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CONTENTS.

A Summer at the Old Homestead.  Chapter V.  (concluded),   27
Life's Song,    - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 36
All Is Vanity, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 39
The College Club, IV., - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 43
Editors' Portfolio,
   Our Gymnasium . . . Riding . . . Our Exchanges . . . Obituary.  47
ODDS AND ENDS, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 51
College Items,  - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 52
Alumni Notes,  - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 54

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HALF a mile or more through the woods, in the direction of Maple Corner, a narrow footpath branched off to the right from the main way, and, winding up a gradual ascent, disappeared from sight. Pursuing this path, one soon came to a small natural opening in the woods, on the summit of a hill which was considerably elevated above the level of the neighboring lakes. From this opening the ground immediately declined in all directions, and in some places with no little abruptness. In the center of this hilltop glade stood a small building, rudely constructed of logs and half-hewn timber, empty, desolate, and only in a half-state of preservation. The door-way and window openings gaped widely, presenting no obstruction to the passing winds and the driving storms. A rank and intertwining growth of weeds and wild flowers covered the way to the entrance of this deserted habitation, which the inquisitive stranger found to contain but one room; the whole interior of the building could therefore be seen at a single glance.

There were strange and somewhat inconsistent stories afloat among the boarders at the Homestead concerning this place, and, indeed, concerning also their own place of residence at the lake side. The Homestead building, as it was well known, was but the repaired form and somewhat irregular extension of what had once been a commodious and substantial dwelling, in which abode a family whose very name no one at the Corner certainly knew, and of whom no vestiges now remained except such as were furnished by the building itself. While this
family yet occupied the original dwelling; two men, whose names were Johnson and Brady, and a woman who was known as Brady's wife, came to live at Maple Corner. Not long after their arrival, the two men built the log-house on the hill in the woods, which was distant from the Corner about a mile and a half, and to that place the three removed and remained through the rest of the summer and a part of the fall. These persons were frequently seen at the Corner, but they never appeared to know anything concerning their mysterious neighbors at the lake side.

One day, in the late autumn, the good people at the Corner, not having seen, for a very unusual length of time, either the dwellers on the hill or the male servant of the lake-side household, all of whom were accustomed, once or twice each week, to obtain provisions of various kinds at the Corner, three or four men started off through the woods ostensibly to procure a supply of fish from the lake, but really with the purpose of satisfying a deep curiosity, and of ascertaining the truth or falsity of certain vague conjectures which of late had been passing from mouth to mouth in the little community.

To make the story very short, these adventurers, after some cautious reconnoitring followed by bold advances, made the some-
rebuilt and enlarged, and used as a boarding-house during the hot months in summer, the superstition had been transferred to the decaying log-house on the forest-grown hill.

It was in the direction of this place that Arnold, whether consciously or not, proceeded, as he came out from the hall into the brightness and quietude of this, to him, memorable night. Busy with the thoughts which came thronging to his mind on hearing of the intended departure of the Harlows, he sauntered slowly along, and, almost before he was aware how far he had gone, stood opposite the path which led to the lonely cabin on the hill. Here he paused. Should he go straight on, or turn to the right and ascend the hill? For a moment he hesitated. The white moonlight, struggling through the interlacing branches above him, flecked the ground here and there with irregular patches of light, and illuminated parts of the surrounding foliage so brightly that the crouching or looming shadows were everywhere the more gloomy and eerie. Not a sound, not even the sigh of a passing breeze, could he hear in all the wood; the silence was omnipresent and profound. As he looked up the narrow winding path, he thought of the current reputation of the hill and its lonely ruin, of the strange stories which the villagers told and the boarders at the Homestead were wont to repeat. He took a backward step, and a dry stick, cracking sharply beneath his tread, startled him. "Pshaw! I am as cowardly as a superstitious old woman," he muttered half-aloud. Then he thought of the splendid view which could be had from the hill-top, whence, from a certain point, one could look far away toward the north and the east. He resolved to go up and see how the lakes, parts of both of which would be visible, and the distant valleys, looked by moonlight. So he took the narrow path, and, pushing aside the intervening branches as he proceeded, went on and up. At length he whispered to himself, "A few steps further, and I shall see the old cabin through the trees." He took those steps hurriedly, came in sight of the summit, and stopped. At almost the first look he became as motionless as the solemn pines around him; his gaze was fixed with great intensity; he held his breath, and could almost hear the quick throb—throb—throb—of his heart. He had ascended on the eastern slope of the hill, and now stood near the edge of the wood, not having yet emerged from its comparative darkness. Directly opposite, near the western limit of the opening, and in plain sight, stood the hut. Behind it was a tall and solitary pine. The moon, now westering, threw the shadow of the building
A Summer at the Old Homestead.

and the tree about one-third of the distance across the opening. In this shadow, and but a few feet from the cabin itself, was the object of Arnold’s gaze. He thought he saw,—yes, he knew it,—the form of a human being,—a woman, dimly, but yet distinctly outlined against the black side of the cabin near the door-way. The figure was motionless at first, and then slowly it glided toward the entrance and disappeared.

Arnold was somewhat startled, but not very seriously frightened. Himself screened from all possible observation, he mused upon the unexpected sight. Could it be possible that here was given him the confirmation of the truth of the strange stories circulated concerning the old ruin and its mystery? But no, he rejected the thought; a human being, flesh and blood like himself, was at this moment in the old house, but for what purpose he was at a loss to conjecture. After a little hesitation, he resolved to explore the mystery. But how should he proceed? A happy thought came to him, and he sent forth a low and prolonged whistle. After waiting a moment in almost breathless silence, he repeated the whistle,—sharply and shrilly this time. He could not have counted three seconds before he was convinced that he saw the woman’s form in the door-way. Once more he whistled, and, to his surprise, he heard an answering whistle,—low but clear. Could it be an echo? Impossible. The answer must have proceeded from the mysterious occupant of the cabin. As he watched the dim form, it descended from the doorway, and, advancing from the shadows, stood forth in the clear light of the slanting moonbeams.

A sudden thought flashed into Arnold’s mind, a sudden recognition of form and mien came to him, and the mystery was solved. And yet one mystery remained, profound and perplexing,—the one which had constantly haunted him through the recent days. He knew now that none other than Mabel Harlow was standing before him. He advanced and broke the silence.

“Miss Harlow,—is it you?”

“Ha! William Arnold!” she exclaimed, and then, pausing a moment, she added in a far more subdued and even tender tone than was usual with her,—“how does it happen that you are here at the haunted ruin at such an hour as this?”

“I might with even greater surprise than your own ask the same question of you,” he replied. “I hardly know how I came to be led to this particular place, but I found myself unable to sleep on so beautiful a night, and I came out for a stroll through the woods. Are you, then, the uneasy spirit which is said to haunt this lonely place?”

“I am certainly an uneasy spir-
A Summer at the Old Homestead.

31

it," she said with a heavy sigh; "but I am no specter, though I often wish I were."

"And why so?" Arnold ventured.

A sudden resolution came to him with irresistible force. He would,—he must, now or never,—learn the secret of this girl's life. The attempt would be bold, presumptuous, unmanly, perhaps; nevertheless he determined to make it.

"Why so?" he asked again.

"Why so?" she echoed, struggling with rising emotions. "I doubt not you are at a loss to understand such a wish. William Arnold, you are favored by the gods; you know the supreme satisfaction, the growing ecstasy of one who sees fast approaching joys — joys — joys innumerable which no adverse fate will turn aside. Can you imagine — try it — the profound discontent and haunting melancholy of the wretch who hears approaching in the distance the horrible rumble, momentarily more distinct, of the funeral train that will bear her dreams, — once bright, her hopes, — once thrice-precious, her ambition, — once strong and upsoaring, on to an everlasting burial?"

Arnold was startled by her sudden vehemence.

"I know not," he said, "that I shall see either many or happy days in the future. But if so, it may be because I have already experienced the accumulated woes of a life-time. The time has been when I, a mere boy, drank the cup of sorrow and grief to the bitter dregs, and prayed" —

His choking voice and falling tears checked further utterance.

"Is it true? Have you known a great sorrow? Is the story one that I may hear?" So tender and sympathetic was the tone, and so deep the evident interest of his questioner, that Arnold forebore not to relate in outline the sad story of his boyhood life. There was a brief silence after he had finished, and then he spoke again.

"I have heard that you are going away at sunrise. You have learned the story of my life. Am I never to know more of you than I have seen during these few fleeting days?"

The question was delicately put, but it proved a failure. She saw his object, and broke forth passionately,—

"I would die at your feet, William Arnold, before I would tell you the horrible secret of my life! Yes, we're going soon, and I am going — do you hear?—I am going further than the bounds of this earth and of time, — going on and on to know the dread secret of the hereafter. You have dear ones where I am going; have you a message to send them?"

Arnold immediately shrank back astounded, shocked by this harsh and painful discord in her speech, and the low, unaccountable laugh-
ter which accompanied it. He could not be offended with her, for a terrible suspicion had seized him. Her manner and look somehow recalled to his mind the night of the dramatic recital and the real tragedy of its ending. He spoke stammeringly, and with considerable effort.

"No,—no,—not so, you—you, so gifted and brilliant, will live to be an honor to your sex and a blessing to the world."

"Stop!" she cried, "the curse of the blood is on me and in me—a devouring flame! Oh, why did you snatch me from the waters of yonder lake, when to die would have been such a joy to me? You would not have done it had you known the fearful truth. The lurid star of my life, however, is not far from its eternal setting. Again, as I have done so many times, I picture my experience—my fate, as contrasted with yours. The world looks fair to your young and beautiful manhood; you stand on the threshold of long journeys which will bring you knowledge and wisdom and deep happiness at every step; you look ahead, and the vista retreats rapidly, revealing fair and yet fairer prospects which you have only to advance and enjoy. But do you remember the description of those torture dungeons of the Middle Ages,—how, day after day, the contracting walls came nearer and yet more horribly near, until the breath of the doomed prisoner came thick and fast, until he strove madly for air, for room, pushing and beating with bleeding hands the relentless walls, until he was crushed into a shapeless mass? That, sir, is my fate! I see the walls approach—already I can touch them—I cry—I gasp, but in vain—I shall die soon, and oh, the horror of it—oh, my poor, aching brain!"

Striking the palms of her hands quickly against her temples, she staggered a few steps aside and sank upon the trunk of a fallen tree near the edge of the woods. Arnold, his bosom filled with conflicting emotions, sprang quickly to her side.

"Miss Harlow—Mabel—Mabel!" he cried, as he anxiously bent over her drooping form and heard her convulsive sobbing.

"What is your trouble? Can I aid you in any way? Make me a friend, a—a confidant; I will gladly serve you—save you, if I can."

"Save me—you!" she exclaimed, putting him aside with one hand and rising to her feet.

"You did save me once, but you can not now—salvation from this is impossible; no man can aid me,—not even you—you, who, in these few bright days have brought me to your feet bound body and soul by the witchcraft of your ways! It can never be—do you hear?—never! For, though my
worship were returned, there is
a fiend that stands between us!
Farewell!"
She turned quickly away and
began to descend the hill. Look-
ing back just as the forest shades
received her, she saw Arnold ad-
vancing as if to follow.
"Remain where you are, sir!"
she cried; "I wish to go alone;
we must never meet again!" An-
other second, and she was gone.
A white object on the ground
attracted Arnold's notice. It was
Mabel's handkerchief. He pick-
ed it up, and, walking slowly to-
ward the highest part of the sum-
mit, he laid himself at full length
on the flat granite surface, with
his head resting upon his folded
arms. Here he went over again
and again in his mind the strange
interview so recently ended, re-
calling each look and tone and
gesture of her whose latest accents
were yet ringing in his ears, and
whose passionate utterances had
stirred his inmost soul.

The moon had long since sunk
behind the western pines. One
by one the stars on high had re-
tired from sight into the depths of
the heavens, as the gray light of
the dawn came stealing almost
imperceptibly from the east. It
was now the sunrise hour, and
with bared brow Arnold stood
erect to witness the glorious spec-
tacle. The morning star, with
but one companion, twinkled above
the eastern horizon, where a dull
crimson glow heralded the ap-
proaching sun. As Arnold look-
ed, the segment of pale light, pro-
ceeding from and overarching the
east, advanced northward and
southward among the hills and
upward toward the zenith, dim-
mimg the brilliancy of the morning
star, and obliterating entirely its
feeble companion. Shades of
delicate green and faint vermillion
were variously blended in the
ether skies. A low bank of
clouds or heavy vapors wound
along the horizon far to the north
and south. Soon one point of
these clouds, exactly at the east,
gleamed with a sudden glory; an-
other point, and immediately an-
other became inflamed, till they
burned like altar fires lit in honor
of the approaching god. Still the
low mists were gray and cheerless;
but a change came on. The ad-
miring Arnold now beheld a large
desert land extending far to the
right and left and hitherward, fill-
ed with towering pyramids, scat-
tered sphinxes, and the ruins of
massive temples, all flooded with
a light as softly roseate and en-
trancing as ever a Mohammedan
saw in his visions of Paradise.
But another change. The per-
spective was broken up; the des-
ert vanished; pyramids, sphinxes
and temples blended to form a vast
and solid wall of fire before which
the eye failed, unable to endure
the excessive brightness. Behind
the wall was the sun; through it struggled a part of his glory; above it shot, alternating with darker shades, bars of dazzling light, across the fading green and faint vermilion of the further skies. A moment more, and over the flaming wall leaped the rejoicing lord of the day. Arnold looked for the morning star, but it was gone. Just then the distant and penetrating sound of a steam-whistle saluted his ear. He recognized it; it was the whistle of the Naiad, about to leave her moorings. As he steadily watched that part of the upper lake which was visible from the point at which he stood, ere long he caught glimpses, through the tops of the distant pines, of the little steamer as she steamed along the still waters, bearing from him forever a face and form which haunted him ever after, whose memory he could not wholly put aside.

On the fourth morning after the departure of the Harlows, another company left the Homestead, one, at least, of which should see the pleasant place again, alas! nevermore. This company consisted of the Morelands, and our two friends, Richard Reynolds and William Arnold.

CHAPTER VII.

It was a bright morning of the second week of Arnold's delay in the fair and famous city of Florence. He had just breakfasted, and was making preparation to go out for a stroll through the streets and into the suburbs, when he was interrupted by a low tap on the door. A moment later, a letter was placed in his hands, the postmarks of which showed that it had come from beyond the sea, while the superscription was in the unmistakable handwriting of his firm friend and frequent correspondent, Dick Reynolds.

Hastily seating himself by the large open window, through which he could easily step into a beautiful and well-shaded garden, the fragrance of whose flowers and the melody of whose birds were wafted to him on the pure and delicious morning air, he read slowly, and with no little enjoyment, the communication, parts of which we transcribe for the perusal of our readers.

M——, Sept. 3, 18—.

My Dear Will:—

I suppose that, by this time, you have got over into the fertile plains of Lombardy. We all send hearty greetings and best wishes to the lonely pilgrim, the "alien in a strange land."

But I must tell you of the pleasure which your last letter gave us. I was at the village post-office, striding impatiently up and down before the story-and-a-half edifice, feeling certain, I knew not why, that the long-expected document would come that day, when the mail arrived bringing what I
A Summer at the Old Homestead.

venture to assert never came to this place but once before during the half-century of its existence, namely, a letter from Europe. I danced around like a monkey on a hot pavement until the mail-bag disgorged its treasures, and I beheld the realization of my fondest hopes. With the said realization pressed closely to my palpitating bosom, I stalked homeward. I read it aloud that evening to the whole family, and all of us, from the paterfamilias to the dog Achates, felt that to be the pleasantest half-hour we had enjoyed for a long time. Effie, the elder of my two sisters, was so taken by your humorous description of that scene in the streets of Turin, that she has copied it entirely, verbatim et literatim et punctuatim, and sent it to one of her friends, who, she avers, will "certainly die o'laughing" when she reads it.

* * *

And now, Will, I have got something to tell you which I think will be of interest to you. You remember Mabel Harlow, the fair and mysterious Lady of the Lake, whom you saved from drowning, very nearly fourteen months ago. Her strange ways, her relation to that stylish Mephistophiles, the sudden departure of the Harlows from the Homestead,—perhaps you would like to have these things explained now, after so many days. A mere chance has given me a knowledge of the whole sad story.

* * *

The tendency to insanity was hereditary in the mother's blood. When her two children, John and Mabel, were yet small, she died in an asylum. The terrible malady became rampant in the son when he was about nineteen years old. He was holding a responsible position in a large mercantile establishment. One day he disappeared, carrying with him a large sum of money stolen from his employers. Subsequently he was apprehended and incarcerated to await his trial. While in prison he became so evidently and furiously insane that he was conveyed to a mad-house. Here he remained a few months, and then escaped, and succeeded in baffling all attempts to re-capture him.

Before this happened, it was only on rare occasions that the unfortunate father could see in his brilliant Mabel the indications of her tainted blood. But after this affair, she began to exhibit all those strange peculiarities which were so characteristic of her during those few weeks at the Old Homestead. She was very ambitious, and often dreamed of future distinction, when, for a single hour, she could forget the dreadful certainty of coming madness and an early death. It was believed that she held communication with her escaped brother, but nothing could be learned concerning him, either by secretly watching her movements or by hours of reasoning and pleading with her.

You recollect the day of our excursion to the head of Homestead Lake, when Phisto, as I called him, so suddenly appeared to us. Mr. Harlow's agitation will no longer be a mystery to you, since you now know that, in the person before him, he saw, thus unexpectedly, his insane and fugitive
nephew. Following him into the woods, he at length succeeded in winning the young man's consent to accompany him to the Homestead, and to go away in the Naiad the next morning. By what promises and inducements he accomplished this result, I know not.

John Harlow is at present confined in a private asylum at the West, and Mabel, I am told, is dying, slowly but surely.

But I must close this long letter. I hope that your stay in Italy will be all that you have anticipated. One month from the present date, I shall be in the metropolis, a junior partner in my uncle's business. May, in her last letter, wished me to send you her love,—yes, that's the word she used. Well, I'll send it, and try not to be jealous, considering that you are in Italy and I am the medium of communication. She is the best girl in the world, Will,—and I'm the happiest man, of course. We are to be married next spring. The future looks to me like one long holiday.

Yours sincerely,

DICK.

Poor Dick! Sorrow, profound and abiding, came too soon, blighting your young life, and adding you to the millions who mourn by day and weep by night. Great, indeed, was your loss! for when you heard that last, low-breathed farewell, as pure and tender a spirit ascended into heaven as ever passed incarnate in the form of woman before the eyes of mortal men, suffering the pains of disease and doomed to death.

LIFE'S SONG.

Soft and low the song arose,
With a sweetness half of Heaven;
All were silver tones, and those
By the purest impulse given.
   And yet 'twas deep
As is the stir of tender leaves,
When summer's breath its bosom heaves;
Or when the tide, at ebb, once more
Rippling a wave to kiss the shore,
   Awakes from sleep.

Deeper, fuller, still it grew
With an alto just as sweet
Life's Song.

As the treble, but the two
Came with quick, impulsive feet.
Oh, what a song!
'Twas full of life, all free from care,
And, leaving sunshine everywhere,
It danced and played with childish glee
Among the hills and by the sea,
Sweeping along.

When the stars were clear and bright,
And the air was calm and still,
Have you ever, in the night,
Seen the poplar branches thrill?
Have you seen it?
How restless and impatient seemed
The aspen leaves, nor ever dreamed,
Although the night, with steady crest,
Had sent the world to peace and rest,
As it was fit!

Thus it was the music swelled;
While a tenor, full and high,
Joined the glad strain as it welled,
Filling all the earth and sky
With rapture full;
Impatiently it bounded on,
When every other sound was gone,
And sought to catch a higher strain,
As echoes answered back again
Its sounding roll.

Then rolled in the deep-toned base:—
Rolled as rolls across the sky
Fleecy clouds with brazen face,
Telling that the storm is nigh.
And came the storm;
For burst the song and poured around,
With harsh and sweet and varied sound,
At war with each opposing thing,
It sped with quick and active wing
In magic form.
*Life's Song.*

There were cries of joy and love,
   Mixed with vengeance-boding rails;
Shrieks of pain rang high above
   Groans and moans and angry wails.
   And there were sighs,
And sobs, as from a wounded heart
Which all had left to bear its part
Alone. And rose and fell upon
The air a strain, as sings the swan
   Before it dies.

Rang the mad and maddenning tune;
   Bringing to the mind a view
Of the ocean, rough and soon
   Rougher, thrilled with fury through;
   And there a craft,
Now tossed upon the swelling flood,
Then wrapped in black and seething blood,
With sails and mast and cordage riven,
Oft seeing Hell and seldom Heaven,
   While demons laughed.

Nature sometime must have rest,
   And at length, with fury spent,
Softer grew the tones that pressed
   Down the sounds of calm content.
   The sea ran low,
And far away in purple light,
The ship sailed on, strife-marked but bright.
As purer comes the gold from fire,
So came the song with chastened ire,
   And measured flow.

Faster than it swelled it died;
   Breathing ever soft and low,
'Till it seemed naught else beside
   Echo-answered tremolo;
   So lulled the strife,
And sank the sounds that should be sweet
To make a harmony complete;—
So flew along the misty track
And through the hill-gaps whispered back,
   "It was a Life."
WHEN Solomon, in the role of preacher, looking forth under the sun and beholding the ways of men, exclaimed, "All is vanity," he did not intend the words as literally true, but used them in "vexation of spirit," at seeing so many errors among his people. At least, the expression, in common usage, is a very convenient synonym for the weaknesses and fruitless endeavors of mankind, and in that sense we employ it. Were the wisest of men living at the present day, and in our own country, he would find as great occasion for his sayings as when he uttered them. In the enumeration of all the things for which Solomon said there was a suitable season, the time when public servants may justly defraud governments and work for selfish ends rather than the common welfare, is not mentioned; hence, we conclude that such things were unknown in "ye very olden time," or that he, in his wisdom, thought it improper that public servants should so conduct.

If it is true that a man is known by the company he keeps, it is none the less true that a republic is known by its representatives, since the people are, in some sense, responsible for their choice of officials or culpable for their indifference in permitting abuses. In the last days of the Roman Empire, the rulers were infamous, but they were only exponents of a corrupt and degenerate race. In its earlier days, such emperors would not have been tolerated, neither would any Heliogabalus have presumed to look toward an important public position. Awed before a nation of nobles and heroes, he would have crept into obscurity. A man without force of character is subject to impositions and insults; and so it is true of a people whose weakness has become known, or who are blindly insensible to abuses. That there are many evils and not a few evil tendencies in our own government no thinker can fail to see; that the whole country is, in part, responsible for those evils is also evident. We would not lay any specific charges at the doors of Congress; indeed, the attempt would be weak, and would fail of arousing thoughts adequate to the importance of the subject. Character appears to be an entity of itself, which can not be properly estimated by any mere enumeration of attributes. Emerson, writing of Goethe, says that it was droll of the good Riemer to make out a list of his donations and good deeds. Perhaps all felt, recently, that the Harvard Resolutions, by their specification, did injustice to
the memory of the lamented Agassiz. What is true of individuals is, with some restrictions, true of them in the aggregate. Nor does this apply less to assemblies. It seems a kind of anachronism that some of the servility of the Parliament of Charles II., some of the hypocrisy of Barebones Parliament, and some of the avarice exhibited by the Irish assembly of the rascally James II. should exist in our midst today. All this could be endured, but the lack of true dignity, on the floor of the House, in recent debates, would be wholly unworthy of a country lyceum. Besides, not a daily paper is received, which does not contain an account of a fresh “irregularity” in some department of the government,—a harsher word in these days seems not so fashionable. We have learned to expect mediocrity in the person of the Chief Executive; perhaps a man of talent has too much originality to be a machine; perhaps such a one makes too many enemies by a free expression of opinion. We do not consider it the worst tendency that a man is in Congress against whom, because of his alleged rascality, the anathemas of the nation are hurled. He deals with questions as though the affairs of this great Republic were of some importance, and, although he may wear a false mask, his utterances are manly.

We may be classed among those who are ready to imagine evil, and think the former times better than these. Nothing is truer than the saying that distance lends enchantment to the view; but it is very pleasant to believe that Socrates preferred death rather than contravene the laws of his parent state to its harm. We like to imagine there was an ancient named Solon who gave good laws, and that Aristides was, perhaps, a “just” man. The legend of M. Curtius, sacrificing himself to avert evil from Rome, is a pleasant myth, although it may embody no truth. Perchance the Puritans possessed no sterling qualities, and Washington has no claim to be called the Father of his Country; yet, verily, history and tradition have done much good by their deception, and the world is better for imagining such noble examples. Our ideal perfections, although they fill us with dissatisfaction, make the lives of men tentative.

But we are so credulous as to have a certain amount of faith in the “good old times,” neither is our hope of the “good time coming” faint. We have lived to see some illustrious examples in America, springing from the long labor to create a popular feeling in behalf of an enslaved race. We have seen men triumphant in a good cause; and a representative of those workers is yet to be found
All Is Vanity.

in our Senate, but much berated because he is wise enough to see the failings of some officials, and has the temerity to express his thoughts. We opine that a little judicious "howling" against evils is not to be reprimanded, and the grumblers have a place and a duty. Too much is not to be expected of men, but that may be no sufficient reason why we should be satisfied with things as they are. Carlyle says, the world has seen only some half dozen great authors. The examples of good statesmen and patriots are almost as few; yet if, by an arbitrary standard, the number of the truly great is small, there should be many approximations. Froude argues that there can be no science of History because our data are few, and there is a perpetual conflict in the human heart between right and wrong, and we can not predict which class of motives will prevail in a given age. But is it necessary that the number of data should be large? Were such a thing as a scientific investigation unknown, man might well distrust the results of his experiments until he had tried many. But all scientific research reveals and confirms the immutability of laws; from analogy we may expect that the history of the past will be that of the future. If we can not predict coming events beyond our own generation, we can judge of the immediate future when we see to which class of motives men are yielding. What if the world is more civilized than ever before? Civilization saved none of the ancient nations. The horrors of war are mitigated, and there is a certain refinement in all kinds of cruelty never before known. But, at the same time, vice is becoming refined, and receiving euphonious names and the connivance of the majority. When disease does not spend itself in eruptions, it is disseminated through the whole system. Do we believe the maxim, that a republic lives only in the virtue and intelligence of the people? The failure of every Utopian scheme ever devised should be convincing. Is the world ripe for republican institutions? The miserable failures of France and Spain are not encouraging. Is this the Utopia? We leave it to those acquainted with American politics and morals to say that Wendell Phillips was not so wild as at other times when he said, "The boy is now in our schools who will write The Decline and Fall of the American Republic." Although this may be false, and the present form of government may exist for centuries, its overthrow is certain unless human nature shall be radically changed. "Glorious Republic" and "manifest destiny" are excellent terms for orators, but not for the philosopher. American education is superficial,
vice is no less prevalent than in former ages of the world, and patriotism is not the thing it was. Spite of the age, location, civilization, education, railroads and — a modicum of virtue, human nature will work out its results, and all nations must eventually fall.

But these thoughts should not lead us to live in the future to the neglect of the present. In an absolute monarchy some evils may be found, and show nothing more than the unfitness of the monarch; but abuses in a republic show a startling tendency, and should be removed on their first appearance. The world looks on and regards the whole nation responsible. A people who form a party conjure up a monster which must be skillfully managed, or he will turn upon the magician and lead him blinded to destruction, or overthrow him with his might.

This is the worst feature of American politics. The people set up a god and fall down to worship it. The priests utter their oracles from the shrine and send forth their edicts; the people tremble and obey. We flatter ourselves that our representatives nominate the candidates for office; but do not the representatives obey the behests of the party chiefs, while we, as in duty bound, vote for their candidates? So long as this is done, evils will exist. The mass of people must burst away from such bondage and act freely and independently. Above all, honesty must be the first qualification. Better a man of poor ability who will avoid error if possible, than a shrewd rascal who will devise all means to cheat and injure. That kind of infatuation which believes in the divine rights of kings is not all dead. The English people clung to Charles I. until driven to desperation. The American people worship a name, a party and a hero, and thereby lose the end of republican institutions. Should America decline from this time, the historian might well blush to record the fact. America is in its infancy, and should have a long and prosperous career before being subject to decay according to the law of nature. There are protests against the conduct of office-holders, and execrations of judicial faults, but they are not vigorous. Virtue is an invalid, and shows symptoms of an early decline and an untimely grave. Some one has called an early congress of America's heroes an assembly of sages, and added,— "The ferocious Gaul would have dropped his sword at the hall door and fled as from an assembly of gods." Perchance the modern Gaul would not be thus awed in the presence of our modern Congress. Here lies the trouble. Our representatives forget that, in this era of change and tottering empires, the fate of the world is
trembling in the balance and the influence of America may turn the scale. They forget that this is a great nation, born because of oppression, cradled in conflict and baptized in blood;—and, forsooth, the debates must be of trifling personalities or of the shrewdest means to seize the wealth of the treasury. Does a man utter reproaches? His influence is lost, for he has already defiled his own hands. One man of weighty character, of pure life and fearless courage, could put to shame a whole multitude of such men, would he but stand in their midst, strong in the consciousness of innocence, and denounce them to their faces. A half dozen such men could reform a whole Congress.

The responsibility rests with the citizens, and a radical change can not be begun too soon. No man has a right to neglect the interests of the nation which he acknowledges as his protector, and of which he is a part. Young men, and especially the educated, never had a broader field of reform in which to work and test their manhood. We know that of but a small per cent. of college students is much to be expected. Owing to poor soil and poor cultivation, the wheat growth is slight and the tares many. But of all the graduates of the country, many will be lawyers, many will engage in politics. Is it necessary to entreat such to be true men, and not only work for the ends of justice in legal pursuits, but be impressed with the dignity of a great nation, and with their responsibility in legislating for its welfare?

THE COLLEGE CLUB.

IV.

Our meeting last night was one of unusual interest. The term has just opened, and the boys are all fresh from the diversions and excitements of vacation. It is difficult to bring the mind at once to pure study. It does not take kindly to lectures and recitations. If we take up a book, we may read page after page with the eye, but the mind does not follow. It glides over the matter without receiving an idea of its import. We are thinking of the party we attended, and perhaps of some particular face we became interested in; or, as we look over the edge of the book, the incidents of a sleigh-ride, with all its little particulars, run through the mind;
and, as we dwell for a moment upon the scene of the "upset," our eyes begin to glisten, we burst out laughing, and, throwing the book upon the table, tell our chum all about it.

One or two members of the Club have not yet returned, but are still swinging the birch in rural districts, writing disconsolate letters to their friends, and counting the days before they will be gathered to their chums. The few of us that are thus gathered celebrated the occasion by an impromptu reunion. The stories that were told, the adventures that were related would have done credit to the youth of chivalrous times. Whether or not knights-errant ever raised their visors for a hearty laugh or to tell a story, we are not fully informed; but that deeds of their own prowess were frequently on their lips we have abundant evidence. The dignity of Seniors is not superior to indulgence in the former pastimes, and certainly of their exploits they are equally proud and love to tell.

We gathered about the open fire in Ned's finely appointed room, and with its glowing embers before us to enliven the imagination, recounted the haps and mishaps that had befallen us since last we met. Foster had accompanied Bruce to his home in a small New Hampshire village, where, according to all accounts, they had been enjoying their otium cum dignitate in a most comfortable manner. All the lyceums within a radius of ten miles had listened to their eloquence. They had been punctual in their attendance upon the weekly singing-school, and upon one occasion, when Deacon Curtis, the teacher, was indisposed,—which was not known until they had all assembled at the school-house,—Fred, at the urgent request of the maids, old and young, had consented to wield the pointer. Never had the treble gone so high or the base so low; never had the alto followed that pointer in such perfect time, or the small boys in the back seats kept so still; but the efforts of that treble were talked of for weeks afterward.

The great event of Fred's visit, however, was the party given by Harry a few days before their return. The lads and lasses from far and near knew Harry's hospitality too well to slight an invitation. The house was full, and of the good cheer that was dispensed in all parts of the house, the scene in the kitchen was the most fascinating. Cleared of every obstruction, the music of the violin and the sound of merry feet, clad in the stoutest of leather, gave Fred a taste of New England life he will not soon forget. And, from the hints that have been dropped, we have reason to believe that one of the brightest, merriest faces that was seen that
night leads him a willing captive.

At our last meeting, as we had just entered upon the last year of the course, we had discussed at some length our hopes and prospects. At the close of the meeting, the subject for the next paper had been given to Terry, you will remember. As we had all been talking quite freely and earnestly, it was with a feeling of relief that we disposed ourselves to listen to Ned's paper. He had prepared it, as he said, before the previous term had ended, and would like a moment to look it over, so that he might read it more acceptably. We had not waited long when he began.

**AGE THE FOURTH — SENIORS.**

"*Commencement.* It is written on the face of every Senior. He walks it, thinks it, and talks it from his return in the fall until the all-important day arrives. Everything he does relates in some way to Commencement. If he be poor, he applies himself with renewed energy to his studies, thinking to improve his opportunities and give satisfaction to his friends by his standing. If he be rich, he concentrates his energies upon the curl of his mustache; writes home to his father how hard he is at work, and asks for another remittance, as Commencement expenses bid fair to be heavy.

"The fall term wears away with an occasional class-meeting to disturb the monotony of recitation. We wish we could speak a better word for class meetings than their usual character will admit. Who ever heard of a class that was united on anything pertaining to Commencement? Every step is contested. A fair amount of consideration is to be desired, and due allowance made for honest differences of opinion; but the spirit of opposition generally manifested is of a most intolerant kind. It would seem that some improvement might be made from class to class, in avoiding unpleasant feeling. The more the routine of Commencement can be made to conform to established customs, the fewer causes will there be for discussion and the less opportunity for collisions. The idea that each class must do everything a little better than has ever been done by any previous class, is ruinous to all unity of feeling.

"Winter vacation comes, and the class is scattered; some to replenish their pocket-books by teaching, others to enjoy their last vacation as their tastes direct,—perhaps in reading and gathering general information which the student too often neglects through his college course. We never heard of any one who read too much in college. A student may neglect his studies and stand low in scholarship, but if he reads and seeks to inform himself on any topics interesting
to him, he will, at the end of the course, have a breadth of mind quite beyond that of his quibbling, rank-loving chum. A recitation to such a student is of the same value as a lecture. By paying fair attention, he attains a good idea of the subject from the remarks of the others, although he may not be able to make a smooth recitation himself. Whoever confines his energies to the narrow curriculum of the course, and takes but little interest in popular questions, finds himself after graduation entirely afloat. Is not this the reason why so many are undecided what to do with themselves, and, for the lack of anything better, take up teaching? Few have a positive taste for any particular pursuit. The majority have only a preference. Those who allow themselves to be led into a preference for teaching because it requires of them the least extra effort to qualify themselves, lose sight of the true end of the college course.

"The interest of the spring term centers about the Senior Exhibition. Upon this occasion the candidates are expected to give a slight foreboding of the eloquence and wisdom they will pour forth on Commencement day. It is a sort of preparatory flourish, and occasions but little interest except among the friends of the participants.

"The summer term begins, and 'drags its slow length along,' amid reviews, examinations and class-meetings. All are impatient for the end. Study becomes irksome. The thought that separation must soon take place brings up a sentiment in the class that smooths over former differences, and they are forgotten in a round of class suppers and merry meetings. A few weeks of rest are given us in which to write our parts and to prevent our health from breaking down through excess of study. Then Commencement comes in all its glory,—the consummation of our hopes and struggles. But space forbids that we should speak at length of this. Every one knows of the week of bustle and excitement which Commencement occasions.

"Each year the old church opens its doors to the throng of friends both of the students and the college. The same scenes are enacted over again. The doors are locked, and the gala week is ended. The merry greetings and bright ribbons and glad faces have vanished. Another class is out of college.

Seniors with students,
Freshmen still with men."

Ned's paper had served as the connecting link between vacation and term-time. It swung our minds into the old rut again. A few more stories and a song or two completed the evening's entertainment, and we adjourned.
Editors' Portfolio.

OUR GYMNASIUM.

From our exchanges we find that several colleges, which have been without gymnasiums, are to have them the coming season. We are not of a particularly envious disposition, but as we read this, we do wonder when we shall have a gymnasium. The building to which we give that name bears about the same relation to a gymnasium that an egg shell does to an egg. The bowling alley is good as far as it goes, but does not constitute a gymnasium, to say nothing of the fact that the two alleys will accommodate only a small portion of the students. The advantages of a well-fitted gymnasium are too obvious to require mention. Every student needs exercise; but it is equally true that few students will trouble themselves to take it. Those who board in clubs, at some distance from the halls, take of necessity a certain amount of exercise in going to and from their meals. We know of several who board "down town," giving as a reason, that they need the exercise, and that they would not take it did they not in this way compel themselves to do so. Now, in view of this fact, a college gymnasium should be made as attractive as possible. It should be fitted up with such an abundance and variety of apparatus, that any one may take that form of exercise which he may prefer. In short, it should be so conducted that, instead of being a place to which a few students shall go from a sense of duty to take their daily dose of exercise, it shall become a pleasurable resort for any one having a spare half hour. In this way a much larger amount of exercise would be taken, while its beneficial results would be vastly increased. For it is well known to students of hygiene, that exercise which is taken simply for exercise, and does not interest the mind, loses in a great measure its beneficial results.

Such a gymnasium can be provided at a comparatively small expense. A moderate outlay for the necessary apparatus is all that would be required, since we already have a building suitable to receive it. Such an outlay would make of a building now standing nearly empty, an excellent gymnasium. We hope the Faculty may consider the subject, and do something to improve the present state of affairs. It is certainly an
improvement which needs to be made, and one which will gain the approval and thanks of all the students.

RIDING.

If one were to tell certain students that they are in the habit of using "ponies," he would undoubtedly receive an indignant denial; and, as far as printed translations are concerned, that denial would be warranted; but are there not more ways than one of riding? Is depending upon a classmate any more creditable than depending upon a book? If it is, some are entitled to a large amount of credit, for while we know of no one who uses a "pony," the other class is lamentably large. Armed with their text-books, they visit you at all hours, totally oblivious to the fact that they are unwelcome, and you are at once compelled to postpone your own work to perform theirs. You can't refuse to assist them, because, by so doing, you will gain the reputation of being selfish and unaccommodating. You can't show them out, because that would outrage your own sense of politeness. Neither can you tell them that you have not been over the lesson yourself, because they are sure to appear just before recitation. In short, you are completely bored, and can hardly refrain from uttering your thanks when the bell relieves you.

Now, my good friends, who practice this, I pray you pause and consider. It is not because a student is unaccommodating, or because he wishes for a higher rank than yours, that he dislikes to assist you. It is because he realizes that time is not only money, but often brains, and that every half hour spent in explaining a lesson to you is so much time lost. For every moment thus bestowed upon you, he must either neglect some of his own work, or take that much time from his recreation or sleep, neither of which courses is conducive to health or good temper. The next time, then, that you are tempted to inflict yourself upon a classmate, either abstain altogether, or have the kindness to do so when he is learning the lesson for himself.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The Magenta discusses the question of holding compulsory commons in Memorial Hall.—The Harvard Advocate has an excellent article on debating.—The Brunonian for Jan. trundles that long-suffering subject, "Sex in Education," with considerable ability. The writer is rather ultra in his views, if we may judge from the following: "If they are like men in the rest, shall they not have equal training? The principles he teaches her she will apply, and it shall go hard but she will better the instruction."—The first number of the Alfred Student lies on our table. It is a magazine of considerable merit. Its appearance and mechan-
ical execution are excellent.—The Vassar Miscellany gives an interesting criticism of Dr. Clarke's new work. It acknowledges as true much that he says, but denies the force of his argument as applied to female colleges generally, and to Vassar especially. It says: "We can give to Dr. Clarke's one example many of an opposite nature. Students, worn out with hard work in school and an irregular life out of school-houses, have at Vassar recovered their health.—The Bowdoin Orient devotes a column to a tirade against the Student. But it is merciful, for, like Bottom the weaver, it "aggravates its voice as 'twere any sucking dove, and roars us an 'twere any nightingale." Well roared, lion.

We have just received the semi-annual issue of Schem's Statistics of the World. The arrangement is unique but excellent; the tables being remarkably condensed, clear, and comprehensive. We know of nothing in the way of condensed statistics which we would more willingly recommend to the student.

Note. With the death of Mr. Whitehouse, his duties have devolved upon the former assistant editor, and George Oak has been unanimously chosen to fill that position.

F. H. S.

OBITUARY.

Never did we realize as now the uncertainty of life. Since the appearance of our January number, the Student, the class, the college, and we believe the future have suffered an irreparable loss. On the 18th of the present month, our Senior Editor expired at his home in Auburn, after an illness of only eighteen hours.

At the time of his death, he was in the twenty-first year of his age, having been born in Minot on the 25th of July, 1853. Very early in life he displayed marked ability and love of study, and each year has seen these qualities enlarged and strengthened. Encouraged and assisted by his parents in every possible way, he determined upon a college course, and soon left the district school for that purpose. After a year or two spent at different places, he entered Hebron Academy, from which he graduated on the 8th of May, 1871. The following autumn he entered Bates with the class of '75. He at once took a high rank, and for the last two years was
So indisputably the first scholar in his class. For the ground passed over, the College could not furnish his equal. "Never," says Prof. Stanley, "was there a more thorough and earnest student connected with the institution."

Love of truth was his ruling trait. A superficial knowledge never satisfied him. His mind sought for causes, and laid bare the foundations of all subjects which he investigated. Unlike many class leaders, the desire of obtaining a high rank, for its own sake, never actuated him. The great characteristic of his life was thoroughness. Unsatisfied with what could be obtained from the textbooks, he was continually seeking for information elsewhere. He desired the best thoughts of the best minds, and having found, he appreciated and retained them. Nature endowed him with uncommon abilities, and nobly and conscientiously did he use them. Modest and unassuming, he maintained his position without envy, and his popularity was equaled only by his scholarship. His genial disposition, kind and gentlemanly conduct, and high Christian character had won for him the love and esteem of all. Much as we miss the classmate, even more do we miss the friend.

When he was elected to the editorship of the Student, all the friends of the magazine were unanimous in their approval. Great hopes were entertained, and they were not disappointed. Earnest, energetic, painstaking, while he lived, he made the Student a success. Here, as elsewhere, he was ever at his post, ever ready to meet the responsibilities of his position. We trust that all our readers will unite with us in extending to the parents and friends of Mr. Whitehouse our most heartfelt sympathies.

Faculty, classmates, students, and friends are alike unanimous in their appreciation of his life and their grief at his death. Long and vainly shall we look for his equal. From a life of usefulness here he has been called to the higher and nobler work of the Hereafter.
ODDS AND ENDS.

We have here some young men of firm principles. One of them, having read that one hundred pounds of bread contains five ounces of alcohol, persistently declines bread, and confines himself to hash.

— "What is an axiom?" asked a teacher of a beginner in Geometry. "An axiom is—a—a thing that is plain at the first glance, after you stop to think of it a while," was the lucid reply.—Vassar Mis.

— One of the knowing ones, looking at a picture of an imaginary hunt by pre-historic men, innocently inquired if that was supposed to have occurred in the Azoric age.—Madisonensis.

— Young Smith was walking out with the idol of his heart, the other evening, and they chose the favorite resort of lovers,—the goat pasture near the dam. While admiring the falls, and getting their noses reddened by the north wind, she burst out rapturously: "Is n't that dam splendid?" She nearly fainted away when Smith answered, that he was n't used to hearing young ladies swear; and another engagement is broken off.—Coll. Spec.

— Students' table talk. "Donnez moi die butter, si 'l vous plait." "Ja! mein Herr." "Haben sie du pain?" "Oui, oui, monsieur." "Donabis mihi aquam?" "Ouest das wasser?" "In Judge A——'s well." "Who's goin' down town?"—Tripod.

— The following story is told of Prof. Snell, of Amherst: Years ago, his salary was only $800 a year. After the war, however, when wealth began to roll in upon Amherst College, the trustees concluded to raise the salaries of the professors to $2,500. Snell was sitting in his study when his wife came in to announce the good news. He was poring over a well-thumbed mathematical treatise. "Ebenezer!" said she, "what do you think? They've done it!" "Done it!" said he, "done what? who?" "Why, the trustees; they've raised your salary to $2,500 a year!" Snell's face became radiant. "Thank God, Almira!" said he, "now we can have a codfish!"—Ex.

— Instructor in Physics. "And what, sir, are the limits to the syphon?" "Well, sir, it won't work if the longer arm is shorter than the other."—Yale Courant.
PROF. Stanton has just purchased for the college "Audubon’s Birds of America," a work valued at $250.00. This purchase, together with the Cabinet, which the recent additions have made the best in the state, makes the study of Ornithology unusually interesting.

Mr. Wm. B. Wood, of Boston, has offered to the Junior class a prize of $100 for the best original oration at Commencement. Since then, the ladies of the Lowell church have generously offered a second prize of $50, and the ladies of the Lawrence church one of $25.

The "Charl Chess Club," of Williams College, recently issued a challenge to all similar college organizations, desiring to play a game or series of games by postal card. Since then, they have received so many acceptances, that the challenge is temporarily withdrawn, their time being fully occupied during this term with the games already in progress.

The Syndicate,—the committee for examining women on Cambridge papers,—has just reported the results of the last examination. "The candidates showed an utter inability to comprehend met- physics, continually flew off at a tangent, and wrote most eloquently on all sorts of things that had no bearing on the questions asked, found some grand moral lurking under everything, and finally—we blush to say it—wrote slang throughout.—Harvard Advocate.

At the late convention, it was decided to hold the next college regatta at Saratoga. The selection was strongly opposed by Harvard, as well as by Amherst and Dartmouth, and strenuous efforts were made by these colleges to keep the regatta in New England waters. Saratoga has, no doubt, many advantages. Hotel accommodations are ample, and the lake is excellently well suited for the contest. But it is urged by Harvard, that the climate is too enervating for severe training, especially to crews of colleges situated, like Harvard, near the seashore. Saratoga is also the summer head-quarters of the New York gamblers; and though promises have been given to prohibit all pool-selling and the like, such a thing would be simply impossible. But, as the "Union" says, there would be betting, if the regatta were to be held in the lecture room of a Theological school.
Resolutions passed by the Junior Class of Bates College, on the death of Arthur Sewall Whitehouse, at his home in Auburn, Feb. 18th, 1874:

Whereas it has pleased an all-wise Providence to call from this to a higher and better life, our classmate, Arthur S. Whitehouse,

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to the divine will, we feel the deepest sorrow at being deprived of the fellowship of one whose superior ability, friendly disposition, and Christian principles rendered him a desirable associate and a worthy leader; that in his death we have met with an irreparable loss.

Resolved, That in their deep affliction we extend our warmest sympathies to the family and friends of the deceased.

Resolved, That we wear the customary badge of mourning, as an outward expression of sincere sorrow.

James Nash,
J. R. Brackett,
F. H. Smith,

Committee on Resolutions.

At a meeting of the Eurosophian Society, held Feb. 20th, the following resolutions were adopted.

Whereas it has pleased God in His Providence to remove from our Society by death, our beloved brother, Arthur S. Whitehouse,

Resolved, That we feel the deepest sorrow at the loss of one whose sound scholarship, manly character, consistent Christian life, and constant devotion to the interests of our Society had endeared him to us all.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathies to the afflicted family, earnestly desiring that God will sanctify this bereavement to their good.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the parents of the deceased, and published in the Morning Star, Bates Student, and Lewiston Journal.

H. W. Chandler,
C. G. Warner,
R. J. Everett,
B. Minard,

Committee on Resolutions.

E. C. Adams, Secretary.
'71.—In Meredith Village, by Rev. Giles Leach, assisted by Rev. Mr. Given, Henry W. Lincoln, Esq., of Adrian, Mich., and Miss Alice S. Stevens, of M.

'72.—Herbert Blake has lately been admitted to the bar.

'73.—I. C. Dennett is meeting with good success as Principal of the Castine High School.

'73.—L. C. Jewell is studying medicine at Harvard Medical School.

'73.—Charles Davis is teaching in Lisbon, Me.

'73.—G. E. Smith has been spending his vacation in the study of law with Frye, Cotton & White of this city. He still continues his connection with the Gray High School.

CLASS OF 1869.

Bolster, Rev. William Henry.—Born at Rumford, Oxford County, Maine, April 7, 1844. Son of Otis C. and Maria C. L. Bolster.

1869, '70, '71,—Student in the Theological School at Bangor, Maine.

Married, June 27, 1871, to Marilla May Noyes, daughter of Rufus K. and Mehitable Noyes, of Auburn, Maine.

73.—Pastor of Congregationalist Church at Wiscasset, Me.

Child, Gertrude May.

N. B. In the alumnus record published in our January number, a slight mistake occurs. For "Tutor in Latin School," read, Tutor in Latin in Bates College.
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.

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COMMENCEMENT

JUNE 17, 1874.

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