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VOLUME XIII.

NUMBER 7.

THE

BATES STUDENT.

Animo et Labore.

✦ SEPTEMBER, 1885. ✦

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THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1885.

No. 7.

Bates Student.

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

CLASS OF '86, BATES COLLEGE.

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EDITORIAL.

AT the beginning of the college year fully one-fourth of the students are strangers. But very soon the accomplished Sophomore washes away the Freshman boldness, while the graceful Senior removes the barrier of Freshman timidity, and in due time the “fresh” men become in turn accomplished men. And here we mention the importance of right action on the part of the upperclassmen, because in no small degree does such action shape the character of the lower classes. We feel that we have reason to be thankful for the influence that '85, as a class, has had upon our destinies; and if we hope to do for our new college acquaintances what we believe their Christian manhood prompted them to do for our good, we shall have reason to rejoice. We see their faces as college companions no more; their example alone remains. We wish them long life, sound health, and true success.

In returning to the class of '89 we are moved with mingled joy and sadness. Joy, because we know that wonderful possibilities are slumbering in their crescent minds. Sadness, because we know these possibilities may

be blighted in almost the very germ. Be enthusiastic in every cause of interest to the college, for the college interest is your interest. Be interested in the magazine, in base-ball, in field-day sports, in the studies, in society work. Be actively interested in all these and your college course will be the most valuable four years of your whole life.

It has been remarked by several that the beginning of our present college year is especially characterized by the good feeling which exists between the classes. "This is as it should be." The unreasonable class feeling which occasionally divides the college into four distinct divisions is now dormant. Of course every one naturally looks upon his own class with a livelier interest than upon any other, but not to the utter disregard of the others. It is not by wrangling but by healthy rivalry that the best ability is brought forth. No one can look upon his fellow-students and lower classmen with contempt. A few years difference in college counts as nothing in after life, for then all are Freshmen and by merit only is each one assigned his place.

But there are certain college customs so old that Sophomores seem to think it irreverent not to observe them. For instance, it is an ancient custom for Sophomores to remonstrate with Freshmen who persist in carrying canes in an offensive manner, and the decrease in hazing is due more to the good sense of Freshmen in not parading the ugly sticks than to a less degree of courage on the part of the Sophomores.

The hackneyed adage, "All is not gold that glitters," finds a large application in the results of work performed by many, possibly the majority of students. It is superficiality of purpose and endeavor in student life which menaces the high standard of intelligence and thought that must characterize true progress. There are certain uncontrollable circumstances that often affect the excellence of one's work. The student who is compelled to absent himself from college in order to secure funds requisite to continue his education, necessarily performs a portion of the prescribed work in a hasty manner, if he takes the course in four years. Whether it is advisable for one to complete the course in four years at the expense of losing some of the most important class-room work, is a question we will not now discuss. But the most of this surface work is inexcusable and is probably due to one of the following three things, viz.: a misapprehension of the purpose of a college course; indolence; or a morbid ambition.

Some study but slightly the relations of means to ends, see little purpose in the most important things, and pitifully commence a college education with no well defined idea of its purpose as an impetus to right study. To such the college is not an *Alma Mater*. Indeed it is well-nigh useless to the youth, unless, perchance, itself may teach the eminent value of well-defined aims. But, more likely is it that they will emerge from its halls with minds fitted only for a passive condition in the future relations of life.

Again, there are those, and it would appear that there are more of this class of students than of any other, who have such a constitutional weariness, that their aversion to consecutive and profound work and thought seems almost innate. They are contented with the husks of knowledge; the kernel they leave untouched. The pearls of thought remain ever hidden to such. What magic in indolence's opposite, industry! What art or science may it not master? A benediction attends it, and its spirit is the true philosopher's stone.

Yet quite as lamentable as the two preceding sources of shallow knowledge, is an inordinate desire for rank as rank. He does well who takes pleasure in high rank as an index of excellence in scholarship. But he deceives himself, and is the greatest loser who performs his work by those methods that have in view, as the ultimate end, the high figures of his rank bill. He who studies a professor's modes of instruction that he may be brilliant in recitation, without an independent effort to sound the depths of his author, and to secure all possible collateral knowledge; the student who cheats at examinations, or in regular class-room work, simply to secure better rank, though he may satisfy himself with ever so well-framed an excuse, is guilty of contemptible injustice to his fellow-students, loses vastly in profundity of scholarship, sears his conscience and blunts his sensibilities. And *if there be* an ulterior purpose, well for the world that oftentimes

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley."

Such are some of the chief sources of superficiality in college work. Far greater the reward should we study with the spirit suggested by the words of Sidney Smith, when he says: "To sit with your Livy before you and hear the geese cackling that saved the Capitol; and to see with your own eyes the Carthaginian sutlers gathering up the rings of the Roman knights after the battle of Cannæ, and heaping them into bushels; this is almost the only kind of study that is not useless."

The failure to accomplish any reasonable purpose can nearly always be attributed to a wavering from, or inattention to, that purpose. Success is the almost inevitable result of a strong determination adhered to with unvarying energy. The greater the individual responsibility, the more disastrous is the failure, or the grander is the success.

We are supposed to be fitting ourselves to hold responsible positions in life; and the success or failure of our life-work will depend much upon the right use of the four years' course. Lord Brougham once said "that the four years spent in college, is verily and indeed the most precious of our whole lives; and that every hour we squander here will, in other days, rise up against us and be paid for by years of bitter, but unavailing regrets."

The class of '89, whose unfamiliar faces we welcome, we would respectfully advise to make such use of every hour, that in after years, instead of sad regrets, true satisfaction will be theirs when looking back over the four years

of college life. And may every student, at the beginning of a new college year, throw aside that dangerous, indifferent air that so frequently pervades our halls, determine upon some purpose, and, having determined upon it, throw into his work such strength of mind and muscle as he possesses. By so doing, not only will healthy intellectual growth be enhanced at Bates, but every one will be assured by a moral certainty that success will crown his efforts.

Too many young men are drifting along through college with no purpose in view, unless it be to get their diplomas. And too many others, it may be said here, are working with the utmost energy, whose highest wish is to be thought learned. The representative of either class has failed to comprehend the full significance of the word education. Both are working simply to deceive people; the one wants the sheep-skin to help him to a position that he fears his ability would not secure; the other wishes simply to be *thought* educated. Both of these classes may be said to be purposeless, and will cease studying as soon as they leave college.

We would not have it thought that we believe it necessary for a young man, in order to be benefited by his college work, to choose a profession at an early age. Such a course is unwise. He should first learn all that is possible about all professions; then study himself until he discovers which is best suited to him. We look with pity on that young man of fifteen, who says, without any but the most cursory

knowledge of the profession: "I am going to be a lawyer." The chances are that he has not chosen his true calling. He might do much better at something else.

"But how else can I judge," the young man will say, "but by my inclination towards a certain profession?" That is certainly the only way a man can judge; but first he should learn that he may the better judge. He is too apt to admire the doctor in his gig, or the lawyer pleading at the bar, or the judge's serenity from the bench, and overlook the years of dryest study which must be passed before he can be like them. Here lies the secret of the failure of so many. Having overlooked the years of study, they have tried to step into professions without study. Such had better be digging in the street. Let no man say, "I shall do this work through life," until he has viewed the work from all sides, and calculated the time and labor he must expend in preparation for it. He that makes this his rule will certainly not be so impatient to begin the practice that he will omit a careful study of the theory.

Again, before this choice is made almost as much general development is necessary as for entering upon the work. The weighing powers of the profoundest judge might well be tasked in this—the most important case of his life. Advice may profitably be listened to, but the young man himself should make the decision. He may be a long time in making it and yet he will be the better off, provided he has not mistaken the true purpose of life.

"A young man with a purpose," is

often applied to him that early proclaims his calling; but there is a higher purpose that 'no young man should overlook—that purpose which has animated every nobler life; a purpose born rather of the soul than of the intellect; one which shuts out personal aggrandizement the while and serves as the foundation of true manhood, which seeks to round out life to its fullest measure, which causes the young man to forget self and take for his motto, "I learn that you may." This motto may be applied in every profession and will be found to embody the highest aim in all, for in this we see the fulfillment of every hope for humanity that has fallen from the noblest human lips.

The young man with such a purpose in life need not hurry to decide upon a profession. There is enough that he can turn his hand to, after he is out of college, while he is making this great decision. Yet if he has given the matter much thought, he will be likely to see his way clearly by this time, and it need not be said that the sooner the minor purpose can be rightly formed the better.

LITERARY.

THE HAMMOCK-SONG.

By A. E. V., '86.

Back and forth we lazily swing,
My gay little mate with me;
Soft breezes to our hammock waft
Perfumes from the green wood tree.

Oh, this is the atmosphere of love;
With every breath we draw
We feel the draught our senses steal—
'Tis nature's sacred law.

Intoxication of delight!
Our two hearts beat in one;
Always in time to the rhythmic sway,
I sing, "She's won, she's won."

We never quarrel my mate and I;
And all day long we sing;
For I am a golden oriole,
And she is my mate on the wing.

DECLINE OF MONARCHIAL POWER.

Junior Prize Oration.

By J. W. F., '86.

THROUGH the numberless volumes of history there runs but one main current of thought; the irrepressible conflict between the divinity of man and the divinity of kings. The attempt to locate the exact point of change from despotism to freedom, discloses the fact that it has taken place only through slowly revolving centuries. Through the midnight of the middle ages, society may be said to have existed without either law or government. And it was not till the 15th century that a union of those elements began, out of which were constructed the powerful monarchies of the old world. The formation of the kingdom of Spain by the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella, and the maintenance of a regular national militia by France and Germany heralded the dawn of the new era, while the triumph of royalty in England under Henry VII., announced that all Europe had entered upon a trial of the new system.

For an American, born in a land where the very air breathes liberty, it is almost impossible to get even a faint conception of the absolute control of those early

kings. Look at the power of Henry VIII., who changed the religion of all England and declared himself the supreme head of the church; "In whose dark bosom," says Hallam, "a single suspicion would have sufficed to send the proudest peer of England to the dungeon or the scaffold." Or consider the reign of Louis XIV., who drove from France, by religious persecution, five hundred thousand of her best citizens, who loaded her people with a debt of \$8,000,000,000, and finally summed up the source of all political power in his famous declaration, "*I am the State.*" It was a natural and fitting climax to such royal assumptions when James I. proclaimed the "divine right of kings," and later, when Charles I. declared that "the people had no right to any part in the government."

Now what is the business of a king, and whose is the right to govern? The Israelites said "Give us a king that he may judge us and fight our battles for us," and such a system was probably the best for that superstitious race, or for those mediæval days, when all knowledge was confined to a few cloistered monks. But when the pursuits of war are changed to the pursuits of peace; when schools of learning scattered all over our land teach all to think and act for themselves, then will men begin to ask, "Who art thou, O king, that thou shouldst rule over us?" And now see how, with growing enlightenment, the scene changes. History, before this a mere biography of kings, begins to speak of the people. The inherent genius of man shoots its first gleams through the sombre shades of despot-

ism, and though for centuries its fitful flashes served only to increase the sense of surrounding gloom, yet the distant mutterings foretold the fury of the coming conflict. The first onset won the historic Magna Charter. The House of Commons shortly follows. The Reformation, releasing the souls of men from spiritual thralldom, generated a spirit that could not long endure tyrannical worldly power, and in quick succession the Petition of Right, the English Revolution, and the Bill of Rights tell of the rapid strides toward the overthrow of kings; while France, catching the spirit of freedom, startles, with her Reign of Terror, the crowned heads of every throne in Europe.

But the deadliest of all blows was the independence of the United States. Advocating the grand principle that "all just powers of government are derived from the consent of the governed," she entered upon the untried experiment of a republic. One hundred years have passed; and our government, the most liberal, the most just, and the most progressive ever instituted among men, from her commanding eminence proclaims the philosophy of a free government and the divine right of man to govern man. Liberalized by her influence, other nations are slowly escaping from the paralysis of arbitrary power to be thrilled by the reviving spirit of freedom.

Compare the treatment of Canada, India, and Australia, with the treatment of the English colonies one hundred years ago. Observe how France, after a century of anarchy, has placed herself

in the rank of free nations. Behold the Czar of Russia trembling upon his throne, as much a prisoner in his castle at St. Petersburg as was Napoleon on the rocky isle of St. Helena. The signal blessings witnessed under our government and laws, arousing the spirit of freedom, inalienable in the bosom of all, proclaim the despot's approaching doom. Arbitrary power cannot exist within the compass of her influence. If she endures with all her benign institutions, monarchy cannot live.

THE SILENCE AT MOUNT McGREGOR.

By F. F. P., '77.

O'er McGregor voiceless moonlight
Passes in the solemn moonlight.
Sentry-pace the stars are keeping,
Round the silent soldier, sleeping
On his country's bosom, throbbing
'Neath the low boughs stifled sobbing,
Silent forest, silent fountain,
Silent midnight, silent mountain,
Silent stars, O witness ye,
Silent death and victory!

Think we on the world's commanders
On the Cæsars, Alexanders,
On the Corsican's campaigning,
With ambition's glory waning.
Freedom, through the ripening ages,
Names of thine fill brightest pages.
Silent forest, silent fountain,
Silent midnight, silent mountain,
Silent stars, O witness ye,
Silent Grant's great victory!

Battles fought and state-toil ended,
World-round our Ulysses wended.
Bane of lotus quick discerning,
Siren voices ever spurning,
Home the way he fain would single—
With our dust his ashes mingle.
Silent forest, silent fountain,
Silent midnight, silent mountain,
Silent stars, O witness ye,
Silent loving victory!

Lo! a blest transfiguration
Throws its halo round the nation!
Alienation, to devotion
Turning like the tide of ocean,
Sees above the pale corse shrouded
Mighty virtues all unclouded.
Silent forest, silent fountain,
Silent midnight, silent mountain,
Silent stars, O witness ye,
Such surpassing victory!

—*Boston Traveller.*

ENERGY.

By W. H. H., '86.

IT is a noteworthy fact that the majority of the great men of the world, both in past ages and at the present time, have been the sons of poor parents. This fact leads to the question: "Why is this so?" The answer is apparent. It is because, thrown upon their own resources at an early age, they are accustomed to think and act for themselves. Thus they develop that quality of mind and body called energy.

What then is energy? It is the motive power of man. It may be compared to steam. Before us stands a ponderous engine, built of the best material, and by the most skillful workmen. Every part is in perfect running order, yet the engine stands motionless. There is something still wanting, and so long as that something is wanting the engine is useless. But let steam be admitted within its cylinder, and immediately, as if by magic, the piston begins to move, and then the engine is in motion, doing the work of a thousand hands. Thus it is with men. One may have ability of the best order; every other faculty of mind and body may be cultivated to

the highest degree, yet there is something wanting. That something is energy and, unless that be possessed, all his other attainments are comparatively useless.

Energy is one of the chief laws of the universe. Commune with Nature, and this truth is at once made manifest. Behold the countless hosts of heaven sweeping through space with a velocity beyond comprehension; enter the grand old forest and listen to the ceaseless hum of the insects, and the low moan of the breeze as it creeps through the branches; stand by the shore of old ocean and mark the ebb and flow of the tide, and the waves as they kiss the pebbles on the beach; note all these things and you will see that Nature knows no rest, that energy is apparent in all her works.

Energetic men rule the world. In the affairs of life we daily see men of energy pushing aside men of twice their own natural ability and occupying the most important positions of profit and trust; while those who possess ability, but lack energy, stand back and wonder why their ability is not recognized.

But in order that energy may produce the greatest amount of good it must be continuous. That energy which, like the flame of a candle, flares up at every sudden gust of wind, will not accomplish so much as that which burns with a steady glow. The world is full of those people who have spasmodic attacks of energy. They engage without deliberation in any enterprise which may present itself. But as soon as the charm of novelty wears away

they lose their interest and sink back into indolence. This shows us that there is much of dormant power in every person which, if properly cultivated, would raise him much higher in the scale of existence.

Perhaps it may be asked, "In what does the great use of energy consist?" It gives pleasure. The human mind is so constituted that the exercise of its powers gives gratification. The energetic man finds great and ever increasing delight in performing the work placed before him; while the indolent man sinks from one state of quiescence to another, until the mere act of living is almost a burden.

Energy tends to produce self-respect. By this, conceit is not meant, but that respect that comes from the knowledge that life is not given us that we may glide through the world borne on pinions of ease, fanned by gentle zephyrs which waft to us the perfume of sweet flowers and the carols of birds; but that it is given us for a higher and nobler purpose; that it offers us great and glorious possibilities, solemn and sacred duties; that respect which comes from the consciousness that we are taking advantage of these possibilities, and to the best of our ability are doing the duties which await us. Without this respect, life must to a great degree be a failure. If one cannot respect himself, how can he expect others to respect him.

Energy will command respect for the one that possesses it. We all admire the energetic man. We admire the quick, firm, and decisive way in which he transacts all business. As we be-

hold such a man we instinctively feel that he is a person of ability and one who could be trusted in any emergency. It enables its possessor to accomplish far more than the one who lacks it can accomplish. The one plans his work, at once begins it, and soon finishes it. The other looks idly at his work, bewails the cruel fate which makes him labor, tries to obtain the aid of friends, and thus spends his time in procrastination. At the present time, when the tendency is to reckon the value of a man in dollars and cents, anything which tends to increase his working power is valuable.

Energy assists in cultivating the mind. As the muscles of the human frame receive their strength from constant use, so does the intellect derive its power from the same source. Energy furnishes the impetus to intellectual labor and thus tends to strengthen the mind.

Thus, by exerting to the uttermost all the faculties of mind and body, energy is continually helping to build up a grand and noble character. One who possesses such a character, when the sun of prosperity shall have set, and the darkness of despair shall have enveloped him, will not sink into oblivion beneath his trials, but will successfully buffet them, will sail securely over the sea of life, and in safety reach the haven of rest.

He that thinks himself the happiest man is really happy; but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool.

TO-DAY.

Why dost thou hasten from me, O To-day?
 Stay thy swift feet,
 For thou art sweet;
 Thy like again I may not meet,
 Since thou canst not return when once away.
 With joy I saw thee, o'er the eastern sea,
 Dispel the night
 By the pure light
 With which thy blue eyes were bedight,
 While Nature's very heart was filled with glee.
 And all the flowers then sweet incense burned,
 And every bird
 Soared high, and heard
 The angels sing, until it stirred
 His heart to song, as earthward he returned.
 Long have we lingered in these leafy woods,—
 Long have we strayed
 Through sheen and shade,
 And must thou now to westward fade,
 Leaving my heart to sluggish, slothful moods?
 Night lifts her starry banner in the east,—
 The whippoorwill's
 Sweet music trills
 Over the vales and gloom-clothed hills,
 A dirge for thee, when other songs have ceased.
 Will coming days my loss to me repay?
 When morning flies
 Along these skies,
 I shall not see thy mild blue eyes;
 To-morrow, when it comes, is not To-day.

THE ORIGIN OF SONG.

Once the wide world was songless, and no
 sound
 Of varied harmony the stillness stirred;
 When rosy morning came, no tuneful bird
 Awoke the drowsy dreamer, slumber-bound,
 And when the eve with twinkling stars had
 crowned
 The mountain-tops, never a note or word
 Of sweet-voiced lay by listening ear was heard;
 So joyless day in silence went its round.
 At last drawn down by pity from above,
 A viewless angel and compassionate,
 Laid her soft hand upon the heart's mute
 strings.
 Thus gifted bards were taught to sing by Love
 Their pleasing songs, and birds to imitate
 From dawn till dusk with merry carolings.

—I. J., '87, in *Portland Transcript*.

THE EFFECT OF THE PERIODICAL LITERATURE OF TO-DAY ON THE MORALS AND INTELLECT OF OUR PEOPLE.

By I. J., '87.

CONSIDERED as a medium of the influence of mind upon mind, periodical literature presents a study striking in its interest and vital in its importance. The recent growth of journalism in America may well be regarded as phenomenal. Indeed, it is as if a meadow-brook should suddenly become a far-flowing Amazon. Thousands of streams swell its mighty current. There are sweet waters, and there are bitter. To discuss the effects of periodicals is no easy matter; for, be it remembered, the influences that lead to these effects, are inseparably woven with countless others.

Although the news-giving element is, as one writer has said, more in the domain of talk than in that of literature, still we choose to consider it as a part of our subject. From the four winds come daily to our homes a thousand messages, the doings of yesterday. Frequently we are animated by anecdotes of heroism and self-sacrifice, but how much oftener are we depressed by those of quite the opposite character! With what boldness some reporters, shrouded in anonymous mystery, send forth after each new crime their epitomized dime-novels! Under glaring head-lines the most disgusting details are served up. And shall not crimes be reported? Yes, but properly. "Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend," sounds all very well in verse; but Heaven help the youth that goes out

into the world believing this to be more than a smooth line of poetry!

When words spoken in the halls of Congress are heard even to every remotest village throughout the land, it seems necessary only to be reminded that on this news-giving element depends, in great measure, the purity of politics. True, some editors and most children delight in mud-throwing; but has not this disposition an effect somewhat wholesome? A man, voting on great national issues, reads only one newspaper, and you say of that man, he is narrow-minded; but this you can not truthfully say of his neighbor who reads none at all, for he has no mind. Take away newspapers, and how many thousands more of Rip Van Winkles would come forth on every election day from their forest slumbers!

The narrative element enters largely into all modern literature,—so largely, indeed, that the present may well be characterized as a story-telling, story-loving age. Concerning fiction at its best, words are needless. Who does not know that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" first appeared as a serial?—that the Saviour of men taught by parables? As regards sensational stories in which poor but fearless young men and rosy-cheeked heiresses in their teens trip before the excited imagination, it may be said that a perverted taste is better than no taste at all. Every heroine must be somewhat womanly,—every hero somewhat manly.

Now and then we read of would-be cow-boys whose imaginations have been poisoned by story-papers wherein men of the Jesse James type play promi-

ment parts; but that these cases are exceptions, the very fact of their being reported yields abundant proof. Writers on this topic are like ministers who, in some unaccountable way, whenever they speak of the power of habit, draw all their examples from the dark side. It seems never to have occurred to some of them that a man may be a Jesse James, and not know the alphabet. But here let no one infer that we advise the reading of such stories. If on some points we are silent, it is because our subject deals with what is, rather than what should be.

To instruct, not to please, is the highest aim of literature. Applying this severest test, what do we find? That the didactic element is by no means wanting. In one magazine religious truths are taught; in another science, general or specific, is followed; in a third the fruits of historical research are given. Nowhere can we find the social and political problems of the day more ably discussed than in the *North American Review*. The day when children were fed exclusively on fairy tales is past. How charmingly instructive are such juvenile magazines as *St. Nicholas*!

It is a mark of wisdom to be willing to learn from humble sources. The true scholar never scorns newspapers. Take, for example, Joseph Cook, acknowledged by all to be a man who thinks. Whatever in his reading of newspapers strikes him as suggestive, he marks with a red crayon, and the pieces thus marked find their way into his scrap-books.

The assertion that periodical literature often degrades scholarship into a mere smattering, is false. The very habit of thoroughness, which constitutes scholarship, shows the absurdity of this idea. One of the chief glories of the periodical is this: it puts smatterings within the reach of the laboring classes. If one can not predict an eclipse, ought he not to be thankful for the smattering that keeps him from confusing the names of the planets with those of Shakespeare's characters?

Only by having the thought led out in various directions can there be a well proportioned development of mind. For this development the periodical, uniting, as it does, every variety of talent, is admirably suited.

Thrice happy the land wherein the teacher occupies his desk, the divine his pulpit, the editor his sanctum.

COMMUNICATIONS.

KITTERY NAVY YARD.

To the Editors of the Student:

It was with feelings of great respect and admiration for our glorious country that my friend and I silently landed at Kittery and proceeded to visit the navy yard. As we crossed the bridge that leads to the yard our admiration was increased at the sight of a round-shouldered official in blue, who stood in the middle of the road, loading—his pipe. After having obtained from this important guardian of public goods a gruff and impolite permission to enter his sacred domain, we advanced and sought to find some

proof of the existence or probability of a navy.

All the immense buildings for the construction and repairing of ships are idle. Nothing can be more suggestive of inactivity than the navy yard and its surroundings.

The chief point of interest is the old ship Constitution which once was so prominent in war, but is now used for a boarding-house. Most of the buildings are closed and we can gaze only at their rough stone walls or perchance look in at a cellar window.

After pausing a short time to try our strength on some rusty old anchors, we came to the ordnance building. Several hundreds of heavy cannon lie near by arranged in rows of exact regularity, and at a convenient distance are stacked balls of all sizes. My friend, of the class of '88, whose love for mathematics occasionally overcomes him, seated himself on a cannon and reckoned the number of shot in one of the large piles. Leaving him at his play I entered the building and there had the rare fortune to observe in glass cases almost every kind of weapon that *human* mind could invent, and some even that looked decidedly Turkish. Presently I join my mathematical friend who is still muttering something about pyramids, cones or something of that kind. We journey on toward the house of the Commodore of the yard, and it becomes our desire to interview the dignitary on the grain crop and dog tax, but we are forbidden by the thought that perhaps we may interfere with his afternoon nap. As we cross the dry dock, a monster rat runs out,

and, judging from his gaunt appearance, my friend remarked that possibly he was one of the many hundreds who have not yet received their commissions from the President.

We must now take advantage of the tide for our return home. We leave the silent buildings to bask in the sunlight and tender care of our obliging friend, the happy possessor of the pipe.

Yesterday we visited Portsmouth, a city which some call dead. As one passes along the old streets and sees the square, stately mansions, he would naturally suppose that the former occupants of the city had passed away. The new part of the town seems thrifty and business like.

No, Portsmouth is not dead. One can prove it, for Frank Jones, the noted brewer, is alive. If beer could cause a city to become as populous as it is bibulous, then Portsmouth would *be* a large city. E. A. M., '86.

AROUND KATAHDIN.

To the Editors of the Student:

It is not the writer's purpose, nor does it lie in his power, to give an account of an easy trip to Mount Katahdin, such as the tourist may expect in climbing Mount Washington. He who would visit Katahdin must make up his mind to endure hardship, and that without any surety of reaching the summit; for it must be remembered that, according to the old Indian legend, Pornola (the Indian deity of the mountain) is very angry with any one who attempts to climb to the top.

Our starting point for Katahdin was Sherman, which is twenty-six miles from

Mattawamkeag, the nearest railroad station. During the stage-journey to this place you catch a few glimpses, if the day is clear, of the mountain far to the north-west, but seeming only a few miles distant. At the first glance one is reminded of a huge piece of masonry, but a masonry which in beauty of design and appearance of stability, surpasses all buildings "made with hands." These distant views serve to fill one with a much-needed enthusiasm for the trip, and he starts out with a light heart and light feet.

On Monday morning I started with a party consisting of a Boston clergyman and his friends, it being my intention to join, as soon as we overtook them, two young sportsmen from Boston who had pushed on as far as possible Saturday night. After ten miles over a road, the latter half of which one had better walk than ride, we reached the East Branch of the Penobscot. Here we took canoes a mile or two up river to the house of the guide of the party. Stopping long enough for a dinner on fresh salmon and green peas, we crossed the river and soon overtook my two friends, camped by the roadside, with their heads bound up in handkerchiefs to keep off the mosquitoes, which by the way proved to be thicker here than anywhere in the whole journey. Here I dropped out of the party and joined my friends, to help them carry their provisions, which, with camp utensils and rifles, made rather a heavy load. Before dusk, however, we reached the Wissatiquoik river, or stream, as it is called.

Having heard some of the party say

that they should ford the river farther up, I thought it well for me to push on and follow the trail, that we might know the best place to cross. Assuring my friends that I would come back that night if it was not too far, and that at any rate I would wait for them in the morning, I started out. While the light lasted I easily followed the wheel-tracks, but as night set in, cloudy and dark, I had much difficulty in keeping the trail, and only did it by groping with my hand for tracks and broken bushes. It was an old logging road, and I afterwards found that I could not get lost while I kept in a road, for all the branches led back into the main road. However I was ignorant of the fact, and many times felt like giving up, but the fear that a rain in the night would obliterate the trail, and the hope that some supper awaited me a few rods ahead, spurred me on. At times the road was very difficult. The intense darkness concealed the huge rocks and deep mud holes and brooks, and it may be imagined that I tumbled and waded through the worst possible part of the road. Late in the evening I came to a little opening that led to the river. Here I gave one halloo, and thinking it useless to waste more breath went back to the road and pressed on. In a minute, however, I heard an answer, and before long my friends, on the other side of the river, came down to the bank and told me where to cross. I waded through the water and was soon before the fire in an old logging camp, eating, and relating my adventure. I found that I had narrowly escaped walking all night, for at the

moment my halloo was heard the party had just stopped singing, and I was assured that if they had been singing at the time, they would not have heard me and I should have pushed on up the logging road until morning.

The next day was judged too rainy to leave the camp, but Wednesday saw us again under way for Katahdin, my two Boston friends having caught up and joined the main party. Now the hardships of the journey began. The forenoon was spent in climbing one ridge of Turner mountain. On top of this mountain is a large level tract of land that must be swampy and wet at times in the year, but which we found a desert of uprooted trees. The difficulty of climbing and crawling over and through a "blow-down" can only be realized by a trial. For hours we pushed on without finding any water. Our mouths and throats were so parched that we could scarcely speak.

Towards the middle of the afternoon we found a little standing water under an upturned tree. We eagerly drank of this muddy water and made tea and coffee from it. One of the party remarked that she had often heard of muddy coffee, but this was the first time she ever saw any.

After a dinner, for eating had been postponed because we were too thirsty to be hungry, we started down over the south-west slope of Turner, and as we leaped from one moss-covered rock to another, we could not but stop and gaze to the north at Traveller and the adjacent peaks. At one time we came out upon some high rocks where we obtained a view of the adjoining ridge

of Turner, that presented a beautiful slope, covered with an unbroken army of trees, so evenly situated as to remind one of a dense column of men.

At night we camped at the base of the mountain, near a beautiful mountain brook. Now comes the jolly part of life in the woods. After building the bark tent, and having a plenty to eat, to gather around a huge fire, and tell stories and sing, is essential to the enjoyment of camping.

The next morning we started for the basin, which is part way up Katahdin, or rather inside of it. We did not reach it, however, as through some miscalculation the provisions ran short and we were forced, after camping a very rainy night within a mile of the basin, to turn our backs next morning on the cloudy mountain and start for home. At noon we reached Katahdin Lake. The main party went on and left four of us here. We had a good time fishing in the lake and shooting, and next day at noon, made a raft and poled it across the lake. When we reached the middle of this beautiful sheet of water the view surpassed all power of description. The day was clear and Katahdin, Turner, and Travellers mountains were all distinctly outlined against the sky, the former at a distance of only six miles. That night we slept in a driver's camp on the Wissatiquoik, and the next day, after a walk of twenty-five miles, we reached Sherman, a little foot-sore and somewhat weary.

A. E. V., '86.

◆◆◆
Whatever needs equivocation is suspicious.

LOCALS.

Glad to see you, '89.

The campus is yielding a big second crop.

Has any one a few whiskers for Sale?

It sounds good to *hear* the boys play ball again.

Prof.—“What is the highest flying bird in the world?” Soph.—“Congo of the Andes.”

Now the overcoat cometh into good use, for behold there is no fire in the recitation room.

To observe a very neat tackle and fall arrangement for opening the door, visit Press' room.

Most of the students have now returned from their summer labors to renew the fall work.

One of the Profs. lately referred to four kinds of glass in the sextant, red, blue, green, and cracked.

A reception was given to the Freshman class on Thursday evening, Sept. 10th, by the Y. M. C. A.

One of the Seniors declares that the “sun's declination” refers to its disinclination to warm the earth in winter.

'89 promises to be an unusually large class. At this early date several have been seen carrying tall hats on their heads.

Not much interest now in tennis; the boys have not yet cast off their summer laziness. “Some are lazy and some are not.”

One of the Partingtonian school was recently heard to inquire for Haw-

thorne's “Moses from an Old Man,” and “Frank Leslie's Illustrious Magazine.”

Four members of the College Band played with the Lewiston Band at the recent musical festival at Maranacook.

State Fair is at hand. Several of the boys have secured jobs on the horse-cars, others intend to use their horses in the old way.

A certain Freshman, unacquainted with the rolling prairies of Lewiston, was recently found in the vicinity of Barkerville seeking for Mt. David

The Maine State College nine has challenged the Bates to play a game of ball on some day of Fair week. The challenge will probably be accepted.

Devotional exercises are now held after the morning recitation. Cutting is on the decrease and “studying in prayer time” is a thing of the past.

Two Seniors were recently found guilty of deceitfully entertaining a Sophomore while a confederate was in the back room carving up a water-melon.

This is the way a big Senior proved that his pipe is Barnum's white elephant: “The elephant is a mere sham, so is my pipe. Hence, therefore, etc.”

It was wrong to laugh, but we were much pleased to see a near-sighted Theologue chase a load of hay down Main Street, mistaking horse food for a horse-car.

The Freshmen have chosen a part of their class officers as follows: President, F. H. Thayer; Vice-President, Miss Lelia Plumstead; Secretary and

Treasurer, Charles Emerson; Executive Committee, Safford, Small, Miss Norton; Base-Ball Committee, Call, Small, Stevens.

It is reported that a Lazy Man's Club is to be formed. At present there is only one leader in the movement and he is so tired that he refuses to record the names of new members.

Take pity on the poor Senior, for he has lost his tile. It is a blue felt hammock hat, turned up on one side. Thanks will be given to the finder if he returns it.

One of the most portly of the Seniors was lately mistaken for a Freshman, but instead of feeling hurt at the error he claims that he is pleased to think that his hard study has not taken from him his old fresh look.

A few mornings ago the Seniors were detained in the recitation room until they were too late for prayers. One of them who had cut recitation gained much cheap notoriety by being the only representative of his class in the chapel.

"C. L. Thomas was recently arrested for selling a poor side of pork."
—*Clinton Advertiser*.

Of course the sale of old side er pork comes under the jurisdiction of the liquor law just as that of any kind of cider.

A Senior was observed to rise suddenly in the Chemistry recitation when the Professor chanced to use the word "paint." A look of pain crossed the student's face when he noticed that his inattention had cost him a big laugh all around.

A very severe frost struck Parker Hall a few nights since. Some exceedingly careful and light-fingered rascal took his own coal in out of the wet and ours with it.

A close student of psychical phenomena has for two weeks been wandering under the impression that he was studying the states of the weather on a psychical thermometer.

"While playing ball one of the boys had two of his fingers broken and an eye put out. He experiences no difficulty from the hurt, says he likes baseball and wants to catch on the nine."

—*Common Liar*.

The Juniors and Freshmen rejoiced in a "cut" Wednesday afternoon. Some of the Freshmen and girls were a little uncertain about leaving the room before having met their teacher, but finally they were led away by their reckless classmates.

We are glad to see the excellent meetings in the Polymnian and Euro-sophian societies. The Freshmen seem interested, and already many have joined. Since we cannot have secret societies, all seem determined to revive the ones we have.

The Bates Orchestra, recently organized, consists of the following members: John Hilton, Leader and First Violin; E. C. Hayes and B. C. Carroll, Second Violin; G. E. Babb, Clarinet; A. C. Townsend, Flute; W. A. Walker, Cornet; Chas. Hadley, Trombone; J. H. Johnson, Cello; E. W. Whitcomb, Bass Viol.

Several of the students drove to Mechanic Falls to see the game between the Bates and Mechanics. One who got his team at Conant & Andrews' stable advises the boys not to patronize that livery corporation unless they wish to be insulted and "stuck" on the price.

A certain Junior is dissatisfied with Lake Grove, and says that an evil genius with tobacco-stained beard presides over the place. Our friend wished to play croquet with his companion, but he of the peculiar whiskers denied him the pleasure; he wished to cut a stick but was forbidden by the public guardian; finally he decided to take a quiet sail on the lake, friend Charon lent him a leaky boat. Visit Lake Grove alone excepting the company of a revolver.

An impetuous Soph says he has incurred the royal displeasure of his lady's family. A few evenings since, as he was making a call, he accidentally opened an unused door of the stove and let out some ashes on the carpet. Forgetting himself, he said, in effect: "Check the ashes!" Unfortunately he used the word that applies to holding back the water in rivers instead of the word "check," and now the Soph has a bad reputation for swearing.

The two college nines, Dudes and Rags, are practicing daily, and much interest is manifested in the contests. The Dudes, in spite of their awkward and shambling appearance, look quite nobby in their new coats of tan. One of them declares himself guilty of making a "brilliant wild throw, but

weally don't ye laugh." The Rags just fill the bill which the name suggests. Encourage them, boys, with your presence on the campus, and if there be anything meritorious in their actions, applaud them both with hand and voice.

What is the matter with the college bell? Alas! no one knows. Even as the wind bloweth where it listeth so the bell ringeth when it wisheth. How fallen from its previous well regulated condition to this state of seeming intoxication. But in this time of cholera and Chinese floods even a bell may be afflicted.

The following officers of the Base-Ball Association have been elected for the ensuing year: President, J. H. Williamson; Vice-President, R. Nelson; Secretary, J. H. Johnson; Treasurer, C. W. Cutts; Business Manager, E. W. Whitcomb; Trainer, F. W. Sandford; Financial Committee, Chas. Hadley, J. W. Flanders, and F. W. Sandford.

One of the boys narrowly escaped an untimely death last vacation. He chanced to be stopping at the seashore with a party in which the penalty was death to whomsoever might shave or wear a tall hat. One day our hero was arrested on the charge of having shaved and sold the whiskers for an exorbitant price, and as he had no fuzz on his chin with which to prove his innocence, his case looked very dark. He was finally sentenced to be pelted with water-melons by the young ladies. This was a very "close shave" for him.

PERSONALS.

FACULTY.

Prof. Chase delivered a lecture on "Literature" before the Sunday-School Institute, held in connection with the Free Baptist assembly at Ocean Park, in August.

ALUMNI.

'72.—G. H. Stockbridge recently had an interesting article on "Office Seekers," in the *Morning Star*.

'75.—F. L. Evans is city solicitor at Salem, Mass.

'76.—Rev. F. E. Emrich, pastor of a wealthy and prosperous Congregational church in Chicago, spent his summer vacation with relatives in Maine.

'77.—H. A. Burr is first assistant in the high school at Malden, Mass.

'77.—J. A. Chase is pastor of the Unitarian church at Chilmsford, Mass. He was united in marriage last winter.

'77.—F. F. Phillips is employed as a traveling agent for the firm, Harrison Bros. & Co., at Gray's Ferry, Philadelphia. Mr. Phillips' business is to make chemical tests of dyes, mineral colors, etc., of all competitors, and report the result of his investigations to the firm. He travels extensively in the Southern and Western States, has a good salary and a very enviable position. He was at Mount McGregor on the 23d of July, and wrote a beautiful poem on Gen. Grant's death for the *Boston Traveller*, which we have taken the liberty to copy.

'77.—J. W. Smith is a successful agent of the Provident Life and Trust Co., of Philadelphia. He resides in the Quaker City.

'79.—C. M. Sargent has recently received an appointment to the Boston Custom House.

'79.—W. E. Ranger, principal of Lyndon Institute, recently mourned the death of his wife. She had been an invalid for a long time. Her most painful suffering has changed to highest joy.

'81.—N. C. Hobbs has been visiting friends in this city.

'81.—B. S. Rideout stopped in Lewiston a few days recently.

'81.—Ruel Robinson is the newly elected principal of the Gardiner High School.

'81.—Rev. H. E. Foss was in town recently.

'81.—C. S. Haskell, of Auburn, has been appointed professor of Latin and Greek in the Jersey City High School. After graduating from college he was principal of the Lebanon Academy for a year; he has also acted as principal of the grammar school at Weymouth, Mass. Prof. H., with his wife and child, has already moved to Jersey City. They reside on Eighth Street, opposite the Park.

'82.—B. W. Murch, late principal of Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, is teaching at Derby Centre, Vt.

'82.—W. S. Hoyt is practicing medicine in Letts, Lansca Co., Iowa.

'83.—W. H. Barber, late book-keeper for the lumber firm, Weakland & Co., Confluence, Penn., has accepted the professorship of Natural Sciences and English Literature in Claverack College and Hudson River Institute at Claverack, N. Y.

'83.—Miss Emma Bickford is studying German in this city.

'83.—H. O. Dorr has been elected principal of the Camden High School.

'83.—E. Remick died at his home in Wolfeboro, N. H., July 30th.

'84.—Miss H. M. Brackett has obtained a desirable situation in the library of Oberlin University, Ohio.

'84.—Miss A. M. Brackett, last year the teacher of Mathematics and Ancient Languages in the Hallowell Classical Institute, is now the first assistant at Wilton Academy.

'84.—W. H. Davis, of Poland, was united in marriage to Miss Fannie B. Tefft, of Brewer, July 9th. We wish them abundant happiness in their new "calling."

'84.—E. R. Chadwick is teaching in Nichols Latin School.

'84.—J. W. Chadwick is principal of the grammar school in Gardiner, Me.

'85.—E. H. Brackett is the newly elected principal of the Lisbon High School.

'85.—B. G. W. Cushman has been appointed first assistant in the Edward Little High School, Auburn. Mr. C. has been studying Chemistry in Boston during the vacation.

'85.—Miss M. A. Emerson is first assistant of Foxcroft Academy. R. E. Donnell, '84, is principal.

'85.—Miss C. L. Ham is first assistant in the Southbridge High School, Southbridge, Mass.

'85.—G. A. Goodwin is teaching at Hubbardston, Mass.

'85.—F. A. Morey spent his vacation in a law office in New York.

'85.—A. B. Morrell is principal of the high school at Rochester, N. H. ;

and J. M. Nichols is his assistant.

'85.—A. F. Gilbert is teaching at Clinton, Me.

'85.—W. B. Small is teaching at Cornville, Me.

'85.—E. B. Stiles has entered the Andover Theological School.

'85.—M. P. Tobey has entered the Bates Theological School.

'85.—Miss A. H. Tucker is teaching in Collinsville, Conn.

'85.—C. A. Washburn is principal of the North Berwick High School.

'85.—D. C. Washburn is at the Boston School of Technology.

'85.—W. V. Whitmore has entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons at New York City.

STUDENTS.

'86.—W. H. Hartshorn has returned to the Oakland High School.

'86.—Miss Eva Pratt, we are sorry to say, will not join her class this year.

'86.—I. H. Storer took the lead in hotel business this summer. He was the head waiter at the Fiske House and came back with a small fortune.

'86.—E. D. Varney has been appointed professor of Ancient Languages and Mathematics in Lyndon Institute, Vt.

'86.—A. E. Verrill has scaled the rugged steep of Mt. Katahdin twice this vacation.

'86.—L. H. Wentworth is teaching a high school at Farmington Falls.

'86.—S. S. Wright has returned to New Sharon to take charge of the high school, which he taught last year with flattering success.

'87.—F. J. Daggett, of Colby Academy, New London, N. H., has joined the Junior class.

'87.—Miss N. B. Little is with her class once more after a long absence, on account of illness.

'87.—R. Nelson has been teaching carpentry in the Hemenway Vacation School in Boston, and is now tutor in Nichols Latin School.

'87.—L. G. Roberts is teaching in the Latin School.

'87.—E. I. Sawyer is teaching in Cumberland County.

'88.—Miss I. F. Cobb has been appointed first assistant of the Bethel High School.

'88.—C. W. Cutts is teaching a high school at Clinton, Me.

'88.—J. H. Mansur is teaching a grammar school at Acton, Me.

'88.—E. E. Sawyer is principal of the Topsham High School.

'88.—B. W. Tinker is principal of a school in Conway, N. H.

'88.—W. F. Tibbetts is an assistant in the Latin School.

'89.—The entering class is unusually large. Maine Central Institute sends 10: Miss I. E. Plumstead, A. B. Call, W. M. Getchell, W. Grant, A. H. Kane, O. B. C. Kinney, W. E. Kinney, W. H. Powell, E. L. Stevens, S. A. Norton. Nichols Latin School, 8: J. H. Blanchard, F. M. Buker, E. Edgecomb, L. Knox, F. J. Libby, G. H. Libby, Herbert Small, E. H. Thayer. Lewiston High School, 10: B. C. Carroll, I. N. Cox, G. W. Hayes, J. F. Hilton, W. R. Miller, E. J. Small, Miss E. A. Given, Miss L. L. McFadden, Miss D. M. Wood, Miss B. A. Wright. Auburn High School, 4: J. L. Hutchinson, H. W. Smith, Miss Ethel Chipman, Miss W. S. Little. Colby Academy, New London, N. H., 3: G. C. Barton, C. J. Emerson, B. E. Sinclair. There is one from each of the following schools: New Hampton Institute, T. Singer; May School, H. S. Worthley; Freeport High School, F. W. Newell; Anson Academy; A. L. Safford; Wilton Academy, A. E. Hatch; Hebron Academy, W. T. Guptill.

THEOLOGICAL.

'85.—F. L. Hayes has been preaching in Lowell this summer.

'85.—A. E. Cox is settled at Marshfield, Penn.

'85.—C. E. Mason was recently ordained at Milton Mills, N. H.

'85.—O. H. Tracy is very pleasantly situated in his parish at Strong.

'88.—The entering class is one of the most promising the school has ever had. We give below the names of all that have entered: W. M. Davis, A. E. Bradeen, A. E. Bradford, E. R. Chadwick, G. B. Hopkins, H. S. Mansur, D. M. Phillips, M. P. Tobey.

LITERARY NOTES.

HOW SHOULD I PRONOUNCE. By William Henry P. Phyfe. [G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York & London.]

No subject in this country has been more sadly neglected than that of pronunciation. Indeed, scarcely a manual of pronunciation can be found worthy the name. "How Should I Pronounce or The Art of Correct Pronunciation" supplies this long-felt need. It is worthy a place in every critical student's library. Over one thousand difficult words are given with every sound plainly indicated. The arrangement of the subject matter is admirably suited for a book of reference, while the size of the type is pica and the quality of paper excellent. The book can be found at Fernald's Book Store.

MAN'S BIRTHRIGHT OR THE HIGHER LAW OF PROPERTY. By Edward H. G. Clark. [G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York & London.]

The author of "Man's Birthright" claims to have solved the great social problems of the day, and from the vexing jumble of economics to have searched out a simple and logical science. Though we cannot fully agree with the author's conclusions, the essay certainly offsets many of the political fallacies of Henry George and can be read with profit by the student of political science.


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REV. W. H. BOWEN, D.D.,
Lecturer on Natural Theology.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

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

LATIN: In six books of Virgil's *Æneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and in Harkness' Latin Grammar. **GREEK:** In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's Greek Grammar. **MATHEMATICS:** In Loomis' or Greenleaf's Arithmetic, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' Algebra, and in two books of Geometry. **ENGLISH:** In Mitchell's Ancient Geography, and in Worcester's Ancient History.

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

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
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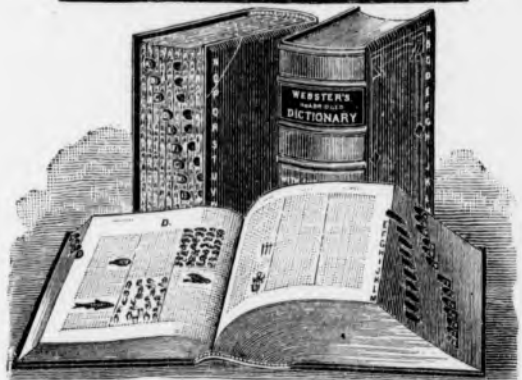
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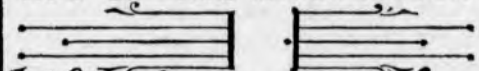
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