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CONTENTS.

LITERARY:

Education as a Remedy for Hard Times 145
Clouds (poem) 147
Charles Lamb 148

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO:

Notes 152
Locals 155
Correspondence 158
Personals 159
In Memoriam 160
Exchanges 161
Other Colleges 162
Clippings 162

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EDUCATION AS A REMEDY FOR HARD TIMES.

THE term "hard times" explains its own meaning. It is the popular definition for the financial distress that has now and then prevailed in this country and which, on account of the wide extent of its ravages and the deep misery it has occasioned, has attracted universal attention and has now become the subject of numberless investigations as to its cause and of countless treatments for its cure.

Whence comes it and how shall it be remedied are the real and almost the only questions that to-day are agitating the great political parties of this nation, and it is truly fitting that all men of whatever party, creed, or belief, should give these questions more than a mere passing notice, for upon their decision hangs much of the welfare of this people.

Learned political doctors have diagnosed the case, but one has come to one conclusion and another to another. They agree, however, as to one thing, that "hard times" have been introduced to the country, or we might say have been immediately occasioned by great financial panics. The recent "hard times" was introduced by the panic of 1873. But these doctors differ entirely as to the occasion of these financial panics.

One learned doctor says that the late panic and consequent "hard times" were caused by a contraction of the currency, and, says he, "My remedy is to issue an unlimited amount of irredeemable paper currency, and that directly by the government of the United States and not by its banks."

Another very learned doctor says, "It is evident that the recent 'hard times' was caused by the frauds, by the shameless extortions, by the misgovernment, and by the illegal and corrupt practices, especially in the matters of voting, of the Republican party, and my remedy is to count that party right out."

Still another doctor comes forward and says, "I am convinced that the late 'hard times' was caused by the overtrading, extravagant, and speculative enterprises engaged in by the people, by which millions of dollars were lost, together with the great fires of Chicago and Boston, by which millions more were burned up." "My remedy is this," "Let the people first recognize the fact that their losses were in a great measure brought upon themselves by their own extravagant and expenditures and by their reckless speculative enterprises, and then let them settle down in earnest work 'to correct the errors of the past by spending less and saving more,' and by confining themselves in the future to the pursuits strictly legitimate and within the limits of prudence, then, and not till then, will there be deliverance from 'hard times.'"

Now here are the three opinions that our learned political doctors are presenting to us,—the American people,—for our consideration. Which of them is the right opinion and which is the wrong? They

cannot all be right. Are any of them right? Whether right or wrong, each of these three opinions, although so widely different, finds millions of endorsers among the people of the United States, and these people are to-day acting with reference to these opinions.

Now I do not propose in this discussion to inquire which of them is right or which is wrong. One of them may be somewhere near the truth, the others may be quite a distance from it. My object, at the present moment, is to show you, and you can easily see it, that by a portion, at least, of the people of the United States a woful amount of ignorance is manifested concerning this subject. Why! people must be grossly ignorant to swallow all the stuff that is poured into them by these political doctors. There is nothing so foolish, nothing so unreasonable, so unrighteous, and so untrue, but if advocated by sharp tonguy men, it will find plenty of followers.

No doubt the majority of the common people holding these different opinions honestly believe that they have the right opinion and that of course their opponents must have the wrong. But it is impossible that they all can have the right. Somebody is ignorant and somebody is duped. If men were not so ignorant, they could not be so duped, for men never knowingly work against their own interests; ignorantly they often do so. Accordingly, when you see the common people taking the very means to produce "hard times" you may know that they are ignorant of the fact. When the common people follow the lead of unscrupulous, scheming demagogues, who "leave no stone unturned" to bring themselves into power and the country into ruin, you may know that they are intellectually and morally blind and ignorant.

What is to be done? what can be done? How can our people know what to believe, and whom to believe? How can they know which of the three opinions I have cited as causing "hard times," contraction of the currency, frauds of the Republican party, or the extravagant expenditures of the people, is the correct opinion? How can they know that the truth is reached in either of these opinions? How can they know but that they must search still further to find it. How can they know what —*exactly what*—causes "hard times"?

The only possible answer to this, that I can see, is, educate the people. And what do I mean by educating the people? Do I mean that I would give them all a liberal education? Yes, the more liberal the better. I would give everybody a college education, if possible. But a college course is not necessary to make a man educated. A knowledge of Greek roots is not a necessary prerequisite to an understanding of the science of Political Economy, Domestic Economy, or any other economy. Henry Wilson probably could not have told a Greek root from a French root, but who would dare to say that he was not educated? None understand the science of government better than he.

But college education or not, a man is not educated till he is fitted to perform the duties of life, and he is not fitted to perform the duties of life until he understands himself and his relations to his fellow-men. This is the long and the short of it. Education alone enlightens the understanding. The Rev. A. P. Tinker said recently in a sermon upon "National Dangers and the Remedy": "The cure for our national dangers is education. Let every child be educated so as to become an intelligent citizen."

But while we educate we must take care how we educate. In the first place we must not ground our education upon prejudice. We must seek to uproot prejudice, if any exists; for prejudice will destroy the results of the best education. Prejudice is the bane of American education, especially in the matter of politics. We

grow up prejudiced against this thing and prejudiced against that, and in consequence we are very often prejudiced against the truth itself. Men ought to be so educated that they can look the truth right in the face and then say to it: "Welcome truth; I am ready to accept thee."

The truth is not so very hard to find either, but the trouble is, prejudiced men, when the truth conflicts with their interests, will turn out for it every time. They will avoid meeting it if they can. Here is an individual who holds to a certain belief concerning the cause of "hard times," and he is so prejudiced against all the belief that he will not even take the pains to examine them to find out what they are. He hears the evidence upon one side only, and he imagines that that side cannot be controverted. Now it is possible that this individual may not have found the truth, but, I ask you, is he prepared to find it?

Again, another fault in our mode of education is that we are not taught to think, to think for ourselves. We are apt to depend upon somebody else to do our thinking for us. A little observation will convince any man that there are comparatively few men in this country who do any real solid thinking for themselves. A majority of the rank and file of the people believe upon public questions, upon the question of "hard times," just what their political leaders tell them.

Then I say do not trust too much to political leaders. I care not of what party they may be, Republican, Democratic, or Greenback; for they nearly all will sift the truth to suit themselves and then manage to retain a good deal of chaff along with the truth. Do not trust them to tell you what has caused "hard times" or what shall be the remedy. Thousands, nay, millions of honest, but ignorant, people of the United States are to-day being deceived upon this very question by their political leaders. To all such, would that I could say with clarion voice, "In all things exercise your thought, your own intelligence."

Let every man become a student, as he can, a student of the history of his country, a student of its laws, and especially a student of that supreme law of the land, the Constitution. Let him become a student of great national facts and principles, and not of party saysos and party policies, and then he will be prepared to tell what —exactly what—causes "hard times," and will also be prepared to apply the remedy. Let every man be educated in the manner I have described and every man would be able to determine which of the three opinions I have quoted as causing "hard times," the Republicans, the Democratic, or the Greenback, is the correct opinion, or whether either of them is correct. Then, of course, it follows that men would think alike or nearly so concerning this subject, and hence by united action they would be enabled to avert the catastrophe of "hard times" altogether, or greatly to mitigate its evils.

Moreover, education tends to make men prudent, careful, industrious, temperate, and honest,—all of which tends to prosperity. Notice, if you will, that the educated, enlightened portion of the people are, upon the whole, the most prosperous. They have complained far less of "hard times" than the uneducated, ignorant portion of the people. Educate the people, then, and you have furnished them with the effectual remedy for "hard times."

E. T. P., '81.

CLOUDS.

BY KATE HANSON.

Around the mountains' mighty height they lie,
The watcher notes their changing shapes and hues,
Now sees them passing on in grand review,
To circle all the arches of the sky!
Untiring hosts of warriors they go by,
With steady, noiseless rush to measures true,

In silence girding all their strength anew,
The battle with the elements to try.
And some are grim-faced vet'rans, old and gray,
With firm defiance on their faces set,
While others young and fair, with trappings gay,
Think not of coming peril to be met.
They ever onward keep their rhythmic way,
Long, long ago they marched, are marching yet.

Bristol, Ct., Oct. 30, 1880.

CHARLES LAMB.

"A COMPOUND of the Jew, the gentleman, and the angel," is a description which Lamb gave of one of his intimate friends, and one which his biographer, Talfourd, says might with great fitness be applied to himself, though the first ingredient formed, I apprehend, but a small part of the mixture in Lamb's case.

In person Talfourd describes him thus: "A light frame, so fragile that it seemed as if a breath would overthrow it, clad in clerk-like black, was surmounted by a head of form and expression most noble and sweet. His black hair curled crisply about an expanded forehead; his eyes, softly brown, twinkled with varying expression, though the prevalent feeling was sad; and the nose, slightly curved and delicately carved at the nostril, with the lower outline of the face regularly oval, completed a head which was finely placed on his shoulders, and gave importance and even dignity to a diminutive and shadowy stem."

Lamb was born in 1775, on the 18th of February; passed the first seven years of his life at the Inner Temple, at London, then went to school at Christ Church till 1789, after which, giving up a university education on account of his stammering speech, he obtained a clerkship in the South Sea House. Here he remained till 1792, when he obtained a situation in the East India House, where he continued till 1825, when he was retired with a pension of four hundred and fifty pounds a year. The remainder of his life he spent in literary pursuits, enjoying the society and friendship of the brightest and ablest writers of his day.

He never married, partly because of his great love for his books and writings, but chiefly from his tender regard for his sister Mary. Insanity, with which Lamb himself was afflicted at one time for a short period, hung over this gifted and noble woman, like a cloud, ready at any time to burst on her devoted head, and it was occasionally necessary to confine her in an asylum. Lamb watched over her through life with a single-hearted affection that would admit of no sharing with another.

He tried his hand at all sorts of writing, prose, poetry, and the drama each receiving attention from him. His plays, though possessing literary merit, failed on the stage. His poetry is fine oftentimes, seldom poor, but never possessing the touch of the master. But in his essays and letters, Lamb holds a place at once lofty and unique.

England has produced an Addison, a Macaulay, a Jeffrey, a Smith, but great as these men were and lofty as are the positions they occupy, she may at some day reproduce them. Another Lamb, however, though in many respects far below these men, ranking him by the works he has left behind him, is not to be expected. His mind was different from its very foundation from that of any other literary man. Over the deep flow of a strong, noble character, tinged with a shade of melancholy, ran a capricious upper current of fantastic humor, that twisted into a thousand unsuspected eddies, and sparkled or dulled as sunshine or shadow came upon it, almost as frequently, however, appearing brilliant in cloudy weather and gloomy in bright, as otherwise. As a general thing paying little attention to criticism, he is deeply hurt by an inadvertent blow from his friend Southey.

One can never tell till he is through with one of Lamb's productions, whether he is telling the sober truth, or an equally sober fiction that sounds exactly like truth and conceals some humorous notion or quiet ridicule.

He is full of strange words, using them with great force and judgment. Describing one friend to another, he says he is "hugely literate"; speaks of throwing one's self "from the steep Tarpeian rock, slap-dash, headlong upon iron spikes."

He writes to his friend John Manning, a staid professor of Mathematics, calling him amongst other names, "Dear Archimedes," and on occasion of Manning's contemplating a trip to China, "chaffs" him thus, assuming that he must be insane to think of such a plan: "Read Sir John Mandeville's travels to cure you, or come over to England." [Manning was at Paris.] "There's a Tartar man now exhibiting at Exeter 'Change. Come and talk with him, and hear what he says first . . . . . But perhaps the best thing you can do is to try and get the thing out of your head. For this purpose repeat to yourself every night, after you have said your prayers, the words, Independent Tartary, Independent Tartary, two or three times, and associate with them the *idea of oblivion* . . . . . Some say they are cannibals; and then conceive a Tartar fellow *eating* my friend and adding the *cool malignity* of mustard and vinegar. Pray *try* and cure yourself. (The counsel is Horace's, 'twas none of my thoughts *originally*.) Shave yourself often. Eat no saffron, for saffron eaters contract a terrible Tartar like yellow . . . . . Read no books of voyage (they are nothing but lies); only now and then a romance, to keep the fancy *under*. Above all, don't go to any sights of *wild beasts*. *That has been your ruin.*"

After this same Manning has been in China some time, Lamb gravely writes to him, describing himself as old and decrepit, his sister Mary dead and buried—even detailing that her funeral garment was made of a piece of Eastern cloth which Manning had sent her as a present,—St. Paul's in ruins, old acquaintances either in their second childhood or having gone the way of all flesh,—and in the next letter acknowledges it all to be a fabrication.

To another friend, a lawyer, known to literature as Barry Cornwall, who had managed to play off on him a tale similar in character to the above, Lamb answered by asking his friend's advice in a legal matter gotten up for the occasion, which must have cost him some study, and perhaps proved as bad for his friend as Artemas Ward's questions about silver mining to Mark Twain, if we may believe this last most veracious author.

Lamb loved dearly to have his friends around him, and his Wednesday evening gatherings formed a charmed circle, where Coleridge, Wordsworth, Proctor (Barry Cornwall), Manning, and other congenial spirits, poured forth a pleasing stream of conversation, mingling poetry, philosophy, wit, and wisdom. Lamb himself did his share towards the general entertainment, stammering out frequent puns, sometimes arguing better by a witticism than others by solid array of reasons,—carefully watched by his sister, who was perhaps fearful that he might sip too deeply of the generous punch which he so much loved.

This was Lamb's great failing, and, though large enough, has been exaggerated by persons misled, perhaps, by Lamb's own pen. Though a drinker, and occasionally no doubt drunk, he was no drunkard, and as a rule restrained himself within reasonable bounds. But, unfortunately for his good fame, he contributed to a paper an article entitled "Confessions of a Drunkard," written in the first person, portraying with as much vividness the terrible condition of the confirmed drunkard as De Quincy pictures that of an opium eater,

and with such an air of truthfulness that nobody unacquainted with the author's capabilities in the way of realistic fiction, could doubt that the writer had been through the horrors which he described. But he certainly had not, and afterwards, in a letter, denied that he was ever in such a condition—he had merely suffered his imagination to have free play.

As an instance of his exaggeration, see how he writes to a friend, when suffering from a bad cold. He says: "Do you know what it is to succumb under an insurmountable *day*-mare—'a whoreson lethargy,' Falstaff calls it—an indisposition to do anything or to be anything—a total deadness and distaste—a suspension of vitality—an indifference to locality—a numb, soporifical goodfornothingness? . . . Nothing is of more importance than another; I am flatter than a denial or a pancake; emptier than Judge ——'s wig when the head is in it . . . . I am weary of the world. Life is weary of me. My day is gone into twilight, and I don't think it worth the expense of candles."

And so he goes on. Here is certainly a man who is rather "blue," to say the least, and yet in his very next letter, having in the meanwhile received a letter of condolence from his alarmed friend, he acknowledges he was only humbugging him.

From what I have said before, one would surmise that Lamb was a great lover of practical jokes. One that I read not long since illustrates the turn of his character very well.

One of his acquaintances persuaded him to accompany him to a social gathering, where the flowing bowl was one of the attractions, and Lamb, apparently mindful of his infirmity, only consented after much urging, on condition that his friend should see him safe home, which was agreed upon. The evening passed off pleasantly, and when the time for departure came his friend, true to his promise, took him to a cab, and, not knowing his residence, asked him where he should leave him. "Oh," said Lamb, "that's your affair," and utterly refused to give him any help. The unfortunate victim, loath to leave his charge in the street, had to hunt up Lamb's home, a task which lasted through a good part of the night.

He was a confirmed punster, and in one of his essays has, in a characteristic way, defended this much abused form of wit. One of his puns is very good. He says, "A constable in Saulsbury Cathedral was telling me that eight persons dined on the top of the spire of the cathedral, upon which I remarked, that they must be very sharp set."

But with all his mirth, and he had much of it, there was a somber side to his life that sometimes appeared. No doubt for years after his short period of insanity he must, seeing its constant re-appearance in his sister, have dreaded its possible return to himself, and even after the fear of this specter had left him, it is not strange that he should retain some effects of his long anxiety. At one of these times when the "blues" pressed heavily, he thus describes his feelings: "In general my spirits are pretty good, but I have my depressions, black as a Smith's beard, Vulcanic, Stygian. At such times I have recourse to a pipe, which is like not being at home to a dun; he comes again with tenfold bitterness the next day." The pipe, by the way, was a great source of enjoyment to him, and he smoked more than was good for him. He realized this and left off smoking—a great many times—very much as Rip Van Winkle stopped drinking, and one of his finest poetical attempts is a "Farewell to Tobacco." He appreciated the situation and often humorously referred to "leaving off." No doubt he had very complete sympathy with a friend who was in the habit of drinking too much, of whom he says: "He is going to turn

sober, but his clock has not struck yet; meantime he pours down goblet after goblet, the second to see where the first has gone, the third to see no harm happens to the second, the fourth to say there is another coming, and the fifth to say he is not sure he is the last."

Lamb has the reputation of not being religious and is even accused of infidelity, on account of expressions in his writings that shocked some of his readers, but I think that few men were more really sincere in their regard for the ideas of true Christianity than he. No doubt one of his character of mind, which was exceedingly quick to find an absurdity and as ready to expose it, found frequent occasion to turn his wit against things orthodox, but I believe such attacks were never made by him against religion itself. A single passage will perhaps show how he looked at such matters and what his real feelings were, and to my mind he is altogether right in his criticism. Speaking of a certain man's novel, he says: "His book I like; it is only too stuffed with Scripture, too parsonish. The best thing in it is the boy's own story. When I say it is too full of Scripture, I mean it is too full of direct quotations. No book can have too much silent Scripture in it; but the natural power of a story is diminished when the uppermost purpose in the writer seems to be to recommend something else, viz., Religion. You know what Horace says of the *Deus intersit*."

Lamb lived, in a literary sense, more in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries than in the nineteenth. Nothing could better recommend a book to his taste than a leather binding and the odor of mustiness that attaches to volumes long hidden and little used. Beaumont and Fletcher offered charms to him that he could not find in the writers of his day. Shakespeare was a great favorite, and his noble criticism on "Lear" shows how well Lamb appreciated the master's handiwork, but I verily believe that he found fully as much pleasure in hunting through the mossy folios of inferior writers and culling only here and there some choice expression from a mass of nonsense as in the companionship of Shakespeare himself. As a consequence we find the flavor of a former time in his writings, allusions to authors whom few of us have even heard of, and a style that has an indescribable something in it that causes us unconsciously to think of Lamb as a being who belongs fifty years or more farther back in history than we actually find him. He has a delicate appreciation of the beauties and we may say harmonies of a book. Who, that has read Paradise Lost, can fail to appreciate this thought, "Milton almost requires a solemn service of music to be played before you enter upon him. But he brings his music, to which, who listens, had need bring docile thoughts and purged ears."

But this talk, for I have attempted nothing more, has already extended beyond the limits of a STUDENT article I fear and must come to a close.

The one who would appreciate Lamb must read him much; must, if possible, pass the limits of acquaintanceship and become his friend. He is not likely to appear to one in quite his true light at first meeting. It is not till you have learned to look under the light jest, that seems to aim at mere fun and frolic, that you are able to discover the true, deep feeling and keen judgment that underlies it all. But to one who will read him, Lamb will give ample return for labor bestowed, and no student of English literature can afford to pass by his writings with a mere glance into their leaves, for he will find in them a style both of language and of thought that he will fail to meet with elsewhere. O.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

THERE has been some discussion among the Faculty and the STUDENT Editorial Board concerning the expediency of making a change in the manner of conducting the STUDENT. Perhaps it will not be amiss to make a few suggestions on that subject. As the STUDENT is conducted now, almost the entire labor devolves upon the editors, and sometimes on two or three of these.

It seems to us that the method of selecting the Board is not the best adapted for obtaining those best fitted for the position. Scholarship, or even excellence in Rhetoricals, is not the standard by which to judge a person's fitness for the editorship of a college journal. It appears to us that the best method of selection would be to allow all the three lower classes to compete for positions by contributions; to select those whose contributions are best and most frequent; the selection to be made by the Editorial Board before their term expires, or by the Faculty at the suggestion of the Board. This would not only insure the election of those most worthy of the place, but would also increase the merit of the articles contributed. As it is now, the editors have either to solicit all the articles and take what they can get, or write the whole number themselves. We think the effect would also be to increase the general interest in the STUDENT. The management might be given to some alumnus located near the college, who shall be supported by an association consisting of the whole college, professors, and alumni, instead of one class as hitherto. This would give the STUDENT more stability and character as a periodical. The management would be better, more uniform, and more satisfactory to subscribers.

How often we hear the expression, "If he would only study he would be one of the best of scholars." If scholarship consisted in simply committing the words of a lesson and reciting them, this might be true, but that is not all. A student must be able to recall the principles he has learned, to apply them, and to mark their connection with each other. He ought to be able to reason better upon whatever is before him, and therefrom to arrive at better conclusions.

There is one or more in every institution to whom the above remark is applied. The trouble is not so much that they will not study as that they can not. At times they make brilliant recitations, but they are incapable, in most cases, of continued application, and thus fail to understand thoroughly their work. Did they study like many others, their excessive "smartness" would disappear.

In the same way it is often said of the drunkard, if he would only reform he would be one of the best of men. When one does reform he is not found to be much better or more benevolent than other men. It is our sympathy with his misfortune that gives such an opinion. We see a few brilliant things in a student, and immediately he is a Bacon in embryo. We should not grant excellence to a student for a few things above the average, any more than we should call a poet great because of one good but short poem. Those men of a single superior act and a life-time of inferior ones are not the great or influential men of the world. If a student noted only for spasmodic bursts of excellence ever is able to maintain himself at a high position, then honor him for it, but till then rate him as a whole, and not from the highest points.

Our attention has lately been called anew to a matter which we have many times

before noticed—the defacing of library books by readers. One can hardly take up a book that has been read to any extent without finding passage after passage underscored or enclosed by pencil marks, and often the margins covered with comments and criticisms upon the views of the author. We wonder what can be the motive of those who do this. Do they want to display their literary tastes? If so, surely they take a poor way to do it, for future readers cannot know to whom to attribute these mutilations, and so their authors fail to get any credit for them. Perhaps they imagine that they are rendering a great service to those who shall read after them, by directing their attention to passages of merit. But different persons do not agree as to which are the finest parts of a book. A passage that to one appears especially fine, to another may seem only commonplace. Besides, the true lover of reading does not wish, on taking up a book, to have his way mapped out before him; to be told that he must admire this sentiment or reject that, but he prefers to exercise his own judgment in the matter. He who cannot select for himself the fine points of a work is incapable of appreciating them to any extent when indicated by another.

The only worthy motive, that we can think of, for ever marking a book, is that it may be more convenient for future reference. With this object in view, it is a good idea, provided the book be one's own. But no one has any right to mark a book belonging to a public library any more than he would have to go through the streets of a city daubing the front door of every building that attracted his notice, in order that others might see that he appreciated its beauty, or that he might know where he was, if he ever came that way again. We do not speak of this matter because it is any worse among us than elsewhere. In the books of every library may be noticed the same thing. One can hardly lend a book to a friend without finding it defaced in the same way upon its return. We believe, if the subject were considered in its true light, all cause for complaint would cease.

Occasionally students take two or three years at one college, and then leave to complete their course and graduate at some older or larger institution. When this change occurs near the end of the course, one of the principal reasons assigned by them, (and to us the chief one,) is the advantage secured to them by the diploma of a more widely known institution. That such a diploma has its advantage we doubt not, but when thus secured is it an unmixed good?

To us this reason is not only an indication but also a confession of weakness,—not to say cowardice,—on the part of him who urges it; a simple proclamation that he distrusts his own ability to compete with others and win his own spurs by manfully fighting his way up in the world. When a student leaves near the close of his course what other conclusion can we draw than that as he is about to begin his life work, he asks aid to securing a situation other than his own ability?

Apart from this, there are other reasons a student should carefully consider before severing his connection with one college for another. When a class first enters college, they are alike strangers, and are drawn together by a common desire for acquaintanceship. Thus early in the course not only are strong personal attachments formed, but also they are knit together as a class by a common bond of sympathy —better known as "class feeling." Then, too, circumstances conspire to strengthen these ties and to bind them together in a common brotherhood. These relations a student can neither expect nor receive from a class that has already formed and en-

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How often we hear the expression, "If he would only study he would be one of the best of scholars." If scholarship consisted in simply committing the words of a lesson and reciting them, this might be true, but that is not all. A student must be able to recall the principles he has learned, to apply them, and to mark their connection with each other. He ought to be able to reason better upon whatever is before him, and therefrom to arrive at better conclusions.

There is one or more in every institution to whom the above remark is applied. The trouble is not so much that they will not study as that they can not. At times they make brilliant recitations, but they are incapable, in most cases, of continued application, and thus fail to understand thoroughly their work. Did they study like many others, their excessive "smartness" would disappear.

In the same way it is often said of the drunkard, if he would only reform he would be one of the best of men. When one does reform he is not found to be much better or more benevolent than other men. It is our sympathy with his misfortune that gives such an opinion. We see a few brilliant things in a student, and immediately he is a Bacon in embryo. We should not grant excellence to a student for a few things above the average, any more than we should call a poet great because of one good but short poem. Those men of a single superior act and a life-time of inferior ones are not the great or influential men of the world. If a student noted only for spasmodic bursts of excellence ever is able to maintain himself at a high position, then honor him for it, but till then rate him as a whole, and not from the highest points.

Our attention has lately been called anew to a matter which we have many times

before noticed—the defacing of library books by readers. One can hardly take up a book that has been read to any extent without finding passage after passage underscored or enclosed by pencil marks, and often the margins covered with comments and criticisms upon the views of the author. We wonder what can be the motive of those who do this. Do they want to display their literary tastes? If so, surely they take a poor way to do it, for future readers cannot know to whom to attribute these mutilations, and so their authors fail to get any credit for them. Perhaps they imagine that they are rendering a great service to those who shall read after them, by directing their attention to passages of merit. But different persons do not agree as to which are the finest parts of a book. A passage that to one appears especially fine, to another may seem only commonplace. Besides, the true lover of reading does not wish, on taking up a book, to have his way mapped out before him; to be told that he must admire this sentiment or reject that, but he prefers to exercise his own judgment in the matter. He who cannot select for himself the fine points of a work is incapable of appreciating them to any extent when indicated by another.

The only worthy motive, that we can think of, for ever marking a book, is that it may be more convenient for future reference. With this object in view, it is a good idea, provided the book be one's own. But no one has any right to mark a book belonging to a public library any more than he would have to go through the streets of a city daubing the front door of every building that attracted his notice, in order that others might see that he appreciated its beauty, or that he might know where he was, if he ever came that way again. We do not speak of this matter because it is any worse among us than elsewhere. In the books of every library may be noticed the same thing. One can hardly lend a book to a friend without finding it defaced in the same way upon its return. We believe, if the subject were considered in its true light, all cause for complaint would cease.

Occasionally students take two or three years at one college, and then leave to complete their course and graduate at some older or larger institution. When this change occurs near the end of the course, one of the principal reasons assigned by them, (and to us the chief one,) is the advantage secured to them by the diploma of a more widely known institution. That such a diploma has its advantage we doubt not, but when thus secured is it an unmixed good?

To us this reason is not only an indication but also a confession of weakness,—not to say cowardice,—on the part of him who urges it; a simple proclamation that he distrusts his own ability to compete with others and win his own spurs by manfully fighting his way up in the world. When a student leaves near the close of his course what other conclusion can we draw than that as he is about to begin his life work, he asks aid to securing a situation other than his own ability?

Apart from this, there are other reasons a student should carefully consider before severing his connection with one college for another. When a class first enters college, they are alike strangers, and are drawn together by a common desire for acquaintanceship. Thus early in the course not only are strong personal attachments formed, but also they are knit together as a class by a common bond of sympathy —better known as "class feeling." Then, too, circumstances conspire to strengthen these ties and to bind them together in a common brotherhood. These relations a student can neither expect nor receive from a class that has already formed and en-

joyed them for a series of years, hence a student can scarcely feel that he has a home in one place or the other, and this must materially affect his alumni associations.

Again, every fair-minded student, on a moment's reflection, will admit that his term bills cover but a small fraction of the cost of his instruction. Thus a college becomes not indebted to a student but the student to the college, and when he leaves he virtually repudiates this accumulated indebtedness, for the motives which actuated him on leaving will cause him ever afterwards to forget or deny this indebtedness.

Further, we would say that the student who leaves at the beginning or middle of his Senior year not only repudiates a just debt, but also does not hesitate to inflict an injury upon the institution that has helped him to a position he otherwise could not have obtained.

From these considerations is it not a correct inference that the student who takes this course avows that his own immediate personal interest outweighs every other consideration, and that he is willing to seize every available opportunity for personal aggrandizement? We are of those who believe in taking circumstances by the foretop, when it can be done without compromising manhood, but when it does this in the least degree let circumstances pass on unmolested. True manhood is stock in trade that in the long run is sure to tell.

We have received a circular stating that an association has recently been established under the name of the "Society for Political Education." This society is to be non-partisan in its character, and to be managed by an executive committee of twenty-four members, selected from different parts of the United States, many of them being experts in Social and Political Science. Among the members of this committee who have already been appointed are Prof. W. G. Sumner of Yale College, Hon. David A. Wells of Norwich, Conn., and Charles Francis Adams, Jr. The society will select each year a course of reading, consisting of works on subjects belonging to the different departments of Social Science, and will issue an edition of these works much more cheaply than they can be obtained elsewhere. The course for the first year will be as follows: Nordhoff's "Politics for Young Americans," Prof. Perry's "Introduction to Political Economy," Johnson's "History of American Politics," and McAdam's "Alphabet in Finance." The cost of these volumes will be only $3. In addition to this, a series of tracts on economic and political subjects will from time to time be published. There are two classes of membership—active and co-operating. Active members are such persons as will pledge themselves to read the books recommended by the society for the official year, and will pay an annual fee of 50 cents, which may be forwarded in postage stamps. Any person may become a co-operating member on the annual payment of $5 or more, which shall entitle such member to receive all the tracts published by the society. Those interested are invited to communicate with R. L. Dugdale, Secretary for the East and Acting Treasurer, 79 Fourth Avenue, New York. The object of this society is certainly a most worthy one. Even among those who call themselves educated, there is a great need of information in regard to subjects relating to Political Science, and we are glad to see a move made in this direction.

Some students are forever finding fault with their instructor. He does not possess the qualifications that he should, or he fails to attend to his work as he ought, or he is wanting in some other respect. Now,

whatever may be the duties of a college professor, they certainly do not, or ought not to, include the hammering of knowledge into students who will make no effort to help themselves. It is this very class that is always the first to complain of instructors. Such students, especially if they happen in any way to have acquired a little prejudice against a professor, will often not only refuse to second his efforts at instruction by any exertion on their own part, but even seem to place themselves in an attitude of defiance, as if they were determined to get no good from the recitation if it could possibly be avoided. If the professor fails to compel them to learn something in spite of this, they set him down as good for nothing. This seems to us a spirit totally unworthy of college students. Surely they ought to appreciate the benefits to be derived from study, sufficiently to attend to their duties—and do their best, too,—without being compelled to do so by instructors. Of what use is a college course if one acquires only what he is driven up to by another? In a common school it is not expected that scholars will all see the advantages of study, and the teacher is often obliged to compel them to attend to their work, but certainly this ought not to be required of a college professor.

LOCALS.

Vacation again!

"Where has the term gone?"

"Where are you going to spend Thanksgiving?"

Better be having your eye out for a fat turkey.

Cats are the favorite pets of the residents of Parker Hall.

President Hayes has appointed Nov. 25 as Thanksgiving Day.

Wilbur, while studying chemistry, has discovered a new substance. It is porcelain paper.

Prof.—"How does potassium have to be kept?" Mr. B.—"It has to be kept *tight*." Roars.

Tom says he believes in the old Italian proverb, that if you would succeed you must not be too good.

Prof.—"How does potassium look?" Mr. C.—"All I ever saw I don't remember how it did look." Applause.

W. C. Hobbs, '81, has closed his labors as assistant at Litchfield Academy, and is again seen in the recitation room, with his class.

A student lately took one of his lady classmate's mittens, and putting it in his pocket carried it home. We wonder if he ever had a *mitten given* him.

A Senior complains because the Professor will not let him make an "honorable flunk." So of course the Professor drives him into a *dishonorable flunk*.

Messrs. Johonnett and Blanchard were among the speakers at the last session of the Androscoggin District Lodge of Good Templars, held at North Auburn.

Fontaine says: "The desire of perfection is the worst disease that ever afflicted the human mind." We learn that the Sophomores are of the same opinion.

Two Sophs ate twenty-two apples apiece, the other Sunday, on a wager. We have no feelings of sympathy for the students, but we do pity the man from whose orchard they were stolen.

Prize declamations by the Senior class of Nichols Latin School came off Nov. 12, at Nichols Hall. The exercises passed off very creditably. A good audience was present. The first prize was awarded to C. A. Washburn; second prize to Miss O. W. Parsons.

All the voters in college went home at the recent election. On the train East the Saturday before election there were students from Tufts, Bowdoin, Colby University, Bates, and Farmington Normal School.

Our subscribers will remember that we are dependent upon them for means to meet our liabilities, and as our year is almost closed our friends will do us a great favor by sending their subscriptions to the Manager *at once.*

It is said that a calf in Holt County, Missouri, has beaten Dr. Tanner. Having become entangled in a pile of rails, it remained forty-one days without food or drink, and came out all alive. Suppose a donkey next tries his powers of endurance.

The first meeting of the Christian Association held in its new room, was Oct. 20. The room was well filled and an interesting meeting enjoyed by all. A very little more money expended will make this one of the pleasantest rooms in the whole college.

Student (who was trying to draw the figure of a screw upon the blackboard)—"My figure looks more like a ladder than anything else." Prof.—"Well, a ladder is something which everybody can see through." All the members of the class join in a ha, ha, chorus.

Prayers are now held in the lower chapel. The choir has revived on the strength of a promise from one of the professors that new singing books shall be furnished next term. It is certain that the books will be furnished and thereby good singing guaranteed at morning services.

Judge Tourgee, author of "A Fool's Errand," has lately put out a new novel entitled "Bricks Without Straw." It is designed to show the condition of the negro after the War of the Rebellion, socially and politically. The author shows that antagonism of races still exists. "While intensely interesting as a story, it is of still greater value as an aid to the right understanding and settlement of differences between North and South."

The base-ball ground is almost entirely deserted. Now and then, on a warm day, a few fun-loving Freshmen may be seen exercising themselves on that part of the college grounds. The bowling alley and gymnasium are now the centre of attraction to those who take regular exercise.

There was an auction sale a few days ago of the papers and magazines of the Reading-Room Association. Libby bid off a paper for $1.75 that costs $1, club rates. Better take the other quarter and treat the crowd, Libby. Quite a good sum was realized from the sale. Emerson, '81, acted as auctioneer.

The following was copied from the fly leaf of a student's text-book. It was written during recitation, and conclusively shows why the student requested the Professor to repeat his question:

> "There was a dimple in her face—
> He tried to fill it with a kiss,
> But as he tried the dimple larger grew,
> Smack, smack, I'm beat, I vow."

The *College Bulletin* for November says: "Our last International Convention, in accordance with the resolution of the World's Conference held in Geneva, Switzerland, in August, 1878, fixed the time for prayer for young men in colleges this year, Nov. 14–20." We hope this time and object will be remembered by our numerous friends.

Instead of the regular prayer-meeting Wednesday evening, Nov. 10th, Mr. G. A. Burgess of the Theological School gave a full report of the Inter-Seminary Missionary Convention recently held in New Brunswick, N. J. Members of the Christian Association, Theological students, and professors were present. A stirring report was given.

A student lately went as an escort to two young ladies who were afraid to go home in the darkness unaccompanied by a gentleman. On arriving at the door the student and one of the ladies were having a confidential chat, their faces in close proximity, when the second lady came in for her share of the entertainment—merely to see the fun. About this time the lady of the house appeared, having returned from a neighbor's, and, seeing the commotion, she supposed there was trouble with the door, whereupon she cried out, in a piping voice, "Can't ye git in?" The fellow shot around the corner of the building, and the young ladies succeeded at last in getting into the house.

Notwithstanding the severe storm Friday, Nov. 5th, the Bates '81 Quartette, with Goding, '81, went to Litchfield Corner to furnish music for the closing exercises of the academy at that place, taught by Mr. M. P. Judkins, '80, and Mr. W. C. Hobbs, '81. The church in which the exercises were held was filled, and despite the storm without the evening's entertainment was of the pleasantest character. The boys were flatteringly received, being recalled in every number, the college songs seeming especially to please the audience. Mr. Gilkey brought down the house with his *In tilfen Keller*, and "Wee Johnny" electrified the audience with twelve stanzas of "In the Morning by the Bright Light." After the exercises in the church a reception was tendered the Quartette at Stewart's Hall, at which they delighted their hosts with a pure Parker Hall concert. The boys returned Saturday, much pleased with their visit, and filled with praise of Litchfield and its hospitable people.

The Polymnian Society held its annual public meeting at College Chapel, Friday evening, Oct. 22d. The programme consisted of a variety of serious and humorous parts. The declamation was rendered with spirit. The simultaneous discussion between Cook and Beede caused a great deal of merriment. The select reading was well received. The debate was interesting. Both gentlemen showed candor, and their arguments were logical and convincing. The lecture, "Mental Phantasmagoria," by Curtis, was greeted with frequent applause. For the oration we would simply say it was a brief, clear cut part, and well delivered. It is hardly necessary when we see the names of the editor and editress to say that the paper was of a high order. Music was furnished by Ballard's Orchestra. The following was the programme:

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

Declamation—Spirit of the American Revolution (Quincy). O. L. Bartlett.

Simultaneous Discussion—Is it better to be a boy than a girl?
Aff., Aaron Beede. Neg., C. S. Cook.

Select Reading—Mona's Waters.
Miss E. L. Knowles.

MUSIC.

Debate—Should clergymen preach politics on Sunday?
Aff., Reuel Robinson. Neg., G. L. Record.

MUSIC.

Lecture—Mental Phantasmagoria.
W. P. Curtis.

Oration—The North and South.
F. A. Twitchell.

MUSIC.

Paper.
Miss E. J. Clark, F. L. Blanchard.

MUSIC.

The second division of the Freshman class held their exercises at College Chapel, Oct. 21st. The speaking was of a high order. The ease and dignity of many of the speakers showed that they were masters of the situation. E. R. Chadwick, E. M. Holden, Miss E. L. Knowles, and S. Hackett were selected to take part in the fourth division. A good audience was present. The exercises of the third division were held Oct. 28th. Much might be

said in praise of this division. There was much oratorical power displayed. E. H. Emery, W. H. Davis, G. C. Evans, and C. H. Curtis were selected to take part in the final division. The committee of award for the three divisions were H. E. Foss, W. J. Brown, and B. S. Rideout. Friday evening, Nov. 5th, those selected from the three divisions contested finally for the prize. On account of inclement weather a small audience was present, but the speakers were not in the least daunted by this. Each one acquitted himself nobly, and sustained the already high reputation of the class in this department of college exercises. F. M. Drew, L. P. Martin, and H. W. Oakes were the committee of award. The prize was awarded to C. H. Curtis.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HILLSDALE, MICHIGAN, NOV. 1, 1880.

Editors of the Student:

After some delay I will attempt to respond to your request. Allow me, in the first place, to present a cordial invitation to yourselves and to any of your readers that contemplate a trip to the West, to arrange to leave the great Western thoroughfare at Detroit, and take a few hours ride by rail to one of the southern counties of Michigan, bordering on Ohio and Indiana, the shire town of which is no doubt familiar to you as the location of Bates' twin sister. If you send word beforehand, you will find at the depot a newly fledged alumnus of Bates waiting to introduce you to the beautiful little city of Hillsdale, and to its college on the hill.

If your time is limited he will conduct you at once up Hillsdale Street, lined with shade trees and tasteful residences, to College Hill. On the right as we approach the college, the large brick house, with the broad lawn in front, is the residence of the President. On the left a little farther on, almost hidden by beautifully trimmed evergreens, is the home of Professor Dunn, who has been connected with the institution since its founding twenty-five years ago, and whose name is a household word throughout the denomination. While we have been coming up the hill, the tops of five large buildings with the college tower and clock in the center, have been in sight; but now as we turn the corner by Professor Dunn's, the whole campus comes into view. The group of buildings, fine in their architectural appearance and symmetrical in their arrangement, stand a little in front of the center of a large and level campus. The walks in front are lined with evergreens, and the whole view is one of which any State might well be proud.

If you arrive in town in season for morning prayers, we will point first toward the chapel, which is in the third story of College Hall. If you enter the door at about twenty minutes of nine, you will see before you several hundred students nearly half of whom are ladies. On the long platform in the farther end of the hall eight or ten persons are seated, whom you will recognize as representatives of the college Faculty. They are nearly all tall spare men (except in particular those two at the end, the younger of whom, having been brought up on New England baked beans and brown bread, approaches the stout), but the one in the center is "head and shoulders" above all the rest. As he rises to read the Scriptures, his long white beard and hair, and his deliberate, dignified bearing, give him the appearance of a man upwards of sixty. But after prayer has been offered, when he comes forward to read the notices for the day and, it may be, to address a few remarks to the students, you see by the elacticity of his step and the twinkle in his eye that his white hairs belie his age

by at least ten years. He has a droll but decidedly effective way of making comments upon the proceedings of the students,—the latter, let me say, are almost invariably gentlemanly. For instance, one morning before prayers, some of the boys had covered the veranda in front of College Hall with cabbage-heads; accordingly as the President rose in chapel, he remarked, dryly: "I noticed, as I came up, that some of the students had accidentally left their heads on the stairs." I need not tell you that this is President Durgin, who presides over the affairs of the institution, with such success as to win the approbation and confidence of its patrons, and the admiration and respect of its students.

As we go down stairs after being introduced to the Faculty, who will be sure to greet you with hearty Western cordiality, we will just glance into the President's Room, which a former graduating class frescoed and carpeted and furnished with a capacious easy-chair. But we will go on past several recitation rooms to the open air again. As we stand in front of College Hall, facing the town, the first building to the left is East or Ladies' Hall, the first floor of which is occupied by the dining hall, the two upper ones containing the ladies' dormitories. (I never was up there so I can't describe them.) The building still to the east is Fine Arts Hall in which are several recitation rooms, the astronomical amphitheatre in which is a fine telescope, the music rooms and the art rooms. In the latter is quite a collection of rarely fine paintings.

And now turning our attention to the right, the first building on the west, is Griffin Hall, in which are the headquarters of the Commercial and Telegraphic Department, and the gentleman's dormitories. Beyond Griffin Hall is Knowlton Hall, named after Hon. Ebenezer Knowlton of Maine. Here are the gentlemen's society rooms, the chemical laboratory and amphitheatre, and the museum which you will be well repaid for visiting. Thanks to the diligence and enthusiasm of Prof. Fisk, instructor in Geology and Chemistry, it has a large and choice collection of minerals and curiosities, arranged in a very attractive manner. The Geological, Astronomical, and Chemical Departments are furnished with illustrative paintings, charts, and apparatus in abundance.

If you can stay till Monday, which, instead of Saturday is the holiday here, we will visit the societies, which are of no small significance at Hillsdale. There are five of them—three run by gentlemen and three by ladies. The gents hold weekly meetings, the ladies bi-weekly, and all of them are public and always attended by people from the town. The society rooms are fitted up in absolutely elegant style at their own expense—frescoing, stage, piano, elegant chairs.

But I have only just hinted at the objects of interest that I can exhibit to you if you will come and make us that visit. H.

PERSONALS.

[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.]

'72.—Rev. C. A. Bickford has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Free Baptist Church at Lawrence, Mass.

'74.—F. T. Crommett, of the Suffolk Bar, Boston, Mass., and Miss Annie C. Bent, of South Paris, Me., were married Oct. 20, 1880, at the residence of the bride's father, by Dr. H C. Estes. Mr. and Mrs. Crommett now reside at No. 56 Chandler Street, Boston, Mass.

'76.—J. H. Huntingdon is Principal of Hermon, N. Y., High School, having two assistants and one hundred and twenty pupils.

'80.—W. H. Judkins is Principal of Austin Academy, Centre Strafford, N. H.

IN MEMORIAM.

Corinna O. Davis was born in the town of Woodstock, Dec. 20, 1856. She was the eldest daughter of Stephen C., and Martha Perham Davis—her mother is a cousin of ex-Gov. Perham. Even as a child she displayed a marked fondness for books, and as she grew older, to be a scholar became her ruling ambition. She early became a firm believer in progression here and hereafter. She believed that all the knowledge she obtained in this life, she should retain in the spirit land.

At the age of fifteen she entered the High School at Bryant's Pond. Here she remained five terms, and then attended one term at Paris Hill. Her first experience in teaching was in 1873, and she had taught in all nine terms of school. She entered Hebron Academy the fall term of 1876. Here it was that she first thought of fitting for college. Her parents, fearing that a college course would be too much for her strength, endeavored to dissuade her from her purpose, but seeing how much she would be disappointed, they ceased to discourage her wishes, and she began her preparatory course the following spring. Remaining at Hebron three terms she entered Nichols Latin School in the spring of 1878, where she completed her course the following June.

The next autumn her ambition was gratified and she entered Bates College in the class of '82. Here her life has been exemplary. Her genuine lady-like demeanor won for her the respect of all. She was quiet and unassuming, and some in college who were not acquainted with her, may find it difficult to appreciate her true worth. Possessing a pleasant disposition, even-tempered, always ready to do her part, she was one of those who are esteemed most by those who know them best.

Though absent from college part of the time for the purpose of teaching, she yet maintained good standing in her class. In thinking and reasoning powers she had few superiors. She was one of the three ladies in the history of the college who have competed with the young men in public debate; and those of us who had the pleasure of listening to her know that she had marked ability in that direction. She was an active and efficient member of the Eurosophian Society, in whose meetings she will be greatly missed. She thought a great deal of her college classmates, and could never endure the idea of leaving them.

During her last illness she showed great self-control, and was continually looking forward to the day when she could return to her class. But this could not be, she was to be advanced to a higher grade, with grander opportunities for culture. The four last days of her life, her mind was wandering though she was able to recognize her friends. Most of the time she seemed to be reciting her lessons. Wednesday morning, Oct. 27, the crisis came. Every effort was made to sustain her vitality, but at half-past five o'clock her raging fever had consumed every spark of life, and looking up into her mother's face with a smile, she quietly passed away.

Sad are her friends, and sad are her classmates! But we mourn not as those who have no hope. For we know that "she loved right because it was right." We know that the "Golden Rule" was the compass of her life. And we believe that

> "Happy is he who heareth
> The signal of his release
> In the bells of the Holy City,
> The chimes of eternal peace."

The following resolutions were passed by the class of '82:

Whereas, The Divine Father, in his infinite

wisdom, has removed from our midst our beloved classmate, Corinna O. Davis,

Resolved, That while we sincerely and deeply lament her loss as a loved friend and esteemed classmate, we recognize therein the Master's hand, and are thankful for the example left us of her true life and noble character.

Resolved, That to the relatives and friends of our deceased classmate we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the BATES STUDENT and in the *Oxford Democrat*, and also that a copy of them be sent to the family of the deceased.

W. H. COGSWELL,
S. A. LOWELL,
I. L. HARLOW,
Committee.

Bates College, Nov. 4, 1880.

The Eurosophian Society passed the following resolutions:

Whereas, The All-Wise Father, in His providence, has seen fit to call from this to the spirit world, our sister, Corinna O. Davis,

Resolved, That in her death the Society has lost one who acted her part cheerfully and willingly, and whose influence for good will ever be remembered.

Resolved, That we deeply feel the loss sustained by our Society.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family and friends of the deceased, and published in the BATES STUDENT.

H. E. COOLIDGE, '81,
B. G. EATON, '82,
EVERETT REMICK, '83,
C. H. LITTLE, '84,
Committee.

Bates College, Nov. 6, 1880.

EXCHANGES.

The exchange editor has no easy task. Imagine the discouragement he must experience on sitting down before a pile of two hundred or so college papers, all of which must be perused, some criticised, and the wit and news clipped from each.

We are glad to learn that the *Wittenberger* has suppressed its mathematical department. We think it detracted much from its standing as a college paper. We like your new clothes, friend *Wittenberger*, although we do not think that, in the case of college journals, *Kleider machen männer*.

The *College Mercury* has been conducting quite a campaign for Garfield and Arthur. The *Mercury* bears this motto: "C. C. N. Y. is Republican and so is the *Mercury*." The result of the election in New York is no doubt chiefly due to the efforts of the *Mercury*.

The *Dickenson Liberal* still continues the ridiculous habit of shingling its local column with meaningless items.

The *Princetonian* contains much interesting matter. The poems, "Lawn Tennis" and "Aimée" are better than the usual effusions of the college press. We like the manner in which the exchange column of the *Princetonian* is conducted.

Vol. X, No. 1, of the *Volante* is weak. It contains a long "History of the Alumni of Chicago University," six pages in length. The appearance of the *Volante* might be improved by the use of a better quality of paper.

The *Hamilton Literary Monthly* for June fully sustains its former character as a literary magazine.

We hope the color of the *Wabash* is no index to the character of its editors. Why have you adopted such a sickly hue? Are the students at Wabash all so weak-eyed that green is the only color that they can stand?

We congratulate the new editors of the *Cornellian* on the success of their first number. The local department is especially deserving of praise. The *Cornellian* has *only twelve editors* and half of those ladies. We suppose each department is conducted jointly by one gentleman and one lady. What fun it must be to write up each number!

Few papers in the college world surpass the *Brunonian* in method and arrangement. Its columns contain no long essays, but are almost entirely devoted to college matters. The poem entitled a "Sunset Phantasy" is musical and imaginative. The sense and courtesy of its exchange column is especially commendable.

OTHER COLLEGES.

Chicago University is staggering under a debt of $200,000.

Five-eighths of the Harvard graduates studied law last year.

Different ways of putting it—*N. Y. Tribune:* "College boys on a lark." *N. Y. World* (dem.): "Freshmen that ought to be spanked." *N. H. Register* (dem.): "That terrible outrage." *N. H. Union* (dem.): "An act of vandalism." "It was a flag-rent crime."—*Yale Record.*

Williams College opens with a much larger Freshman class than usual, many of them being drawn, no doubt, by the fact that the Presidential standard-bearer of the Republican party is one of Williams's favorite sons. The whole number of new men admitted to the college is ninety, and of this number about seventy-five enter the Freshman class.

The following is taken from the *Lariat*, of Wabash College: We take pleasure in informing the alumni and friends of the college that the students are no longer compelled to attend divine worship on Sabbath morning. This is certainly a move in the right direction. College is not a penitentiary, and the sooner college professors realize this the better. The history of the world, in letters of blood, teaches us that men cannot be forced into the Kingdom of God. Then why exclude colleges from the benefit of such teachings? Students should not be required to attend church: 1st. Because no Faculty has the moral right to interfere with the religious convictions of the students of that college. 2d. Because it is not expedient. We know whereof we speak when we say that not more than one-half of the Wabash students attended church regularly last year. No doubt the record for the year does not show such a bad state of affairs, but we venture to assert, that if the same judgment which was passed upon Ananias and Sapphira had been visited upon the students who untruthfully answered "present," there would have been more than one first-class funeral in our midst. The tendency of this rule was to crush out all the manly and nobler qualities, and hence it is with joy unspeakable that we chronicle the demise of this relic of "blue stocking" Presbyterian barbarism.

CLIPPINGS.

THE HAMMOCK.

In a hammock, 'neath the maples,
  Swung a Junior and a maid,
While the golden autumn sunset
  Flecked the grass with light and shade.

From the nature of a hammock
  Both reclined with easy grace,
As the wind her auburn tresses
  Softly blew across his face.

Light they waved as on his shoulder
  Nestled shy her curly head,
And the soughing of the breezes
  Half concealed the words they said.

But I thought I heard him whisper,
  "Only one kiss, Mabel dear."
Then came softly back the answer,
  "Harry, you've been drinking beer."

—*Spectator.*

"Hands wanted on boys' pants," is the daily advertisement in the newspapers. 'Twas always thus from childhood's hour. —*Index.*

A good story is told of a Freshman, whose initials are H. E. L. On one end of his trunk his name in full appeared, and on the other simply his initials. At Lyons he was asked by an old lady where he was going. "To Cornell," he answered. "I might have known that," replied the questioner. "You have your name on one end of your trunk and your destination on the other."—*Cornell Sun.*

During the past year the Vassar girls consumed 45 tons of fresh meats, 2½ tons of smoked meat, 2 tons of poultry, 3 tons of fish, 5 barrels of mackerel, 28,000 clams, 442 gallons of oysters, 5 barrels of pork, 255 barrels of flour, 2 tons of buckwheat, 36 bushels of beans, 1,910 bushels of potatoes, 8,409 dozen of eggs, 93,602 quarts of milk, 8,005 bananas, 22,611 oranges. Great heavens! and these are the girls the fellows write poetry about!

In Mental Philosophy: Professor (to young lady reciting on "Testimony")—"Well, suppose that ten of these young gentlemen here, young men of remarkable integrity [Applause from y. m.] should declare that while coming up the walk this morning, they saw a ball of fire or angelic form, what would you say to it, Miss?" Miss—"I should say that it was all in their eye, the effect of buttermilk, or something else."—*Syracusan, in the Chronicle.*

BATES COLLEGE.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 nine books of Virgil's Æneid; six orations of Cicero; the Catiline of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and in Harkness' Latin Grammar. GREEK: In three books of Xenophon's Anabasis; two books of Homer's Iliad, and in Hadley's Greek Grammar. MATHEMATICS: in Loomis' 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.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

Tuition, room rent, and use of libraries free.

COMMENCEMENT, Thursday.....JUNE 30, 1881.