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Bates College

THE

# BATES STUDENT.

VOL. VII. NO. 10.

*DECEMBER, 1879.*

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# THE BATES STUDENT.

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## MACAULAY.

NOT long since it was my good fortune to read the Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay, by his nephew George Otto Trevelyan, and in so doing to find new interest in the life and writings of this remarkable man. The book is, as its title indicates, a collection of Macaulay's letters, forming a more or less detailed life of the writer. Now a biography formed on this plan may be delightfully interesting or insufferably stupid, and everybody will agree that most productions of this kind belong to the latter class. But the author of this book has been guided throughout the whole of his work by excellent judgment and a scholarly taste that has made his work a masterpiece in its way, and in many respects a model biography. To be sure, he was supplied with exceptionally good materials, for Macaulay was a voluminous letter writer, was delightfully free from the stiffness or hurry that often mars the letters of great men, and more than all, was in almost constant correspondence with one or more of his own family, for whom he had a most tender affection; all which items must have contributed to lighten the labors of his nephew. Moreover, from the days of his childhood, he had been regarded as a genius, possibly to even a greater extent than every other boy, and thus it happened that his letters were always carefully preserved.

By a skillful use of these materials, his nephew, appearing himself through the book only incidentally, to fill up a gap here and there, has given us a biography that is complete and unstudied, that gives not only the outward acts and ostensible motives, but the private life and emotions of a man who for thirty

years played a leading part in the great political contests of England, and at the same time stood in the foremost rank of the literary men of his day.

Born on the twenty-fifth of October, 1800, Thomas Babington Macaulay was in many respects a type of the century with which he grew to manhood. From his earliest childhood he lived in books, and having a memory that never lost a fact or word that it once received, it is not strange that he developed rapidly. He never enjoyed the games of other boys, perhaps less from any lack of sociability than because he could always find something pleasanter between the covers of a book.

At eight, or thereabouts, we find him writing an epic poem of considerable length and wonderful smoothness and rhythm for a child of his years, besides which he tried his hand at innumerable other literary feats.

He went through the ordinary school routine, fitted for the university at a private establishment taught by a Mr. Preston, and at eighteen entered Trinity College, Cambridge, from which he was graduated at the age of twenty-two. While in college he was distinguished as a brilliant debater, a fine conversationalist, and a hard student of the classics and general literature, though to mathematics, which he detested, he paid little attention. He bore off several of the highest prizes, and was chosen a Fellow of the University after his graduation. Three years later he took his Master's degree, having in the meantime read law to some extent, and in 1826 was called to the bar. The total amount of fees received by him in his chosen profession was, I believe, one guinea. Not long before his admission to the bar an event occurred which changed the course of his life, and made it impossible that he should devote his future to Coke and Blackstone.

In 1825 he contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* his article on Milton, and from that time it was evident that his life must be devoted to literature. This production of a young man, only twenty-five years of age, compared as it must needs be, with the handiwork of Lord Jeffrey, Brougham, and Sidney Smith, won for Macaulay instant fame and established position as an essayist. Illustrative of its popularity and effect, Trevelyan relates an anecdote, which was most pleasing to Macaulay himself, how "Robert Hall, the great preacher, then well nigh worn out with that long disease, his life, was discovered lying on the floor, employed in learning, by aid of grammar and dictionary, enough Italian to enable him to verify the parallel between Milton and Dante!" From this time for over twenty years Macaulay continued to be a contributor to the *Review*, and never lost his popularity.

In 1830 he went to Parliament, where he continued four years, meeting with great success as a speaker. It was about this time that his portrait was given in *Blackwood's Magazine* by Christopher North, who, by the way, was a Tory while Macaulay was a staunch Whig. With a little allowance for the undue color imparted by spirit, which then ran even higher and was even more addicted to personalities than it is in our Pine Tree State at the present time, we may accept this as a fair likeness.

"The son (Macaulay) is an ugly, cross-made, splay-footed, shapeless little dumpling of a fellow, with a featureless face too,—except indeed a good expansive forehead,—and sleek puritanical hair, large glimmering eyes, and a mouth from ear to ear. He has a lisp and a burr, moreover, and speaks thickly and huskily for several minutes before he gets into the swing of his discourse; but after that nothing can be more dazzling than his whole execution. What he says is, of course, mere stuff and nonsense; but it is so well worded and so volubly and forcibly delivered,—there is such an endless swing of epigram and antithesis,—such a flashing of epithets,—such an accumulation of images,—and the voice is so trumpet like and the action so grossly emphatic that you might hear a pin drop in the House. Manners Sutton himself (the Speaker of the House) listens."

In 1834, finding some more lucrative office necessary to secure him the independence he desired, he accepted the position of member of the Supreme Council of India, a most important office, of which the salary was ten thousand pounds a year. He returned to England in 1838, and in 1839 was sent to Parliament from Edinburgh, where he continued till 1847, when, having voted contrary to the will of his constituents on a certain bill, he failed to be re-elected. Meantime his pen was busy, and besides numerous essays on miscellaneous subjects, he found time to write and publish his "Lays of Ancient Rome" and to commence the great work of his life, "The History of England."

After losing his seat in the House he had time to devote to this task and it progressed rapidly. Its success was unprecedented. The editions were sold faster than they could be printed, and within thirty years after its first appearance more than 140,000 copies had been sold in Great Britain alone.

In 1852 he enjoyed the triumph of a re-election to Parliament, by his old constituents who had come to repent their former action, and that, too, without any movement on the part of Macaulay, either in canvassing or spending money; an unheard of thing at a time when popularity depended more on length of purse and number of promises than anything else.

In 1857 he was made a peer, with the title of Baron Macaulay of Rothley. From this time to the end of his life he devoted himself unremittingly to his beloved history. In 1852, at about the time of his re-election to Parliament, he had been

seriously ill with a disease of the heart, and from that time expected death at any moment. He was taken one day with a violent fit of coughing, and died suddenly at his home, Dec. 28, 1859.

He has the grand old Abby, where the great ones of England have laid for centuries past, for his tomb, and Johnson, Goldsmith, and Addison for his companions in the long sleep.

The space allotted to an article in the STUDENT is too limited to allow me to say as much as I would wish of Macaulay's works, or to enter into any lengthy discussion of their merits. They are for the most part well known to persons fairly versed in literature.

What strikes us most forcibly about his style is his self-assertion, or better, positiveness. There is little guess work in his method of dealing with men and books. He speaks as one that knows whereof he affirms, and as we read his sentences and feel the force of his words as they fall like hammer strokes, we are very much inclined to accept his judgment and believe as he does without arguing the question.

His method is deductive rather than inductive in its process. He does not first give us his facts and then show us his conclusions, but tells us his idea, and ranges all the forces of history on his side to support it. Critics complain that he lacks depth and fails to go back to first principles on which to base his conclusions. Grant this, and what follows: by no means that the conclusions are wrong; only that the same truth may be shown in different lights.

One philosopher shuts himself in his closet and, after wrestling with the problem sufficiently, arrives at the conclusion that kings have no divine right to ignore the rights of their fellow-men. Another looks at mankind and at society as it is, and watching their movements and weighing their interests, reaching out to the past and drawing from it lessons for the future, says a king is but a man,—that "he cannot understand the common phrase, a good man, but a bad king,"—that he "can as easily conceive a good man and an unnatural father, or a good man and a treacherous friend." Who can say that of these two methods of solving the same question one is not as correct as the other? Yet, because Macaulay weighs his characters and principles in the balances which history has marked as reliable, instead of going to first principles, as it is called, he has suffered much unjust criticism.

For my own part I am glad that Macaulay wrote as he did. For otherwise we should have lost some of the most brilliant essays and the most readable history the world has ever known. Of all men he was perhaps the best fitted by nature and education for the method of hand-

ling a subject of which he made choice.

His memory was marvelously quick and retentive. When a young man he learned Paradise Lost by heart, and when far advanced in life he made the statement, no doubt true, that if every copy of the work were lost he would undertake to replace it from his memory. Everything national was specially entertaining to him and he could repeat innumerable ballads, with many of which he alone in England was familiar. To this memory he added a curious power of reading quickly. He would take in the contents of a printed page of ordinary size about as fast as one could turn the leaves. And this in such a manner as to be able to give a synopsis of it with accuracy.

As a result of these powers, being constantly in company of books, always gaining, never losing, his mind must have been a wonderful store-house of facts. Trevelyan gives a quotation from Thackeray that will bear repeating, illustrating Macaulay's wealth of information: "Take at hazard," he says, "any three pages of the Essays or History, and, glimmering below the stream of the narrative, you, an average reader see one, two, three, a half score of allusions to other historic facts, characters, literature, poetry with which you are acquainted. Your neighbor, who has *his* reading and *his* little stock of literature stored away in his mind, shall detect more points, allusions, happy touches, indicating not only the prodigious memory and vast learning of this master, but the wonderful industry, the honest, humble, previous toil of this great scholar. He reads twenty books to write a sentence; he travels a hundred miles to make a line of description." This is high praise from such a pen, but Macaulay surely deserved it.

It is, to a great extent, this knowledge of his subject, deep, far-reaching, but accurate, that enables him to speak in a manner that would seem to us dogmatic and ill chosen in a man of less information. But allowing much weight for this we must not forget how much of his charm lies in his peculiar style and command of words. The sentences are every one clear and forcible. To some extent we may say of them as Macaulay says of Milton's,—"Change the structure of the sentence; substitute one synonym for another, and the whole effect is destroyed." He delights in sharp antitheses. For instance, speaking of Boswell's Life of Johnson, he says: "The Life of Johnson is assuredly a great, a very great work. Homer is not more decidedly the first of heroic poets, Shakespeare is not more decidedly the first of dramatists, Demosthenes is not more decidedly the first of orators, than Boswell is the first of biographers. He has no second. He has distanced

all his competitors so decidedly that it is not worth while to place them. Eclipse is first and the rest are nowhere." Now this sounds very well and would undoubtedly pleased Mr. Boswell much if he could have read so far and stopped; but read what comes next: "We are not sure that there is in the whole history of the human intellect so strange a phenomenon as this book. Many of the greatest men that ever lived have written biography. Boswell was one of the smallest men that ever lived and has beaten them all." Who will attempt to change these sentences for the better?

But this power of writing in paradoxes is a dangerous one and no doubt tempted Macaulay to occasional efforts that were injurious to his writings, and this was especially the case in his earlier writings, where occasional bursts of rhetoric appear, that his own maturer taste condemned. Nevertheless, throughout all his works there is a tendency to make startling propositions and state facts and theories in an odd manner. This adds much to the freshness of his style, and is the thing I believe that most of his imitators have accepted as the secret of his success, and in trying to catch which they have always failed of success. To my mind it must needs be so. For no man could use Macaulay's weapons successfully who lacked his mental acquirements. Nor does any man estimate Macaulay's success rightfully who believes that even with his knowledge, could any ordinary man use his sentences with success. For much depended on his arrangement of matter. He is like a general who, overlooking a well studied battle ground, plans beforehand the work of every regiment, foot, horse, artillery, and knows how each part of his army shall support the other. If we examine we shall find that Macaulay's skill in arrangement is as great as his address in making use of it, and that to change the position of one of his propositions would injure his whole argument.

To these three qualities, then, his information, his brilliancy, and his masterly arrangement, and not to any one alone must we ascribe the effect of Macaulay's style. Others have probably excelled him in some one of these qualities, but we recollect no writer who, by the union of all, has equaled Macaulay in the class of composition on which his fame rests.

H. W. O., '77.

## HEROISM IN COMMON LIFE.

THE world no longer believes in heroes. The Heroic Age, the poets tell us, is far in the past. They are fond of calling the present an age of trade, of paltry striving for money and place. Yet, I believe that if we examine closely we shall find that the world was never so full of heroic lives and noble deeds as to-day. So common have deeds of heroism become that they no longer affect us, or attract only a momentary attention, which is a sufficient proof that the age is heroic. We have become like the atheist, who cannot see God although he is everywhere and in everything.

Heroism no longer boasts itself as in the age of Chivalry. It no longer mounts a horse and postures before the world; but, in these days, it has a habit of quietly dying at its post, without a word and without a sign; its only monument an occasional paragraph in an obscure corner of a newspaper.

Other ages have built temples to their heroes. The Norsemen provided a separate abode for the souls of theirs, in Valhalla, with its forty and five hundred doors. The Greeks consecrated to their heroes a lonely mountain top, and, setting them there apart from men, out of this love of the heroic which is in us, they made a religion. But we, who have become a race of scoffers, at ourselves and our deeds as at everything else,—we ascribe to the dead hero, motives and purposes that shall take away the grandeur from his deed. Yet, to die heroically is just as noble to-day as it ever was. And such a death shows a man godlike and raises and broadens the lives of men, as it ever has; whether the hero be crushed under the wheels of a locomotive, or be suffocated by the fire-damp in endeavoring to rescue his fellow-laborers, or die in a bank, at dead of night, defending his trust from the attack of burglars.

Our heroes die quietly, without parade, often without a word. And perhaps this is the reason that the world, so hard to hear and so slow to see, goes on its way without ever knowing the jewels it has lost. Some of the commonest of these god-men are those who toil themselves to death for others, give up hope and ambition and labor for loved ones till their lives go out at last without a complaint.

The heroes of the past have been mainly those of war. And happy is he, who, looking back upon that period, sees only its heroes. They are the jewels upon the breast of

Time; and without them, it would be ignoble to be alive. To-day's heroes are of all occupations and trades in life. Be assured they are never idlers. Some of them are conductors upon railroads and, like Conductor Bradley, give their lives to save the train. Some are engineers and, like Guild, are found under their engines dead by the passengers they have preserved. Or, like the engineer upon the train which was wrecked at Ashtabula, they prefer to die at their posts rather than escape the destruction which overwhelms others. Some are reporters who tramp across Africa to save other men's lives. Some are pilots upon Mississippi steamboats who are burned to death in the discharge of their duty. Some of them are nurses in hospitals. And some are physicians and surgeons who go down to fight the yellow fever scourge in the South, and to die.

And just now there comes the memory of that foggy night in the British Channel and the wrecked steamer, Normandy; and that sea-captain, Harvey, who went quietly forward, pistol in hand, superintending the embarking in the boats, first of the women, then of the children, then of the passengers, and, lastly, of the sailors. And when it was found that there was no more room, he remained to go down with his ship. And as the boats went rowing away, in one of them his wife, six months a bride, who pleaded to go back and die with her husband, he was seen standing firmly on the deck and looking out into the fog with a sad, stern face; and so he went down. The night was dark in the Channel, no star shone there, but the pale face of that dying hero lights up the gloom for those of us who remember it.

# THE BATES STUDENT.

EDITORS.
W. H. JUDKINS, J. H. HEALD, F. L. HAYES, J. F. PARSONS, M. T. NEWTON.
BUSINESS MANAGER: H. L. MERRILL.

## EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

### NOTES.

WITH the issue of this number the present corps of editors conclude their management of the STUDENT. Without indulging at any great length in valedictory effusions, we may truthfully say that our editorial labors have been uniformly pleasant, and will ever be so remembered.

The STUDENT has demanded considerable of our time and labor, but this outlay has been well rewarded in the experience and information that we have gained. Without considering the many useful hints and the practical knowledge to be acquired in the publication of even a college magazine, we should not overlook the knowledge we have gained of the ever widening college world with which, through our exchanges, we have been always in contact.

During the year we have made some changes in the STUDENT which, we have just reason to believe, have commended themselves to the judgment and good taste of our readers. Without making any enumerations, we would say that there are other changes which we should have been glad to make, but were by circumstances prevented.

In justice to ourselves we wish to say that we have tried to conduct the STUDENT in the spirit of true liberality. It was and has been our purpose to manage it in the interest of the whole college. Knowingly, we have had no particular friends to please, no particular foes to irritate.

In conclusion, we wish to express our thanks to all with whom we have been associated for their favor and support, to our subscribers and patrons to whom our financial success is due, to all, both in and out of college, who have favored us with their contributions, and especially to the class of '80, whose hearty support we have uniformly enjoyed. With this deserved expression of thanks we surrender the management of the STUDENT to the incoming board, accompanied by our best wishes for their success.

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Since the present treasurer and collector of the Reading Room As-

sociation has been in office he has collected, we understand, about $75. Since these were old notes, some outstanding for three years, we regard the collection of so much as quite a financial feat. The credit of the Association, which had, to all appearances, been hopelessly shattered, has been at least partially restored. The faithful collection of all taxes for one or two years to come would run the Reading Room successfully, and meanwhile pay all the debt.

Two considerations naturally stand in the way of the successful financial administration of all our *voluntary* associations: First, treasurers lack either the ability or the willingness to attend to their duty; and, second, members lack either the ability or the willingness to pay their dues. The operation of either or both of these causes will contract a debt. Two associations, at least, in college illustrate this truth.

Experience demonstrates this fact of human nature: some men will not pay their debts unless they have to. Treasurers now in college have notes against graduates of one, two, and even three years' standing, unless the former, in the hopelessness of collection, have destroyed the notes. One case we have heard mentioned several times, in which the party, during his four years' course, belonged to both the Base-Ball and the Reading Room Associations, but never paid a due to either. Nearly twenty dollars, not reckoning interest, are due from him; we presume they always will be.

But there is one way, in case all other resources fail, in which we can conceive the Reading Room dues might be collected. The dues could be appended to the regular term bills and be collected by the authorities of the college. Mail dues have been, we believe, so collected. And there would be further reasonableness in this measure; because the Reading Room is, we consider, as necessary an appendage as a Gymnasium or a recitation room. In case some such measure as we have suggested were adopted, the students could still have the general management, as at present.

But we would not advocate any change, if the Association can be conducted in a business like manner. We should far prefer that the students have the entire management. What we do object to is this: The compelling or even allowing twenty or thirty men to pay their dues, and run an institution just enough to run it into debt, while forty or fifty others, never known to pay a due, enjoy equal benefits.

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Everybody knows that "All the world's a stage," etc. It is likewise true that in watching the drama of life we generally use an opera-glass. When we look at the past, all objects seem very near; but when we turn about to look at the future, we

generally get our glass reversed, and, as a consequence, everything seems very distant. Under this delusion we make many erroneous judgments. If, taking life as a unit, we compare with it a year just passed, the year seems an insignificant fraction. But, taking our college course as a unit, a year assumes startling proportions. We begin to think a year is something we cannot afford to lose after all.

We will venture, at least, to ask attention for a few moments to a subject of no greater importance than a *year*.

Well, what of the year now almost completed? The all-important question to ask is, Has it been a successful year? And, in order to answer this question, we shall be obliged to ask and answer another: What is success in college life? Perhaps it is getting along easily and having a good time; possibly it is taking a high position in one's class; more likely it is cramming one's mind with knowledge. But we doubt if any or all of these constitute success. It may be that the purpose of the college is the same as that of the spring-board which the circus athlete uses when he wants to jump over four camels and an elephant. But again we should express a doubt. We suspect that a college is a place to live in for four years; and success consists in living a sensible life during those four years. Indeed, the life of the college student differs from that of the rest of plodding mankind mainly in opportunity; the college student can attain more nearly to the ideal standard of life, or fall more shamefully below it.

What the success of individual life in the college may have been during the past year, we do not pretend to say; but of the aggregate college life we can tell much. Considering the college as one big man, and applying that conclusive rule, "By their fruits," etc., we can judge quite satisfactorily. And, without flattery, we think this man has acted more like a human being during the past year than we ever knew him to do before. We have seen this man go through some strange performances. Sometimes the feet would try to go in opposite directions. Then, perhaps, there would be trouble between a hand and a foot, and they would fall to pounding and kicking each other shamefully. With this state of affairs the head would generally interfere, whereupon the hands would take a spite against it, and do their best to disfigure the face with the finger-nails, and to scratch out the eyes. Of course the head never retaliated like for like, but would very authoritatively command that the hands be tied or cut off. But during the past year the hands and the feet have, for the most part, worked together harmoniously as hands and feet should. And the hands have been

less demonstrative toward the head, while the latter has assumed its more proper function of guiding all the members of the one body. In other words, to drop our crude figure and use plain speech, there has been harmony among the students, between the upper and lower classes, and there has been little difficulty between the students and Faculty. As somespecial proofs of this harmony among the students, we have seen them work energetically to free the Reading Room Association of the large debt under which it was languishing, and to make the Reading Room itself attractive and profitable. We have seen them taking steps to free the Base-Ball Association from debt. In short, the various organizations of the students have been put into better working condition.

Men are made social beings, intended to live in accordance with certain social laws. And, when their relations to one another are what they should be, their individual lives are generally about right. From the harmony and union that have prevailed during the past year, we conclude that the College has attained a fair degree of success.

Whatever success we, as a college, have enjoyed during the past year has been due, in great measure, to sympathy. In the future, our approximation to the ideal college life must be proportionate to the development of our sympathy. If the college has advantages to offer, let every one feel that they belong to him, and *to every other student as well.* If the college has defects, let us feel that they, too, belong, in a sense, to us, not to be denied, nor jeered at, but to be recognized and, as far as possible, to be remedied. There is likewise room for more sympathy among the students. They should work together in their various enterprises. Why, for instance, should not every student feel a personal interest in the welfare of the Base-Ball Association? Whatever is done under the auspices of that organization to promote muscular energy in college, and to give us the reputation for it out of college, is a benefit to us all. Whatever the literary societies do to unite intelligence to practical common sense is a benefit to every one of us. A student can belong to but one society, but both of them can belong to him. And whatever is for the true interest of either society is for the interest of every one in college. Likewise, whatever the Christian Association may do to promote true manhood in college is a benefit to us all, whether members of that Association or not. The man who is too bookish to take any interest in the athletic sports of the college, or too partisan to rejoice in the success of a society to which he does not belong, or too narrow to welcome an organized effort toward manhood, may well examine himself and learn wherein

he may become more of a man.

Let us, then, have sympathy in all things. It is the antidote to all college difficulties. Without sympathy with the students, teachers can not possibly fulfill their high office. Without sympathy with instructors and with one another, students have no good reason for being in college.

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It is an idea, quite prevalent in this country, that there is some magical or supernatural power in adverse circumstances to develop character. We often hear it asserted, with authority, that adversity instead of being a hinderance to success and advancement is a positive aid. This is the American idea. The European idea is exactly the opposite. It is a surface view of society in each of these countries that gives each of these impressions. In America a very large proportion of the population are in comparatively easy circumstances. By doing a fair amount of labor they may obtain a good living. There is no necessity for great exertion, for without it each has all that man needs or requires. Not so in European countries. The greater part of the people are but little above slaves. Necessity impels them to ceaseless exertion. At even the thought of relaxation, starvation stares them in the face. Here is adversity, and such adversity as ought to move men to all the exertion they are capable of, to develop whatever of power or greatness there may be in them. If want of a purpose makes people indolent, we should find no indolence among such people, for they have everything to gain. But what is the fact in the case? Where do we find men of the greater power and capacity? Where do we find men of the greatest skill, and of the best developed minds and bodies? Not surely among the overworked European laborers, but among the more favored Americans. Among whom do we find the best developed moral character? Is it among those who have met obstacles at every step, whose lives have been a constant struggle, to which the only cessation was submission to circumstances? Surely not. Character and capacity, like everything else earthly, grow best under favorable conditions.

But although hundreds fall victims to hostile circumstances where one proves himself superior to them, still the advocates of this idea cling to their opinion. The lives of our great men are shown as proofs. But let them examine carefully the lives of those men. Washington is called an orphan boy. But he never knew what poverty was. He had better opportunities of education than most boys of his time. Webster is called poor, but his parents possessed the means of giving him a collegiate education. Sumner could devote himself exclusively to study.

But how many Websters have

lived and died in obscurity for lack of an education! How many Lincolns have always been railsplitters for want of Calhoun's advice! How many Greeleys have spent their lives at the types for want of a Coggshall to furnish capital to start a *Tribune!* The countless number of those whose "noble rage chill penury has repressed," and whose "genial current" adversity has frozen, far more than counterbalances the few who have succeeded, not because of their unfavorable circumstances, but in spite of them. If we wished to find men of great physical development, we should not look for them among a class of laborers whose situation compelled them to continually overtask their strength, but among those who labor in more favorable circumstances. In just the same way, we should not look for men of well disciplined wills and well developed characters among those whose position required all their powers to conquer opposition, but among those whose circumstances allowed them to make the most of their abilities.

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During the fall term the Sophomore class held four prize debates. The first occurred on Tuesday, Nov. 11, and the others followed at short intervals. At the opening debate the question was discussed whether Lincoln's place would be as distinguished in history as that of Washington. W. H. Dresser, J. C. Perkins, L. T. McKenney, and S. A. Lowell affirmed, and H. Carpenter and L. M. Tarr denied. The committee of award,—Messrs. L. H. Hutchinson, J. W. V. Rich, and T. E. Calvert,—awarded the prize to Carpenter, whose debate was superior to the others because, instead of dividing his argument into two parts, the first a biography of Washington, and the second a biography of Lincoln, he was successful in making his whole argument a comparison of the two men, keeping them both continually before the minds of the audience. The argument of Mr. Lowell also bore the impress of careful preparation.

At the second debate Messrs. Harlow and Chase argued that New England colleges devote too much time to the classics, and Miss Davis and Mr. Tracy denied it. The two best arguments were delivered by Chase and Tracy. The argument of the former showed wide reading and scholarly preparation, and was clinched at the end with a telling list of quotations from eminent authorities. The argument of the latter covered well the ground, and being pleasantly written and abounding in figurative illustrations, was quite entertaining. The committee, Prof. Stanley, and Messrs. Frisbee and Judkins of the Senior class, awarded the prize to Tracy.

The third division discussed the question whether the United States will maintain its present form of government a hundred years. Messrs.

Snow, R. H. Douglass, and Blanchard argued that it would not, and Messrs. Skillings, Nutting, and Clark that it would. This debate was rather more interesting than the previous one, nearly every speaker holding, throughout, the close attention of the audience. The rhetoric, the oratory, and the sentiment of Mr. Nutting's part combined to make it really eloquent. Mr. Clark went straight to the point at every step, and every argument he used was thoroughly fortified. He was awarded the prize.

The finest debate of all was the last one, which occurred Nov. 20. The question, "Was Jefferson's theory of government superior to that of Hamilton's?" was discussed in the affirmative by Messrs. Mansur, Thompson, and Norcross, and in the negative by Messrs. Twaddle, Merrill, and Cogswell. All the parts were real arguments, so that to be the best meant no small degree of merit. The committee, Hon. F. M. Drew, L. H. Hutchinson, A. M., and T. E. Calvert, Esq., awarded the prize to Merrill, and the applause with which the announcement was received indicated the emphatic approval of the audience.

The first three debates were seriously marred by the failure on the part of some to thoroughly commit their parts. If there is anything that is likely to lose for a debater the sympathy of the audience it is the drawing forth from some spacious recess about the person, a ponderous roll of manuscript and searching, during a long silence, for the right place to start anew. It is to be hoped that the debaters in '83 will arrange to finish writing their parts at least two weeks before time for delivery. For it requires much greater familiarity with a part to repeat it without blundering, before a crowded house than in the privacy of one's own room.

This may be an appropriate place to speak of one other thing. While in every division there are one or two whose debates are arranged on a systematic plan, the majority have neither order nor system. Now would there not be an evident improvement in this respect if the Sophomores, before beginning to prepare their debates, should listen to one of the lectures on the proper arrangement of an argument, delivered in course usually to the Juniors?

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It seems to be taken for granted by many educators, among whom may be reckoned a majority of the Faculties of our Colleges, that either college students have not the ability to pursue a practical study of poetry, or that proficiency in writing poetry is not worth special study. We have been required to declaim both select and original articles, to debate, to write essays on a variety of topics, etc.; prizes are offered for proficiency in these

directions and in general scholarship; but no prizes are offered, and no special effort made, to secure a cultivation of what poetic talent the students may possess.

The theoretical value and importance of poetry has been repeatedly presented to us. We have been told that the greatest minds of all ages were poets; that a poet's mission, to their nation and their race, is the grandest offered in any department of literature; that in poetry can be won the most honorable distinction and the purest fame. If such reflections be not the "residence of a too luxuriant fancy," we are failing to get any practical knowledge in the most important department of literature.

Now we have in mind no special machinery for the magical manufacture of poets; but we do believe that a little practical study in the direction indicated might have some slight tendency to remove the massive pile of poetical ignorance that exists in the minds of the "educated." Most of the latter class know positively nothing about poetry. They are ignorant even of the mechanical part, and still more of the practical rules of the art. Whatever poetical talent any individual of this class may possess lies unimproved for lack of knowing how to use it.

Now if lectures could be given on the art of writing Poetry, as they are now given on the art of writing Prose, if an interest could be excited, either through the offering of a prize or the making compulsory some labor in this direction, we believe more poetical talent would be manifested than most prosy souls think exist.

No one has a right to say what could be accomplished by such a method before trial has been made. To make a man a speaker, you train him in declamation and in debate; to make him a writer, you school him in essays and criticism; to make him a scholar, you drill him in all departments of knowledge; but to make him a poet, you do nothing but repeat "Poets are born, not made."

The plan we have in mind would do this if no more. It would teach every graduate the mechanical part of poetry, and the more simple rules of the art. It would tend to awaken a love for the study of Poetry, and a rightly directed appreciation of all that is beautiful therein. It would tend to develop whatever poetic talent the scholar has, by giving such talent a chance for exercise. Even these advantages, we believe, are worth the trial.

## LOCALS.

Vacation.

Holidays.

"Do you smoke?"

The Senior club of last term was run to the tune of $2.32.

All the pedagogues are now wielding the rod.

J. H. Heald, '80, drove to Lewiston, from Lovell, Tuesday, Dec. 16.

Oliver L. Frisbee, '83, is teaching the ungraded school on Lincoln St.

W. S. Briggs, of the Latin School, is spending the winter in Washington.

L. M. Thompson, '82, is spending the vacation in Ohio, at his former home.

Nichols Latin School opened Tuesday, Dec. 16, with a good attendance for the winter term.

The pedagogue has gone forth to swing his cane and air his learning in the country district.

"A man he was severe, and stern to view."

The Seniors will study the history of Philosophy during the first four weeks of next term. We mean all that are here.

W. J. Brown, '81, takes the place of the Principal of the Lapham Institute, at North Scituate, R. I., for the winter term.

At the closing dinner of one of our clubs, one student ate so much turkey that his fellow students pronounced him a *gobbler*.

A solitary light is occasionally seen in one end of Parker Hall, and doleful sounds, issuing forth at intervals, show to passers by that the Spirit of Music (?) still haunts the place.

The thanks of '80 are due Mr. Plummer, who so successfully acted as Manager of the STUDENT in the absence of Mr. Merrill.

"There is nothing new under the sun." Seven years ago Barnum offered a thousand dollars for a new joke. No one has yet called for the reward.

Josh Billings says: "Everybody loves to phool with chances, for everybody expects to win. I am authorized to state that everybody don't win."

The Seniors have voted that those who do not teach shall treat those who do, when the latter have returned from their schools. No backing out either!

Student (relying on cheek thus translates)—"His own death caused *him* more grief than any of the others." Prof.—"That would be very natural." Class roars.

It was an Irish barrister who, growing eloquent in his plea, exclaimed: "When we look back on the paths of the future we see the *foot*prints of an almighty *hand*."

In the Gymnasium the other day a reckless Junior lost the peanuts on a bet that he could hit a door knob once out of a hundred shots. We don't know whether he has paid them, but we hope that he has, just for the sake of contrast to about a score of others whose betting never costs them anything.

An obdurate bachelor, having entered matrimony, and being asked how it happened, replied that such were the circumstances that his affections got the upper hand of his judgment.

The meteoric display announced by Prof. Proctor for Thanksgiving evening was rendered invisible by the intervening clouds, much to the disappointment of the astronomically minded.

"What is a ninepence, my dear?" said a fond mother to her daughter just returned from boarding school. "I don't know, we didn't have that question in the *Geography* that we studied."

The weather of the last week of the term reminded one of stern winter. We hope, ere another term opens, that the "powers that be" will carefully insert the missing window glass.

An old negro, who walked three miles to hear a regular ordained minister, rather than stop and hear a theological student, said he wasn't going to have green hands experimenting on him.

Examinations were not so bad after all. But we trust no "Globe Commissioner" will make a "still hunt" after the inaccuracies. Even if he should there is no "going behind the returns."

Two reckless students bet a cent each on his own ability to tell the biggest lie. The first one thus began: "Once a rich old country parson"—"The money is yours. There could not possibly be a bigger lie than that."

The Hetero-Scientific Society intends to offer a chromo as a prize to the one who can break out the most squares of glass with one stone. Now is the time to practice up. The trial will probably come off next summer term.

During the late icy period a student who had the misfortune to slip down, turned the joke from himself upon the unfeeling crowd by nonchalantly taking a cigar from his pocket and lighting it before arising from his seat.

The few who will be in at the beginning of next term may have a chance to flunk twice at the same recitation. We hope the boys will improve all their opportunities. We have great confidence in their ability and willingness.

Our readers will bear in mind that it has been exceptionally difficult to fill the local column of this number. *We* are not to blame for a dry column, for we have taxed both memory and imagination to their fullest capacity.

An admirer of Virgil sends us the following poetry (?), which we have entitled, "The Wail of the Unavenged Manés of a Murdered Virgilian Sybil":

"The descent to Avernus is easy,
The way lies open and clear;
But to return again to the sunlight,
This is work, this is labor severe."

A Parker Hall inhabitant who is often compelled by his absent chum to go to bed alone, has learned the following solo from No. 3, which he sings with chattering teeth between naps: "Are you coming home *to-night?*"

We understand there is to be introduced into the present Congress a bill allowing, in all parts of the Union, specie to be carried as freight. If this bill passes, probably Bates students will travel considerably during the coming year.

Quite a number of students remain in Lewiston during the winter vacation, engaged in "collateral work." A few glide noiselessly through Parker Hall, with muffled feet, as if feeling guilty at disturbing the sacred silence of the classic old walls.

For the benefit of our prep readers we insert the following question, taken from the programme of one of the societies of a neighboring preparatory institution: "In earth's valhalla is the nich allotted to Euterpe as important as that to Ulysses' statue?"

Prof. G. C. Chase is reading and making quotations for the "Philological Society's English Dictionary." The Society hope to have a first part of four hundred pages, containing the letter A, ready in 1882, and the whole Dictionary in ten years. Mr. Chase has undertaken to read two of Chaucer's poems, "The Squyere's Tale," and "The House of Fame." J. R. Brackett, of the class of '75, is also engaged upon Chaucer work for the Dictionary. Mr. Brackett is now at Yale, where he will complete his post-graduate course with the present college year.

During the last week of the term quite a number of books were "scooped in" by somebody. If these "tendencies of character" are to continue and become permanent, we hope the State will run the club in which these gentlemen (?) take their meals.

The Professor in Psychology gave the Sophomores a few rules to aid the memory. In one of these, "Employ whatever helps the nature of the subject may allow," the boys thought he included "ponies," and were very jubilant over this official recognition of such aids.

The class of '80 have elected the following officers: President, H. L. Merrill; Vice President, A. A. Beane; Secretary, O. C. Tarbox; Treasurer, I. F. Frisbee; Orator, W. H. Judkins; Poet, J. H. Heald; Historian, E. E. Richards; Prophet, J. A. Plummer; Parting Address, F. L. Hayes; Chaplain, J. F. Parsons; Odists, Miss E. H. Sawyer, Miss L. W. Harris; Toast Master, C. B. Rankin; Marshal, W. P. Martin; Curator, E. H. Farrar; Class Committee, C. H. Deshon, W. A. Hoyt, A. L. Woods.

With pleasure we take this opportunity of expressing to those with whom we have been associated at the *Journal* Office, our appreciation of their accommodating attention and gentlemanly bearing. Our relations there we shall remember as always courteous and pleasant.

The class or the Faculty, one or both, we don't know which, have chosen the following Sophomores to participate in the Junior champion debate of next year: H. H. Chase, W. G. Clark, W. H. Cogswell, J. F. Merrill, I. M. Norcross, C. L. Nutting, O. H. Tracy, W. V. Twaddle.

Prof. Stanton, the College Librarian, assisted by Mr. Hoyt, has made, since the close of the term, important changes in the arrangement of the Library. That changes were needed, every one who has used the Library to any extent knows. We hope the day is not hopelessly in the future when we shall have a Library Catalogue.

Some time during last term the Sophs interviewed a Lisbon Street merchant to find out, if possible, for how much he would furnish a dozen or more fur caps. After a very critical examination of the price list, he finally came to this conclusion: "I will furnish them to you for two dollars a piece, and throw in a collar for each one of your class."

We had the pleasure of listening to the lecture of Hon. Geo. R. Wendling on his recent visit to this city. His subject was "A Reply to Ingersoll." His was a striking contrast to the ironical and sarcastic manner of that gentleman. He had a sound logical argument, such a one as would commend itself to all thinking men. His eloquent passages elicited frequent applause.

If the expression of the mouth is any measure of the abundance of the heart, that organ in many must be in a chronic state of biliousness. Take, for instance, the late week of review. If at first glance a lesson assigned seemed too long, to see the dark shadows flit across the countenances of a class, and to hear the unsuppressed sighs, you might be led to think that they had suddenly discovered that a guillotine was being erected for them. But, if the Professor rightly interprets their looks and cuts off a page from thirty or forty, sunshine succeeds the shadows, and the class apparently take a new lease of life.

About half of the students are teaching this winter. Those who left their address at our "office" we publish. Quite a number teach in the indefinite "somewhere."

SENIORS.

C. H. Deshon ..... Farmingdale.
L. W. Harris ..... West Minot.
I. F. Frisbee ..... Lewiston.
F. L. Hayes ..... New Gloucester.
M. P. Judkins ..... Bowdoinham.
W. H. Judkins ..... Frankfort.
H. L. Merrill ..... Weld.
J. F. Parsons ..... Lewiston.
J. A. Plummer ..... Winterport.

O. C. Tarbox.....Foxcroft.
A. L. Woods.....Searsport.

JUNIORS.

H. E. Coolidge.....Canton.
W. P. Curtis.....Yarmouth.
O. Davis.....Winterport.
O. H. Drake.....Boothbay.
W. P. Foster.....Georgetown.
J. H. Goding.....Leeds.
A. D. Gray.....Dover.
J. E. Holton.....Leeds.
J. H. Parsons.....Newburyport, Mass.
W. B. Perkins.....Hartford.
B. S. Rideout.....Garland.
R. Robinson.....Garland.
E. D. Rowell.....Brunswick.
C. P. Sanborn.....Carthage.
C. A. Strout.....Oxford.

SOPHOMORES.

H. L. Bullen.....Monroe.
H. Carpenter.....Houlton.
H. H. Chase.....Unity.
J. W. Douglass.....Hermon.
R. H. Douglass.....Jay.
W. H. Dresser.....Greene.
B. G. Eaton.....Brewer.
W. S. Hoyt.....Georgetown.
S. A. Lowell.....Canton.
A. W. Mansur.....Ashland.
C. E. Mason.....Prospect.
L. T. McKenney.....Camden.
J. C. Perkins.....Livermore.
J. H. Snow.....Stoneham.
O. H. Tracy.....Minot.
G. G. Weeks.....Fairfield.
B. W. Murch.....Stetson.

FRESHMEN.

G. M. Beals.....Greene.
A. C. Harlow.....New Gloucester.
E. J. Hatch.....Wells.
O. L. Frisbee.....Lewiston.
E. P. Jordan.....Lisbon.
H. M. Lord.....Thomaston.
F. B. Lothrop.....Leeds.
F. E. Manson.....Litchfield.
A. E. Millett.....West Minot.
R. W. Nutter.....Dexter.
F. E. Perham.....North Tisbury, Mass.
C. E. Sargent.....Pittsfield, N. H.
K. W. Spaulding.....Milton.
F. A. Spratt.....Hermon.
A. E. Tinkham.....Monmouth.
H. H. Tucker.....Solon.

## 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.]

'69.—L. C. Graves is studying for the ministry at Bates Theological School.

'72.—Rev. C. A. Bickford recently paid a visit to his friends in Maine.

'76.—"The friends of Rev. A. L. Morey, pastor of Lisbon Falls F. B. Church, visited him Friday evening, Nov. 21, and gave him a hearty good pounding. Revs. Geo. Plummer and S. Wakely were also present."

'76.—Married, on the 4th inst., Mr. I. C. Phillips to Miss Ida Whitney, of Lewiston. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Burgess, assisted by Rev. Dr. Bowen.

'76.—George F. Adams has received the degree of M.D. from the University of Burlington, Vt.

'77.—O. B. Clason has been engaged to take charge of the Hopkinton (Mass.) Academy the present year.

'77.—C. V. Emerson is now teaching in West Auburn.

'77.—The class of '77 will doubtless be glad to know of an addition

to their number by the birth of Silas Oliver, son of P. R. Clason.

'77.—Miss Carrie M. Warner was recently united in wedlock to Mr. H. S. Morehouse, of Washington, Conn.

'77.—Stuart has bought property in North Anson and proposes to remain there.

'78.—E. B. Vining has closed a successful term of High School at Phillips.

'78.—J. Q. Adams of the Theological School preaches, during the vacation, at Hallowell.

'78.—F. D. George is teaching in Augusta.

'78.—D. M. Benner is teaching in Coal Valley, Ill.

'78.—The class letter belonging to '78, described in the STUDENT for June, has just reached C. F. Peaslee.

'78.—F. O. Mower says he is happy.

'79.—Married, in Portland, Nov. 25th, by Rev. C. S. Perkins, Mr. Walter E. Ranger and Miss Mary Snowman.

'79.—Bollin has a good place as clerk for a large firm in Washington, D. C.

## EXCHANGES.

The time of parting has come; and we are expected to heave a sigh, drop a tear upon the page, and utter mournful words expressive of our grief. But we don't propose to do any such thing. To tell the truth, we are rather glad our editorial duties are at an end. Why not? Should one be sorry to get a thing done that was worth doing? Very likely you, brother editors, will be equally glad to part with us. Why not? You will thus be doing as we should do by you. New editors are always welcomed by the college press. There is always a hope that they will improve on the work of their predecessors; at least there will be a change. We have heard of but one board of editors that were not glad to relinquish their editorial duties when their term of office expired. You all know, of course, that we mean the editors of the *Amherst Student*. And the college press never indicated that it would be sorry to part with them. Poor fellows! it must have been a matter of conscience with them (you needn't laugh), we seriously think so. What else could have induced them to hold their office another year? The inducement certainly was not pecuniary. Was it fame they sought?

> "Of all the phantoms fleeting in the mist
> Of time, though meagre all, and ghostly thin,
> Most unsubstantial, unessential shade"

is the fame to be gained by editing a college paper.

But (if perchance any brother editor may have read thus far) we fear lest we be misunderstood. We do not mean that there is no pleasure or profit to be gained from this edi-

torial work; on the contrary, there is much of both to be gained. We only mean to say, we have had enough of a good thing. It is really a good thing to associate, through the columns of the college papers, with college boys throughout the land. In the college paper the college boy strikes the happy mean: he is neither old-manish, nor excessively boyish; he is just his own thoughtful, yet unrestrained and free-spirited self. We say we have enjoyed associating with him through the medium of the press.

Yes, there is much that is pleasant in the work of an exchange editor, and there is somewhat that is disagreeable. The duty to criticise exchanges impartially often leads him to read articles that he would choose to pass by. Many college papers contain articles having no apparent mission but to fill up. But the faithful editor is not to cast the article by after a few cursory glances: he must search faithfully in the refuse heap, if, perchance, we may find some nugget there. But after searching for such articles in vain the poor editor is apt to consider his position unenviable.

But let us have a few friendly words of parting with our various exchanges. Toward the majority of them, we feel much as we do toward our casual, common-place college acquaintances: good fellows; nothing against them; wish them success. These exchanges have paid their regular visits; we have been glad enough to see them, and, after a few moments' notice, to pass them by. But many of our exchanges have called forth stronger feelings of regard.

And now they come dropping in to visit us for the last time. Here comes the venerable *Yale Lit.*; it never seemed quite like a college acquaintance, but more like a young-hearted old man, that loved to talk over his youthful days. Next comes the *Nassau Lit.*, with the *Hamilton Lit.* treading close upon its heels; they were always welcome.

Yet our less literary friends were always pleasanter companions for a half-hour chat. There in the corner is the *Chronicle*, our staid, matter-of-fact friend from Ann Arbor; it always has something to say,—so much, in fact, that it cannot afford to be garrulous. And there by the window, gazing pensively at the sunset, is our California friend, the *Berkeleyan.*

We do not overlook our eastern friends: there are our Columbia acquaintances, the *Spectator* and the *Acta*, which have such a pleasant way of discoursing nonsense. There, too, are the *Advocate* of "*culchaw*" and the *Record* of the doings of "good old Yale." Nor do we forget our meek and unpretending sister from Vassar, who always had something to say, and said it in a manner so simple and unaffected as to win our regard. And many other

pleasant acquaintances throng about us, of whom we cannot now personally speak, but of whom we cherish pleasant recollections.

We thank all our exchanges (*Niagara Index*, of course, excepted) for the kind and courteous treatment they have given us. And there is no exchange whatever toward which we do not cherish the most friendly feelings.

## OTHER COLLEGES.

### COLUMBIA.

The endowment fund is $5,000,000.

The Freshmen have organized a Walking Club.

The Literary Societies report an increase in interest and membership.

"By the new rule, a man absent from a monthly examination is marked zero for the same, unless he obtains permission from the Faculty to make the same up."

### DARTMOUTH.

The college is to have a Law Department.

Senior elections resulted in disagreement between the Academics and the Scientifics. As a consequence the Scientifics have withdrawn their editors from the editorial staff of the *Dartmouth*.

### HARVARD.

The Library corps consists of one librarian, three assistants, ten ladies, and four pages.

Of the 654 magazines and periodicals taken by the Library, 284 are devoted to General and Miscellaneous topics; 248 to Science and Technology; 7 to Agriculture and Horticulture; 15 to Fine Arts; 13 to Law; 34 to Mathematics and Astronomy; 23 to Medicine; 30 to Religion.—*Advocate*.

### PRINCETON.

The foot-ball game between the Harvard and Princeton teams, on Nov. 15, was won by the latter.

"The Democrats in college had their jollification before election; the Republicans had theirs afterwards."

The *Princetonian* proposes a scheme for making an artificial lake, and claims that this scheme can be executed without great expense.

### VASSAR.

"Gymnastic classes are being organized."

"The new Laboratory is a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

"Halloween was celebrated by candy-pulls, phantom-parties, and other harmless amusements."

The Sophomores have given the Freshmen a reception, carried them to ride, etc. It is a good thing for sisters to dwell together in unity.

### YALE.

Senior election was harmonious, several officers being elected unanimously.

The Thanksgiving Jubilee holden by the Alumni Association in New York, on the evening of the 28th, is said to have been a grand success.

Yale has beaten Columbia at foot-ball, is at a tie with Harvard, and the final game with Princeton resulted in a draw. Who holds the championship?

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Choctaw Nation pays for the education of twenty-two students at various colleges in the states.

Harvard has had an entailed bequest of $800,000 left her by a Mr. Hastings of Boston. Amherst also rejoices in $100,000.

The Freshman class at Michigan University has divided its class offices equally between the ladies and gentlemen of the class.

There are in the United States four hundred and twenty-two colleges; of these twenty are in New England, while the State of Missouri has twenty-three, and Pennsylvania twenty-nine. As to church or other control, there are twenty-seven State Universities, and forty-eight other non-sectarian colleges; while the Roman Catholic institutions number sixty-seven; the Methodists of various kinds, sixty-five; while many less sectarian denominations have each a few. Michigan University has the largest total number of students, amounting to 1,367; but excluding the strictly professional courses, Harvard with 836, and Yale with 753, far exceed all others. One hundred and eighty-three institutions admit both sexes, three are exclusively for women, and the rest admit gentlemen only.—*A. F. Nightingale's "Miscellaneous Addenda."*

## CLIPPINGS.

Senior German. Prof.—"Mr. P., what is the meaning of *einschlafen?*" P.—"To sleep, with an idea of motion."—*Yale Record.*

When a baby stuffs his toe into his mouth, he little realizes how hard it will be for him in later years to make both ends meet.—*Ex.*

Professor in English Literature—"I will now show you some exceptional feet. Mr. S. will you please come forward."—*Cornell Era.*

Our librarian has in his possession a volume which has been eaten through and through by book-worms. The title is "The Reformation of Luther," but the inside, he says, *is the diet of worms.—Ex.*

Tutor—"This is a beautiful line, gentlemen, where the poet speaks of 'The balm of childhood, bringing sweet repose.' Can any of you tell me what he means by this exquisite figure?" Learned Freshman—"Well, I should say, sir, that he meant Soothing Syrup." (Gone to meet the twenty-three Juniors.)—*Acta.*

Prof.—"Now, what in the Roman army corresponded to a major in ours?" Soph (who belongs to the Glee Club)—"F Sharp minor, sir."—*Ex.*

At the suggestion of one of our Professors we insert the following conundrum: "Why is necessity like some of our law students?" Because it knows no law.—*Ex.*

Why is a lame dog like a sheet of blotting paper? Because a lame dog is a slow pup, and a slope up is an inclined plane, and an ink-lined plane is a sheet of blotting paper.—*Œstrus.*

Scene at a recitation in German. Instructor (to Snodkins who is reading at sight, but whose progress is cut short by the word "Schneidermaisterlein")—"Come, Mr. Snodkins, what does Schneider-maisterlein mean?" Snodkins (hesitatingly)—"Little dog marker."—*Advocate.*

The *Chemist and Druggist* says that it was Herbert Spencer who made the following definition of evolution: "Evolution is a change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity, to a definite, coherent heterogeneity, through continuous differentiations and integrations," and it was the mathematician Kirkeman, who translated the definition into plain English: "Evolution is a change from a nowhowish untalkaboutable, allalikeness, to a somehowish and-in-general talkaboutable, not-at-all-alikeness, by continuous somethingelseifications and sticktogetherations."

AT THE WINDOW.

"Frank, what is the name of that beautiful star
Sinking so fast out of sight?"
"It is Murcury, darling, he's speeding afar
Like a maiden afraid of the night."

"Then what is that one in the east, I pray?"
"My darling, that's Saturn, you know,
Fond as a maiden of silly display
He has rings ever ready to show."

"And Frank, do tell me, that planet up there
Quite close in the horns of the moon?"
"That's Mars, in the arms of Diana, my dear,
Folly conquers the bravest so soon."

"Cruel Frank! but there's one I've forgotten, I fear,
"I don't see it now—oh, what is it?"
"Venus, you mean?—It's too cool for her here.
She has gone farther south on a visit."
—*Advocate.*

The following is taken from "My Chum's Portfolio," in the *Cornell Era:*

I've firmly, boys, made up my mind
That when I marry,
The girl I choose shall be a kind
Of kitchen fairy.

A saint of course in soul and looks,
(Though men are sinners)
But she must be a saint who cooks
Delicious dinners!

Beauty and brains—and I'll not mind
*Sage* conversations.
But one thing I'll expect to find—
Regular rations!

"I think I must have been hungry when I wrote that, Max," said Chum in a shame-faced way. "I should think as much! I've a notion to write a reply. How will this do as a sample?"

The maiden fair said through her tears,
With these perfections—
Steak-cooking somewhat interferes—
It spoils complexions!

You want an angel, do you say,
For your housekeeping?
I fear wings would be in the way
When one was sweeping!

# 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.

THOMAS H. STACY, A.B.,
Tutor in Elocution.

## *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.....JULY 1, 1880.

For Catalogue or other information, address

OREN B. CHENEY, PRESIDENT, *Lewiston, Me.*

# NICHOLS LATIN SCHOOL.

This Institution is located in the city of Lewiston, Maine, and is named in honor of LYMAN NICHOLS, Esq., of Boston. The special object of the school is to prepare students for the Freshman Class of Bates College, though students who do not contemplate a College course are admitted to any of the classes which they have the qualifications to enter. The School is situated near the College and Theological School, and thus affords important advantages of association with students of more advanced standing and scholarship.

The Course of Study comprises three years and as many classes; that is, the first year, or third class; the second year, or second class; the third year, or first class. The classes are so arranged that students can enter the school at any time during the year.

*BOARD OF INSTRUCTION.*

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A. M. JONES, *Secretary.*

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