10-1884

The Bates Student - volume 12 number 08 - October 1884

Bates College

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Recommended Citation
Bates College, "The Bates Student - volume 12 number 08 - October 1884" (1884). The Bates Student. 2099.
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THE

BATES STUDENT

Vol. XII. No. 8.

OCTOBER, 1884.

PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF '85,

BATES COLLEGE,

LEWISTON, MAINE.
LEWISTON CLOTHING COMPANY.

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EDITORIAL.

We are on the last half of our term. It seems as though no term ever passed more rapidly and quietly. We believe good work is being done by all the classes. Certainly a good amount of reading has been done. Over four hundred and fifty volumes have been taken from the college library. If we add the books taken from the society libraries, we shall have more than five hundred volumes already used by the students. But the most prominent reminder that the term is passing is found in the noises that come from Hathorn Hall. The Freshman class are getting ready for their public declamations, which come toward the last of the term, and doleful sounds—they sound thus as one passes by on the outside—can be heard almost any time. Considerable interest is shown by the upperclassmen in these declamations. We have no doubt that the class of ’88 will show a good amount of ability in this direction.

It is not to be expected that a small college can successfully carry on a large number of outside interests—athletic, literary, musical. Large col-
leges have men for each enterprise, foot-ball, base-ball, tennis, rowing, and for the various literary and musical associations. But it is evident that one man cannot belong to and excel in all these associations. Excellence in any single department of such work requires that the whole attention be given to that one thing. Our band requires so much attention from a large number of students that athletics suffer. Those interested in base-ball regret that our best ball-players have greater interest in other things, but for our part we think a young man in college makes a wise choice when he decides to devote his spare time to music or some outside literary work.

While we recognize the facts as they stand, we still think we are not doing the best we can. If for any reason our best ball-players do not choose to play, we can practice those who will play. Who knows but that there are in our midst men who could never blow a horn successfully, but who may yet win laurels in athletics?

The following question was recently discussed in the Eurosophian Society: "Is the position taken by the Independents tenable?" Most of the speakers had no sympathy for the independent movement, and freely denounced the prime movers in it.

To us this seems to be a wrong channel for college sentiment, and inconsistent with real scholarship. There is great need that independence in politics among our people should be cultivated.

This is the bulwark of our republic. It is more; it is the very foundation of every republic. It is this that the professional politician and trickster hates and fears.

The latter's lease of power, his very subsistence, depends upon crushing out this spirit of independence among our people. He thrives and luxurates in the aroused prejudices and blind action of his constituents.

And so the action of any considerable body of men in withdrawing from the rank and file of a leader is speedily denounced by a whole army of politicians, and the more prominent dissenters are visited with every abuse that a politician can invent.

Party discipline, indeed, is such at present that something of hardihood is required to break away from the mandates of political managers.

And this is the state of affairs in a country that is proud of its republicanism. What strange inconsistency! Why, the perfection of a republican form of government would require that every man should be so well educated and so well versed in ethics of government that one and all should be competent to think and act intelligently and independently in affairs of state. Such perfection, of course, is not to be hoped for till men are created differently. But ought the spirit of republicanism to be crushed out? Ought this tendency among thinking men toward true republicanism to be denounced? And ought these denunciations to come from college students?

No. If there is a class of men in this country that owe, more than an-
other, to purification in political methods, to the protection of the rights of citizenship, to the advancement of good government, it is the liberally educated.

And the *liberally educated* man, who is actuated by good motives, will not be found acting inconsistently with the requirements laid upon him. For he, whose education has not tempered his prejudices, has not made him an independent thinking man, has not been *liberally educated*.

The entering class at Yale is smaller than usual, and yet we often hear it said that success in base-ball is sure to bring a large entering class to the successful college. Yale won the intercollegiate championship in base-ball, so we see the rule has failed in this case at least. By the same rule Princeton, last in the race for base-ball honors, would have a small class. But Princeton has a large class.

And are there strong grounds for supposing that such a rule is true in most cases? We think not. This argument is used chiefly inside college walls and by students. Outside there is a reaction that is not favorable to base-ball. This may be truer to-day than it has ever been in the past. But to-day, as ever in the past, parents have something to say about sending their sons to college. With the more thoughtful, to have won an intercollegiate championship in base-ball is not so good a recommendation as to have a well-earned reputation for imparting able, scholarly instruction.

In our own State the attendance at the colleges does not, we think, follow success or defeat in base-ball in a direct variation. From all that we can learn the Freshman class at our own college, in which the enthusiasm over base-ball was so low last year that no nine was put into the field, is larger than at either of the other colleges.

Probably there comes to every student times when the wheels of his intellect become clogged so that it is about impossible to keep the machinery running. As he pores over his books, Mechanics seem a mass of confusion, Psychology a mere meaningless arrangement of words, and Calculus makes an impression so infinitely small that it could not be computed by Calculus. This state may be due to continued mental strain but is, perhaps, more often due to a too close connection between the last meal and the time of study. In either case the best remedy is a brisk walk in any direction which inclination may indicate.

If thought is confused, take a stroll by the river. Watch the water as it foams and dashes over the rocks. It pictures well your state of mind and you fall into sympathy with it. Then watch it as it has passed the rocks and become calm. Gradually your mind will assume a like calm.

If the mind is in a misty condition and it is difficult to get interested, an hour or two in the woods on these October days will work wonders. The varying tints of the autumn foliage, the playful antics of the squirrel as he lays away his winter store, and, perhaps, the occasional whirl of the par-
bridge as he starts up affrighted from the ground, will draw your mind from books so as to rest it, while the physical exertion necessary to reach the woods will send the blood coursing through the arteries carrying the life-giving oxygen to all parts of the system. Then you can return to your work and find yourself able to do twice the work in an hour that you could before. Do not go with the thought that you are trying to work off a drowsy spell, but try and get interested in what you see so as to forget yourself. It will surprise you that there are so many interesting objects in nature for the observant. And gradually you will find a sympathy growing up between yourself and nature. You will begin to think her thoughts, and rock, hill, tree, and stream will have a new charm. If you don’t believe it, try for yourself.

Where is the sanctum? We often hear this question asked by some of our inquiring friends. Well, the sanctum is anywhere—nowhere. It is, in fact, as a whole, a myth; as separate parts of a supposed entity, it is partly contained within the walls of Parker Hall.

That the Student needs a room set apart for its own special use has long been felt—especially by the editors. The advantages of such a room are obvious. If once obtained it would soon be considered indispensable to the editors, as a place in which to perform most of the work connected with the Student, and as a consultation-room. It would serve as a repository for all Student matter, and thus would save all the trouble now experienced in collecting the matter for the press.

But it would be of still greater service to the students in general, as all of the exchanges would be kept on file there, and, by having the room open at specified times, each one would have the opportunity of learning what is transpiring at nearly every college in the country. A pleasant half-hour could be spent reading the witticisms of other colleges, or a profitable one reading the literary articles—many of which are of a high order of excellence. It would also tend to awaken interest in our college paper. All would have the opportunity of comparing it with other college journals. The fact that the Student aims to represent the college, and not any particular class or faction of it, would be more fully realized. Each one would feel that he had some interest in the journal that represents his college, and would feel more indebted to it. Thus would the Student and its readers be reciprocally benefited.

Such a room could be fitted up at a small expense, and, no doubt, the college would be willing to do this, or, at least, give some aid towards it. This is a matter in which we alone ought not to be interested, but every person in the institution—especially the underclassmen and the class of '86, as they would be the ones who would derive the benefit from it.

It ought to be the ambition of every student to have a good library.
Of course every student, while in college, has access to a large and well-selected library, and so does not feel the need, to any great extent, of a library of his own. But the moment he leaves college he will feel the need of one, if he continues to be a student. For after graduation the student’s lot is quite likely to be cast in a place not blessed with a well-selected public library.

And even if one has access to a good library, the need of a private library is not removed. For there are many books that the student will always want within easy reach. The nucleus of a library ought to be, and usually is, formed by a student while in college. But we think not so much is done by students in this line as might be if they were more thoroughly impressed with the desirability of a library of their own.

Lack of means may prevent any large additions to one’s stock of books while in college, but in almost every case some additions might be made. A few good books can be procured each term, and ought to be, even if one has to practice self-denial in some indulgencies.

We urge every student to begin early in his course the formation of a library, and to add to it as he may be able books of enduring excellence.

Great care, however, should be exercised in selecting books, and in most cases it would be better for a student to be advised by some one with an intimate knowledge of literary productions.

Whatever the person who is in the habit of abstracting the magazines from the reading-room may think of himself and his method of obtaining literature, he certainly is not thought very flatteringly of by the other patrons of the room. It is all very well to say that while you are reading a magazine no one else can be using it, and so you might as well have it in your room as to read it down stairs: but at the same time it is against the rules of the association, and when you neglect to return it as soon as you are through with it, you are depriving others of what they have paid for. The truth is, the person or persons who take them away evidently do not intend to return them. The person in charge of the room informs us that three numbers of the Century have recently been taken, and one of Harper’s, none of which have been returned. The fact that no one ever sees these magazines, when they go, or when they return, makes it pretty evident that the perpetrator does not care to be discovered. We know of no softer name that fits any better on such actions, than stealing.

Considerable interest has been manifested lately, especially by the upper classes, in the question whether or not it is possible to establish the secret societies at Bates.

The principal objection on the part of the Faculty seems to be that it is feared they would kill the literary societies. It seems to us, however, as though they would be a benefit rather than an injury. At present, our two literary societies seldom display more than a spasmodic activity during the fall term, and then settle down into almost
complete inaction during the rest of the year. We think that two or three chapters of the Greek letter societies, kept alive by feelings of brotherhood and secrecy, would spur the old societies to new life and create a friendly rivalry that would be of great advantage.

Many world-renowned statesmen and noted authors have been active society men while in college, and have kept alive the fraternity feeling in after years. On meeting an acquaintance from another college, almost the first question invariably is, "What's your society?" And there is a wonderful fascination in knowing that you are bound by bonds of sympathy and brotherhood with thousands of others of the same tastes and circumstances as yourself in all parts of the world.

There can be but little doubt that a person entering a college where the secret societies are established would do well to join one; the only question is, whether or not it is advisable to introduce them in a college where they have not been started.

It seems to us that there would be at least no harm in making the experiment, and that a large number of the students would be glad to see it tried. And we are inclined to think that if the Faculty really found that a majority of the undergraduates believed the secret societies would be an advantage to them, they would seriously consider the advisability of allowing the experiment to be made.

There is one sign of progress that we would like to see at Bates College, and that is a telephone. The Junior class are perhaps more interested in this than any other class. They will have charge of the Student soon, and could avoid a great many trips down to the city, if there was a telephone at the college. A manager has already been chosen for 1885. Editors will soon be announced. If you choose a man to do your business for you, ought you not to be willing to make the work as light as possible, especially if he receive nothing but honors for his work? To ask a man to walk a thousand miles when a hundred would do as well, is not a spirit that should be fostered inside college walls. The new arrangements in regard to the reading-room may, perhaps, make this a suitable place for a telephone. If not, the room of the manager or first editor of the Student could be chosen. The present officers of the Student think that if they were to go over the year again, they would have a telephone, even if it were wholly an expense to the Student. They could earn enough to pay the extra expense, at more agreeable work than running to the Journal office through rain and snow.

At the recent annual meeting of the members of the Reading-Room Association, it was decided that it was for the interest of the Association, in future, to keep the reading-room locked, and allow only members to hold keys. In our opinion this is a good move. This arrangement will, it is hoped, do away with several difficulties which have always been a great source of aggravation in the care and management of the room. We hope this change is for the better.
EDELWEISS.
By C. W. M., '77.
On the lofty Alpine summits,
Near the snowy
Where the weary-footed climber
Seldom goes,
Grows a flower, so they tell me,
Pure and white,—
Star-like blossoms, shooting up
Into the light.
And throughout all Switzerland,
Maidens know
How it came there, close to snow-land,
Years ago.
Lived a maid, so runs the legend,
Once on earth,
So pure that ne'er was found a suitor
Of like worth.
And, at last, into a flower
Like a star,
She was changed, and on the mountains
Placed afar;
Close beside the virgin whiteness
Of the snow,—
Type of womanhood most lovely,
Here below.
And the youth who to the maiden
Whom he loves,
Brings the priceless star-like blossom,
Worthy proves;
For 'tis only through much peril
And much pain,
One the edelweiss, that peerless
Flower, may gain.
And, if the maiden in her girdle
Place the flower,
The lover knows her heart is his
From that hour.

A NEW BRANCH OF STUDY.
By W. H. J., '80.
THE present seems to be a time
when leading and representative
educationists are questioning, criti-
cising, and revising college curricu-
lums. It is in the line and spirit of
progress so to do. The world is chang-
ing. The demand of to-day differs
from the demand of yesterday, and is
larger. What Humboldt would now
be pleased to style "a finished man
the finest fruit earth holds up to its
Maker" is a broader, readier, more
versatile man than would have
answered the description in his day.
The horizon of knowledge is far more
extended. The relations of men are
wider as well as more minute. Dis-
coveiy has opened up new fields; in-
vvention has created new pursuits.
What of power and thought was once
devoted to the exercise of war is now
employed in the channels of peace.
To fit men and women for the new,
and as we may believe nobler, because
broader, sphere of activity, usefulness,
and duty, is the object of col-
legiate study.

The discussion—not altogether new,
but freshly awakened by a recent ora-
tion of Mr. Charles Francis Adams—
has chiefly confined itself to the rela-
tion between the ancient and modern
languages in a college course. I pur-
pose without touching upon this con-
troversy, both sides of which have
been ably and exhaustively argued, to
speak of another branch of study to
which, so far as I am aware, little, if
any, attention has been paid in out-
lining a course of higher education.

The present curriculum cannot be
curtailed to make room for new
branches. It must be enlarged if new
ones are deemed worthy of admission.
The languages, ancient and modern,
demand a share of attention, inviting
the student into fresh and rich litera-
Mathematics affords a drill in exact science. The department of Physics, growing more and more important with the progress of discovery and invention, presents an almost infinite field of intellectual labor. Psychology and logic are, by merit, too well established to be disturbed. Is there room for another branch?

The object to be attained by the student is to reach that degree of discipline and range of power, whereby in the various concerns of life he may ascertain the truth. The distressing fact in all the probable sciences is their probability. Men get discouraged and lost in an unsuccessful search after certainty. The majority prefer an ounce of sight to a pound of faith. In religion, sensible persons are heard to remark: "Well, I don't know what to believe; you can get any belief you wish out of the Bible." True is it that there are a thousand different systems of faith based on the Scriptures.

Not that mathematical certainty is attainable in the common affairs of life. It is not. Men have prejudices and biases, and differ in judgment. "They easily believe that which they desire." Therefore they debate, discuss, argue, contend, get mad, and disagree. In this way, possibly, it was wisely designed that the equipoise of society should be nicely maintained. However, I doubt not it will be admitted that, if people in common affairs are rightly to arrive at such opposite and contradictory conclusions, it is unfortunate that they have such an absurd way of getting there. And in all matters wherein there is but one right conclusion, it is equally unfortunate that people so widely differ.

What convinces men is evidence. When the evidence is sufficient to convince them to a certainty, there is proof. Experience tells us, however, that what is proof to one is not proof to another. The reason is that what is evidence to one is not evidence to another. And a more important reason is that, generally speaking, men have no standard, no rules, to aid them in deciding what is and what is not evidence of any particular thing. No rules can be laid down to fix arbitrarily what is proof,—that is, the amount of evidence that should bind them to a belief. But there are rules, general ones, to determine what is evidence and the comparative value of different kinds of evidence. These, I contend, the student should master.

To illustrate: Against the two leading candidates for the presidency certain charges are made derogatory to their private and public character. The average Democrat is ready to believe any rumor involving moral turpitude on the part of Mr. Blaine; the average Republican is equally ready to believe the charges preferred against Mr. Cleveland. In brief, each unconsciously receives as evidence of charges, what, if examined by the simplest rules, would be seen to be incompetent. Neither takes into account the fact that to start with, the characters of both are fairly good. On the contrary, one believes, to begin with, that Blaine is a rascal; the other, that Cleveland is a libertine. It is not perhaps exaggeration to say, that
of the many who have an expressed opinion respecting the truthfulness of the charges against the candidates, not more than one in five can cite competent evidence in support of his belief.

Place a man on trial where his property, reputation, or life is in peril, and every scrap of evidence on which the issue rests is admitted by definite, scientific, and certain rules. No rule can be there or anywhere else laid down as to what is proof, but what is evidence is determined by a tribunal whose authority is unquestioned, and whose rules of determination are the product of all ages in which the science of jurisprudence has flourished.

Reflecting that judicial tribunals are established to ascertain truth under most solemn sanctions, and in most solemn forms, and knowing, too, that evidence is there admitted by recognized and tested rules, we must admit that rules for the determination of what is evidence of propositions are possible and practicable, and that they form, in themselves, a distinct and practical science.

Why this science has been restricted in its application to the courts, and has not been more developed and applied in practical and every-day discussions of affairs is strange. For example, the student has his assignment in debate. He is to prove something. He asks himself: what is evidence of the proposition I am to establish? And further what is the best evidence? I make bold to say that no study in his course answers that question. When once he has obtained his matter, logic will teach him how to arrange it; grammar will instruct him how to form his sentences; rhetoric will give embellishment to his style. And these, perhaps, acting reflexively, may aid him in the choice of his matter of proof. But their aid is indirect. Logic, rightly applied, will assist him most. By it he may test and correct his work. But few students, I fancy, place any great reliance upon the application of the rules of logic.

It may be said that the object set forth is only another name for that general discipline of mind, which is avowedly the object of all collegiate study. Discipline of mind is the object. The branch of study, I would suggest, is but another method to attain it; and I would suggest it, simply because it is a more direct one.

My only aim in the preceding observations has been to make some suggestions of a practical nature, in view of certain needs of the student, which I have noticed in my own observation and experience. The world needs today, not men of educational fashion, clad in the dress suit of knowledge, and fitted only to pose in drawing-rooms of culture, but workers, toilers with hand and brain, furnished and equipped as architects of a great future. To this result it should be the purpose of all to contribute.

All the Senior class except one at Washington University, St. Louis, favor Mrs. Lockwood as a presidential candidate, and that one favors a co-ed. of his own university.
THOUGHTS.

BY W. P. F., '81.

The tree hath a thousand leaflets
That flutter in the wind,
And, forever waving and trembling,
A thousand thoughts hath the mind.

Forever waving and trembling,
Like leaves in the north wind's breath,
Till they flutter away and vanish
In the icy wind of death.

THE EDUCATED MAN A THINKER.

BY A. B., JR., '85.

An ancient philosopher sat musing
in a cypress grove. Before him
lay an open book, but he could hardly
read a line of it, and yet he continued
to study it; for its mysterious pages
seemed fraught with wisdom.

These pages were not written by
man, they had been inscribed in the
sublime characters of Nature. Upon
them were pictured the ocean with its
mysteries; the landscape with its own
peerless beauty; the mountains with
their changeless grandeur, and that
ever retreating fantastic dome whose
flaming hieroglyphics forever inspire
the human race to wisdom.

With no aid, save this one book of
Nature, Socrates became so wise that
through all succeeding ages he has
seemed to be wisdom personified.

What a contrast between this philoso-
pher and the modern student! The
student of our own time has all the
aid that can be given by schools, lib-
raries, and teachers; and yet, when he
emerges from classic halls, the chances
are that he has not yet found the true
source of knowledge or taken one
draught at her Pierian spring.

What is education? If it consisted
in the ability to repeat words, Edison's
phonograph would defy competition.
It is true the scholar must be able to
tell what he knows. He must be able
to give definitions. But there is a
vast difference between giving defini-
tions and repeating those that have
been given by another. The school-
boy is taught that grandeur is eleva-
tion of thought; but what meaning
can these words convey to his mind
till the chord of grandeur in his own
soul has been swept by the hand of
Nature? When he stands upon the
summit of some lofty mountain while
the rolling thunders rend the clouds
that hang drooping beneath him, then
he knows the definition of grandeur.

Education is that training which
gives its possessor full command over
all his native powers. The more read-
ily and forcibly one can concentrate the
penetrating power of thought upon a
problem that calls for solution the bet-
ter educated he is.

And yet only a few of those said to
have a liberal education know how to
exercise their powers of independent
thought. Some one has said that for
the last twenty years Harvard College
has not graduated a single man who
has done anything worthy of note,
either as an orator, as a philosopher,
as an author, or as a poet.

Have all questions been so thorough-
ly discussed, all mysteries so clearly
solved, that the orator and philosopher
no longer have scope for action? Have
the muses yielded up their last
treasures and sped to realms unknown?

Look for a moment at a piano.
How simple in structure! Eight single tones with their variations comprise its utmost power. And yet these tones may be so combined as to produce the most varied harmonies. So it is with the simple elements of knowledge which are at the disposal of every one. He that possesses the faintest spark of originality will never want for material nor for opportunity. As the piano will never cease to send forth new harmonies in answer to the divine touch of genius, so Nature will never cease to give new conceptions of truth to the thinking man.

To say that future ages may not produce men as great as Socrates, as great as Demosthenes, as great as Homer, is to limit the sublime power of Nature. But no one can hope for intellectual achievements who has not first learned to think.

If the pioneers of education without the aid of schools could elaborate such marvelous systems of thought, should not he that has been trained in the schools be able to achieve something? Shall we say that schools are detrimental to true education? No. But if they would be of the greatest possible benefit let them imitate Nature's method of education.

Socrates himself is the father of the ideal school system. It is true he had no school-house save the cypress grove, but his text-book was the universe. He pointed out to his pupils the various phenomena of Nature, and asked them to explain the causes. Forth from this primitive school there went men that could think—men like Xenophon, Plato, Aristotle. It is true they bore away no college parchments, and they needed none; they carried as their diplomas the well-trained power of thought.

Every intelligent child possesses a certain divine spark which makes him struggle to know the causes of things. Better would it be for him never to see a school than for him to receive the culture of America, Germany, and Italy at the expense of his native individuality.

That school is best which is so arranged as to give the greatest stimulus to independent thought. Question the student so as to arouse a spirit of inquiry; then let him go hungry for knowledge, till he will think for himself.

By glancing at the history of our more wealthy universities it will be seen that they sent forth their greatest men while struggling with poverty. A young institution nobly contending against the relentless grip of poverty has a peculiar charm for the ambitious youth. Better would it be for Harvard to assemble her classes in tents than for her to be enshrined in walls of gold at the expense of her pristine ambition.

The success of the self-made man is due to the fact that early in life he acquires that keenness of perception and profundity of thought which are the natural reward of independent thinking.

The rolling ages cannot exhaust the treasures of knowledge that are wrapped in the bosom of Nature. But no genius can hope to bring them forth, save the genius of laborious thought.

If you would be an orator, you must
think. If you would become an author, then learn to think. If you would be a philosopher, think! If you would be a poet, you must elaborate thought and feel emotion. If you would do anything worthy of a scholar, do not rely too much upon books. Rise into Nature's pure realm and drink deep of her inspiration.

It is better to derive one thought from the source of all truth than to receive a hundred by tradition.

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**ECHOES.**
By I. W. J., '87.

In a verdant mountain valley,
Where the wood-bird sings its song,
And the downward brooklets dally,
Winding placidly along,
Stood a girl, almost a woman
In her stature and her grace,
There to list the echoes human,
That forever throng the place.

Round the budding beech above her
One warm arm of rounded snow
Did she clasp, as round a lover
Battleward full soon to go:
And her shapely head was leaning
In attentive attitude,
That her ear might win the meaning
Of the echoes of the wood.

Once two happy lovers found them
In this calm reposeful grove,
And the echoes then around them
Still reiterate their love.
Softest echo-echoes greet her,
She, too, hears love-woven words,
Falling from sweet lips, and sweeter
Than the music of the birds.

Soon with singing passed the maiden,
And in silence straightway came
One with soul, alas! crime-laden,
And with shameless lips of shame.
Seek! he listens. Ah! what hears he,
Standing there with bated breath?
Can it be an echo fears he?
Pallid is his brow as death.

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**HAVE THE MARSHALS OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON BEEN UNDERESTIMATED?**
By J. M. N., '85.

Nothing can be more unfortunate for a great man than to be born and to live in the shadow of a greater. Had Shakespeare not lived Jonson might have stood at the head of the English drama; had it not been for Caesar, Brutus might have ruled the world; and had there been no Napoleon many a French general would occupy a distinct place on the pages of history, who now appears as a mere transient figure. The peak that first catches the rays of the morning sun is crowned monarch of the hills; while the rest, however grand, are accounted only his body-guard. Thus the mighty genius of Napoleon so overshadows all those about him, that they have not received their due praise nor has history accorded them their just place. Their merits have been regarded as mere reflections of his own. To his strong mind and to that one arm is attributed all the glory of their grand achievements. But with weak men Napoleon never could have shaken Europe to her center, and led his victorious armies in triumph through her capitals.

The marshals that led his armies
were men of native strength and genius. They were selected for their personal qualities alone. He looked not at the decoration that adorned the breast, but at the achievements that marked the warrior. Rank and fortune bought no place of trust from him. He tried every man before he entrusted to him the success of his plans; and those who commanded armies were men who, as he knew from experience, never flinched in the hour of peril, and amid the tumult of the battle field were firm as the rock over which the surges break in vain. Promoted on the field of honor they received their titles amid the dead that cumbered the ground on which they had proved themselves heroes, and the spot where they had fought the bravest and suffered most was made the birthplace of their renown.

Dukes and princes led the allied armies of Europe, but men headed the battalions of France, and as they stand grouped around their mighty chief they form a circle of military heroes the like of whom the world has never seen. Erroneous and unjust are most of the opinions respecting these men. They have been denounced as "ambitious warriors storming over battle fields for glory." We forget that they were men who contended for a great principle, men who in the darkest hour of France, upholding the cause of the people, followed the star that dazzled all Europe with its splendor till it set at Waterloo to rise no more forever. They may have been ambitious, but theirs was a noble ambition and was indissolubly connected with the welfare and glory of France. The struggle which they so triumphantly maintained they knew to be that of liberty against despotism, equal rights against privileges. On every battle field they exhibited the same heroic devotion to their country. Instead of being ambitious warriors fighting for the love of their own glory they won their laurels in the patriotic struggle for liberty. And yet we Americans, who are never weary of entwining wreaths of honor about the brows of our own military leaders, look with unsympathizing eyes upon those who fought for the same rights and to resist the same aggressions.

It is true they may not have been religious men, but do we hesitate to honor even the irreligious men who fought so nobly in our revolutionary struggle? Shall Ethan Allen be honored any the less as a patriot because he was an infidel? Why then shall the charge of infidelity destroy our sympathy for the marshals of France?

We do not look for the lives of our revolutionary heroes from the pen of English historians, neither is it just to suppose that Englishmen could unfold the true character of these men or understand the noble motives that inspired them. But condemn as we may the character of these men, read the record an outraged and defeated world has written against them till they stand as criminals before heaven and earth, yet one cannot visit the battle fields where once the fate of Empire was determined without the profoundest admiration for the men who made them memorable. But when prejudice
shall have given way to calm reason: when the envy and hatred of their enemies shall have disappeared and the world can look impartially on the plebeian soldier rising to the most brilliant throne of Europe, then will these men receive the homage due to their military talent, to their sincere devotion to liberty and their country, and then will it be seen that the blood they shed for France was not shed in vain.

THE STUDY OF BIRDS.

From my earliest school-boy days I loved the birds—loved them before I could call them by name or have that acquaintance that comes from a recognition of their notes or knowledge of their habits. My first earnest resolve to make friends with them came after I had, in a thoughtless moment, shot a beautiful songster. I said, holding the tiny creature in my hand, I cannot restore your life; I will love birds for your sake.

I may say here that my acquaintance with birds since that time has been formed wholly without the aid of a gun. I think it is possible to know our friends without killing them. I have no kind words for those ornithologists (?) who, in the name of their science, come from a recognition of their notes or knowledge of their habits. My first earnest resolve to make friends with them came after I had, in a thoughtless moment, shot a beautiful songster. I said, holding the tiny creature in my hand, I cannot restore your life; I will love birds for your sake.

I may say here that my acquaintance with birds since that time has been formed wholly without the aid of a gun. I think it is possible to know our friends without killing them. I have no kind words for those ornithologists (?) who, in the name of their science, shoot our beautiful visitors through what I call a morbid curiosity, and allow their specimens to become worthless on account of neglect or ignorance. The beautiful birds that visit our fields and groves ought never to be shot, unless in the interest of science they are at once taken to the rooms of a taxidermist. The habit of practicing on birds, frequently indulged in by bungling boys, while it may in a few cases lead to skilled workmanship, should by all means be discouraged.

The nature of the study of Ornithology is such as to encourage one in its pursuit. He lives in a new world who has opened his eyes to behold the life along his pathway. The knowledge gained comes from experience and is not easily forgotten. We may forget what we learned from the books—Greek roots, Calculus, and possibly Trigonometry. A part of this last-mentioned science is remembered by students, for it is used, among other things, to measure the height of church steeples and the distance across impassible barriers, from a number of angles and base lines taken at a distance. This I remember, because, from the center of a field, we measured the distance from one corner to another, pretending we could not measure it with our chain. We did measure it afterward, however, to verify our work from the center of the field. This much is remembered distinctly. The average college student in his Senior year could tell you what Calculus treats of—by looking it up in the dictionary. Here is a difference in part accounted for by the fact that one was a pleasant experience, the other a humdrum, in-door task.

Not easily do we forget the knowledge learned in field and woods. The note of a bird or the first sight of a songster, watched for through many days, will never be forgotten. What lover of birds does not remember the ramble in the woods where he formed
the acquaintance of some new songster? There is a lone bush a thousand miles away, by an unfrequented path, whose outline and surroundings are plainly pictured on my mind, because there the redbird was seen for the first time. I could almost reach the beautiful creature with my hand. There was a look of independence and firmness which seemed to say, "You are the intruder and must retreat, I shall not."

Even more plainly remembered than this is an early morning visit, toward the last of December, with a company of birds. The harsh notes of a blue jay and the pounding of a woodpecker called me forth to see whence so much din came. It was a beautiful morning. The birds must have risen with the sun, for as I passed into the yard the sun was not more than its diameter above the horizon. Behind the house and away from the sun was a background of wooded hills. In front a gentle slope led to some tall oak trees. Here I passed an hour with friends. Some woodpeckers were busy at work. One in particular, I noticed, would pound vigorously on an old tree, and then listen to find out, I suppose, if anything was stirring within. At my feet some sparrows were hopping about in quest of their morning meal. A little wren seemed to be exploring a pile of wood. It came very near me and did not seem to be afraid. There were two blue jays that seemed to me to be very proud, and I thought were feared by the other birds. A passing crow, a bluebird, a redbird, and a glimpse of what I called a mocking-bird—from seeing one in a cage—added pleasure to my early visit. I felt amply repaid for being deprived of my morning nap, and can never forget the experience of that morning.

Another sight, especially interesting to me, was a flock of redwing blackbirds. It was the first day of February. I had left the traveled road to avoid that often-referred-to, disagreeable, Kentucky mud, and was passing across a field of stubble. A noise, in depth and volume not unlike thunder, and a flashing from thousands of epaulets first attracted my attention, as, at a distance of a half mile, a flock of redwings arose. They floated over the field like an immense dark cloud, and alighted not far in front of me, covering ground, fence, and trees, as far as the eye could see. There was abundant opportunity for estimating the number of birds, which must have been up in the tens or even hundreds of thousands.

These were most obvious experiences. Who would not notice such a flock of redwings? But other things were seen that were the result of a newly-acquired interest in the study of Ornithology. And this interest came from association with an enthusiastic teacher. We had been having lectures in Ornithology during the fall term at college. What student at Bates does not watch the birds with more interest, know them better, and love them more, after associating with our enthusiastic instructor in Ornithology? If a student ever came here indifferent to this branch of Natural History, there must have been a transformation.

The least inviting of all the work
we do is to name the birds scientifically. One feels as Adam must have felt when the whole creation was brought to him to be named. But we soon pass to the fields and groves. The eye, given us to see, is no longer blind. Clothed in beauty, an ever-increasing object of interest, the birds are at our side, and above us. Even in the season of snow and frost, the sunshine of a calm day, like an oasis in a desert, is associated with the sight of a winter bird.

**COMMUNICATION.**

Fort Fairfield, Me., Sept. 26, 1884.

Dear Student:

Allow me to give you a brief account of a short stay in Northern Maine.

Leaving Lewiston in the afternoon, and Bangor in the evening, we find ourselves, when we awake from the not over-refreshing sleep of a night spent in a "reclining chair," whizzing along the bank of the St. John in Her Majesty's dominion of New Brunswick. The gray light of the early dawn flickers over the landscape, giving weird shapes to the trees and banks of river-fog, as we are hurried past. Soon things grow warmer and brighter, and we pass through golden fields and pastures, where farmers are going to work, and cattle are warming themselves by a little gymnastic exercise after the chilly night.

Shortly after leaving Andover, at the mouth of the Tobique river, we cross the line again, and are once more in our native State. Here we leave the St. John, and enter the valley of the Aroostook, a tributary of the St. John. The track runs by the very side of the river,—sometimes even down over the bank, just above the rocky shore,—and looking from the car window we see a long panorama of rich, level intervals, dotted with graceful elms, and, beyond these, large fertile farms and groves of wood.

Early in the forenoon the train stops at Fort Fairfield; and we get out at a small passenger station, surrounded by a number of roomy and irregularly placed buildings, known in the vernacular of the Aroostook farmer, as "pertetter houses." This same "pertetter" business is one of the chief industries of the place. Some of the farms in this neighborhood are among the finest in the State; and thousands of bushels of potatoes are annually shipped to Boston and other cities: while many more thousands are taken to the starch factories, to be ground up and treated to a process for extracting the starch. Here, after being weighed and dumped into the bin, they are first washed, by being placed in a trough of running water and stirred by a revolving cylinder fitted with projecting arms. They are next ground to a pulp, mixed with cold water and allowed to stand till all the starch settles to the bottom; when the water and pulp are drawn off. The starch is then dried in dry-houses separated from the rest of the factory, and kept at a "high and dry" temperature. A large part of the inhabitants of many of the towns in this
portion of the country are directly or indirectly concerned in this industry; and many a new dress depends, in more ways than one for its brilliancy, upon "starch."

The raising and drying of hops is also getting to be quite an industry here. We frequently see several acres of them clinging in frost-browned festoones to rows of long poles, between which troops of girls are picking them, to be dried and sent to the markets. Large quantities of them are used annually, principally in breweries. As Aroostook is one of the strongholds of the W. C. T. U., and the prohibitory amendment, we would hardly suppose that this industry would be looked upon with favor; but probably the growers do not care to see so far ahead as that.

The village of Fort Fairfield is a busy and thriving, but long, rambling, badly laid out place, consisting of one main street, about a mile and a half in length, with houses and stores on both sides, but with hardly a cross-road in the whole distance. The town takes its name from an old fort which formerly stood on the brow of Fort Hill, an abrupt embankment, about half way from the "Lower End" to the "Upper End" of the village, which was evidently a part of the ancient bank of the river, before it had shrunk to its present size.

The remains of the old earth-works and block-house, built in the time of the "Aroostook War" scare, are still visible. The earth-works, shaped somewhat like part of a six-pointed star, is still in tolerably good condition; all that is left of the block-house is the cellar, where the original octagonal shape can still be traced in some of the foundation logs. A depression at one side marks the place of the magazine. The old barracks, or rather a long three-tenement house, built for the officers, is still in use. Even old settlers appear to know very little about the fort, or the cause of its erection. The so-called "Aroostook War" grew out of an old dispute about the boundary line between the northeastern part of Maine and New Brunswick. Some years after the war of 1812 it broke out afresh and assumed considerable importance. For reasons of policy our government wished to make peace with its neighbor without resorting to arms, and offered Maine a large tract of land in the West if it would concede its claim on the disputed territory. The offer was indignantly refused, and troops were sent to garrison the frontier. Strong diplomatic reasons, however, being urged at Washington, the claim was eventually withdrawn. The fort seems never to have been used, and tradition says that the only military manoeuvre ever executed from it was a hasty and somewhat precipitous retreat, occasioned by the apparition of an old woman in a red cloak, coming up the river on the ice to trade with the soldiers. Her red cloak, seen in the distance, caused an alarm to be raised that the "red coats" were coming, when the fort was immediately abandoned, the troops hurrying off up the river,—a story that should evidently be taken for what it is worth.

The view from the hill is extensive,
comprising a large extent of fine farming land, good pastures and woodland. The trees are already beginning to turn with the early frosts of this northern climate, and the bright autumn sun, pouring down upon the hillsides, gorgeous with the crimson and yellow foliage, and the mellow, golden fields, where the grain has recently been reaped, makes as realistic a representation of the "field of the cloth of gold" as one could wish to see.

The land, as we have said, in this region is fine farming land. A remarkable peculiarity is its freedom from stones. It is rare that they are found in sufficient number and of suitable size to make a stone wall around even a small enclosure. Almost all the fencing is of the "Virginia" or V-style, with split cedar rails,—an expensive method if it were not that land and rails are plenty.

However, my communication, like these same zigzag fences, is getting lengthy; so I must stop.

Yours fraternally, W.

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LOCALS.

Why is it that when I meet,—
When I pass upon the street,—
On the street mid night,—do I know my little wits from my mind?—
Is it that dimple in her cheek,—
That ribbin, or her pin that prickles my heart within?—
Is it that my "wild" breath in the air,—
When I call me, I do not tell—O dear, I cannot tell—

Bring back those reading-room magazines!

The Freshmen are looking for declamations.

The Eurosophian Society has an excellent orchestra.

At the recent election of class officers, every member of '85 was present.

We advise the hair-pin-leg gentry not to get too earnest in kicking the foot-ball.

The annual base-ball contest between the Freshmen and Sophomores occurs Saturday, October 18th.

Freshman (translating)—"For I need a rest"—Prof. (interrupting)—"You may stop right there."

Prof.—"Mr. Y., if we were stationed at the sun what would we become?" Mr. X. (gravely)—"Baked."

Freshman year's the year for greenies,
Sophomore year's the year for pranks;
Junior year's the year for plugging,
Senior year's the year for ranks.

The Eurosophian Society holds a public meeting Friday evening, October 24th. The college band will furnish the music.

The Williams Athenaeum, speaking of the new triennial, remarks that "hereafter one will be published every five years." Good.

One of the Professors recently made the announcement that "the Rev. Mr. —— will soon sail for India and his wife, as a missionary."

Prof. (illustrating the derivation of words)—"For instance, 'pig' is Anglo-Saxon; but pork is—what, Mr. W.?" Mr. W.—"Hog Latin."

The morning after the recent oleagi-
nons treatment of the blackboards, it was remarked that the next thing in order was a "Lecture on Greece."

Prof. (in Astronomy)—"How is it Mr. X., can a person see stars by going down into a well?" Mr. X.—"Yes, sir, I think so, if he strikes on his head."

One of the students in Chemistry recently made a perfect recitation by answering the one word "chalk." He hopes the Professor chalked down ten for him.

Blaine men outnumber the Cleveland men nearly six to one. This is true if you call the co-eds "Blaine men," as one young lady did in speaking of her sister classmate.

Now that so much gas is given us by the campaign orators, it has been suggested that it would be well to make torch-lights on the Davy safety-lamp principle, to avoid explosions.

The State Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of Maine will be held at Biddeford, November 13th to 16th. We hope a good number of students will try to be present.

The editors hope that the students will always try to patronize those firms who advertise in the columns of the Student. Our advertisers are the best and most reliable firms in the city.

The Prof. incidentally asked the class in Astronomy the other day how many degrees there were in a circle; and one bright Senior promptly replied, "three hundred and sixty-five and a quarter."

Prof. in Chemistry (who has been explaining that when the oil of corn meal is extracted by ether, the meal is left nearly colorless)—"Now, Mr. G—, what should you say it is that gives the color to our corn cake?" Mr. G.—"Molasses, principally."

Scene in Psychology: Prof.—"In the concept 'man,' why is it not necessary to imagine a person with the characteristics of some individual we know,—as for instance, black hair?" Senior—"He might be bald."

The directors of the Base-Ball Association have selected the following to constitute the first nine: Attwood, Washburn, Whitmore, '85; Bonney, Hadley, '86; Woodman, Walker, Cushman, '87; Cutts, Tinker, '88. The nine chose Whitmore captain. A second nine under the head of Morey, '85, has been formed.

Scene in Astronomy: Prof.—"Last year I asked a student the question, 'If the moon's orbit coincided with the ecliptic, would there be any node?' He said it would be 'all node.' Now, Mr. A., what would you say of that answer?" Mr. A. (after a lengthy pause)—"I should say he 'knowed' it all." Horrors!

"In reckoning latitude by the pole-star, what altitude do we take?" "The mean altitude." There was a wicked gleam in the Professor's eye as he asked, "Well, what do we mean by that?" But the class didn't happen to be paying attention, and no one but a worn-out Student editor, racking his brain for locals, saw the pun.

College sports and games seem to be at a discount. With the exception of the ladies' there is not a tennis court
in active operation on the campus. The foot-ball has been used a little this term. Base-ball has revived a little from its languishing condition, but is still quiet. Some card playing is carried on in the rooms, but most of the chess players seem to have left college.

The award of prizes for the original declamations by the Junior class, which was postponed last Commencement, was recently announced. The committee selected three names; but, owing to peculiar circumstances, the Faculty decided to pass over the first name, giving, the first prize to A. B. Morrill, and the second to C. A. Scott.

The college boy generally calculates to discount a theologian in a joke, but one fellow met the wrong man the other day. It was one of the most sedate of those bodies which vibrate around the halls of Bates. "Hullo, Exodus!" shouted the too-hasty Senior. "Why, hullo, Le-vi-ti-cus!" retorted the other, without raising his head.

Some unknown person or persons recently treated the blackboards in the mathematical room to a coat of grease—an old trick which gets round again every now and then. It was, of course, impossible to use the boards for some time, and the perpetrators probably enjoyed the absence of crayon work to their hearts' content. Wish they had greased that examination board while they were at it!

One of the Professors recently announced that he had a lecture brewing for the Student editors. The Literary editor immediately wanted it for his department, and another one tried to get it in the form of a communication. It was at last decided, however, to let the local editors have it; but as we go to press the lecture has not been forthcoming, and we are obliged to leave our readers in suspense.

The members of the College Christian Association gave a very enjoyable reception to the Freshman class in the small chapel recently. Refreshments were served in abundance. Speeches were made by E. B. Stiles, '85, the president of the association, Professor Angell, Rev. C. E. Cate of Main St. Church, and C. D. Blaisdell, class orator of '88.

It is really a relief to learn from our text-book in Psychology that "whether the affection of the angular gyrus is a spontaneous cell-grouping of itself, or an effect sent up from an excitement of the retina or tubercular quadrigemina, or the effect of a preconception or misconception sent down from the frontal lobes," the result will be the same.

The ladies of the college have formed a Lawn-Tennis Association, bought a set, obtained a finely-located court, and are now enjoying themselves. The officers of the Association are: President, Miss Ham, '85; Vice-President, Miss Tucker, '85; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Tracy, '86; Executive Committee, Miss Little, '87, Miss Rankin, '86, Miss Emerson, '85, and Miss Hilton, '88.

The officers of the Sophomore class have been elected as follows: President, H. E. Cushman; Vice-President,
R. Nelson; Secretary, Miss Nannie B. Little; Treasurer, F. W. Chase; Executive Committee, J. Bailey, C. S. Pendleton, Miss Mattie E. Richmond; Poet, I. W. Jordan; Historian, E. C. Hayes; Orator, W. C. Buck; Toast-Master, A. S. Littlefield; Chaplain, J. W. Moulton; Marshal, J. Bailey.

The officers for the coming year of the Reading-Room Association are: President, C. A. Washburn, '85; Vice-President, F. H. Nickerson, '86; Secretary and Collector, E. D. Varney, '86; Executive Committee, F. A. Morrey, '85, H. M. Cheney, '86, A. F. French, '87, C. W. Cutts, '88. The Association has decided to keep the reading-room locked hereafter, and permit only members who have paid their bills to hold keys.

The officers of the Senior class have been elected as follows: President, A. B. Morrill; Vice-President, B. G. W. Cushman; Secretary, R. E. Attwood; Treasurer, Miss A. H. Tucker; Executive Committee, W. W. Jenness, E. B. Stiles, E. H. Brackett; Poet, D. C. Washburn; Orator, A. F. Gilbert; Odist, C. T. Walter; Marshal, M. P. Tobey; Chaplain, W. V. Whitmore; Toast-Master, F. S. Forbes; Historian, C. A. Washburn; Prophet, C. A. Scott; Curator, J. M. Nichols.

The Junior class has elected the following list of officers: President, J. H. Williamson; Vice-President, J. W. Flanders; Secretary, Miss Lizzie H. Rankin; Treasurer, E. A. Merrill; Executive Committee, Chas. Hadley, A. E. Blanchard, L. H. Wentworth; Marshal, W. H. Hartshorn; Poet, A. E. Verrill; Orator, H. M. Cheney; Odist, Miss Angie S. Tracy; Toast-Master, W. H. Hartshorn; Curator, C. E. Stevens; Chaplain, E. D. Varney; Business Manager of the Student, J. H. Williamson.

It seems to us as though the economy of whitewashing the walls of one of the recitation rooms, especially one in which the seats are arranged around the sides, is apparent rather than real. It is impossible to sit in a normal position on the settees without covering one's shoulders with lime, which neither brushes off easily nor benefits the clothes. A coat of paint would have cost but little more, and it would seem as though it might be taken out of those "repairs" and "incidental" which form no inconsiderable part of every student's term bill.

The annual public meeting of the Polymnian Society was held in Chapel Hall, Friday evening, Oct. 10th. The several parts were admirably chosen and well carried out. The excellent music by the Mendelssohn Quartette was by no means unappreciated by the large audience present. The eulogy by Mr. Blanchard, the oration by Mr. Stiles, and the paper, especially received well-deserved applause. The programme:

Quartette—Blow Mountain Breeze.—Kerbusch.


Response—Peace and Love.—Barnaby.

Declaration—Horatius.—E. C. Hayes, '87.

Eulogy—Ben Butler (politically).—A. E. Blanchard, '86.

Poem—A Freshman's Dream.—J. Bailey, '87.

Trio—Humorous Glee.—Jarvis.

Discussion—Are our Free Institutions in Danger from Roman Catholicism?

Aff.—A. F. French, '87.

Neg.—G. A. Downey, '85.
The Bates Student.

Quartette—In Absence.—Buck.
Oration—When My Ship Comes In.
E. B. Stiles, '85.
Paper—"The Polyphemian Oracle."
E. A. Merrill, '86, and Miss A. S. Tracy, '86.
Quartette—Three Flayers.—Truhm.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI:
'69.—G. A. Newhall has recently visited us. Mr. Newhall intends to enter the ministry soon.
'72.—Rev. C. A. Bickford attended the Free Baptist anniversary at Lewiston.
'72.—Rev. F. H. Perham visited his Alma Mater recently.
'72.—Fritz W. Baldwin, who was for several years the popular principal of Nichols Latin School, has accepted a call to the First Congregational Church of Chelsea, Mass.
'73.—Almon C. Libby is a civil engineer in Minneapolis. Of the many excellent engineers in that city, he is conceded to be one of the best.
'74.—T. F. Keene is a member of the Minneapolis bar.
'74.—Rev. Thomas Spooner was in Lewiston during the anniversary of the Free Baptists.
'76.—Rev. T. H. Stacy and Rev. A. L. Morey took active parts in the exercises of the anniversary.
'76.—W. C. Leavitt is having good success as attorney-at-law in Minneapolis.
'77.—B. T. Hathaway has a good salary as principal and superintendent of the Northfield High School, Minnesota.
'80.—Miss E. H. Sawyer is teaching at Foxcroft Academy.

'82.—I. M. Norcross was in town recently.
'82.—W. H. Dresser has been making a short visit here. Mr. Dresser is still in the employ of W. C. King & Co., Springfield, Mass.
'82.—J. F. Merrill was recently admitted to the Androscoggin County Bar.
'83.—O. L. Bartlett has closed his school in Farmington, and will attend the fall term of the New York Medical School.
'84.—C. S. Flanders has been rusticating at the White Mountains this summer.

STUDENTS:
'85.—E. H. Brackett is teaching in Scarborough, Me.
'85.—R. E. Attwood acted as Treasurer for the L. & A. H. R. R. Company during State Fair week.
'85.—W. B. Piper, formerly of Bates, '85, and F. B. Otis, Bates, '79, have received life diplomas from the California State Board of Education. Certificates to teach in any part of the State are granted upon these diplomas, without further examination.
'85.—D. C. Washburn has been absent a few weeks visiting his old home in Aroostook.
'86.—J. H. Williamson has been chosen by his class to succeed Mr. Small as business manager of the
'86.—The Juniors have a new member—Miss Eva Pratt of Andover, Me. Miss Pratt comes from Kent's Hill Female College and is an experienced teacher.

THEOLOGICAL:
'88.—Rev. B. Minard is having good
success as pastor of the First Free Baptist church in Houlton, having recently received sixteen new members.

'85.—F. E. Freese was ordained pastor of the Free Baptist church at North Anson, October 1st.

'85.—W. P. Curtis, owing to poor health, will give up his course, and teach again at Storer College, Harper's Ferry, West Virginia.

'87.—E. R Chadwick has so far recovered from his sickness as to be moved home.

'86.—Franklin Blake has been delivering a course of illustrated temperance lectures at South Lewiston.

'86.—W. W. Carver will deliver temperance lectures in Greene this month.

EXCHANGES.

The Princetonian in an editorial, "Live and Let Live," discusses the relation of this "golden rule" of trade to book-buyers and book-sellers. Not so much complaint is found with the high rates of profit on new and second-hand books, as that on the "printed notes." The spirit of the editorial is withal such as ought to be displayed under the circumstances. We have thought sometimes that we should have to leave college to earn money to buy our text-books, although constantly told that we are the most favored of all customers, receiving our books at 20 per cent. discount. A book marked 75 per cent. above publisher's retail price, and then 20 per cent. off, is still 40 per cent. above. The Princetonian claims that it does not seek to crush out a legitimate business, but only to protest against exorbitant prices. A co-operative company among the students is proposed as a remedy. Such a plan has been tried successfully at some of the colleges.

The Amherst Student devotes considerable space profitably to an account of "The Student Breakfast"—the second annual breakfast of the Association of Student Editors, which occurred on commencement week. A noticeable fact connected with the papers presented by the alumni—former editors of the Student—was that they were upon topics closely connected with the interest of their Alma Mater. We think such an association could do much good. The general interest of the college would be subserved; but especially, if such an association was formed in the different colleges, would undergraduate effort in literary work be encouraged.

Our neighbor, the Bowdoin Orient has yielded to the overpowering force of custom, and donned a new robe. In its desire to give something neat and appropriate, it has succeeded eminently. No more tasty, typographically beautiful magazine can be found among all our exchanges. The scrolls and scenes at the heads of some of the departments, as "Antiloga," and "Collegii Tabula," are especially appropriate. We learn from the Orient that they have a "large increase to their number, having just entered a class of 88." This was news to us. We had learned from various sources, from our neighbor the Colby Echo, and from some
Bowdoin students, that the entering class numbered only 28. We should have thought at once that it was simply a mistake of one figure, and 28 was intended instead of 88, had it not been for that word large. Either our information concerning the entering class at Bowdoin has been wrong and they have a large class of 88, or we still have some news from the Orient, i.e., that a class of 28 is called a large class at Bowdoin.

The Yale Record finds fault with the way in which the Junior and Senior optionals were announced last summer. A list of subjects with the instructors was given, but no information as to the work to be done, nor any facts to guide the student in the choice of his studies. This may have been a necessary inconvenience at the beginning of a great change. The Record suggests this as an excuse. But comparative tables are given further on, showing the elective system as generally accepted by the public, and as found by the students. All we find in the Record would seem to show that their elective system is not the most satisfactory. This is not, however, in keeping with what we have gleaned from our exchanges. On the contrary, we have always found a ready welcome extended to any additions to the elective courses. The Harvard Advocate may facetiously point out what the limit of electives is to be; but Advocate, Argo, Echo, and Orient are earnest in welcoming any increase of electives.

Athletic enthusiasm at Yale is concentrated on foot-ball.

AMONG THE POETS.

LOST.
One day while slowly sailing
Upon a summer’s sea,
My hand with water trailing
In idle reverie,
Awaking from my dreaming,
I saw a jewel bright,
Down through the depths go gleaming,
And vanished out of sight.
To-day while fondly gazing
Into thine eyes of brown,
In their clear depths amazing
 Tenderly looking down,
My heart went from my keeping,
I know not how or when.
In spite of all my seeking,
I find it not again.
My ring has gone forever,
Far down beneath the wave.
My heart returneth never,
Thine eyes, Love, are its grave.

—Argo.

RUTH.
With cheeks that mock the blush of dawn,
And eyes like lights in shadows caught;
A shape as lissome as a fawn
And lily-tall.

When home she brought
The grain the reapers to her cast,
I ween the fields lost half their light:
It was as if the sun had passed
Into a cloud, and hid from sight.

—Advocate.

BEFORE HER GLASS.
He said my gown made me look like a queen,
Though he never saw one I am sure,
That my hair had a wave, and a shimmering sheen,
And my mouth was alluring demure.

He said that my airs had a womanly grace,
Though he knows I am only a lass,
That my eyes—Pshaw! the truth about figure and face
I can see for myself In the glass.

But this isn’t all that he told me to-night,
There was something—a word or two more,
Which didn’t sound quite like the rest, though he might
Say it just as he praised what I wore.
Yet he told me he loved—(am I silly!) loved me.
Though he knows I am only a lass,
And I think—but, oh dear! how I wish I could see
*Just exactly how much,* in the glass.
—*Athenæum.*

### COLLEGE WORLD.

**Amherst:**

The entering class numbers 104, by far the largest class for several years.

A series of games of base-ball are to be played for the class championship of the college.

The *Student* rejoices over the abandonment of compulsory attendance of Sunday afternoon church service.

President Seelye has been nominated for Governor by the Prohibition party, but the *Student* announces after consulting with the President that "he could accept neither the nomination or the office."

**Cornell:**

Fifty thousand dollars has been given to endow a chair of Moral Philosophy.

President White has been chosen president of the newly-founded American Historical Association.

From President White's report we learn that the whole number of instructors is 54; number of students, 461,—414 men and 47 women.

According to the *Cornell Review* only three men in the United States have received the degrees of Doctor of Divinity, Doctor of Laws, and Doctor of Literature. These men are Prof. Wilson of Cornell; President McCosh of Princeton; and President Barnard of Columbia.

**Princeton:**

Princeton is represented in the tennis contests at Hartford.

Both Democrats and Republicans are drilling for parade. Politics are lively.

Gymnasium work has been made compulsory for the two lower classes.

An art department is to be added to the curriculum. $60,000 has been given to endow a chair.

The Juniors are taking an optional course of readings from the Prometheus of Æschylus, under Prof. Orris.

The Freshmen beat the Sophomores at base-ball by a score of 18 to 1. This is the only instance of the Freshmen winning a game for many years.

A treaty between the two literary societies forbids that sort of solicitation for members known as electioneering. The Freshman judges for himself which is the better society, from the work that each does before him, and then gives his name to the society that he chooses, not the society that wears him out first by importuning.

**Williams:**

The *Argo* reports increased enthusiasm over tennis.

Permission has been granted to the nine to enter the base-ball league.

The class yell is, Rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! *νεκτράνε, 'eighty-eight.

The Freshmen number only 57, begin by far the smallest class that has entered college for a number of years.

Prizes are offered for Senior orations, to be awarded only to those who
have previously taken no rhetorical prizes.

Dr. Scudder’s lectures on “Childhood in Literature” were highly appreciated by the students.

Fears are entertained by ’86, that, owing to the advanced age of Dr. Hopkins, they will be deprived of his instruction next year.—Athenæum.

Possible causes of the smallness of ’88: Lack of numbers, the Wall Street disasters, the refusal of the Faculty to play at the November elections, because they could not have it their own way.—Athenæum.

YALE:

Yale holds the championship in football, base-ball, and rowing.

President Woolsey heads the Blaine and Logan electoral ticket of Connecticut.

Many changes have been made in the curriculum. Students in the preparatory schools will take one less book of Caesar, two less of Cicero’s Orations, and one less book of the Anabasis and Iliad each. The time thus gained will be used in studying the elements of French and German, one of which will be required at future examinations. Three hours a week will be devoted to the language offered for admission during Freshman year, and in Sophomore year either French or German is required. The Seniors and Juniors have fifty-six elective courses open to them. The required number of hours of class-room work is seventeen; in the Junior year seven of these hours have prescribed studies, and in the Senior year only five, leaving ten and twelve hours for elective studies in the respective classes.

MISCELLANEOUS:

Principal Dawson of Montreal has been knighted by Queen Victoria.

There are one hundred and four college graduates in the present House of Representatives.

A woman’s college is established at McGill’s University, Montreal, with an endowment of $50,000.

The attendance at some of the leading colleges for the current year is as follows: Michigan, 1,554; Harvard, 1,522; Columbia, 1,520; Oberlin, 1,474; Yale, 1,070; University of Pennsylvania, 1,044; Institute of Technology, 561; Princeton, 527.

Last commencement Harvard graduated 195; Yale, 142; Princeton, 113; Cornell, 67. The following are some of the entering classes: Harvard, 283; Cornell, 226; Yale, 142; Princeton, 137; Wellesley, 115; Brown, 75; Dartmouth, 72; University of Vermont, 50; Hamilton, 44; Union, 43; Rutgers, 40; Bowdoin, 37; Colby, 33.

Of eight of the principal colleges, the only one advocating a protective tariff is the University of Pennsylvania. At Williams, the free-trade theory is taught, likewise at Yale, Harvard, and Amherst. Princeton is in an undecided state as to which side to uphold. At Columbia, in the school of political science, all instruction has a leaning to free trade.

The Merrill Prize (of more than $800) at Colby was won this year by a young lady. A triumph for the co-eds.
It is reported that out of 586 graduates of Vassar College, only 188 are married.

There has been established, with headquarters at Chicago, another Correspondence University. The Chautauqua plan is to be followed.

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**COLLEGE PRESS OPINIONS.**

**OUR POSITION.**

We are unanimous in our desire to keep out of the maelstrom of politics, from the simple fact that in taking any aggressive position, we at once renounce our privileges as a journal devoted to literary work, and the interests of the little world that lies within the range of college jurisdiction. Let the outside press bray and bluster, put up straw images and destroy the same in turn, while each paper strives to outdo its compeers in that most skillful of all achievements of the nineteenth century, viz., the destruction of private and public character; it rather becomes our pleasure, editorially speaking, to get as far from the passage of arms as possible, and turn our attention to the vicissitudes of life along the banks of the Green river. And we certainly feel that in assuming this position, we are true to the best interests of our paper, which never has identified itself as in any way a political organ.—*The Argo.*

**THE LIMIT OF ELECTIVES.**

The enterprising hand of reform has once more been at work at the college curriculum, and we are gratified on our return to find that the curriculum has approached still nearer that of a true university. The latest changes, by making the Freshman year elective, was a necessary result in the evolution of the elective system; and though we cannot predict the future with the same accuracy that we can the past, it seems evident that the present change is by no means necessarily the last. Why should not the reform be carried beyond our own doors and into the boarding, the preparatory school, the kindergarten, and the nursery? A free exercise of individual choice should be the indisputed right of all minds. Thus, if the school-boy has a natural bent for tarts and ginger-snaps, why should he waste his energy on tripe and fishes? If the babe spurns its phosphate and boiled milk, why should it not have sugar-plums and pickles?—*Harvard Advocate.*

**RESOLUTIONS.**

The Freshman enters college with the determination to make things fly, to stand way up in his studies, and to pose as one of the pillars of the institutions. He already sees himself the possessor of honorary medals, the envied of this class, and the pet of the upperclassmen. After a few weeks he finds that he is not the only genius in existence, and if he wishes to attain the high mark which his ambition points out to him, he discovers hard work to be necessary. But the fond hopes he cherished before entering college still present themselves to his mind, and he makes his first resolution to study, to work hard, and, if necessary, to be a veritable bookworm.
Things may go on swimmingly for a short time, but nature generally asserts itself, and he finds himself gradually abandoning the hard task he had resolved to perform. Classmates get along without hard work and why can't he? Thus he reasons with himself, and generally has recourse to the convenient pony. The final result is that his good resolutions are never fulfilled and remain only as reminders of his entering days.

But a resolution once broken is broken forever, and offenses against it are committed without the slightest twinge of regret. How then can you succeed? There is one way, and that is, stick to your proposal. Work on the principle of business before pleasure. Never mind if it is rather hard at first. Trinkets that cost us most are valued the most by us, and the end will justify the means. Do not swerve one iota from the rule of conduct you have laid down for yourself, and you will find that success is not so very hard to attain, and that whatever you may have lost by privation, you have more than regained in a better way. — Niagara Index.

SOCIETY WORK.

Those who are in the early part of their course will inevitably be told that they have no time for society work. This incessant wail for time is what one of our professors has called a "college idol," a superstition handed down through generations. There are, to be sure, only twenty-four hours in a day, but society work lays no claim to the bulk of one's valuable time. It calls for good work done during spare moments, and the little careful reading and thought that is possible after the demands of Greek and Mathematics are satisfied. The societies do not call for a vast quantity of work; they aim at quality. Here is the field for the future lawyer, minister, editor, for all who wish to exert an influence as speakers or writers. If one is gifted, he will have the pleasure of excelling here among his peers. If he feels the need of drill he will find ready sympathy and the help of friends. — Oberlin Review.

LITERARY NOTES.

The American Antiquarian and Oriental Journal, devoted mainly to Archaeology, has an interesting table of contents. It has correspondents in all parts of the world, students of Anthropology, classical Archaeology, and Oriental literature, greeting one another through this medium. But its distinctive work is the collection, and presentation in such a form as to be used for future reference, of American Archaeological information. The edition is limited in number, and the Journal will be of increasing value in the future. Bi-monthly: $4.00 per annum. F. H. Revell, publisher, 150 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Moses King, the publisher at Harvard Square, in Cambridge, Mass., is about to bring out a new edition of "Students' Songs," which has already had a sale far in excess of any similar collection ever published. The book
contains sixty-six of the most popular songs as sung at the present time in all the colleges of this country. The full music accompanies the songs. The whole is handsomely printed and has an attractive glazed paper cover. One of the reasons for its success is the low price at which so many unique songs and music, nearly all copyrighted, are furnished. It is sent free of postage for fifty cents.

The Literary News for October is full of good things. It gives, as it claims, the freshest news concerning books and authors. An arrangement of the topics of all the magazines is of great convenience to those who are looking for all that may appear pertaining to any particular subject.

Most of the cartoons of the Beacon are upon political subjects, and are good from the Republican standpoint. A late number did not fail, however, to hit that modern wonder, the Senior of an American college surrounded by the modern aids to development (physical).

The Musical Herald aims to be the leading educational magazine for music-teachers, students, and all interested in music. The Herald well sustains its reputation by a varied and attractive table of contents from month to month. Published at Franklin Square, Boston, Mass.

James R. Osgood & Co., of Boston, publish in neat and convenient form, the address of Robert P. Porter to the Arkwright Club of New England, on "Protection and Free Trade To-day." The author aims to give a practical view of the tariff question. The work is issued in a pamphlet form at ten cents per copy, and will be appreciated by those who have no time to read the many volumes on this important question that fill our libraries.

Science continues to publish the excellent papers read at Philadelphia before the American Association for the Promotion of Science.

A double number of the Manhattan is promised for October and November. Mr. Butterworth of the Youth's Companion has written a volume of "Poems for Christmas, Easter, and New Year's." Estes & Lauriat are the publishers.

CLIPPINGS.

No distinction in regard to sex is recognized at Washington University, as is shown by the following: Prof.—"Miss A., you may go, but I'll detain the other gentlemen a few minutes longer."

"I tell you what, Jennie," said an irate father, "you must no longer encourage that young scamp, Greatake. You must sit down on him, or I will."

It is sad to relate that Jennie obeyed her father to the letter. She sat down on him at 9.30 p.m. and stayed there for an hour and forty minutes by the parlor clock.—Ex.

"Mamma," said a young girl, "do geese lay gooseberries?" "Oh! no, my child, they grow on trees." "Well, what are goose eggs, anyhow?" "They are the things, my dear, that the baseball players make when they don't make anything."—Ex.
One of the college papers tells a story of President Hopkins. The President, meeting on a car a student whose character for sobriety was not good and whose appearance was an evidence of a recent debauch, approached him and solemnly and reproachfully said, "Been on a drunk?" "So have I," was the immediate reply.

The new elevator recently put in at Vassar College is not much used, as the girls prefer to slide down on the banisters.—Press.

Undressed kids are seen frequently on the beach during bathing hour.—Chaff.

Prof. Perry (discussing the legitimacy of speculation)—"I understand, Mr. B., that while you were at Chicago there was a corner in pork." Class explode, but Mr. B. does not see the point.—Williams Athenæum.

"What have you done?" drawled the East India Hammock, languidly, making a lazy effort to swing a little in the evening breeze. "Done," said the little Base-Ball, scornfully: "What have I done?" Since two o'clock I have been at it. I broke the short-stop's fingers, knocked an eye out of the catcher, skinned the pitcher's hands, doubled up the umpire twice, drove the wind clean out of the second-base, broke six panes of glass and a woman's head in the school-house, and knocked a spectator cold." "What have I done?" I have lain around all day, a limp mass of protoplasmic net-work." And he smiled in bitter triumph as he thus displayed his college training.—News.

One of our exchanges tells us that a Harvard student was persuaded by some Yale friends to stop over and witness the annual rush. A man of '88, however, singled him out and in a minute he was completely shirtless. He is completely disgusted with Yale tactics.

The denizens of Congress Avenue are going to present the students with a new dormitory of brick—one brick at a time.—Yale Record.

Dresses are made with V-shaped openings in the corsage.—Fashion Item. That is the correct sort of thing, of course. But for every dress of that kind there occurs a whole lot of V-shaped openings among the old man's greenbacks.—Ex.

"Maud" wants to know how to make a "Daisy tidy." Maudie, dear, ask an easy one. It is impossible to make a daisy any tidier than it grows. The daisy is a mighty tidy flower, and you oughtn't to try to improve on nature.—Beacon.

Wealthy Citizen (to young man)—"Are you aware, sir, that I have several daughters?" Young Man—"Yes, sir." "Can you speak French, Italian, German, and Spanish?" "Certainly, sir." "Are you a college graduate?" "I am." "Have you a good musical education?" "I have sir, and am quite a good artist." "Do you understand the usages of good society?" "Perfectly, sir." "Then, young man, you can have the position of coachman in my family. In view of recent events I am determined to run as few risks as possible."—Beacon.
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11:50 A.M., for Portland and Boston.
4:15 P.M., for Portland and Boston, arriving in Boston via Fast Express at 9:30 P.M.
11:03 P.M., (Mixed,) for Waterville, Skowhegan, and St. John.

Passenger Trains leave Lewiston lower Station:

6:30 A.M., for Brunswick, Bath, Rockland, Augusta, Portland, and Boston.
8:45 A.M., (Mixed,) for Farmington, arriving at Farmington at 2:20 P.M.
11:00 A.M., for Brunswick, Bath, Augusta, Portland, and Boston.
1:00 P.M., (Mixed,) for Bath, Rockland, Augusta, Bangor, Ellsworth, and Bar Harbor.
2:30 P.M., for Farmington.
5:40 P.M., for Brunswick, Bath, Augusta, Waterville, and Bangor.
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