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Bates College

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MARCH, 1874.

No. 3.

THE  
BATES STUDENT.

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CONTENTS.

De Quincey, - - - - -	55
The Lake, - - - - -	60
Reading, - - - - -	61
Among the Mountains, - - - - -	65
Jonathan Swift, - - - - -	67
Inter-Collegiate Literary Convention, - - - - -	72
EDITORS' PORTFOLIO, - - - - -	76
A New Dormitory . . . Our Exchanges . . . Death of Dr. Balkam.	
ODDS AND ENDS, - - - - -	80
COLLEGE ITEMS, - - - - -	81
ALUMNI NOTES, - - - - -	82

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DE QUINCEY.

NOT many years ago, there lived in London a frail, timid lad, very much like delicate, sensitive boys of to-day. His childhood was passed in sorrow, his youth in sadness, the latter part of his life in wretchedness. He was a precocious boy. At an early age he entered Oxford University, where he formed a habit which, though it blessed the world and contributed to his posthumous renown, resulted in his ruin,—I mean the habit of opium eating. He was, in the fullest sense of the word, a scholar; the precocity of the boy ripening into the strong intellect of the mature genius. He devoted his life to writing, and the works of the English Opium Eater will be read as long as men of culture exist. It is not my purpose to write a biographical sketch of De Quincey. No need of this. His Autobiographic Essays have rendered this unnecessary. Let us notice briefly some of the peculiarities of

his style, and some of the more prominent marks of genius revealed in his works.

When a man puts his thoughts on paper he draws his own likeness. Hence, one of the most natural methods of forming an estimate of a writer's character and genius is by studying his style. Let one dress as he likes, yet from his appearance you can form a tolerably correct estimate of his taste. So let one clothe his thoughts in written language, and you can get a very clear view of his intellectual character. The habiliments of thought always vary with the character of the thoughts; as the clothes of the dwarf differ from those of the well-formed athlete.

De Quincey's style is more than original, it is inimitable. No man had ever written as he wrote; no man will ever write as he wrote. De Quincey's rule in writing was to let his mind have free play; to give no attention to the style, but to let

the words run along as the ink flows from the pen. He wrote on a variety of subjects; poorly on none of them. One beautiful and striking characteristic of his writings is that the style of each is so peculiarly suited to the subject. There is one marked characteristic in style common to all De Quincey's writings. I mean that easy flow, the careless, gentle movement which makes one feel the sources of his power are never in danger of failing. He gives the De Quincey stamp to all his essays, yet never allows two subjects of an absolutely different nature to have the same style. This, could nothing else be adduced, would entitle him to a place in the catalogue of geniuses.

In his essay on Murder as a Fine Art, the style is sparkling, witty, and in exact keeping with the subject. There is also a mock solemnity pervading it, which renders it exceedingly attractive. But how different the style when he tells us of his last visit to his darling sister, as she lay dead in her little chamber. Here, his grief could tolerate no mirth, no high sounding words. The style throughout is beautifully simple and impressive. It is genius weeping.

His biographical essays show that he thoroughly understood the spirit of the times in which the subjects of his pen lived. He exhibits here a comprehensive knowledge of human nature, and of the

motives which strongly influence men in certain situations. He understood, as few men understand, the human mind. This he shows in his essays on Coleridge, his intimate friend, and one who, like himself, greatly impaired his splendid powers by the excessive use of opium. To write an interesting, instructive biographical essay is no easy task. But all of De Quincey's are peculiarly interesting and suggestive.

In his critical essays he proves himself a deep thinker and an acute logician. Here his style is different from that of his other essays, yet it never fails to be appropriate to the occasion. He exhibits in these essays a comprehensiveness of mind which takes in the whole range of a subject, grasps the author's meaning in an instant, and almost instantaneously deduces its own conclusions. He shows a breadth of mind truly wonderful. His conclusions are generally logical and convincing.

The Spanish Nun is an interesting scrap of fiction. The escape of the nun from the convent and the story of her adventures are told in a manner exceedingly entertaining. The Household Wreck shows more genius. It deals with domestic grief and wretchedness; and the tale is told in so pleasing a manner that we listen to it as children to the stories of their grandfather's youth.

The essays on Political Econo-

my, The Essenes, and the English Mail Coach are very interesting. Especially does the one on Political Economy show that he possessed a mind quick to see the relations between propositions, and capable of anticipating the deductions of even the mighty intellect of a Ricardo.

But above all his works, the *Suspira De Profundis* are the most terribly fascinating. They make one smile, and shudder, and weep. Here, opium especially blessed mankind with what never could have existed without it. Not De Quincey alone, but De Quincey and Opium wrote the *Suspira De Profundis*. Let one read these, and he will agree with me in saying that opium ruined De Quincey, but blessed the world.

I have said De Quincey was a scholar. This he certainly was; and he possessed what all scholars do not possess,—a well disciplined memory. His memory was exceedingly retentive, and all who have read his works will admit that it was a ready memory. No matter whether he had to do with the German metaphysicians, or the English Poets, the Greek or Roman classic writers, or the editorials of the *London Times*, his memory never failed him. Says a writer in *Guesses at Truth*: “The mind is like a trunk. If well packed, it holds almost everything; if ill packed, next to nothing.” De Quincey’s mind was well pack-

ed. He could get at anything he wanted, and get at it just when he wished. There was no fumbling over the stores of his mind, for everything was in its own place, and therefore easy to be found. This was one of the chief causes of his power. I have often thought we might fitly liken his memory to a kaleidoscope. Round and round he turned it, disclosing, for our admiration and instruction, now one, now another of its infinite combinations.

But, say some, if a genius, why did he not produce at least one thorough work on some particular subject? Because the habit of using opium excessively had destroyed his power of perseverance. De Quincey never could have written a long history. Opium would have said, “Thou shalt not,” and he would have been forced to obey. This leads me to remark that he probably would have done infinitely more for himself and for the world, had he not been the slave of this habit.

De Quincey was, I think, a disappointed man. Those saddest of all sad words, “It might have been,” must frequently have come up before him. He must have felt himself weakened by opium, must have seen to what he might have attained, as truly as the inebriate feels his degradation and wretchedness. It is common to hear people say, “Oh, if I had my life to live over again!” De Quin-

cey thought of this, but at the thought he shuddered and recoiled. In one of those solemnly grand and suggestive sentences which he only could write, he says: "Death we can face; but knowing, as some of us do, what is human life, which of us is it that without shuddering could, if consciously we were summoned, face the hour of birth." This sentence, I regard exceedingly valuable for the insight it gives us into De Quincey's feelings and character.

The pathetic is considered the most difficult of all styles to acquire. Dickens was undoubtedly one of the greatest masters of this style. When he tells us of the death of noble Nell, do we not hear her little bird fluttering in its cage? Do we not seem to be there in the room with the old man and his darling Nell? Do we not feel the tears of sympathy welling up from our hearts as we look upon the grief-stricken old man? Yet De Quincey, in his *Autobiographic Essays*, has sentences which, for simplicity of language, for impressiveness, and for beauty of pathos equal, if not surpass, the finest passages of Dickens.

De Quincey was truly a wonderful man. For how could an ordinary man write as he wrote, between the intervals of his drunkenness? De Quincey was an opium sot. He was drunk from the effects of opium most of his time. Yet behold what the drunkard ac-

complished! How did he do this? By his almost miraculous power of concentrating his mental forces upon one subject. The manner of his writing, if nothing else, would prove this. Seated at his writing desk, he scribbled off page after page, tossing them over his shoulder as he finished them, to be picked up and — revised? No; to be carried directly to the printer. Yet these productions are regarded as models of style, and as embodying the thoughts of a superior intellect. What but the habit of losing himself in the matter under consideration, or what we call concentration of thought, could have accomplished such wonderful feats? Thus we see how much it is possible for one to do in a short time by concentrating his mental forces upon one particular subject. But whence came that varied beauty of style? De Quincey not only possessed a style, but he understood the nature of style, and could use whatever style he wished. To be able to do this is, unquestionably, a mark of genius.

The study of the works of him who wrote those excellent essays on *Joan of Arc*, *The Flight of a Tartar Tribe*, and numerous other papers, can not but prove delightful and strengthening. Indeed, can the study of genius, in whatever form exhibited, fail to be strengthening to our mental natures? What De Quincey might have accomplished, had his pow-

ers not been impaired by opium, we can not say. His works bear the stamp of genius. Had his powers been unimpaired, the design might perhaps have been more grand and beautiful, the impression deeper and more lasting.

Some have said that genius is synonymous with perseverance. This is partly true. There are different degrees of perseverance. If by perseverance they mean that bull-dog tenacity which will hold on for any length of time, and against any odds, I do not agree with them. For De Quincey and many others, whose works prove conclusively that they were men of genius, can be cited as examples to show the fallacy of this statement. We learn, then, from the study of De Quincey's works and life, that it is possible for a man to be a genius without being a man of great perseverance. Let me not be understood to value lightly the habit of perseverance. I should class it as one of the elements of success; but not necessarily a quality of genius. However, until we are assured that we are geniuses, perhaps we should do well to cultivate this habit. When perseverance becomes unnecessary for our success, genius will push it out of the way.

Another important lesson taught us by the study of De Quincey's works is that even geniuses acknowledge, in order to make the

deepest impression upon men, something more is needed than the mere presentation of truths. They must be presented in a becoming manner. This fact is especially important to scholars, to men of culture, who may be called to speak to their fellow-men with their tongues or with their pens. A genius who has the power of expression, of clothing his thoughts in the most becoming garb, is far more influential than one who has not this power. If, then, expression is an aid to genius, it certainly behooves us ordinary mortals to cultivate it. De Quincey, in his essay on Style, and by his practice, shows that he regarded expression, or clothing thoughts in becoming language, as essential to the success of an author. This is one of the most important lessons which we learn from the study of De Quincey's style.

There is another thought suggested by the study of De Quincey's writings. When we read him, we feel that we are holding communion with genius, but with genius fettered. There is an opium stain on nearly every page of his works. Thus we are continually reminded of his fearful habit. Naturally we are led to think of the habits of literary men, and to arrive at the conclusion that their habits, good or bad, are far more likely to influence their productions than the habits of almost any other class of men. The artisan

has his work marked out for him. He must act according to orders; but the literary man must originate his from a source greatly affected by his habits, — his brain. Now, if genius could be impaired by habit, how much more should the inferior mind keep watch over its habits. The important admonition, then, written so plainly upon every page of De Quincey's writings, is, Beware of the tyranny of habit.

Magnificent works of architecture in the perfection of their

beauty are sources of admiration and delight. Even their ruins we delight to wander among and admire. Genius, in the glory of its perfection, is as interesting, yea, far more interesting and delightful to study. In looking at De Quincey as he himself has drawn his likeness in printer's ink, I feel as I think one must feel who looks upon some fallen model of Grecian architecture, which, though far from the fullness of perfection, is yet beautiful and grand.

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### THE LAKE.

**H**OW well, when thou in peace art laid,  
     I love to pull the springing oar,  
 And, as I dip its dripping blade,  
     See fast retreat the leafy shore.

How well to spread the bending sail,  
     While wings the wind upon the lea,  
 And, as I catch the mimic gale,  
     Fly with the wind, as fancy free.

Or, when the waves are running high,  
     To launch upon thy swelling breast,  
 And, as the moments swiftly fly,  
     Enjoy the ceaseless, swift unrest.

How well to gaze upon the sky  
     Reflected in thy waters clear,  
 When in the still of noon they lie,  
     Or when the starry fires appear.



And then, perchance, when Luna sits  
    Resplendent in the heavenly blue,  
And through the air the firefly flits,  
    Before the ever opening view,

To come amidst the friendly band ;  
    To launch upon the silvery tide ;  
And, as we slowly leave the strand,  
    E'en with the sound of song to glide.

When winter, with his deadening hand,  
    Wraps the surrounding hills in snow,  
And, with his glittering, icy band,  
    Subdues thy wavelets' gentle flow ;

How well I love the skates to feel,  
    Bound firmly to the impatient feet ;  
To spurn the ice with ringing steel,  
    And onward glide as wild bird fleet.

How well I love thy every phase,  
    In calm, in storm, by day, by night ;  
Still my approving voice I'll raise,  
    Still shall my pen thy praises write.

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### READING.

SOME years ago it was my fortune to see, in the Boston Museum, several Egyptian mummies. As I stood looking down upon their shriveled forms, I said to myself: If the life which went out from these bodies, so many years ago, could be suddenly renewed, how much would they behold in our modern civilization, which to them would be unaccountable? Doubtless they would understand many things. Our markets, our highways, our public buildings, our places of worship would be plain ; but with all these, a vast amount would be strange ; and of all modern institutions, we know of none which would be more inexplicable to the ancient

than the public library. Introduced into one of these, he would be entirely at a loss. His eye might be attracted by the long rows of carefully arranged books, with their symmetrical forms and many colored bindings; but as he watched the frequenters of the library, and beheld some gazing steadfastly upon the printed page, and others selecting and bearing away different volumes, he would ask himself in vain for the true explanation of the scene. His mind would know nothing of the wisdom, the culture, the information or the amusement contained in the pages of a book.

Every day these libraries are increasing both in extent and numbers. Every day more books are being issued from the press, and scattered among the people. Everywhere we are constantly and continually meeting them. We may penetrate with Shakespeare into the inmost recesses of the human mind, or ascend with Milton until the golden gates are opened, and all the splendors of the angelic throng revealed. We may wander through the mysteries of fairy land with Spenser, or indulge in glowing Night Thoughts with Young; enter the chivalric scenes of the middle ages with Scott, or visit modern society with Thackeray and Dickens; view the fall of Rome with Gibbon, or the rise of the Great Republic with Bancroft; enjoy the moral and intel-

lectual feast of an Eliot, or satisfy ourselves with the sensational drivel of Sylvanus Cobb. In short, we may consider the best thoughts of the best men, or the poorest thoughts of the poorest men of all time.

In view of this multitude of books, and of the immense influence which they exert, how pertinent are the questions: What shall we read? and, How shall we read? Of special importance are these questions to the college student. He can, at best, devote but a small portion of his time to reading, and it is of the utmost importance that this should be well employed.

We should, then, first of all, read only the best works. No ordinary student can, during his college course, read even the first-class authors, and to spend any of his time upon those of an inferior class, would be, if not a waste, at least an unwise use of time. Moreover, this rule will allow us sufficient variety, and, at the same time, will prevent us from acquiring a false taste.

There are, however, various ways of estimating authors; some contending strenuously for the application of moral tests, and others as strenuously objecting. What, then, is the true rule? Shall we read all who have displayed great ability, without regard to the character of their works, or shall we confine ourselves to those of moral

as well as intellectual greatness. I can conceive of but one reasonable answer to this question. We should by all means attend to the moral character of our reading. True, not a few judges contend that, if we would understand human nature, and realize what life really is, we must read works of every kind; but it is to be remembered that it is not the nature of the subject alone that constitutes a moral or an immoral work. Immoral writing consists simply in portraying vice in a seductive and engaging manner, and should be avoided for the same reason that we should avoid listening to an obscene story; because it clogs our memory and tends to keep out other and better thoughts. Nor is this the worst of its effects. It acts not only negatively but positively. It destroys the judgment, fires the imagination, and leads but too often to debauchery and crime.

If we have succeeded in answering this question satisfactorily, we are so much nearer deciding what to read. Nevertheless, there are so many books which possess the requirements already marked out, that we are still far from a definite solution of our difficulty.

It may be regarded as an axiom, that it is useless to read that in which we have no interest. Hence, a person should ask himself, What do I wish to read? Upon what subjects do I most desire information?

Any one of ordinary ability ought to be, and is, able to answer these questions correctly; and when he has done this, he has solved the problem as to what he ought to read.

Of course he must exercise discretion in his selections. It should be the object of the student to obtain as broad and thorough a culture as possible, and therefore he should not confine himself to one kind of reading. For instance, a man may delight particularly in works of fiction, yet he should not let this taste run away with him. Let him select a good historical novel, and, by the time he has read this, he must be widely different from most students if he has not become interested in the history of the times of which it treats.

If he is interested in the novel, he must necessarily be interested in criticisms upon it, and both history and criticisms, if he reads them carefully and with a desire to profit by them, will open to him new thoughts and new desires. Thus the field of his reading will be continually enlarging. We know of no better guide than a well tempered inclination.

Having determined what books to read, we should next inquire in what manner we are to read them. Some persons are extremely slow readers. Others read very rapidly. This will depend greatly upon the temperament of the reader, and also upon his experience. Per-

haps the best rule that can be given is : Read earnestly and understandingly. No matter how long it may take you, be sure that whatever you read is fully grasped before you leave it. It is said of Burke, that he read every book as though he were never to see it again, and thus made it his own. Daniel Webster, speaking of his habits as a student, says : "Many other students read more than I did and knew more than I did. But so much as I read I made my own. When a half hour or an hour at most had elapsed, I closed my book, and thought on what I had read. If there was anything peculiarly interesting or striking in the passage, I endeavored to recall it and lay it up in my memory, and commonly could effect my object." Sir Edward Sugden explained the secret of his success as a lawyer, in the following words : "I resolved, when beginning to read law, to make everything I acquired perfectly my own, and never to go to a second thing till I had entirely accomplished the first. Many of my competitors read as much in a day as I read in a week ; but at the end of the twelve months my knowledge was as fresh as on the day it was acquired, while theirs had glided away from their recollection." Never permit yourself to read passively. Read attentively or not at all.

Remember, too, the old adage : "Never have too many irons in the fire," and avoid indefinite and desultory reading. Always have a distinct purpose in view and confine yourself to that. A person may profitably read a number of books upon the same subject if he chooses, but should not allow his attention to be taken up by different subjects at the same time. It confuses the judgment, bewilders the understanding, and gives as mere "shreds and patches" of knowledge.

Above all, read in the spirit of independent thought. Never take an author's conclusions for granted. See that his premises are correct ; that his statements of fact are all unquestionable, and that his reasoning is natural and logical. No matter how famous an author may be, we should never allow him to influence us simply on account of his reputation. By so doing we lose the habit of independent thought, and become merely an echo of the opinions of others. Milton has the right principle, although he states it too broadly, when he says :

Who reads

Incessantly, and to his reading brings not  
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,  
(And what he brings what need he else -  
where seek ?)

Uncertain and unsettled still remains,  
Deep versed in books and shallow in him-  
self.

## AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

IT was a hot afternoon in July. Not a breath of air disturbed the quiet of the leaves in the valley, and upon the mountain top the trees, usually swayed by a brisk breeze, only displayed a fretful and sickly flutter. In accordance with human nature, which commonly selects some such uncomfortable day for a ramble, my friend and myself, with ladies, started for Ball Mountain. We had provided ourselves with sandwiches and cheese, which, put up in a basket in a quantity sufficient for a dozen, more or less, it became my lot to carry. We skirted the shore of Echo Lake, passed through a grove at the right, and began the ascent of the mountain. This mountain is the easiest of ascent of any in the Franconia range; the scenery, as observed from its top, is equally beautiful with that seen from the higher ones, and the view almost as extended. This makes it a favorite resort of artists and admirers of nature in general. After a deal of hard climbing, we halted upon the top-most cliff, and were soon well paid for the work of getting up, by the grandeur of the scene beneath and around.

Below us, the Profile House, which covers over an acre of ground, looks like a mere martin house when viewed with the naked eye, though, by the aid of a power-

ful glass, we can watch the maneuvers of the people in front of the house, and even distinguish familiar faces. Over the bosom of Echo Lake, which lies directly under us, we can see people rowing to and fro, some slowly, others with all the excitement of a race. A few boats lie entirely still, while their occupants, lying prone within, gaze dreamily over the gunwales; and I, looking through the powerful lens, imagine that I can almost ferret their thoughts. Upon the shore are groups employed in awakening echoes from the neighboring cliffs; and, although we can scarcely hear the shout, the echo resounds so plainly that we can even distinguish words. And thus we enjoy the affair at the expense of lungs not our own. A horn is kept at the foot of the lake, a boy being employed to blow it; and the number of times that its blast is repeated by the hills seems almost incredible. Far to the right, Profile Mountain rears its head high in air, with its sentinel at his eternal post. No wonder that poets and painters find inspiration in this noble profile; and how natural that New Hampshire's greatest statesman, looking upon this great, calm face, should be impressed with the idea, that this was an emblem which God had hung out to show that New Hampshire

was the place, above all others, where men were made. A little to the left of the Profile stands Cannon Mountain,—so called from a rock upon its summit, resembling a piece of mounted ordnance so closely that Gen. Grant, upon first seeing it, inquired at what hour it would be fired. I am not of an imaginative turn of mind; but, as I stood there and viewed these freaks of nature, it almost seemed as though they were placed there by design, and for some great purpose. And I could easily imagine how, upon the last great day, when the trump of Gabriel may awaken a thousand reverberations from the surrounding cliffs of Echo Lake, this noble giant might step solemnly forth, and with waving torch, fire the blast from this mighty cannon as a signal for the destruction of the world.

Directly opposite Cannon Mountain is "Eagle Cliff," around which the bird of America is continually hovering. The nests of these birds are built so far down the steep side of the cliff that they have never been reached, though one man has been lowered nearly down to them. Beyond Eagle Cliff, Mt. Lafayette, five miles away, towers far above all the rest, so high that only upon the clearest day can its summit be seen free from the clouds. By the aid of the glass we could see adventurers ascending this mountain upon the backs of patient pack-horses, so well

trained as to climb where even man would experience the greatest difficulty. It is claimed that the view from Lafayette is finer than that from Mt. Washington. If this be true, I should think the easier mode of ascending the latter would make amends, to men of ordinary energy, for any deficiency in scenery.

Next, we look for that great natural chasm, "The Flume," whose hanging boulder has been so often described. It is just hidden from our eyes, though its edges can be traced by one intimately acquainted with its locality. The "Basin" and "Philosopher's Pool" demand a share of our attention. The former is a wonderful work of nature, and one that must have required centuries to complete. A small brook, falling over an abrupt cliff, upon what was originally a flat surface of solid rock, has gradually worn a cavity to the depth of several feet, in the exact form of a basin; and, what is still more singular, the water has worked its way through the side of the basin and runs on in the old course. The Philosopher's Pool is thus named from a demented hermit who takes up his abode here every summer, and who imagines that this circular pool is the world, over which he has supreme command. He has constructed a raft, upon which he will crouch sometimes for a whole day, only pushing to the

bank to receive a donation of filthy lucre from some pitying visitor.

After having gratified our love for the grand and beautiful, we turned away to satisfy the cravings of the spot for which sandwiches are peculiarly adapted; when, to the surprise of all, apparently including myself, the basket was found to be empty. Now, as I

prided myself upon my agility, I did not wish to own that I had fallen down during the ascent, and deposited the contents of the basket in the mud; and so I allowed the idea to prevail, without opposition, that I had devoured the whole, preferring to be the butt of their jokes under this supposition than to confess the truth.

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## JONATHAN SWIFT.

### GLIMPSES OF HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.

**I**N no age or country has there ever appeared a man whose character is more puzzling, or whose history is more interesting, than that of Jonathan Swift. It will not be the object of this essay to discuss at length the character of this curious man, or to give any extended account of the strangely mingled drama of his life. If he was a great man, there have been greater; if he was ambitious, there have been men more ambitious; if he was a misanthrope, there have been men more misanthropical than he; but if there have been men who could use ridicule and satire effectively, none have been more formidable in the use of irony, wit and invective than Swift. "He is great who is what he is

from nature and who never reminds us of others," says Emerson; that is equivalent to saying, He is great who originates a course of life differing from that of his cotemporaries, and in this becomes eminent, crouching to the opinions of no man. Tried by this test alone, Jonathan Swift was a great man. But we add that, to be truly great, a man must have a well-balanced mind. If this be true, Jonathan Swift was not a great man.

To judge correctly of his character and ability, we must understand some of the characteristics of the age in which he lived. For a long time previous to the birth of Swift, there had been great political corruption and religious controversies in England. After the ex-

ecution of Charles I., the Rump Parliament established the Commonwealth, during which Cromwell gained great influence by intrigue and war. He afterwards assembled the Barebones Parliament, and became Protector of the Commonwealth. This rule was followed by the reign of Charles II.

Born in Dublin, 1667, after the death of his father, and bred up without parental care in this corrupt age, Swift was in circumstances just fitted to develop the bitter part of his nature. At this time society was composed of "nobles and landed gentry above, and the people below." Corruption was universally prevalent. Hypocrisy was only concealed by genteel politeness. He succeeded best in politics who was skilled in shrewd policy and intrigue. In religious matters vice prevailed hardly less than in politics. The common people, who were "regarded as agricultural implements in peace and as food for powder in war," were in such a condition that nearly one quarter of the whole population was reduced to beggary or pauperism. Considering this age, shall we wonder that such a man as Swift, who despised hypocrisy, who was cared for and educated as "an object of charity," and who dared to express his opinion freely, became a bitter satirist and made numerous enemies by his polemic writings? Swift had

a decided will, as is evident from the fact that he flatly refused to study logic while at Trinity College, Dublin. It was only by the influence of his friends that he received his degree from this institution, which he left in his twenty-first year, feeling a stubborn relief, no doubt, from the logical restraints of his learned Professors, who had no exalted ideas of their haughty pupil. His biographers tell us that he neglected his studies while at the university, preferring to spend his time in reading. This view receives credit from some lines written in after years :

A scholar, when just from his college broke  
loose,  
Can hardly tell how to cry *bo* to a goose.  
My schoolmaster called me a dunce and a  
fool,  
But at cuffs I was always the cock of the  
school;  
I never could take to my books for the life  
o' me,  
And the puppy confessed he expected no good  
o' me.

Swift, like the stony pebble rashly thrown into the lake, was now hurled into the ocean of life to struggle with the angry waves he set in motion. Friendless and destitute, he went to England, when he became amanuensis to Sir William Temple with an income of £20 a year. He afterwards procured a prebend, but soon became dissatisfied with the life of a clergyman; then he became chaplain, and obtained a vicarage. But all these offices gave



him little money and great dissatisfaction. He felt the assurance of superior intellect, yet was obliged to endure the stings of humiliation and the bitterness of crushed hopes. What was better fitted to inflame those fiery passions that lay smouldering in the hot ashes of his heart, burning with a sense of undue appreciation? In 1701, Swift became a Whig politician. From this time, he employed much of his mental strength in political and religious controversies. He wrote both in prose and verse. His most popular work at this period of his life, was the *Tale of a Tub*, written for the purpose of ridiculing the Catholics and Presbyterians. The author's style and manner of ridiculing the follies of the time are shown by this quotation: "Is not religion a cloak; honesty a pair of shoes worn out in the dirt; self-love a surtout; vanity a shirt; and conscience a pair of breeches?"

As Swift did not get the preferment that he wished in England, the Deanery of St. Patrick was given him in Ireland, which he seems to have considered as an exile. It was in Ireland that Swift gained popularity and became useful. Though he disliked the Irish as a people, he defended their rights and loved them as a part of humanity. The people of Ireland were suffering from the oppressions of England. Poverty and wretchedness were found in almost

every home; and yet the people did not have power to resist their wrongs. Swift came to their relief. England was trying to force upon Ireland a supply of copper money, which act called forth from Swift the *Drapier's Letters*. In these letters—though their authorship was disguised—he showed the inconsistency of England's oppressive measures, claiming that Ireland should not be bound by laws enacted in England. He said that the Irish should be as free as the English. He continued his invectives against the English Government, and kept pleading with the Irish themselves, urging them to greater efforts for self-government. At last there was so much wretchedness among the poor people, that he suggested, ironically, that they sell their children as food for the wealthy, thus lessening their families and getting means to support the remnant. This was a cruel suggestion, and Swift has been severely censured for it, but when we consider the condition of the people, and the fact that he had used almost every means to arouse them to a sense of their condition without accomplishing his purpose, our censure is turned into praise, for a careful perusal of the pamphlet in which this suggestion was made, shows that the author never intended that his suggestion should be literally followed out. However this may be, he continued to make

himself heard across the Channel, "until England was forced, for the first time in history, to yield to the will of Ireland." From this time onward, Swift was justly considered the hero of Ireland. His other great work was *Gulliver's Travels*. This romantic tale, though containing many satirical allusions, was especially interesting as a literary work.

Swift had a keen intellect, quick discernment, exact habits, contempt for foppery and genteel politeness, and a fervid ambition. His failure to gain immediate distinction stirred up all the bitterness of his soul. Not being regarded of so much merit as he thought he deserved, he was ever ready to ridicule the actions of men, and on all occasions gave free vent to scorn and raillery. He became sad, perplexed, hateful to society — in short, a misanthrope. He had rigid ideas of morality and decorum, and seemed to be vexed because every one did not believe and act as he did. A curious anecdote is related, which shows how rigidly exact he was in his daily habits. One day a servant had permission to ride out to a wedding. After she had been gone about fifteen minutes, a summons was given for her to return. She presented herself to the Dean, and asked, in confusion, what he desired. "Nothing, child; only you forgot to shut the door." He equally disliked formality. A lady once

said, by way of apology, that her dinner "really was not good enough for his worship to sit down to." "Then why don't you get a better? You knew I was coming. I've a great mind to go away and dine on a red herring." These oddities of character evince a lack of judgment, and disregard for the feelings of others. To be able to speak freely of the faults and follies of one's age, is a great thing; but a gentle reproof is a greater reformer than harsh contempt. This peculiarity caused Swift many enemies, yet some close friends. It is evident, however, that he did not intend to be harsh. Some of the most polished and gentle men of the times were among Swift's intimate friends. These facts explain how one man could say that Swift had the "manners of a hangman, the misanthropy of a hypochondriac, and the grin of a tyrant," while another should speak of his "wit and good conversation," and a third of the "large heart of Swift."

We do not wonder that Pope and Swift were friends; but Addison and Swift were as unlike as a dove and a hawk. Addison, without great vigor, was like the white lily, modest, attractive, pleasing and delicate, with no thorns to repel the admirer; whereas Swift was like the vigorous Canada thistle, whose bright blossom attracts the gaze of the stranger who, eager to learn its qualities, is drawn

to it only to be repulsed by the stings of its prickly weapons. This thought leads us to the consideration of Swift's *moral* character. Was he honest and virtuous? We have already shown that he was fretful, contemptuous, cynical; yet we believe he was honest. One can but observe the appearance of honesty and frankness in his writings and conversation. It is true that he did not generally make himself agreeable to society. Indeed, he did not seem to enjoy the same things that others did. But these traits are no marks of dishonesty. It seems to be a tendency of great men to be disagreeable. How many great men we might cite to prove this!—great writers, great politicians, and even great philanthropists. John Milton and Charles Sumner would be good illustrations. If moderation and discretion could have been combined with his superior wit and vigor of intellect, Swift would have been one of the greatest men England has ever seen. His peculiar defects robbed him of one half of his influence. We can censure Swift, however, only so far as he cherished and increased the harshness, bitterness, and misanthropical tendencies of his character. That there is some chance for censure, is evident from his own writings.

That Swift was virtuous, we think is true, also. This part of his character we forbear to discuss.

We do not believe all the calumnies against him, yet we agree with the writer who says that "Human nature has, perhaps, never before or since presented the spectacle of a man of such transcendent powers as Swift involved in such a pitiable labyrinth of the affections."

Every good quality has been rejected from Swift's character by some; while others have found much to admire. Some even doubt his patriotism. "Is it fair," asks Thackeray, "to call the famous Drapier's Letters patriotism? They are masterpieces of dreadful humor and invective; they are reasoned logically enough, too; but the proposition is as monstrous and fabulous as the Liliputian Island." Sir James Mackintosh says, "He is a venerable patriot—the first Irishman who felt for his oppressed country." Of his patriotism I can not doubt, when I read of the unceasing zeal with which he watched over the interests of Ireland, while he was Dean of St. Patrick; how he tried to turn those people from their errors; to make them see their follies, and to vindicate their rights against the oppressions of their neighbors.

While Swift's character has been questioned by many, the style of his writings has gained for him great literary fame. Though the style of his poetry was not excellent, his prose is considered a model of English composition. It is

clear and simple, yet strong and vigorous. Every page of his writings seems to sparkle with wit, humor and irony. In his old age, his reason nearly left him, and he became irritable and sullen in his disposition. On the 19th of October, 1745, at the age of 78, this

strange man, a speechless idiot, loved by some, by others hated, ceased from his struggles on life's stormy ocean, and sank to rest,

———" As glides  
A vessel long beset with boisterous winds  
Into some tranquil port, and all is still  
Except the liquid ripple round the keel."

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## INTER-COLLEGIATE LITERARY CONVENTION.

We extract the following from *The Trinity Tablet*, as the best report we have seen:

The delegates from the various colleges interested in the above matter, met at the Allyn House, Hartford, on Thursday morning, Feb. 19th. The meeting was called to order at 10 o'clock by Mr. McPherson, of Princeton. Mr. Edmunds, of Williams, was chosen temporary chairman, and Mr. McPherson, secretary.

A committee was appointed on nominations, which presented the following report: — Pres., C. B. Hubbell, Williams; Vice Pres., J. B. Lindley, University of New York; Sec'y, G. H. Fitch, Cornell; Treas., E. B. Perrine, Brown.

On motion, Col. T. W. Higginson was invited to address the meeting. Colonel H. said he was

surprised that he had been called the father of this enterprise. Some time ago he had suggested the idea of inter-collegiate literary meetings, and the idea had grown in favor, and expanded to its present shape. He thought the proposed contests would be of great advantage to the colleges. He spoke of the manner in which, in England, college distinctions and college exclusiveness had been broken down, and the university interests built up, by inter-collegiate lectures. He referred to the former rigid system practiced by the colleges in this country, under which a student was only a student, a fixture of some particular college, no matter where he was; but now the system is changed, and the colleges are trying different experiments, and each is looking to the

other for the result of its new experience. The colleges are indulging in friendly rivalry. He wanted college feeling done away with, and the students to work together in building up American scholarship, without regard to what college they came from.

If the movement in favor of inter-collegiate contests goes well this year, it will grow, and all the colleges will be glad to join it. At present the *esprit du corps* of the colleges is confined to athletic sports. No one hears of the smart men, the best orators, writers and thinkers in our colleges. But if this movement succeeds, the better minds will be developed, because there will be a strife to gain laurels for their respective colleges. We must show that oratory is no mere outside show. Inter-collegiate contests will correct false oratory, and a great benefit to all colleges will flow from these contests. Some thought that the new stroke adopted by Yale last year would prove a failure, but it was found to be a success; and thus all the colleges saw and profited by what one had earned. In some colleges oratory is made a matter of training; others believe it to be a thing that can not be taught. So long as the present state of affairs lasts, so long will each college think its own system the best; but an immediate test that will bring graduates together in actual trial, will inevitably open

up the matter and show which is the best method. He wanted enthusiasm in the matter. It should be borne in mind that the regattas began modestly, and he hoped this movement would have a like beginning. Enthusiasm and earnestness must be shown in this movement. Colonel Higginson interspersed his remarks with many interesting anecdotes; and at the close a vote of thanks for his address was passed.

Col. Higginson thought that a comparison of the methods of teaching oratory would be a good subject for the first meeting of the association. The more modestly the movement was started the better. A meeting for debate, or for prize elocution, would be best. Writing essays would be more difficult, and should come last. Declamations, or original compositions would be well, either at the time and place of the regatta, or some other time and place. On motion the meeting adjourned.

The convention was called to order for the afternoon at half-past two. After the preliminary business, Mr. Chas. D. Warner was introduced by Colonel Higginson and addressed the convention. This gentleman seemed to be in favor of holding the contest in this city, and gave as a reason for this, the opportunity which the colleges would have for procuring members of the Philological Society for judges, as this organization is to

meet here. On motion, the convention thanked Mr. Warner for his kindness in addressing the meeting. Col. Higginson offered the following which were adopted as the sense of the meeting:—

*Resolved*, That it is desirable to form an association of American colleges for the purpose of intercollegiate literary competition.

*Resolved*, That this convention proceed to adopt a provisional constitution for such an association, to be submitted to the colleges here represented, and to such others as may be hereafter determined, and to take effect only on being accepted by five different colleges.

Under these instructions the meeting voted to proceed as a body to form an organization. The two following articles, each offered by Mr. Whitridge of Amherst, were adopted:

(1.) This association shall be entitled the Inter-Collegiate Literary Association of the United States.

(2.) The officers of the association shall be a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and executive committee of one from each college that may adopt this constitution.

Mr. Halstead, of Princeton, then moved that the forming of a constitution be referred to a committee of five, but the motion to refer to a committee of three, Col. Higginson to act with them, was subsequently carried.

After a recess of forty minutes, the committee reported a constitution, which, after amendments and additions, stood as follows:—

Article I. This association shall be entitled the Inter-Collegiate Literary Association of the United States, and shall consist of such colleges as shall ratify this constitution.

Article II. The object of this association shall be to hold annual competitive literary exercises and examinations at such times and places as the association itself may determine.

Article III. The officers of this association shall be a president, five vice-presidents, a secretary, treasurer, and an executive committee of one from each college of the association.

Article IV. The duties of these officers shall be those usually appertaining to their offices.

Article V. These officers shall be elected at each annual meeting of the association, and shall hold office until the election of their successors.

Article VI. The annual meetings of this association shall be held at the time and place of the annual exercises. Each college belonging to the association shall be authorized to send three (3) delegates.

Article VII. Special meetings of the association may be called by the president at the request of five colleges belonging to the association.

Article VIII. The standing committee appointed by the preliminary meeting shall have charge of the affairs of the association until the first annual meeting.

Article IX. This constitution may be amended at any meeting of the association by a vote of two-thirds of the colleges represented at the said meeting.

Article X. This constitution shall go into effect on being ratified by five colleges.

On motion the meeting adjourned until 7, P. M.

#### EVENING SESSION.

At the evening session, after the opening preliminaries, Mr. Clemens (Mark Twain), being invited, addressed the convention. He

said he did not know he was going to speak and had not anything to say, but as that was the general condition of speakers now a-days, he supposed he was well fitted to deliver a speech, which he then proceeded to do in an eminently characteristic vein.

After Mr. Clemens had finished, the committee on by-laws not having returned, the delegates commenced singing, which was continued with a great deal of spirit and harmony (?) until the return of the committee at eight o'clock. After much discussion and wrangling the following resolutions were at last adopted:—

*Resolved,* That this convention appoint a standing committee of five, who shall arrange for an inter-collegiate contest in oratory, to be held on —, at —, in accordance with the following rules:

1. Two contestants shall be chosen by each college belonging to the association; if, however, more than eight colleges enter for competition, each shall be entitled to but one representative. The term "college" shall not be taken as excluding members who have taken the degree of A. B., or any equivalent degree, within a year previous to the contest.

2. Three awards of honor shall be made by three judges, who shall be chosen by the standing committee from men of literary and oratorical eminence, and who shall not be professors or officers of any institution represented in the contest.

3. Each address shall be the speaker's own production, and shall not exceed ten minutes in delivery; and in making the award the judges shall have regard both to matter and to manner.

*Resolved,* That the standing committee shall arrange for a competition in essay writing in accordance with the following rules:

1. Three judges shall be chosen by the standing committee, which judges shall propose two subjects, determine the length of each essay, and the time when the essays shall be handed in, and make an award for the best essay on each subject. These judges shall not be professors or officers of any institution represented in the contest.

2. Each college shall select at its discretion three representatives; if, however, the number of colleges competing shall exceed eight, each shall be restricted to but two representatives.

*Resolved,* That, in addition to the awards of the judges the committee are authorized to offer such pecuniary awards as may seem feasible.

*Resolved,* That the standing committee invite the presiding officers of the several colleges represented in this association to submit such plans as may seem best to them for more extended inter-collegiate examinations; and that said committee be instructed to report a plan at the next annual meeting of the association.

Col. Higginson being about to leave, a vote of thanks was tendered him by the convention for the great interest he had manifested, and he was requested to give them his views as to the place of contest. He favored New York, which place was finally agreed upon. A standing committee was then chosen, consisting of Messrs. Kobbe, Columbia; Lindley, University of New York; Hubbell, Williams; Halstead, Princeton; and Lindsey, Wesleyan; after which the meeting adjourned.

## EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

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AT a meeting of the students, Jan. 27, in reference to the Inter-Collegiate Literary Association, a committee, consisting of one from each class, was chosen to inquire into the object and advantages of the project, and also to ascertain the minds of the respective classes in regard to it. The report in full was not ready at the time appointed for the hearing, which was consequently postponed to Monday, Feb. 2. Now, whether or not the leaders of this movement feared that the result of the investigation would be unfavorable, we are, of course, unprepared to say, though measures taken by them, seemingly to waive the report, certainly have that appearance. The meeting was called to order by the chairman, and the report from the freshman class was called for first; a proceeding, which, though it may be perfectly fair, yet, to say the least, is a little irregular. Instead of making a report in detail, the committee merely said that the freshman class was in favor of the movement. An entirely similar manifesto having been made by the Sophomore committee at the previous meeting, though, as we are told, wholly without authority, nothing remained but to hear the

report from the Junior class. It was generally known that the Juniors were hostile to the movement, and if there were any valid objections to be urged against it, they would naturally be expected from that class, through its legally appointed committee of investigation. But no; they apparently had not the slightest intention of allowing the Juniors to cast their vote as a class, which would leave it optional with them to enter the scheme or not, at their pleasure, but took the unprecedented course of omitting to call for their report; and, knowing, by the action of the other classes, what the result of a general vote would be, one of them made a motion in favor of the Literary Contest, and, after a long discussion, by the Senior class, the vote was put and the motion adopted.

One Junior, improving a lull in the Senior Debate, had the temerity to attempt to edge in a word, but was quickly informed that it was too late, for there was a motion which must be acted upon.

Poor, deluded Junior! he had arisen with the mistaken idea that this same motion was the subject of discussion.

Well, longers for Inter-collegi-



ate honors, you have beaten us this time, sure, and though, like the boy's dose of castor-oil, it goes down "mighty hard," yet we will try to make the best of it and to hope for beneficial results. To be sure, reports from our most prominent college and other exchanges do not tend to change the opinion we had originally formed. We find that Princeton, the college from which the desire of the contest issues, as it were, has a large majority of its students opposed to it; and the Faculty, doubting the efficiency of the scheme, forbade the lower classes taking any part in the measures for its completion.

From the *Harvard Advocate*, we learn that delegates from that Institution were elected to the Hartford Convention, with the understanding that they were to discuss the question in the Convention. They were informed by Mr. Hubbell, of Williams, who is the first signer of the call, that no discussion would be allowed; therefore, the delegates resigned. Though the object of the convention was to set in practical operation the object proposed, still, we can see no reason why they should fear a general discussion of the project. Exchanges, for the most part, do not favor the proposed contest; and we can not but wish that our action in regard to it may be reconsidered.

## A NEW DORMITORY.

We are glad to learn that something is to be done towards furnishing our gymnasium, but there is one other subject which we think is at least equally interesting to the students. We mean the question of a new dormitory. Already we are inconveniently crowded in Parker Hall, and, unless something is done soon, many of the students will be forced to procure rooms "down town," in addition to those who do so from choice. In view of this fact, a word upon the subject of dormitories may not be inappropriate.

One of the most prominent advantages claimed, by its advocates, for the non-dormitory system is, that students, by rooming in private houses, will be exposed to all the restraints of the family, and lose much of the spirit of boorishness and demoralization which often seems to control them. We consider this idea entirely erroneous. Those who furnish board or lodgings do so for the sake of the compensation, and being, in a measure, dependent upon the students, can exercise little or no restraint over them, even if disposed to do so, while their widely scattered condition would take away all possibility of a direct and efficient supervision by the college authorities. To be sure they could not blow horns or do other things

of a similar nature, but over those acts which are really and truly detrimental to the student, there would be no control whatever. The dormitory is morally safer than any ordinary boarding place, both on account of the healthy influence of the more conscientious students, and from the fact that most of the vices incident to young men are much more liable to detection and exposure. Indeed, it is well known that, "in those colleges in which the students are largely distributed in lodgings, the grossest outrages against decency are plotted and executed in apartments which are remote from the inspection and interference of the college officers."

Moreover, this separation of the students would tend to the formation of cliques, and the cultivation of class feeling, since acquaintances outside of the class would be extremely rare. This state of things it is very desirable to avoid.

It is also patent to every observer that our societies must inevitably suffer. The men who support and carry on the society are almost without exception those residing in the dormitory, and if these were scattered in different and remote sections of the city, we believe that society meetings would soon become exceptions.

The expenditure of so much money for the erection of buildings which might otherwise be devoted to salaries, prizes, and en-

dowments, or to the purchase of books and apparatus, is, perhaps, a more serious objection; but this will lose much of its weight if it be carefully considered. It should be remembered that a large majority of our students are obliged to pay their own expenses, and the increased cost of rooms which must necessarily arise would render this so much the more difficult. This fact deserves a careful consideration, for, however desirable increased facilities for cultivation may be, no steps ought to be taken which tend to place this cultivation beyond the reach of the poorer classes. The college is designed to be a beneficiary institution. It furnishes tuition at a price much below its actual cost, and may consistently pursue the same course in regard to lodgings. We do not ask it, however, to do this, but it can without loss provide the student with rooms cheaper than he can obtain them elsewhere, and we believe it should. Let us hope that it will soon be decided to erect a new dormitory.

DEATH OF DR. BALKAM. On the 4th of the present month, Dr. Balkam, Professor of Logic and Christian Evidences in the College, was thrown from his horse and instantly killed. He was on his way to the College at the time, and the blow was as unexpected as it was terrible. For want of time, we shall be obliged to defer to our next issue some account of

the life and character of the deceased.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The *Nashua Literary Magazine* is one of our most welcome visitors. It is evidently managed by men of talent and energy. We were particularly pleased with the article on Religion and Art. We wish the interest manifested by students would justify all college publications in introducing a department similar to the "Voice of the Students." — *The Yale Literary Magazine* for February fully maintains its previous reputation. It contains an excellent criticism on Romola, but the legend of the Rhine we were not specially pleased with. It seems too strained and unnatural. The present board of editors have felt compelled to overrule the election of the class of '75, and have appointed their successors. — Many of our exchanges are thrown into the waste basket unopened, but the *Madisonensis* is not of this number. Its editors are evidently live men and succeed in getting up a live paper of which the University may well be proud. The article upon Dore's picture of Christ leaving the Prætorium is well written and extremely interesting. — One can not take up the *University Herald* without

noticing its fine appearance, typographically. The outside promises well, and the inside does not usually disappoint us, but we wish the editors would employ some poet besides the author of "A Sophomore's Dream." — *The Trinity Tablet* devotes a large portion of its columns to an exhaustive report of the Inter-Collegiate Convention at Hartford. It is very sarcastic upon Amherst for withdrawing from the Regatta. — *The Magenta* is spicy as usual. It has a very common-sense article on Memory. — *The Cornell Times* endeavors to arouse an interest in the Inter-Collegiate Literary Contest. Although the students took measures to send delegates to Hartford, they have not yet joined the association. — We are glad to say that the *Dryden Springs Place* is still flourishing.

We have before us the first No. of the *High School Quarterly*, and are much pleased with its appearance. It seems to be well patronized by advertisers, — a sure indication that the community are interested in its behalf. The essays are very good, and compare favorably with those of some of our college exchanges. We wish it success.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

WHAT splendid paths we have!

—Will gentlemen who borrow reading room coal have the kindness to put the shovel in its proper place?

—The Seniors are studying "Outlines of Man," one of Pres. Hopkins's latest books.—*Bowdoin Orient*. — We hope they will succeed in acquiring at least the outlines.

—SCENE. College Library. Tutor, meeting student, — "Ah, Mr. ———, when did you get back?" Student: — "Back, — back, — I didn't know I was back on anything."

—Delinquent subscribers should not permit their daughters to wear this paper for a bustle. There being so much due on it, there is danger of taking cold. — *Ex*.

"Oh! why don't something happen,  
'To help me in this race?—  
I'm running with the printer,  
Who's gaining every pace.  
My notes are all exhausted;  
I've used them every one—  
There, thanks to childish rhyming,  
I'm glad to say its *done*.

—*Western Collegian*.

—During the winter vacation, the father of one of our Freshmen

gave him a long lecture upon the necessity of economy, closing with the remark: "Why, I never had a pair of boots until I was twenty-one." "No wonder," replied the irreverent Freshir, "it takes time for accumulation, and there were no wholesale tanneries in those days."

—A Senior, stuffing for examinations, has developed the ethics of Sunday work in a way to render further elucidation of the subject unnecessary. He reasons that if the Lord justifies a man for trying to *help* the ass from the pit on the Sabbath day, much more would he justify the *ass* for trying to get out himself.—*Chronicle*.

—Scene in Laboratory. Classical Senior to Prof. — "What did the Goddess Io die of?" Prof. — "I really could not—" Senior, triumphantly — "Iodide (*died*) of Potassium."—*Ex*.

Mary had a little lamb,  
With which she used to tussle;  
She snatched the wool all off its back,  
And stuffed it in her bustle.

The lamb soon saw he had been fleeced,  
And in a passion flew,  
But Mary got upon her ear,  
And stuffed the lamb in too.—*Chronicle*.

## COLLEGE ITEMS.

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About \$3000 of the endowment fund is still to be raised. Now is the time to subscribe.

The day of prayer for colleges passed off very pleasantly. Meetings both afternoon and evening.

The committee of award, for the junior prize declamations, consists of Rev. A. L. Houghton of Lawrence, Rev. J. E. Dame of Lowell, and H. P. Gage, A. M., Dearborn School, Boston Highlands.

A number of Cornell students have sailed for South America, on a tour of scientific exploration. They will be absent for a year.

Ex-President Woolsey, of Yale College, says that a college course has, or should have, in view, three things—character, culture, knowledge; of which, character is the best worth having, culture is second in rank, and knowledge, third.—*Ex.*

The last commencement at Williams witnessed the defeat of co-education by a vote of 49 to 20.

Since Dr. McCosh assumed the Presidency of the College of New Jersey, (Princeton) the college has received gifts for various purposes, to the amount of \$766,880.—*Ex.*

John B. Gough will lecture in Lyceum Hall, Thursday evening, April 16th. His subject will be, NOW AND THEN. Reserved seats for his lecture can be obtained at the usual places, April 1st., at 50 cents a ticket.

Wesleyan University having dispensed with the custom of having such class preferments as valedictorian and honor men, the speakers for Commencement will be chosen from those Seniors who show the greatest proficiency in writing and speaking.—*Ex.*

The Roman Catholics have sixteen parochial schools and colleges in Boston, and five more will be opened in a short time.

The Social and United Fraternity Societies of Dartmouth have voted to so amend their constitutions, that their libraries may be consolidated with that of the college. Each library now numbers between nine and ten thousand volumes. The seniors are to be allowed to select, annually, three hundred dollars' worth of books for addition, and the library is to be open five hours daily. This plan is yet to be accepted by the college.

## ALUMNI NOTES.

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'70.—Isaac Goddard has been elected School Committee in ward No. 7.

'71.—George W. Flint is teaching in the High School at Bath.

'73.—Charles H. Davis is Principal of Somerset Academy at Athens, Me., and is having excellent success.

'73. — Edwin A. Smith has charge of the Turner High School.

'73.—Hannah E. Haley has entered Union Theological Seminary.

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*[Space will be given each month to the record of one alumnus in the form of the one below. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material.—Ed.]*

### CLASS OF 1869.

MOOERS, CHARLES ALBERT. — Born, July 24, 18—, at Vienna, Me. Prepared for College at Vienna High School and Maine State Seminary.

1867--68, Principal of Maine Central Institute.

1869--70, Teacher of Mathematics in Maine State Seminary.

1870--73, September, went to Vermont to take charge of Green Mountain Seminary, which position he retained until the summer of 1873, when he resigned on account of ill health.

Present address, Vienna, Me.

# 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 Mental and Moral Philosophy.*

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

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

REV. JAMES ALBERT HOWE, A.M.,  
*Professor of Systematic Theology.*

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

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

REV. URIAH BALKAM, D.D.,  
*Professor of Logic and Christian Evidences.*

REV. CHARLES H. MALCOM, D.D.,  
*Lecturer on History.*

CLARENCE A. BICKFORD, A.B.,  
*Tutor.*

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

## 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's or Greenleaf's *Arithmetic*, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis's *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 Wednesday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

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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.

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