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THE

BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

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Edited by FRANK H. SMITH and GEORGE OAK.
Business Manager, J. HERBERT HUTCHINS.

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DOVER, N. H.:
PRINTED AT MORNING STAR JOB PRINTING HOUSE.
1874.
"Frank Dinsmore is a great booby!"

The reader has it on the authority of one of the prettiest young ladies in Mooseville, that Frank Dinsmore was a great booby. The language is certainly expressive, if not elegant. It is but fair to say, however, in behalf of Frank, that he was not a booby at all, pretty young lady to the contrary notwithstanding.

Seriously, Frank Dinsmore was, as has been already asserted, a boy of almost unbounded possibilities. But he belonged to that unfortunate class of people, whose positive need of appreciation and encouragement is often met by coldness, and sometimes by contempt. It is impossible to say how much these persons themselves aid in the creation of the cold atmosphere that surrounds them. If they shun the fire, they can not hope to be warmed.

Now and then, as you stand, uncertain, in the streets of a busy, bustling city, you are thrilled by the sound of a kindly voice, asking, "Can I direct you?" but in general, you must, at least, make bold inquiry, or remain as uncertain as ever. Men of business can not stop to help you; others will not.

And so, certain classes of men, some from reserve or diffidence, others from true, gentlemanly feeling, stand in the background and let the hurrying crowds of brothers who would gladly answer their call for sympathy pass on beyond the reach of their voices.
In New England, where every one is expected to be "doing something," such persons are usually held in low estimation. 'Modest worth should grace a missionary, not a man.' Smartness is the great requirement. Parents must have a "smart" teacher for their children. No matter if his speech is vulgar and his manners are boorish; he is "smart." And even the minister of the gospel, though graced with every virtue, must be "smart" or he is doomed to hard work, debt, and disgrace. Thus true merit often meets with the neglect which a showy recklessness deserves.

But it was not wholly this Yankee contempt for modesty which prompted the opening words of our chapter. If you had asked the pretty young lady why she spoke them, she might have answered with Harl Linscott: "A man should never be a woman!" Woman has so long been called the weaker sex that she herself has come to despise delicacy of feeling, especially in man, as an unpardonable weakness. And in this way, Frank Dinsmore came to be looked upon at first as a necessary and endurable evil, and then as a positive nuisance. "He has no spunk" is a phrase which has proved fatal to the happiness of many another besides Frank.

He had, at least, a quick feeling, and when he saw how matters were turning, he withdrew himself as much as possible from all companionship. Had it not been for Alice Percival, he would have shunned society altogether.

The secret of the whole matter lies here: He was a shy, bashful boy; weak, if delicacy of feeling be weakness, and truly weak in his inability to overcome discouragements. Lacking confidence in himself, he needed constant encouragement. Cheer him with kind words and there was nothing that he could not do; sneer at him, and he would drop down at your feet in despair. Ah! the world crushes thousands of noble, throbbing hearts, and, passing on, despises the sacrifice which it claimed. Where are Christian charity and Christian love that these hearts do not find them?

The study of Frank's inward life is not a pleasant study. How could it be pleasant to us, when it was so fraught with pain to himself? The smallest things, the slightest word of his, which the hearer forgot as soon as it was uttered, sometimes caused him real and lasting regret. He often dwelt upon a slight till it became an insult. At such times, he was ready to cry out against God for making him so weak; or,—and this was at rare intervals—against the whole human family for their coldness and lack of charity. It is no wonder that, in this way, he became fretful. Not having elastic
force enough to repel his morbid thoughts, he sank into a state of grieving at his lot, a thing which was all the more to be lamented as it sometimes manifested itself in fits of sullenness and positive ill temper.

On the morning after our excursion, Frank awoke much earlier than usual and looked about him with a sleepy, half-petulant gaze. 'He always did awake earlier Sunday morning and he would like to know the reason. He didn't know as any one was to blame, but he really did wish he wasn't so wakeful on Sabbath morning,—the only time in the week when he was at liberty to sleep as long as he chose. He didn't know what he should do, for he couldn't get to sleep.' So he did just what he had done a hundred times before under like circumstances. His eye followed the old familiar tracings of the wall-paper. He began with a faded rose above the mantel. There was another faded rose at the left, just across a rope of vines; and so on around the room, in an unbroken line. Then he followed them vertically and obliquely till they disappeared behind the ceiling or the floor. While he is lying in this half-dreamy state, let us look more closely about the room.

A new-fashioned bureau, an old-fashioned chair and stand, and two old pictures constituted all the furniture of the room besides the bed. No! not all. It would be inexcusable not to mention that genealogical, worsted palm-tree on the wall, "Wrought by Mehetabel, Daughter to Piam, in the year 1755, aged 11." It would be equally inexcusable not to make more explicit mention of the two pictures that graced the wall. There was none of that uncertainty about them which is the plague of modern art. Look at a modern (or ancient, for that matter) statue of Apollo, for instance, and how are you going to know whether it is Apollo, or Hercules, or Jim Fiske, or any other of those old Roman celebrities? But here, every element of doubt was eliminated. The prints represented the "Death-bed of Washington," and the "Death-bed of President Harrison." There might have been room for doubt, even here, whether the two pictures did not portray the same scene, had it not been for their different names and the foot-notes under each. The same stiff-looking man stared at you over the head-board; the same very black negro held to his eyes the same exceedingly white handkerchief; the same lady in deep mourning knelt beside the same dying man; and the same two boys were squeezed in a similar agony between the bedstead and the wall, in both pictures. In both pictures, too, the stiff-looking man and the very black negro were put down in the foot-notes.
as, respectively, the physician and the colored servant. And here the resemblance ends. The lady in deep mourning is Lady Washington or Lady Harrison, according as you consult the first picture or the second. And now, mark how the artist has improved upon history itself; for here, behind the bedstead, stand Washington's two sons, of whose existence even, history is complacently ignorant. And again, with the very refinement of accuracy, the artist absolutely settles all doubts as to the identity of the dying man, by writing the name, "George Washington," below the bed.

Such were the surroundings of Frank Dinsmore, on that Sabbath morning. For a long time he lay in that half-sleeping, half-waking state, when, if ever, the mind is at rest. At length, however, some mysterious association suggested to his mind the scenes of yesterday, and roused him in an instant. The remembrance of his own display of weakness came to him with a painful shock. He should never dare to hold his head up any more. People would point at him by the finger of scorn and call him "baby." Oh, why had God made him as he was?

He recalled the kindness of Alice Percival and the scorn of Linscott. Strange to say, he harbored toward the latter no resentment whatever. "It's all in me," he said to himself. And this was the way he always reasoned, in such cases. Self-condemnation was an element of his nature.

Something in the character of Linscott filled Frank with admiration. He looked upon the former as a stern censor, an upright judge of the actions of men. He admired that serene contempt for the good or bad opinion of others which appeared to characterize Linscott. This, together with a calm assurance of his own good judgment, seemed to Frank to constitute the very essence of manliness. He desired to know him better, though he knew that his tender spirit would shrink from the companionship as the flesh from the knife.

 Occupied with these thoughts, Frank arose and went down stairs. His mother had breakfast and a smile all ready for him.

"How do you feel, this morning?" she asked.

"Don't ask me any questions, mother. I feel well enough."

He repented his crossness before it found vent, and made up for it by putting on a "smiling morning face" and changing his tone to one of cheerfulness. The next hour was spent in a cheery, thoughtless happiness, till the ringing of the bells summoned the drowsy town to church.

Mooseville had been asleep all the morning. The sun had shed its unclouded glory on lowly cottage and lofty spire, to no purpose.
The streets were as silent as if the Angel of Death had visited every house in the watches of the previous night. Occasionally, you might see a girlish face peeping out from an inconspicuous doorway, and then a girlish form gliding, with anxious and unnecessary stillness, to a neighbor's house. This is a full two hours before service. Wait till her toilet is complete, and you shall see this same miss sail out of the front doorway under a flutter of ribbons and a battery of admiring eyes.

A half-dozen such girls stood ready to answer the first stroke of the bell by rushing out of doors and into the church. These wanted to see everybody that came. A half-dozen others gauged their time so that they might enter the church on the very last stroke. These wanted to be seen by everybody. Still other six walked in demurely with their mothers and sat down quietly. These wanted to see nobody and be seen by nobody.

I will not delay to tell you all about this Sabbath scene,—how the boys sat outside on the fence, till they saw the parson approaching; nor how the middle-aged men stood out on the platform, talking politics, or telling yarns of the sea, and a hundred other things. Suffice it to say, that lame old men and tottering old women; loafers from the wharves and gentlemen from the mansions; well-dressed children and poorly-dressed children, all came to hear the good Parson Polyglot in the white church on the hill. Even Harl Linscott came, and the usher put him and George Farjeon in Mrs. Dinsmore's seat.

Behind the minister came Charlie Templeton and his mother and sister; for Parson Polyglot, so-called by the parish, was no other than the Rev. Mr. Templeton, Charlie's father.

The minister stood, noble and erect, behind the pulpit. He read the 6th chapter of Romans, and chose for his text the 20th verse: "For when ye were the servants of sin, ye were free from righteousness." His theme, though not formally announced, was,—The Nature of Sin.

"It needs not," he said in conclusion, "the words of inspiration to tell us what sin is. When we look around us and see how disease fastens itself upon the man of wicked ways; how remorse or vain regret follows him all the days of his life, what can we think, but that God is punishing him for his iniquity? And again, when we behold the prosperity of the upright; when we note their peace of mind even in adversity, what can we think, but that God is rewarding them for their uprightness? Oh, my hearers, what must be the heinousness of sin, when God thus sets upon it the seal of his displeasure!"
He then passed from the laws of God as shown in nature to the same laws as set forth in the Bible, and closed with an earnest appeal for nobility of soul and purpose.

It was a sermon full of thought, but not calculated to stir men's souls. The audience went out, meditative. George Farjeon invited Frank Dinsmore to his room, and they walked on in silence. No one spoke until they had reached the room, when Harl Linscott broke out: "This, then, is the Parson Polyglot of whose goodness we have heard so much! This is the 'good Parson whose name everybody loves!' A fine Parson, indeed. A fine old hypocrite, rather!"

Frank looked horrified, but Harl went on without noticing it. "Do you suppose he believes what he said this morning?" he continued. "And yet I suppose the people all swallowed it for gospel truth."

"Why, don't you believe what he said?" asked Frank, timidly.

A sneer rose to Harl's lips, and he was going on without noticing the interruption; but suddenly he winked to George, and, turning to Frank, asked: "How do you know there is any such thing as sin?"

"Why, the Bible says so," answered Frank, confidently.

"And what is the Bible?"

"The Bible is God's word."

"But how do you know that the Bible is God's word?"

"Why," said Frank, who had never thought it a thing to be doubted, "because everybody says so."

"Yes," said Harl, smiling, "but are you sure that everybody believes in the Bible?"

"Oh, of course the heathen don't. They don't know any better."

Linscott seemed amused at the simplicity of this answer. He continued his catechism thus: "Don't the heathen have any religion?"

"Oh, yes,"—

"Oh, yes," interrupted Harl, with an expression of disgust, "they have a religion! 'But they are poor heathen. They don't know any better.' Why don't they say to us: 'We worship Allah. You worship a false God. But we pity you. You are poor heathen. You don't know any better.'"

"Oh, this vile superstition is the ruin of us all! If one whom we call a bad man is sick, the Parson calls it a punishment for his sins; if the same man regains his health and becomes wealthy and powerful, God is preparing to embitter his happiness by a fall; and if, despite these croakings, he comes to a good old age and then quietly dies, straightway the town is shocked by the terrible judgment that has fallen upon the wicked.
man. By what authority do we call men bad? We approve to-day the acts which our fathers condemned. A few generations, and men will laugh at our bigotry and do deeds which would horrify us by their monstrosity. Talk about Parson Polyglot's believing what he said this morning! He knows too much for that!"

Frank Dinsmore was confused and astounded. He went home to meditate in secret upon what he had heard. A doubt had been suggested to his mind, and from that doubt grew branches that shadowed his whole life.

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MUSIC.

**ALL** the world is full of music,
Nature is not dumb;
Life and action rouse creation
With their busy hum.

There is music in the whirlwinds,
When the tempests gather;
Music in the stream that murmurs
On its way forever.

Forest depths are ever vocal
With the life they hold;
While winds breathe a soothing requiem
Through their branches bold.

In the rich and busy city
With its deaf'ning din,
Music comes from countless sources,
Life and joy to win.

Bells that ring their call to duty
In a sterner note,
Chime their sounds with mellow voices,
Mingling as they float.
The Profession of Politics.

Ocean's billows breaking ever
On the pebbly sand,
Make sad music for the exile
From his native land;

For they fill his soul with musings
Of life's early spring,
As he strives to read the meaning
Of the dirge they sing.

Valleys rich with life and verdure,
Mountains wild and high,
All the works of God's great wisdom
'Twixt the earth and sky,

Blend their varied sounds together,—
One harmonious band,—
Filling earth's remotest confines
With their chorus grand.

THE PROFESSION OF POLITICS.

WHEN I consider the several professions, I can not help regarding the profession of politics the most inviting and noblest of them all."

"Why, dear sir, what do you mean by such a use of terms? Do you mean to say there is a profession of politics?"

"Certainly. When I think of the signification of the word 'profession,'—the preparation, trained powers and field of action it implies,—I see no inconsistency in the expression, 'profession of politics.'"

"I must thank you for introducing a topic, which, though the lateness of the hour forbids present discussion, will surely be a pleasant theme of thought to me. Good-night, sir."

"Good-night."

This conversation, which took place at the close of a meeting of a literary society, sug-
gested the subject of this paper.

What is meant by profession? Says Webster: "Profession is the business which one professes to understand and follow for subsistence." Formerly, there were three professions—or learned professions as they were called— theology, law, and medicine. No one will deny that by established usage the word is now properly applied to many employments outside the so-called learned professions. "The business which one professes to understand and follow for subsistence." The lawyer acquires a certain amount of knowledge, and uses it to earn his bread. The politician does the same. How then can it be consistent to say profession of law, and inconsistent to say profession of politics?

"A lawyer," says the objector, "spends two or three years in acquiring knowledge essential to his success. He reads the works of the best jurists. He drills himself in mute courts. In short he serves an apprenticeship, as does the mechanic. The same is equally true of the clergyman and the physician. Their influence, the influence wielded by cultivated minds, is a national blessing. Place the politician in turn beside the clergyman, the lawyer, the physician. How marked in each case is the contrast! A professional man, properly so called, has served a long apprenticeship; has lofty aims; has a broad field for the exercise of his powers. None of these things can be said of the politician."

Let us consider these objections. There is a certain amount of superiority, of dignity, connected with our idea of a professional man. Knowledge always commands respect. In looking at politics, men notice only what is far too prominent, trickery and knavery. They utterly confound the terms, political trickery, and profession of politics. They see in Butler the politician, in Sumner the statesman. "If all political men had served an apprenticeship similar to that of Sumner; if they had as lofty aims; if they exerted a like influence, then we might speak of a profession of politics." Thus says the objector.

Is it true that politicians do not serve an apprenticeship? Does not every politician prepare himself for his business by study more or less extensive? The idea of a politician implies a knowledge of the condition, needs and prospects of a certain number of people. But how can this knowledge be gained save by study? It is not necessary that it be obtained at the schools. It is essential only that it be acquired. To say that many, or even the majority of politicians are not educated, is not proving the non-existence of a profession of politics. To say, as can be said with truth, that many
The Profession of Politics.

Lawyers are ignorant men, is not proving the non-existence of a profession of law. In each instance, it simply proves that there are ignorant men earning their livelihood in these professions. Hence, our common expressions, — a shrewd lawyer, an eminent jurist, a shrewd politician, a great statesman. We do not exclude a shrewd lawyer from the profession of law. Why then should we exclude a shrewd politician from the profession of politics? In like manner, the existence of medical and theological quacks does not prove the non-existence of the professions of medicine and theology. Yet in each of these are men worse, in point of education, than the worst politicians.

"Again," urges the objector, "the aims of professional men are high. Petty politicians are not men of high aims." Be it so. But are those men of high aims who, calling themselves physicians, spend their time in boiling herbs, and mixing poisons? or those who, styling themselves clergymen, employ their time in carefully transcribing Beecher or Spurgeon for the edifying of their hearers? Luther, John Marshall and Charles Sumner belonged respectively to the professions of theology, law, and politics, notwithstanding they were surrounded by men of low aims who disgraced these professions.

The graduate of the medical school steps forth into the world eager to improve men's physical condition, and thus enlarge the measure of their happiness. He has studied that curious piece of God's handiwork, the human body. He has been inspired by the noble successes of those who have honored the profession with their genius. He feels his to be a high calling, and the circle of his influence to be of almost incalculable diameter.

The law student hangs out his shingle and waits for business. He is versed in history. The writings of the finest jurists of all ages are familiar to him. He nobly resolves to honor the profession in which so many of earth's greatest minds have loved to labor. Think you the field of his influence is narrow?

The student leaves the theological seminary, steeped in ecclesiastical history, filled with inspiration by the grand achievements of the heroes of the church, eager to press forward toward the realization of his ideal. He is to labor for the welfare of men's souls. He is a teacher; the world is his school; men's present and eternal happiness is the object of his labors. How wide his influence! How grand his mission!

Lofty are the ideals; grand, indeed, are the fields of action of the physician, the lawyer, the clergyman! How immeasurably grand, then, must be the sphere
of his influence, whose duty it is to combine these! Yet such is the business of the politician. The physical well-being of the people demands that he have a knowledge of the human body, of the sanitary regulations of his own country and others, of the history of the causes and cures of epidemics. A knowledge of the laws of his own country, of the important laws of the leading nations,—of their influence, their likeness or unlikeness to those of his country,—is obviously indispensable. A knowledge, too, of the morality of different nations, of the history of the relations of church and state in certain periods, of the causes and tendencies of religious upheavals, is plainly essential.

Thus, in point of apprenticeship, or preparation for his business, in the character of his aims, in the extent of his field of action, in brief, in the grandeur of his mission, the politician compares favorably with the physician, the lawyer, or the clergyman. Why, then, the comparison being thus favorable, shall we have a profession of medicine, of law, of theology, and not a profession of politics? Must we not admit that, when we think of the signification of the word profession—"the preparation, trained powers, and field of action it implies"—we see no inconsistency in the expression, profession of politics?

The objections to the expression, profession of politics, arise from regarding political trickery and the profession of politics as synonymous terms. That they are not has, I think, been shown. This misapprehension of terms is common. A college graduate chooses the law, or theology, or medicine, as his profession. His friends congratulate him on his choice, and wish him success. But let him elect politics as his profession, and his friends can not restrain their disgust. They immediately picture to themselves the disgraceful part he must play in political intrigues. It is ignorance which prepares such mental phantasmas. There is no greater danger to the true man in politics than in any other business. Such objectors are eager for the promotion of education, but sneer when a college graduate proposes to carry the influence of his disciplined mind into this their realm of ignorance. What shortsightedness! What consummate folly! Let such objectors consider the effect upon our national well-being, had we possessed ten Sumners instead of one.
OUR GERMAN CORRESPONDENCE.

UNPATRIOTIC JOURNALISM.

THERE is abundant ground for mortification and pain in the actual dishonesty that has found play in public affairs, and carried distrust into all spheres of political and financial responsibility. The demonstrated want of moral stamina, the utter selfishness in so many holders of responsible trusts, can never be too deeply lamented nor rebuked with too severe a condemnation. But there is hardly less ground for regret and shame in the reckless manner in which political and sensational journals exaggerate suspicions of these things into affirmations, proclaim charges for partisan effect without regard to fact, and sting, with their envenomed insinuations, reputations that can in no other way be impaired, simply in order to weaken an opposite party or discredit an enterprise which they dislike. The employment of such weapons by persons or journals to whose characters they are appropriate can do little harm where they are known. But when employed by journals of world-wide repute and national circulation, no amount of good they can do by the exposure of actual wrong, can atone for the mischief they create by filling the air with unjust insinuations.

I believe one gets a more impressive and distressing view of these things when he goes out of the country, and sees how foreign peoples, who can not estimate the value of these partisan representations, are affected by them, when they equally believe what either side says of the other, and must conclude, either that our political journals are convicted though unpunished liars and libelers, or that all our public men and most beloved and trusted army officers are knaves. The circumspection which the press is everywhere obliged to preserve in this country, makes it difficult to accept the former conclusion, and so the latter seems far more general in this country than I like to confess.

The impression is produced that dishonesty and corruption are immeasurably more prevalent and colossal than the reality, that they make the custom not the exception; and hence the conclusion can not be avoided, that the protest and resistance bear no proportion to the magnitude of the evil, and, either that the whole country is so in league with dishonesty, or so entirely prostrated beneath its colossal stride, so helpless in the power of rings and railroads, that resistance and remedy are alike impossible. It can hardly admit of question, that the two
circumstances now alluded to, turned American bonds out of the European market last autumn, augmented the legitimate distrust at home, and so precipitated the financial crisis.

These causes of the financial crisis have undoubtedly contributed, independently as well as through that, to produce a falling off in the emigration from this country to the United States. The supposed general dishonesty of government officials and the ring robberies, are so paraded in the German newspapers, along with exaggerated statements of the real and imagined consequences of the late disasters in the stock and money markets, as to dissuade Germans from emigrating to America.

The effect of these representations, we can not doubt, is greatest upon that class whose emigration would be of the greatest advantage to the United States, viz.: the honest, who wish to accumulate by their own industry, who aspire to improve the condition of their families, but not to be a prey to the harpies of dishonesty nor be compelled, as in this country, to yield a lion's share of their earnings to the collector of taxes. Those who have schooled themselves here in the practice of dishonesty are only too likely to be attracted by the common report, that in America the meanest men become speedily rich and politically exalted. This unenviable reputation presents to European minds a perplexing enigma. They can easily understand what it is to be betrayed and cheated. It is no mystery, that the baker who cooks their flour should let a part of it swell his own loaf. That is expected; and the utmost that vigilance can hope to secure in these relations of common life, with the working classes, is to prevent the cheating from going beyond an endurable limit. But how people of official and commercial rank, and in positions of Governmental trust, should not be inspired with a higher self-respect, and a more becoming regard for the station itself, is to them a mystery. And how people known to lack these qualities can still retain official position, is to them a still greater mystery upon that class whose emigration and a sad interpreter of the genius of American institutions, as well as of the American conception of honor. An American here meets many people who desire to ask for an explanation of these things, but who only with hesitation yield to the desire. It seems to them, and no wonder, like asking a stranger, whose brother was hung, or ought to have been, to explain how a member of a once reputable family could become so wicked. Honest and patriotic Americans, when abroad, even more than while at home, must feel personally deeply wronged
by the men who have so debauched public sentiment, and dishonored their country by the origination of black Fridays, railroad stock swindles, city government and revenue rings, and Credit Mobilier schemes.

But no less worthy of indignation and chastisement are those persons, or journals, so insensible to moral distinctions and to the value of personal and national honor, that they wittingly contribute directly or indirectly to create the impression, that the principles and motives manifest in the transactions just alluded to are universal in public life. Those partisans who seem determined never to cease their endeavors to produce the impression that Gen. Howard is animated by no purer and more unselfish motives than some of the men who in public life have endeavored to maintain and to profit by that system of caste, for the ultimate destruction of which he has done so much, are not only the enemies of one man; they are the foes of the country, the defamers of its good name; they wrong every honest patriot who wishes that modesty and honesty and Christian virtue should not refuse to hold office nor be driven from places of public trust and benefaction, and who wishes to belong to a country where honesty has power, and not to a nation of reputed thieves.

Professor Balkam.

REV. Uriah Balkam, D. D., whose sudden death was noticed in a previous number of The Student, was born in Robbinston, in this State, March 27, 1812.

He graduated from Amherst College in 1837, and afterwards went through a theological course at Bangor. He was three times settled as a pastor, first, at Union, Maine, from which place he went to Wiscasset, where he remained ten years. In 1855, he became pastor of the Pine St. Congregational church in Lewiston. This pastorate he resigned in October, 1870. At the session of the Trustees of Bates College in 1873, Dr. Balkam was elected “Cobb Professor of Logic and Christian Evidences.” He entered on his duties in the College at the begin-
ning of the fall term, but as Prof. Hayes has been in Europe this year, Dr. Balkam performed the duties of the professorship of Mental and Moral Philosophy during his connection with the College.

Dr. Balkam was a man of rare endowments. The vigor of his intellect, the versatility of his talents, and his scholarly tastes were such as to have insured him success in any of the higher callings, and yet we feel that he was singularly fortunate in his choice of a profession. He had in a marked degree the qualifications of a good preacher and pastor.

He was a natural orator. His fine form and expressive face rendered his personal appearance very attractive. His voice was rich, full and melodious; his enunciation remarkably distinct, and the easy, unaffected dignity and earnestness of his manner are seldom surpassed.

The vigor of his intellect was unusual. Activity, not rest, seemed to be its normal condition. His mind was so constituted that it must work, therefore everything, natural scenery, ordinary conversation, all the occurrences of everyday life furnished him subjects for thought. Even those things which to many would have been hindrances to thought, he subjected to the processes of his mind, and made them of use in his work. He was a genuine lover of books, and although they were never authorita-

tive, the contact with thinking minds afforded by them, was always suggestive and stimulating.

A mind so active must be productive. Notwithstanding his very remarkable powers of expression, he had, upon any subject to which he gave his attention, more thoughts than he could express. His severe critical taste compelled him to reject more material than he used. What he rejected would have seemed invaluable to ordinary writers. If, after hearing him preach, you conversed with him about the sermon, you learned that the presentation of the subject to which you had listened was one of many which he had been considering. In fact, he gave the impression to his hearers that he had great powers in reserve, that he was always capable of something better than he had done.

The fertility of his mind rendered the temptation to any form of plagiarism impossible. He was, therefore, very original. His hearers felt that what he uttered was his own.

His liberality of spirit and freedom from all forms of bigotry, combined with great earnestness of purpose, made him a very effective preacher. His pulpit themes were the great truths of the Bible, such as the mission of Christ, the necessity and utility of prayer, the duties and the hopes of the Christian. While he was a sincere lover of truth, I do not
believe he ever preached a sermon that was sectarian in its spirit. He instinctively avoided those subjects, merely sectarian, upon which more narrow-minded men have wasted their energies. But, while he was careful to avoid subjects about which honest men might differ, if he did not regard them as essential, he was as bold as a lion in defense of great truths.

Rev. A. C. Adams, formerly of Auburn, in an article written for the Christian Mirror, gives an illustration of his fearlessness on the subject of slavery. "He stood up" says Mr. Adams, "in the crowded State Conference, and put forth suddenly, yet in his resolute and imperturbable way, a series of resolutions bearing on the subject of Slavery, at which prudent men stood aghast, but which, yet, after much debate, carried almost the entire body with him."

He was a deeply religious man. His religion was practical and gave the impulse to all his efforts. While he was interested in politics, in all the reforms, in general literature, he derived his chief enjoyment from religious sources. He especially loved devotional books and devotional hymns; and the conversation in which he most delighted was on subjects of spiritual interest. Prayer was his "vital breath." No one who heard him pray could doubt that he had communion with God. Rev. Mr. Adams, in the article already alluded to, speaks of his wonderful prayers. At his funeral, Rev. Mr. Matthews, of Court St. Baptist church, Auburn, after an appreciative tribute to his qualifications as a preacher, in which he remarked, "I feel that we ministers of Lewiston and Auburn have lost our leader and our king in the pulpit," spoke at some length of his prayers. "No man ever prayed in my presence," said he, "who made me feel the possibilities of salvation in Christ so deeply as he did."

It is seldom, I think, that one, who is so much of a student and who prepares so thoroughly for the pulpit, is so social in his nature, and so good a pastor, as was Dr. Balkam. But with him, as may be inferred from what has been already said, pastoral work and preparation for the pulpit did not interfere with each other, but his work in either of these departments assisted him in performing the duties of the other.

To his originality and thoughtfulness, his catholic spirit, and his large fund of general information, were joined an enthusiasm and an ingenuousness almost child-like, making him one of the most delightful conversationalists I have ever met. It was easy and natural for him to make common conversation instructive, but even then, he never failed to be entertaining. By his strong and tender
Professor Balkam.

sympathies, he was drawn to those in affliction and peculiarly fitted to minister to them. Lewiston never had a better citizen. He was thoroughly interested in everything which promised any material, educational or moral advantage to the place. I know scarcely a Free Baptist minister who has been a warmer friend to Bates College than he was from its start. He sympathized heartily with all the religious societies in Lewiston and Auburn, and was ever ready to acknowledge the good that they were doing. Although he was everywhere regarded as a leading and faithful minister in his own denomination, as was remarked at his funeral by his friend, Rev. Dr. Fisk, of Bath, yet he had none of the petty feeling which seeks to build up “my church” at the expense of others. Rev. Mr. Burgess, of Pine St. Free Baptist church, in his remarks at the funeral, spoke of the spirit which he manifested when he came here.

“I do not want,” said he to Mr. Burgess, then preaching in Main St. Free Baptist church, “to interfere with your particular sphere of labor, but I want to help you do the hard work which ought to be done in this growing place.” Mr. Burgess gave him a cordial welcome, and it is worthy of remark, and creditable alike to both these pioneers in Christian work in Lewiston, that, during about twenty years of association and almost brotherly friendship, there was no misunderstanding between them, but a constant growth in mutual affection and confidence.

When Dr. Balkam entered upon his duties in the College, he found himself associated, as an instructor, with men who had long loved and respected him. He also received a hearty welcome from the students. That the young men of the Senior Class so fully appreciated his instructions, and became so warmly attached to him personally, is the best criticism on this part of his work.

It would be impossible that the people of Lewiston should not keenly feel the loss of a man who had been, for nearly twenty years, in their midst, so able and faithful a minister. And it was a touching testimony to his excellence in these respects, that the members of the church in Wiscasset had so kept him in their hearts during the twenty years that he had been away from them, as to send their present pastor, Rev. Mr. Bolster, to attend the funeral, that he might speak for them, of their affection and their grief.

But while, not only in the College and throughout this community, but wherever Dr. Balkam was known, there is a deep sense of loss, we are grateful for the memories that remain to us, and we feel that

“We have not lost him all; he is not gone
To the dumb herd of them that wholly die;
The beauty of his better self lives on
In minds he touched with fire.”
EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

VETO AND PRESS.

EVERY honest man must have been gratified at the action of the President in vetoing the Senate currency bill, so unwisely passed by the House. The telegram that brought the news of the surrender of Vicksburg was received among thoughtful men with scarcely greater satisfaction. At the battle of the Wilderness, Gen. Grant was placed between two fires, as it were; on the one hand was an intelligent staff, all advising retreat; and on the other, the press of the North, clamoring for advance. In the midst of this bewildering storm of conflicting counsel, he evinced a tenacity of right purpose and an independence of judgment that alone solved the problem and saved the Union. Again has he been placed in a similar position. By a large majority, both houses in Congress decided to inflate the national currency, and again the press were almost a unit in protesting against it. Once more the President proved himself equal to the occasion. Himself a Western man, the West vehemently demanding inflation, surrounded by a host of inflationists, comprising many of the most gifted men in the country, besieged by delegations of Boston and New York merchants, arrogantly informing him as to what course he ought to pursue, with Johnson’s example staring him in the face, yet, notwithstanding all these influences, he placed himself squarely, as he always has, to fight it out on the line of honor and principle, thus vindicating his own promises as well as the pledges of his party.

Yet this is the man whom some of our prominent journals one day ridicule as an ignoramus, entirely dependent upon party advisers, and the next, inconsistently deplore as an arrogant Cæsar. “He makes mistakes,” say the leading papers, and the little ones take up the cry. Is it not possible that some of these mistakes are viewed with a beam in the eye? These same organs called vigorously for the Emancipation Proclamation, long before it was issued in September, 1862, and strongly censured President Lincoln for withholding it. Now, they nearly all grant that its issue at any time much prior to that date would have been, at least, a move of doubtful propriety. The future may discover that many supposed mistakes were but wisdom veiled. It is amusing to see how some of our
Editors' Portfolio.

dailies occasionally make blunders, "bark up the wrong stump," so to speak, and also with what facility and assurance they change their tune. For instance, when the Senate passed the inflation measure, the Tribune and other journals cried out in horror against the outrage, and loudly condemned the addition of $900,000,000 to the circulation. But when the Bulletin pointed out that the modifications of the reserve laws incorporated in the bill would really serve as a contraction of the circulation of legal tenders, then they turn about, and jeer at the ignorance of the House in passing a contraction bill, when they had supposed it a measure of inflation; howbeit, they themselves had been in a like state of delusion until enlightened by the Bulletin. It is interesting, and perhaps instructive, to note the difference in spirit with which certain papers greet the President's veto. Of all we have seen, the Tribune alone withholds credit where credit is due. It says that there is no strain of probabilities in recognizing the duty of a hearty vote of thanks to the President's sound advisers. This, from a paper constantly iterating that the Presidential ear is completely monopolized by ignorant and corrupt advisers, partakes rather too much of the contradictory to insure conviction. Harper's Weekly, always fair and charitable withal, is only strengthened in its often expressed conviction, that, whatever his failures, General Grant is animated with a sincere and patriotic desire to do his duty.

The Christian Union was charitable toward the President in his perplexing position before the veto, and eulogizes his courage and judgment in making a decision. The Nation, usually a little caustic, discusses, in a candid manner, the merits of the message, allows its worth, and does not jealously or foolishly attribute it to any one but the President. It is truly refreshing to note how the veto has reunited the Republican press, and restored, in a certain measure, the confidence of the party. The manner in which many influential members of the press (which is the guide of the people) deprecate the condition of the government and predict its ruin, is deplorable and shameful. Although Wendell Phillips did say, "The boy is now in our schools who will write the decline and fall of the American Republic," and notwithstanding it has been the cry of Radicalism ever since, the Ship still lives, and, increasing in strength from year to year, will yet "breast successfully the storms of ages." True, barnacles still cling to her timbers; but time wasted in useless whining, if properly employed in honest criticism, coupled with sound advice, would serve, in a great measure, to clear them away. The man who stands at the helm has
just given renewed evidence of skill, and every loyal man will have strong hopes of the verdict of the future.

**STUDY OF HISTORY.**

Nearly a year ago, an article was published in these columns upon the study of history, and we are glad that something is being done in this direction in the form of a series of lectures by Professor Malcom; but is this enough? We fear not. Able as these lectures undoubtedly are,—and in what we say we do not wish to be understood as reflecting in the slightest degree upon Professor Malcom,—they fail to supply our need. First, because the lecturer must necessarily confine himself to a limited portion of history, and, secondly, on account of the short time occupied in the delivery of the course. This last objection, which should have been avoided if possible, is perhaps of more importance than appears at first thought. The object of such a course, as we understand it, is, not to present to the student the dry facts of history, but to introduce him to the spirit of it, to show him the proper manner of studying it; to assist us in weighing and classifying its statements, and in properly drawing deductions and conclusions from these. If these views are correct, then the subjects of the course should be announced in advance, so that the students could familiarize themselves with the principal events of the period treated upon, and thereby be able to listen understandably. Sufficient space to give time for reflection should also intervene between the lectures. In this way the course would be made much more profitable, and would do much more towards supplying our great need.

But to return to our first objection. It is certainly a matter of surprise that the Faculties of our American colleges are so indifferent to the claims of history and political science. While we are all drilled from two to three years in the language and literature of Greece and Rome, little attention is paid, comparatively, to what should interest us most, the history and institutions of our own country. Space forbids our considering the value of history as a disciplinary study, but even if it had no value in this direction, there are sufficient reasons for its introduction, outside of this, to confirm us in our opinion. The best minds of our time declare that we are fast approaching, if we have not already reached, a crisis in our history, and that the Republic must rely for assistance upon its educated men. Butlerism, in all its forms of political corruption and chicanery, has already attained gigantic proportions, and is every day increasing and striking its
roots still deeper in the political soil. Now, if ever, should we be acquainted with the history and principles of our government; and yet our college authorities permit class after class to graduate, totally ignorant,—with the exception of what information they pick up in the course of desultory reading,—of what most intimately concerns them, and make no effort to acquaint them with their duties as citizens, and perchance as political leaders. Let us hope that Bates will be one of the first to correct this great evil.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

We were most agreeably astonished,—not to use a stronger expression,—at receiving, a short time since, an unsolicited contribution. We know not what generous emotion actuated the author, but certainly he is entitled to be considered as a Columbus in this direction. No one has ever discovered before that our columns are open to all, or has seemed to realize that the magazine was established for the benefit of the students at large; and, if we could believe that this contribution was but the precursor of many more, we should consider the future of the STUDENT as full of promise. But, alas! again and again has the invitation been given; again and again has it been urged that such contributions were necessary to make the magazine what it should be, and yet our eyes have been gladdened by the sight of only a single article.

Now, we appeal to the good sense of the students, to say whether this is as it ought to be. We believe that every one is interested in the prosperity of the STUDENT, and that they realize the conditions necessary to attain this in the highest degree. Therefore, we take this opportunity of again extending a cordial invitation to all to send in their contributions, and cherish a faint hope that some one will respond.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The Vassar Miscellany for April comes to us full of good things, and is in itself an answer to all doubts of female ability. It presents a careful selection of articles, which are not only well written but are full of thought. Among the best of the prose articles is "The Two Phases of Intellectuality." The original poem is very fine in sentiment, but fails a little in execution. — The Tyro appears to have been prepared under difficulties. The editors first appointed resigned, just at the time when they should have been at work, and the present editors were of course hurried. No apology was necessary, however, the present number being fully up to the usual standard of the magazine. Call again, friend Tyro,
you will always find a welcome.

---We are glad to welcome the *Brunonian* again. As the March number failed to reach us, we had begun to think that it had cut our acquaintance. Considerable space is taken up by a "History of Class of '57," which is rather dull reading for those outside of the College. The "Bias of Scholarship" is a very able production, and the original poem is quite good. The editorials are above par.—The *Harvard Advocate* of April 3, contains one of the finest poems we have seen for a long time, entitled, "The Wave." We quote the first stanza:

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"Fast from the wind I fly,
Both great and small am I,
Fain would I break and die,
Ceaseless my motion!
Rolling from year to year,
Many's the tale I hear,
Accents of love and fear,
In the mid ocean."
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The *Cornell Times* rejoices, with reason, over the failure of the charges against the University and its founder. In spite of the numerous assaults upon it, the *Times* appears to be improving. —The *High School Budget* is by far the ablest paper of its kind with which we are acquainted, and, in our opinion, many of our college exchanges are inferior to it. We are glad to see that peace has been proclaimed between the *Budget* and the *Herald*.—The *Bowdoin Orient* has just made another of its "splendidly null" assaults upon Bates, but truly, friend Orient,

"'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill."

By the way, is it not singular that a college of so much "prestige" as Bowdoin should stoop low enough to interest itself in anything pertaining to Bates?—We have received the first number of the *Crescent*, published by the Literary Societies of Hillsdale. It is issued monthly, and the present number is filled with short, spicy articles, which well repay the reading. We are glad to see our sister college so well represented, and wish the *Crescent* the largest success.

We have received the *College Argus*, and noticed its criticism upon us. We "acknowledge the corn," and are trying to remedy the defect; but we presume the Argus understands the difficulty of always procuring just such articles as one desires.

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Literary communications should be addressed to the Editors. All subscriptions and advertisements to J. Herbert Hutchins, Manager.
ODDS AND ENDS.

HEY tell us, sir, that we are weak!” Question of the day: Aren’t you awful lame?

— Oh, bother cremation! We have to earn our living—and we don’t want to be compelled to urn our dead.—Ex.

—Scene.—Recitation in Zoology. Prof.—Mr. A., what is the distinguishing characteristic of the Vertebrates? Mr. A.—Well—they have a backbone round which they revolve as an axis.

—The Freshmen, as a class, “embrace two young ladies.” Individually they embrace an indefinite number, and the supply is not yet equal to the demand.

—One of our Seniors, while teaching in the “rural districts” this winter, was surprised to hear the S. S. Superintendent declare—looking directly at him—that, “Our young people can not be suppressed by any one, either inside or outside of the district.” ’Tis astonishing how people sometimes hit the truth unintentionally.

—WANTED.—Fifteen or twenty copies of the Student for January, 1873. Persons having copies which they wish to dispose of can do so by applying to the manager, J. Herbert Hutchins.

— An exchange says, “Our nervous editor, whenever he gets excited, goes into the composing room and becomes composed.” He must be a temperance man, then, else he’d go to a sample room and get “set up.”—Ex.

—We recommend our Sophomore brethren to abstain from singing in the Chapel before the “authorities” arrive. We lately discovered a baker’s dozen of Freshmen trembling before the door, and refusing to enter because “exercises had commenced.”

—A Boston paper wonders why a member of Congress who recently spoke with so much feeling of the “hay seed in his hair” and “oats in his throat,” forgot to complete the diagnosis of the case by alluding to the rye in his stomach.

SCENE.—Examination in Moral Philosophy.—Senior hands in paper on the topic of benevolence. Professor.—“Have you written all you can on that subject, Mr. W?” “Yes sir; I think so.” Professor (seizing an opportunity to speak a word in due season)—“It’s a very good subject; a very good subject, Mr. W. I hope you will exemplify it in your life.” Senior (also reflecting upon the proper use of a word in due season, re-
traces his steps and adds in an appealing tone)—"I hope you will exemplify it, Professor, in marking my paper." Professor coughs and Senior retreats, wearing the blankest of smiles.—Cornell Review.

—A man left a bony steed on Main street last Saturday, and, coming back a short time afterwards, discovered that a funny youth had placed a card against the fleshless ribs bearing the notice, "Oats wanted—inquire within."—Qui Vive.

—"Uncle Cheney: I send you two dollars for the College, which is all the money I have, except my gold half dollar."

The above is taken from the old Me. State Sem. Advocate, and was written by one of his nephews, now in College, to Pres. Cheney. As to which one, "You pays your money, and you takes your choice."

—Lexicography.—If we have not yet produced that great American novel to astonish the world—which, with Mrs. Stowe in mind, we do not so soon acknowledge—we have still enough to be proud of in that wonderful product of American scholarship—Webster's Dictionary. There has never before been such a dictionary of any language—not even as the result of those years of labor which the whole French Academy, a congregation of the best scholars of France, spent upon the lexicographical standard of that nation.—New York Mail.

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COMMUNICATION is soon to be re-opened between the two divisions of Parker Hall. Iron doors have been ordered for that purpose.

A Base Ball Association has been formed recently, consisting of sixty-two members. Funds have been raised, two nines chosen, and the one thing needful now is practice. By the way, while so many improvements are being made, can't something be done towards a better ground?

Most of the apparatus for the gymnasium has been put in place, and, as a natural consequence, everybody is troubled with a sudden longing for exercise.

The Commencement Concert, the 16th of June, will be given by the Germania Band, assisted by Mrs. H. M. Smith, Vocalist, Madame Camilla Urso, the celebrated violinist, and Mons. Auguste Sauret, pianist. Persons out of town, wishing to secure seats, can do so by letter or telegram. Address, Thos. Spooner, Jr., Bates College, Lewiston, Me.

Dr. Peabody has chosen "The Culture of the Christian Scholar," as the subject of his lecture before the united Literary Societies commencement week. The lecture takes place at City Hall, Wednesday evening, June 17th.

The Seniors are to be congratulated upon the fact that they have secured City Hall for all the exercises of commencement week over which they have any control. The audience can enjoy the exercises, instead of being exhausted with frantic endeavors to keep cool.

Delegates from Williams, Princeton, Columbia, Wesleyan, and University of New York, met at the 5th Avenue Hotel in New York City, on the 3d of April, to make the preliminary arrangements for the Inter-collegiate Contest. The time was fixed as January 7th, 1875. The contest will be in oratory and essay writing, and will be held in the Academy of Music. The judges of oratory are Whitelaw Reid, Wm. C. Bryant and Dr. Chapin. Essays, Prof. Moses Carl Tyler, T. W. Higginson, James T. Fields.

Each College is entitled to one representative in oratory and two in essay writing. $1000 was guaranteed by the committee to start a fund for prizes in scholarship, but the project will not be put in operation until the second contest.
ALUMNI NOTES.

'67.—Rev. W. S. Stockbridge has accepted a call from the Congregationalist church in Deering, Me.

'71.—G. W. Flint, Assistant in the Bath High School, has been elected Principal of the Graded School, at Collinsville, Conn.

'73.—J. P. Marston has resigned his position at South Paris, and has gone to Wiscasset to take charge of the Academy in that place.

'74.—Nondum laureati.—Martin A. Way has been appointed Principal of the High School at Woonsocket, R. I.

—T. P. Smith has engaged the Academy at Athens, Me.

—F. T. Crommett has been elected in J. P. Marston’s position at South Paris.

Class of 1869.

Small, Addison.—Born, 18—.

1870—'74, Engaged in the Wholesale Fancy Goods Business in the city of Portland, Me.

—Married, Nov. 29, 1862, to Miss Florence S. Wilder, by Rev. A. P. Tracy, in Manchester, N. H.


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Rev. JAMES ALBERT HOWE, A.M.,
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GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M.,
Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

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

Rev. URIAH BALKAM, D.D.,
Professor of Logic and Christian Evidences.

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

CLARENCE A. BICKFORD, A.B.,
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CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

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

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

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

MATHEMATICS: In Loomis’s or Greenleaf’s Arithmetic, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis’s 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 Wednesday 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.

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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.

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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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<table>
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<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Price</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Single Machines for samples or private use, plain styles with 3 adjustable extension Table and Treadle, furnished with equipments ready for immediate use</td>
<td>$30 Each</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Single Machines with extra Fine Table</td>
<td>$35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Single Machines with Table and Cover</td>
<td>$40</td>
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<tr>
<td>Single Machines with enclosed Table, half cabinet style</td>
<td>$50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Single Machines with enclosed Table, full cabinet style</td>
<td>$60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Single Machines with enclosed Table, full cabinet style</td>
<td>$70</td>
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