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BATES STUDENT.

VOL. IX. No. 8.

OCTOBER, 1881.

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THE BATES STUDENT.

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THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. IX.

OCTOBER, 1881.

No. 8.

VOICELESS.

BY E. F. N., '72.

O sweet, brown bird on the swaying pine,
Where is thy song to-day?
Where are thy carolings, bird of mine,
Thou art wont to be so gay?

On the topmost bough of thy stately tree,
Thou sittest alone, apart;
Room there is none for other than thee,
Does thy solitude chill thy heart?

The skies are blue, the world is fair,
Thy mates below sing sweet;
Thy rapturous song should fill the air
With its joyous, jubilant beat.

Will it ever be thus, O bird of mine,
Wilt thou ever be mute as now?
Wilt ever sit on thy lonely pine,
And dream to the swaying bough?

I may not know what thought of God
Works through thy slender frame;
Who cares for the flowers that deck the sod,
He careth for thee the same.

Perchance the same instinct that prompts thy lay,
With its mad, exultant gush,
Is holding thee now, when the world is gay,
In thy quiet, solemn hush.

Howe'er it be, O bird of mine,
That art wont to be so gay,
As thou sittest alone on the swaying pine,
Thou art near to my heart to-day.

J. G. HOLLAND.

BY C. E. S., '83.

IF genius may be measured by the facility with which it shapes the thought and sentiment of the world, and compels the willing homage of the great multitude, then must we place the name of Dr. J. G. Holland high upon that thinly-covered

scroll, for while the little critics have raved over imagined imperfections, the great critic, the world, has drank his words with hungry heart, and still hangs upon the silver music of his song with bended brow and parted lip. The thousands of young men and women who owe so much to the helpful words of this great poet, journalist, and lecturer must feel in the announcement of his death a sense of personal loss.

Dr. Holland was born in Belchertown, Mass., July 24th, 1819. He graduated from the Berkshire Medical College in 1845. He went to Springfield and commenced the practice of medicine, but in 1847 he abandoned his profession on account of his literary taste. In 1850 he became connected with the *Springfield Republican*, and soon after became one of its proprietors. He sold his share in 1867 for \$200,000. In 1870 he became the editor of *Scribner's Monthly*, which position he held to the time of his death. Dr. Holland was also a very eminent and popular lecturer, and was compelled each season to decline many calls in that direction. He died on the 12th of October, 1881, at his residence in New York.

Among the numerous works of Holland may be mentioned: the "Timothy Titcomb Letters," "Bitter Sweet," "Kathrina," "The Marble Prophecy," "The Mistress of the Manse," "Seven Oaks," and several other volumes made up from his magazine essays.

History affords few examples of so grand a triumph over adverse criticism as is furnished in the life of Dr. Holland. And we believe it is true, with few exceptions, that adverse criticism, which fails to drive its victims to retirement, is, necessarily, unjust, for there is in the nature of error that which causes its speedy elimination from the sympathies of men, and it needs only to be pointed out to seal the doom of its author.

It is true that Holland has contended with the obstacle of didactic poetry, which by many critics has been denied the right to rank as poetry at all. But let us look for a moment at the question of didactic poetry, and in the first place, we must examine the subject of poetry in the abstract. Poetry is a term that has never yet been satisfactorily defined. It has been defined as "the language of the imagination," and the world, relying on authority, have acquiesced in this definition, although they have felt that there is something in the word poetry that the definition fails to embrace. Is it true that, in its final analysis, poetry is language at all? Is it not rather a sentiment that employs language for its expression? True, as generally understood, the term has reference to the outward expression as found upon the written page, but in discussing the nature of poetry, and comparing the different forms, it becomes necessary to go back to the sentiment. And this we would define, as a mental condition resulting from the blending of pleasure and pain; the pleasure of contemplating an ideal blended with the pain of the deprivation. This definition may at first seem abstract and to convey but little idea of the nature of poetry, but we would ask the reader to withhold his judgment until he has considered it in the light of the following illustrations: The pleasant contemplation of an ideal home, blended in painful comparison with the one we possess, constitute all there is of poetry in the word "home." "The Old

Oaken Bucket" is poetical only because it is a constituent element of a home that fancy clothes with attributes above the real and the possible. This principle explains why such poems as "Home, Sweet Home," and "Beautiful Snow," have usually been composed by outcasts who possessed no homes, and for this reason their ideals were the more vivid. Hence, the constituent elements of poetry, the pleasure of the ideal and the pain of deprivation existed in their minds in greater quantities. The thoughts of childhood give rise to sentiments of poetry simply because upon the happy picture falls the shadow of the painful thought, we never can experience it again. The longing desire to drink at the purest, the deepest, and the holiest fountain of affection, blended with the despair of ever finding it, is all there is of poetry in human love. It is this that prompts the glowing lips of youth, beneath the stary witnesses of night, to whisper in the waiting ear of love a sentiment too holy for the day, and clothing it with robes of immortality, bids it live on in fancy, when Chaos has stopped upon its golden track the jeweled car of night, and Death, with amorous kisses, has wooed the maid of Nature to his dark embrace. It is this that decks the robes of bridal joy with the symbols of that which flesh and blood can never attain.

There is no poetry in pure pleasure nor in pure pain. We are told, however, that works of art are sources of pure or unmixed pleasure, and this is true, because the work of art is the embodiment of our ideal and is the source of only *one* of the elements of poetry, while the other comes from the painful contrast with the real.

Now, if poetry be a compound of pleasure and pain, its character will, of course, depend upon the character of the elements that compose it, and we come now to consider the constituent elements of didactic poetry.

There is an ever-restless yearning in the heart of man to know the deep significance of being; to scale thought's golden ladder, and from the starlight heights to touch the throne of the Infinite. A sentiment that through all the ages of the past has impelled the human heart to look up through the misty shroud of doubt and darkness, and reverently whisper Father! amid the voice of the thunder and the storm. The pleasure of these deep yearnings blended with the pain of baffled hope, give rise to the grandest and loftiest form of poetry.

Such was the muse of Holland. But it may be asked, why, if this be true, has he been adversely criticised? We would answer this by answering the more general question. Why has didactic poetry been thus criticised? We believe it is simply because there have been few didactic critics to speak for themselves. The qualities that make up the critic are peculiar. Human nature seems in him to be reversed, while others seek for truth and profit by its discovery, he seeks for error, and delights only in its detection, and this practice is incompatible with a healthy tone of mind or heart. But the very breadth and comprehensiveness of thought that makes one a didactic poet, prevents him from becoming a critic by making him proof against that disease of scholarship that comes only from a too narrow range of thought. The works of the great didactic poets, like the master-pieces of painting in the galleries of Rome, will not bear a too close inspection of the critic's microscope. They must be viewed by telescopic and not by microscopic minds. Their beauty is the beauty of the crag and cataract, and not of the polished sheen; and if we would feast our soul upon that beauty, we must view them from a distance that becomes our reverence.

The professional criticism of Holland has been narrow and one-sided, and yet the

world's verdict upon the charge has been "not guilty." He not only stands acquitted by the world to-day, but he comes boldly forth from the hall of his trial panoplied in the iron mail of genius, to defy the shafts of unborn critics. The world to-day writes upon the snowy tablet of sorrow, veiled by the sombre shadow of the cypress, a name that must live in story till human hearts shall cease to yearn for "the good, the beautiful, and the true;" till love's sweet whisper dies, forever unuttered on the lips of youth; till joy forgets her song, and grief her prayer.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

BY J. W. D., '82.

BRILLIANT men are not always great men; in fact not often is it the case, but without a very careful examination they are often apt to pass for such in the markets of the world. Multitudes may be charmed by the matchless eloquence and impassioned words of silver-tongued orators; armies may be skillfully marshalled and led on to successive victories by sagacious generals; the human soul may be stirred by the graceful rhymes of poetic geniuses and the fascinating tales of voluminous writers. But all these powers possessed by man do not of themselves constitute, although they often accompany, greatness. A truly great man builds for himself, in the hearts of the people, a pyramid more lasting than an Egyptian; he leaves behind him words and deeds which possess the elements of permanency; his life and character must be such that future generations will be perceptibly influenced by them. In short, true greatness can not be temporary, it must be durable. We may be attracted and amused by the brilliant, flashy light, but it is the steady, continuous one alone which is ser-

viceable. We have no hesitation in affirming that William Lloyd Garrison was a great man; great, because the world to-day is better for his having lived in it.

Through all time, there have lived men who have acted such prominent parts in national events, have so closely identified themselves with public interests, that a record of their career furnishes us with a key to national history. The history of men becomes the history of events. It is just so with all great revolutions. Trace the career of Martin Luther and you have the record of the Great Reformation; William the Conqueror's, and you have the Norman Conquest; Napoleon's, and you have the history of France for a quarter of a century; Washington's, and you know the story of the American Revolution; Garrison's, and you know the story of the struggle against human slavery in the United States of America, and its final overthrow. It was Garrison who first proclaimed to this nation, in an unmistakable voice, that there was a stain upon its escutcheon, a deep and contaminating stain, which, unless blotted out at once, would spread until it permeated every part of it. As the voices of Mahomet and Buddha of old gave a shock to torpid races, so did the clarion voice of Garrison awake from lethargic slumber the American people. He had the moral courage to grapple, single-handed at first, with an evil which had been fortified by years of approbation from the people. The wealth, intellect, morality, and Christianity of a nation were combined against this single individual; but with weapons of truth, he boldly confronted the enemy, believing that justice and right was on his side and that they would eventually triumph. And it was even so. He lived to see the realization of his reformatory hopes and aspirations; he lived to see the shackles fall from 4,000,000 of fellow beings; to see them clothed with the rights of citizenship, and elevated to posi-

tions of trust. Fortunate man! It does not often fall to the lot of man to see their life's work crowned with success, to reach the summit of their earthly ambition.

Garrison's life was a noble exemplification of singleness of purpose and concentration of power. He was pre-eminently a man of a single idea. We do not mean by this that he was "narrow, confined, and shut up" to one idea, for he was interested in more reforms than one, and after the war, frequently demonstrated his capability of grasping with questions of paramount importance to the nation. The innate, animating principle of his life was to do one thing at a time and do that well. All the powers of his intellect and will, every opportunity and circumstance was directed to the accomplishment of the mission which he set before himself to fulfill early in life. Difficulties he surmounted; obstacles he removed.

Alexander was supported by a magnificent army, before which cities were evacuated and armies melted; Cromwell had a host of sympathizing followers; O'Connell was backed by three millions of Irishmen; Cobden was upheld by the wealth of England; Lincoln fell back upon the resources of a mighty nation and the sympathy of a mighty people. But as Mr. Phillips said: "Garrison stood alone, utterly alone, at first. There was no sympathy anywhere; his hands were empty. No matter if he starved on bread and water, he could command the use of types; that was all. Trade endeavored to crush him; the intellectual life of America disowned him." Garrison was a self-reliant man. Individual in his thoughts and acts, opposition only served to strengthen his convictions and intensify his zeal. Many of his co-workers in behalf of the enslaved negro, were men of greater intellect and broader culture. He possessed not the oratorical power of Phillips, the logical reasoning

and scholarly attainments of Sumner, or the varied genius of Whittier. He was simply a man, richly endowed with common sense—the power behind nations' thrones—and a burning love for humanity, especially the oppressed and downtrodden. He completely lost sight of self in the intensity of his philanthropic ardor. What can we say of such a man? Is he a worthy model for future generations? Can we call him great? Ah, yes. In such men as he, rests our faith in the stability of popular government, for if we have not men with the keenness to perceive an existing evil and the courage and will to seek to eradicate it, then will our institutions become corrupt, our foundations undermined. A man eminent for purity, patriotism and philanthropy is the world's instructor; the record of his life belongs to the people.

Garrison's life will not soon be forgotten; it was a grand success from first to last. Would that the motto that shaped and directed his life, might be stamped in letters of fire upon the blue firmament above: "Our country is the world—our countrymen are mankind."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY J. L. R., '83.

IT has been said that some men seem to have been chosen by Providence as instruments for carrying a nation through some great crisis in its history.

Most truly can this be said of Abraham Lincoln. Born and reared in the humblest circumstances, he raised himself by his indomitable will and perseverance, under the blessings of a Providence which he always recognized, to sit in the highest place in the land, and to preside over the destinies of thirty millions of people.

His youth was marked by the same devotion to principle, by the same upright-

ness and integrity for which he was conspicuous in after years. The foundation of his noble character was laid by the influence of a Christian mother's life and teachings. Her influence was illustrated by those qualities of obedience, diligence, and truth, which characterized his whole life.

His father was wholly illiterate, being unable to read or write. His mother had a limited education, and by her aid Abraham learned to read. She furnished him with what books she could obtain, but they were few, the Bible, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, Æsop's *Fables*, and Weem's *Life of Washington* being the principal books of his boyhood. These books were few in number, but what better ones could have been chosen for him from the richest library of the world? What could have better served to perfect the principles inculcated in his mind by the teachings of his mother? Her efforts to inspire him with pure and noble principles, her simple instruction in divine truth, her devoted love for him, he fully appreciated in after life. As he once said to a friend, "All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother—blessings on her memory."

The labor and hardships of his early life served to develop his physical nature, as if a wise Providence prepared him for the responsibility of an hour, under which ordinary constitutions would have failed. His unquestioned honesty, which adorned his boyhood and youth, as it did his manhood and age, gave him an enviable fame, and aided him materially in making his way from the log cabin to the White House. In the year 1860, when the first low murmurings of the storm which was to deluge this land were beginning to be heard, the country demanded an honest, Christian man to take the helm of the Ship of State, to guide her, under Providence, clear of the breakers, shoals, and quicksands that were appearing in her course, and found

him in Abraham Lincoln. Later, when that storm burst in fury, and that ship seemed about to become a hopeless wreck, with his calm judgment, his pure purposes, strengthened by his inherent belief in the ultimate prevalence of right and justice, inspiring his crew and passengers with confidence by his own courage and calmness, his steady, strong hand on the helm, he brought the ship out of the dangers that surrounded her, and moored her safely in the port of Peace.

Lincoln, although one of the humblest of American citizens, struggled through personal trials and national turmoils to immortal fame and renown. How was this fame wrought? Not alone by intellectual power—which in him was great—but by that power, aided by the everlasting principles of righteousness and justice. He trusted in God. He trusted in the convictions of a Christian people. He ignored the loose morality of party politics. Conscience with him was above all expediency and temporary advantage, above all love of power and applause, and with due respect to law, fully realizing the obligations imposed upon him by his oath of office; he was cautious, not slow; loyal, not timid.

If he seemed to delay action that popular clamor demanded of him, it was not for want of loyalty, not that he was slow and timid, but that in all things appertaining to his high position, he was actuated and guided by a true loyalty and a self-denying virtue that would not permit him to arrive at hasty conclusions, or to act until he had fully matured his plans, until he had weighed the whole matter in those scales of justice, which were his standard.

MODERN POLITICAL ASSASSINATIONS.

BY W. H. C., '82.

FROM the remotest antiquity the records of conspiracies and political murders

have filled a large space in history. How many kings have ascended their thrones only to find them the threshold to an untimely tomb! Cæsar, William Prince of Orange, Charles I., and later, the Czar of Russia, are a few examples in point. But we usually think of these tragedies as happening long ago or a great way off. Recent events, however, remind us that even America is not exempt. Glancing back over our short history as a nation, we find that we have had our full share. And it is no ignoble blood that has been immolated on our altar of political hate. It is our noblest and our best. There is the most brilliant name in our early history, the great, the eloquent Hamilton. There is the stalwart champion of "equal rights," whose great heart beat in sympathy for a downtrodden race, and whose voice rang defiance to the oppressor, baptizing with his blood the floor of the Senate Chamber of the United States. There is our martyred Lincoln, worn with the toils and cares of civil war, crowned with the blessings of an emancipated race, shot down at the very dawn of victory. And there is the man for whose restoration to health a nation's prayers so long ascended. In a time of profound peace, when there was the least probability of such an event, at the very culmination of a brilliant life, President Garfield falls at the hand of an assassin.

We have often wondered *why* the most worthless, cowardly miscreant who walks the earth, a curse to the name of humanity, should ever have been given the power to destroy the grandest and the best. Why the lightning from heaven had not annihilated Charles Guiteau before he could have aimed that deadly shot, God alone knows! Nature is so constituted that there is no flower on earth so fragrant and beautiful that somebody's foot may not crush it, and there is no giant oak so kingly that it may not be cut down. The

range of human possibilities is infinite. There are no heights of moral grandeur to which humanity may not rise, and there are no depths of infamy to which it has not sunk. And, lamentable as it is, there are those who cannot see anything beautiful without wishing to destroy it; anything good without seeking to defame it; anything grand and noble in human rank or character without reaching their murderous hand to tear it down and trample it in the dust.

This principle of riding rough shod over humanity may have been necessary in past ages, when the argument of brute force was the only one respected by the majority of men. One can hardly censure the heroic Charlotte Corday for plunging her knife into the heart of that bloody monster of the French Revolution, Jean Paul Marat, for when he fell there perished a fiend on whose head was the blood of hundreds of innocent victims, and whose ambition it was to cut off the heads of 270,000 more. Nothing but death could quench his inhuman thirst for blood. Circumstances were such that legal justice was out of the question, and assassination was the only recourse. These were the natural workings of an age of ignorance when passion was king. Considering the circumstances, it is almost incredible that the human mind, weighed down by such burdens, could have risen to the comparatively high plane where we now find it. But all this seems to have been foreseen by infinite wisdom, and to have been made a part of the original plan. For there is in the constitution of man a hidden spring, a law as imperative as that of gravitation, and its name is tireless, unending progress. It is the workings of this law that has made the nineteenth century vastly superior to any that preceded it. Experience and the instincts of our nature cause us to believe that this same progress will continue until man's emancipation from vio-

lence and blood shall be complete, and around the altar of universal peace shall be gathered all the nations of the earth. Until that time comes we must expect considerable ignorance and crime, but they have no fellowship with the spirit of the age. They are the baleful offspring, the hideous relics of the barbarous past. Assassinations at the present time are deplorable, not only in themselves considered, but in their brutalizing influence upon society. They familiarize the people with the contemplation of the darkest crimes. Blood arouses the fiercest passions in man, as it does in the tiger. Men, noted for their gentleness, and who all their lives have preached forbearance and forgiveness of injury, are now ready to join the maddened mob who are hurrying to tear down the jail and lynch the object of their fury. Women, who would be horror-stricken at the idea of killing a butterfly, now mourn that it is not in their power to hang the wretch by the thumbs and roast him with a slow fire. It was continual contact with the horrible crimes of the French Revolution that turned even the women of France into bloody-thirsty furies, and enabled them to look calmly and smilingly on the agonized faces of the victims as they perished on the blood-reeking guillotine. Familiarity with crime, the habitual contemplation of violence and blood cannot fail to blunt the finer feelings of our nature, to debase and brutalize society.

Again, we are too apt to mistake vengeance for justice. Forgetting that vengeance is fierce, impulsive, and blind, while justice is calm and passionless as the mountain glacier. Forgetting that justice is divine, while vengeance is the vicious product of man's intemperance.

Maddened by the sudden discovery of a terrible crime, men frequently lose their self-control. Their fierce indignation cannot brook restraint. To their hot blood

the majesty of the law seems too tame, and without judge or jury, they visit upon the offender the punishment due him. There are to-day, in this nation thousands of stalwart men whose eyes flash and hands clench at the word Guiteau, and if it would bring their idolized Garfield back to life, back to his sorrow-stricken country, they would tear the fiend who shot him down into ten thousand pieces.

But there is one encouraging result from this great calamity; one bright oasis in this desert of gloom. It is the irrepressible, spontaneous overflow of a nation's sympathy. Sectional controversies, North and South, Democrat and Republican, all are forgotten, while the hearts of the people throb in honest sorrow. Our people have been lifted out of the narrow ruts of individual and sectional selfishness, party rancor has for the time melted away, and the people of this nation have been fraternized by this common sorrow, as they never were before.

This affliction has also shown us the strength of our republican form of government. While prophets high and low have prophesied our downfall; while philosophers have reasoned and argued over our weak points, and decided that they are necessarily fatal, our nation still lives. Crisis after crisis it has passed through, and become stronger for every victory won. Twice within sixteen years our chief magistrates, on whom such vast interests depend, have been suddenly struck down; the pilot of our Ship of State has dropped the wheel, yet the machinery of government did not stop. There are no riots, no anarchy. All is strong and steady from keel to topmast. And we are teaching the world that there is no government that can pass through such crises, that is so safe from the dangers of revolution as that which is founded on the hearts of the people.

TWO SONNETS.

GARFIELD AND LINCOLN.

A noble heritage is ours by birth,
 Who are brought forth of English-speaking
 race;
 Ours is the light that shone on Milton's face,
 Hampden's renown, and mighty Shakespeare's
 worth.
 We lack not those who toiled to make the earth,
 For upright-minded man, fit dwelling place;
 Nor those who in the battle's fiery space
 Have died for country and domestic hearth.
 A countless roll of dead, of lofty deeds
 Inspirers, like a great line of lights
 That burn where nations walked in ancient
 nights.
 How far into the past their glory flames!
 And at the end, Garfield and Lincoln—names
 That show like martyrs, time's most fruitful
 seeds.

FROM YORKTOWN.

Oct. 19, 1881.

In this day's pomp we pause a little space,
 England, to greet thee, looking century-ward.
 We would be friends: though from thy temples
 barred,
 And ocean-parted, we are one in race.
 And when we look, great mother, on thy face,
 And read thy glorious history, battle-starred,
 When we remember our forefathers, scarred
 In thy stern wars from Cæsar's landing-place
 To Agincourt, our hearts are flushed with pride;
 And, though our deeds hove made another name
 Renowned, something as Englishmen we claim.
 And if again, as seers foretell, around
 Thy shores the mad world rage, we shall be
 found,
 Methinks, in that last day, firm by thy side.
 — *W. P. Foster, '81, in Boston Transcript.*

Prof. Geo. L. Vose has severed his connection with Bowdoin College, and goes to Boston to assume the duties of Professor of Civil and Typographical Engineering in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

COPIES of the last number of the STUDENT were sent to all members of the Freshman class. It is expected that all students of our institution will become subscribers to the magazine. No college periodical can live without the generous support of the undergraduates.

We are glad to note the fact that a Glee Club has been formed and placed under the able instruction of Mr. B. Frank Wood, the well-known organist of High Street Church, Auburn. Rehearsals are held every Friday afternoon, and much musical talent is being developed under the baton of Mr. Wood. The "Student's Life in Song," a book which has already won the favor of the older college men, is used. We earnestly hope that the members of the Club will spare no pains to make this one of the most successful musical organizations ever established at Bates.

There are, no doubt, many of the Freshman class who are undecided as to the advisability of teaching school this winter. Some feel that they must teach or give up their college course; others who are better situated financially can hardly determine, to their own satisfaction, whether it will be better to attend to their college work or to wield the pedagogic rod and fill their pockets with shekels. It is to this latter class that we desire to address a few words at this time. If there is any one term in all our college course which we recall with pleasure, it is the Winter Term of our Freshman year. There were only twenty of us present at that time, but in spite of our limited number we thoroughly enjoyed every moment of the term. Never shall we forget the talks which Prof. Stanton gave our class upon the "Immortality of the Soul." They

were well worth the denial they cost some of us. Indeed, were we to go through the course at Bates again we would make almost any sacrifice rather than be deprived of these valuable talks by Prof. Stanton. Then, too, the Latin and Greek are especially interesting and require considerable study. A student may be able to make up these classics after teaching, but he has really lost more than he can possibly make up. Finally it is far better for our young men to delay teaching till the Sophomore or Junior year, when the studies are more easily made up and less depends upon the daily drill of the classroom.

The annual meeting of the Reading-Room Association will be held the first week in November. At this meeting it is hoped that some arrangements will be made for placing a new newspaper rack across the upper side of the reading-room. Many of our most valuable papers are now lost or mutilated beyond recognition, simply because no place has been provided for filing them. The expenditure of a few dollars in this way will do much toward reducing the inclination of some of our students to express themselves in language not at all Biblical. Another matter which will undoubtedly be brought before the meeting, is the advisability of adding the *Portland Daily Press* and *Chicago Tribune* to our list of periodicals. For more than a year we have had no morning paper. Must we still be content to wait till late in the afternoon or early next morning before we get the news of the previous day? This delay although trifling to some is inconvenient and annoying to others. The eastern section of our country is now well represented by papers from nearly every State. Why should we

not have at least one representative from the West? The *Tribune* is one of the foremost papers of that section and would be a valuable addition to our list.

We have often heard it remarked by students rooming in Parker Hall, that if certain improvements would be made in and around the buildings, they would tend to restrain the boys from acts of vandalism, such as marking upon the walls, breaking down balusters, kicking out door panels, throwing tin pails, funnels, and small stoves down stairs. This assertion would doubtless hold true as regards the better portion of students; but we still believe that a healthy bull will do more real execution in a first-class than a third-class China shop. Now all necessary improvements for the present have been made, and it rests with us alone to decide whether they are useful enough for our preservation. By destroying our own means of enjoyment and comfort, who is the loser? If any one is so careless of his own well being as to wantonly injure that of his neighbors, that person ought to be restrained; and as we are situated here, that restraint can only be secured by arousing a healthy prejudice against all acts of rudeness and destruction. Will we do it?

Within the past few weeks our nation has lost three men whose places it will be difficult to fill,—President Garfield, General Burnside, and Dr. Holland. While deeply mourning the death of the first, recognizing his purity and his greatness, we ought not to be wholly blind to the loss the country has sustained in the death of the latter two. Not Rhode Island alone but the nation felt the shock when the veteran Senator passed away. He was a man whom men could trust. No stain of dishonor or stigma of disloyalty was attached to his name. Whether on the battle-field, in private life, or in the nation's Senate, he

stood at the front, ready to make himself the champion of the oppressed and the advocate of justice and right. Few men were his equals in all that makes a public man honored. Never brilliant perhaps, but nevertheless at all times ready to perform the duty imposed upon him.

In Dr. Holland, the nation may not have lost a general or a statesman, but in him she surely lost a son to whom she owes much of her culture, and who had contributed not a little to her progress in art and letters. He was a writer who could reach the common people. His style was such that all could understand him, and therefore he wielded an influence wider than many abler men. He has left behind him much that will live and continue to grow in popularity and influence.

In the death of A. L. Houghton, the class of '70 loses one of its most beloved members, and the college one of its most promising graduates. His career has been short, but eminently successful. Called to the pulpit of the Free Baptist church, at Lawrence, Mass., he was soon recognized as one of the ablest and most popular pastors of that city. Failing health soon compelled him to take needed rest. A trip to Europe, and latter, a winter in Colorado did not loosen the hold which consumption had already obtained upon his life. He spent the past summer at his father's home in Weld. Death called him hence on the evening of October 2d. At the funeral services, Dr. Cheney pronounced a fitting eulogy upon the life of his beloved pupil and friend. Mr. Houghton was a trustee of the college and a leading member of the Foreign Missionary Society of the Free Baptist church. Few men have won so high a place in the affections of friends than Mr. Houghton. His life was a poem. Impressed with the importance of his mission, he threw his whole soul into his work and left no duty

undone. His memory will be cherished with holy reverence by all who knew him.

The Normal Publishing House of Danville, Ind., is issuing a little pocket pamphlet called "A Brief Outline of Government." It is compiled by Sam. Pfrimmer, and appears to be a book of considerable value to all. Its design is especially for teachers, but it would be a very handy pocket reference book for anyone interested in matters pertaining to governments. The book contains the names of the rulers of each country, together with the names of those directly connected with *this* country in the diplomatic service. There are also notes on the constitution of each country which, in a few words, express all that need be known. The whole is arranged in a simple manner, and can be understood by all. It is in paper covers, and about four and one-half by two and one-half inches in size. The cost is ten cents.

LOCALS.

Cowell, '83, has the typhoid fever.

Millett, formerly of '83 has entered '84.

Eighteen new members joined the Europhian Society, October 7th.

We solicit items for this column from all students, irrespective of class.

The Juniors who walked round Lake Auburn one evening, thought "Jordan a hard road to travel."

First student to second—" 'He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord.' Have you got any tobacco?"

A student accused of using horses during his first two years, refuted the charge by saying he never had a book from which the class recited only once a day.

The Senior class recently spent three hours in company with Prof. Stanley, examining the trap rock and pot-holes in the ledge just below the Falls.

College boys are proverbial for getting into scrapes. They will find no better place in the city for a "scrape" than at Lothrop Brothers, on Lisbon Street.

The Juniors played a class game of ball recently, when it was so cold that they shivered in overcoats. They have been doctoring for the rheumatism since.

Subscribers to the STUDENT who have not paid up, are requested to send their subscriptions to the business manager at once. It is necessary to collect our bills in order to close our year with success.

When singing, it is of course quite appropriate to have an accompaniment, but when declaiming in a prize contest we should prefer to have babies keep their mouths shut till their assistance was asked.

The Seniors have been studying Astronomy the present term under Prof. Stanley. The professor has given some interesting lectures, and placed the telescope and other instruments where the class may have free access to them.

One day recently, the Senior class went with Prof. Stanley to examine into the operation of making illuminating gas. Mr. Scott, the overseer of the factory, showed much patience in answering the questions of the students.

A party of seven Seniors in company with their ladies from the college, recently visited the school of Mr. Murch, in Lisbon. They report themselves well pleased with Mr. M.'s school, and extend him their hearty thanks for his kind efforts for their entertainment. The party left Lewiston about one o'clock A.M., in a three-horse carriage and did not return until *far* into the evening.

It is always supposed that every student in college will take the STUDENT. Consequently a copy is sent to each member of the Freshman class, and they will be considered as regular subscribers unless the manager is notified to the contrary.

What is better calculated to lacerate the heart of a fond parent, than to see an only son, the pride of the family circle and hope of the village, seated in a well furnished apartment in Parker Hall, and playing poker for imaginary drinks with three dummies?

As we look about Parker Hall and note the improvements going on, we can't help reflecting that somebody among the college fathers is beginning to coincide with that recent writer, who said he did not believe in drinking skim milk in this world for the sake of butter milk in the next.

We have noticed much dissatisfaction expressed by the audience every time they are informed that "*no encores are allowed.*" This rule has the merit of pleasing no one, and of dissatisfying everybody. The boys are at considerable expense to get these musicians, especially to please their audience. *Encores injure nobody.*

One of the Seniors possesses the happy faculty of purloining lead pencils with remarkable success. He has now a large collection, and experiences no little difficulty in keeping them outside the visual angle of their owners. When Mr. A drops in he uses the one with the rubber head; when Mr. B comes in, he uses the long black one; when Mr. C comes in he uses the small, red one, and so on *ad libitum ad infinitum*. After a busy day, he retires with his great head *much* wearied.

Mr. J. F. Merrill, '82, has presented us with a mammoth vegetable product, in the form of a potato, measuring in length 12 3-4 inches, and in breadth 6 inches. About four of these vegetables would fill

a bushel basket. This potato was eaten at the Jones Club, in the presence of Mr. Merrill, and made a square meal for the entire club of eighteen persons. This is only a specimen of a new variety just grown from the ball. By the judicious use of chemical fertilizers, Merrill hopes in another year to raise one sufficient in size to fill a bushel basket.

The students in Parker Hall were surprised a week or two since, to hear the chapel bell ringing lustily on Tuesday evening. It seems that Mac had got tired of studying, fell asleep, and dreamed that the professor in Psychology had just "interjected on interrogatory" for him to answer. The active energies of the soul were so much exercised in endeavoring to get at the meaning of the interrogatory, that Mac awoke and found himself ringing the bell for a Wednesday evening prayer-meeting.

The long-expected game of ball between the Sophomore and Freshman classes, occurred Thursday afternoon, October 6th. A large and interested audience was in attendance. Though the score was large, the interest did not wane. The Freshmen were ahead for several innings, but the fickle goddess of fortune changed her mind and the Sophomores won the game. The pluck and skill displayed by both nines was a subject for congratulation. We are glad to see so much base-ball talent in the lower classes.

The following are the officers of the Junior class: President, O. L. Bartlett; Vice-Pres., C. J. Atwater; Secretary, J. B. Ham; Executive Committee, F. E. Manson, A. E. Millett, F. E. Foss; Treasurer, W. H. Barber; Orator, O. L. Frisbee; Poetess, Miss N. R. Little; Odists, Miss N. R. Little, E. P. Jordan; Chaplain, O. L. Gile; Historian, E. J. Hatch; Prophet, Everett Remick; Toast Master, W. F. Cowell; Reporter, J. L. Reade; Marshall, L. B. Hunt; Curator, C. E. Sargent.

Psychological reasoning: Intuition=regulative faculty. The Faculty of Bates is a regulative Faculty, therefore intuition is the Faculty of Bates.

Saturday, October 15th, the Seniors had a grand hunt. Messrs. McKenney and Skelton chose up, the losing side to furnish the peanuts. The day was inauspicious. It was very cold in the forenoon, and there was a drizzling rain in the afternoon. McKenney's side got discouraged when it began to rain and quit. The other side, however, stuck to business and hunted all day. The result was that Mr. Skelton's side was overwhelmingly victorious. Mr. Skelton invited several of us to his house, where we were hospitably entertained. He has our thanks for his kindness. Another hunt is talked of for October 29th.

The annual public meeting of the Euro-sophian Society was holden at College Chapel, on Wednesday evening, September 28th. Everything passed off well and with honor to the participants. The meeting opened with a prayer by Mr. Eaton, of '82. Then followed the declamation by C. S. Flanders, which was well delivered. Mr. Sargent's poem was short, but well written and in keeping with the occasion. The eulogy and oration, by J. W. Douglass and W. S. Cogswell, respectively, were very fine, both in matter and delivery. Messrs. Read and Wilson discussed ably the question, "Are Secret Societies a Benefit to a Community?" The paper by Mr. Remick and Miss McVay was a perfect society paper filled, as such a paper should be, with sharp hits and witty sayings. Music was furnished by Perkins' Orchestra, and as usual was more than good. This Orchestra has been a favorite with the college boys since its organization. Owing to the dampness of the evening and the threatening clouds, the audience was comparatively small, but those who were brave enough to come, went away well paid for the effort.

Prof. in Psychology (discussing consciousness)—"When the German who defined consciousness as 'clear knowledge,' said that the miller was unconscious during sleep, he was at a loss to account for his waking when the mill stopped. Now the fact that the miller awoke at just the instant the mill stopped is pretty good proof that the miller must have been conscious in his sleep that the mill was going." Twaddle—"Professor, is it well authenticated that the miller did wake when his mill stopped?"

A few days since an old gravestone and a few partly decayed bones were dug up on the college campus. They were found about two feet below the surface of the ground, showing that many years had elapsed since the stone was placed there. The stone was a block roughly hewn out of some kind of soft rock, about two and one-half feet long, and five inches square. The inscription is very simple, and is as follows:

" M	D	
M	D	
Died 3	3	1815"

Some suppose it to be the tombstone of a Quaker, for they always make their dates in that way, numbering the month as well as the day. One of the bones being much too large to belong to a human skeleton, a more reasonable conjecture is that it is the veritable "jaw-bone" with which Samson "did himself ashes" on the Philistines. It is of great historic value, since it settles beyond all question the exact location of this famous scrimmage in which Samson "was prisint."

On Friday evening, October 21, the first division of the Freshman class delivered their prize declamations in the chapel. Music was furnished by Ballard's Orchestra, and Miss Helen Nash, vocalist. The latter gave excellent satisfaction. A large audience was in attendance. The following is the programme:

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

1. Vice President Wilson.—Anthony.
George S. Eveleth.
 2. Leak in the Dyke.—Cary.
Clara L. Ham.
 3. Extract from a Speech by Senator Frye.
Charles L. Prince.
 4. The American Flag.—Beecher.
M. P. Tobey.
- SONG—MISS HELEN NASH.
5. Battle of Bunker Hill.—Webster.
C. M. Ludden.
 6. Duty of the American Scholar.—Curtis.
William V. Whitmore.
 7. Abraham Lincoln.—Beecher.
A. B. Morrill.
- MUSIC.
8. Robert of Sicily.—Longfellow.
Nellie M. Parlin.
 9. Duty of Literary Men to America.—Grimke.
F. E. Parlin.
 10. The World's Progress.
I. A. Storer.
- SONG—MISS HELEN NASH.
11. Invective Against Mr. Flood.—Grattan.
Henry A. Robinson.
 - 12.—Eulogy on Sumner.—Rice.
Frank A. Morey.
 13. Eulogy on Webster.—Davis.
W. E. Quimby.

MUSIC.

DECISION OF COMMITTEE.

The committee of award (S. A. Lowell, O. H. Tracy, W. V. Twaddle) selected Morrill, Whitmore, Tobey, and Miss Parlin to compete for the prize in the final contest. These declaimed excellently. Miss Ham's gestures were graceful and her expression of the selection very fine. Mr. Parlin's clear, ringing voice and enthusiastic manner was heartily appreciated by the audience. We should have been pleased to have listened to him in the final contest.

CORRESPONDENCE.
Editors of the Student:

The Inter-Collegiate Conference of Christian Associations met with the State Y. M. C. A. Convention of Massachusetts, at Spencer, October 12-14, 1881. Amherst, Bates, Brown, Colby, Williams, and Yale

were represented by eight delegates. Of these, Williams and Yale only are members of the regular body of the Y. M. C. A. of the United States.

Bates and Colby have adopted the practical parts of the Y. M. C. A. constitution, while Amherst and Brown conduct their association meetings in a way peculiar to their respective institutions. It may be well to state here something of the plan of bringing the Christian Associations of the various colleges under the Y. M. C. A. constitution. Mr. L. D. Wishard, of New York, a graduate of Princeton, is developing the plan. Since the convention at Baltimore, in May, 1879, seventy associations have been organized, in as many colleges, making a total of 120 College Associations, with a membership of 6,000 students. At 26 State Conventions 164 students from 144 colleges attended. Visitation has been made to 86 colleges, containing 10,000 students.

It is urged that our colleges being composed mostly of young men are the proper sphere for Y. M. C. Associations. It is thought that special advantages would be derived from inter-collegiate intercourse and conference, which such a step would probably bring about. The friends of the plan also advocate that there would be a benefit arising from relations with the State and National body of the Y. M. C. A. Between all Christian young men, whether in or out of college, there should be a common bond.

The college conference occurred Friday afternoon, and was led by Mr. R. C. Morse, of New York, of the Inter-National Committee of the Y. M. C. A. He read the third chapter of Colossians; said it was a chapter of especial interest when in college. After prayer by Mr. Morse, all joined in singing "Blest be the tie that binds." Then the reports of the various colleges represented were listened to, followed by an informal talk upon association

work. Much stress was laid upon personal work. If as much personal work was done in Christian Associations as in the societies, better results would follow. Later, in the convention, Mr. C. K. Ober, of Williams, read a paper upon "Advantages of Association Work in College." This was followed by brief reports of the work being done in the colleges.

The State Convention was a success. One only needed to be present to feel the zeal and warmth of the meetings. The singing, conducted by Mr. C. B. Willis, of New Haven, was spirited and earnest. Practical papers were read and useful questions discussed. The finest thing we listened to was the address of Rev. H. L. Hastings, of Boston, upon "The Inspiration of the Bible." It was forcible and convincing. The Bible reading by Geo. C. Needham was especially interesting and instructive.

B. G. EATON, '82.

A PLACE AND CALL FOR A MAN.

Editors of the Student:

The Duke of Wellington is reported to have said that the battle of Waterloo was won on the play-grounds of Eton. I was thinking of this remark on seeing the following lines in the *Missionary Herald* for this month: "It was a remarkable scene at Oberlin, Ohio, when on Sabbath morning, June 26th, six young men of the graduating class of the theological seminary was ordained to the ministry, with a view of entering upon foreign missionary service. Two other members of the class, eight in all, are under appointment to foreign fields, three of them to North China, two of them to Bihé, West Africa, one to Natal, one to Umzila's Kingdom, and one to India. Others of the class may yet offer themselves, while from classes not yet graduated several have decided to labor abroad. This is a noble contribution for

one theological seminary to make to the cause of foreign missions. The means will surely not be wanting when the "men are ready." My whole heart says, "God bless you Oberlin."

I am not in the least surprised, for it is just like Oberlin to do this thing. She has sent many men and women in the highest and hardest departments of Christian work, and into many lands of the earth. Her sons and daughters may be found from the Golden Horn to the China Sea, all over Asia, and in many parts of darker, more desolate Africa. True to the name she bears, she delights in doing good, in sending her messengers of mercy bearing joy and blessings to all the weary and waiting ends of the earth. There is no American college outside of New England, that is doing more for the world's weal than Oberlin.

As the Iron Duke said of Eton, so in a higher sense may it be said of our American gymnasia at Amherst, Williamstown, Oberlin, and other places. The men who are to win our future battles are being trained in our American colleges. The fate of many a moral Waterloo in Asia, and Africa, and Oceanica, is being settled today by the temper and the training of young men now pouring studiously over their books. When Cyrus Hamlin was a humble student at Bowdoin, who dreamed of an American college on the Bosphorus? And when Adoniram Judson was mastering his lessons at Williams, he little thought that he was appointed of God the apostle to the millions of Burmah.

One of the questions that many young men in America have been asking themselves during their sultry summer days, is this, "What is my work in the world to be?" On the eve of graduation this question pushes itself to the front, and, like Banquo's ghost, *it won't down*. Every earnest man must ask himself this question over and over, until by God's help, he

settles it right. It is a dreadful thing to settle such a question wrong. More lives than one, even the weal or woe of multitudes may depend on the answer to that short, simple question. The world is full of work and the workers are many; but as Daniel Webster told a young lawyer, "There is room at the top."

Among other topics of interest discussed at the Inter-Seminary Missionary Convention, held at New Brunswick, N. J., last year, one related to the advisability of calling men to the foreign work as men are called to the pastorate of our churches at home. Whether this will prove a good plan or not, only experience can determine. But for these ten years, we, over here in India, have been calling for a man from Bates, but the Bates man comes not. In behalf of a suffering mission field, with its few overworked men, I repeat the call for a Bates man for this place. Cannot the college send us one man? Its missionary society should send its first representatives to this mission field.

The place has waited long and is waiting still. It offers no worldly emoluments, but abundance of opportunity for honest, hard work. It will tax the best energies of the cleverest scholar, and it will also demand the warmest and heartiest consecrations of the affections. In short, the place we have here for a Bates man is "a large place," and it calls for a large man to fill it, with a good make-up to start with, and ample, intellectual, and moral qualifications and acquisitions. We want the best of brains, bone, blood, and the sweetest of heart and life with it. We want health, robust, rosy health of soul and body both, and courage to face sin in every form. We call for such a man.

Diogones, quaint old cynic, took a lamp in the day time to find a man. Men were rare then. They are so still. We should rather wait another decade than have somebody sent us who isn't a man in

the true, high sense of the word. Will the alumni et alumniæ of dear Bates do as the philosopher did, look for a man? *Will they pray for a man for India? Will your missionary society send him to us?* These three questions are humbly and heartily commended to your earnest and immediate consideration by your fellow-worker across the seas.

JAMES L. PHILLIPS.

Midnapore, India, August, 1881.

ALUMNI NOTES.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—EDS.]

'70.—We regret to note the death of the Rev. A. L. Houghton. He was one of the ablest of the graduates of the college, and his loss will be mourned by a large circle of friends.

'71.—L. H. Hutchinson, Esq., who has been absent from the city the past few months on account of illness, has returned in much improved health.

'72.—Rev. C. A. Bickford has lately been chosen one of the associate editors of the *Morning Star*. The managers of the *Star* have made a wise selection.

'73.—C. B. Reade, Esq., who has been practicing law in this city, has obtained a position in Washington, D. C., and left at the opening of the present session of the Senate to assume his duties there.

'77.—C. V. Emerson, who was admitted to the Maine Bar, at the September term of court in this county, is to commence the practice of his profession in the West.

'79.—R. F. Johonnett is studying law in the office of Mr. Whittier, one of Boston's ablest attorneys. S. C. Moseley was admitted to the bar at the last term of court in this county. He will stop in Lewiston through the winter.

'80.—E. E. Richards, who has been studying law at his home in Farmington,

the past year, is about to take a course in the law department of Michigan University.

'81.—W. T. Perkins is in the office of Frye, Cotton & White. J. H. Parsons and O. H. Drake have charge of the Maine Central Institute at Pittsfield, the present year. H. S. Roberts is at present engaged with Thompson & Temple, clothing dealers, in this city. J. H. Goding is in the West. Lowden, Curtis, Rideout, and Hayden are in the Bates Theological School. H. P. Folsom is in Leadville, Col.

EXCHANGES.

Well, here we are again in our sanctum. The dust which had striven to bury the ink spots upon the table, the dead rats who fell victims to the fatal contents of the paste pot, and, finally, the tardy numbers of last summer's exchanges, have all been removed, and now we are ready for work again. Ah, here comes the mail carrier and deposits an armful of papers and magazines on our table. We light our pipe, elevate our feet upon the back of a neighboring chair, and proceed to tear open the wrappers of our exchanges.

The first issues of the majority of our exchanges we find have a decidedly Commencement flavor. Page after page is filled with a rehash of the events of that eventful week. Prize essays, class orations, and society addresses fill up the literary departments and crowd the local columns. Student editors are not apt to feel much like doing hard work after the freedom of a two months' vacation. Hence it is one of the most natural things in the world that they should fill the columns of their papers with such matter as can be easiest obtained. The entire college world mourns the loss of President Garfield. His life and death form the subjects of editorials in every periodical we have examined. Heavily leaded pages set forth the noble traits of our martyred

President and bewail his untimely end. No man can read these heartfelt utterances without being impressed with the universality of our loss.

Before we write any criticisms upon our recently arrived exchanges we desire to say a word or two concerning the *Art Student's Supplement* to *Student Life* for June. This paper deserves more than a passing notice. Of all American colleges, Washington University holds some of the best inducements for students to enter its art department. The school is a large one, and has already won the favor of some of our best artists. The present number of the *Supplement* contains twenty-two original drawings, contributed by members of the Art School. These drawings show a marked degree of proficiency on the part of the young men and women contributing them. The first six pictures are sketches from the interior of the new Art Museum which was recently thrown open to the public. Charles Holloway is the author of one of the best sketches, entitled "A Study from Life." It is not what may be termed a finely finished drawing, but rather one belonging to that class of pictures which has recently become popular with *Scribner's Magazine*. Fred Lippett, J. H. Frye, and J. M. Barnsley contribute several very creditable sketches. The best of these are: "The Doctor's House," "The Lover and His Lady," and "A Marine Sketch."

We are glad to see the *Berkeleyan* from across the continent once more. It has taken a new lease of life and starts out under favorable auspices. The editors have taken advantage of the criticisms offered last term, by making several changes in its make-up.

The *Knox Student* is a new comer at Bates. It has the virtue of having its departments well balanced. The editorials are to the point and treat of college topics.

COLLEGE WORLD.

The Freshmen at Amherst wear Oxford Caps.

\$21,000 has been subscribed as a "retiring fund" for Harvard professors.

Fifteen thousand blue books are used yearly in the examination at Harvard.

The Princeton Glee Club cleared over \$600 at their concert in Cincinnati, during the spring recess.

Williams is the only eastern college that has shown an increase of membership during the past ten years.

Harvard has the best dressed men of any college, Yale the hardest workers, Princeton and Cornell the stoutest men, Columbia the greatest talkers, the University of Pennsylvania the most active men, and Trinity the best big boys.—*News*.

Columbia College has just acquired by purchase from Berlin a very fine terrestrial globe, the largest ever brought to this country, and one of the eleven largest ever made. It is four feet in diameter, and cost, unmounted, \$350. It is to be used in the history department to illustrate lectures in Physical Geography, its surface being very carefully arranged in relief to show the different elevations on the earth.

The new library building at Michigan University is to be a fire proof building with capacity for 100,000 volumes, with shelving for 50,000. It will also contain a reading-room to accommodate 200 readers; a lecture room to accommodate 250 auditors; a librarian's room with 400 square feet of floor surface, and a room for cataloguing and administration, of not less than 800 square feet of floor surface.

The progress of languages spoken by different people is said to be as follows: English, which at the commencement of the century was only spoken by 22,000,000, is now spoken by 90,000,000; Russian by 63,000,000 instead of 30,000,000; German by 66,000,000 instead of 38,000,000; Spanish by 44,000,000 instead of 32,000,000; Italian by 30,000,000 instead of 18,000,000; Portuguese by 13,000,000 instead of 8,000,000. This is, for England, an increase of 310 per cent.; for Russia, 110 per cent.; for Germany, 70 per cent.; for Spain, 36 per cent., etc. In the case of France, the increase has been from 34,000,000 to 46,000,000, or 36 per cent.—*Enterprise*.

CLIPPINGS.

He blushed a fiery red,
Her heart went pit-a-pat;
She gently hung her head
And looked down at the mat.
He trembled in his speech;
He rose from where he sat
And shouted with a screech,
"You're sitting on my hat."

"Bring out your canes," says an Ex.
But we are not Abel to sport Ev'n Adam
one.—*Orient*.

A Boston artist painted an orange peel on the sidewalk, and six fat gentlemen slipped upon it and fell down.—*Des Moines Campus*.

The account of the Iowa girl who is said to have been hugged to death by her lover has caused "quite a sensation" among the ladies of Westfield, N. Y., who recently held a meeting to devise ways and means to prevent another case of death from hugging. They unanimously passed the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, It is reported that an Iowa girl died recently in her lover's arms, while being hugged, and

Whereas, Judging from experience, we believe such an event utterly impossible, therefore

Resolved, That notwithstanding said report, we are still in favor of hugging. We prefer to run all risks of death rather than have the beautiful, lovely, delightful, perfectly elegant custom abolished.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the newspapers for publication.

A day or two since, two French women were passengers on one of the local trains between Virginia City and Carson. They had with them, in a big tin cage, a parrot that annoyed everybody with its constant squalling and gabble. Observing the unfriendly glances that were bestowed upon the bird, one of the women pulled down a cloth cover that was on the top of the cage. When the extinguisher was dropped upon the bird and it found itself in the dark, it growled out, "That's smart." The bird kept quiet for a few minutes, then yelled in its shrillest tones: "Look out Sarah, he's going to kiss you!" The conductor, who happened to be in the car, said: "That parrot must be an old traveler on railroads. He seems to think we are passing through a tunnel."

Advertisements.

BATES COLLEGE.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.

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

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

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

REV. JAMES ALBERT HOWE, D.D.,
Professor of Systematic Theology and Homiletics

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

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

REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, D.D.,
Professor of Psychology and Exegetical Theology.

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

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

JOHN H. RAND, A.M.,
Professor of Mathematics.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

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

LATIN: In six books of Virgil's *Aeneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and in Harkness' Latin Grammar. **GREEK:** In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's Greek Grammar. **MATHEMATICS:** In Loomis' or Greenleaf's Arithmetic, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' Algebra, and in two books of Geometry. **ENGLISH:** In Mitchell's Ancient Geography, and in Worcester's Ancient History.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

COURSE OF STUDY.

The regular Course of Instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

EXPENSES.

The annual expenses are about \$200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

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

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