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THE

# BATES STUDENT.

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# BATES STUDENT.

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## A HIGHER CULTURE.

ONE hundred years ago the watch-fires of liberty burned brightly throughout the thirteen colonies. The assumed right of taxation, the Boston massacre, and many other minor outrages, perpetrated by authorization or under the sanction of the mother country, had roused the indignation of American patriots. Accordingly Congress assembled with its first act as "an approbation of the conduct of Massachusetts Bay, and an exhortation to continue in the same spirit which they had begun."

Then came the war-note and reveille of the Revolution at Lexington and Concord, in which the British learned the temper of American steel, followed by Bunker Hill and the Declaration of Independence, and the American colonies were virtually free.

The war of 1812, that with Mexico, and our own civil strife have intervened, but the history of our country has been one of unexampled prosperity. Separated from the nations of the Old World by broad oceans, we have been left quite to ourselves; and with a wide-reaching and unexplored country within our limits, fertile in its soil and rich in mineral resources, we have felt no need of outside conquest. Thus the last century has been largely one of quiet development and advance.

"I sing of arms and a hero," says Virgil; but there are no arms so potent as those of husbandry, and no hero so valiant as he who by wise counsels dares to continue peace.

The time is close at hand when America will bring the fruits of a hundred years of liberty and lay them open for the world's criticism.

What shall they be? How have we lived? What has been the end in view and the methods?

Man is gifted with the power of adaptation and invention. At his touch crude elements become formative, known powers become subjects of control, and unknown are evoked. Steam takes the place of manual labor. A slender wire binds two continents and marries them with the lightning. Even the atmosphere is laid under contribution, and aërial navigation is yet within the limits of possibility,—and to what purpose? To strengthen feeble hands and increase the sum of human happiness.

All this is well, provided it does not usurp more than its rightful sphere. Our age is largely one of practical tendencies, and our country of abundant resources. In all that relates to the mechanic arts in the coming centennial, America will stand in the front rank with other nations.

This phase of development has been necessary. To any people the ordinary means of sustenance and helps to relieve labor become essential, and with us, having no accumulated centuries of material development, the demand was immediate. But, this once satisfied, we should have recourse to those broader and higher means of ennobling life and securing happiness which come from the cultivation of the more liberal arts.

It is only by the satisfaction of the spirit that contentment comes. Man's noblest activities are those of mind, and that, too, in its highest manifestations. The grosser side of the question demands attention, but life has higher functions to which this should only minister. The practical should be supplemented and corrected by the æsthetical. Those activities should be most warmly cherished whose products are most lasting. Horace sings, "I have erected a monument more enduring than brass." It is ideas alone that are immortal.

Every thought must seek a symbol for its manifestation. The symbol is perishable, but the thought, never; and those thoughts which are noblest reproduce their symbols oftenest. The thought of the writer must incorporate itself in letters, and the ideal of the painter be spread upon canvas to be transferable; but once expressed, they become undying powers. The locomotive is a symbol for the power of steam, and becomes useful as a study. We place Juvenal and Tacitus in the college curriculum because the thought is better and leads to better living.

We plead for a higher and broader culture. Not that America is without distinction in many departments of higher effort. In prose we have a few masters; in poetry, fewer. For us the Concord school alone would save our prose from disgrace; but where are our Goethes? Longfel-

low has sweetness, Bryant is manly, and Whittier fresh as the morning; but whom have we to match with Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, or Shakespeare, with Dante, Petrarch, or Boccaccio? Rather are we not all their debtors? Where are our types of thought blossoming into painting, sculpture, and song? our Raphaels, Angelos, and Beethovens? True, there must be eras for the highest manifestation, but it is just here that the difficulty lies. By no means would we criticise those noble spirits who bear aloft their torches for want of a clearer light. It is no fault of Church that his landscapes do not gather more of the sunset, but rather of the people which fails to demand it.

The autumns yield their fruitage and we call them eras, but only from spring-times of sowing and summers of warmth and shower do the harvests come; and, with these, we shall have the products, be the reaper's name Angelo or Powers.

It is not man who carves or paints, but the culture behind him. A rose and violet are the same. Materially, both are sunlight and moisture,—æsthetically, all beauty. We care not what the man or individuality, if so be we catch the essence. Men are never wanting; it is the demand that fails. We have potential mathematicians, the peers of Hausen and Leverrier, who never become actual. One of the rarest analysts of this or any other country receives $1200 for his year's labor. Is it to be wondered at that his name is not known? In the same State the president of an insurance company receives $25,000. We have noble names in science, yet representatives of men too often compelled to descend from the higher planes of pure experiment and research to lower levels of utility and application.

Literature has a special tongue, likewise art and song, and all speak to special faculties. It is not every one that can interpret; and, with any one, the power comes from intimate fellowship. But interpretation is not speech. The honey-lipped Nestor was only such in the dialect of the Pylians. The broad-speaking Englishman cannot become the mellifluent Italian in a single generation. The fundamental sounds are caught, but we must grow to the flexibility and richness.

A nation cannot have a noble literature until it is the nation's custom to think in letters. For it, also, there must be a deep substratum of thought and sentiment. New words must be coined, and old words tuned to melody and expression. Its past, too, must be rich in varied associations. We should never have had Ivanhoe without British history, nor Homer's singing without the Trojan war. A man is never so warm as by his own fire. One's fancy droops with the flight in going abroad for materials, and we are in a strange land when we get there.

Our skies are as good as Italian. A lake that will send up moisture between us and the sunset is as good as the Mediterranean. What we want is simply to hold up our prisms before the canvas and let on the sunlight. An effort now is manifest and the picture is over-strained.

Our colors are too artificial. Painting must be first and second nature both to be natural. The best art is spontaneous, not tentative.

Our statues are too muscular, as our life, with not enough of grace. The crudity should be left behind in the unhewn block, and disappear with every stroke of the chisel. We have literary societies and art galleries, but none to match with those of the Old World. We go abroad for discipline and return with foreign mannerisms. Let us not lose our individuality, but develop a talent which shall blend foreign elements of the highest order with our own excellences.

"Build thou more noble mansions, O, my soul,
As the swift seasons roll."

A solid foundation of material prosperity has been laid. Let us rear upon it a lofty temple of ideal culture, buttressed, pillared, and pinnacled, with niches rich in forms of grace, and walls adorned with masteries of art, and whose aisles shall be filled with the harmonies of thought.

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## ENTHUSIASM.

A GREAT part of life is made up of toils, fears, and despair; and to sustain himself man requires an element in his soul that will maintain in him an interest in life and its duties, that will infuse energy into his thoughts, and give force to his actions. The smallest undertaking, the grandest enterprise, and the realization of the noblest conceptions of human thought, are dependent upon such a spirit; and each one merits the applause of the world, and wins success, in proportion to the vigor and animation exhibited. It is *want* of earnestness on the part of many men that makes them so indolent and shiftless.

Men, it is true, differ greatly; while some are cold and indifferent, and seldom manifest any zeal, others are susceptible to the least thing that has a claim on human sympathy, and their sensitive hearts are ever ready to respond to noble impulses.

Those stoic natures who remain unmoved in the midst of excitement, and for whom the most pleasing prospects have no attractions, give to the world but little in word or deed

compared to what is given by those whose souls are earnest and strong, whose impulses are to realize their thoughts, and who make great efforts to attain the *ideal* which a powerful imagination has created.

The fountain of action is in feelings, and enthusiasm constitutes the life of genius and furnishes the motive power which enables men to take hold of ventures rejected or given up in despair by others, and to carry them forward to the attainment of glorious results.

The grand achievements in science, the heroic adventures of such restless souls as Sir John Franklin, Dr. Livingstone, and kindred spirits, the great success achieved in art, in literature, and in the fierce contests between right and wrong, —are due to the spirit of work and sacrifice wrought upon by the love and sympathy of enthusiastic natures.

Dante is said to have composed his immortal song amid exile and suffering, prompted thereto by the noble ambition of vindicating himself to posterity; and the sweetest angel of his paradise is the object of his early love.

A sympathetic nature is touched by the distress and sorrow of others, and through its anxiety to relieve them is quickened to action, and a noble deed is done. Much of Shakespeare's power in reading the human soul is attributed to his sympathy with men and to his keeping his heart closely bound to them in feeling.

It is true, great intensity of feeling often causes men to act hastily and without reason, so eager may they become to accomplish some wild and visionary scheme. The pages of history bear record of the insane doings of revolutionists, the excessive acts of religious fanatics, and the phrensied deeds of men, the heat and fervor of whose souls out-stripping the slower movement of reason, have been productive of sad consequences.

The evil effects of immoderate acts of enthusiastic men have caused men of calm and noble thoughts to regard enthusiasm with but little favor. Locke defines enthusiasm thus: "It is founded neither on reason nor divine revelation, but rises from the conceit of a warmed or over-weening imagination." Yet the fanaticism of enthusiasts sometimes produces good fruits.

The great sympathy of John Brown for an enslaved race, and his intense desire to destroy slavery, filled his soul with an uncontrollable enthusiasm which led him to make an insane attempt to liberate a whole race at a single blow; but his too great love for a good cause urged him on until he committed a crime and lost his life to satisfy the demands of law. But the bold raid of fanatic John Brown served to arouse the American people, and hastened them on to a fierce struggle, which

in the end swept away slavery from our land.

The sympathy and earnest love of Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, and William Lloyd Garrison, for the same cause, moved them to utter such strong denunciations and to advocate such extreme measures against the institution of slavery that they were called "crazy fanatics." But, as the sequel shows, they were only in advance of general sentiment, and served to infuse a greater and warmer love for freedom into the hearts of the American people.

The magnetic enthusiasm of Garibaldi electrified a whole nation and gave to the world a "free Italy." Verily, it can be asserted that "Providence often makes gushing earnestness a fountain of glorious achievement." It is not until our feelings are aroused and we become enthusiastic for a cause, that enthusiasm reaches its highest end. Says a writer: "Within the entire circle of our intellectual constitution we see nothing but emotions; it is not the power, but the fruits of the power in such feelings of a lofty kind as it will yield."

There is, on the whole, danger to be feared from too great enthusiasm, and to accomplish the greatest good with the least amount of evil it must be tempered with moderation and reason.

We do not speak in defence of fanaticism, but only contend for such a degree of enthusiasm as will give force, vigor, and animation to our thoughts and deeds.

The universal testimony of mankind must be, that if it were not for the emotions of the soul, the warmth of feeling, to arouse our faculties to rich endeavor and good efforts, the daily experiences and realities of life would become, instead of pleasures, so many burdens to the human race.

## THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

"No shadow, but it hath a brighter side;
No bitterness hath all of sweet denied."

NOW must we pause, a grave farewell to say
Unto a friend who dieth on this day;
Already falls the pall about the bier;
Already are we dumb with waiting fear.

Another year unto the buried past
Shall soon be gathered; still we hold it fast,
Scanning that life, of our lives grown a part;
Committing it to rest, with thoughtful heart.

Once was it young, and fresh, and fair, and pure;
Once, from its birth to death could we endure
To look and tremble not, nor weep, as now,
That days write lines upon its patient brow—
Lines from our life.

Ho! comrades, will you see?
Dar'st yet behold again and read with me?
Lines from our thoughts we find engraven there;
Dark pages of our words, more foul than fair;
Grim writings of our deeds in full record,
Whose searching truth smites keener than a sword.

O'ercome with shame's remorseful glow, we sink;
The passing bell proclaims another link
Is added to our chain—not golden bright,
Nor iron strong, but foul with rust—to sight
Approaching now.

Wait not, the year is dead,
The requiem sung, our farewells all are said;
O wrongèd friend! a "vale" sad we cry
After thy shade, since thou, alas! must die.

With bowèd heads we stand; night's pageant dark
Hath scarcely passed from view, when list! lo! hark!
What joyful notes are these, in silvery chime,
With death's most solemn dirges keeping time?

The New Year cometh, and we lift our eyes
To greet her, glowing as the morning skies;
The rosy robes of hope envelop her form;
Her whispered words our deadened pulses warm
Unto new life.

"There's still to do," she chides;
"Life, duty, love, while yet your strength abides;
Forgiveness for the past shall fall on you;
Let present deeds your kindling zeal renew."

Then rang the bells in clamor glad and wild;
The New Year, like a promise, on us smiled;
In solemn grief began a watch of woe;
Onward the New Year leadeth, and we go.

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## FRIENDS OF OURS.

AMONG the many acquaintances we form, is it not surprising how few — how very few — we take to ourselves as friends? In many instances it may be because we have not the opportunity to become better acquainted. We meet hundreds of people without finding one congenial to us. The next may be a character that shall attract us as a loadstone. It may be for its strength, for its originality, its brilliancy, its honesty; it may be for its very weakness. There is a certain something about it utterly indefinable and irresistable.

Whatever else our friend is, he must be honest and unselfish. But these qualities are not sufficient in themselves. We know some very honest men in whose company we cannot spend an hour with any kind of ease or satisfaction. Not because of their dullness or lack of willingness to make the interview a pleasant one,— certainly not from lack of endeavor on our part.

The life of a stranger, or even an acquaintance, has but little influence over us. Our friends have some elements of our ideal in them that we admire and imitate. So in the library many books on the shelves parade the names of our mere acquaintances. We nod to them and pass on. Occasionally we chance upon one with whom we have grown familiar, and we take it from the shelf with much the same pleasure that we grasp the hand of a friend.

It may not be the most profound or learned treatise in the language; it probably is not. We tug it home, however, without the slightest twinge of conscience that we have not the work of some long-faced patriarch under our arm for an after-dinner quietus. We respect the dry bones of intellect, but can only love something with beauty and warmth about it, and perhaps a little weakness withal.

To read the name of Addison or Scott is like hearing a stranger speak of a friend. Has not the story of their lives had an influence upon us greater than that of greater men? It is a pleasant picture we have of Scott during the years of his prosperity at Abbotsford. We see him clad in his loose Scottish habit, superintending the improvements upon the grounds and buildings, accompanied by his faithful servant, and receiving his dictations with a quiet smile; or in his study, the dogs asleep under the table, his children at play about him, and he ready, at any moment, to lay aside his pen and mend a toy for them, or even join in a frolic. His literary labors had won for him the most cultivated circle of friends at home and abroad, who made his house a rendezvous, bringing their friends with them. They were all welcome. The houses of the nobility were open to him, and in 1821 he goes to London and is made a Baronet by George IV.

Then a change came. The name of Byron began to be heard and his poetry to lure the public ear from the songs of our Scottish bard. Does he complain at thus being jilted? By no means. Among some rubbish he accidently finds a portion of his manuscript of Waverly, condemned to its lost state by the adverse criticism of a friend years before. He looks it over and now decides to complete it. With what success the world knows. No, we do not even hear him complain when, in 1825, his publishers fail, involving him to the amount of over half a million of dollars. "Time and I against any two," he sang to his creditors; "let me take this good ally into company and I believe I shall be able to pay you every farthing." In six years he had earned, by his pen, one-half the amount, when sickness overtook him. Was there not something of the hero here? What battle-field ever proved a greater? The productions of his pen are so many victories over public opinion, and his retreat from poetry to prose, burdened with overwhelming calamity, was one of those retreats more glorious than victory. It is with feelings of regret, however, that we chronicle the acceptance of the Sir by Walter Scott. The tone of public opinion against the acceptance of titles by literary men, has developed rapidly since the early part of this century. It is very probable that his example did

much towards establishing this tendency. It became evident how little honor it could confer upon a really great man.

About a century earlier than this we find another writer, the literary autocrat of his time, as was Scott, towards whom we are drawn by a similar feeling, viz.: Joseph Addison. His figure stands out as the type of that age of English history of which Thackeray loved to write, and which he has brought so vividly before this generation. The days of Marlborough, of court intrigue and debauchery, the days of coffee-houses, of tie-wigs and "eight-bottle men," of chairs and flambeaux! The palmy days of Gent Street and the heroes of the Dunciad! Up through this rubbish rises the figure of Addison, with disheveled wig and a few wine stains upon his waistcoat perhaps, but, all in all, the best man of the period, and the one we most love to follow. We find him at Button's, the Whig headquarters, where he occupies the seat of honor, the arm chair in the chimney corner, that Dryden had filled before him. Young aspirants for literary fame looked to him for favor, as he himself had looked to Dryden. A Whig himself, without being two-faced, he had friends in both parties. No matter what change took place in the government — Prince of Orange, Protestantism and the Whigs, or Queen Anne, High Church and Tory rule — there was always an appointment for Addison. Four offices he held in all, and the last one Secretary of State. No writer ever ascended the ladder with less difficulty. He had not the misfortunes that Scott struggled against. It was not altogether his genius as a writer that procured him position. He was a better man at heart than most of those about him. People had confidence in the purity of his motives.

The plays of Wycherley, Congreve, and those of Dryden, as bad, were upon the stage and listened to unblushingly by the noblest and fairest of the land. Addison was above the criminality of the day. While other writers were pampering to the depraved tastes, he aimed to elevate them. But it is not as a dramatist or poet that we know him. His Latin verses, and Cato, and Campaign have not stood the test of time, as have his services as "Spectator" of mankind. Here it is that we become acquainted with the richness of his nature. It was not as broad and comprehensive as that of Scott, but there was a delicacy of touch and humor about him wholly his own.

When Steele projected the idea of the *Tattler*, in 1709, he only hoped to publish something to amuse the people. We know his character too well to suppose he would have made it anything more than a reflection of the stage, the court, and the citizens about town. Addison, however, saw in the idea a means of doing a great deal of good. The domestic life of

the nation was corrupt. The little every-day affairs of life, which in the aggregate are its most important considerations, were overlooked. Here was a way to instruct and amuse. If Addison had lived a century later he would have been one of the great novelists. As it is, his essays in the *Tattler* and *Spectator* have all the qualities of fiction, and connected as they are by the exertions of the Club, almost the unity of a novel. We feel as well acquainted with Sir Roger de Coverly as with Uncle Toby or Pickwick.

Pope, Dr. Johnson, Swift, and other able men of the times, contributed to the pages of these periodicals. But we seldom think of these in speaking of the *Spectator*. Addison and the *Spectator* are one to us. The character admirably fitted him. His own nature was as a deep river, silent and cold upon the surface, but beneath there was an undercurrent of sparkling active life. His essays are the true index of this undercurrent of his character. They show us his deep sympathy and keen appreciation of what was going on about him. The "lay preacher," the "parson in the tie-wig," indeed he was. Never was such a series of sermons drawn from a barrel.

With how much greater pleasure do we read the works of such men as Scott and Addison, than those of men whose lives are not in sympathy with their utterances. There were Pope and Swift, for instance, contemporaries of Addison. Did not their own lives poison the fangs of criticism by which their works have been judged? Pope's querulous, sensitive egotism kept him in perpetual hot water, and the vapor hangs about his writings to this day. Swift, too, seemed to glare at the world like a hyena. He took a savage delight in unmasking the worst side of human nature. We can not help feeling that there is an insincerity about the writings of such men; something inconsistent; too much tinsel, sham, and affectation. It does not bear the closest scrutiny, as all the noblest works of art do. Something of this may be seen if we will notice the growing tendency to give preference to Thackeray over Dickens.

The quiet, patient work of art outlasts the flash of genius. Perhaps these patient, persistent, cheerful workers are the greatest geniuses after all. A writer must reveal something of his own character in what he writes. We become best acquainted with the noblest characters because they have the least to conceal. This is among the first reasons to account for their lasting influence with us. They become friends of ours. We learn that the works of genius alone are not enduring unless founded upon an honest, laborious, consistent life; and the latter qualities, which are attainable by us all, often send genius to the beam.

## THE SONG OF THE WIND.

I COME from the land where the setting sun
Sinks down to rest, when the day is done,
In his couch of crimson and gold;
I have visited lands beyond the sea;
I have roamed o'er the mountain, and over the lea
Have wandered uncontrolled.

I have kissed the cheek of the Spanish maid,
And oft 'mid her raven tresses strayed
In free and sportive play;
I have strolled on the banks of the rapid Rhine,
By many a tower and sculptured shrine,
And castle old and gray.

I have listened to legends vague and strange,
That cling to each moated castle and grange
On the banks of that storied stream;
And I drank in that legendary lore,
Till the world seemed but a fairy shore,
And life a fairy dream.

I have murmured softly through the trees,
And sung my sweetest melodies
In Italy's fair clime,—
Kissing the leaves of the riotous vine,
Breathing the fumes of the cheering wine,
Even forgetting time.

Then I hied me away o'er the tossing sea
On sportive pinions, glad and free,
To the distant West;
And here, methinks, when my work is done—
My mission accomplished—my wild race run—
I will lay me down to rest.

## HUGH MILLER AS A POET.

THERE are no problems more difficult than those which speculative men sometimes attempt solving, when they set themselves to predict how certain given characters would act in certain given circumstances. In what spirit, it has been asked, would Socrates have listened to Paul on Mars Hill, had he lived a few ages later? or what sort of a statesman would Robert Burns have made? or how would Napoleon have figured in the literary world? However unsatisfactory the conclusions arrived at, or however unnecessary such speculations may seem, they all come under a system recently denominated a science. The theory of Carlyle and Kingsley, that history is only the biography of great men, Herbert Spencer would allow only on the ground that the genesis of great men rests on the basis of a social status. Hence, given the social condition of a people, or a few characteristics of the age, and, like Mr. Taine with his few rules for discerning the literary force of any period, Herbert Spencer will tell you just what heroes will be produced.

It may be somewhat doubted whether human action can ever be reduced to a science, as pretended by very good authority; but a careful study of the products of any single mind with the original tendencies displayed in early life, may hint to us strange possibilities of what might, under other and superior circumstances, have been accomplished.

Those who have never heard Hugh Miller's name except as connected with his favorite pursuit, geology, may be somewhat surprised at the idea of considering him under any such title as poet; but to those who have read his works—and to read is but to admire them and love the author—it will not seem a strange appellation. Not that Hugh Miller's claim to such a title can rest solely upon his few versifications—which, however, without discovering any remarkable originality, possess many excellences — but through all his prose works gleams, like gold dust in a sandy river-bed or the crimson lines of sunset in a cold gray cloud, the finest spirit of poetry. Shelley hesitated whether to become a poet or a metaphysician. Certainly a strange mixture of opposite qualities must be possessed to give the mind a predilection for two such seemingly opposite courses. Had Shelley chosen metaphysics for his pursuit, no doubt he would have rendered just such a service to science as did Hugh Miller. As it is, in Shelley's writings much is metaphysical, and in Hugh Miller's much is, in the loftiest sense, poetical. When he represents the process of

creation, under the similitude of a vision, his language rises almost to the grandeur of Miltonic poetry. With such poetical endowments as Hugh Miller evidently possessed, it is not strange that Mr. Bayne, by far the best of his biographers, should speculate upon what glory this scientist might have won as a poet in the field of literature. What was said by an eminent critic of Burns's universal capabilities, is no less applicable to Hugh Miller; and if we make moral worth of any account, Burns's range of possibilities must seem exceedingly narrow in comparison with that of Miller. Even in an intellectual point of view, the Cromarty stone mason will compare very favorably with the bard of Ayr. But if any one ever fulfilled the ancient injunction, "Know thyself," it was Hugh Miller. His critical judgment soon outstripped his rhyming vocabulary, and with a self-denial and firmness of purpose highly commendable to a self-sufficient generation of Yankee poetasters, he relinquished the darling of his childish fancies, "the sweet and mellow verse." Let now the cold, grim Carlyle swing his hat for joy; for certainly Hugh Miller could express in prose as fine sentiments, in as beautiful a manner, as he could in verse, and with a far greater range of thought. So we have many gorgeous descriptions of scenery both in Scotland and England, landscape paintings as fine as Shenstone's — a poet whom Miller greatly admired.

Hugh Miller was born Oct. 10th, 1802, in the town of Cromarty, Scotland. This town is situated on the eastern coast of the island, and the waves from the German ocean dwindle to tiny ripples before they have traversed the sheltering bay of Cromarty and laved its rocky shore. The schools of Hugh Miller were the caves and cliffs, the woods and heaths of this romantic region. He studied every object of nature with close, observant eye. Bird, beast, flower, insect, rock, fossil, everything ministered to his thirst for knowledge. The rich tract of country around Conon-Side, where he worked as a mason-apprentice, with its woods, and tower, and noble river, often bathed in the red light of gorgeous sunsets, gratified his love of the beautiful. The swelling wood beneath the dark rugged hills, the "pale, tall tower of Fairburn seen in the gloamin'" like a ghastly spectre of the past, the ruinous chapels and ancient burying-grounds, each connected with some weird fantastic legend,— these are objects which inspired Miller's poetic muse.

But it is in after years, when telling that exquisite story of his life, "My Schools and Schoolmasters," that we discern the truest poetry. A man who could say, truthfully, that his "happiness was enhanced by every little bird that burst out into sudden song among the trees, and then as suddenly became silent, or

by every bright-scaled fish that went darting through the topaz-colored depths of the water, or rose for a moment over its calm surface;" that the "blue sheets of hyacinths that carpeted the openings in the wood delighted him, and every golden-tinted cloud that gleamed over the setting sun and threw its bright flush on the river, seemed to inform his heart of a heaven beyond," although wanting in what Wordsworth termed "the accomplishment of verse," has, notwithstanding, the chief element of poetry native within him. But in all Miller's daily walks, amid this delightful scenery in which there was not a single object but set his heart aglow, he never could express so much as did Burns in a single verse, showing forth the poetry to be found in walks: —

"The muse—no poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel' he learned to wander
Adown some trottin' burn's meander,
An' no think lang;
O, sweet to muse and pensive ponder
A heartfelt sang."

Miller's lines on seeing a sun-dial in a church-yard obtained for him very favorable notices in the leading periodicals of the day; but no single quotation would do the poem justice. Neither thought nor expression rises to the standard of originality, in any of his poems. But occasionally a very vivid conception flashes an individual figure before the eye of the mind in a clear visibility, with distinct outline and brilliant coloring. His raven is as palpably bodied forth as Tennyson's wild hawk staring with his foot on his prey: —

"Foulest of the birds of heaven,
O'er thee flaps the hungry raven;
Hark! his loud and piercing cry;
Pilgrim, hark! that faint reply:
Soon, on yonder rocky shore,
Shall he bathe his wing in gore—
Bathe each wing, while dives his beak
In a cold, wave-beaten cheek;
Cold—the fierce tides o'er it flowing;
Cold, though now with life 'tis glowing."

This is not a picture to delight a sensitive mind, and we find an excellent antidote in one of his prettiest prose-descriptions. Hugh and a boy-companion had lingered in a shore cave until the evening shadows were falling, and the tide fast rising had prevented their egress. "The long telescopic prospect of the sparkling sea, as viewed from the inner extremity of the cavern, while all around was dark as midnight,—the sudden gleam of the seagull, seen for a moment from the recess as it flitted past in the sunshine, —the black, heaving bulk of the grampus, as it threw up its slender jets of spray, and then, turning downwards, displayed its glossy back and vast angular fin,—even the pigeons, as they shot whizzingly by, one moment scarce visible in the gloom, the next radiant in the light,—all acquired a new light in the peculiarity of the setting in which we found them." The tide had turned about noon, and as "hour after hour passed, lengthening as the shadows lengthened," the tide still rose. "The sun

had sunk behind the precipices, and all was gloom along their bases, and double gloom in their caves; but their rugged brows still caught the glow of evening. The flush rose higher and higher, chased by the shadows; and then after lingering for a moment on their crests of honeysuckle and juniper, passed away and the whole became sombre and gray. The sea-gull sprang upwards from where he had floated on the ripple, and hied him slowly away to his lodge in his deep-sea stack; the dusky cormorant flitted past, with heavier and more frequent stroke, to his whitened shelf high on the precipice; the pigeons came whizzing downwards from the uplands, and disappeared amid the gloom of their caves."

The dangers of the situation, the terrors of night, did not prevent the child from bearing away so lively an impress of his romantic surroundings, that, after many years had stood between, he paints it with a faithfulness to nature equal to Wilson or Audubon; with a beauty of diction unsurpassed by Ruskin; with a vividness, a liveliness, rivaling Christopher himself. He says again, "The clear, calm mornings, when the gossamer went sailing in long gray films along the retired glades of the wood, and the straggling sunlight fell on the crimson and orange mushroom, as it sprang up amid the dank grass and under thickly-leaved boughs of scarlet and gold, I deem especially delightful." Compare this genuine glow of admiration for native beauties, this spirit which revels in the freshness of natural scenery like a snow-white swan in a purling brook after a summer rain, with the sickly pinings of a Keats shut up in a London store, sighing for a glimpse of the green fields, the sun-lit flood, and quiet fells. It would be reasonable to suppose that Hugh Miller might have become a very promising disciple in his Wordsworth school of poetry, had not a higher — yes, a higher destiny ruled the "spirit of his dreams," and placed him where none can dispute the laurels on his brow. It would be interesting to follow Hugh Miller, did space permit, through his boyhood days, and notice all that ministered to his æsthetic nature; his single love, so romantic, so true; his friendships so dear and tender; his struggles and his victories; and what may be more interesting to some, and which we hope in some future article to discuss, his work as a scientist and controversialist.

# EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

## SALUTATORY.

ANOTHER year, having filled its allotted space in the cycle of ages, has passed silently away. With it closes the first century of our national existence, with its victories and defeats. It began amid the scenes of war, waged for liberty, justice, and humanity; it closes peacefully, with these blessings secured. May the century upon which we are entering be marked by greater improvements.

The year which has just closed has placed its record upon the roll of past events, and its pages are replete with its list of blessings and afflictions, its achievements and disappointments, its successes and failures, such as have followed in the footsteps of time ever since man began his earthly career. In the dawn of the New Year, as we look longingly back on the past, and hopefully forward to the future, it is time for thought and reflection; the time for new beginnings, new pledges, noble aspirations. As we hopefully form our plans for the future, let us review carefully our record of the past year, and decide if it has been one of improvement; let us leave with it all errors and bad habits, and, profiting by our failures, write success upon all our honorable undertakings.

Another period has been rounded in our college course, and again the STUDENT passes into new hands. Though we dare not predict any improvement, we hope it will lose nothing while under our care.

It is with reluctance that we take our seat in the editor's chair, and assume its duties and responsibilities, feeling that there are others better fitted to perform them. On the class of '77 we rely for help and encouragement in the hard work before us. We trust you feel that the STUDENT is your especial care; that there is work to be done; and will contribute as generously toward its success as have the class of '76. In your hands rests its success or failure; which shall it be? We, who have known your past history, do not doubt the answer. To the other classes we would say: Do not think that the STUDENT belongs entirely to us, but that you have an interest in it which must be looked after and aided.

The object of the STUDENT is to afford the undergraduates an opportunity for publishing their views on such public questions as interest colleges and college students; for practice and improvement in writing; and to let our friends know what we are doing here each month; and, while we hope to enlarge the

news department, we do not intend to lessen its literary merit. On the alumni we must rely for some assistance, and hope, as they read our columns from month to month, they will bring to mind so vividly the pleasant hours spent here that their interest will be aroused in their Alma Mater, and they will respond generously to our calls for aid.

Our election occurred very unexpectedly, but two weeks before the close of the fall term; thus the short time and many other disadvantages under which we have labored will not permit us to make any alteration, at present, in the management of the STUDENT; indeed, we feel relieved to get it published in any form, and hope you will pass your criticisms lightly till we have a better chance. We believe, with the former editor, that the time for experiment has passed, and that this year must note either a forward or a backward step. We hope, profiting by his suggestions, and assisted by our friends — for we cannot do it alone —to make some changes.

With these few lines, we greet for the first time the readers of the STUDENT, earnestly desiring that our connection may be pleasant and profitable, and that the year upon which we are entering may be one of prosperity, happiness, and improvement.

### OBJECT OF A COLLEGE COURSE.

What are you studying for? Why do you devote so much time to Latin and Greek? What is the use of a college course? These questions are repeatedly asked college students. We are not surprised at this when we consider how many students associate with study no definite object, how many graduates fail to compete successfully in the affairs of life.

The world will point to men of liberal education that have failed of success, and ask, "What practical benefit was a college course to them?" As an answer to these, I would point to the thousands that fail in all the pursuits of life, and ask, What was the use of their trying? and, on the other hand, to the alumni of our colleges, who fill honorable positions; who are the directors of our educational system; who give tone to our literature; who are the thinkers and reformers that elevate mankind and give impulse to social life.

By our presence here, we say emphatically that a college course is useful. What, then, is its object? Different students have different objects, and so the main one is forgotten. One will say, his object is to fit himself thoroughly for his profession; another, to attain a better position in society; another, to discipline his mind; and many have no definite object. The primary object is culture, and that the broadest and most liberal; not confined to one branch of study or one train of thought.

A college curriculum is so arranged as to afford the greatest

amount of mental culture in four years. Its object is to lead individuals out of the narrow channels of thought, down to the vast sea of knowledge. After we enter upon our profession, it requires all our energies to win fame or even success; and if we neglect the opportunities of our early education to obtain a broad culture, then we forever lose its benefits. We claim, therefore, that culture is the object of a college course. "To augment the excellence of our nature, and render an intelligent being more intelligent." This is the ground to assign to the genuine scientific passion; indeed, it is thought by some students to be the end of all study.

Every individual should strive to master all scientific and natural questions that present themselves to him, and to improve the brain to its utmost capacity. To cultivate a thing is to make it grow. We have in us the germs of powers, to which no bounds are set; to develop these powers and capacities, especially the nobler ones, so as to ensure a well proportioned, intelligent, happy being, is mental culture. Sidney Smith says, "It is noble to seek truth, and beautiful to find it." To devote one's life to discovering the first causes of nature, the laws that control the heavenly bodies, the motives that determine human action, the growth and expansion of man's religious nature, the rise and fall of nations, the advancement and retreat of civilization,—surely if these be the ends of culture, we may count it all joy while we consecrate to their attainment the strength of our youth, while we give up present pleasures, and endure, if need be, the hardships of poverty. The enervating pleasures of luxury and idleness offer no joys like the triumph of our nobler powers, and the consciousness that the faculties given us by the Creator have been exerted to their utmost. But there is another and a higher culture than the scientific; that moral culture in which love goes out to all the human race, with a desire to check human error, to relieve human misery,—the noble desire to leave the world better than we found it. Many a man strives to improve his fellow men by instilling into their minds his own ideas and belief; by giving them intellectual food prepared according to his own theory; by converting them to his sect or party. Culture works differently; it does not try to teach down to the level of inferior minds, but to bring them up to a higher position, where all, like itself, may live in light and purity, and in the unrestricted use of ideas.

Our college life must then be steadfastly devoted to a broad and generous culture,—a culture limited by no prescribed course, theory, or dogma; untrammeled by prejudice or bigotry; but earnestly seeking that which will most improve our mind, and best fit us to perform the duties

of life,—to fill positions honorable to ourselves and useful to our fellow men.

To obtain this culture, the first requisite is methodical labor; method is one of the principal elements of success. If we should divide our time systematically, we could do a great amount of work, and have ample time for exercise and recreation. It is a prevalent idea among students that genius and labor are incompatible; accordingly, afraid of being thought dull, they remain ignorant; or for fear some one will say they plug, go to the recitation room unprepared, and fail.

The object of a college course is not to develop geniuses, but to fit common minds for useful activity. The deeds that have adorned the pages of history with their brightest examples, have been performed by men of the hardest labor, the most untiring thonght; and when, after years of persevering toil in the pursuit of knowledge, an opportunity has been given and the worker has distinguished himself, then the world exclaims, A genius!—a genius of labor.

A young man does not know for what pursuit he is adapted till his mind has been disciplined by thought and observation; and so he needs the varied studies of a college course. To lay the foundation of his other studies, and to introduce him to the ancient world with its wealth of literature, he needs Greek and Latin; to develop his reasoning powers, mathematics; and so on through the curriculum. We do not think one should devote his whole time to these, but use it in the way that will afford the most benefit. He should not think every recitation cut, and every duty shirked, so much gained, but should make use of all the advantages offered him,—thus the public declamation, the debate, the lecture, the society, and, above all, that never-failing source of information, the library, should each be regarded as essential to his mental growth. That he may become acquainted with the different thoughts and fancies of men's minds and their methods of expressing them, with the customs and habits of the peoples who have inhabited the earth at different periods, his reading should not be confined to one branch of literature, but include all branches.

Most of all, students need a keener sense of the influence which their college course has on their after life. We seem to think ourselves isolated from the world, and the time spent in college a period having no connection with the past, present, or future; as if the main point were to see with how little study we can make a passable recitation. We imbibe a sort of indifference to all things around us, and when the worker beats us and bears off the prize, we content ourselves with the thought that we could do it if we should try. This is a pleasant posi-

tion to occupy, but if it follows us through life what will be the consequence?

### THE GYMNASIUM.

The gymnasium is a subject that every editor thinks it his duty to write upon. We do this early, to relieve ourselves of that duty, and with a hope to effect some change in its present management. Now that the weather forbids out-door sports, we must turn our attention to the gymnasium. We are not going to inflict upon our readers an extended article on the importance of exercise; all admit that. To have good thorough scholars, we must have healthy students; to be healthy, they must take a certain amount of exercise. That the gymnasium is the place to take it; that our gymnasium, at present, is not suitable for this,—are facts the Faculty ought to know and remedy. They are bound to provide for the physical, as well as mental, growth of their students.

Our building is very good, and so is the apparatus as far as it goes; but in the present state of affairs the money spent for these is nearly useless; yet with the aid of a little more to purchase some new apparatus and hire an instructor, it can be made very beneficial. We are not disposed to do what we know to be for our good unless compelled to do so. We think every student at Bates would hail with pleasure a rule compelling him to devote some time each day to exercise. If we can not have an instructor, at least the gymnasium can be made comfortable, by putting in a stove and a few other things, so that the students can resort there during certain hours of the day, and in that way be induced to take some exercise.

We are glad to see that the interest in athletic games is increasing, and hope the time is not far distant when Bates will take her stand with other colleges in field sports. We think all that is needed is practice; and to practice we must have a good gymnasium. Let the students consider these things, and make some move to try and induce the Faculty to make the needed improvements.

### OUR EXCHANGES.

During the last month it has been our lot to receive the exchanges of the STUDENT, and within that time we have made many new and pleasant acquaintances. Each day some new friend has greeted us; and in each is presented some good quality, commending itself to those acquainted with it. Every paper that we have seen has some characteristic peculiar to itself, and sometimes these peculiarities are quite strongly marked. Some papers come to us with a sort of solid look, which we admire, but which inspires in us a certain awe, and sometimes, sad to relate, with an unmistakable feeling

of drowsiness. But this feeling we can ascribe to nothing but our own uneducated taste, for these very papers generally contain the matter best worth reading. From these we turn to another entirely different class, which always contains more or less pleasant but somewhat light reading; and here, we confess, we are most inclined to linger.

Here we find the criticisms upon one another, which, though often quite sharp, seldom appear to be productive of much hard feeling.

Some of our exchanges give most of their attention to the editorials and criticisms, somewhat to the exclusion of essays. This is probably due, in many cases, to lack of contributed matter. With the editors of these we heartily sympathize,—though, as yet, we have not been long enough in the ranks to know much of the sorrows which belong to the lot of an editor.

It is certainly somewhat perplexing to find that one upon whom you depended for a good article, "will be unable to be ready in time for this nnmber—you must wait till next time." Well, so it must be, and we must bear up under it as best we can. Hoping that our friends in other colleges will not be so troubled, we wish all a happy and profitable New Year.

The *Niagara Index* is the first of our exchanges that meets our eye, and, judging from its last number, will always be acceptable. Its article on Colonial Blue Laws is interesting, especially to us of New England, and presents some novel facts. It seems to us, however, that we have somewhere read an article very similar to this one; but probably we are mistaken about the matter. What attracted us especially to the *Index* was the ingenuity displayed in the criticisms, some of which gave signs of more attention than even the editorials.

The *Tufts Collegian* makes its appearance on our table this month, and we offer greeting to this newcomer, which presents itself in a form so attractive. The *Collegian* is one of the best of our exchanges, in matter of appearance and execution. The first article is a poem, a translation from the German. It is well written, and is pleasant to read on account of the smoothness and freedom of the verse. The writer of the article on Teaching laments that the students of Tufts are no longer encouraged to teach; saying that, while the system of allowing students to be absent from college duties has many ills, yet to counterbalance these are several important benefits to be obtained by the student who spends part of his time in teaching, among which is mentioned experience. It seems to us an open question whether the student gains or loses by taking a portion of his time from his college course for such a purpose.

# ODDS AND ENDS.

Happy New Year, all.

January came in like a lamb, and according to looks at present, will go out like a whipped puppy.

That young fellow who "puts out eyes and teeth" is invited not to take his exercise when we are round. It's dangerous.

That young man who broke a pane of glass out of the gymnasium window will save himself trouble if he don't say anything about it.

The Juniors made a "ten strike" last term when they cut that lecture. All the absentees received their reward in due season, except one or two who were "meek and lowly" of mind.

Things are rather dull about here these days. Parker Hall is almost deserted. You can't get a crowd together even by commencing a discussion of that last game with Bowdoin and the subsequent events.

In a country school during the reading of the Bible, the passage "And he smote the Hittite that he died," occurred. A scholar being called upon to read it gave it this way: "And he smote him hightytighty, that he did." He didn't see what they were laughing at anyway, and it made him mad.

Now is the time when each one has to get the whole lesson, and what is worse, recite on it every day. The classes are so small that we are at the mercy of the professors. You that are away, make an end of your work and hasten to relieve us.

When you get a *cut* on any Prof., don't make remarks about it in public places. As a reason for this remark, we will add that the rejoicings of a certain Senior at a recent occurrence of that kind, were suddenly cut short by the discovery that Prof. S. had been an unobserved listener to the pet names bestowed on the absent one.

We are informed that one of our class, who has quite an interest in the advertising department of the STUDENT, was so carried away by his zeal as to apply at the *post-office*, offering them an excellent opportunity to increase their business by taking a small space in our advertising columns. The offer was declined with thanks, and the poor fellow went away very much depressed. Sad case!

There was a quite largely attended meeting of the Junior class on Saturday, Jan. 8th. The place of meeting was most anywhere on the

streets of Lewiston; the object, to discuss business, base-ball, etc. The meeting was somewhat informal in its character, and as there was no place to sit down, no chairman was chosen. Nevertheless, everything went off quietly, and at the close of the meeting all departed well satisfied with the measures adopted,—the greater number to resume their duties as pedagogues on the following Monday.

As foot-ball has of late attracted much attention in our College, perhaps the experience of one of the immortal eleven will not prove amiss as a warning to aspirants to fame in that direction. While he was trying in vain to dress himself on the morning after that game with the Tufts boys, some such words as these fell from his lips: "Well, I 'swan! Foot-ball is the *gorramdest* game I ever heard of. It has cost me five dollars; coat-tail gone! two pairs of pants and a shirt! and here I am so lame and stiff that I can't get my pants on. Nevermore will I play foot-ball! Oh! oh!"

It was rather a ferocious parody on Cæsar with which the youth who had been sent in quest of his natatory-minded brothers, answered his father's inquiries as to his success: "*Tractum, lictum, ductum.*"—*Volante.*

Prof. (reading)—"*Puer non est,*" etc., suddenly stopped and asked an inattentive student what he had just read. Student was not exactly certain but thought that he was reading about some one who was "poor but honest." He was soon *non est.*—*Niagara Index.*

"Where is your room-mate?" inquired a student of a friend the other morning. "O, I left him kicking the bucket." The inquirer's solicitude was quieted, however, on learning that the absent one was breaking the ice in order to wash.—*College Mercury.*

Dartmouth students offer hymn books and chromos as prizes to their faculty to encourage the attendance of that body at the chapel. The idea is a good one and we hope it will be carried out here. We certainly need some such arrangement. —*University Herald.*

Were there much hope of good results we would suggest the same to students of Bates. But, alas!

A new means of raising a row has been invented by one of the Juniors. An iron poker, of large proportions and venerable appearance, is taken to the head of the stone staircase and thence solemnly launched on its downward career. The effect is very fine, and must be exceedingly gratifying to its inventor.—*Dalhousie Gazette.*

This can't be equal to rolling the twenty-pound balls down the stairs of Parker Hall; and even a wood-box would, we think, make more noise.

# COLLEGE ITEMS.

Sixty-six students of Dartmouth have leave of absence from college for the purpose of teaching.

Now is a good time to fit up that bowling-alley. It seems too bad to let the alley remain useless for want of balls.

More than sixty students are now absent from Bates, most of them wielding the rod in country districts.

Harvard changes its base-ball uniform for the coming season, adopting the Knickerbockers with crimson stockings.

It is suggested, since we have beaten the Bowdoins so thoroughly in the season of 1875, that this year we try some of the college nines in the neighboring states.

How cold it is when one takes hold of the clubs or bar in the gymnasium. There is not much comfort in working there when it is so cold. A stove would be in order there.

Amherst is now the leading college of the country in base-ball matters. She has beaten Harvard—long the champion. One reason for this superiority, perhaps, is the stand taken by her faculty in the matter. We understand that by a law of the college the players have to spend a certain time each day in base-ball practice. If we could only bring this same custom about here we might have strong hopes of success in the future.

By recent bequest of Judge Parker, over twelve thousand dollars has been added to the fund known as the "Parker Fund." The whole is for the benefit of the College library.

The matter of position at the next regatta has been decided by lot, giving first position to Harvard, the second to Brown, the third to Trinity, Cornell coming in sixth, and Bowdoin eighth.

Base-ball still occupies the minds of many of us, and we look forward to a lively season this year. The nine will probably commence regular practice in the gymnasium as soon as the students return to College. Muscle is what is wanted.

Eleven colleges were represented at the inter-collegiate examination held December 1st, at the University of New York. There were nineteen competitors in all. . . . . The first prize, both for Greek and Mathematics, is $300, the second $200.—*Brunonian.*

## PERSONALS.

'69.—G. B. Files is still Principal of Augusta High School, and is meeting with excellent success.

'70.—W. E. C. Rich has recently accepted a situation in one of the Boston schools.

'72.—E. F. Nason is stopping at his father's home in Hallowell. His health is quite poor.

'72.—Herbert Blake, who has been studying law with W. P. Whitehouse of Augusta, has opened a law office at West Waterville.

'73.—N. W. Harris is now at his home in Auburn.

'74.—W. H. Ham is Principal of Baring High School, and is meeting with excellent success.

'74.—Robert Given is now in Denver City, Col., where he is stopping for the benefit of his health.

'74.—F. T. Crommett is Principal of Normal School at Paris. He was in town a short time since.

'75.—J. R. Brackett is Principal of Foxcroft Academy.

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

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

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The regular Course of Instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

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

## *THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.*

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

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

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

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# Custom Shirts.

WHY?

Because his expenses are very small. He guarantees a FIT, or refunds your money. He also keeps a fine line of

***GENTS' UNDERWEAR,***

that he is selling Very Low. ☞ Also, a large line in Gents' Neckwear that he sells Very Low.

**A Discount made to STUDENTS.**

☞ AGENT FOR THE CHELSEA LAUNDRY. Linen Collars and Cuffs RE-LAUNDERED equal to new, for 3 cents each.

FOR

# FINE SHIRTS

—AND—

## Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

GO TO

# ROBIE'S

**SHIRT STORE,**

**103 LISBON STREET.**

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# COBB & BANGS,

# Practical Tailors.

## STUDENTS

And the public generally are cordially invited to call and examine our Nice Selected Stock of Goods for the fine Custom Trade. Constantly on hand all the Nobby Styles to suit the season, which will be

**MADE UP IN THE LATEST AND MOST FASHIONABLE MANNER.**

FURNISHING GOODS,

In Large Variety always on hand, at Very Low Prices. ☞ Call and and examine our goods before purchasing elsewhere.

***No. 97 LISBON STREET,***

**Opposite Paul's New Block, LEWISTON, MAINE.**

COBB & BANGS.