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FEBRUARY; 1876.

No. 2.

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BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

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EDITED BY GEORGE H. WYMAN AND HENRY W. OAKES.

BUSINESS MANAGER: OLIVER B. CLASON.

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NATURE AND THE MIND.

"To her fair forms did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran."

IN a certain vague way, no doubt, every one feels that there is a deep vital relation subsisting between his own mind and the world of form that lies around him and above him. Man and nature are constantly acting and reacting upon each other; but the connection is wonderfully complex and mysterious, revealing itself with fullness only to those minds that "see into the life of things," and have power to grasp the great ideas of unity and harmony which underlie creation; so that few men ever realize how dependent they are upon the things of sense for that fuel which feeds the fire of the mind.

The senses are the windows of the soul. Through them Nature is forever pouring her illuminating rays, under whose genial, quicken-

ing influence the faculties expand and ripen, as truly as the plant receives life and nourishment from the sun in heaven. In childhood, in youth, and in old age alike, we are receiving invisible lessons from the visible world; we drink in through the pores of sense a thousand impressions every day. Thus the mind becomes a mirror of nature, and the inner world of thought takes its form and color from the things about us. Light and shadow, mountain, plain and sea, all have their influence, silent but potent, in moulding the character and shaping the ideas of the soul.

So true is this, that nations of kindred origin, from dwelling under different skies, surrounded by different aspects of nature, are often found to have little in common, either in manners or ideas. Nor is this influence on the mind wholly

general and indefinable. Certain objects tend uniformly to foster certain elements of character. There must be, then, an intimate correspondence, a vital relationship between them.

The beautiful in Nature ministers to the æsthetic faculties; sublime objects appeal to heroic sentiments, seeming to impart something of their own inherent grandeur to the souls that dwell in their midst and listen daily to their teachings.

“Two Voices are there ; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty Voice;
In both, from age to age, thou didst rejoice,—
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!”

The idea is a favorite with the poets; but it is none the less a truth of philosophy, and a necessity of the human mind.

Switzerland has been the synonym of a free country and free institutions in Europe for centuries. The tyrant that would conquer the Swiss mind must first change the character of Swiss scenery. “They must be free, or die,” who dwell among her everlasting hills. England, too, is what she is, in spirit and in power, largely from her natural surroundings—

“Encompassed by the inviolate sea.”

No one will study a nation's history aright, or comprehend the ruling spirit of a people's inner life and development, who fails to take into account these various voices of Nature to the soul. Shelley, in one of his letters, says of the old Greeks:

“They lived in harmony with nature; and the interstices of their incomparable columns were portals, as it were, to admit the spirit of beauty which animates this glorious universe, to visit those whom it inspired.” And in another place he says: “I now understand why the Greeks were such great poets; and above all, I can account, it seems to me, for the harmony, the unity, the perfection, the uniform excellence, of all their works of art. They lived in perpetual commerce with external nature, and nourished themselves upon the spirit of its forms.” They looked on Nature, not as too many at the present day regard her, as the mere expression of fixed and inexorable laws, but as instinct with life and beauty,—as something to be spoken to and loved. The sea, the groves, and the air were peopled with invisible beings. A spirit moved through all things. Their own spirits responded to this myriad life of Nature, and they were able faithfully to reproduce her beautiful forms in their works of art, which later ages study to imitate, but dare not hope to rival. Those myths and fables which seem so extravagant to our duller sensibilities, are the legitimate offspring of minds that *felt* this life in Nature, whose sympathy with it was not forced, but spontaneous and deep. They nestled like children in her bosom, and “felt in the blood” the wild, joyous pulsations of her being. As the result of this

free-hearted, real companionship, imagination became truly creative,—

“Art, daring because souls could feel.”

But it is often said of the Greeks, that they lived in the childhood of the world, and looked on Nature in a childish way. It is equally impossible and undesirable that we should return to their ways; we have outgrown them; we see things more nearly as they are, and by our conquest of nature are fast rolling off the burden of the mystery of the unintelligible world, which has so long oppressed the mind.

It is true, much of the superstition that beclouded the ancients has been lifted from us; but have we lost nothing which it were well to have retained? Their matchless productions in literature and in art speak of something that is gone from us. We spend our time in trying to copy them. Modern art is but a feeble imitation of ancient models; modern literature is, for the most part, a quotation from Homer or Plato. And why need it be so? Surely the human mind has lost none of its power during the centuries. Nature is as full of sublimity as ever; her voices are as various, her melodies as sweet, and she is as glad to reveal them to the mind. If our sensibilities were but as lively and responsive, we should come as near to her heart as the ancients.

“Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We’ve given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the Moon;

The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we’re out of tune.”

It were well if we had kept more of that simplicity and self-abandonment of childhood in our communion with Nature, and in the study of her forms. In our cold, one-sided view of her offices, we are approaching another extreme. The tendency of so much devotion to natural science has been to materialize the thought of the age. Literature and society are full of evidences of this. The mind is absorbed with thoughts that look to the increase of bodily comforts and conveniences, and a new discovery is valued in proportion as it ministers to these. Any other way of looking on the world around us is regarded as behind the times,—well enough for poets and long-haired sentimentalists, perhaps, but of no value to him whose thought is in harmony with the spirit of the age. No wonder the “progress of civilization” is fatal to works of poetry and art.

Only those minds that carry the imagination into their contemplation of Nature, and approach her reverently, as the visible expression of the thought of God, and therefore as revealing God, can bring away the great lesson which it is her office to teach the mind. For such as come to her in this spirit, with heart and brain alive to the melody of her voices, she has ever a loving welcome; and she leads them “from joy to joy.”

“For she can so inform
 The mind that is within us, so impress
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
 Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
 Is full of blessings.”

The same beneficent Spirit that moves the hearts of men and cares for all His creatures, is present in the manifold forms and scenes of Nature; through them he reveals His wisdom and His love; from them man is forever receiving impressions that strengthen and ennoble his mind. Those who feel this most

deeply are the men of thought and power in the world. It is the secret of the poet, orator, and philosopher. The greatest thoughts can be adequately expressed only as they are clothed in the similitudes of Nature. In proportion as we come into harmony with her life and catch the finer strains of her music, do thoughts come free and fast, and life becomes beautiful. As Goethe says: “To such there came trooping up out of the meadows and singing down out of the skies, thoughts like free children of God, crying out: “‘Here we are! Here we are!’”

WAR vs. PEACE.

IN the ages of the past, deeds of war have been regarded as the loftiest theme. The pages of history are replete with glowing accounts of human conflict. From the misty mountain tops of antiquity comes the voice of poetry, accorded to the harp of immortal melody. But from this, too, is breathed the breath of war, that has thrilled the hearts and aroused the ambitions of men in all the thronging generations. Even in our own day, the voice of man, although softened to accord with more generous utterances, is yet given to martial praise.

The glories of military life are instilled into the mind from its earli-

est years. Childhood's slumbers are broken by martial songs. Its waking hours are amused with the plume and the sword. The dreams of youth are enlivened by thoughts of noble daring and heroic death upon the field of battle—dreams that in manhood too often prove a reality. Not with a self-forgetful valor, yielding up life as a generous sacrifice upon his country's altar, does the warrior die; but with the fever of rage upon his brow, and with his heart exasperated by a thirst for revenge.

Constantly gazing upon war, we have become blinded to its ghastly visage. The sanction of civil governments has caused it to be re-

garded by the citizen as a duty. In cases of civil claims and disturbance of the peace, resort is had to the arbitrament of courts and juries; but for the settlement of public claims and the restoration of peace from local dissensions, the universal arbitrament is *war*. Unjust, indeed, is such arbitration, and in the language of one distinguished member of the French Assembly, "The order restored by the bayonet is but the peace of tyrants and the silence of despotism."

From this universal resort for the adjustment of the rights of men, is there no appeal? Shall the dignity of human nature always be thus assailed? Shall human lives always be regarded as of such little worth that they shall be trampled upon as the dust and cut down as the tender grass? No! From this picture of blood and woe we turn, to gaze upon a happier destiny for mankind.

In the midst of strife and disorder there have ever been a few who have looked forward with longing expectation to an age of peace,—a time when deeds of war shall be exchanged for deeds of justice and beneficence, securing and advancing human happiness. Poets have dwelt upon it in sublimest measures. Philosophers have made it their fondest speculation. The ancient prophets, inspired by more than mortal wisdom, heralded its coming in the far future. Our age, fortunately, has its devotees to this cause, and we

sometimes hear them giving expression to the belief that we are living in the dawn of that age. Over-sanguine as they may be, we can but be inspired by their utterances to hope; and, as with eager eye we occasionally catch what seems to us to be the faint glimmer of the dawn on the distant horizon, we are filled with inexpressible joy.

Let us turn for a moment to consider whether this sentiment, that has found expression alike with the poet, philosopher, and prophet, is but the flashing up of a poetic vision, the gleaming of a fancy, or the well-defined shadow of events fast approaching. And, first, as man advances in civilization, his higher sentiments, affections, and understanding are alike averse to war. Humanity becomes an ever-growing principle. Pity is elicited for the sufferings of others. Friendly negotiations are found to produce more economic results than a resort to arms. The pursuits of art and literature are ever lending new charms to civil life. The investigations and discoveries in science, and the application of these discoveries to practical and general use, are fast welding links in the chain of universal brotherhood.

Again, the commerce of the world, which in ancient times trembled to cross a narrow strait or a lofty range of hills, is now sending out its trains and ships, like shuttle-work, over land and sea. Thus is established

"the great commonwealth of nations." Thus does a war in one country, however remote, bring disaster to all others.

Lastly, the spirit of association, or, in other words, the benevolent spirit of modern times, is manifesting itself in a thousand forms of loveliness; is extending itself with astonishing rapidity; is disseminating principles of universal justice and love; is everywhere elevating the character of mankind, and uniting them in inseparable bonds of

peace. Thus do we not find substantial evidence that this long-expected era is at hand? And when, instead of the dread arbitrament of war, the representatives of the highest intelligence of the nations shall sit in common council for the adjustment of international dissensions, then may it be said that the age has truly come when "they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks, and the nations shall learn war no more."

THE APPLE.

AN APOLOGUE IN IMITATION OF THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

At Herod's brilliant palace
 A wealthy chamberlain dwelt, rich in splendor;
 No sorrow vexed the surface,
 Nor seemed his happiness to hinder.
 One day, a friend of childhood,
 Who would a change of climate make to seek his good,
 Him came to see.

The master, wishing his reception there to be
 In fashion as resplendent,
 As was his fortune independent,
 Prepared a grand collation.

All his neighbors, high in station,
 Were bidden to his table.
 They arrive, are seated; all seemed delectable;
 The porphyry, the silver, and the gold
 Displayed the master's wealth untold.
 Refreshing coolness came from distant mountains;
 Of wines delicious, the cups were fountains;

The fruits, with ruddy skins, vied with all their powers
To flash as varied hues as most brilliant flowers.
The chamberlain, joyous, entertained his guests;
His words were winged with humor, wit, and jests.

The friend, who from afar had come,
Of grandeur much had seen at home;
But he had never seen table as sumptuous,
And palace so magnificent, and crowd so joyous.
He suffered not himself to vaunt this state;
The splendid decorations; the relish of each plate.
He thought, indeed, his friend's estate worthy the strife,
And said in turn to each: "In the pathway of life,
Was there ever mortal who had been more fortunate?
Born 'neath the luckiest star, his fortune made him great;
Nor e'er such favor came to crown another man."

And then to him an apple the chamberlain
Gave, on plate of gold sustained;
Its form a stoic well might win;
The voyageur took it, and, unconstrained,
Cut,—and found at the heart, beneath its shining skin,
A worm.

LETTER FROM A GRADUATE.

To the Editors of the Bates Student:—

I SEND you for publication the following letter from Robert Given, Jr., Class of '74, believing that it will be of interest to his classmates and friends. Mr. Given went to Colorado for his health, and at the time of writing was with J. H. Baker, of '73.

DENVER, COL., JAN. 28TH, 1876.

DEAR T—: Just six weeks in Denver. How am I? Well, I am

better, very much better than when I left Lewiston.

It took me about a week to get acclimated,—that is, so I could breathe this rare atmosphere (we are *up* about 5,500 feet) with any degree of comfort; and then I commenced to improve rapidly. Of course I cannot tell what the permanent effect will be, but have great confidence in this climate as a sanitarium for pulmonary and throat difficulties.

I have not done any work yet, but have made it my duty to walk several miles each day, either about town or on the plains surrounding it. The territorial legislature and a constitutional convention are in session in town. Repeated visits to them have made me quite familiar with the ways of the Western politicians, and made me long to be a Congressman or a highway robber or something of that sort,—besides furnishing divertisement for me.

An occasional visit to Baker's school keeps the pedagogue art fresh in memory. He (Baker) has an excellent school, and is doing good work with it. All concerned are well pleased with him. The mental training and culture of BATES will stand a comparison with the best of them, I think. A course of the good solid work of BATES and institutions like it, is worth everything in comparison with the slipshod, "practical"—so-called—methods so generally advocated at the present time. There are graduates here from almost every institution in the country, including Yale, Harvard, Bowdoin, Michigan University, etc., etc. The "society" of town is generally good, made up as it is largely of New England people and those from the older Western States. Snobbery, of course, has quite an extensive sway here, as everywhere where people get rich suddenly and spend their talents in devising how to display their wealth.

The situation of this town is somewhat of an anomaly. It is about twenty miles from the foot of the mountains, surrounded by a perfectly treeless plain, extending as far as the eye can reach on the east, north, and south, and to the mountains on the west. A ride upon the plains brings nothing to view but short buffalo-grass, cacti in abundance, prairie dogs, antelopes, jack-rabbits, etc., but no trees or pleasant farm-houses, as in Maine and other New England States. All the land in this vicinity has to be irrigated before it can be cultivated with success. The trees in town are kept alive by water running in ditches along their bases.

Every day since I have been here has been a pleasant one; no rain; snowed twice in night-time, but it all disappeared in a day or two. The most disagreeable freaks of the weather are the "gentle zephyrs" of Colorado. They produce dust storms occasionally, when it is more pleasant to be in the house than out of doors; but even in the house the dust will find its way, and deposit itself in beautiful layers upon the various articles of clothing and furniture. "Every house has its skeleton"—eh?

Mercury averages about 40° during the day, with colder nights. Mining is the great business of the territory, and just now there is quite a rush from here to the Black Hills, Pike's Peak, and other mining dis-

tricts; but where one gets rich, ten get poor. Cattle-raising is destined to be one of the leading interests of the territory, and quite a safe business, too. The professions, here as elsewhere, are crowded; only fifty-eight lawyers in a town of 20,000 inhabitants, and a proportional number of medical men. There are not, however, any too many ministers, perhaps. No Free Baptist church, but almost every other denomination has a place of worship. Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Catholics are the leading denominations. Catholics have a strong hold in the territory. The Bishop has just been delivering some lectures against the godless public schools, and in favor of a division of school money and non-taxation of

church property. He assumes the Catholic to be the only true church, and then argues *ad nauseam*.

.

Wish some of the boys could come out here and form a sort of a colony of Batesites. Best country in the world for study of Geology, Mineralogy, and Botany.

Think I'll try the mountains next summer. Snow-slides now are apt to cover a traveler up a few feet, or knock him off some precipice and unfit him for duty; but in the summer it is glorious, unless you meet a grizzly.

—The letter closes with an expression of regards to his classmates and friends, and a wish that they would write to him. His address is Denver, Colorado; Box 1759. S.

THE IMAGINATION.

IN attempting a brief essay upon the subject of imagination, or power of combination, it seems fitting at the outset to deny, in anticipation of any accusation, all claims to originality of ideas. We would freely acknowledge ourselves plagiarists; and would challenge any of the daring to advance a single idea upon this subject which has escaped the careful research of the profound in philosophy. Our only excuse for forcing upon the attention of the readers of the *STUDENT*, ideas so

commonplace—as viewed from a philosophical standpoint—is the contemptible position which the imagination holds in popular opinion. It is but too often looked upon as synonymous with fancy; and we think we may freely assert that those of highly active imagination are generally regarded as nearly allied to the occupants of mad-houses. Few realize that an active imagination exerts any beneficent influence upon health, happiness, or usefulness; or that it is at all necessary to the

attainment of the highest success. Yet the imagination is, in fact, one of the most important of the intellectual powers, and may, and probably does, exert a beneficent influence over the lives of most, second perhaps to no other power.

Creative and complex in its nature, it is possessed in various degrees by all. And while some, like spectators at a panorama, possess the power only of forming pictures on presentation, other minds, of more plastic cast, are the authors of such. The imagination of the one is passive and unproductive; of the other, active and productive. Each, though in various degrees, is a source of enjoyment, a spring of activity, and an efficient agent in moulding the character. Extremely active, it is the fertile source of much good, and also of much evil; of much pleasure and of much pain. For while we claim for imagination the highest efficacy as an instrument of good, we freely admit that this, as all other powers, may, if not subjected to proper control, become equally efficacious as an instrument of evil. Its good or bad influence depends not so much upon its activity as upon its right exercise. For who that is continually imagining himself afflicted with all kinds of diseases, will not soon find his health impaired in reality? Who that wishes to consider himself opposed by fate, and must therefore be continually complaining at his lot, can be happy?

And who that is inspired with no loftier ideal of life than the reality of his own, can rise above that reality? But he of lofty and reasonable ideal must necessarily rise, accompanied by all the gratifying influences of success, though his ideal—which may rise accordingly—may never be attained.

A cultivated taste, therefore, accompanied and guided by sound judgment and reason, becomes necessary to the right exercise of the imagination, that the most appropriate and beautiful conceptions may be used in the formation of such ideals as shall best agree with our notions of perfection. A passive imagination thus sustained, cannot fail to find in literature exhaustless sources of delight and happiness; while the real stamp of the additional blessings of an active imagination, and of the innate power of the intellect of its possessor, will probably soon be found fixed to a beautiful collection of original conceptions.

Here, then, in this active imagination, do we find the author of the arts. And as different languages are but different modes of expressing ideas, so the fine arts are but different modes of expressing ideals. The modes of expression vary according to the individual endowments of the artist. They are all based upon the imagination; all appeal to the imagination, awakening admiration in us according to the beauty, novelty, or grandeur of the ideal. The archi-

tect and sculptor appeal to our notions of perfection and symmetry of form, and, through such, to our conceptions of majesty, nobility, and character. The painter, in addition to this, increases the vividness of the ideal by the beauty and exquisite harmony of color and shade. But the master poet, by the powerful strokes of his magical pen, excels all. Not that the poet is the greatest genius; but from the peculiarity of his individual endowments, he is enabled with greater facility to give expression to his ideal, and with greater vividness to address such to the passive imagination of others. The main design of each is to please the taste; and he is the most finished artist in each who has the most vigorous imagination, and the most delicate taste in moulding the creations of such to the pattern of nature.

We have thus far spoken of Poetic Imagination; but there is "another mode in which the imagination acts," which has been denominated Philosophical Imagination. Poetic imagination "makes use of parts of individual wholes"; philosophical imagination, of "single general truths or laws of nature." The former is addressed to the taste, but the latter appeals exclusively to the understanding. The particular function of the one is to please; of the other, to instruct. And as poetic imagination, as we have seen, is the

author of the fine arts, so philosophical imagination is, in a great measure, the author of the sciences. For nearly every great discovery in science has been preceded by a theory of the imagination, which awaited the test of its truth by an application to the known workings of nature. It is thus that the primary principles of science were established; and it is by the same agency that the known bounds of science are daily extended.

But the imagination not only leads to discoveries in science, but may be said to be, in a measure, a part of science. For it is this upon which we must depend for a distinct idea of the nature of many scientific subjects, as, for example, electricity, or magnetism. This it is which swarms every leaf with myriads of animalcules, and endeavors to give us an understanding of the minute elements of their organization. And this it is, finally, which, though it cannot give to all thought shape, can nevertheless awaken such; and, which, though unable to afford us a reasonable ideal of the immensity of space, in comparison with which the earth is insignificant, and man—what words are wanting to express and the imagination equally at a loss to conceive of,—may yet encourage man with a dull conception of the possible achievements of the soul, of which it is itself a part.

NEVER BE WEARY.

“Be not weary in well doing; for in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not.”

“**B**E not weary in well doing,”
 Though thy burdens grievous are;
 Still thy onward way pursuing,
 Seeds of truth around thee strewing,
 Though the reaping seems afar.

’Mid the furrows keep on toiling,
 Though the soil is hard and cold;
 Deep, with earnest faith, subsoiling;
 Satan’s wiles with labor foiling,—
 Comes he stealthily or bold.

When the morning light is shining;
 When the sun glows hot at noon;
 When the day, at eve declining,
 Light with shadow is entwining,—
 Work!—the harvest will be soon.

Go where duty’s voice is calling;
 Murmur never at thy lot;
 Faithful stand—no fear appalling;
 On thine ear the word is falling:
 “Ye shall reap, if ye faint not.”

 THE SEVENTH APOSTLE OF JOSEPH SMITH.

THE following is the substance of several conversations with Mr. James Huffman, who for many years was a resident of Atlas, Pike Co., Illinois, and who claims to be the original seventh apostle for the advocacy of the Latter-Day Saint religion.

In order to become interested in

this person, it is necessary to state that Mr. Huffman, in his simple ignorance, seems to believe, first, that Joseph Smith was one of the purest-minded men whom he ever knew, and that Smith’s life was upright and free from the reproaches cast upon him; second, that the introduction of polygamy, which was strenuously

opposed by Smith and all the faithful adherents to Mormonism, was the overthrow of a religion destined soon to become the prevailing religion of America, and ultimately of the whole world; and third, that all Mormons who denounce polygamy are considered apostates, whose doom, if they are brought before a church council, is death,—because Brigham Young has instituted a band of men, called the “destroying angels,” for the extermination of all deserters and apostates from the faith. We will now let Mr. Huffman tell his own story.

“In the year 1831, there appeared in the State of Ohio a preacher who claimed to receive his instructions directly from God. From town to town he traveled, preaching wherever the spirit directed him. The religion he advocated was peculiar to itself, and was then noted for its simplicity and purity. His followers were at first few in number, but they began slowly to increase. This preacher was Joseph Smith.

“I was at this time an overseer in a large cooper shop in Kirtland, Ohio, and seldom found time to attend the evening meetings. But having attended church one Sabbath day, I was so impressed with the truth of Smith’s preaching that I was converted, baptized by Smith, and joined his church. From this time forth, I continually studied the new doctrine, and prayed that Smith and his followers might do good to

fallen men. The peculiarity of this religion consisted in the fact that it was to have a living prophet, and twelve apostles to preach it to the world.

“Smith himself was the prophet, and through him the apostles were to be chosen. Already had Smith, with God’s direction, chosen six apostles, and six more were yet to be chosen. But the Lord revealed to Smith that the seventh apostle must be a man of nerve and experience,—one who could go through every trial, and still remain steadfast. Some years passed by, and at length it was revealed to Smith that James Huffman was the person to be chosen for the seventh apostle.

“Smith at once informed me of my mission in the following words: ‘James Huffman, thou hast neither riches nor learning, but thou art great in faith, and hast power with God; and He hath chosen thee to be the seventh of the twelve elect. Forsake all thou hast, pray for more faith, and preach the gospel to mankind.’

“I was astounded! It seemed so strange that I, a poor, ignorant man, should be chosen for this great mission. The more I thought of it, the more stubborn and unyielding I became. But Smith many times explained to me the 18th, 19th, and 20th verses of the fourth chapter of Matthew; and I, having prayerfully considered my great calling, resolved to obey it and to advocate the new

doctrine. The remaining five apostles were soon after chosen, and, with these twelve elect of God, who could commune with him through Smith, with a living prophet for our guide, and with the book of Mormon for the rule of our lives, we declared ourselves a separate people, being known as 'Latter-Day Saints.'

"As we were hated and despised in Ohio on account of our creed, we moved first into Missouri, and finally to the town of Nauvoo, in Illinois. Here our numbers rapidly increased. We were kind to one another, and a poor man was not known among us. Prosperity smiled upon us, and the good results of our ministry were apparent in all the neighboring towns. We were greatly cheered by the revelation that, so long as we and our descendants continued faithful, we should never be without a living prophet, and that a line of prophets and apostles should exist with us, in an unbroken continuance, till the end of the world.

"But now comes the sad part of my story. 'Charity toward all' was a part of our creed, and was the real cause of our dispersion and final overthrow. For, through charity, criminals and outcasts of all grades found a lodging-place at Nauvoo, and after they were allowed the same privileges which we ourselves enjoyed in the town and church, they began to stir up dissensions among our people. Smith and I watched these movements with tear-

ful eyes, and pleaded hard with our people and dissenters, but all to no purpose.

"Detectives traced the causes of many crimes to these very dissenters at Nauvoo; consequently Smith, myself, and two others, were placed in jail to answer charges brought against our citizens; and one morning in June, 1844, a ruffian shot and killed Smith, who was preaching from the jail window to crowds on the street below him.

"With the death of Smith, all my future prospects perished. After this time our opponents grew stronger; polygamy was openly sanctioned; leaders of a like character were chosen, and they migrated to Utah; and thus the Mormons of the present day seem as noted for their crimes, as the founders for their piety.

"Of the original twelve, only five of us remained faithful to our first vows; and, when polygamy was authorized, we abandoned our sin-stricken people, and have lived apart from them, each in his own way. Since 1844, my four companions one by one have died, and I alone am left.

"As the present creed of the Mormons is entirely hostile to that of their founders, I am living in continual fear lest Brigham Young may send one of his 'destroying angels' to murder me. But I have seen enough of this world, and shall welcome death, whether it be natural,

or by the hand of Brigham; for I know that the Lord will be merciful to me."

As the old gentleman related his story in so simple and modest a manner, our attention was somewhat excited; and we listened to him with greater interest as we reflected upon the fact that, if Mormonism is a national curse, we were then talking with one of its first adherents.

If a stranger should visit Atlas, Illinois, he would be repeatedly told that a Mormon was living there; and if he should fail to visit him, he would miss seeing the only attraction that the town could boast of. This Mormon is now quite old, but he manifests great enthusiasm whenever any one wishes him to relate the account of Smith's death, and the flight and dispersion of the "saints." His memory for Bible facts is indeed great, but his knowledge of other literature, and even of local occurrences, is surprisingly

small. And when it is considered that the followers of Smith came mostly from the poor and illiterate classes of people, it is not much of a wonder that Mr. Huffman became a convert to Mormonism. His neighbors say that his character is good, that industry is the rule of his life, and that he condemns Brigham Young and the "Salt Lake business" in the severest terms. They do, however, express much doubt as to his ever having been an apostle of Smith. If he ever was appointed to that office, his influence could not have been very great, for his name nowhere appears in Mormon history.

Having met with several losses, Mr. Huffman is now obliged to work hard to support himself and wife. There, in a remote part of the town, in a log house at the foot of a large hill, forsaken by all of his youthful associates, lives the last of the faithful apostles of Joseph Smith.

NATIONALITY IN LITERATURE.

IN reading the various literary works of different nations, one perceives a diversity of thought and style. Some please by their manner of presenting thought; others have thoughts agreeable and interesting of themselves, but expressed in

an insipid manner. We pronounce judgment upon a piece of literature without noticing whether the theme would interest us were it differently presented. Let us look at the literary works of some of our greatest novelists. Probably no nation has

produced so many eminent literary works as England. Germany has had few prose writers, and those do not stand forth with prominence. Scotland has reared men who have acquired a posthumous fame in the literary world. France has had novelists of no mean rank.

As portrayed by the writers of these nations, we find that nature has different hues; the sky, different depths of color; the phases of life are dissimilar; and the types of human character different. As long as each has endeavored to present us that picture with which he is most familiar, so long has he been national in literature. Many authors have left, in their works, a lasting legacy to the world — not that they left us the most beautiful flowers of rhetoric; not wholly because they vividly presented particulars to our minds; but because of their theme and the spirit of its execution.

Doubtless Sir Walter Scott's fame is due to the fact that he selected ordinary events, landscapes, customs, and types of character, and clothed them in truth. Many of these are derived from historic records, and embodied so interestingly that they stamp their associations upon the memory of the reading world. His themes do not, at first sight, strike us as of importance. We begin to read, and new forms, new customs, and new scenes are laid before us. Without doubt it is to their eminent

nationality that his novels owe their absorbing interest.

George Eliot clearly portrays the different phases in the life of the laboring classes of England. And, since their manner of living is so dissimilar from our own, we find interest in her novels. She does not seek other countries for scenes with which she has had no considerable acquaintance; but, content with writing truth, she rises into distinction as a novelist.

Strange as it may seem, yet it is a fact that our literary journals have sought to follow the English. Almost every journal of importance seeks to reproduce the style of some English journal. "No man is ever great by mimicry." We have accepted this as an axiom; yet some literary men say it is inevitable that our journals walk in some trodden way. This concedes that our literature must, during that period, be merely second rate. We must follow other nations in our literary works, only as we would in political or civil acts. When authors content themselves in writing the truthful acts and realities of American life, they will find themselves springing into life among the literary magnates of the world. We find a few writers who have dared to be American in theme and style. Probably no American writer has achieved so great transatlantic success as has Mrs. Stowe. Though her work may possess much

excellence, undoubtedly it was her theme which gained her victory. It was thoroughly national. It presented to the literature-loving people of Europe a subject novel and interesting. Its reception by her countrymen was such as to realize to the most sanguine their highest aim. She awakened the mind of the public, long dormant from contact with slavery, and drew a life descriptive of the system with all its horrors. The subject had long waited for one who had a spirit of nationality; fearless she plunged into its loathsome details, and gave to her age one of the most popular books ever written.

The fame of Cooper seemed to extend "co-extensive with our commerce." His novels were American — wholly American in spirit of execution, in scenery, and in character; yet a certain something in his writings seemed to appeal to the sympathies of human hearts in all lands. The number of tongues into which

they have been translated shows their popularity. He could portray man in the "primitive forest," in the wildest aspect of a new country, with corresponding surroundings. He could place man on paper as an active being, ever contending with his fellows, or struggling with the elements of nature. He presented characters unknown to other novelists, and those pertaining to his country. He was original; or as one author has expressed originality, "saw with fresh eyes." He possessed the faculty of converting "truth into life and life into more truth." To write upon such themes requires more ability than to portray the common scenes of English life, or to delineate a tournament. Themes of a like spirit exist; and when we have authors who can travel and read in other lands, and not become copyists, then can we feel that they are national, and soon will reach the height of success.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

WHAT WE SHALL STUDY.

WHAT shall we study next term, now that something can be substituted in the place of Calculus? is the prevailing question among the Juniors. Whether this is the beginning of a movement that shall end in elective studies, or only allowed in this instance to the Juniors on account of the change made in some of their studies during the last two years, we do not know.

Now that it is decided that those who wish can take another study in the place of Calculus, the question is, what shall it be? We would say another term in rhetoric and elocution; there is nothing we need more than a thorough knowledge of our language, and the means of expressing it. Thought and expression are so closely allied, that the want of one weakens the force of the other. A man may have thoughts and ideas capable of creating a revolution, but if he fails in presenting them, their force is lost, and their object unattained. Language is the key that unlocks the treasures of knowledge, and lays them open for our use; it is the instrument by which all things useful to be known are conveyed to us; and the better we are acquainted with it, the more rapid will be our acquirement of these things. The attainments of a

scholar are often judged by his acquaintance with language, and ability to express his knowledge.

Some will say they do not intend to become public speakers or writers, and consequently do not require so much rhetoric. Every scholar needs to be thoroughly acquainted with his language; the scientific as well as the professional and literary man. How different would have been the fate of many authors who have died unknown, and whose books have been consigned to obscurity, if the same material had been presented in a different form. How many beautiful and original ideas have been lost for want of proper expression. How many ministers fail to carry conviction, whose motives are pure, and thought sublime, because they do not clothe them in clear and impressive language. How many lawyers fail, because they cannot present the facts plainly and convincingly to their jurors. Compare the difference between two historians, both of whom have ability, and present the facts with candor and fairness: the works of one read and admired; those of the other laid aside and forgotten, or only used for reference; their only difference the use of language. Many books are condemned without noting their beautiful thoughts and

ideas, because their style fails to please.

Often we hear the expressions "dull" and "dry" applied to the productions of our public men, when the trouble is not in the matter, but only in the manner of expressing it; or "eloquent," "beautiful," while it is only nicely written and delivered. The symmetry and perfectness of Shakespeare's beautiful passages add as much luster to his name, as his noble thoughts and original ideas. Even the sublime theme of Milton would not have immortalized him, had not the thoughts been clothed in appropriate language. Other orators had as fruitful subjects and as vivid conceptions as Demosthenes and Webster; but, in the use of language and power of expression, they excelled. Some will say, "Ideas alone are immortal," and those are what we want, not studied rhetoric; but ideas must be so framed as to draw attention, or they will remain undiscovered. Many students graduate and go forth into the world with an imperfect knowledge of the construction and use of language, and have to spend years afterwards in acquiring it,—or, what is more probable, never know it.

Elocution is so imperfectly taught in our colleges, that, if a majority of the students were called upon to read a piece they had never seen, or to render a difficult selection in public, they would fail, if judged by the standard of good elocution. We

who have listened to Mrs. Siddons and others, and heard them read old and familiar selections, presenting so many new thoughts and beautiful expressions that the spirit and meaning of the piece were changed, can judge something of the power of expression. It seems to us a very appropriate time to take up these studies next term. We shall have a great deal of writing for this year, and our prize declamations come at the close of next term.

We hope the Juniors will consider these things before choosing a study in the place of Calculus.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

On reading some numbers of the *Yale Record*, one is tempted to say that the only things worthy of note in its columns are the astronomer and his owl, and the comments on exchanges—which are always spirited. At other times, however, it furnishes matter which entitles it to a high place among college papers. We noticed recently an article against the tendency, common among students, to indulge in vulgar stories, and admire the stand taken by the writer. We would suggest, however, that *slang* is a companion evil which the *Record* would do well to suppress in its columns.

The *McKendree Repository* opens with a poem, "The Knight's Toast," which carries us back to the time when we were a small boy and made the acquaintance of this piece in one

of our old Readers. However, perhaps it is still new in Illinois. A good feature of this paper is the attention given to items and personals, which contribute largely to make a college paper interesting.

The collection of seals and big words on the first page of the *Alfred Student* is apt to startle one at first glance, but further search shows us little but good reading inside.

The *University News* has picked up a story about a Hindoo, who has managed to get along without breathing for the space of ten months, and come out from the experiment alive. This tale fills the space of over half a page, the account being interspersed with headings in small capitals. It also contains a story entitled "The Feather Canoe," which is a decidedly poor imitation of an old German tale. As a college paper the *News* is not a success.

The *University Herald* is one of our most welcome visitors. Its attractive dress, as well as the certainty of something worth reading, combine to make it a very pleasing sheet. The article on "The Novel," in its last number, is well written, and shows a good appreciation of the strong points of several of our first novelists.

We have received a copy of *Vick's Floral Guide*, a quarterly journal, finely illustrated, and telling all about plants, their cultivation, habits, &c. Mr. Vick's seeds have a high reputation, and we are ac-

quainted with several who testify to their quality. Address, James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

The Targum has a good deal to say about the grave of Miss Ellis, a lady "to fortune and to fame unknown," whose chief characteristic during life appears to have been a love for flowers and lap-dogs. Now this may be of interest to the writer, but it is dry for others. The paper is well filled otherwise, and we consider it one of our best exchanges.

CHARLES RIPLEY TRACY.

It is with sadness that we announce the death of our friend and former classmate, Charles R. Tracy. As we pay our feeble tribute of respect to his memory, we feel how inadequate are words to do justice to his life.

The deceased was born in Palmyra, on the fifteenth day of April, 1855; and after a short and exceedingly painful illness, died at Kenduskeag, January 5th, 1876. At the time of his decease he had charge of the Kenduskeag High School, which he had previously taught with eminent success. He was loved and respected by all of his pupils, who showed him every possible attention during his last illness. For more than four years our own connection with him was the closest and most intimate. There was no dark side to his character; no act or period of his life which he would not willingly have exposed to public

view. Deceit was foreign to his nature. Thoroughness and love of right were the leading traits of his character. Kind, generous, and true to his friends, he was beloved by them all, and the evergreens with which they lined his grave are appropriate tokens of the lasting affection with which they will ever regard his memory.

In early life he displayed a love for study, and formed the idea of entering college. He began his preparatory course in the high school of his native town, but shortly entered the classical course at Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield. From this institution he graduated, at the head of his class, on the second of July, 1873. He was admitted to Bates in the class of '77, but devoted the following year to teaching, and did not enter college until the winter of 1875. So thoroughly and faithfully, however, did he make up the studies of the term during which he was absent, that at the close of the year he ranked among the first of his class. He did not study because he regarded it as an obligation imposed upon him, but that he might be benefited. He loved his work, and the labors which were a task to some were a pleasure to him. He enjoyed the study of the classics,

especially Latin; and the rapidity with which he mastered this language was remarkable. His abilities were of the highest order, and faithfully were they improved. Seldom do we find one in whom high mental endowments, noble aspirations, and a pure Christian life were so strongly blended. Death, whose summons he was prepared to obey, has again broken in upon our number, and has called one of the purest and best from a life of usefulness here, to a higher and better world.

The following resolutions were passed by the Sophomore Class of Bates College, on the death of Chas. R. Tracy:—

Whereas, in the providence of God, the Class of '78 has sustained a deep loss in the death of a dearly beloved classmate, Charles R. Tracy, therefore be it

Resolved, That, while we bow submissively to the will of God, we yet deplore the irreparable loss to the Class.

Resolved, That we hold in sacred remembrance the many noble qualities by which he endeared himself to us all, no less than his constant faithfulness, his scholarly attainments, and Christian deportment.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to his relatives and friends in their great bereavement.

Resolved, That copies of these Resolutions be sent to the relatives of the deceased, and published in the BATES STUDENT and *Lewiston Journal*.

J. Q. ADAMS,
H. F. SHAW,
E. V. SCRIBNER, } *Committee.*

ODDS AND ENDS.

"Wimmin" has got back.

It seems more natural around the college buildings, now the students are mostly returned.

Tutor—"What does *ignoro* mean?"
Unprepared Fresh.—"Don't know."
Tutor—(To the surprise of Fresh).
"That's right."—*Dartmouth*.

Base-ball still continues to be the theme of considerable debate, and the probabilities of success for the coming season are thoroughly discussed.

A Junior was somewhat startled at reading "My God!" at the end of his returned theme; and felt much relieved when a classmate, after fifteen minutes' close study, deciphered "Very Good."—*Ex.*

The truth of the adage, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," was charmingly brought out that slippery morning, when a blue-eyed school girl sat down hard among her books, and remarked, "d—n it."—*Yale Record*.

Prof. (giving a long sentence in English)—"Please translate that into German, Mr. C." Mr. C.—"There are three words I don't know." Prof.—"Which three?" Mr. C. (who is disposed to be accommodating)—"Oh, any three you wish."—*Cornell Era*.

Legal holidays are very acceptable to the over-tasked student. They enable him to read Shakespeare and devote himself to like literary pursuits in a much better manner than he could do in the ordinary course of events. Would that Washington's birthday came twice a year instead of once!

In a recitation, a little ingenuity and power to read expression are worth hours of study. For example, the student answers a question by saying, "I believe it is —," then pauses, examines the symptoms of the Professor's countenance, and adds a "not" or leaves it off, according to indications.—*Asbury Review*.

A Freshman, who "deaded" a week or two ago, had a dream in which he evolved the following atrocity: Proper way to translate "De mortuis, nil nisi bonum," is, "Concerning 'deads,' nothing except Bohn'em." Charles Lamb, who said that the worst puns are the best, would have chuckled at this.—*Harvard Advocate*.

Prof. (to Soph. reading Greek).—"That was well read by the last gentleman; you need not read it over after him." Soph.—"I think he did not read it, Professor." Prof.—"Ah! indeed, am I mistaken?" Class.—"You are." Prof.—"I beg your

pardon, Mr.—” Soph. (oh! how impudently!)—“Granted, sir, granted.”—*College Argus*.

A certain Senior, on Monday last, meeting his girl on the street, thought he would not go to the trouble to take his hands out of his pockets to lift his hat, as it was so cold, so proceeded to make his little bow; but owing to the lack of friction between his shoes and the snow, unintentionally showed her what a large *sole* he had.—*University Press*.

Scene—Philosophy Class. Subject under discussion, experiment of electrical bells. Student of inquiring mind wants to know whether, if the bells were perfectly balanced, the motion would not be perpetual. Prof. considers, and concludes that it would if *some one should continue to turn the wheel* (which supplies the electricity necessary for the experiment). Student sees the point, and class smiles out loud.

The Juniors, when allowed to experiment with the electrical machine, are warned to be very careful lest they should injure themselves. As an example, *perhaps*, the Professor, the other day after charging a Leyden-jar, by a slight movement of the hand formed a connection between the two coatings. The class noticed how it worked and have been very careful since then as to how they make experiments on themselves. So has the Professor.

Gentleman on the corner of St. Paul and Main streets last night. Two Freshmen swearing at each other as if they were Phil Sheridan in danger of getting whipped. “Now, now,” says gentleman, kindly, “you mustn’t use such dreadful language. It’s horrible to hear it” (slips up on pavement and comes down with a crash and an oath), “though I suppose it is excusable on some occasions, condemn it.”—*Ex*.

Ice is triumphant of late. When we see persons throw up their feet and make an exceedingly low bow, *backward*, we feel an intense sympathy for their scientific zeal, and like to inquire for any new stars, comets, &c. One of our dignified Juniors lately showed a considerable lack of—friction on his boots; but it didn’t hurt him much. He preferred a standing position, however, for some time after the occurrence.

We are sorry to learn that the hazing spirit exists among the present Sophs. However, it has not as yet manifested itself against the Freshmen, but rather seeks smaller game. A little Soph. recently stormed a snow fort occupied by a small boy, and, in spite of a brave resistance, carried off its defender in triumph and lodged him in prison in a basement room of Parker Hall—a sad warning to those who insult Sophomoric dignity.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

Brown sends no crew to Saratoga this season.

There are nineteen foreigners in Yale.—*Record*.

The college color of Tufts is seal-brown and pearl-white.—*Ex*.

Only two weeks more this term; then a ten days' space for rest.

They are much given to candy pulls at Vassar. Sweet teeth, &c.

Co-education has been adopted in thirty institutions in the United States.

Hon. Alonzo Abernethy, of Iowa, has accepted the presidency of the Chicago University.—*Ex*.

The *Oberlin Review* says that \$600 has been subscribed for the purpose of starting a library at Oberlin.

The Marietta College Boating Association has decided to erect a boat-house in preparation for the coming campaign.

Our foot-ball man says he means to stir round, next summer, and wants our eleven to try titles with those of other colleges.

We notice that other colleges can afford to take a whole day for prayer once a year. How is it that we only receive half a day?

Fourteen hundred young Americans are prosecuting their studies at the universities and college music schools and conservatories of Germany.—*Ex*.

Fisk University, which has lately dedicated a new and splendid building, raised \$120,000 through the efforts of the Jubilee Singers.—*Denison Collegian*.

President Clark, of Amherst Agricultural College, intends to leave this country for Japan, about the first of next June, to found a similar institution there.—*Ex*.

Seniors elective are studying Cicero's Tusculan Disputations, Latin Composition and Mythologys. Who wouldn't be a Latin Elective?—*Targum* (Rutgers College, N. B.).

The Juniors were shocked lately—by electricity. The recent lectures in magnetism and electricity have been very interesting; more so than those on any other department of Philosophy.

What has become of the enthusiasm at one time manifested here in regard to the inter-collegiate contests? The spirit of rivalry seems to have been pretty thoroughly awakened elsewhere, and why not here also?

Lectures for this term have been changed from Wednesday afternoon to Thursday forenoon, taking the place of the ten o'clock recitation. This is done to afford the Juniors more time for rhetorical, and is a great improvement.

Amongst the subjects for original declamations to be delivered before the class, the Juniors have "The Comparative Influence of the Spartan and Athenian Civilizations," "The German Element in American Civilization," "Machiavelli," and several others.

Cornell claims that to the college is due the honor of having carried off a large share of the inter-collegiate prizes, and another college thinks that to the individuals belong the praise. We suggest that one of our literary societies settle the matter as to whether the college makes the man.

Mr. Phillips, the well known missionary, has been in Lewiston a short time, and has given several lectures, or rather talks, to the students. He is a very interesting speaker, both on account of his easy style of delivery, and his great store of information, collected in the travels of many years.

C. S. Libby, of '76, and H. W. Oakes, of '77, were chosen as delegates to the meeting of the State Base-Ball Association, to be held at Brunswick, March 8th. Bates will

probably be represented on the committee this year. The lack of some voice in certain discussions proved very injurious to her interests last season.

The base-ball spirit is still alive amongst us, and numerous *chateaux d'Espagne* are being erected by enthusiasts. Everything seems to promise a successful season for Bates. Members of the nine are hardening themselves in the gymnasium, and several aspirants for a player's position are hard at work. Keep the ball moving.

Mesmerism is being highly appreciated by certain members of the Sophomore Class. One of them went so far in his desire to encourage the science that he even opened his pocket-book and gave a *subject* five dollars. But since that he has resolved to be sure of his man before making rash offers. For further information on the subject, apply to D—t.

A committee from the students recently conferred with the Faculty in regard to fitting up and repairing the gymnasium. As it is now, on account of *extreme ventilation*, few students care to present themselves there on a cold day. It is hoped that we shall have the windows covered with screens, which will enable us to practice at base-ball without danger to property, though nothing has yet been decided upon.

PERSONALS.

'70.—I. G. Hanson is practicing law with J. M. Libby, at Mechanic Falls, Me.

'72.—E. J. Goodwin occupies the position of Principal of the High School at Farmington, N. H.

'74.—F. P. Moulton is Principal of the High School at Littleton, N. H.

'75.—A. M. Spear was in town a short time since. He is Principal of North Anson Academy, and is meeting with excellent success.

'75.—J. H. Hutchins, former manager of the *STUDENT*, is at his father's, Dover, N. H.

'75.—F. L. Evans is Principal of Northwood Academy, Northwood.

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CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

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

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's *Æneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and in Harkness' Latin Grammar. **GREEK:** In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's Greek Grammar. **MATHEMATICS:** in Loomis' 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 dismissal will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

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

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

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

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

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

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

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

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

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