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THE

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1875.
FETTERS.

THERE is somewhere a limit beyond which mortal progress cannot extend; but nowhere can we find in history, or see at the present day, where any people or individuals have reached that boundary. Yet many thinkers of our time would fain convince the people that in theology and social science we have reached a degree of excellence beyond which it is impossible to pass.

These men appear to see the bounds plainly; they try to show them to the people and say, "Thus far and no farther." Every age has had such fetters, and the effects are that civilization is retarded by wrong influences and bad teachings; and with a very few exceptions fetters make men dependent, weak, and anything but what God designed they should be; yet we fail to see it in the present because we are taught how not to see it or think of it.

But first let us look at the past. The Greeks and Romans were as sincere as we are, and we can only pity them, as we remember how they searched for God among the stars of heaven and in the elements of earth, never finding him as we know him.

Stephen was stoned because he threw off the fetters of his age and taught the truth. The Jews would not receive Christ because he came not a temporal king, as they expected he would; they asked Jesus, "Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath day?" They nailed our Lord to the cross.

We condemn them now, but who can say that the Jews were not sincere?

I need not mention the cloud that began to gather with Edward VI., and which deluged the earth in blood through the persecution of noble men, including over two thou-
sand worthy ministers, just because they differed from the popular theological creeds.

It makes us blush with shame to think of the deeds of John Calvin. The Puritans, fleeing oppression, oppressed others in the new world. Innocent Quakers were hung. In 1690, when some were hung, as being engaged in witchcraft, Rev. John Norton, seeing them, said, "What a sad thing to see firebrands of hell hanging there." Cotton Mather's expressions are known to all. These things happened because men said "Thus far and no farther;" we are now all right, let us alone."

Now let us look at the present. The work of Catholicism is to keep the people in ignorance. Extended education it denies them, and makes them slaves to superstition. What a slavery that is which blinds the mental vision and confines in Spain alone over 30,000 beautiful women in convents! Free thought and its expression were vetoed in Spain; a free press was not allowed. The same things were tried in Germany, and now they come to America and seek to overthrow her free institutions, ever alert, like vultures seeking their prey, and the only thing that can avail the Catholics is their sincerity through ignorance.

Protestants are sincere, but why is the church not doing the desired good to-day? Because it is full of men who understand anything else better than they do religion, and who say that the customs of the fathers must not be departed from, as said the Jews, the Puritans, and the Calvinists of the last generation.

I see no reason why the church should make laws which shall exclude any Christian from its membership. Are we not all striving for the same object? Then wherefore these things that divide into parties? They fill with emulation denominations that should be one, and produce a sectarianism which seems a greater struggle for self than for the true good of all. Jesus came with doctrines broad enough to take in the whole world. To-day they are not able to comprehend two sects in a small village.

The sight of a minister coming fills some with horror; innocent games are hustled away, all talk of a proposed trade is dropped, the children must sit straight in their chairs without speaking for an hour, and the minister is supposed to know nothing of human nature. The church is allowed to be uninviting, while the theatre has bright lights, easy seats, and fine music. Yet the deacons wonder why the young people don't come to church oftener. Though we live in the present, we are bound by the past, and held far beneath our privilege.

One has well said, "Of all bondage none is so chilling and so killing as that which binds us to the past. We wear out our old coats
and cast them off; we wear out our creeds and cling to them, glorying in our tatters."

The idea of fate possesses some when they meet the roughness of the world face to face. When the same billows which rock the tired ship as a mother rocks her babe to sleep, swallow it with impetuosity nor leave a vestige of its remains; when the coldness of friends chills their blood; when gravity and lightning respect none. But what of it? Something of Him who made these is in man, and if the universe has savage incidents, much more savage are the atoms of man in resistance, for whom all things were made.

The mischievous torrent is taught to turn the wheel at the mill. The winds lift a thousand snowy sails. Steam, dreaded until the other day, is made to propel monstrous machinery.

Electricity, which has flashed in the flying thunder-cloud, is quiet beneath the hand of man. The atmosphere presses upon us with a force equal to nearly fifteen pounds to the square inch, but the action of air within our bodies sets it right and prevents us from being crushed. If nature strikes with unlimited power, there is unlimited power in the recoil.

Custom and popular opinion fetter the world. They dictate our mode of life and style of dress. We pity the Chinese woman who cramps her feet, and the Indian who flattens his forehead in accordance with custom, but the deformities of the intellect in civilized countries, caused by the despotism of public opinion, are much worse. The tattooed faces of the South Sea Islanders are not so hideous or injurious as some of our persons disfigured by dress. As soon as we begin to think, theories and beliefs are presented to us which we are presumed to accept.

We should listen to the experiences of others. Due respect belongs to the opinions and customs of our fathers, but before all others we should be just to ourselves. When we are we honor God.

The world needs men of individuality, men who do not feel obliged to say yes because everybody else does; men with pure grit and backbone, who are sure to succeed because men worthy of success are not those who need the approbation and applause of the people for existence.

Our country boasts of its independence and liberated slaves, but the galling chains of Egyptian bondage and the southern plain are not comparable with the fetters that bind the thoughts and spirits of men in America.

The great centennial is coming to celebrate America's prosperity. Better would it be if it was to celebrate a day in which the national debt which binds us should be wiped out, when monopolies and stock-compa-
nies would have lost their power to convulse the country and govern the laboring classes; when all could fully realize that "true liberty is the significance of the individual, the grandeur of duty, the power of character." So far as man thinks he is free, and only so far, is he a true man.

This life is the place for development, and man will develop and become strong only in proportion as he is just to himself, ever remembering that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," for where and when we least think it we are enslaved and fettered.

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**OCTOBER.**

GRIM-VISAGED Time is sternly forging the last link
That lengthens out the chain of seasons with the year.
Into the lap of the great Past, months slowly sink,
And on their bosoms bear away our parting tear.

'Tis well! each blow that moulds links in time's endless chain
Beats out some cheerful spark to light earth's devious way:
Dissolving seasons sink their weight of human pain
In the receding darkness that preludes approaching day.

This morn the grandest flood of sunlight bathed the earth
That ever poured in golden rays from yon great sphere;
And had an angel swept through space and hushed all mirth,
Not heaven's sweetest peace divine could seem more near.

'Twas such a day as this, a mild October day,
Ere yet the year had led the willing seasons round
Twelve moons; the last bright gleam of sunset's parting ray
Kissed tenderly the green grass o'er a new-made mound.

The willow's shadow rested on a woman's form
Bowed deep in agony upon the rounded grave;
Her face was pale and white; the lines that grief had worn
Ran deep, and traced her care for life she could not save.

And as the golden russet of the sunset's glow
Beckoned the shadows that o'er nature sadly stole,
And threw them, like a friendly raiment settling low,
Upon her and her dead, she thus poured forth her soul:
"God hath afflicted all within me; and the rod
That lays its withering length across my bleeding soul
I can not calmly kiss, and say the will of God
Be done, and hear the knell of all my life's joy toll.

"My darling boy! my blighted life retreats with thine
Within this grave that hides all that to me is dear;
My heart strings yearn to clasp thy tender form to mine;
Without thee, Marion, my life is blank and drear.

"A form I loved like thine, my son, once trod with me
Life's rugged course, and made my daily burden light;
I loved thee yet the more, that in thine I could see
His manly frame that death too soon snatched from my sight.

"And now thou, too, art gone! O God! if earthly love
Of earthly mothers can avail with thine own Son,
I pray, through Him, look down from thy great throne above
Upon the grave of him I love, and death hath won.

"Let my hope's bleeding ruins perish on this mound,
And bury all its sorrows in this sacred mould,
With me and mine, ere yet the year completes its round:
I love not life; 'tis robbed of all its precious gold."

The shadows covered her; and night's dark mantle came
And gently wrapped the sacred twain from human eyes;
Celestial worlds, dim burning, held their nightly reign
And twinkled trembling gleams from out the vaulted skies.

A year has flown from off the dial face of time;
Revolving spheres again performed their annual rounds;
To-night the lingering rays gleamed from the orb sublime
And kissed the green grass waving o'er two new-made mounds.

O human Love! whose anguish bursts the human breast,
And, bleeding, dies beside its sister, Hope, in vain,
In heaven's peace a God of Love shall give thee rest
Where grief, and tears, and death can never come again.
SUNSHINE AND SHADOW IN THOUGHT.

There are those who laugh and those who weep; those who make the best of everything, however bad it may be, who see the "silver lining to the darkest cloud," and live in hope that there will be a "turn in the lane by-and-by." On the other hand, there are those who can not see anything that is good, and who growl because clouds obscure the sun, and again are vexed because it shines with such intensity. Among the latter class are found those who are so sour and morose that not even the faintest gleam of sunny thought can pierce the gloomy shades which overshadow them; and it is such as these who are forever discovering a lion in their path, and whose cry is: if some one would only come or some would go, or if some one would do this or some one would do that, or "if that wall was thrown down or that fence built up—oh, how happy we should be!"

Doubtless some of those who are gloomy and whose "courage is ever at the lowest ebb," belong to that class who have not the faculty of seeing the bright side, though they strive ever so hard to climb out of the valley—in other words they have not learned the philosophy of being joyous. But frequently we meet those who seem to think it a part of their duty and daily work to whine, scold, and snarl at the mirthfulness of others.

Yet some people really exhibit more good sense in laughing than others do in preaching. To be merry, at a proper time and with due restrictions placed upon mirthfulness, is practical good sense.

The Creator of the human soul, which is capable of so many pleasurable emotions, and of all animal creation, has written out His will upon this subject, in the faculty of mirthfulness which He has given to every creature. The general joy of the animal creation—the frolics of the lamb, the gay prancings of the horse, the gambols of the squirrel amid the tree-tops, and the sweet songs of the birds, declare that joyousness is as natural as breath.

The innocent jokes which we fling in playfulness of spirit at each other, and the little pleasurancies which pass from tongue to tongue, like electric sparks of joy, what are these but the outbursts of nature?

There are a thousand little troubles, trials, and disappointments that vex us, and make us sad. There are hardships, toils, and gloomy thoughts which would break down and overcome us, were it not for the free and joyous spirit within to cheer and strengthen our fainting courage, and often we have felt that "a merry heart doeth good like medicine."
Cheerfulness is regarded as absolutely essential to physical and mental health, for nothing is more paralyzing to mental energies and destroys the vigorous action of the body more than a cold, cheerless state of mind. The experience of every one teaches him that it is better to resist sorrow and gloom than to succumb to them; that despondency is hateful and destructive of happiness, and that all which detracts from willing and vigorous labor is wrong.

Contrast the life of that individual whose heart is overshadowed with cheerless thoughts, and whose countenance is the very index of sadness, with that of him who takes joy in his existence, and is glad that he is one of the great multitude of the living. Gloom and despair are want of sympathy of will, and despondency is by no means the best coin wherewith to redeem our own or another's disaster.

The mind is called the "glory of man." It is, indeed, the vast mental storehouse whence he draws intellectual and spiritual life and with which he beautifies his own existence; and since a healthy and uncontaminated body is necessary for a pure and elevated mind, it follows that the intellectual and social condition of man is improved by the vigor and glow given by the cheerful influences which come from a joyous heart.

Men who have sustained themselves in hours of great trials and grave responsibilities, have done it by hopeful views and by looking upon the sunny side of everything. Abraham Lincoln was noted for his jocularity and amusing stories, and when the nation's life was in peril, and his heart was burdened with cares and anxiety, he cheered himself and others about him by relating some pleasing anecdote; and he is reported as often saying that if it were not for these outbursts of humor he should be overwhelmed with gloomy thoughts that came flooding in upon him. Man is a meditating being, whose happiness lies in his meditations; and to be happy, and to have the warmth and the sunshine which a genial nature brings to the heart, he must shut out the cold, selfish thoughts and bring in their stead the bright and pleasing. He who is continually exercising scorn toward the pleasure of society and the prizes of the world is one who has failed in the experiment of life and been soured by his failures.

In intellectual and practical life it is seen that those men who have cherished melancholy thoughts and brooded over morbid sorrows, instead of cultivating vigor and cheerfulness and a genial love of life, have been men whose lives have been made up of grief and distrust in mankind.

Byron's whole life was one of melancholy thoughts, mourning
that he was ever born, and often meditating suicide, and his written thoughts are an index to his feelings.

"Fain would I fly the haunts of men,—
I seek to shun, not hate mankind;
My breast requires the sullen glen
Whose gloom may suit a darkened mind."

One of the noblest of studies for man is to seek to know the philosophy of being cheerful when the mind is depressed by real or imaginary sorrow, and this will be learned soonest by those who realize that the "richest and most sparkling pearls lie hidden in the darkest depths," and who strive to oppose gloom and despair by recalling golden memories of past scenes and associations and bathe their present thoughts in the sunlight of joyousness.

JAMES WATT.

"Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam, afar
Drag the slow barge or drive the rapid car;
Or on wide waving wings expanded bear
The flying chariot through the fields of air.
Fair crews, triumphant, leaning from above,
Shall wave their fluttering kerchiefs as they move,
Or warrior bands alarm the gaping crowd,
And armies shrink beneath the shadowy cloud."

So sang Dr. Erasmus Darwin about the middle of the last century. The first part of this prophecy the present generation has seen most literally fulfilled. Whether the next generation or any other shall ever see the "flying chariot" as a successful mode of conveyance through "the fields of air," is yet to be decided.

There has always been in the minds of men a desire for rapid transit. Each generation has sought to do more work and with greater despatch than the preceding. Rap-
could do, horses were expensive, while the wind was uncertain and difficult to manage. Necessity, however, is the mother of invention; steam was applied as a motive power, and to-day we have the iron horse, with his iron track, in every civilized country, and the steamship ploughing the waters of every sea.

But it was not on account of the demand for better modes of transit that the power of steam was brought into notice. Indeed, this very demand was in part the result of the application of steam power to many processes of manufacturing. To minds interested in the natural sciences, steam has always been an interesting object of study, and almost as far back as authentic history goes we find evidence that some idea of its power had been gained. No one man can be pointed out as the inventor of the steam engine. Yet, as has been said, "More nations than ever claimed to be the birthplace of Homer have claimed some one of their citizens as the original inventor of the steam engine." The truth is, it is the result of a long succession of inventions and improvements. It was for no one man to begin at the beginning and solve the whole problem of steam power and its application. One discovery, improvement, invention, was made by one philosopher, another by another, and so on until the steam engine became the greatest gift of man's inventive genius to the race.

Prominent among these inventors stands the name of James Watt, not the inventor of the steam engine, as he is sometimes called, though he never claimed that honor, but the inventor of certain improvements which made the steam engine the mighty power it is. James Watt was born at Greenock, Scotland, January 19th, 1736. He seems to have been descended from a family of excellent mathematical abilities and a natural taste for scientific pursuits; his grandfather having been a teacher of mathematics, his uncle a surveyor and engineer, and his father a dealer in mathematical instruments. Throughout his whole life Watt was troubled with great delicacy of health, and in childhood was unable to attend with any regularity the public schools. But his early education was not neglected by his parents; and many anecdotes are related of his early display of a taste for mathematics and for the invention and construction of toys. His favorite books were works upon Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, and Physiology. When eighteen years of age it was decided by Watt and his parents that he should adopt the business of a mathematical instrument maker. For this business he seemed to be well qualified by his accurate eye and mechanical skill; and Watt probably saw that this business would be likely to lead to a farther acquaintance with the natural sciences. In 1755 he
James Watt.

went to London to learn his trade, and though he spent but one year there, so diligently did he apply himself to his work that at the end of that time he was as skilled in the business as any journeyman having served a full term of apprenticeship. Returning to Glasgow with the intention of immediately entering upon his chosen work, but being prohibited from opening a shop within the city, since he was not the son of a burgess and had not served a regular apprenticeship, he was taken into the University, furnished a shop, and given the title of Mathematical Instrument Maker to the University of Glasgow.

Of this act the University might well be proud, and certainly the patrons of Watt never had reason to be disappointed in him. While here Watt built up quite a business in Scotland and England, and what was better, attracted the attention and won the life-long friendship of Dr. Black, the originator of the theory of latent heat, and Professor Robison, men practically interested in the advancement of science. Here, too, his attention was first turned to the study of the steam engine, or "fire engine," as it then existed.

As we have said, there had long been among men some idea of the expansive power of steam, and many attempts had been made to turn it to use, but, with the exception of the expensive and inefficient engines of Savery and Newcomen, none of these attempts had met with any degree of success. The names of Hero of Alexandria, Solomon DeCaus, Marquis of Worcester, Papin, Savery, and Newcomen are closely connected with the early history of the steam engine. Hero’s engine was only a metallic ball to which a rotatory motion was given by steam issuing from tubes bent at right angles near the orifice so as to produce unbalanced pressure. DeCaus and the Marquis of Worcester brought the pressure of steam to bear upon water so as to raise it above its level. With Papin originated the idea of a piston to be raised in a cylinder by the force of steam and forced down again by atmospheric pressure, the steam having been condensed and a vacuum formed. Savery conceived the idea of raising water by means of a suction pipe into a receiver in which a vacuum had been formed by condensation of steam, and then raising it still higher by bringing the pressure of steam to bear upon the water in the receiver. Later, Newcomen united Papin’s piston and cylinder with Savery’s separate boiler and furnace.

Thus far the improvements had been purely mechanical, and we might almost say accidental, since they were the results of noticing the action of steam when left to itself, and not of careful study of its nature and properties. It was re-
served for Watt to study this problem in a philosophical manner, and by purely scientific discoveries and inventions to do more in a few years for the improvement of the steam engine than had been done in all the centuries since the days of Hero. In the winter of 1763 a small model of Newcomen's steam engine, belonging to the Natural Philosophy class of the University, was brought to Mr. Watt for repairs. Having repaired it he was struck by the fact that its boiler, though apparently large enough, did not supply the cylinder with steam; on further observation he was convinced that the cylinder exposed too great a surface in proportion to its contents to the cooling effects of the atmosphere. This led him to consider still further the great waste of steam and so of fuel in Newcomen's engines; since by injecting cold water into the cylinder to condense the steam, that the piston might be forced down by atmospheric pressure, the cylinder was made cold; and on bringing steam in again a large quantity must be expended in reheating the cylinder before the tension of the steam would be sufficient to raise the piston.

The problem now became in Watt's mind a purely scientific one —how from a given amount of steam, or, what was the same thing, a given amount of fuel and water, he should obtain the greatest power. He now began experimenting upon the elasticity of steam and its relations to the atmosphere and temperature. From these experiments he established the rule that as the temperatures increase in an arithmetical ratio, the elasticities increase in a geometrical ratio. By these experiments, made during the year 1764, Watt became convinced that in order to have a perfect steam engine the cylinder must always be as hot as the steam which entered it, and that the steam when condensed should be cooled to 100°, or even lower, that there should be nothing to retard the downward motion of the piston. But how should these seemingly incompatible points be united? After much groping in the dark another principle of physics flashed across his mind, viz., that if communication be opened between two vessels containing the same liquid at different temperatures the tension in each vessel becomes that corresponding to the lower temperature. Watt had now arrived at the idea of a separate condenser, that invention which alone would be sufficient to place his name high among those of the world's inventive geniuses. Other minor improvements, as pumps to remove the water, steam, and air from the condenser; the introduction of steam to the upper surface of the piston, making the machine truly a steam and not an atmospheric engine; followed in rapid succession. It would seem
that Watt had now an open road to honor and pecuniary reward for his arduous labors. But a large engine must first be built that the practical worth of these inventions might be proved; and for this purpose a large amount of capital was needed. A partnership is formed with Dr. Robuck, a man of great energy and excellent business ability, and a patent taken out for "A New Method of Lessening the Consumption of Steam, and consequently of Fuel, in Fire Engines." But fickle Fortune frowns upon the Doctor's affairs, and the progress of the new engine is brought to a stand for some years. Watt meanwhile is obliged to engage in some immediately paying business, and turns his attention to engineering, surveying and superintending the construction of several canals, building bridges, and improving harbors.

At the settlement of Dr. Robuck's affairs his share in Watt's patent was transferred to Mr. Boulton, a strong friend of Watt's and greatly interested in his engine. Having obtained an extension of the time for which the patent was granted, though the request met in Parliament a strong opposition headed by the "immortal Burke" himself, Messrs. Boulton and Watt began the construction of engines for draining mines. After making all necessary plans and specifications, superintending the construction and keeping their work in repair for a year, they only asked that the difference in the amount of fuel required by other engines and that required by theirs should be carefully estimated, divided into three parts, and one-third given to them. The facts that at one mine it was found advantageous to buy the inventor's right for £2,400, or $11,616 annually, and that by the construction of engines on such moderate terms Boulton and Watt were able to amass fortunes, testify to the worth of Watt's improvements.

It was only a display of human nature that many miners, after having grown rich by Watt's improvements, should attempt to apply them to their old engines, and thus deprive him of the moderate price for the use of the improvements. A powerful attempt was made in the courts to overthrow Watt's privilege, by proving that he had invented no machine but only abstract ideas! Yes, they were ideas, but such as could come only from a mind of most wonderful inventive powers—ideas which have revolutionized the whole industrial world. By these ideas the power of the steam engine was not only greatly increased, but it was made perfectly subject to man's will and pleasure. It performs the most delicate as well as the mightiest operations. Water, wind, and steam are our three great motive powers. Wind and water can only be used in certain localities...
Milton as a Politician

or at certain seasons, while steam is used everywhere and at all times. It sends our ships across the ocean independently of the wind. It whirs loaded cars over the land with a speed beyond that of the swiftest race-horse. It is beyond the human mind to comprehend the almost infinite value of the steam engine. And for all this we owe more to James Watt than to any other man.

In addition to continued minor improvements upon his steam engine, such as parallel motion, throttle valve, the governor, the steam barometer and steam gauge, Watt invented a micrometer for measuring distances, a machine for drying linen by steam, a process for copying statuary and sculpture, and deserves a large share, to say the least, in the honor of the discovery of the composition of water.

According to Watt's contemporaries he was a man of wonderful intellectual powers. His memory, especially, was great, and had the happy faculty of retaining only what was valuable. He was acquainted with all the modern languages and well read in their literature. He was able and willing at any time to converse upon subjects literary as well as scientific. Walter Scott, in a tribute paid to his distinguished fellow countryman in the preface to "Old Mortality," says, "He was not only one of the most generally well-informed, but one of the best and kindest of human beings." It is well for us to study the life of such men, for we are apt to regard men of science as men of but few ideas. But here we find a man eminent above all of his time in science, and yet interested and well-read in the lighter literature of the day.

Milton as a Politician.

The times of the English Commonwealth and of John Milton are separated from us as by a gulf. They do not immediately concern us at the present day, since we are so far removed from them. They can not excite our passions nor appeal to our party prejudices; for this very reason they appeal to our judgment and excite a keen philosophical curiosity. So that, looking back to the time when the discontent of the Puritans was fast drawing to a head against the tyranny of the Stuarts, we can judge of the conduct and writings of Milton without prejudice.

It is obvious to any one, at a
glance, that God has not made any such thing as a complete recollection of the events of past ages possible. But we are not devoid of all benefit from past ages because we lose the remembrance of many of their events and actors. The principles and best fruits of the past come down to us, even if attending circumstances are not recorded. We all recognize it as the wondrous felicity of certain historical characters that we know so little and yet seem to know so much, and that of a type so impressive.

For, if their whole history were written so as to answer all inquiries and bring all circumstances into light, the additions made would rather mar and flatten than raise these great characters. One must be a truly remarkable man if his name can be perpetuated un tarnished by trivial and unwarranted criticisms.

If Milton were known as perfectly as some critics would have him known, we should not have the Milton of to-day compelling us to give almost unbounded admiration to his lofty and wondrous thoughts and his pure love of liberty; and therefore it is, I conceive, that when God has withdrawn from earth some highest, grandest miracle of character, which has done much for the world, he makes use of time to brush away all the trivial and petty faults which marred it.

In surveying Milton's political life we are glad that trivial controversies and unimportant circumstances are blotted out by the hand of time and there remain to us only the flashings of his genius and his lofty patriotism.

At the time when Milton reached manhood the unity of the life of England was rent and there were two conspicuous theories of life, to one of which each man was compelled to attach himself; two experiments of living, one of which each person must essay; two doctrines in religion, two tendencies in politics, and two systems of social conduct and manners. The large "insouciance" of the earlier fashion of living was gone; every one could tell why he was, what he was. Looking back, we have a right to say that Milton was the first statesman of his time. Cromwell and the rest were trained in the rough school of a statesmanship which does not miss its mark. There was no lack of will, and they found out the way. But when they had to defend in letters the work they had done; where as against a defeated church or a throne overthrown, they had to justify in eternal argument their course—to whom had they to turn but to John Milton?

At the time of these changes he was traveling in Italy, and was intending to go forward into Greece, Egypt, and Syria. Suddenly there came to him great tidings from his
Milton as a Politician.

native land—so great indeed that, to the ear of Milton, who so well knew to what issue the public disputes were tending, they roused and alarmed him. At such a time and with such prospects what honest patriot could have endured to absent himself from his country, and with no more substantial excuse than a desire to gratify his classical and archaeological tastes—tastes liberal and honorable beyond a doubt, but not of a rank to interfere with more solemn duties. Laying aside everything but love of liberty Milton returned to England.

Johnson petulantly taunts him with "great promise and small performance" in returning from Italy because his country was in danger, and then opening a private school. Milton, wiser, saw no absurdity in this conduct. He returned to his revolutionized country and assumed an honest and useful task by which he might serve the state daily, whilst he launched from time to time his formidable bolts against the enemies of liberty.

These productions were earnest, spiritual, rich with allusions and sparkling with innumerable ornaments. They were remarkable compositions, the fruit of his public life, and having for their ideal centre a conception of human liberty.

Milton seldom ever deigned a glance at the obstacles to be overcome before that which he proposed could be done. There is no attempt to conciliate—no moderate, no preparatory course suggested; but peremptory and impassioned he demands at the instant ideal justice. For this reason some of his writings lack soundness of judgment and great merit. But when he comes to speak of the reason of a thing, then he always recovers himself. His "Areopagitica," the discourse addressed to Parliament in favor of removing the censorship of the press, is the most splendid of his prose works; in it he insists that a book should come into the world "as freely as a man, so only it bear the name of the author or printer, and be responsible for itself with more solemn duties. Laying aside everything but love of liberty Milton returned to England.

Johnson petulantly taunts him with "great promise and small performance" in returning from Italy because his country was in danger, and then opening a private school. Milton, wiser, saw no absurdity in this conduct. He returned to his revolutionized country and assumed an honest and useful task by which he might serve the state daily, whilst he launched from time to time his formidable bolts against the enemies of liberty.

These productions were earnest, spiritual, rich with allusions and sparkling with innumerable ornaments. They were remarkable compositions, the fruit of his public life, and having for their ideal centre a conception of human liberty.

Milton seldom ever deigned a glance at the obstacles to be overcome before that which he proposed could be done. There is no attempt to conciliate—no moderate, no preparatory course suggested; but peremptory and impassioned he demands at the instant ideal justice. For this reason some of his writings lack soundness of judgment and great merit. But when he comes to speak of the reason of a thing, then he always recovers himself. His "Areopagitica," the discourse addressed to Parliament in favor of removing the censorship of the press, is the most splendid of his prose works; in it he insists that a book should come into the world "as freely as a man, so only it bear the name of the author or printer, and be responsible for itself with more solemn duties. Laying aside everything but love of liberty Milton returned to England.

The events which produced these tracts, the practical issues to which they tended, were mere occasions for the philanthropist to blow his trumpet for human rights. They are all varied applications of one principle,—the liberty of the wise man. He sought absolute truth, not accommodating truth.

Thus, having been drawn into the controversies of the times, he is yet never lost in a party. His private opinions and private conscience always distinguished him. That which drew him to the party was his love
Milton as a Politician.

of liberty, ideal liberty; this, therefore, he could not sacrifice to any party. He considered "the claims of human rights as prior to those of political or party rights." He looked upon true and absolute freedom as the greatest possession of this life. Carrying out his idea of perfect liberty he proposed to establish a republic of which the federal was weak and loosely defined and the substantial power should remain with "primary assemblies."

Milton was a politician, but he had a religion and a faith. Hence he was interested in political and religious movements. Nor was he only a politician and a religious man; he was a man of letters, a man of genius.

Therefore he discovered in the revolution other tendencies than either revolutionists or religionists discerned. He was interested in literature; he discerned the great stimulus which the revolution would give to originality and vigor of thought in the different departments of literature. He had a broad and comprehensive view of the revolution. To him it admitted of no division.

He has been rightly called the apostle of freedom—freedom in the state and church, freedom of speech and of the press. His political opinions, although almost entirely left behind in the progress of the race, found a starting point for liberty, and to them may be attributed, in no small degree, the rapid advances which it since has made.
CONTRIBUTIONS.

In a letter received some months since, a former editor of the Student gives us a text upon which we have often felt we might preach a feeling if not an effectual sermon. He says: "I think the greatest discouragement under our management was the lack of apparent personal interest on the part of students and alumni. Few seemed willing to contribute articles."

We would not say there has been no improvement in this respect, yet we do feel that there is not that support and encouragement given to the editors which they have a right to expect, and which are necessary to make the Student what it should be. That two students, busy with their regular college duties, should furnish all the material for each month, no one can expect. We should like to know, however, from what literary mine you who ought to be more practically interested in the success of the magazine, think that these monthly articles are obtained. We think that the intention in giving the Student the magazine style at its start was that it should consist largely of essays and reviews of such a character as to make it more interesting to the alumni than a weekly or fortnightly journal devoted wholly to college affairs. With this understanding, the editors have naturally looked to the alumni for quite a part of the articles for the literary department. We know there is not much honor to be won in writing for the Student; it is a work of sympathy and love,—of sympathy for the editors, and of love for our Alma Mater, manifested in an interest for the success of her representative among college publications. But we think it would be good for some of our graduate friends to engage in such a work occasionally.

Two unsolicited contributions have been received thus far, and for these we feel most deeply grateful. From others we have received much good advice and promises yet unfulfilled. On the whole, the greatest fault we have to find with any to whom we look for aid, is the lack of sufficient interest to contribute without repeated invitations. If at the first invitation you can not comply with the request, don't wait for a second, but seize the first opportunity to engage in this work of sympathy and love.
And this applies particularly to our fellow students. The present editors have always felt that the Student ought to be more emphatically a magazine of the students, and to show more fully what the students can do in the way of writing. There is, and always will be, room in the Student for the essay of the undergraduate, be he Senior or Freshman, Junior or Sophomore, as well as for that of the Alumnus. To spend an hour or two at croquet, or base-ball, or sit down in your pleasant room at evening and feel that there is nothing that must be done that night, is perhaps pleasanter than writing for the Student, but it is well to deny self occasionally. More than this, every undergraduate ought to regard the Student as an avenue through which, from year to year, he may make great improvement in writing. Few students go through a year without striking some subject in which they become greatly interested; and no one thing would be more beneficial than to prepare a carefully written essay upon this subject. It would lead one to the reading of many books and essays with which he might otherwise never become acquainted. It is surprising how in almost any book we find ideas upon any subject in which we are interested.

The present editorial "we" will need but little more help from any one, but we shall be satisfied if by much speaking upon this subject we can be of any help to those who are soon to succeed us in this delightful labor.

BASE BALL.

The Base-Ball Association held a meeting at the beginning of the present term, which resulted in the election of the following officers for the coming year: President, E. H. Besse; Vice President, P. R. Clason; Secretary, J. W. Smith; Treasurer, O. B. Clason; Directors, G. H. Wyman, T. Buker, J. P. James. By an amendment to the constitution, E. R. Goodwin has since been chosen Chairman of the Board of Directors and General Manager. At the same meeting a committee was appointed to select a first nine, which subsequently reported as follows: P. R. Clason, Oakes, O. B. Clason, Whitney, Burr, Lombard, Noble, Adams, Hoyt, with Hutchins as substitute. The first game of the fall season was played with the Stars of Mechanic Falls, on their grounds, Saturday, Sept. 11. Our boys, somewhat contrary to expectation, found their opponents a difficult club to beat, it being composed of the best players selected from several disbanded clubs in the vicinity. The College nine was materially weakened by the absence of Oakes, the regular pitcher, but by hard work managed to lead the score throughout the game. On the following Saturday the Nine played a game with the
Editors' Portfolio.

Eckfords of the Latin School, beating them by a score of 35 to 15. The day was extremely cold and windy, which rendered good play impossible, and made the game somewhat uninteresting.

Our next game was with the Androscoggins, on their new grounds in this city, October 2d. Considerable interest was felt in the result of this match, as the A.'s had been beating many of the Massachusetts clubs with whom they had played, and our men were anxious to see how their play compared with that of the best amateur clubs in the country. The Androscoggins had kept themselves in good practice during the summer, and had strengthened their force by the addition of several new players; consequently some predicted that we should not make a score, etc., etc. It is enough to say that the issue was extremely satisfactory, our opponents winning by a mere chance, as in the last inning we had two men on bases, and the next three, usually sure strikers, retired in succession. That the game was close and well played, may be seen by the appended score.

On Saturday, October 9th, the nine played the Bowdoin College Club, at Brunswick, for the "Championship Pennant," which they hold at present. The game was played under protest, since the Bowdoins were unwilling that two men should play whose services we had secured. We will not here enter into a discussion of the grounds of their objection, since the Judiciary Committee are now considering to which club the "streamer" belongs, and will probably decide before this number of the STUDENT is issued. We think that we are safe in saying, however, that any person not connected in any way with the State Championship can play with any one club contending for it, and that this is sanctioned by the usage of our leading Base-Ball Clubs throughout the country. Several erroneous statements have appeared in the papers, saying that Nichols Latin School is not a department of Bates College, etc. We have always had members of the Latin School on our nine, and no objection has, except in this case, been raised against it. We propose to strengthen our Base Ball team at any time when we can do so legally, and we accord to Bowdoin the same right.

Appended we give the scores of the several games played: —

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Umpire, J. A. Jones. Time of game, 1 h. 50 m.
OUR EXCHANGES.

Our exchanges, "those exponents of the thought and culture of the institutions they represent," and which are supposed to be such a power for good, are beginning to pour in more rapidly. We like to greet these weekly, fortnightly, or monthly visitors, and are disappointed if each mail does not bring one or more. Commencement and Saratoga have received at least their full share of attention, and will now be allowed to rest until another July or September. Yet these subjects were not wholly devoid of interest; we are pleased to learn that so many Commencement exercises were, for some reason, of an unusually interesting nature, and are specially glad to know the "reasons why our crew did not win."

The Oberlin Review is full of college news. The article, "The Man of Items and the Man of Principles" contains as good an argument for the usual prescribed college curriculum as we often see. From the contrast which the editors make between the gentlemen’s reading room and that of the ladies, we infer that co-education has not destroyed the average Oberlin college boy’s love for destroying property.

The Amherst Student has passed into the hands of the Junior Class. Some of our exchanges speak of the Student as heavy and uninteresting, but we fail to see it. It contains a fair share of literary articles, and certainly is not lacking in college news and items of interest.

We are struck by the great amount of good advice bestowed upon Freshmen by our exchanges. This is all very proper, perhaps, and in some cases may do a vast amount of good, yet we doubt not that some of these Freshmen are older and have seen more of the world than these wise editors who are dispensing so much gratuitous advice. A recent number of the Yale Record has a classical article entitled, "A Yawp to the Freshmen." The editors of the Record are evidently live men, and the Record is about their idea of what a college paper should be. They get some good hits at the secular and religious press for their
attacks upon the students, and their exaggerations of any little college affair. But the Record has a most ridiculous way of commenting upon its exchanges. Everything is turned and twisted to appear in the most ridiculous light.

The Union College Magazine, though rather behind time, the June number not reaching us until the last of September, is one of our ablest visitors, and is a credit to the college. "The Spring-Time of English Literature," "Shakespeare and Milton," and "Oliver Goldsmith," though of the class called "heavy," are written in an interesting style, and are well worthy a careful perusal. The first two seem to have been slightly mixed in the make-up of the magazine. The poem, "Wreck of the Atlantic," has some merits, but lacks originality, either in thought or style.

The first number of the Olio, under the new board of editors, is hardly up to the usual standard. "Scientific Scepticism," and "The Position of the Classics," are rather stale.

The College Journal (Pittsburg) has a short essay upon that inexhaustible subject, "Life," upon which every school boy or girl must write at least one composition. We glance along this article, and we see just the words we expected: "Infant, guardian angel, boat, narrow stream; then boy, rudder, river, ocean, rocks, hidden shoals, tempests, and finally a harbor." We will give $1.57 for a well written essay upon this subject which shall not contain the words boat, river, or ocean.

From the Alumni Journal we should seem to have reason to expect something superior to most of our exchanges; but we must say we fail to find it. The Journal is printed on poor paper and its general appearance is anything but attractive. A letter from England attempts to describe an English picnic. The writer tells us that after receiving the invitation he hurried to the barber-shop, where he paid one penny for being shaved, "or rather tortured, and by half past nine was at the depot with my best clothes on." Well, that's good. It is always well to look as well as you can when away from home. But how much more interesting it would have been if the gentleman had only described those "best clothes." This writer is evidently a strictly temperate man, for he won't drink a glass of beer under any circumstances, but he admires the English custom of having four meals daily, and thinks it would be well to insert one or two more! There's temperance for you. A young lady has been elected assistant editor of the Journal, and speaking of her predecessor, she says she could "keep house nicely in one of his boots, and have rooms to let." Is that a joke? If true, it's too bad to twit on facts in so public a manner.
The Crimson exults over Harvard's two hundred and thirty Freshmen, and on reading that the class at Bates numbers twenty-five, "the business ability of the financial editor of the Student becomes such a theme for soaring imagination that we are forced to abandon prose-writing for the present." Well, we are sorry for you, but we don't think the world will suffer any, unless you attempt poetry.

The "Almighty Dollar."

Would our subscribers like to know how the Student is prospering financially? We are happy to say that our prospect is, for the most part, of the most encouraging nature. Our advertising columns are filled to overflowing, while the constant additions to the subscription list bespeak an increasing patronage. But the subscriber's dollar is seldom welcomed to our table. Is there any remedy for this? We hope our subscribers will sympathize with us in this our only difficulty, and immediately favor us with responses intended to throw light and encouragement upon it.
MILK of lime, as a pigment, is not a success.

A coal-man was lately heard inquiring where Parker Hall lived.

If any man speaks a word derogatory to base-ball, "shoot him on the spot."

Who were the most intemperate people mentioned in the Bible? The Git-tites.

The second baseman has retired; his sensorium was not sufficiently extended for the position.

The optical powers of the Seniors are pronounced excellent when exercised in certain directions.

Pure and unadulterated joy,—that of the Freshman who finds in the library a translation of Thucydides.

It may be all right, but it seems to us that our assistant chemist has to visit the City Agency rather frequently.

Prof. — "When is the focus of an ellipse nearest the curve?" Student—"When its longevity is greatest."

We wish that the Faculty would grant a little more time for recreation, so that superfluous activity might all be worked off in the daytime.

As one of the Androscoffins stepped in to strike, in the late game, one youngster was heard to remark confidentially to another, "That feller's bat weighs forty-six pounds."

The Sophs have a habit of ducking their heads below their coat collars and making a most distressing noise. The Profs say that they must be muzzled if this habit interferes with "Sleep."

Barnum may lecture here, but he thinks, "if he knows his own heart," that he shall not give another show in Lewiston at present; there are too many ministers in town who want to go for nothing, or at least half-price.

Prof. — "How do we obtain sugar from woody fibre?" Senior—"By boiling the fibre." Prof.—"No, there is no sweetness in the material itself." Senior—"I suppose, then, we must boil it in some sweet solution." Prof. funeralizes his countenance, and says no more.

Professor, speaking of the magnitude and distance of objects, says: "Mr. W., if you should see a fly on the window there, what might you suppose it to be on the mountain?" "Possibly, the observatory, sir." Class think it an illustration of "It's all in your eye!"
THE annual game of ball between the Sophomores and Freshmen resulted in the defeat of the latter by a score of 8 to 5. It was a finely played and interesting game.

Base-Ball matters are creating unusual interest.

Dr. Jabez Burns contemplates another visit to America in 1876.

Brown University has just built a library building at a cost of $7000.

The Library is now open from 1 to 2 P.M. We hope that this course will be continued.

The Polymnian Society has procured a fine organ with which to enliven its weekly meetings.

The Seniors lately passed a pleasant and instructive evening at Prof. Wendell's by his invitation.

Eighty-eight American Colleges and Universities conferred, last year, 146 D.D.'s. and 100 LL.D.'s.

The Nine have made a change in their uniform in the shape of gray knee-breeches and checked stockings.

Tennessee has 8 Universities, 51 Colleges; Ohio, 9 Universities, 33 Colleges; Missouri, 2 Universities, 19 Colleges; Pennsylvania, 6 Universities, 33 Colleges.

Prof. Young, of Dartmouth, has recently been elected Vice President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

The Juniors have elected the following men to take charge of the STUDENT for the coming year: 1st Editor, M. E. Burnham; 2d Editor, H. W. Oakes; Business Manager, O. B. Clason.

W. H. Merriman, of the Senior Class, recently sustained an injury to his eye, which it was feared at one time would cause the loss of sight. We have lately learned that his case is improving.

The officers of the Junior Class are as follows: President, F. F. Phillips; Vice President, N. P. Noble; Secretary, E. H. Besse; Treasurer, M. E. Burnham; Orator, B. T. Hathaway; Poet, Miss C. M. Warner; Historian, O. B. Clason; Chaplain, A. Merrill; Odist, H. W. Oakes; Toast Master, G. H. Wyman; Prophet, P. R. Clason; Class Committee, C. V. Emerson, L. A. Barr, Miss J. E. North.

The Freshman Class has elected the following officers: President, S. C. Mosely; Vice President, L. M. Sessions; Secretary, C. M. Hutchins; Poet, G. F. Comstock; Orator, E. M. Briggs; Historian, F. Kincaid;
Prophet, W. E. Given; Treasurer, E. A. McCollister; Toast Master, T. J. Bollin; Chaplain, G. W. Way; Committee, R. V. Johonnet, F. Howard, F. L. Buker.

The Eurosophian Society has chosen the following officers: President, E. Whitney; Vice President, N. P. Noble; Secretary, R. J. Everett; Treasurer, A. Merrill; Librarian, M. Douglass; Orator, O. W. Collins; Poet, J. W. Daniels; Editors, J. O. Emerson, J. A. Chase, F. H. Bartlett; Executive Committee, W. H. Adams, F. F. Phillips, J. P. James.

We hear that a building is soon to be erected for the accommodation of some new astronomical apparatus, including a fine telescope now in the process of manufacture.

The Polymnian Society has chosen the following officers: President: C. S. Libby; Vice President, O. B. Clason; Secretary, F. O. Mower; Treasurer, C. E. Brockway; Librarian, B. T. Hathaway; Orator, T. H. Stacy; Poet, W. H. Merryman; Editors, A. L. Morey, E. H. Besse, J. W. Hutchins, E. M. Briggs; Executive Committee, B. H. Young, J. W. Smith, M. Adams.
PERSONALS.

'67.—W. S. Stockbridge has entered upon his duties as Principal of Lapham Institute, R. I.

'73.—J. H. Baker is Principal of the High School at Denver City, Col.

'74.—R. Given, Jr., is teaching at Bowdoinham, Me.

'74.—A. Simmons is Principal of the Academy at Fryeburg, Me.

'75.—A. T. Salley is Assistant Principal of Lapham Institute, at North Scituate, Rhode Island.

'75.—F. L. Evans has accepted the charge of Northwood Academy, N. H.

'75.—G. W. Wood is taking a post-graduate course at Yale.

'75.—F. L. Washburn is studying law in the office of H. R. Cheney, Esq., Boston, Mass.

'75.—F. B. Fuller is pursuing his studies at the Harvard Medical School.

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

CLASS OF 1870.

Josiah Chase, Jr.—Bn. at York, Me., July 14, 1840. Son of Josiah and Mary B. Chase.

Fitted for College at Maine State Seminary.

1870, Entered the law office of Strout & Gage, Portland, Me.

1872, Admitted to the bar in October. P. O. address, 88 Exchange street, Portland, Maine.
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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 Psychology and Exegetical Theology.

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 and Homiletics.

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

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

OLIVER C. WENDELL, A.M.,
Professor of Astronomy.

THOMAS H. MALCOM, D.D.,
Lecturer on History.

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

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

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Frederic E. Emrich..............................Assistant Teacher of Latin.
Mark E. Burnham.................................Teacher of Elocution.

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