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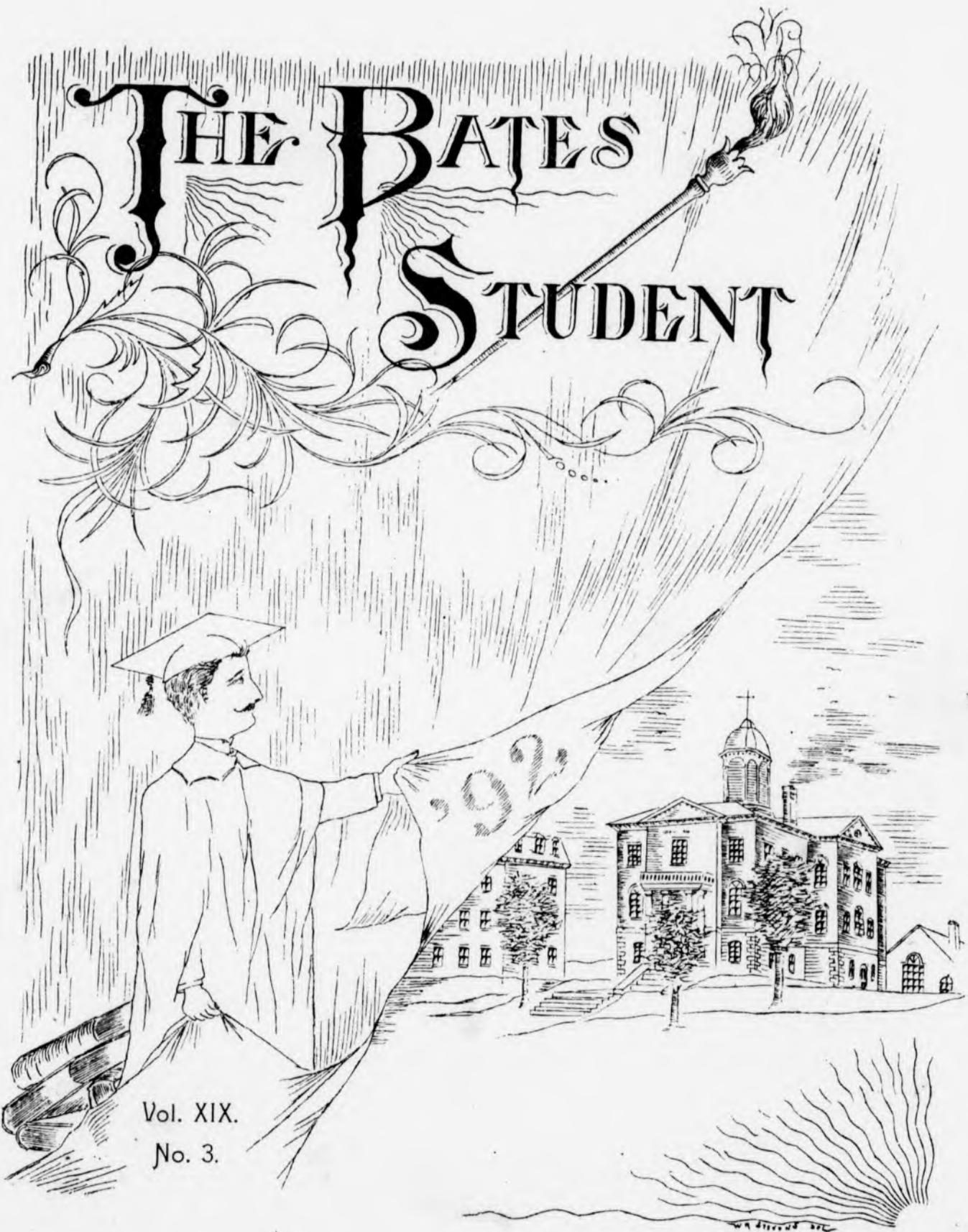
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THE BATES STUDENT

Vol. XIX.
No. 3.

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THE BATES STUDENT.

Vol. XIX.

MARCH, 1891.

No. 3.

THE BATES STUDENT

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

CLASS OF '92, BATES COLLEGE,
LEWISTON, ME.

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EDITORIAL.

THE first place of the college maga-
zine is on the student's table, the
second, on that of the alumnus.
Beyond this there seems to be some
question as to the scope and influence
of the college paper. Can such a
paper claim a place of any consid-
erable importance outside the circle of
students and graduates? We think
it can. That place is in the homes
of half-grown school boys and girls.
"But," you say, "It is above and
beyond them. It contains local matter
that does not interest them and literary
matter that they cannot digest."
These statements are true to some
extent. So are they true, in a measure,
of the local newspaper and the literary
magazine in the ordinary household.
Yet seldom is a home entirely without
these publications. Even the young
people are supplied with story papers
and other useless fiction, but in how
many cases do they never see a college
paper except through the chance kind-
ness of some friend!

Put a college paper in reach of a boy
of ordinary ambition, and he will begin
to read it if for no other reason than
because it is a college paper. It helps
to satisfy and even foster his interest
in a school-life beyond his own—a

school-life which, perhaps, he thinks of vaguely in connection with the professional men of his town. But the school-boy will gradually read the more literary parts of the paper. He will grow into an appreciation of its contents much more rapidly than his father would ever come to digest such articles as that on "Heredity" in the *March Atlantic*. Then, as his attention is directed from time to time to the standard authors, his whole course of reading may become changed and his tastes turned into more literary and scholarly channels. He may even get an inspiration to go to college, as he reads of the possibility of overcoming financial or other difficulties, of the happy and helpful associations of college life, and, more than all, of what a college course has done for others.

ENCOURAGING as the work done by our two literary societies now is, there is one peril that must be faced and conquered, or that most important part of the college work will fall a victim to it. It is the tendency to postpone the meetings for other exercises, either in the chapel or down town. Once the exception, it has now become the rule to infringe upon the time that ought to be held sacred to these associations and inadvertently set a trap to ensnare whatever interest the students may have to help themselves. A lecture, philanthropic exhibition, or musical entertainment is continually appearing to absorb this interest and kill society work. Common justice would de-

mand that no such exercises be held in the chapel Friday evenings without the previous consent of both societies, and the amount of moral gall it must take to appropriate the time of the societies, ought to make that consent very infrequently sought.

But this is only one side of the question. The other applies, not to those who are responsible for having the exercises on that evening, but to those who are more culpable for encouraging such a course, the students. They should have pride enough to say, "We will not permit our societies to become mere transient things to be tossed about at will and enjoyed when there is nothing else going on." There may be times when a truly great lecture cannot be heard another evening, and then it might be well for them to avail themselves of it. But this is the exception. They are neither all truly great, nor so difficult to get at another time as they might seem. And before paralyzing in a minute what it has taken months to create, the students should ask themselves two questions: Are we to allow such things to usurp the rights of our societies entirely, destroy the interest in our meeting and throw a cloud over a dozen, and keep us continually struggling for existence against increased odds? Will the entertainment be actually an equivalent for a single meeting, not to speak of the subsequent loss? If these questions were always candidly considered, the lights would burn more regularly in the two society rooms at the expense of some abortive effort to acquire eternal fame

on the floor below. And matters have surely gone on in this way long enough to justify the students in manifesting a little dignity by boycotting these things and sustaining their own societies.

—

THERE is a marked improvement in the order preserved at the public exercises at Bates. A different sentiment prevails among the students than was always present formerly. We sincerely hope that the day is past when such exercises shall be made the occasion for class fracas. In fact it is to be hoped that class differences of a hostile nature may cease altogether to favor us with their negative blessings, but in case the lion and the lamb positively refuse to lie down together, the idea now prevails that such differences should be settled in the open country and not at a literary entertainment. It is no longer funny for boys and young men to huddle together in the back seats and try to counteract the dignity of the occasion. The time has at last come when college students, even in our older institutions, can maintain their individuality without being "tough" and rowdyish. This is especially true at Bates, and the present sentiment has come about largely through the fact that the responsibility of maintaining good order at the public exercises of the college has been thrown upon the students themselves.

The neatness and dispatch with which the young man who was making a disturbance at the exercises on Washington's birthday was carried out of the chapel by the students

and left to battle with the wintry elements outside, shows again what had already been shown before—that not only a loyal sentiment, but also the wherewith to execute that sentiment is not wanting among us when the occasion demands.

—

VERY much to be regretted it is, in our opinion, that politics is deemed unworthy the talents of the American college graduate. This aversion is, we suppose, based on the character, or better, perhaps, the lack of character, of the average politician. If so, then very much to be regretted is this attribute of the average politician.

The results of this view of politics—for to this source, in a great measure, we believe they can be traced—are far too evident. Fraudulent elections, incompetent office-holders, corruption in office, all bear testimony to a serious lack in the governing machine. What is the cause of this lack, and what the remedy? The cause is, we do not fill the offices with our best men; and to those same best men must we look for the remedy. The fault is not in the bad men wanting the offices—it is natural to them—but in the good men letting them have the positions. The only way to keep bad men out of office is to put good men in. If the good men refuse to serve, and, for lack of better men, the offices are filled with "politicians," whose fault is it? If decent men are nominated and other decent men stay at home and fail to vote, with the inevitable result, whose fault is it then? Is it not all due to the inaction of the better

class of citizens? If this is true, then to them must we look for the remedy. Let them take a more prominent part in politics. Let them regard the right of suffrage not only as a privilege but as a duty. Let the honorable citizen deem it an honor, a tribute to his ability and uprightness, when his fellow-citizens nominate him for office. Practice this awhile, and soon you will see a marked change in the character of the politician. And then will come the time when to the list of honorable and worthy professions will be added that of politics.

FEW students at the beginning of their college course appreciate the value of thoughtful reading. This is to be regretted. There is nothing short of actual experience that can give a man the broad range of thought, the deep insight into the motives and powers of men, like a systematic course of reading of the standard novelists and poets, the biographies of great men, and the histories of such countries as the Roman Empire, France, England, and the United States. Histories, if properly written and thoughtfully read, will give a man invaluable knowledge of the forces of human nature,—which ones act under certain conditions, with what power, and with what effects. The reader of history stands aloof, and looks down upon man in the past, struggling amid tyranny, ignorance, and superstition, amid freedom, intelligence, and religious thought. He sees the forces of human nature contending, sympathetic, and unrestrained. He sees under what conditions, and by

what forces, all that is worthy of preservation from the past has emanated; under what conditions and by what forces great projects have failed and great men have become degraded. He sees all things in confusion, all the forces working at once, all that is worthy of being sought for trampled beneath the feet of men, urged on by some debased motive; but he also sees another force that has been at work through all the past,—a power which is imperishable, which, ground beneath the heels of the tyrant and spurned from the foot of the throne, is only increased in strength, and which finally conquers tyrants, overturns thrones, and lifts the wheels of civilization from the mire of oppression, vice, and ignorance, and once more sets them in motion forward. He will see law, government, and religion as organisms which grow strong and more perfect, as each period of turmoil and adversity brings out the good and lasting elements, and destroys the weak and those founded on principles other than those of truth and justice. This taste for reading should be formed before entering college, and assiduously cultivated throughout the course.

IT IS a subject of common remark that whatever habits a student forms in college generally cling to him throughout life, so that his college days are the time for him to correct bad habits—not only those that actually work direct injury to his body and soul, but also those that simply tend to prejudice others against him, and thus to diminish his chance of success.

Now every college man must have often seen a fellow-student who, though knowing his lesson perfectly well, yet stands up in recitation and inanely flourishes the pointer, if he happens to be trying to demonstrate a mathematical problem, twists himself into ludicrous positions, stammers, and finally sits down in confusion. He has drawn upon himself the ridicule of the class, immeasurably distressed the professor, and perhaps scored a zero, just because he got excited and was unable to recite what he knew.

This excitability he must overcome. For in business it is the cool man—the man that never loses his head, but can face disaster or success with steady brain—that reaches the top. And this is no less true of the professions; no lawyer, teacher, clergyman, or physician, who cannot keep his self-possession in public, can expect to win the confidence of men; his lot must ever be ridicule and hardship, for which he probably blames the cold world, when in fact it is his own fault.

But it may be urged that it is impossible to overcome natural nervousness. To a certain extent this may be true; but power of will, which can conquer opposing armies and subdue the grandest forces of nature, surely should not quail before a paltry habit. It can in a very great degree eradicate this excitability, if systematically and firmly applied, as it should be applied by all.

•••

The college of Mexico is the oldest in America and was founded fifty years before Harvard.—*Ex.*

LITERARY.

ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

By F. L. PUGSLEY, '91.

America, land of the noble free!
The promise land of all the ages gone!
Last great republic, that shall ever be;
The morning star of nations yet unborn!
Bright herald of the ever brightening dawn
Of blessed peace on earth, good will to men!
To thee, the oppressed of every clime are
drawn.

They, hopeless, here may learn to hope again
Where freedom's banner floats o'er field, and
mount, and glen.

Kingdoms and empires bow their hoary heads,
Whene'er thy gorgeous ensign is unfurled.
Thy humblest citizen, where'er he treads,
Meets the profound respect of all the world.
In war, the scepter from that hand was hurl'd
Whose birthright gave a nation to command.
The royal lip of scorn, that once was curl'd,
Hath been compelled to smile upon thy land,
While victory's laurel crown'd its humble patriot band.

Its humble patriot band, so nobly led
By him whose birth we celebrate to-day.
Historic Muse, awake the glorious dead!
Thy song the proudest boast of each portray!
And then to him thy fitting tribute pay!
And when no other hero may be found,
For whom thy trembling lyre can wake the lay,
Thy voice and string for him shall still resound,
And sing his praise anew to time's remotest
bound.

In war, the first; in peace, the first was he,
And in their hearts his kinsman held him first,
The hero of all heroes shall he be;
For when a hero he did never thirst
For purple pomp and palaces accurst;
But built thy fabric, nation of the West,
On which God's richest blessings oft have
burst;
Whose growth and thrift his wisdom still
attest;
And left thee to mankind, his most endeared
bequest.

And now in peace thy conquest walks abroad,
In peace, thy influence monarchies obey.
Their tottering thrones thy laurels can but
laud;

Their proudest sceptre owns thy sovereign
 sway,
 And, at thy portals, as I stand to-day,
 And gaze adown the vistas of the past,
 I see what end hath come to such as they,
 Their shapeless wrecks in massive heaps are
 cast,
 Where Glory once hath crowned, Fate hath
 not spared to blast.

But over mount and glen thy banner waves,
 Emblem of liberty so dearly bought,
 Mount, glen, and field, made sacred by the
 graves
 Of those who for thy cause so fearless fought.
 And may to-day thy sons anew be taught
 The homage due to these and to thy sire,
 In view of years with toil and suffering fraught;
 And may their deeds anew thy sons inspire,
 Till every heart shall glow with patriotic fire.

And when, at last, to earth's remotest climes,
 Popes, emperors, and kings shall stand in awe,
 While round the world shall ring from free-
 dom's chimes,
 Thy final triumph over regal law;
 Near to one shrine shall then all pilgrims draw,
 Through tears of gratitude to fix their gaze
 Where sleeps his dust, and breathe in holy awe
 His name, that then shall make, to endless
 days,
 The voice of nations wake, and yield to him
 their praise.

A CRITICISM OF "PENDENNIS."

By KATE PRESCOTT, '91.

IN WRITING "Pendennis," Thackeray seems to have had a double purpose. He has written not only a social novel, but also a novel of character, in which he shows us that selfishness rules the middle and upper classes of English society, and that in these classes genuine worth is at a discount. And yet this double purpose does not seem inconsistent with unity, for while he has selected his characters with the apparent purpose of depicting English life of this century, he has

endowed them with traits of character possessed by all people at all times. Who has not seen a Major Pendennis in real life? a worshiper of rank and fortune, and a slave to custom. And how many mothers worship their sons as Helen did, failing to see their faults so apparent to others!

It is this delineation of character, as it is seen in every-day life, that gives to "Pendennis" its special interest. The mere facts that Pen goes to school and college, falls in love with an actress, the porter's daughter, and both of the heroines, dabbles in law and literature, and plays the dude, would be of no special interest to us if he were not a type of the young man of fashion. As long as young men of this kind exist, "Pendennis" will be of interest.

But while we are looking at the hero of the work, we are in danger of neglecting some of the other chief characters. Thackeray seems to have dealt more kindly with Laura than with Pen, making "e'en her failings lean to Virtue's side." With Blanche it is different; the author of "Mrs. Lannes" had her faults, nor were they concealed from the public eye. Let us hope that her character is exaggerated.

Of all the male characters, Warrington is the only one whose acquaintance we would care to make; and we would prefer he should leave his cigar and ale behind, when he comes to see us.

One more character needs particular mention; Henry Foker, the funny little gentleman who is a mixture of honesty, vanity, and conceit.

Thackeray introduces many charac-

ters into his works, who, while they help to develop his purpose, have little connection with his plot. Indeed, the plot of some of his works is rather indefinite. Unlike many authors, he does not consider his characters disposed of when the hymeneal knot is tied.

There are several sharp contrasts drawn in "Pendennis"; Pen and Warrington are contrasted, much to the former's disadvantage. We have a feeling much like contempt towards Pen, when, to justify his own conduct to himself, he adopts that Sadducean doctrine which Warrington scorns, even in the face of his hopeless misfortune. Another contrast is drawn between Laura and Blanche; Laura could refuse a noble man, and be happy in the love of a poor man, while Blanche in aiming at fortune and fame alone, lost all. And yet we can see how each character is developed, and how, bit by bit, each shapes its own destiny.

As regards the interest of suspense, "Pendennis" seems to be about medium, but as a rule, the reader is more interested in the present description and conversation than in the future development. There is nothing improbable in the book, although in reading an English novel we must remember that there is a difference between society in the old country and the new.

"Pendennis" is decidedly a realistic novel; indeed, there are critics who claim that Thackeray is a preacher rather than a novelist. And he himself frankly tells us his "calling" is to be a preacher to mankind.

In the range of his writings we see

that Thackeray is somewhat limited, he shows us nothing like the life of the poorer classes so vividly described by "Dickens," nor of the working men and women with whom George Eliot's novels are peopled.

But, while there are many phases of human life on which he has not touched, he has given us wide views of human character, of which he seems to have an almost unlimited knowledge. His method of delineating character is subjective.

Again, some of the characters in his different works exhibit a strong resemblance. In some respects, Pen resembles Henry Esmond. Helen is much like Lady Castlewood, and Blanche like Beatrix.

One thing that may be noticed, is that there is some connection between Thackeray's novels; for instance, George Warrington of "Pendennis" is a son of Sir Miles Warrington of "The Virginians," George and Harry Warrington of "The Virginians," are nephews of Sir Miles, and grandsons of Henry Esmond.

That Thackeray strongly objects to a man's marrying a woman older than himself, is clearly shown in many of his books. Indeed, Thackeray's ideas of propriety seem to be those generally accepted by sensible people. If good taste is anywhere violated in "Pendennis," it is in making the characters grow old prematurely. Thus he makes us think of Helen as old, which she never could have been, for she died before she was fifty. Warrington was gray and grave at thirty, and Pen *passé* at twenty-five.

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The author is pessimistic in his writings. He has full control of wit and humor, but not of pathos, the beautiful, and the sublime; although he uses all with some degree of success.

Once more looking at Thackeray's characters, we decide that he has been more lenient towards women than towards men. He makes Pen a prig, the Major an old dude, Captain Costigan almost a ruffian, and the rest of the men scamps; while Helen and Laura are "saints," Lady Clavering and Lady Maribel are simply "good-natured," and Blanche alone is a disappointment.

It may be asked if it is worth one's while to read a book in which so few of the characters are satisfactory. To this question we can truly answer yes, for the benefit derived from reading a standard novel is much like that gained from visiting a strange town. We meet many new people, with whom we become more or less acquainted during our stay with them. When we leave the city, or close the book, we feel that some of the people we shall never care to meet again; while we shall always regard others as our friends. It is our friends that make our life worth living; therefore, we should cultivate our friendships, whether we find them in real life or between the covers of a book.

Last year three colleges completed Y. M. C. A. buildings, Cornell at a cost of \$60,000, Hamilton at a cost of \$30,000, and Johns Hopkins of \$20,000.

THE GRANDFATHER OF OUR COUNTRY.

BY H. E. WALTER, '92.

TO DECK out with fresh eulogy the immortal name of the stately hero whose memory we honor to-night, would be as hopeless and as thankless a task as that undertaken by the small boy who hung a tin lantern on the electric-light pole to assist in the general illumination. The peerless fame of Washington burns too brightly in every true American heart to have its brilliancy increased by any fagots in the way of adjectives and exclamation points that we can cast into its midst. No other way remains to us but to stand reverent and silent, as the curtain of time is drawn back revealing him to us, the intrepid general, the wise statesman, the noble man, the "Father of his Country."

Wordsworth has well said that "the child is father of the man," and so let us hope to learn a lesson by considering briefly the child-father of the man-Washington. In this way, we may, perhaps, trace to its beginning one of the scarlet threads of character that colored the whole skein of Washington's wonderful life. The thread that we will consider was *self-control*.

Now it will be useless for us to go on, unless we can establish a living bond of sympathy between ourselves and the young grandfather of our country, so, in the first place, we must remember that he was a real human boy, of flesh and blood, of nerve and muscle. We are so apt to forget this, because most biographers picture Wash-

ington to us as stalking majestically to and fro before the footlights, in the great drama of our early national history, playing too important a part to leave any room for the idea that he was ever a boy, and that the great results of his life grew out of a beginning. Even when we do sometimes get a glimpse of his boyhood days, it is no real boy, like other boys, that we see, but a discouraging phenomenon of youthful virtue. It is most foreign to our purpose to depreciate in the least the many virtues of young Washington, but it is not unfair to admit that he did have faults enough to make him lower than the angels, as we are, and so there should be a fellow-feeling to-day between us and this Virginian lad, the grandfather of his country.

The skies of the Old Dominion, in which he was born, looked down upon a people peculiar for their free and easy outdoor life. No cities and poor communications made the contact of mind with mind a rare thing. Life was mostly developed on the animal side, and even the clergy, which was the only one of the learned professions that was numerous enough to form a factor in colonial Virginia, was remarkable for its muscle rather than for its piety and learning. Into such environments as these, with centuries of red Anglo-Saxon blood pumping through his heart, was Washington born.

No biographer says a word about him as a baby. In all the books, he seems to have made a magical jump from the day of his birth to the cherry tree. There is everything to show incidentally, however, that all through his

cradlehood he was a sturdy, vigorous little fellow, full of life, and not so silent, perhaps, as he became in later years, when, as keystone in the great arch of our independence, he was bearing alone the untold pressure of nation-forming issues.

As a school-boy the picture of him becomes more familiar. He has grown to be a little giant now. He out-throws and outleaps his playmates, and in wrestling he dusts the home-spun back of young Virginia over and over again. Again, we see him, his brown hair flying out behind, riding off his surplus energy on the bare back of a wild, unbroken colt, and, in short, first in all the sports and adventures of his childish companions, as he became in after years "first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Sooner than in most lives, the door of childhood swings to behind him, and we see the young surveyor, standing with his earnest blue eyes turned eagerly towards his great future which is now pressing in upon him. What a picture he makes! Full of life and strength, and tingling for adventure, with impetuous passions, and a will inflexible, though as yet unaroused! A veritable powder-house of energy!

What governing element was it in his character that harnessed all this force and power to the wheels of our fortune so as to work out the great results that followed? I answer, self-control.

Washington's mother was a woman of strong will, and she early taught her son to exercise self-control. Before he graduated from the cradle, he had learned to obey; and this is the A B C of

every commander's vocabulary. While yet a lad, he made a list of "Rules of Civility and Decent Behaviour in Company and Conversation." How far original they were does not matter. It is of importance, however, that they were largely followed, and had a formative influence in developing that self-control which became the conservator of his great store of energy. His whole childhood, in fact, was a continual self-discipline, and, vigorous and impulsive as that childhood was, the control which he then exercised over himself crystallized his character so that he stood the test of time and circumstances.

It took grit, born of self-control, to defy the flying bullets of the battle field, as Washington did, until he seemed to bear a charmed life. It took *greater* balance, when, in the hopeless days of the Revolution, with a half-starved herd of countrymen for an army, he defied the flying bullets of despair that filled the air around him. Controlled by his great purpose, he never wavered, but, when in 1776 defeat followed defeat in dismal succession, it was he who said, in tones whose patriotic echoes still linger in the air we breathe, "If the enemy succeed in obtaining the whole of the Atlantic states, we will retreat beyond the Alleghanies, and bid them defiance there!" A man with less self-control would have answered those infamous Conway letters, so viciously aimed at his patriotism and sincerity, but Washington smothered them with dignified silence. After the great battle for liberty had been fought and won, the whole grateful nation was at his feet, but again his self-control

kept him from falling into that quagmire of ambition, where Cæsar and Napoleon sank out of sight. General Grant fought nobly the battles of the Rebellion, but lessened his true fame when he served as our President. Not so with Washington. The lesson of his youthful training was too well learned. Even in the death hour, with the same self-control that marked his life, he even counted out the precious pulse-beats that trembled on the verge of his eternity.

His grand life has all been lived, and his body has returned to God's dust, for he was only a man after all; but still, even after the noble Ship of our Nation may have gone to pieces on the unseen reefs of the future, and as long as anywhere the spiral of time unwinds to mortal eyes, so long will his symmetrical life, a beautiful sheaf of ripened grain bound with the cord of self-control, stand plainly out on the harvest field of humanity.

THE LOST IDEAL.

BY M. S. MERRILL, '91.

My window, opening toward the west,
Looks out on the waters there,—
The wide, still waters, that lie at rest
In a dream of all things fair.

At the casement I listen on summer eves,
To the story the night-breeze tells,
As his viewless feet bend the grass and leaves,
And the sunset weaves it spells

Magical, silent, strange, and sweet,
Around, till I hardly know
If the same old world lies under my feet,
In that wonderful, changing glow.

In the west, is a vision that comes and goes;—
'Tis a city fair to the view,
That flushes now like an opening rose,
Now shines with the violet's hue.

Once, have I walked in its fairy streets;—
 "Ah, in dreams at the close of day?"
 I know not; the dream with the truth oft meets,
 And the limits—who shall say?

But listen, and judge when the tale is told;—
 One night at the charmed hour,
 When the primrose opened its leaves of gold—
 That weird little elfin flower,—

And the feathery grasses and blossoms sweet,
 In the heart of the field hard by,
 Talked with the crickets that sat at their feet,
 And the breeze stole past with a sigh,—

I lifted my eyes to the glowing west,
 And lo! my city of pearl!
 On the burnished waters it seemed to rest;
 I saw the wavelets curl

Round its shining feet, and its turrets high
 Rose up, where, faint and far,
 Like a pendant gem in the stainless sky,
 There sparkled a single star!
 "Oh, to pass," I said, "o'er those waters
 wide!"

When behold! a radiance bright
 From the city's heart poured a golden tide,
 And lo! 'twas a bridge of light,—

A golden bridge, that stretched across
 To me, from the city's street
 I saw, and, without a moment's loss,
 I hastened with eager feet

And, trembling, stepped on the fairy thing,—
 Beneath me 'twas firm and strong,
 And I heard faint music around me ring,
 The notes of a wondrous song.

So to the city of pearl I came;—
 Ah, how shall I speak to you
 Of that wonderful city without a name;—
 Oh, swiftly the glad hours flew,

As I wandered thro' palaces built of light,
 And streets that were white as snow;
 Or leaned from a rainbow bridge, for a sight
 Of the torrent of mist below,

Or watched, mid the fairy groves and bowers
 The elfin dancers' whirl;
 Or rocked in a crescent boat of flowers,
 On a lake of liquid pearl!

But the bright day waned; and the shadows fell;
 I heard the waters moan
 As I earthward turned, and—I cannot tell
 How the dream fled, but I alone

At my window stood, and my city was veiled
 With darkness, dreadful and dim;
 In the distance a sad, sweet music wailed,
 Like the wild swan's dying hymn.

Softly and sweet the shadows creep
 O'er the dewy fields at even,
 And fair as of old falls the world asleep,
 'Neath the eyes of the leaning heaven;

And sweetly a vision comes and goes;—
 'Tis a city fair to the view;
 But before it, the wide, wide water flows,
 And the shadows fall with the dew.

A WINTER'S VISIT TO HISTORIC CONCORD.

BY G. P. CONANT, '93.

NATURE, pleasing in her own wonderful charms, is never more beautiful than when she enshrines spots made sacred by their associations with the past. She seems to add her beauty to the beauty of the deeds, and to invest the homes and haunts of great men with peculiar fascinations.

The warm, murmuring breezes, the flowers and sunshine of summer, had often tempted us to a drive of a few miles to the town of Concord, with its many historic and literary points of interest, but these had never given more charms than did the real beauty with which the "icy fingers" of winter had painted every familiar scene.

The morning had been hazy, but as the day advanced the air became clearer. The sun, which had been half concealed behind a cloud, was beginning to shine forth with a pleasant warmth, and soon its bright rays had changed the landscape into a picture of glittering splendor. Every-

where the pure white snow sparkled with a thousand crystal diamonds. Every tree and shrub bent gracefully beneath a weight of ice jewels. The merry tinkling of the bells as we glided along, seemed in harmony with the spirit of brightness and joy that was pervading everything.

We passed Nashoba Hill—"Rumbling Mountain"—so called by the Indians from a heavy sound, that at times rolling from its very depths, was believed by the superstitious red men to be the voice of the Great Spirit. Whatever it may have been, whether it was some deep mysterious voice, or whether it was the rolling thunder awakened by some weird band at nine-pins, or whether it was, as practical people say, some volcanic disturbance, we know not. On that winter's afternoon, it lay serene, calm, and cold, as if the silent snow had imparted some of its own quieting influences and hushed every sound.

We followed along by the laughing waters of the Assabet. The prattling river flowed over its rocky bed, cutting away the ice that was vainly attempting to quiet its noisy speed. Boisterous as it then appeared, it was at last hushed and stilled, when folded in the soothing arms of the calm and peaceful Concord, a river most fitly named. We crossed these quiet waters at the "Old South Bridge," and noted where the British Guard was stationed to cut off all connection with surrounding towns.

There seem to gather about some places all things that can make them of interest. Such a place is Concord.

There are found those peculiar charms that accompany the homes of great men. There, too, occurred the first resistance in that war which gave to America her independence.

We passed, on the square "Wright's Tavern," where Major Pitcairn, on the morning of the fight, as he stirred his brandy with his finger, remarked that he would "stir the rebel's blood before night." Not far distant, half concealed by pine and chestnut trees, stands a plain, square house, the home of Emerson. Before it extends a long hill that was ever a source of inspiration to this deep philosopher of nature.

As we looked on it, that January afternoon, it seemed to typify the very soul of Emerson—a soul that in its simplicity was like the new-fallen snow; in its modesty and reserve like the coldness and chill; but in its serenity and loftiness of thought, like pure, mountain air. Hawthorne's favorite walk was along the top of this ridge, his "Mount of Vision," as his wife was accustomed to call it. Beneath the hill and near the road—the very road over which the British came into Concord—stands his home, to which he gave the appropriate name of "The Wayside." It is interesting to know that it is now the summer residence of Daniel Lothrop, the well-known publisher, whose wife's *nom de plume* of Margaret Sidney is familiar in every home.

On the side of the hill rose before us the Chapel of the Concord School of Philosophy, founded by Bronson Alcott, Emerson, and others. Just

beyond is the "Orchard House," which, until purchased by Dr. W. T. Harris, was the home of Louisa M. Alcott and her father. It seemed as if nearly every house in that part of the town were fragrant with the memory of some literary man, whose influence and power have reached far beyond any limit of town, state, or country.

Standing near is the house of Thoreau, who, after graduating from Harvard, returned to his native town, though the home most loved by this hermit poet and naturalist was the hut buried deep amid the sombre pines, close by the waters of Walden.

The homes of these great thinkers stood silent and cold, shrouded in wintry whiteness. In the quiet of Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, a wintry stillness hovered over the graves of many of them. Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau lie almost side by side. But their fame still lives. No coldness of criticism has ever chilled the burning admiration for the glowing words, no mantle of silence has ever enshrouded their illustrious names.

We turned to the Battle Field. It seemed almost sacred ground, as if hallowed by the presence of those who once stood so valiantly by that water's side. The placid river still rolled on. Of what scenes had passed before it, what blood had mingled with its waters, what cries of agony it had smothered in its calm bosom, it gave no token. For the story we could only look to the monuments that rise on either side of the river. On the one, marking where our troops stood on that memorable day, we

were able to read those words of Emerson:

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flags to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

The simple shaft on the opposite bank, erected where the first of the enemy fell, told the rest of the familiar tale. We paused, too, before the rough stone on which were cut the simple words, "Grave of British Soldiers." Two of the enemy, hastily buried on the afternoon of the fight, have lain there for more than a hundred years, their names unknown, their fate unwept, except by the murmuring pines and the gently flowing river.

We returned to the village by what is known as the "Old College Road," for, you remember, during the war, Harvard College was moved to Concord, that the buildings at Cambridge might be used for the soldiers of the army.

Of the many interesting houses that we passed we can speak of but one. It is the "Old Manse," at various times the home of Emerson and Hawthorne. From one of its windows Emerson's grandmother watched the progress of the historic fight. "Nature" was written there and some of Emerson's best poems. So, too, Hawthorne's "Mosses From an Old Manse," in which he has left his beautiful descriptions of the home and its surroundings.

The short winter afternoon was drawing to its close. Much we had seen in the little time. The town was

already sinking into the quiet of the night. All the beauty of the winter's sunset was flooding the landscape. The distant mountains rose cold and silent. The sun, slowly sinking to rest behind them, was shedding over monuments and hill-side its last lingering glory. We turned towards home, our hearts echoing the sweet "Voices of the Past," that had whispered to us at every turn, our minds filled with pleasant recollections of peaceful Concord, as we saw it on that winter day.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

SOME ELEMENTS IN THE FORMATION OF A LITERARY STYLE.

EVERY writer of note has a style distinctly his own. This may be partly a natural gift, and partly the result of careful and systematic training. Many of our most famous writers began to write in childhood. They were born writers, or born with a literary talent that early developed into authorship. For them laws and rules, for the formation of a literary style, are unnecessary, since their writing is the natural expression of spontaneous feeling. Such expression is always the best style.

Others, who are not so called "natural writers," have by long and laborious practice been enabled to produce works that charm the ear, incite the imagination, and arouse the loftiest emotions. Since every writer, then, in a greater or less degree, has had his style formed, it is pertinent to inquire

as to the nature of some of the most potent influences in the formation of a literary style.

Taking it for granted that the student is familiar with the rules of grammar and the principles of rhetoric, we pass them by as having only a negative influence upon style. These rules and principles point out errors and mistakes that are to be avoided; they mark out lines, along which, and within which, the style must be formed, and, when they have done that, they stop. What, then, are some of the positive influences? The first, and one of the most potent is the reading of good authors. From every author, worthy the name, the same testimony comes: "I was a great reader"; "I read everything within my reach"; "I was an omnivorous reader"; "books were my constant companions." Many of these writers when in school were considered indifferent, or even inferior, scholars, but none of them were indifferent readers. In most cases only the best authors were read. The classics have always exerted, and must continue to exert, a powerful influence upon style, unless an over-wise age crowds them into the background. It seems that the writers who have been able to give the smoothest and most charming finish to their sentences, have been familiar with the perfect labor of Horace, the musical cadence of Virgil, the deep-sea music of Homer, and the imperial dignity of the Greek and Roman historians.

Our best modern writers have been familiar with the vivid imagery of Dante, the poetic melody of Tasso, the

idyllic beauty of Goethe, and the grave majesty of Schiller. They have been at home with the sustained elegance of Addison, the terrible vehemence of Swift, the verbal antithesis of Johnson, the symmetrical periods of Macaulay, the sublime energy of Milton, the matchless imagery of Shakespeare, the classic melody of Ruskin, the sustained flights of Landor, the copious clearness of Bunyan, and the strong English of the Bible. To live with such authors; to catch their spirit; to wrest from them the secret of their strength; to use them not as models to imitate, but as sources from which to draw the elements that form your ideal of the power, beauty, and use of language; to do this is to lay the foundations for a style possessing both strength and beauty.

After having known these authors, one can never descend to the easy, flippant, serio-comic, bombastic style, so prevalent in newspapers, magazines, and the cheaper grade of novels. He will have gained a knowledge of the possibilities of language, and will no longer regard words as cold and arbitrary signs, but as warm and plastic material which can be molded into forms of beauty.

The second influence in the formation of a literary style is a sense of rhythm or melody. Without this sense no style can be beautiful or harmonious. It is as essential an element in writing good prose as in writing poetry. This may be seen from the fact that the masters of prose have usually been poets as well. Some writers, as Johnson, have only an ear for one tune, this they play

over and over again till it falls upon the taste. It is like the constant repetition of do, mi, sol, sol, mi, do.

Others, as Ruskin, have an ear of wide range, and can take you from the simplest melody to the grandest symphony. This sense enables the writer to choose the best word, to avoid all harsh combinations of words, syllables, or letters. It teaches the writer to vary the length and structure of his sentences, and thus give a variety and harmony to the whole composition. All this is not consciously present to the writer; he chooses these methods instinctively, because all else jars upon his nerves as something harsh and discordant. This sense of rhythm and proportion enables one to add grace to force, and while loyal to truth, makes exactness subservient to beauty.

The third, and most important qualification for good writing is clear thinking. There is no art of style distinct from mental culture. To think well is to write well. If a writer has nothing to say he had better say it. Before you can clothe your thought in words, you must have a thought to clothe. Lacking this, your style will be as loose and flabby as the garments that dangle before the clothier's window. When a writer becomes so lost in a labyrinth of relatives that he is forced to use a long line of punctuation marks to disentangle himself, you may be sure he was lost before he put pen to paper. He began the sentence, trusting Providence to bring it to a prosperous issue, and found out too late that Providence does not work that way. Not infrequently a small thought

is encased in a sonorous phrase, but that deceives no one, as even a novice can hear the rattle.

O. W. Holmes' advice is to the point, "It is a safe rule never to write except when you have something worth saying, and then say it simply."

Literary style might be called the photographic representation of thought processes. The thought that is clear and well defined in the mind will be clear and well defined upon the paper. To my mind, one of the best introductions to the study of an author's style, is the study of his physical and mental characteristics. When this is done, it will be seen what a powerful influence these have over the individual's style.

The man of nervous temperament who walks quick, and thinks quick, will be likely to express himself in short, terse sentences. On the other hand, the man of phlegmatic temperament, who was never known to hurry, and who wakes up to-morrow night to laugh at the joke he heard this morning, will probably write long and involved sentences. The style of the sentence, therefore, depends largely upon the mental mold in which it was cast, and for that reason too much stress cannot be laid upon the cultivation of proper modes of thought as a prerequisite to proper modes of expression.

Prof. J. Bryce says, "The whole progress of the argument ought to be clear and consecutive in the mind before the pen sets to work." To the same purport are the words of Joseph Hatton, a well-known writer of versatile power: "Before you sit down

make up your mind what you are going to write, and then set forth your views your experiences, or your opinions in the simplest and most direct language you can command."

These writers put the emphasis primarily upon the thought; the mode of expressing the thought is of secondary importance. Clear thought gives a clear style, comprehensive thought finds a logical expression. It is often said that the only way to acquire a style is by writing and re-writing, and polishing until the production reaches the required state of brilliancy. To be sure, the only way to learn to write is by writing, but that does not necessarily mean that you are to waste your energies upon one production. There are obvious reasons against this. In the first place what is gained in polish, provided there is substance enough to receive a polish, is often lost in naturalness, or life, and life is of prime importance.

Again, if one writes with the intention of copying, he is apt to think that when he re-writes he will correct all errors, and thus falls into a slipshod way of thinking and a slovenly way of writing. On the other hand, writing with no intention of copying leads to precision of thought. In this way, the thought must be clearly and firmly grasped before it is expressed, thus giving a freshness and vigor to the style due to the direct impress of the mind which it bears. By this method, one learns to think habitually with force and clearness, and is enabled to retain, even when his thoughts become impassioned, a vigilant self-control.

George William Curtis, one of the brightest and most readable of our American writers, tells us that he never made a special study of rhetoric or composition, and that whatever skill he has as a writer is to be attributed to the fact that for many years he has been chief editorial writer for *Harper's Weekly*, a paper that takes an active part in political discussions. In this capacity, he was compelled to make himself intelligible to the rapid reader in short space. To this fact, coupled with the fact that it was necessary to write at once what must go before the public as his mature thought, he attributes whatever merit his style possesses.

Edward Everett Hale, speaking from his experience upon a daily paper, says, "I think the training a man gets when the compositors wait in a file at the door to take his copy, page by page, as he writes it, is an excellent drill in accuracy." All this does not mean that a word is never to be changed or a sentence corrected after it has once been written. But it does mean that one is to cultivate the habit of thinking clearly and definitely so that he can express his thought at once.

Prof. A. P. Peabody, of Harvard, who writes in a simple and direct style that is always pleasing, says of his method: "I keep a subject in my mind till the last moment; brood upon it; if need be, read upon it; shape it, determine in what order I shall treat it, what I can say upon it; in fine, construct the sermon, essay, or chapter, in my thought, so that when I come to write, I am simply my own amanuensis."

Style, then, is the measure of the man, or, as Buffon expressed it, "the style is the man." Unless a style is borrowed, it is shaped and colored by the physical, mental, and moral characteristics of the individual. To have a style, then, it is necessary to be a man, in the broadest and highest sense of the term; to live in the atmosphere of the best literature of the world; to have an ear attuned to the divine laws of harmony; to have a mind disciplined by vigorous thinking; to have a heart that pulsates with the noblest sentiments; to have something to say, and to say it in the simplest and most direct manner, and this will be your style. Not the best in the world, perhaps, but the best in the world for you, because it is yours.

S. H. WOODROW, '88.

LOCALS.

VIVISECTION.

SCENE I.—(*Back Street in City*).

Dignus Senior; on his back
Malus felis in a sack.

SCENE II.—(*Attic in P. H.*).

Anæsthetics in the air,
Felis prostrate on a chair.

SCENE III.—(*Same room*).

Seniores grimly chat
O'er a much dissected cat.

SCENE IV.—(*5 min. prior bell*).

Knives and tweezers 'round the floor,
Ghostly sack behind the door,
Epidermis on a hoop,
Vertebrae strung in a loop.

MORAL.

Malus felis, do not sing
When returns the gentle spring,

For if the Senior hears you 'bout
He'll yank your epiglottis out.

Lamb-like March!

Cook, '94, is teaching at New Portland.

Richardson, ex-'91, has entered Dartmouth.

Graves, '94, is teaching in the grammar school at Turner.

Gilmore, '92, has been re-elected as supervisor of schools in Turner.

Emerson, '89, addressed the students one morning recently on athletics.

The Freshmen have written descriptions of the campus for Prof. Chase.

Wanted! Fifteen copies of the January STUDENT. Cash paid. Apply to Blanchard, '92.

The band holds its two-hour rehearsals now regularly every Wednesday and Saturday.

The Advisory Council has elected Pugsley, '91, Howard, '92, and Adams, '93, as committee on By-Laws.

Professor Kidder, of the Emerson College of Oratory, is giving the Sophomores drill in their declamations.

We have received a very interesting letter from India, by Rev. T. H. Stacy, '76. It will appear in the April STUDENT.

Must we wait until we feel the influence of Spring before we have any chapel singing? *Now* is the time when we need it most.

During the blow, March 5th, a vagrant robin was seen near President Cheney's house. A cold day for robins—and humanity.

Howard, '91, has become time-keeper

for the base-ball men in the gymnasium in the place of Babb, '91, resigned.

Professor Hayes is giving the Seniors lectures on comparative religions instead of using the "Manual of Christian Evidences" as usual.

Spartacus and his gladiators have been cowed into submission once more by the Freshmen in their rhetorical to Professor Angell this term.

Wheeler, '92, has gone home for a week or so in order to get over an attack of the grip which he contracted on the "stern and rock-bound coast."

The Cooking Club of Auburn was entertained, February 21st, by Miss Kate Prescott, '91. Many of the students also enjoyed her hospitality.

At the lecture on Julius Cæsar: Professor (reading with much feeling)—
"If you have tears prepare to shed them now. Mr. L., please take your feet down."

W. B. Skelton, of the STUDENT board, has been appointed as the associate editor, from Bates, of *College-Man*, the new intercollegiate magazine, published monthly at New Haven.

The Seniors in Biology have chloroformed at least four cats into the happy mousing grounds, and propose in the near future to send a large dog to hunt up the cats.

Sawyer, ex-'92, now in the University of the Northwest, has been elected editor-in-chief of the *University Cynic*, published in that institution. Success to your editorial labors, Victor!

Janitor Merrill, who has battled so nobly against the elements this winter,

says that his favorite hymn begins with the words, "There's a land where they don't shovel snow."

Many of the students had the pleasure of hearing Professor Dale, the Shakespearean reader, in Julius Cæsar, at the Main Street Church, March 6th.

Jack (explaining the classics to the Professor)—"Now my idea is—" Professor (interrupting)—"Glad to hear you've got an idea!" Every one seems pleased also.

Professor (in Shakespeare)—"What does Touchstone mean by saying that he is *ipse*, Mr. B.?" Mr. B. (with a sudden inspiration)—"He means to say that he has *got there* already?"

Professor in mathematics (to the Freshmen who were becoming alarmed at the terrible tones of a Sophomore declaimer elocuting below)—"Never mind that, he will be better in a few weeks!"

Professor Jordan lectured on "Some Incidents of Foreign Travel" to a large and appreciative audience at New Gloucester, February 26th, in the interests of the Free Baptist Church there.

Just before the sleighing carnival. The Professor (at the breakfast table)—"Now, Mr. J., are you going to take out your horse to-morrow?" Mr. J. (taken by surprise)—"I never use it Saturdays, sir!"

Cyrus, who has attended the Theological School, groping for light in the Political Economy class: "Question, please—who wrote the Mosaic

Law?" The class votes to send a missionary to him.

The members of the ball team spent a very pleasant evening, February 24th, with Mr. O. J. Hackett, of Auburn. Inspiring letters were read from Cox and Daggett, '89, and Day and Garcelon, '90.

In Shakespeare:

"The Sixth Age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon."

Lauren (in a confidential whisper, as painful recollections are revived)—"That 'slippered pantaloon' business come in the *first* age with me!"

The following will participate in the Senior Exhibition, March 27th: Cutts, Miss Williams, Miss K. Merrill, Howard, Miss Ingalls, Larrabee, H. J. Chase, Miss Beal, Miss Bray, Small, Miss Prescott, and Pinkham.

The new sanctum of the STUDENT editors is now equipped for work, and the editors can occasionally be seen disappearing, one by one, into its roomy dimensions with a stag-at-bay expression in their limpid eyes, and whole reams of blank paper under their arms.

Touchstone condemned. An extract from a recent criticism on "As You Like It": "There is no pardon whatever for Touchstone's conduct. A man that will steal another man's sweetheart and then insult him, is mean enough to pasture a goat on his grandmother's grave."

As soon as the Julius Cæsar reading by Professor Dale was announced, a Junior came around to the member of that class who had the tickets for sale

and said: "Say, I shall probably want two reserved seats, but will see you later." The next day. "Give me a fifteen-center!"

Ten of the Sophomores competed for the prizes offered by Professor Stanton for "Winter Sketches." The essays were read before H. J. Chase, F. J. Chase, and W. L. Nickerson of the Senior class, who awarded the first prize for Miss Conant's "A Winter Ride to Concord," and the second for Miss Hodgdon's "Winter."

Prince Clinton, of the Bassa Tribe, Africa, addressed the Christian Associations not long ago at their missionary meeting. He drew a vivid picture of many of the customs and manners of his people, and in telling bits of his own remarkable experience became truly eloquent, notwithstanding the difficulties which our language, of course, presents to him.

Professor Jordan recently gave each member of the class in Political Economy \$100,000.00 to invest in some business on a co-operative plan for one year. The next week an hour was devoted to a report of how the several schemes had succeeded during the year. Every one had amassed a small fortune to the universal satisfaction of all concerned except Mr. Skeggs, the Limburger cheese man, whose disasters elicited the sympathies of all.

A deputation in the interests of the Y. M. C. A., consisting of Cilley of Bowdoin, Donovan of Colby, and Walter of Bates, visited Hebron Academy, Saturday and Sunday, February 28th

and March 1st. This is the first of a series of deputations to be sent from these three colleges to the several fitting-schools of the State. If everywhere they are as sympathetically received as was the deputation sent to Hebron, much can be accomplished towards quickening the Christian life among the students in the fitting-schools of Maine as well as in the colleges themselves.

As You Find It. A tragedy in five acts. Time 10.01 P.M. Place, third floor of Parker Hall. Act I. Freshman with hod of coal heard ascending from the lower regions whistling "Annie Rooney." Act II. Philanthropic Sophomore appears above with water pitcher. A passing shower. [*Alarum.*] Act III. Demon from the Polar Regions gets in some work congealing the water on the stairs. [*Horns within.*] Act IV. Senior, regardless of dignity, attempts to descend three stairs at a time. Instead he descends one icy stair three times at once. [*Flourish.*] Act V. Choice quotations, stars and red lights, and in the *finale* all the characters become either married or murdered. [*Exeunt omnes.*] Curtain falls with a dull thud.

The anniversary of Washington's Birthday was celebrated in the chapel, Monday evening, February 23d, by a joint meeting of the two literary societies. Presidents Plummer and Cutts presided, and the following parts were presented: Oration—"Character of Washington," Adams, '93; Poem—"On Washington's Birthday," Pugsley,

'91; Oration—"Washington Among the World's Great Men," Miss G. P. Conant, '93; Discussion—"Was the Co-operation of George Washington Indispensable to the Independence and Union of the Colonies?" Aff.—Osgood, '92; Neg.—Skelton, '92; Oration—"The Grandfather of Our Country," Walter, '92. Poem—"Birthday Bells," Miss M. S. Merrill, '91. Oration—"American Patriotism," Nickerson, '91. Prayer was offered by Professor Angell, and the music was furnished by Given's Orchestra.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'69.—Rev. W. H. Bolster's address before the Boston Congregational Ministers' meeting on February 2d, was published in full in the *Boston Traveller* of February 14th.

'70.—February 26th Professor L. G. Jordan, of Bates College, delivered a lecture on "Incidents of Foreign Travel," in the Free Baptist Church at New Gloucester.

'70.—W. C. Durgin has been elected principal of the high school at Tilton, N. H.

'71.—J. M. Libby, Esq., of Mechanic Falls, made a two hours' speech on the question of adopting the new Poland charter, at a public meeting recently held in Poland.

'72.—John A. Jones, city engineer of Lewiston, has been appointed one of a commission of three to fix the boundary line between the towns of Wales and Greene.

'72.—Hon. A. M. Garcelon, of

Lewiston, has been elected a member of the board of aldermen.

'72.—George H. Stockbridge, Esq., of New York, contributes an article on Electricity to the March number of the *New England Magazine*.

'75.—Hon. A. M. Spear was nominated by acclamation for a third term as mayor of Gardiner, and was unanimously elected.

'75.—J. H. Hutchins, for twelve years principal of Northwood Seminary, at Northwood, N. H., has accepted a position as principal of Glastonbury Free Academy, at Glastonbury, Conn.

'75.—C. G. Warner is now located at Naumburg, N. Y.

'76.—An organization of the Sons and Daughters of Maine was formed in South Framingham, Mass., February 9th, with a membership of fifty. Among the officers elected were the following Bates graduates: President, Rev. F. E. Emrich, '76; Vice-Presidents, Dr. L. M. Palmer, '75, Dr. O. W. Collins, '76.

'76.—D. J. Callahan, Esq., has been re-elected a member of the Lewiston School Board.

'77.—O. B. Clason, Esq., author of the "Clason Bill," made a clear and convincing argument in its favor in the Maine Legislature on March 5th. On the 6th F. L. Noble, Esq., '74, of Lewiston, spoke in favor of the bill.

'77.—H. W. Oakes, Esq., of Auburn, has been elected alderman.

'78.—Rev. F. D. George, pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Worcester, Mass., was married, January 1st, to Miss Ada M. Locke, of Bristol, N. H.

'80.—H. L. Merrill, of Hutchinson,

Minn., reported ill in the last number of the *STUDENT*, is much improved in health and about his work as usual.

'80.—Professor I. F. Frisbee has been re-elected a member of the Lewiston School Board. From a biographical sketch published by the *Lewiston Journal* we clip the following item: "Professor Frisbee has, in addition to his work with the Latin School, spent much time at the summer schools for teachers, such as the Boston School of Oratory and Amherst's School of Languages. He was among the first to enroll himself in the School of Pedagogy of the University of the City of New York, the first university of this country establishing an extended course in pedagogy and granting degrees, consequently he will be among the first men of this country holding a degree of D. Peg."

'81.—J. H. Parsons, principal of Augusta High School, made an able and exhaustive argument before the education committee of the Maine Legislature, on February 20th, in favor of abolishing the school district system.

'81.—Hon. Ruel Robinson, of Camden, recently spoke before the judiciary committee of the Maine Legislature, on the "Clason Bill."

'82.—F. L. Blanchard has been, during the past year, business manager of *Electric Power*, one of the leading electrical papers of New York.

'82.—L. M. Tarr, formerly assistant secretary of the Auburn Y. M. C. A., is now an observer in the Signal Service at Concordia, Kansas.

'83.—Rev. W. H. Barber, pastor of

the Methodist Episcopal Church at North Augusta, frequently officiates as chaplain of the Maine House of Representatives.

'83.—F. E. Foss, formerly of St. Paul, Minn., is now resident engineer of the Chicago Union Transfer Railway. He is personally superintending the construction of the new yard of this company, which is intended to facilitate the transfer of freight among the twenty most prominent railroads entering Chicago. The yard is three miles square, with a smaller yard for each road, and contains the largest brick yard in the world, operated by the Chicago-Anderson Common Brick Company. Mr. Foss has recently been visiting in Lewiston.

'84.—Lieut. M. L. Hersey, of the 9th United States Infantry, has been stationed for the past year at Whipper Barracks, Arizona, in charge of seven hundred Indians.

'85.—J. M. Nichols, vice-principal of the Central High School in Middletown, Conn., and assistant Superintendent of Schools, was made an associate member of the American Ornithologists' Union at their last meeting in Washington.

'85.—Rev. E. B. Stiles, of Midnapore, India, has a letter in the *Independent* of January 29th, giving some account of the Free Baptist Missions in southern Bengal.

'87.—A. B. McWilliams has been elected a member of the Lewiston School Board.

'87.—Friday, February 27th, S. S. Wright, principal of the Gardiner High School, brought the graduating class

and teachers of the school to Lewiston to visit the mills and schools. The day was spent in visiting the public schools, the Bates Mills, and the college. A banquet was held in the evening at the DeWitt, and about seventy sat at the tables.

'88.—The *Morning Star* of February 12th publishes papers on the subject "The Dedication of Children," by E. F. Blanchard, '88, F. B. Nelson, '90, and G. H. Hamlen, '90, all students in Cobb Divinity School.

'88.—F. W. Oakes, of Yale Divinity School, has accepted a call to the Second Congregational Church at Cambridge, Vermont.

'88.—R. A. Parker has accepted the position of principal of the Academy at East Corinth, Me.

'89.—J. H. Blanchard is principal of the High School at Oakland, Me.

'89.—A. E. Hatch is principal of the new Merrimac County Academy at Concord, N. H. At the dedicatory exercises, held February 23d, the oration was delivered by F. J. Daggett, '89. The *People and Patriot* (Concord) devotes a column to its report of this oration and says of it: "It was a masterly production, one of the best of the kind ever delivered in the city." G. H. Libbey and F. W. Newell, '89, were present at these exercises.

Probably no other college is better represented to-day in the press of the country than Williams. Over thirty of the best dailies, weeklies, and monthlies of the land are edited by sons of Old Williams.—*Ex.*

EXCHANGES.

The January issue of the BATES STUDENT comes to us in a new dress, which appears greatly superior to the old one, although the young man on it, in the Oxford cap, looks more as if clad in his *robe de merit* than in the classic gown which it doubtless intends to represent. The same issue, besides presenting to us the usual literary features, introduces a new board of editors. The *Orient* wishes them all possible success.

—*Bowdoin Orient*, Feb. 4.

Editor thinks: Much obliged to the *Orient* for its compliment. I hope it will always find the STUDENT, like the aforesaid young man in the Oxford cap, clad in a robe of *merit*, at least from a literary point of view.

Sic transit gloria mundi, we were fain to exclaim when we picked up the last *Orient*, and saw the damage done to our excruciatingly witty comment on the BATES STUDENT by a typographical error: the word *merit* being substituted for *nuit*.

—*Bowdoin Orient*, Feb. 18.

Editor comments with Butler:

"Great wits and valours, like great states,
Do sometimes sink with their own weights."

At the beginning of a rather rambling article on "Tennyson's Lyrics," in a recent number of the *Central Collegian*, there occurs this analysis of true poetry, which seems to us well worth reading a second time:

Feeling, thought, and language are the essential elements of real poetry. Feeling, the stimulus to expression; thought, the expression; and language, its embodiment. The intellect gives the imagination; the feeling the tone; and language the music. Thoughts, bright, expressive, rising in all beauty; emotions, deep and sympathetic, with all nature; words so interwoven into the texture of the piece as to express by sound the real sentiment—these make real immortal poetry.

The following *resumé* of a lecture,

delivered before the students, is clipped from the *Chronicle-Argonaut*:

Dickens and Thackeray have few points of resemblance. Dickens became famous suddenly; Thackeray slowly. Dickens exaggerates characters; Thackeray never rises above the ordinary level. Dickens interprets human action; Thackeray, motives. In Thackeray, people are real, but they are fashionable people appearing in evening costume. The only ordinary people ever introduced are storekeepers. The inability to describe the common people is Thackeray's great defect. His works are not read as much as Dickens' because he is cynical and has limited sympathy with humanity. Although Dickens' books are full of people who would be avoided, yet he makes us think human nature is lovable. Badness and meanness are made contemptible, but bad and mean people, never entirely so. Dickens, most of all writers, shows us that the finer capacities of humanity are possessed by no class. Man's happiness depends not on the abundance of his possessions. The great excellence of Dickens is that he sees something of the Divine in all.

The *Brunonian* has greatly lowered its dignity by the publication of a burlesque story of "The Discovery of Bhrouhn University in 2951." The effort possesses no merit that we can discover, not even that of originality. It is merely a collection of ancient jokes and sheer nonsense, mutilated by the fantastical spelling of all the proper nouns. The following is a fair sample:

This morning Nofuhl found some metal plates describing the location of Bhrouhn University. He says that it was the great college of the Mehrikans. The histories say that it was founded by Roj-Uhr Wilyums about the time of the great revolution of the Mehrikans against the Indyahns in 1776. It rose to special prominence during the Hahry-Sonn dictatorship, placed by some historians at 1842 and by others at 1890. From that time until the destruction of the Mehrikans it was their leading college. Nofuhl wishes to visit it. He says it is but three days' sail from Nhu-Yok. Level-Hedyd and Ad-el-pate wish to

start immediately for Wash-yn-tun, the Yahnki-capital. We shall decide to-morrow which way to go.

One of the best exchanges that comes to our table, and one that always contains a generous portion of literary matter, is the *Vanderbilt Observer*. The last number of this magazine was a study in Shakespeare, and contained thoughtful delineations of five Shakespearean characters, two articles on particular plays, and two on the drama of Shakespeare's time, besides a collection of quotations showing Shakespeare's love of flowers. Truly a rare treat for the admirers of the great dramatist! All the articles showed a careful and extensive reading of Shakespeare as well as a thorough knowledge of the best criticisms on his works. Among the first of these productions we might place the characterization of Sir John Falstaff. In this article there is a freedom from the conventional ideas concerning the character, which gives it originality and makes it the more interesting. The prominence given to King Lear's fool is somewhat unusual, and, perhaps, gives rise to the question whether the jester could have so nobly shared his king's sorrow, yet the pathos of the picture is most pleasing and beautiful.

We are very glad to welcome our new contemporary, the *College-Man*. But we confess that we are rather disappointed in the first few numbers. Since it claims to be the representative magazine of all the most prominent colleges in the country, it should use its space for more serious articles than are some of those that have thus

far been published. It should be in truth the bond to link together the colleges it represents, and to that end should be more largely occupied with descriptions of life and customs at those various institutions, and with the discussion of questions interesting to college men in general. It is this field in which we need a universal American college journal. In any of the *Lits.* we can find a multitude of short stories and bright sketches; but it remains for the *College-Man* to bring together the several colleges and show them to each other, that the student may come to feel acquainted with his fellows in other institutions. The new paper has undertaken a great task; we have a right to expect much from it.

A January issue of the *Colby Echo* contains "A Word About Mr. Ingersoll" that merits thoughtful reading. The writer does not make great pretense of trying to refute Mr. Ingersoll, but points out fallacies and limitations in his arguments, compares him with Matthew Arnold and other deep thinkers, and shows that he is not a worthy leader for educated and thinking men. At the very outset the keys to the magnetism and success of the agnostic's speeches and writings are given. They are his somewhat florid rhetoric and the ingenuity with which all questions of the first importance are avoided. It is then shown that Mr. Ingersoll, by taking extreme forms of certain beliefs that are or have been known as Christian and condemning them, supposes that he is overthrowing Christianity itself. He further founds his unbelief on the fact that

evil exists in any form in the world and forgets that this evil is harder to be borne and less liable to be subdued when the greatest inspiration to do good and be good is taken away from men. He gives his followers nothing to take the place of what he tears down. If they already find any comfort for the "perplexities, contradictions, and incompleteness of life" it is little he can do for them after he has taken that away.

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COLLEGE NOTES.

Williams College men are preparing for the production of an original comic opera, the libretto and music of which are entirely written by two Seniors. It is to be a burlesque on Romeo and Juliet, and the college orchestra is to furnish the music.

The Faculty of Boston University has voted to permit the work of the editor-in-chief of the *Beacon* to count for four hours' work each week of regular college work, and that of the associate editors to count for two hours. The editor-in-chief will determine at present what shall go into the paper, but the English professor will examine the contributions of the associate editors, marking them the same as for any other college work. Any editor whose work is not up to the standard will be marked deficient, and be obliged to make up the work of two hours a week the following term, as if it were regular study.

Harvard has taken a liberal stand with reference to Japanese students, in allowing S. Ikeda to substitute Chinese

and Japanese for the Latin and Greek of the required entrance course, and to register as a regular candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

The body of Prof. Timothy W. Bancroft, of Brown University, who had been missing since last December, was found in Dyer's Pond, Cranston, R.I., in February. Professor Bancroft was fifty-three years of age, and was called to Brown as Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in 1868. It was generally believed that the professor had yielded in a moment of suicidal mania.

The first award of the ten-dollar prize offered monthly by the *College-Man* has been made to W. C. Whipp, of Columbia. The subject of Mr. Whipp's article was "Our Camp on the Raquette."

Competition for the *Yale Lit.* prize is being revived. This prize is a gold medal valued at twenty-five dollars, and has been offered each year since 1850 by the *Yale Literary Magazine* for the best essay composed by a member of the academic or scientific department. With the exception of 1888, however, it has not been awarded since 1884, until this year, Edward Boltwood, of Pittsfield, Mass., being the successful competitor.

Harvard spent in all \$32,378.07 on athletics last year. The eleven expended, on games, \$2,700, outfits \$900, training table \$650, traveling expenses \$570, medical attendance \$723, besides \$2,500 in old debts. The expenses of the nine were: old debt, \$675; outfits, \$640; practice pitchers, \$400; training table, \$762; care of grounds, \$575;

and games, \$4,200. The expenses of the rowing crew were \$7,000.

American colleges are not idly depending on European research. Since 1876, Princeton has sent out seven exploring expeditions to the western part of the United States in the interest of the natural sciences.

If Bowdoin is successful in her plans for the coming summer, Professor Lee, accompanied by his assistant, John C. Parker, A.M., and about nineteen students, will set out on an expedition to Labrador and Iceland, for scientific research and exploration, and to increase the collections of the college in various scientific branches.

Harvard has recently sent out a second astronomical expedition to Peru under the charge of Assistant Prof. W. H. Pickering, of the observatory. The object of this expedition is to make a more extensive study of the southern stars than has been done here, and for this purpose two new instruments will be carried down, one to photograph a map of the spectrum of the stars, the other to measure their brightness. Arrangements will also be made to observe an eclipse of the sun which takes place in 1893.

The standard of conduct at Harvard is not only higher now than formerly, but it compares favorably with contemporary colleges. When a recent class took their Commencement dinner together at the Hotel Brunswick, barely a man was intoxicated in a class of over 200. Yet a Senior in a class of less than 75, graduated this year at one of New England's most orthodox institutions, is authority for the state-

ment that 25 of his classmates were drunk at the Commencement dinner. If the morality of colleges is to be estimated by a comparison of flagrant offenses, proportioned to the number of students, Harvard will stand guiltless before many a sister school.—*From "Harvard's Better Self" in New England Magazine.*

MAGAZINE NOTICES.

To the athletic world a more timely and interesting article could hardly be conceived than that in the *March Outing*, in which the writer makes the following suggestion :

In the plentitude of laws in connection with athletics, it is somewhat of a surprise that no provision should have been made for the punishment of any one resorting to anything dishonorable, or attempting, by trick or deceit, to obtain an undue advantage. As it is, an amateur, so long as he does not forfeit his standing in that respect, can do about as he pleases. The need of a discipline rule has occurred to me many times when I have seen a person resorting to some trick in some athletic sport and meet with no punishment. Occasionally it is the subject of disqualification in the case of a prize winner, but that is not sufficient; and it would be well for some of the Amateur Athletic Union officials to consider the advisability of passing some such law as is to be found in the American Kennel Club code, which provides for the suspension of any person guilty of dishonorable conduct.

This number concludes Fawcett's remarkable novelette, "The Pink Sun." Its stories have become quite a feature of this popular magazine, and there is very evidently a manifest desire on the part of the editors to make it to the family, as a whole, what it has long been to the sporting world—a source of true enjoyment and instruction.

Bryant's portrait forms the frontispiece to the *March Century*. The third installment from Talleyrand's *Memoirs*, deals with Napoleon, Josephine, and the Emperor Alexander. If the publication of these *Memoirs* does not cause some of France's children of destiny and instruments of hell to shine in a less satisfactory light, we have no right to judge from these extracts. The luxury of Bonaparte's Court and those of his creatures is thus bitterly denounced :

The luxury of the courts founded by Napoleon, it is opportune to observe here, was absurd. The luxury of the Bonapartes was neither German nor French; it was a medley, a kind of learned luxury. There was a touch of gravity in it, as in that of Austria; there was something half European, half Asiatic, borrowed from St. Petersburg; there were a few imperial mantles taken from the old Rome of the Cæsars; but, on the other hand, there was very little visible of that ancient court of France where the art of good taste veiled the gorgeousness of personal adornment. What this kind of luxury displayed was an utter lack of propriety; and in France, whenever *les convenances* are lacking, ridicule is not far off. This Bonaparte family, coming from a lonely isle which was barely French, and where it lived in mean circumstances, having for its chief a man of genius whose elevation was due to military laurels won at the head of republican armies, which armies were themselves the outcome of a democracy in a state of ferment—should not this family have discarded the old luxury and adopted a new method even in relation to the higher side of life? Would not a noble simplicity have made it more imposing and inspired confidence in its power and its durability? Instead of this, the Bonapartes so far deluded themselves as to believe that a childish imitation of the kings whose thrones they had taken was one way of succeeding them.

I am desirous to avoid anything that might appear libelous, and indeed I have no need to mention proper names to show that by their manners also these new dynasties were harmful to the moral power of the Emperor Napo-

leon. The morals of the people in troublous times are often bad, but at the very time when every vice is to be found in the multitude its code of morality is a strict one. "Men," said Montesquieu, "individually corrupt are very honest people collectively." And it is those honest people that pass judgment on kings and queens. When this judgment is adverse it is very difficult for a power, especially a new-born one, not to be shaken by it.

In "The People and Finance" the fallacy of the argument for "cheaper money" is clearly pointed out. Its temporary advantages in some cases are candidly admitted, but they are shown to be of very short duration. For instance:

The people who would benefit at first by a change to cheap money are farmers and others who have property which is heavily mortgaged, and who would be thus relieved of a portion of their debt. The case of the farmer who has been forced to mortgage his farm is a peculiarly hard one. His condition has been growing worse and worse yearly, for many reasons, but chiefly because most of the things he has had to buy have been taxed, while the chief products of his farm have not. He has been forced to buy at the higher prices of a restricted home market, and to sell at the prices set in the unrestricted market of the world. A change to a cheaper form of money would give him relief, provided he were able to pay off his debt at once, but otherwise his gain would be only in his ability to pay his interest money in a cheaper currency. He would suffer, in common with all others of the hard-working class from the inevitable evils attendant upon cheap money, with the dear goods, which such money always brings in its train. Then, too, he would discover, in case he wished to procure further loans, that he must obtain them on a gold basis, for the mere hint of the coming of a cheaper currency is sufficient always to force capitalists into the defensive position of loaning large amounts on that basis alone. In the end the farmer would find that his last condition was worse than his first, and that his every effort to gain relief through legislation which promised to make "money plenty" had the same result, namely, to put him more helplessly in the power of men whose chief business is to speculate in money.

The March *Atlantic Monthly* opens with the concluding chapters of Miss Murfree's "Felicia." Francis P. Church contributes an interesting paper about Richard Grant White, in which he says of him as a writer:

Richard Grant White was a man whose individuality stood out prominently among American writers,—a man of force and distinction. His literary style represents and expresses his true character in its virile strength and its simplicity and perspicuity. There is no affectation about it. It is the style of a writer who has no other aim than to make clear his thought and to elucidate his subject; to inform and influence his reader rather than to display himself. If he put his personality forward, as he did sometimes under the provocation of criticism, it was done boldly and frankly, and not through literary trick and artifice.

He was also a thoroughly independent thinker; and he wrote invariably with a serious purpose, never for the mere exhibition of literary dexterity. His work has no trace of imitation in it; his style is wholly his own, formed by his individuality and shaped and colored by the peculiarities of his own mind, not modeled after any other.

Professor G. E. Howard, in "The State University in America," advocates the establishment of universities in each state, which shall be universities in fact as well as in name, and the relegation of the many colleges of insufficient means to a grade intermediate between the school and the university. "Pleasure: A Heresy" is the subject of an article in which Miss Agnes Repplier makes merry with the self-conscious, cultivated libels on humanity that are satisfied with no work of art or literature unless it concludes with a moral in bold type. She aptly says:

While art may instruct as well as please, it can nevertheless be true art without instructing, but not without pleasing. The forming quality is accidental, the latter essential, to its being.

A. B. Hart, in "The Speaker as Premier," draws an interesting and instructive comparison between the Speaker of the House of Representatives and the English Prime Minister. In view of the recent prominence this officer has obtained in the minds of the people, the article becomes doubly timely and valuable in its minute account of the phenomenal rise of the Speaker's power.

"How I was Educated," by General Howard, is the introductory article in the February *Education*. The author dwells particularly upon the importance of training the faculties of observation and attention,—faculties that he truly says are most sadly neglected. Following the article is a brief biographical sketch of the General. Ex-President Magoun, of Iowa College, contributes a paper, "The Making of a Christian College." In an article "On the Study of French and German" Cora Stickney sets forth the disadvantages one must suffer who acquires a knowledge of these languages by the "natural method" alone. Unacquainted with their grammar and literature, she says, "the words may flow readily enough but one doesn't know what to say."

POETS' CORNER.

THE WINDS.

Blow, wind from the icy North!

Rush madly to and fro;

Pile high the ghostly snow.

Blow, wind from the icy North.

Blow, wind from the distant East!

Demons at thy command,

Dance o'er the prostrate land.

Blow, wind from the distant East.

Blow, wind from the golden West!

Let not the storm-king sleep,

While stars their vigil keep.

Blow, wind from the golden West.

Blow, wind from the sunny South!

Bid the wild tumult cease;

Breathe on the tired earth peace.

Blow, wind from the sunny South.

—N. G. B., '91.

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

It was glorious midwinter,

On an eve not long ago,

That I stood at my study window

And gazed out o'er the snow.

The fields were wrapt in splendor,

For the snow had an icy glare,

And countless little crystals

Were sparkling everywhere.

Far away rose a distant hill-top

With a crest of evergreen trees,

And I knew the fir and hemlock,

Cast their fragrance on the breeze.

Here and there, around its border,

Glimmered a faint, pale light

That marked some habitation

Though the dwelling was out of sight.

In the gray-blue sky above me

Twinkled a million stars,

And bright, in his warlike splendor

Shone clear the planet, Mars.

But brighter than all other brightness

Of that midwinter night,

Pursuing her course through the heavens

Shone the moon with her silvery light.

And there came o'er field and hill-top,

Shining clear across the lea,

A stream of beautiful moonlight,

Direct from her to me.

And Nature thus taught me a lesson—

I, who wish to be her child—

And she soothed the raging tempest

Of my heart so fierce and wild.

And this is the lesson she taught me—

As I stood at my casement there,—

That in this great world about us

There are bright lights everywhere.

There are men whose noble lives

Shine as stars amid the blue,

To brighten the pathway of others
Who are striving to be true.

They, in this wide world of ours
Shine steady, like planets old—
And their words are treasured among us
As precious grains of gold.

But there shines out over the ages,
So kindly, serene, and calm,
The life of our own dear Saviour,
Healing heart-wounds with its balm.

Like the silver track of the moonlight,
Is the path that leads to Him,
Safe, inviting, and far brighter
Than the road by sin made dim.

And this is the lesson from Nature
That she taught that winter night,
Encouraging us to go forward
Strong to battle for the right.

—J., '93.

POT-POURRI.

Sign Painter—"Now, Missus Johnsing, what does you want put on dis sign." Missus Johnsing (after a moment of deep thought)—"I guess 'Goin' out scrubbin' done in here' will do."—*Life*.

Curran was ready, as the Irish always are, but sometimes met his match. "I wish, Rev. Father," said Curran to Father O'Leary, "that you were St. Peter, and had the keys of heaven, because then you would let me in." "Upon my honor and conscience," replied O'Leary, "it were better I had the keys of the other place; then I would let you out."—*Ex*.

Mr. Isaacs—"I sells you dot coat at a gread sacrifice." Customer—"But you say that of all your goods. How do you make a living?" Mr. Isaacs—"Mine frent, I makes a schmall profit on der paper und string."

—*Texas Siftings*.

No Time for Discipline. Tommy Bingo—"Sister had a beau last night, and I was peeking through the keyhole, looking at them, when ma came along and stopped me." Willie Slimpson—"What did she do?" Tommy Bingo—"She took a look too."—*N. Y. Sun*

In the Gallery. Ferguson, '92 (looking at one of Bougereau's)—"What is the name of this figure study?" Art Dealer—"That is called 'After the Ball.'" Ferguson—"Well, it seems to me she must have had to go through the whole rush line to lose so many clothes."—*Ex*.

Agitator—"Don't you know, sir, that in this country the rich are growing richer and the poor, poorer?" Patrick—"Then its rich Oi must be, fur Oi'm a moighty soight better off than Oi waz when Oi landed."—*Judge*.

By Messenger. Husband—"Where is my wife, Anna?" Maid—"She's just gone upstairs, sir." Husband—"Well, just give her this kiss, dear; I have to catch a train in five minutes and can't wait."—*Pick Me Up*.

"If you found \$5.00 would you try to find the owner?" Pat—"Faix, no, I'm no hog. I'd be satisfied finding the five."—*Ex*.

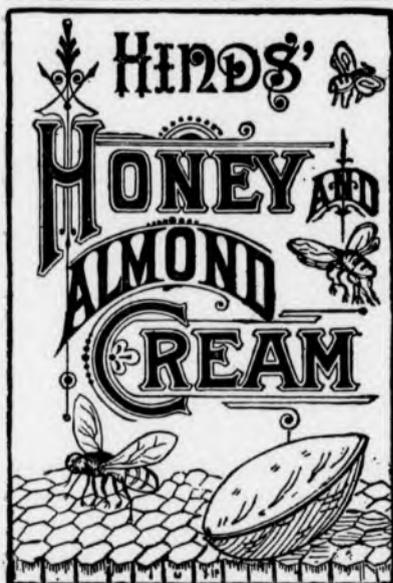
Rich banker (to future son-in-law)—"I hope you appreciate, sir, that in marrying my daughter you are marrying a young girl full of heart and generosity." Poor Young Man—"Yes, indeed, sir; and I hope she gets these qualities from her father."

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Mr. Bingo—"Tommy, when you get to be the head of a family, what will you say to your sons?" Tommy (thoughtfully)—"I will tell them how good I was when I was a boy."—*Ex*.



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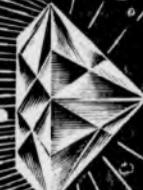
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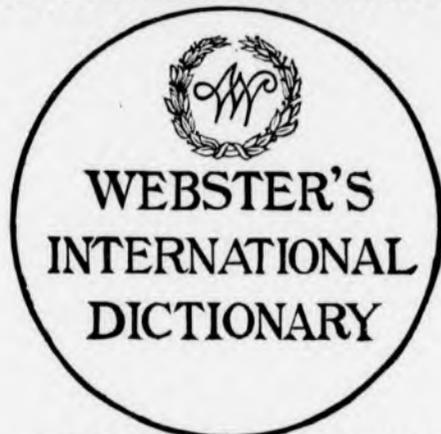
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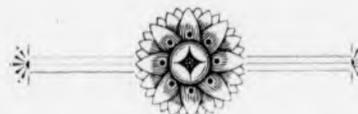
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