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1874.
Scorching smoke in many a wreath,
Sulphurous blast of heated air,
Grim presentment of quick death,
Crouching fear and stern despair.
Hist, to what the Master saith,—
"Steady, steersman, steady there!"—Ay! Ay!
—Henry Bateman.

FIRE! Fire! Fire!" And the dark night shivered, as if the very thought of a conflagration transformed the chilliness of September into the searching cold of March. "Fire! fire! fi-i-ire!" And the listener involuntarily drew his coat closer and shuddered to think of homeless children thrust out into the chill east wind, or, worse than that, sleeping the heavy sleep of youth, only to wake at last to terror and the fatal nervelessness of despair. "Fire! fire! fi-i-ire!" Louder this time than at first, and then dying away as if the speaker had turned his face out toward the bay.

That was all. Three times the cry came, rising up from the wharves, humming along over the houses in the frosty night, and finally diving into the ear with a suddenness that made us start, as when the droning beetle strikes us the half-expected blow.

There was small need to keep up the clamor of the bells. The houses were empty before the twentieth stroke. The men all rushed in one direction,—down toward the wharves, whence the cry had started on its journey of alarm. The clatter of heavy, hurrying feet and the noise of shouting, heard on all sides at the top of the hill, gradually poured themselves together at the bottom into a river of sound, whose murmurings seemed to the listeners on the height ominous of evil. No other reason for alarm could be present-
ed. No building bursting into flame could be seen. The only visible light was the light of the moon, rising in the high east and showing the crescent harbor and Devil Island, opposite the town, seeming to cut off with its extremities the horns of the crescent. The moon? The moon had died of old age only the night before. What was it, then, throwing a radiant path of light along the water,—a path that narrowed from the village down to a bright, star-like point at the distant extremity of the crescent? It looked like a comet and the star-light point was moving nearer and nearer, pushing its beams of light further and further into the town, till a kind of halo seemed to clothe the whole village, and men saw each others' faces pale in the ghastly light.

These impressions lasted but a moment. It was soon apparent that a burning ship was sailing before the east wind directly towards the village. As the vessel approached, it seemed to gather the sparkling gold that lay before it, and with this to gild the sails and rigging, till the whole ship was hung with streamers of gold.

Such was the appearance to the watchers on the hill. What was being done at the wharves could be guessed only from the words of command that could occasionally be heard from that quarter. Sometimes there were moments of almost perfect silence, bating the wash of the great waves upon the shore. Then a hundred shouts would rise, like birds from cover, and fill the air in all directions.

"Whoever's going here," cried a voice that sounded like Humphrey Barstock's, "must pile in quick."

There must have been a little confusion here, for it was some time before the same voice shouted: "Push off, there, and be quick about it!"

Then came the sound of oars dropping into the rowlocks, and, afterwards, the measured strokes of the oars in the water. In a few moments the field of light was being traversed by a struggling object that made directly for the ship.

When Humphrey Barstock called for volunteers, as just related, he expected that it would require all his efforts to keep back all but the desired number. On the other hand, but two or three presented themselves. The rest, with shammed faces, hung back. Presently, Charlie Templeton stepped forth from the crowd and said: "Let me go, Humphrey, if I can do any good."

"What!" cried the indignant Humphrey, turning to the crowd, "will ye be put to shame by a boy? Jump in here, Charlie, and let's see if the 's any shame in 'em."

After Charlie had got in, and men had come forward to fill the
vacant places, Humphrey would gladly have had him out. But it was too late to change; a single moment of delay might cost a life to some poor wretch in the burning ship.

The moment this had left the shelter of the wharf, it was not difficult to account for the scarcity of volunteers. The harbor, admirably protected on almost every side, was peculiarly open to the sweep of the east wind. Such a wind had been blowing with increasing violence all day, so that now the waves that had sported laughingly in the morning air, crowded each other with hoarse contention, and rose high with the angry passions that swayed them.

At first, Humphrey’s new crew could make no headway against the inrushing waves. The boat was taken all aback. Like a frightened horse it reared and tried to back away from the object of its terror. Then the strength of men conquered. The boat climbed up the terrace of the waves and moved upon the higher plane.

Then began the real work of the night. Humphrey, from his place at the tiller, could see what the others could not,—that the ship’s mainmast had yielded to the fury of the flames. They did not stop to look at their own houses flickering on the hill-side. Humphrey’s face, brightening and fading beneath his helmet hat, was the center of their gaze. There was little need for Humphrey to speak. Every one felt that he must do his best work.

Suddenly, as they looked, the face grew dark, and then ghastly pale. Every man turned in his seat and looked toward the vessel. It had parted amid-ships. The forepart, with the foremost still hanging, had keeled over towards the boat. The hinder part had taken water and sunk outright, all but the very extremity of the stern. The pure, bright light had changed to a lurid glare. Then, for the first time, they saw that living beings, men, women and children, were clinging to the wrecked vessel.

All this they perceived at a glance. It was enough. Again their faces were turned landward and their bodies bent forward to the stroke. A few minutes and they were close upon the object of their struggles. The piteous cries of those upon the wreck, and, here and there, the fainter cries of some that were striving almost against hope in the turbid water, formed a shrill treble, which could be heard above the hoarse bass of the waves. “Help! help! For God’s sake, help!” came with distracting multiplicity from all directions. At this time, Charlie’s attention was attracted by the screams of a woman, who, clinging to a piece of the wreck, held up a little girl, scarcely more than an infant, to the view of the boatmen. The
woman was almost exhausted. The child, terrified by the strange-

ness of her mother's face and voice, was crying piteously.

"Heave ahead!" called out Charlie, from the bow. In a few

moments he was grasping the arms of the little girl, while strong hands

were lifting the helpless woman out of the hungry jaws of the

ocean into the safety of the

boat.

"For Heaven's sake, find Er-

nest!" she pleaded, as soon as she could speak. "He is not lost. I

bound him, myself, to a piece of

floating timber. Look there! Be quick, now! Ernest! Ernest!"

But the eager mother was doom-
ed to disappointment. The boy proved to be another than the one

she sought. She tried to persuade her rescuers to strike out in the

direction in which she had seen the drifting timber with its precious

freight disappear. But Humph-

rey would not listen to it. They could not forsake the others to go

and search for her boy, he said. They must save the many and

leave the few.

In this way, the boat was soon filled, and its burden carried to the

shore; in this way, too, the same act was repeated again and again,

and every time the frantic mother of a lost child stood waiting for

her Ernest.

Meanwhile, the wind had veered around to the south, and the waves

had abated somewhat of their fury. The wreck, cleared now of its

freight of humanity, had drifted nearer to the watchers on the

shore. The night was breaking toward a new day. Indeed, one

might see, by looking north, that the pole-star had already van-

ished at the sun's approach. From the south, a dense fog came

in before the wind. The burning

remnant of the wreck cast but a

feeble light across the waters. It was at this time that Humphrey

and his crew determined to make one last, thorough search for those

that were still missing. One they found at the very start,—a gray-

haired old man, with dead, staring eyes, and features that retained

their horror after the agonies of death were passed. They closed

his eyes, bore him to the shore, and, it being low water, laid him

down tenderly upon the sand be-

yond the wharves. An old and
dying woman tottered out from the

crowd of rescued ones that still waited on the shore, and gazed

long and silently at the face of the dead man. "Ah, well, Jacob," she

finally said, "our time has come at last." And, falling down,
she expired upon the old man's

breast.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the now

frenzied mother of Ernest. "See

how they mock me. I send them out to find my Ernest, and they bring me this dead old man."

Then, turning to Humphrey:

"Ha! ha! Ernest has not gray
Parson Polyglot's Son.

hair. Light hair, good sir, light hair, but not gray, as I am his mother. Hark! do you not hear him call?"

It was, indeed, a call or scream, and Humphrey hurried away with his men to the boat. The sound must have come from some one quite near; for the waves still ran high enough to make a heavy surf and a loud roaring; but the thick, drenching fog cut off all vision. They shouted as they went, but heard no sound in reply. At length, when they knew that they must be far enough out, the scream was repeated far in towards the place they had left. As the men turned their boat in that direction, they did not notice what Charlie did,—a boy, loosely tied to a spar, just beyond the bow of the boat. The boy was speechless with terror as he felt himself slipping away into the deep. Charlie saw it, and was in the water in an instant. He was just in time. The frightened boy had yielded his hold and was already sinking, when Charlie seized him by the hair and brought him up to the surface. Charlie grasped the spar, and tried to make his companion do the same; but the poor boy had lost all courage. He clung to Charlie as his last and only hope. Charlie tried to reassure him, and succeeded so far as to make him take hold of the spar and leave him free. By this time, the boat was beyond the reach of his voice.

What could he do? He began to swim toward the land, pushing the spar and its burden before him.

Charlie's absence from the boat was the less readily noticed because his place at the oar had been taken by a new man, and he had come for the purpose of keeping a look-out from the bow. Accordingly, they kept on in the direction from which the scream at intervals came. They found a woman with one arm thrown over a floating beam and a dead infant in the other. As the men drew these two into the boat, Humphrey suddenly cried out: "Good heavens! where's Charlie?"

Consternation stood on every face. Some remembered that he was in the boat just before they turned back; but none had seen him since. Could they find him? Had he fallen overboard and been drowned? Humphrey thought not. He believed he could go back to the place where they turned. They must go back. So they went on, shouting and calling all the way. "Hark!" demanded Humphrey, in a terrible voice. "He-e-ere, Charlie!"

Yes, it was an answer, and the boat flew through the water as the oars kept time with the motions of Humphrey's body. As Humphrey drew near the spar on which we left our friends, he saw the repetition of a performance that had taken place once before since we parted from them. The terrified
boy was sinking or had sunk into the sea, and Charlie was diving after him. It seemed harder, somehow, this time. The boy had never seemed so heavy before. But he could raise him. Yes, there, the boy was safe. Now he would reach the spar himself. But no! he could not do it. Why was it? Merciful Heaven! Would he never see his parents and friends any more? Oh, how happy he was in that long ago, when he played the simple games of childhood with his mates; how he had loved to think and plan what he would do when he became a man; he must give all of that up now. His mother would never know what a place he would have built for her. These, and a thousand other thoughts, thoughts of the past and of the future, thoughts of eternity and of God, passed through his mind as he sank down and down and down toward the bottomless depths of the sea.

Half an hour later, the boat touched the shore, and a laughing, weeping, uncontrollably joyful mother had found her lost Ernest; but she knew not how much of that joy she owed to the dark-haired youth, lying with lifeless body stretched upon the sands, and pale face upturned to the hidden sky.

A SHADOW.

Red burned the sun in a cloudless sky,
Darting its rays on a blistered land;
The morning zephyrs had all gone by,
And I was faint on the heated sand.
Faint for food, and for water dry,
Weak, with nothing to guide my hand.

Rough were the hills I had left behind,
Rude were the rocks that had pressed my feet,
And now 'twas vain that I sought to find
Protecting shade from the scorching heat,
Water cool nor a fresh'ning wind
Came to quiet my temples' beat.
A Shadow.

Out on the edge of the bounding rim
Tree-tops nodded, inviting me there,
And rippling waves of a brooklet's hymn
Came faintly over the torrid air;
Deepest hills with their summits dim,
Promised shade and a rest from care.

Over a pillowy amber sheet
White wing'd ships met the distant sky;
I knew the breeze there was soft and sweet,
The spray was cool, dashing wild and high,
'Twould soothe my burning temples' beat,
Lend me breath as it bounded by.

But, as I looked to the glowing west,
Over the end of the lapsing plain,
I saw a cloud that was slowly pressed
By cooling air and a misty rain,
Golden volumes were on its crest,
Crimson beauty filled up its train.

Far from my feet were the nodding trees,
Far were the hills with their cooling shade,
The sails were dim on the distant seas,
The song came low from the brooklet's glade.
I so weak could not go to these,
So I trusted the cloud for aid.

Yes, I would wait 'till it came to me,
Wait 'till it climbed up the vaulted blue,
And then it's shade should my refuge be,
My lips should drink in it's moist'ning dew.
Oh, the cloud ever light and free
Would my low drooping life renew.

Brighter and richer it's tints appeared,
Grander and bolder it moved along,
And wider spread in the sky, and neared
The sun, and rolled like a swaying throng:
Soft its face was and pearly teared,
Bearing never a look of wrong.
Then, flashing lights streamed across the air,
Murmuring sounds echoed far away,
And yet I thought that the light was fair,
The joy and life of the cloud at play;
So the sounds must be music there,—
Songs, to waken my own that day.

Wrapped was my soul in a pure delight,
Blinding my eyes, and I could not see
The coming gloom, for across my sight
A mist of pleasure there seemed to be,
Till a fire of blue and white
Filled the air, and awakened me.

Heavy and rough came a thunder crash,
Then it was dark as a night could be,
The rain fell down like a tyrant's lash
To sweep the land and to beat on me.
Rushing winds, with a whirling dash,
Flung my hair to the falling sea.

Wildly I reached out my weary arms,
Throwing them up through the murky night,
And cried, "Oh, where are the pleasing charms,
The songs of love, and the golden light?"
All was vain, and my blistered palms
Hugged the earth, and I shrank with fright.

THE CRITIC.

IT is a trite remark that no two
diversities which are more or less
things in the world are precisely alike. Individuals of the
noticeable. This is conspicuously
same species have the same essential qualities, but they also present
two
mental disposition, the same turn
of thought, the same tastes, habits, ambition and experiences? There are minds whose dissimilarities are so much more obvious and striking than their essential and accidental resemblances combined, that we declare them to be totally unlike. Of others, it may be remarked, we affirm, with like extravagance, that they are in all respects similar.

Men unconsciously either attract or repel each other, according to the resemblances and diversities of their minds. Similarity of thoughts, tastes and purposes seems to be the ground of all purely voluntary association. Perhaps exceptions to this rule exist, for it appears that persons are sometimes attracted by qualities which they do not possess, and are repelled by others which they undoubtedly have; but many instances, which seem to be exceptions, are not really such. Bulwer has somewhere said, "It is ever the case with stern and stormy spirits that the weak ones which contract them steal strangely into their affections." This is, indeed, often so; but is it not to be believed that these rough exteriors conceal an inner fountain of sweet and tender feelings, which can never run dry nor be wholly choked up?

Difference of character and of pursuits will, so far as the necessary regulations of society permit, break up every community into parties, circles and unions, which are more or less distinct and exclusive. Everywhere persons of the same temperaments and tastes will be found in association. Philosophers will congregate in the same academic groves; merchants may always be found in the marts; poets, except when envy and other evil passions poison their hearts, will most delight in the company and converse of each other; and in every generation will be reborn, somewhere, the conception of a pantisocracy, of the family at Fruitlands, and of the community at Brook Farm. Like experiences, too, will often bring together persons who, otherwise, would have felt no mutual attraction. "With the exception of rapturous love, there is no sympathy in the world so intense and profound as that between those who have known the same griefs." This is because similar experiences tend to assimilate the thoughts and tastes of different individuals.

I proceed to observe further that with very much the same emotions and passions which men manifest towards each other, they are wont to regard the products of each other's genius or skill, especially such products as most evince the mind and character of their author. It is a law of our nature that whatever feeling, either of esteem or of dislike, one individual may have for another, the same feeling, in greater or in less measure, is extended to such persons and
things as are known to be closely related to the primary object; and, of all things thus related, none more avail to quicken the pleasant or the painful feeling than those which most forcibly recall to its possessor the characteristics of the individual who first occasioned it. Now, what are the works of men but an expression, to a greater or a less extent, of their thoughts, their tastes and their desires—those very things which, manifest in their own persons, either delight or displease their fellows? Hence, it appears that men, obeying their natural impulses, are led to regard each other's works very much as they do each other,—whether with emotions and passions which are pleasant or with such as are painful. This conclusion perfectly accords with observation and experience.

The question arises, should one permit himself to be governed by his natural impulses, in judging men and their works? In other words, should one regard men as worthy of esteem only so far as they resemble himself, and the works of men as praiseworthy only so far as they accord with his own individual tastes and wants? To ask this question is to answer it. The objects which delight most men are neither numerous nor of much variety. All the objects, however, which please one individual are not identical with those which delight another; both may admire a fine landscape, yet only one find enjoyment in the arts of husbandry. No two persons live in exactly the same world, for no two persons are exactly alike; the outward world takes form, relations and significance very much according to the fashion of the inward man; and beyond the extent of the understanding and the power to appreciate, possessed by any one person, there are innumerable worthy and beneficent objects around us. It takes the combined power of a whole race to discern and appreciate all the goodly things wherewith God has completed and adorned this earth.

But it is to be inquired further, should one judge men and their works by preconceived notions of excellence, which have been more or less widely received and established? Conceptions as to what constitutes the model man, and views in morals, change more or less from generation to generation; and as to the works of men, it should be remembered that it is only the works of common minds and of professed imitators that closely resemble previous productions. Minds of great originality always produce something unique, *sui generis*, patterned after no model in the world. One work of genius may be of a higher order than another, but the merits of the latter are not to be ascertained by comparing it with the former. 'We can not affirm any impurity
where the ground is preoccupied by disparity. Where there is no parity of principle, there is no basis for comparison." "One poem, which is composed upon a law of its own, and has a characteristic or separate beauty of its own, can not be inferior to any other poem whatsoever. The class, the order, may be inferior; the scale may be a lower one; but the individual work, the degree of merit marked upon the scale, must be equal—if only the poem is equally original." The "Excursion" is not to be condemned and ridiculed because it is constructed upon other principles than those which governed Homer or any other of the world's great poets. An objection to Wordsworth's great poem, thus grounded, is far more unjust and unimportant than one based upon some positive characteristic or quality of the poem,—for instance, its metaphysical obscurity and tedious prolixity. Addison's "Cato" is not redeemed from mediocrity because its author kept within the limits prescribed by the three unities, nor are Shakespeare's marvelous dramas less worthy because the great poet transgressed those limits. Times change, human tastes and human wants vary with varying circumstances, men differ from their fellows; whatever either has been or will be of advantage to some minds at some times, should not be condemned merely because it differs from some model which is formed to delight and instruct other minds in other circumstances. He who would rightly estimate the productions of human genius must be cramped by no precise rules and bound by no devotion to set forms and immutable models. He must have a mind as broad as the field of his observation. If there is any one in the world who needs to be free from warping prejudices and dwarfing selfishness; who should possess a profound knowledge of human nature and of human needs; who should be able, by the largeness and power of his sympathy, to put himself in the position of other men, and, for the moment, view things from their stand-point; who, to the greatest possible extent, should be able to appreciate the objects of Nature and the products of Art; who should have power accurately to discern and clearly to state the good and the bad in whatever plan or production he undertakes to examine; who should possess deference without civility, and independence without bigotry, and who, finally, should have constantly before him, as the object of his striving, the beautiful form of Truth and the welfare of his kind,—it is the man who aspires to the place and honor of a professional critic.

Some writers assert that genius consists in that power by which its possessor can invest his personality
with whatever character he pleases, and, amid every variety of circumstances, faithfully represent either the peasant or the prince, the pirate or the sage, the lunatic or the lover. This peculiar power, more than any other, is characteristic of Shakespeare, of Sir Walter Scott, and, indeed, of all great delineators of human character. Now, if this power is the sign of genius, it is most certain that a critic, to be worthy of respect and confidence, must possess genius; for, in examining and judging human productions, whether in literature or in art, he will often find it necessary to put himself alternately in the place of the workman and in that of the workman's admirers. In judging many works, chiefly of a literary nature, it is essential that the critic know something of the life and character of the author. Thomas De Quincey has said, "In a small section of books, the objective in the thought becomes confluent with the subjective in the thinker—the two forces unite for a joint product, and fully to enjoy the product, or fully to apprehend either element, both must be known." "We read a physiology and need no information as to the life and conversation of the author; a meditative poem becomes far better understood by the light of such information; but a work of genial, and at the same time eccentric sentiment, wandering upon untrodden paths, is barely intelligible without it." Far more important, however, and more frequently needed than mere knowledge of the life and conversation of the workman is sympathy with him and a knowledge of his conception as it exists in his own mind. No truth, no object in Nature, viewed from different points of observation, appears exactly the same. An observer, looking at the stained glass window of a cathedral from the outside, sees scarcely more than an irregular, variegated patch-work; let him step within, and straightway the whole expanse is ablaze with rich and exquisitely blended colors, amid which is seen the clear and majestic figure of St. John or of the Virgin Mother. Even so the critic, by the exercise of a fine and active power, must oftimes enter the inmost soul and sanctuary of the workman, before he can grasp the latter's conception and rightly appreciate his production. It is of the first importance that a critic fully apprehend the original design of a work which he purposes to examine. Ignorance or misconception in this respect is the source of much ill-judged, unjust and injurious criticism, as well as of some undeserved laudation. In order, also, to know whether a certain production, which is designed to accomplish some end, is likely to realize the expectations of its
author, the critic should know something of the character, the tastes and the needs of the persons or class of persons particularly concerned. But, furthermore, some works can be justly estimated only by the effects which they produce. It is impossible, on their first appearance, to pronounce with certainty whether they be good or bad. Judgment must, therefore, be suspended, and they must be carefully studied until their character becomes evident. Such are many works of great originality; they are always anomalies, and must be treated as such.

Critics should beware lest they unconsciously impair their own powers; for criticism is a weapon which will injure him who uses it unless he wields it aright. Undue attention to particulars and exaggeration of minor faults is a wrong done not alone to the work criticised and to its author. Were it no more than this, it would still be indignantly denounced by every just and good man. "The chief bar, I suppose, to the action of imagination, and stop to all greatness in this present age of ours," writes John Ruskin, "is its mean and shallow love of jest, so that if there be in any good and lofty work a flaw, failing, or undipped vulnerable part where sarcasm may stick or stay, it is caught at, and pointed at, and buzzed about, and fixed upon, and stung into as a recent wound is by flies; and nothing is ever taken seriously or as it was meant, but always, if it may be, turned the wrong way and misunderstood. And while this is so, there is not and can not be any hope of achievement of high things. Men dare not open their hearts to us if we are to broil them on a thorn fire." But critics, when they carp at unimportant particulars and magnify mole-hills, are oftentimes hurting themselves more than they can possibly injure others. They degrade their powers by an unworthy and a belittling exercise of them. By constant search after defects, no matter how trivial, if only opportunity be given for the display of meager wit and slovenly satire, such critics become at length unable to appreciate, often unable even to perceive, that which is beautiful and truly excellent. The mind is lowered and narrowed by such a use of it, the taste is vitiated, and a morbid appetite for what is faulty and erroneous is created. This, I affirm, is the tendency, and it sometimes leads to results truly lamentable. But it yet remains to be noticed in this connection that habits of criticism which are blameless and even productive of good are not unattended with danger to the taste of the critic. I find in Alison's "Principles of Taste," a passage which so nearly expresses the present thought that I am led to quote it. "It is in
consequence of this (namely, that attention to certain special qualities or attributes is never attended with any emotion of taste), that the exercise of criticism never fails to destroy, for the time, our sensibility to the beauty of every composition, and that habits of this kind so generally end in destroying the sensibility of taste. They accustomed us to consider every composition in relation only to rules; they turn our attention from those qualities upon which their effect is founded as objects of taste, to the consideration of the principles by which this effect is attained; and instead of that deep and enthusiastic delight which the perception of beauty or sublimity bestows, they afford us at last no higher enjoyment than what arises from the observation of the dexterity of art.' Whatever influences and tendencies, adverse to himself, may naturally be connected with his art, the true critic will constantly guard against them, and, so far as possible, prevent the evil consequences which they would naturally induce.

A certain independence of thought and speech is essential to a good critic—not the independence which springs from an ignorant and officious dogmatism, but that which is based on fullness of knowledge and on well-considered convictions, that which belongs to a mind both wise and courageous. No worthy critic will claim infalli-

bility of judgment, and, in the utterance of his convictions, he will be moved by no love save that of what is true and good, and by no fear save that of doing wrong. These two things greatly weaken the independence, and so the merit, of the critic,—namely, undue regard for the opinions and the esteem of others, and obedience to the dictates of prejudice and dislike. The first induces a criticism remarkable for the bestowal of undeserved and often extravagant praise, and for an unjust and a reprehensible glossing of faults; the second leads to the display of the most evil passions, to uncharity, to slander and to the grossest falsification.

Finally, he whose part it is to point out the errors of his fellow-men, to suggest improvements, and to bestow fitting encomium on all good works, should be filled with a lofty and chivalrous devotion to Truth, and a paramount desire for the welfare of the whole human race. Whether obscure or famous, judging small things or great, he should be scrupulous, faithful and unselfish. Devotion to Truth, such devotion as will triumph over all the petty prejudices and low self-love of our faultful nature, is one of the divinest features of man. It is so ennobling, so truly excellent, that its possessor, though he be the meanest digger of the soil, shall stand in the congregation of the right-
eous forever; while false-hearted kings and conquerors, and they who, by their counsel, make indistinct the line between truth and error, shall be swept away like chaff before the whirlwind. Critics of all grades have spoken in accordance with cherished prejudices, before now; they have argued from feelings of enmity, they have insulted the good, de-

A FEW WORDS ON LEARNING, KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

By Jabez Burns, D.D., LL.D. *

—LONDON, ENGLAND.

THIS Trinity of Terms, when pondered, may save us from confusion of thought and mistaken conclusions. Learning is defined skill in languages or science. It is in fact acquaintance with things and definitions. A botanist has a right conception of plants, their structure, appearances and recognized names. An astronomer is one who knows the science of the heavens; a linguist or philologist the nature of languages. An ethnologist is one who is acquainted with the distinctions and peculiarities of the races of man. Now learning is the true acquaintance with these or other sciences or arts, and is distinguished from ignorance or misapprehension on these or other subjects. The area of learning is very spacious, and only a few have been able to go through the greater part of this intellectual territory. As a rule, learning divides its kingdom into different provinces and most men devote their
lives and labors to some one or two selected departments from the whole. One man is learned in tongues, another in certain sciences, another in art, while others roam abroad in the regions of philosophy, mental or moral, or literature special or general. It may be that a man’s learning is much limited to abstract ideas, or definitions and phrases.

Knowledge is the understanding of the subject, which learning has taken under her tutorage. Knowledge has to do with causes, effects, attributes, results and phenomena generally. Knowledge seeks socratically to inquire of the why and wherefore, of the how and the then, of subjects that learning presents for reflection and study. One person understands the anatomy of man and is learned on that subject, but knows little of the history of our race, or the varied distinctions that exist in the human family. One is exact on the science of astronomy, but may not be well instructed in the rise and progress of that science, or its bearings in general on the grand laws of the universe. Knowledge illumes the pathway of the progressionist, and illustrates both the terms and bearings of science.

Thus it is that a man may know very much on a given subject and yet he may not in the strictest sense be learned. His definitions may be crude and his philosophy defective.

Wisdom, in its real and true signification, may be in harmony with either, and yet may differ from both. A man may be wise and yet unlearned. A man may be wise with little knowledge while a man may be learned and have great stores of knowledge and be not only unwise, but the veriest fool. A man’s learning may be like some old-fashioned furniture, stored up and laid by in some lumber room without any reference to show or use. Or a man’s learning may be like a miser’s gold, kept in some locked safe, and neither benefit himself nor others. A learned man may be just a pedant and nothing more, and by the embargo he lays on himself may be far removed from the luminous pathways of knowledge and still farther from the higher walks of wisdom.

Wisdom is the practical application both of learning and knowledge. It is the acting out of what science or general knowledge may have presented to us. Solomon was both learned and intellectual, and yet in his latter days he was probably the least wise man in his kingdom. The most illiterate Jewish peasant, following the few streaks of divine light, and walking in God’s fear, was a truer philosopher than he. Learning turned to practical account is wisdom. Knowledge in noble
Heroism.

and moral activity is wisdom; and learning, rightly directed and illumined with the collected rays of knowledge, is true wisdom, and that true wisdom is the glory of man and a treasure by which he may be enriched for both worlds.

In my happy sojourn at your Commencement, in 1872, I was forcibly and most pleasingly impressed with the indubitable evidences of sound and extensive learning exhibited in the papers and discussions to which I listened with inexpressible delight. But I was equally satisfied that this learning was beautified and built up by the acquisition of extensive and general knowledge, and I was more than delighted with many evidences that the superstructure reared on both was that of divine wisdom, or the application of learning and knowledge to their highest legitimate ends. May it ever so be and more abundantly, and with abiding permanence. Of the men I have known who were prominent in learning, knowledge and wisdom, I should place in the first rank the late Thomas Dick, LL.D., of Broughty Ferry, and Sir David Brewster,—men whose lives and labors will bless the world to the end of time.

HEROISM.

THE noblest and most exhilarating objects for our contemplation are those which exhibit human nature in its most exalted aspects.

Men, whose courage will rise to meet every exigency which extraordinary circumstances combine to produce; men, whose souls are of such an exalted nature that they stop not at impediments, however difficult to overcome, which may unexpectedly be met,—hold up to our delighted vision a goal to attain, for which we may well expend our most valuable time and strength; and though we be often baffled, doomed to repeated disappointment, we feel enriched by the loftiness of our ideal and ennobled by our very defeats.

Such men seem to grasp the future by the comprehensiveness of their views of the past, and their widening and ascending purposes seem to dilate at every new glimpse of the glorious possibilities with which the future may be laden.
Profiting by this foreknowledge and its attendant strength of purpose, they soar above the common realm of action, and make their lofty ideal a living real.

Thus we see that heroism is no extempore work of transient impulse,—a rocket fitfully illuminating the sky and soon consuming itself by the intensity of its splendor,—but it sheds a light as steady, as fixed as the orbs of heaven, and, fed like them upon celestial nutriment, it grows out of the gross and material, and throws around its possessor a halo of glory, exalting him to the title and dignity of a god.

Having defined, in a general way, the nature of heroism, let us consider it as divided into four classes, and treat of the hero according as he fixes his upward glance upon war, country, race, or heaven. This will lead us to speak of the soldier, patriot, reformer, and saint.

Glory, in the mind of the mere soldier, trained under the stern requirements of the military drill, who is taught to rely solely upon his sword as a means of advancement; whose nature is warped and dwarfed by the absence of the refining influence of society, can hardly take a more exalted form than such as will cause her devotee to rush, like the "unthinking horse," madly into danger, intent only upon vindicating his name from all imputation of cowardice.

Since such an exhibition of what the world calls heroism is the result, not so much of a mind's being cast in a heroic mold as of its following out the fierce instincts which nature and education may have implanted, we place this in the lowest order of heroic deeds. Still, the love of glory in this rough garb, veiled by no smooth, deceitful appearances, brought to notice by no transcendent genius, may be purer and loftier than it is in the diplomatist or wily statesman.

But when we know a man whose ideas of glory are not confined to himself; whose whole soul is lifted out of narrow, egotistical views into the grand glow of national pride; who feels willing to lay down his life for his country's honor, we feel compelled to award to him the honor of true patriotism. When Napoleon placed his brothers upon the thrones of Europe, his charge to them can scarcely be called a heroic utterance: "Remember that your first duty is to me, afterwards to France." We love to turn from such expressions of selfishness and peruse those fatherly words of advice and encouragement which are embodied in Washington's farewell address—a legacy the most remarkable, for the showing what a tender relation may subsist between ruler and people, ever bequeathed to the world.

But those deeds of heroism per-
formed by Napoleon in his early days in defense of France seem to have been prompted by a love for country. So we might attribute to Miltiades the honor of living a life entirely devoted to his state, did we pursue his career no farther than the battle of Marathon.

The common mind is often so cast in the patriotic mold that in its simplicity it can conceive of no form of government, country, or language equal to its own. Thus we hear the old Hollander claiming that Adam and Eve spoke Dutch in Eden, and the Arab boasting that there is no place in the world so beautiful as his desert wilds. But while we admire their spirit and compassionate their ignorance, we are disgusted at the dandy who lisps his contempt for all narrow, national prejudices from the elevation of his moustache.

There are those whose capacities for love and sympathy can not be satisfied with even the strong affection with which their fatherland binds them to itself, but their fine natures constantly reach out after still higher and worthier objects of love; hence, while they may always evince strong attachment to the land of their birth, they manifest no national preference in their desire for the elevation of mankind. These men are our philanthropists and reformers.

John Howard, Florence Nightingale, Whitefield, Luther, Hampden, Sumner, Lorason and Phillips are a few of the noble names which form a galaxy, the brightest of earth's ornaments.

The fourth and last class of men whom we can call heroic is that composed of spirits which do not rely upon the martial clangor of arms, the pride of noble ancestry, nor even their natural boldness of mind to urge them to brave the perils of a life devoted to grand achievements, but trust simply to an over-ruling Power—a divine Master.

Developing within themselves one of the sublimest faculties of the mind—a living faith in an immortal life beyond the grave—they shrink from no peril, however appalling it may appear. Contumely, persecutions and martyrdoms have been their lot in past ages, and, although to-day they enjoy a comparative freedom from what we generally term persecution, there are peculiar trials which require the same heroism to be called into action.

The noblest and grandest deeds of heroism recorded in the history of man are those performed by men who, denying the impulses of their own hearts, have attempted to execute what they thought to be the will of their heavenly Father.
COMMENCEMENT.

COMMENCEMENT exercises opened with President Cheney’s Baccalaureate, on Sunday, P.M., June 14. In the evening, the Rev. D. W. C. Durgin preached an excellent sermon before the Theological department. On Monday evening, the Prize Declamation of the Junior Class occurred. Considerable interest had all along been manifested in this contest, on account of the liberality of the prizes and the circumstances under which they were offered. They were given for the best written original declamation, oratory also to be considered. The first prize, one hundred dollars, was contributed by W. B. Wood, Esq., of Boston, Mass.; the second, fifty dollars, by ladies of the F. B. church of Lowell, Mass.; the third, twenty-five dollars, by ladies of the F. B. church of Lawrence, Mass. The declamations were delivered before a crowded audience, and were pronounced unexceptionably good. The Committee of Award,—Rev. A. L. Houghton, Rev. J. E. Dame and Hon. S. B. W. Davis,—gave the prizes; first, to F. L. Washburn; second, to J. Nash; third, to A. T. Salley. The award was uncommonly satisfactory. Tuesday, A. M., the Rev. Mr. Houghton, of ’70, delivered a scholarly oration before the Alumni, and was followed by Mr. Stockbridge, of ’72, with a fine poem.

The concert, on Tuesday evening, is generally acknowledged to have been one of the best ever given in Lewiston. More than a thousand tickets were sold, and the receipts more than paid the expenses of the graduating class. On Wednesday occurred the great event of the week, the graduation of the class of ’74. The City Government generously tendered the free use of City Hall, and, notwithstanding the weather was rainy, the hall was well filled. The occasion passed off pleasantly, and the parts averaged well with any we have ever heard. At two o’clock, adjournment was made to Gymnasium Hall, to partake of “Commencement Dinner.” The usual number of toasts were drank, and short, though racy speeches made by Dr. Day, of the Morning Star, and others. The address before the Literary Societies was made in the evening, by the Rev. A. P. Peabody, of Harvard College. It evinced thorough knowledge and sound
Editors' Portfolio.

learning. The feature of Commencement which calls forth a great share of interest is the exercises of the graduating class. These recall the past, depict the present, and foretell the future. Lewiston never gathered together a larger audience than collected on Thursday evening, to bid good-bye to the class of '74. The exercises, as a whole, we have never seen excelled; only one criticism,—they were too long. Mr. T. P. Smith's oration was especially good, and well merited the applause which followed. The Chronicles were original and spicy, and although rather shaky history, were first-rate fiction. The Hat Scrape was well told, and made people laugh, but they haven't heard it all yet.

We have only given a mere outline of Commencement Exercises, as our journal is published so late that all the leading newspapers have forestalled us in a detailed account.

Although we omit most of the rather stale practices customary to many colleges, such as the burning of the Calculus and the burial of Anna Lytics, yet, in real merit, we are willing to compare our regular annual exercises with those of a majority of New England institutions.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchanges for June are filled with foreshadowings of Commencement and with the farewells of retiring editors. Some are apparently sorry to leave their editorial duties, while others are relieved. All are evidently looking forward to the future with the brightest anticipations. We heartily wish them success, and trust that their places will be ably filled by the incoming editors.

The Packer Quarterly, with its somewhat pretentious array of books upon the cover, first claims our attention. As usual, it is filled with light, pleasant articles, which, without displaying any great depth of thought, form easy and often instructive reading. It appears that they cultivate something besides the fine things besides the fine arts at Packer, for we notice that at the "Commencement of the Junior Club," the supper was prepared by the fair members themselves, prizes being given as follows:—"For the best batch of bread, a rolling-pin and kneading-board; for the best sewing, an emery bag; for the best pan of caramels, a large spoon." — The Yale Lit. contains but one "heavy" article for June,—the De-Forest Prize Oration upon Sentimentalism in Literature and Art. There is also an interesting account of the foundation of the University. A slight fling at Bates is indulged in, yet the fire has not descended and the earthquake has passed us by unharmed. — The Owl has been steadily improving since the
beginning of the year. The June number contains a continuation of the discussion, "Is the Monkey Father to the Man?" which contains many valuable thoughts. We were much pleased also with the article of the "Plural Origin of Mankind," in reply to the Central Collegian. — *The Crescent* has an article upon societies at Hillsdale, from which we learn that the meetings are public and are frequented largely by the citizens of the place. The *Crescent* claims great advantages from this plan. Here is an idea for our society men. — *The Alfred Student* discusses the prospects of base ball at Alfred University and asks why the Faculty persistently discourage this game, while at the same time no other means of exercise are provided. We hope the *Student* will be successful in arousing an interest in this game. — We have received the June number of the *College Herald* and noted its comment upon the *Student*. We are glad to find the *Herald* agreeing with us in regard to discussing matters of general interest. — *The University Herald* has the following, which may interest our readers:—

"We have received a very interesting letter from a gentleman of some note in England, in which he says: 'Three-fourths of those who go to the Universities here, go because it is 'the proper thing' for a gentleman's son, certainly not with any intention of getting brain fever through over-study. Mathematics would be their strong point, viz., how to make their allowance spin out to the end of the term, or the rate per cent. at which they could borrow money on their expectations. . . . The fact is, our Universities and Colleges are more training schools for young gladiators than anything else."
ODDS AND ENDS.

A HORSE! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!” quoth the Freshman.

—A certain Senior would do well to look into the Reading Room before calling his Prof. pet (?) names.

—"I say, Freshie," said a Soph the other day, pointing to his friend, "here is a fellow that wants to see the greenest man in college." "Well," coolly replied the Freshman, "I should think he might be satisfied with you."

—Another affecting extract from a Philadelphia obituary poem has appeared. It reads:

"Put away those little breeches,
Do not try to mend the hole;
Little Johnny will not want them,
He has climbed the golden pole."

—Scene.—Recitation in Evidences of Christianity. Fuller, a diminutive Junior, rises to recite. Prof.—"When is belief necessary?" Fuller gives a correct, but very short, explanation. Prof. (wishing for details)—"How is that?" Mr. A.—"Didn't he give a correct answer?" Prof.—"Certainly, but I want a little Fuller statement."

—We are pained to notice that papers taking our items, and appropriating them as their own, seek to palliate the theft by publishing a column of religious miscellany. This may look well enough in the eyes of Heaven, but it don't satisfy us. —Danbury News.

—Attention is called to the fact that the phrase "too thin," generally regarded as slang, has a very high authority. In Act. V., scene 2, of Henry VIII., the Monarch retorts as follows to the fulsome adulations of the Bishop of Winchester:

"You were very good at sudden commendations, Bishop of Winchester, but know I come not To hear such flattery now, and, in my presence, They are too thin and base to hide offenses."

—Ex.

—Recitation in Botany. Prof. —"Of what species is this flower?" Student (with some indecision)—"I—I think it is Struggleus chokyarmus." Student sits down in some confusion.

—Ex.

—Scene in a Junior Recitation. —Dr.—"Mr. C., what is heat? When you have wood, coal, matches, where does the heat come from—what is heat?" C.—"Heat is a condition." Dr.—"Have you ever been warmed by conditions?"—Ex.

—Junior, scanning—"In sig |
nis ma | num cu | jus, dam it——” Prof.—Wait a moment; that last might do for a remark, but as a scansion it is a little imperfect.”—Trin. Tablet.

—We can neither answer for the originality of the query, nor satisfy the curiosity of the Freshman, who asks “whether it would be accepted as a fine rhetorical figure, to say, when it snows, that Jack Frost shakes from his head the dandruff upon the bosom of Mother Earth.” Such fine fancies have eluded the grasp of our most ambitious thoughts.—Williams Review.

—Recitation in Chemistry. Prof.—“Mr. A., what is the symbol for Potassium?” Mr. A.—“P.” Prof.—“No.” Mr. A.—“Po.” Prof.—“No.” Mr. A. “Pot.”—General howl.
COLLEGE ITEMS.

The Freshman Class numbers twenty-five.

At length we are permitted to rejoice in the long-wished-for door-way between the two divisions of Parker Hall.

Improvements are still being made upon the Campus. Much has been done, but much remains to do. The base-ball ground is finished, and is one of the best. All know to whom we are indebted.

At the Junior Prize Declamations, Commencement Week, the first prize was awarded to F. L. Washburn; second, to James Nash, and third, to A. T. Salley.

Prof. Stanton, accompanied by three ladies, sailed for Europe in the steamer Parthia, Cunard Line, July 11th. The party is to be absent one year. At present, they are residing near Lake Windermere, England.

The Seniors have elected the following class officers: Pres., L. M. Palmer; Vice-Pres., H. F. Giles; Sec., F. B. Fuller; Treas., J. H. Hutchins; Chap., A. T. Salley; Orator, F. H. Smith; Poet, H. S. Cowell; Prophet, F. L. Washburn; Historian, George Oak; Odist, C. G. Warner; Parting Address, A. M. Spear; Class Committee, J. H. Hutchins, F. B. Fuller, A. T. Salley.

The following officers have been elected by the Sophomore Class for the ensuing year: President, O. B. Clason; Vice-President, J. A. Chase; Secretary, P. R. Clason; Treasurer, E. H. Patten; Historian, A. Merrill; Prophet, L. A. Burr; Orator, B. T. Hathaway; Poet, G. H. Wyman; Odist, B. Minard; Toast Master, F. F. Phillips; Chaplain, S. J. Gould; Class Committee, H. W. Oakes, N. P. Noble, A. W. Potter.

The Polynmian Society has made choice of the following officers for 1874: President, A. M. Spear; Vice-President, E. H. Besse; Secretary, J. H. Randall; Treasurer, J. W. Smith; Librarian, B. H. Young; Executive Committee, J. R. Brackett, A. L. Morey, O. B. Clason; Editors, L. M. Palmer, G. L. White, G. H. Wyman; Orator, F. L. Evans; Poet, N. S. Palmeter.

Officers for the Eurosophian Society are as follows: President, H. F. Giles; Vice-President, E. Whitney; Secretary, J. Rankin; Treasurer, A. Merrill; Librarian, E. R. Goodwin; Executive Committee, C. G. Warner, A. O. Emerson, N. P. Noble; Editors, F. E. Emrich, W. H. Adams, B. Minard.
ALUMNI NOTES.

'67.—G. S. Ricker has accepted a call from Mt. Vernon chapel, Lowell, Mass.

'71.—L. G. Jordan, for several years past Principal of Nichols Latin School, has been chosen to take charge of Lewiston High School.

'72.—George H. Stockbridge is teaching at Lyndon Center, Vt.

'72.—Fritz W. Baldwin has been chosen Principal of Nichols Latin School, at Lewiston.

'73.—E. P. Sampson is Principal of the High School, at Castine, Me.

'74.—J. F. Keene has been chosen Principal of the High School, at Richmond, Me.

'74.—F. L. Noble is studying law in the office of Strout & Holmes, Portland, Me.

'74.—Augustine Simmons has been elected Principal of Oak Grove Seminary, Vassalboro.

'74.—C. S. Frost will supply the pulpit of the Court Street F. B. Church, Auburn, during the fall.

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

CLASS OF 1871.

GODDARD, ISAAC.—Born, January 7th, 1846, at Lewiston, Me. Son of Isaac and Betsey Goddard.

1871, Autumn, Studied medicine in New York City.

1871--'72, Student in Dr. Fillerbrown's Dental Office, at Lewiston, Me.

1872--73, Practised Dentistry.

1873, Spring, Attended Medical Lectures, at Brunswick, Me.

1873, Autumn, Formed a partnership with Dr. Bigelow, and opened a Dental Office in Lewiston, Me.

Married, November 26th, 1872, to Miss Viola M. Adams, of Bath, Me., by the Rev. Dr. John O. Fiske, of Bath.

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

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

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GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M.,
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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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Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:

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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.

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