furnish our customers with suits in style and workmanship unsurpassed, at prices which defy competition. Having had a long experience in the business, we feel confident of giving entire satisfaction, and guarantee perfect fits in every case. All orders promptly filled.

P. S.—A deduction made to students.

J. FRIEDMAN & Co.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Dry, Fancy, and White Goods,
BEST FRENCH KID GLOVES,
HOSEIERY, TRIMMINGS, LACES, AND EMBROIDERIES,
HOOP SKIRTS AND CORSETS,
Ladies' and Gent's Furnishing Goods,
Yarns and Zephyr Worsted, Small Wares, and Toys,
No. 17 Lisbon Street,
LEWISTON, MAINE.

ORDERS OF EXERCISES, PROGRAMMES, and all kinds of College Printing, executed in unsurpassed style at the JOURNAL OFFICE, Lisbon street.
THE BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
Published by the Class of '76, Bates College.

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

Single copies will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents and stamp.
The Student will be furnished to all subscribers until an explicit order is received for its discontinuance, and until all arrearages are paid, as required by law.
Rates of advertising, 75 cents per inch for first, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

MISSING NUMBERS.
If any subscriber fails to receive a copy of the Magazine when due, we would thank him to inform us, and the mistake will be immediately rectified.
The Magazine will be for sale at the following bookstores: French Bros', Douglass & Cook's, and Stevens & Co.'s, Lewiston; Willard Small & Co.'s, Auburn; and Loring, Short & Harmon's, Portland.

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

IRVING C. PHILLIPS,
BATES COLLEGE,
LEWISTON, ME.

FOSS & MURPHY,
(Successors to A. L. & P. P. Getchell,) keep the latest and most fashionable styles of

Hats, Caps, Furs,
Trunks and Umbrellas,
Found in the market.
46 Lisbon St., Lewiston. Sign of Big Hat.

FESSENDEN I. DAY,
Boots, Shoes, and Rubbers,
No. 5 Journal Block,
LISBON STREET, LEWISTON, ME.

C. C. COBB,
Boots and Shoes of all Kinds,
99 Lisbon Street,
LEWISTON, MAINE.

College Printing.

THE LATE STYLES

IN TYPE AND STATIONERY.

ELEGANT PRESSWORK.

CAREFUL WORK THROUGHOUT.

REASONABLE PRICES.

Journal Job Office,
LEWISTON BUSINESS COLLEGE.

LOCATED IN PILSBURY BLOCK, LEWISTON, ME.

OPEN DAY AND EVENING.

STUDENTS ADMITTED AT ANY TIME.

This School offers to young men excellent facilities for acquiring a THOROUGH KNOWLEDGE OF BUSINESS AFFAIRS. It is a school of PRACTICAL WORK. The student is made familiar with Business Paper of every description, and of the working of all kinds of Business, Wholesale or Retail.

Every young man contemplating a Classical College Education should first establish a

GOOD HAND-WRITING

AND ACQUIRE A

Thorough Knowledge of Book-Keeping.

He will then possess a valuable art, which he can make available anywhere for teaching or business.

THREE DEPARTMENTS:

Preparatory Department.

Business College Department.

Penmanship Department.

For further particulars, terms, &c., call at College office.

G. BOARDMAN SMITH.

Lewiston, May 5, 1875.
COMPLETE SUCCESS OF THE NEW SYSTEM!

HAGAR’S ARITHMETICS.

I. Primary Lessons in Numbers, $0.30
II. Elementary Arithmetic, 0.50
III. Common School Arithmetic, 1.00
IV. Dictation Problems and Key to Com. Sch. Arith., 1.00

The new method fully tested and proved to be

Successful in Practice, as well as Attractive in Theory.

Of these books, we have issued during the first eighteen months of their publication,

Over 100,000 Copies.

The intrinsic merit of Hagar’s Arithmetics is sufficiently attested by the wide-spread popularity they have obtained in the short time since their publication.
No other similar text-books have been so rapidly introduced into the best schools or have stood so well the ordeal of the school-room. They have been adopted for Public Schools, Normal Schools, and Seminaries in all parts of the country; in

The City of New York, Normal School, Farmington, Me.,
The City of Providence, R. I., Normal School, Salem, Mass.,
The City of Salem, Mass., Normal School, Providence, R. I.,
The City of Portland, Me., Normal School, Wilmington, Del.,
The City of Lewiston, Me., North Providence, R. I.,
The City of Meriden, Conn., West Roxbury, Mass.,
The City of Topeka, Kan., New London, N. H.,
The Boro’ of Catasauqua, Pa., Town of Quincy, Mass.,

And in hundreds of other prominent places throughout the Country, including nearly Two Hundred Important Towns in New England alone.

Teachers and School Officers, if you are thinking of changing your Text-Books on Arithmetic, Don’t do it until you have examined these Books. We will send copies for examination, by mail or express, prepaid, On Condition that if the Books are not adopted the specimen copies shall be returned to us. Address,

COWPERVERTWHAIT & CO., Educational Publishers,
628 & 630 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Or,
JAMES A. BOWEN, New England Agent,
37 and 39 Brattle Street, Boston.