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VOLUME XIII.

NUMBER 8.

THE

BATES STUDENT.

Animo et Labore.

✦ OCTOBER, 1885. ✦

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THE

BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XIII.

OCTOBER, 1885.

No. 8.

Bates Student.

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

CLASS OF '86, BATES COLLEGE.

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EDITORIAL.

THE present number of the STUDENT is several days late on account of the delay in the preparation of the heliotype.

The expediency of a "college senate" has been a topic of considerable conversation among the students during the last few weeks. We would encourage such conversation, for we believe that no question is of greater moment to both the students and faculty of our American colleges than the question of college government. The most of our colleges have an oligarchical form of government. A very few have recently broken away from the forms that were brought to this continent by the nobility of the Old World, and established representative governments.

The students are represented in this form of government by means of a senate, a certain number of senators being elected by the different classes. Though the college senate is a new feature in college government, and can be called hardly more than an experiment, yet it has been very successful where it has been tried. We see no reason why it is not worthy at least, of deep consideration in every college where the students are "men." We will not attempt to

give the arguments *pro* and *con*, but leave each student to consider the advantages and disadvantages of such a system. It is our opinion, however, that a representative government in college, as elsewhere, will measure out more justice than an oligarchy.

The literary societies are doing excellent work. A greater and more healthy interest has not been known for several years. Large accessions have been made from several classes; and the most of the members seem determined to have the revived interest become a permanent one. Yet there are members who say this increased zeal in society work is simply to induce students to join and, at the close of the fall term the society meetings will, in reality, adjourn till the beginning of the next fall term. Think of a society man without faith in his society and without a hope in its power to be active and useful! In order for a literary society to be active its members must warm up to the pitch of literary activity, but nothing deadens this zeal more than members that have the same cooling and obstructing effect on the activity of the society as an iceberg does in quieting and freezing the waves of the Arctic ocean. As icebergs are changed to water by the heat of the sun, so "deadheads" in societies must be changed into active workers by the warmth created by the intense earnestness of "live" members.

The varying condition of the societies during the last few years has taught us two lessons: first, that it is not safe to rely wholly upon the name or

reputation of a society for its growth and prosperity; and, second, that excellent meetings in either society cannot be maintained unless good programmes are well carried out in the other. If we profit by these lessons we shall remember that in the society hard work is what counts.

If every member would see the importance of being present at all the meetings, the society rooms would be crowded and, if the rooms are expected to be filled, those that take part would almost invariably be well prepared. When we not only realize that the success of each meeting depends upon what is said more than who says it, but act upon that principle when we are not only *aware* of our responsibility to the society, but are true to the promptings of a clear conscience; we shall lay the foundation of an interest that will not only be permanent, but will increase from the first literary exercises of the year to the last.

The sentiment among our students was never better than at the present time. All seem to be satisfied that "Bates" is their chosen seat of learning. Every college has its peculiar advantages, but, judging from the number and ability of our students, we reasonably conclude that the advantages at "Bates" are considered by the citizens of our state to be equal, at least, to the advantages offered at our sister colleges.

While the majority of every class fit in schools connected with the college, a large and increasing number come from every part of the State, showing

that as a college we are steadily growing in public favor. One reason for this is the excellent reports of the college given by graduates and students. So many of the graduates teach several years in high schools and academies after getting through college that it is possible for many to become attached to the interests of the college through the personal influence of alumni; and men from Bates have been so remarkably successful in teaching that students fitting for college under a Bates graduate are almost sure to come here in preference to going elsewhere. This is as it should be, and simply shows a spirit of loyalty to their *Alma Mater* that is commendable.

Students teaching in the winter vacation can easily create an influence in favor of the college; and shame on that student who utters one word of slander concerning his *Alma Mater*! If he cannot speak words of commendation let him keep silent. If he does not know of a single quality that is praiseworthy, the sooner he becomes connected with some other institution the better it will be for the college; besides, the student will make himself less disgraceful, if possible, by severing his connection with an institution whose excellences his madness forbade him seeing. We know of no one that is not satisfied with the advantages here offered, and we make mention of fault-finding only to enforce the idea of praise-finding.

Some dissatisfaction has recently been manifested in one of our largest colleges because some advantages were

wanting. Many advantages are not found here, but let us not weep or grumble over things that are not. Let us notice the advantages that are constantly growing better; and if we fully appreciate what advantages we have, we shall have good reason to rejoice that it is as well with us as it is. And, judging from the present general satisfaction, we shall seldom have reason to rejoice more than now. If any advantage in our college is superior to others it is the influence of true moral manliness, an influence that is appreciated not only in our study-rooms but in our homes.

If every student, then, will cause as pure an atmosphere to pervade his school-room during the winter vacation, as pure as the air he now breathes, a thousand additional homes will rejoice that Bates College is one of the powers that be.

The political situation of the country is at the present time very interesting. Party tactics are constantly changing. The fittest man seems to exert an increasing influence among many of the more intelligent voters in both parties; while party principles are becoming less significant. Does this mean that national questions are of less importance than personal qualifications? We think not.

There are agencies at work that tend to thwart the primary object of every election, and in too many cases this tendency becomes an awful reality. One of the most important of these agencies is the time-cursed custom of party patronage to maintain

party ascendancy. Individual fitness is already considered somewhat by belief in civil service reform. While this is not the most important issue before the American people, we believe reform in the civil service is a necessary step; one that must be taken before we can successfully enter upon the discussion and decide the questions that are of vital importance to the government's perpetuity and the people's happiness. Until the spoils system has been completely overthrown, fitness for public service will seldom be a prerequisite of the successful candidate, and only when such fitness shall be an essential qualification can the nation be best governed.

The pessimist tells us that capital and the trades union are enemies, capital carrying on an offensive warfare and the trades union a defensive warfare. We agree with him to a limited extent and, accordingly conclude that the constantly-widening chasm between labor and capital must be amicably bridged over in the near future, else the picket skirmishes that are constantly increasing in the form of strikes will sooner or later bring on a general engagement. And who will attempt to imagine the result? The question to decide is: What is the best way of bridging over this awful chasm?

In our largest cities and some of our states the ballot is abused in such a way as to stifle the voice of the people. When states and the nation are controlled by tampering with ignorance, we have reason to be anxious concerning the future of our free institutions.

How shall the masses be educated to intelligently perform the duties of citizenship?

The immigration of people, holding as many different ideas and prejudices as there are nations on the globe, cannot raise the moral level of our own people, and such immigration coupled with intemperance tends directly to national deterioration. How can these evils be averted? These industrial, political, and moral problems must be correctly solved in order to foster individual happiness. And we believe no class is called upon to carefully consider and study into these social problems, and give others the benefit of their investigations more than college men. While it is not only undesirable but impossible for all to be statesmen, yet it is our belief that every student in college should have at least an intelligent opinion of the questions that reach to the heart of the government and effect the well-being of every household. It is not our purpose here, to instruct, so much as to cause every student *to think*. If we are alive to the issues of the day and earnest for the right, we shall not have lived without a laudable purpose. In college we build boats in which we soon embark upon the billowy surges of a stormy world.

We can weave into the texture of our boats qualities so strong that they will withstand the rocking in the severest tempest. We can build them so firm and secure that we can rescue many a wanderer in a sinking craft. We can build our boats as models, so grand that if others pattern after us they will not have builded in vain. Why not do it?

LITERARY.

IN LATE SUMMER.

By C. W. M., '77.

At drowsy noon the crickets sing,
The days grow short, the nights are chill;
The gleaming tints of Autumn creep
Over the distant wooded hill.

The days grow short, the nights are chill,
The thistle's down floats in the air,
The clematis, out-reaching, strives
To make the roadside hedges fair.

The thistle's down floats in the air,
Bright red the sumac berries glow,
Where roses blushed or daisies bloomed,
Tall scarlet lilies bend and blow.

Bright red the sumac berries glow,
In every breeze the sunflowers nod,
And every wayside nook is bright
With aster blooms and golden-rod.

In every breeze the sunflowers nod,—
Oh summer days, could you but last!
From the far distance comes the sound
Of winter's cold and withering blast.

THE SANCTITY OF LAW.

By C. A. W., '85.

IN the latter part of the eighteenth century, at a time when France had abandoned her old constitution and had subverted institutions hoary from age, there arose a voice, across the British Channel, pleading for the sacredness of law. It was the voice of Edmund Burke. Says his biographer, Morley, this with Burke was the cardinal truth for men, viz.: "That the world would fall into ruins if the practice of all moral duties and the foundations of society rested upon having their reasons made clear and demonstrative to every individual." This principle that Burke enunciated and

defended in an age characterized by skepticism and innovation, must be regarded, in the light of history and experience, as correct and permanent. For what there is of stableness and order in society is due to the sacred mystery that veils the origin of our institutions from the superficial gaze. But the sacredness that renders stable our institutions is a derived sacredness. Underlying this is that deeper and holier reverence that must forever shroud the origin of moral law. The institutions that beget order in society are the legacy of countless generations of men and are ever subject to revision and amendment; but the "unwritten laws of the soul," the source of all order, were traced by another hand, a hand that reviseth not nor changeth.

All nature reveals a designing mind. The falling rain, the opening bud, the periodic change of seasons, the rising and setting sun, the ebbing and flowing tide, the adaptation of the animal to its surroundings, all whisper of law; all point unmistakably to a master mind. And the mind that secured order and harmony in the material world, provided also for harmony in the soul of man; and here as elsewhere by law—immutable law—that marks an everlasting distinction between that which is *right* and that which is wrong. Yet, notwithstanding such ample provisions for order, disorder greets us from without and within. The civilization of every age comes down to us distorted and unnatural from broken moral laws. For to a disregard of these inner laws is to be traced every disturbance in society.

Says Charles Dickens, of the French Revolution: "It was not an instance of tremendous and wide-reaching consequences without a cause." The cause ran deep; but all its windings and complications Dickens might have traced to the hearts of men. The outburst was sudden and earth-shaking; but its fury was the accumulation of centuries of misrule, fanned at last by a French philosophy, that ignored all moral distinctions, into a flame that licked the heavens and swept the face of Europe. The magnitude and frenzy of this event is appalling. But how truly is it shadowed in individual experience! The souls of men abound in revolutions.

Everywhere is apparent the soul's groping after harmony; and everywhere the almost universal discord is proof that that for which the soul has striven is foreign to its nature and its needs. Said Lord Macaulay at the close of a brilliant and eventful career, "I have drawn a blank in the lottery of life."

But that there is provision for harmony in the soul of man must not be questioned, and if harmony that of law. The yearnings of all men after inner serenity and the lives and teachings of a few great souls corroborate the declaration of all nature for universal law. Whence comes the inspiration to the youth from the lives and teachings of Socrates and Plato? For more than two thousand years the earth has held its beaten way since these men taught, but their teachings are ever fresh and inspiring, and their memories are evermore dearly cherished

as their teachings are better comprehended. The face of the material world has suffered many changes since they lived; but the fountain-head of knowledge from which they drew has altered not. The same laws govern the material world now as then; and the human heart, with all its impulses and appetites, remains the same. The divine laws of the soul that cry for obedience now are from the beginning. Herein lies the power of these ancient teachers; they taught what is unchanging; their field was the human soul, their standard eternal and immutable law. With wonderful accord have the world's great teachers directed the attention of men inward to the laws of being. All through the ages, whenever the voice of a genuine teacher is heard, come ringing these words, "Know thyself." Emerson's commandment to man is, "Sit aloof and study the laws of thy soul." There is no harmony, no freedom but that of obedience to inner laws; no avenue to freedom but man's moral tendency.

There is no room for skepticism here. Before the statutes within let rationalism bow her haughty head; and towering majestic and calm from law revealed let duty reign supreme.

◆◆◆

Were you building a monument to remain for ages how majestic and substantial would be its construction! How much more august and solemn is life.—*Storrs.*

Make all things subordinate to duty; and that duty is to be and do that which you are best fitted for. To know, then, what thy duty is, study thyself, "know thyself."—*Anon.*

LOST THOUGHTS.

By A. E. V., '86.

Those peaceful, quiet moments come
To every poet's soul
When, stirred by beauty's magic wand
Or solemn church-bell's toll,
Grand thoughts almost too deep for words
In wild, fantastic train—
And far too fleet for deffest pen—
Go trooping through his brain.
To catch these fleeting messengers
Each new device is tried;
But like Pandora's box of ills
They scatter far and wide.
A few in all the ages past
Have grasped and pinioned some
And so immortalized their names
In every age to come.

IS THIS A SKEPTICAL AGE?

By E. B. S., '85.

IT is the function of institutions to serve man. When they cease to serve, they begin to decay. The institution that had its origin in the life and teachings of Jesus Christ was preëminently one of service, and rapidly grew till the church lost sight of its true mission and assumed the place of master. Its mission was to uplift man, to promote religious liberty, to save the world. But, as it gained power, it forget man except when it could use him to add to its own power; it considered liberty of thought and action dangerous to its ends; and, as far as true religious instruction was concerned, it left the world to care for itself. Hence it is not strange that, in the soil prepared by a corrupt church, there sprang up the rank growth of skepticism that cursed the eighteenth century—a skepticism whose creed may be thus summarized: "The distinction between good and evil is only a crazy dream of

Christianity. There is no such thing as evil. Nature alone is divine. Nature may allow herself every indulgence and never sin. Matter is God. Sensual enjoyment alone is holy."

Moreover, it soon became apparent that a society composed of men who did not recognize moral obligation was contradictory to peace and prosperity. How powerfully the French Revolution tells the story of a godless people! And its blood-taught lessons were not lost upon the skeptical world. Unbelief, at its best, had shown itself inferior to belief at its worst. Therefore skeptics, compelled to seek something to take the place of unbelief, began the critical examination of the doctrines of the New Testament; some, religious nihilists, for the purpose of overthrowing them; others honest doubters, for the sake of finding the truth. Both reached the same results and to-day the New Testament stands firmer than ever. No fair-minded person can doubt the validity of the major part of it, and, that being true, Christianity must also be true.

Skeptics are beginning to lose faith in faithlessness and, in looking about for something in which to believe, their attention is arrested, not by the old, corrupt, arrogant church that led to the revolt against Christianity, but by a church that is more faithfully than ever presenting to the world the power of Christianity to regenerate society. It is not by argument, but by life, that the church is turning the tide against skepticism and turning the hearts of men toward Him whom it represents. There is something practical in pure

religion that affects men's judgment; there is something powerful in it that touches their hearts.

This century has indeed witnessed glorious advancement for the church. At the beginning of the century, it sought popularity by a free and easy sort of preaching that simply appealed to the intellect. But the souls of men began to cry for nourishment till the popular demand made it necessary for the church to substitute knowledge for speculation, the practical for the æsthetic, Christ for culture. The successful churches to-day are the ones that teach the pure gospel.

Again, practical Christianity has so far displaced the skepticism that ran riot in our schools a few years ago, that the dominant sentiment in very many of our schools is thoroughly Christian.

Then again, the power of the simple gospel in the hands of a Moody, the results of Christian faith and love as manifested in the growth of modern missions, and the various philanthropic enterprises that owe their origin to Christianity, not only silence scoffers, but show that the spirit of the age is thoroughly a spirit of belief.

Christianity has commended itself to this practical age as a thoroughly practical system. Till every candid skeptic must confess with Mr. Mill that, "as a practical religion, a man can have nothing better than the imitation of the ideal contained in this picture, and the endeavor always so to act as to please the Christ delineated in the New Testament."

Renan, another skeptic, also says:

"While we enjoy the liberty" (of thought and of science) "as sons of God, let us beware of contributing to that weakening of virtue which would threaten society if the force of Christianity should be impaired."

Such testimony shows that the hope of the age is not in any system of dead ideas, but in Him who said: "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me." Emerson, in his younger days, said to Hawthorne: "We must get rid of Christ." But our age cries with Hawthorne: "No, we must not. The ages cannot do without Him."

MISSION OF THE POET.

By A. S. T., '86.

"LET me introduce you to yourselves," said a popular preacher to his audience, as he began his vivid portrayal of character and the fine analysis of motives. The fact is that in this world of hurrying and hurried human beings, we live so much upon the surface, that we are strangers to ourselves. The present, the immediate, the secular, so much engross us, that we really know but little of our innermost selves, and have but a slight appreciation of that world of complicated being that makes up the substances of what we are. There are heights and depths in our souls that we have never explored in our lives. Occasionally we catch glimpses of them. Who has not stood in awe of himself, as in some moment of intense self-consciousness, he has been driven into regions of life that were wild and rugged. But, with the most

of us, these excursions to the mountain regions of the soul are so few and rapidly made, the pressure of outward circumstances is so strong, the time for inward contemplation is so brief, that in order to understand what we in common with our fellows are, we really need to be introduced to ourselves every now and again by some student of human nature.

The same is true of God's world of external facts and objects. In that also, for the great majority, life is superficial. If, for a moment we catch a glimpse of a world unobserved before, we lack the time or the power to sustain ourselves in such a realm. Guides and interpreters are necessary here also, to acquaint us with the less obvious things, and the profounder meanings in the world of God about us. To perform for us these kingly offices and sustain to us these exalted relations, is the sacred mission of the poet.

But what is the poet and what are his advantages of observation over others? Whatever may be said of the possibilities within the reach of human endeavor in any particular direction, I start with this as an unquestioned and unquestionable proposition: the poet is born, not made. Oratory may be acquired; not so the gift of poetry. This is a special endowment of nature upon her most favored children. The poet is he, who, not only discerns an unusual amount of beauty and mystery that is hidden within and enfolds us without, but who is also endowed with the power to give a lofty expression to the exalted thoughts and feelings that the unveiled realities inspire. The poet

does not confine himself to any particular class of ideas or line of truths, but as free as the winds of heaven among the sweet-lipped flowers of the pastures and the meadows, he ranges over every field of human thought and through every avenue of human emotion. Not a feeling of pain, not a thrill of joy, not an emotion of the soul to which poetry has not given a divinely inspired expression! Happiness and regret, hope and despair, love and anger, with all the attendant shades of feeling that float across the bosom of the soul, are mirrored in the silvery flow of the poet's song. While the world of practical beings are compelled to live largely in the external or the superficial, the poet is gifted with the power of withdrawing himself within himself, and of exploring the dark ravines and of ascending the mountain heights of the soul. Not himself as a distinct individual, but himself as he exists in those characteristics that are common to us all is the object of his study; and from these inward explorations he comes forth with descriptions of things that we have but dimly seen or vaguely comprehended, with the interpretation of things that baffled and eluded us. Not that the poet reads into our beings, qualities, and possibilities that do not exist; not this; for he himself is compelled to acknowledge that in the heart of the humblest there lie mysteries too deep for even the plummet of the poetic thought. "Alas!" he says, "if I could only grasp what in this soul is, I could write more than has yet been written."

But the poet does not confine himself

to the subjective. He gives himself equally to the objective and to the objective as the inspirer of the subjective. By the light that his fancy holds to nature, he discovers the wonderful adaptation existing between the external world and the human soul. He aims to paint the beauty that lies behind and above the material, to unfold the majesty that surrounds us, to catch the harmony and melody that underlie the seeming discord. The poet takes the broadest survey of things and events. He views nature with the eye of a lover, doting upon her charms, but blind to her defects. And of current events he takes an equally comprehensive view. In the progress of the ages, he discerns that "one eternal purpose runs." He is not overcome by the cruelty and injustice and sorrow he sees in society, for he reads, in his deeper insight into historic events, the workings of a power that will overcome all injustice, that will right all wrongs and wipe away all tears. Thus he becomes the world's highest interpreter of that infinite mystery, the soul of all that is. Briefly, he is the natural ally and defender of all truth, at home, in the fields of science and history, of philosophy and religion.

Life is warfare, and those who climb up and down steep paths and go through dangerous enterprises are the brave men and the leaders in the camp, but to rest basely at the cost of others' labors is to be a coward, safe because despised.—*Irving.*

SWEET CAPORAL.

By D. C. W., '85.

When all the world seems out of rhyme,—
The idle day but wasted time,—
The evening like a farce played out:
While in my mind crowds many a doubt:

When disappointments fill the air
And friends prove false, and maids unfair:
When love affairs look dark and blue,
And unpaid tailors bills come due;—

Then, then my cigarette I light,
And all my troubles take to flight.
And as its glowing end I watch,
Like some red, sympathetic torch,—

Responsive to my every mood,
To lighten my disquietude;—
The clouds roll by, the moon sails out,
And banishes all shade and doubt.

So in my mind doubt clears away,
And calmer thoughts and moods hold sway.
And as the fragrant smoke ascends
And with the evening stillness blends,

A burden seems to roll away,—
The cares and trials of the day.
Then all the world again looks bright,
And unpaid tailors' bills seem light

As ashes from my cigarette;
And I forget that I'm in debt;
While love affairs look bright once more,
Which but a little while before

Had seemed so dark and squally.
So in my hammock here I lie,
Beneath the pale blue, moonlit sky
And bless Sir Walter Raleigh.

HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN.

By W. S. B., '86.

SCOTT'S Midlothian embodies the peculiar life of Scottish tenantry. He brings them before us in their pristine glory, while, as yet undefiled by contact and intercourse with the milder manners and gentler customs of the Southron. In their lowly character he paints for us the farmer and

his daughter, the needy student and the sluggish laird; he places before our vision the heaths and glebes, the tenant's cottage and the duke's mansion, the country in its verdure and the city with its crowd. In his pages we meet gypsies, smugglers, country folk, city gentry, judges, dukes, lairds, and queen. He places us in the deepest haunts of the outlaw and in the gilded palace of the king, and from this heterogeneous mass he brings forth a novel, perfect in its plot, true to nature in its scenes and characters, and adding to a lofty purpose purity of thought and delicacy of expression.

In this as in most of his stirring Scottish novels, he shows himself perfectly at home. He is thoroughly in his sphere, and in the scenes and characters of lowly life he is excelled by no man. Graceful and easy in style, of infinite humor, and with a perfect command of the peasant's dialect he delights in picturesque scenes and historical personages of the people. His plot, therefore, deals principally with characters of the people. His descriptions of Dumbiedykes and of Madge Wildfire are excellent, and how well he blends the dairy maid with the loved one and faithful daughter in the character of Jeanie Deans.

Beginning his story with the Porteous riot, he suggests at once that the story has to do with crime, and so it proves; for the unfortunate Porteous he awakens our sincere pity, although somewhat modified by the feeling that he deserved his fate. He places in deepest humiliation before us a lovely and beautiful maid; he moves us to

pity and compassion at her untimely sentence. We applaud even as we condemn the heroic courage of Jeanie, as she gives the fatal testimony; but the means which she immediately takes to render it ineffectual, arouse for her unbounded admiration.

Her journey to far-off London contrasts for us the different manners and customs of the Scotch and English; it tells us of the Scottish generosity for one another in time of need, as well as their inborn belief that any and everybody's business is their business. Her own hardships trudging mile after mile over a strange country suggest a comparison with the fair dames of our own day by no means favorable to the latter. The clannish spirit of all Scotchmen is especially shown in her reception by the Duke of Argyle, while their reverence for the spirit of their ancestors appears in his advancement of her father and lover.

Scott's purpose is to show to us that early piety brings its own reward, and that the effects of our early misdeeds follow us through life. To this purpose he adheres closely; no irrelevant scenes distract the readers from the point in view. No digressing characters mar its beauty, but, with a skill approaching perfection, he carries it to the end. He illustrates well the old saw that as we sow so shall we reap, and those who sow the tempest must expect to reap the cyclone. Robertson's early life was not the most perfect, yet in middle age he atoned as far as possible for the errors of his youth and lived as comfortable as a man could who carried his secret. But

yet while engaged in searching for his lost child he is slain by his own offspring.

Of the life of Jeanie and Butler nothing need be said here; they lived as they began, a life of piety and peace.

Scott draws his characters with a distinctness that can seldom be mistaken, but in an emergency, they oftentimes exhibit traits that surprise even themselves. In effecting the escape of Robertson, Wilson shows a magnanimity little to be expected from him. Dumbiedykes, on the occasion of Jeanie's visit to London, shows at first the ruffled spirit of all Scotchmen at the mention of money; but, in the ride after her, a spark of generosity so unexpected as to seem unreal.

The resources of Scott embrace everything that pertains to life and action. Bold in imagination, fertile in strategy, he especially honors the out-of-door life of warfare and adventure. His peculiar weakness is his description of feminine characters enjoying social pre-eminence. Those socially his inferiors he can portray true to life, as the character of Jeanie Deans amply testifies; but, as in Effie's case after her advancement to the position of Lady Staunton, he fails completely in the description of ladies of rank.

The effect of this work on the reader is livening and inspiring. At the beginning we are apt to be cast down at the multiplicity of crime that he introduces; but this passes away as the moral purpose dawns clearly upon our mind, and our enjoyment is intensified by the transition from crime.

From this book we may learn the

old customs and manners of Scotland, or rather Scott's version of them; for they are not historically correct, nor is his dialect of ancient Scotchmen anything more than modern idioms very badly spelt. But his purpose is to amuse, not to teach, and in this he is successful.

Although this is not one of the books that will be historically interesting to future generations, yet, as showing his true power as a writer, it must ever be ranked as one of his most successful works.

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IN MEMORIAM.

EVERETT REMICK.

In a previous number of the *STUDENT*, in a feeling and just tribute to the memory of a deceased alumnus of Bates, a reverend gentleman has well said: "The seasons come and go, night and day succeed each other, and in the things around us there is an order which we can plainly observe. But we find no such order in regard to death and the grave." These words and others that accompanied them came forcibly to my mind when I learned that my friend, my old-time class- and room-mate, Everett Remick, was dead. Dead, cut down in the prime of young manhood, dead, "where manhood's morning scarcely touches noon and while the shadows still were falling toward the west." That one so pure and upright, so firm in his friendships, and with such bright prospects for future usefulness before him,

should die in young manhood, seems to mortal eyes a sad perversion of "Heaven's first law."

Everett Remick was born at Wolfeboro, N. H., March 8, 1857. During his boyhood he was a universal favorite, his playmates being ever ready to do a service for "King Everett," as they called him. He entered the fitting school at New Hampton in 1874. There, his health giving out, he was obliged to discontinue his studies for a time, finally graduating with honor with the class of '78. On account of ill health it was thought best for him not to enter college immediately; consequently he relinquished his studies for one year, teaching school at Alton, N. H., during the winter, and later going to New York City. In the fall of 1879 he entered Bates with the class of '83, graduating as one of its honor men four years later. The year following his graduation was spent in the study of his chosen profession at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, at New York City.

In July, 1884, he contracted a severe cold, and from that time he failed gradually until his death. In December, fearing that the rigors of a New England winter might prove fatal he was taken to New York, where he received the best of medical treatment; but nothing could stay the progress of the disease, and on the 11th of June he was carried back to his home at Wolfeboro, never to leave it until, on the 30th of July, he received the summons to that "long home" beyond the skies. Although he lived the life of a moralist, during his last sickness he gave him-

self to God, and his dying words were: "It is all right; I have no fear of death except the pain."

As a student in college he won the regard and respect of all with whom he came in contact, and the cordial friendship and love of all who knew him intimately. As a member of the board of STUDENT editors in 1882, he was one of its hardest workers, and contributed largely to the success attained by it that year. His interest in the STUDENT continued to his last hours.

May his death, the first to break the ranks of '83, serve to bind the remaining members with closer bonds of fellowship and good-will. Although the form of our classmate and friend has passed beyond the reach and ken of mortal apprehension, and his life ended on earth, he has left to us a legacy in the memory of his virtues, by which we may each profit. J. L. R., '83.

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COMMUNICATIONS.

MIDNAPORE, July 15, 1885.

To the Editors of the Student:

Your Commencement this year found me far from Lewiston, though not forgetful of Bates as June passed by. The day before last Christmas we arrived here in Midnapore, and it will probably be ten years before we again see Lewiston. Many will be the changes in that time, and I hope those changes will prove very beneficial for "dear old Bates." Once in a while, in the mean time, I hope to talk with the STUDENT readers whenever I find any-

thing to write about of interest to you from this side of the world.

Though passing through Calcutta on our way here, yet I will wait till I am better acquainted with it before attempting to describe what is known as the "City of Palaces." To one visiting its native quarters, it would seem more appropriate to call it the "City of Hovels," such is the great difference between wealth and poverty there exhibited. But this latter title would apply as well to the poorer native portion of any eastern city. The mud huts with their thatched roofs abound everywhere. The old log-cabin of America would be considered a palace beside these poor native houses.

Midnapore, with about thirty thousand inhabitants, is a fairly representative city. It is situated about seventy-five miles from Calcutta, with which it is connected by canals and rivers. It is the capital of the District of Midnapore, and so here are the principal government officials and here all the law business for the country fifty miles around us is transacted. There are two courts and, to see the great crowds of people around these, one would think this people were great lovers of law.

India is not an uncivilized country; in fact it is far more than semi-civilized. Indeed, the people flatter themselves they are as much civilized as any people; and, judged simply by acquirement of languages, Midnapore would to-day stand ahead of Lewiston. I was quite surprised, on going to the hall for a lecture, to find two hundred, or more babus who could appreciate

a lecture in English; and I was told that there were many more English speaking men in Midnapore. Of course, one great reason for this knowledge of English is because it is the language of their rulers and much used in the courts, public documents, etc. Here there are three schools teaching English and in them many of the studies are taught in English. A native has just come here to Midnapore to teach in the town school who claims he does not talk any language but English. The better class of the male population here is well educated and quite prosperous. It is the lower class that is so exceedingly low. Poverty and rags is hardly true here. The rags are almost missing, and it nearly becomes poverty and nakedness. You would certainly think so were you to look upon our twenty or more beggars who come every Monday for their pice.

The mud-house portion of the city is a very disagreeable part to visit. The low huts, plastered often on the outside with patches of cow manure drying for fuel, and the walls inside and floors washed with a solution of cow manure and water, are all very offensive to one until he becomes accustomed to such things. The cow is considered a very sacred animal here in India. Many bullocks are seen roaming around the streets, fat and sleek looking. They have been devoted to the gods. The people never work them and they even worship them, feeding them whenever they come near. It is really refreshing to escape from the filthy native quarters to the European quarters, where are large, airy

houses surrounded by large yards, or "compounds," as here they are called.

Really Midnapore is not, on the whole, a bad place to live in, so long as one can find plenty of work here, which is true of a missionary; and I hope it will not be long before I shall welcome other Bates men here. It would be a great help to us if we could have the college Dr. Cheney is planning for. May the day be hastened when we shall be so fortunate, and some strong Bates man shall come to teach in it. He will not need to learn the language, but can work in his own mother tongue. We could have a hundred students and more. Your correspondent is hard at work on Bengali, besides managing a printing office, and though having been here seven months, can talk but little as yet. I hope soon, however, to write you a letter in Bengali.

Yours Fraternally,

F. D. GEORGE.

KATAHDIN CLIMBED.

To the Editors of the Student:

In a previous letter I described an unsuccessful attempt to reach the top of Mount Katahdin. Not being satisfied, however, with such a trip, I joined a party that proposed going by a new route and one which promised to be much better. We were not delayed by bad weather, and, leaving the East Branch of the Penobscot on Tuesday afternoon, by easy stages, we reached Russell's Camp before sundown on Wednesday. The next afternoon saw us on Katahdin.

Our journey had been without unusual event. The first night we camped

in a drenching rain at the mouth of Warm Brook on the Wissataquoik. Here, with the hope of taking a salmon, the writer stood knee-deep in the water and threw a fly for half an hour; but at last concluding they wouldn't rise, he made his way to camp and tried to dry himself before an exceedingly hot fire in rather a moist atmosphere.

When we awoke next morning we found that it was clearing up, and after a hasty breakfast on pork and hard-bread we started on in high spirits. At noon we reached an old logging camp. Here we dined on fried duck, which the rifles had brought down on the way. The road, which had been very bad all the way, now became worse. In one place one of the horses attached to the heavy "tote" team which carried our luggage, went almost under in a muck hole. The horses, though high-spirited, were used to the road, and nothing in animals could exceed the patience and intelligence they showed while the driver was helping them out of difficult places. The road was now very rocky in places. To explain what "very rocky" means in this country one should know that when the rocks are only a foot in diameter, and scattered as thick as they can lie, the driver called it smooth. He would continually ask some of us to ride with him on the load, assuring that it was like a house floor for half a mile ahead; but when he induced one of us we were glad to get off after riding a few rods, feeling as though we were shaken in fragments. The tote-road here is in sight of the Wissataquoik stream. This stream is very high in the spring and dangerous for the

drivers. In one place we stepped down to its bank and read an inscription, roughly chiseled on a large rock. Here a bold driver had lost his life. We made a short stop at Norway Falls, where there are natural stone buttments but no bridge across.

Towards the middle of the afternoon we reached Tracey's camp, and leaving our team here, we shouldered our packs and pushed on to Russell's, three miles farther.

The next morning at 7 o'clock we crossed the Wissataquoik, by jumping from rock to rock, several of us narrowly escaping a ducking, and taking a south-west course, trudged along in Indian file for about a mile and a half, when we came to a large rock which is worthy of description. On one side it was exactly the right shape for an open tent, and would easily afford shelter for thirty men, being eight feet high, twenty-four feet long, and twelve feet wide. Through a crevice in one corner of this rocky tent we climbed to the top of the boulder, some forty feet, and guessed at its probable length, which we could not ascertain, as it was on a hill-side and was overgrown. The rock might have been the projection of a ledge, but it had all the appearance of a huge boulder, partly buried in the hill-side. We named the place the "Pioneer's Rest," and leaving our names there on birch bark, we resumed our tramp. The next place of interest was Tumble Run, a mountain stream, in whose bed we ascended about a thousand feet in half a mile. It was a novel sight for me to stand in this stream, and, looking back

or ahead at an angle of 45 degrees, see my companions with huge packs on their backs, clambering over the rocks.

After leaving this stream we took a lunch, though it was hardly yet the middle of the forenoon, and with renewed strength climbed on. From here we constantly, though gradually, ascended, and we soon realized that we were on the slope of old Katahdin. On reaching a little stream, which the guide called Cold Brook, we were told to fill our canteens and drink our fill, as we were not sure of any more water. Fortunately, however, we came across several more small streams, at all of which we drank of the purest and coldest of water. When we reached the last of these the guide thought we had better leave our packs, and, after climbing the mountain, return there to camp. We followed his advice, and after another lunch (our second since breakfast, and it was not yet noon), we started on up the mountain, feeling quite light of foot after leaving our packs.

Our way now was through a continuous thicket of spruce. At times we walked through the branches and over the tops of the trees, which gradually diminished in height as we neared the summit. Four or five miles below, at the base of the mountain, we had passed ordinary forest trees and for every twenty rods we ascended, we could see the diminution in height and size, until near the highest land we found them only from one to two feet high. At length we were relieved to hear the cry: "out of the thicket!" and in a few minutes we

were all clambering up over the rocks, often stopping to look off, over the most wonderful panorama our eyes ever beheld. We soon found that we should have to slacken our pace, as we all felt a slight difficulty in taking enough of this thin air at a breath, and the effect was slightly debilitating. At 2.30 P.M. we reached the first of the two north peaks. Between these two peaks we stopped for some time, looking off, through our glasses, and pushing large rocks over the edge of the precipice and hearing them go thundering down, down for half a mile. We could not see them for it was so steep that we did not care to look, but only listened to the echoes from what seemed like a "lower world." From this place we could see both the north and south basins. They are indeed like huge basins scooped out of the mountain, with a rim on three sides half a mile in height; but the side toward the east is gone from the north basin, and that toward the north from the south basin. In the north basin there is a small pond; and in the south basin is Chimney Pond, directly under the Chimney, as one of the peaks is called.

We spent some time here in gazing at the perpendicular walls of rock toward the south. To look down into the south basin and follow the precipice slowly up with the eye, one gets an idea of what grandeur is. Here surely is grandeur in all its vastness! How still it is! It would seem that all the voices of nature had suddenly been hushed so that nothing should distract our attention. But no, this place is always still. This is nature petrified.

Here is solitude enthroned. Through sunshine and storm these columns, these domes and spires have stood unmoved for all time. How ancient! awe-inspiring! No wonder the simple red man bowed in fear before such silence, and peopled these places with his gods.

The slanting rays of the sun soon warned us that we must depart for our camp in the timber if we would make sure of getting there that night, for all we had to follow was a spotted line. The camp reached, we soon had huge fires, and sat around, boiling our coffee and planning for the morrow. Our party numbered thirteen with the guide. Seven of us decided to climb the mountain again. The rest, with the guide, were to go back to Russell's Camp and fish until we returned. That night I lay on a bed of mountain moss and counted the stars until I fell asleep.

How pleasant to be in this primeval wood;
To lie at night under the star-lit sky,
And hear the deep-wood voices—the bray of
moose,
The mountain bear's wild call, the night-bird's
hoot—
All these, with deepest silence interspersed,
But surely make the solitude more deep;
And give the weary student's mind relief;
And tell him he is far from homes of men.

The next morning we breakfasted on canned beef, and filling our pockets with pilot-bread, we started for the summit with a cheery "good luck" to the fishermen. It did not seem long this time before our pace was quickened by the cry of "open rocks ahead." Soon those who had reached the rocks passed the word back to the thicket for me to hurry up with my shooting iron, as they

had seen a bear going up over the mountain. Now my shooting iron was a 32-calibre revolver, and would have about as much effect on bruin's fat sides as a pea-shooter. However, knowing that all the bears in this country run as soon as, or before, they see any one, I hurried along. But old bruin didn't show himself again.

The peaks were capped in cloud and we soon ascended into one. We thought the wind was strong before we reached the clouds; but now we made up our minds that these must be what some call "wind clouds," for it was so strong that we were glad to lie down behind the rocks and "wait till the clouds rolled by." Fortunately we had but a short time to wait. The summit was soon clear and we started for the south peaks, running and thumping our hands to keep warm. In less than four hours from camp we were on the highest peak. If the view from the north peaks was wide-spread, this was more; it was a bird's-eye view. On every side, as far as the eye could reach there was nothing to obstruct the vision. We counted, without moving from our tracks, one hundred and twenty-two lakes. We amused ourselves for some time with looking off over the vast expanse of woods and lakes, stopping now and then to roll a few rocks into the basin below. While looking down into the basin one of the party discovered a smoke, at first I thought it was caused by some of the rocks we had sent down, as they often strike fire and send up a puff of smoke; but on having the place pointed out and watching a minute we all plainly saw it. It would be very

dangerous, if not impossible, to descend to the spot, and I was assured by one of the party who had been in the basin, that it could not be reached from below. And, as the smoke was white instead of blue, we concluded it to be the steam from a hot spring. Never having heard of such a spring in connection with Katahdin, we claimed this as our discovery.

After taking a long look through the glass at the distant Moosehead and Sebec lakes, and a sweep over a hundred others to the Millinocket, and the long, beautiful Chesuncook at our feet, we turned our backs on the summit and reached Russell's before sundown. At the expense of our friends, the fishermen, we now had a fine repast, for while we had been on the mountain they had taken over two hundred fine trout. Upward of a thousand trout were caught by the party during the trip.

Here in the forest Nature teaches much
That's laden not with man's laborious method.
Here, too, she strengthens; makes man more
a man;

And every day explains new mysteries.
She tells him that her richest lore is bound
Not in his books, but in her rock-strewn hills
And vast expanse of wood, for here she's nude
As when the world first swung alone in space.
He's but to delve and every treasure's his.

A. E. V., '86.

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The warm sunshine and the gentle zephyr may melt the glacier which has bid defiance to the howling tempest; so the voice of kindness will touch the heart which no severity could subdue.
—*Herder*.

LOCALS.

Over the campus with beaver hat
 Freshie came, openly daring the Soph.
 A rush, a struggle, tit for tat.
 By dint of concealing eighty-nine lugs off
 A bit of the brim, a patch of the crown;
 Straightway then he hies him to town,
 And has of the fragments a chromo struck off.
 Thus he won a victory (?) over the Soph.

The Freshmen recently defeated the Latin School nine by a score of 16 to 2.

Prof. in Psychology—"Give the substance of the Kant theory." Student—"I can't."

The students have been vaccinated at special rates by Dr. Howe. It is said that two came from the ordeal with white faces.

While at Kent's Hill, recently, the nine called on Dr. Torsey, and were entertained with apples, and some of the Dr.'s spicy stories.

A Senior, after being refused twice while trying to get a partner for the promenade, concluded they were right when they told him it was "ladies' choice."

Prof. in Botany—"Are all the corollas tubular or strapped?" Three students in chorus from the corner (whose minds are evidently dwelling on some unpaid bills)—"All strapped."

Since the recent "Hat Rush" it is no uncommon thing to see a group of yaggers knocking each other's hats off, and yelling: "Eighty-eight!" "Eighty-nine!" Great is the power of example. Sets the law for society.

On the evening of the public meeting of the Eurosophian Society, the last of the large audience that filed out

of Hathorn Hall, probably heard a slight commotion on the campus. Some called it a cane-rush, but as we did not see any canes, we think it safe to conclude that the boys were only taking a little exercise.

At a reception given the students at the Main Street church, a certain Senior, being mistaken for a new comer, was asked how he enjoyed his Freshman year. The victim of the error says that some one made a great mistake in *Chronology*.

By a strange coincidence, five Seniors met together at church in New Sharon, a few Sundays ago. No doubt their presence gave dignity to the ceremonies and inspired the minister. They did not "paint the town red," but the sheen from their polished silk hats rendered the atmosphere of the place quite luminous.

Following are the officers of the Sophomore class for the ensuing year: President, W. L. Powers; Vice-President, S. H. Woodrow; Secretary, Miss Rose A. Hilton; Treasurer, Miss Nellie B. Jordan; Poet, A. C. Townsend; Orator, S. H. Woodrow; Chaplain, F. W. Oakes; Marshal, B. W. Tinker; Executive Committee, J. H. Johnson, F. W. Oakes, Miss Mattie G. Pinkham.

The Polymnian Society has elected the following officers: President, A. E. Blanchard, '86; Vice-President, J. R. Dunton, '87; Secretary, J. H. Johnson, '88; Treasurer, F. A. Weeman, '88; Librarian, Ira Jenkins; Orator, Chas. Hadley, '86; Poet, A. E. Verrill, '86; Executive Committee, E. D. Varney, '86, J. Bailey, '87, S. H.

Woodrow, '88; Editorial Committee, F. W. Sandford, '86, E. C. Hayes, '87, Miss Mattie Pinkham, '88; Committee on Music, F. W. Sandford, J. Bailey, Miss M. Pinkham.

One of the Freshmen has been guilty of several gross irregularities. At the State Fair, it is reported that he paid more than his share of attention to a certain custodian of a fancy goods table; later, he was seen perambulating Lisbon Street by moonlight, not alone; last misdemeanor, he smoothed the silk of a Senior's plug hat the wrong way.

The public meeting held in the college chapel Friday evening, Oct. 17th, by the Eurosophian Society, was attended by a large audience. The following programme was well carried out:

MUSIC.	
L'Espoire de L'Alsace.—A. Herman.	Orchestra.
PRAYER.	
MUSIC.	
Aurora.—R. Schlegel.	Orchestra.
Declamation—The Existence of a God.—	
Anon.	F. W. Oakes, '88.
Recitation—An Order for a Picture.—Alice	
Carey.	Miss Rose A. Hilton.
Piano Solo—Speme Arcana.—L. Gobbaerts.	
	W. A. Walker, '87.
Discussion—Ought the United States to	
acquire control of the whole Amer-	
ican continent?	
Aff.—J. H. Williamson, '86.	
Neg.—A. S. Littlefield, '87.	
Song—Flow's on the Way.—Abt.	
	Miss Della Wood, '89.
Poem—Jack and Gill.	I. Jordan, '87.
Oration—Luck.	H. M. Cheney, '86.
Duet—Violin and Piano.—Fantaisie Singeles.	
	Miss Rose A. Hilton, '88.
	J. F. Hilton, '89.
Paper.	C. S. Pendleton, '87.
	Miss C. R. Blaisdell, '87.
MUSIC.	
Babes in the Wood.—E. N. Catlin. Orchestra.	

One of the boys recently while playing ball was hit on the head. When asked if it hurt his ear, although nearly frantic with pain, he had to make a pun of his misery by shouting "Yere."

The first division of the Freshman class declaimed Friday evening in the College Chapel, before a good-sized audience. J. H. Blanchard, Miss Ethel I. Chipman, G. W. Hayes, and G. C. Barton were put over to participate in the exercises of the final division. Music was furnished by the College Orchestra. Following is the programme:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.	
Plea in Behalf of Rowan.—Curran.	
	H. W. Smith.
True Nobility.—Anon.	Miss S. A. Norton.
Eulogy on Grant.—Blaine.	J. H. Blanchard.
The Prisoner of Chillon.—Byron.	Miss Etta A. Given.
MUSIC.	
Extract.	*A. L. Safford.
Napoleon.—Seward.	W. T. Guptil.
The United States and the Cherokees.—	
Wirt.	W. E. Kinney.
Napoleon Bonaparte.—Phillips.	I. N. Cox.
Welcome to Kossuth.—Sumner.	F. J. Libby.
MUSIC.	
Zenobia's Ambition.—Ware.	
	Miss Ethel I. Chipman.
The Irish Disturbance Bill of 1833.—	
O'Connell.	G. W. Hayes.
Return of British Fugitives, 1783.—Henry.	
	F. M. Buker.
Regulus to the Carthaginians.—Kellogg.	
	G. C. Barton.
MUSIC.	
*Excused.	
Committee of Award—A. E. Blanchard, H. M. Cheney, A. E. Verrill.	
Following are the officers of the Eurosophian Society for the ensuing year: President, F. H. Nickerson, '86; Vice-President, C. S. Pendleton, '87; Secretary, R. A. Parker, '88; Treasurer, C. C. Smith, '88; Executive Committee, J. H. Williamson, '86, L. G.	

Roberts, '87, J. K. P. Rogers, '88; Editorial Committee, G. E. Paine, '86, I. Jordan, '87, Miss Rose Hilton, '88; Librarian, J. W. Moulton, '87.

A few weeks ago Prof. Stanley and the Senior class visited the falls. The water was very low and the dry ledges afforded great opportunity for feats of agility. Only one of the boys fell into the water. It was a red letter day for the mill operatives near by, who, at the sight of so much intelligence, took a half hour vacation airing their mouths in the sunshine. After securing specimens of trap rock and examining the deep holes worn in the ledges by water and small rocks, the students scaled the wall at the gate-house, and gravitated toward the supper table.

The college nine gained an easy victory over the Edward Little High School, Saturday, Oct. 17th, on the college grounds. Following is the score:

BATES.							
	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Sandford, c. & r.f.	7	5	3	3	3	0	2
Nickerson, p.	7	2	2	2	0	17	1
Thayer, r. f. & c.	7	4	1	1	8	6	0
Walker, 1b.	7	2	1	1	15	0	0
Hadley, c. f.	6	3	3	3	0	0	0
Call, 2b.	6	3	2	2	1	0	3
Cushman, 3b.	6	5	4	6	0	2	2
Woodman, s. s.	6	1	1	1	0	1	1
Flanders, l. f.	5	2	1	2	0	0	0
Total,	57	27	18	21	27	26	9

EDWARD LITTLE HIGH SCHOOL.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Merrill, p.	4	2	1	1	0	11	5
Scott, r. f.	3	1	0	0	1	0	0
Day, 2b.	4	1	0	0	1	4	3
Lowe, c. f.	4	0	0	0	2	0	1
Crafts, c.	4	0	0	0	8	5	10
Sykes, s. s.	4	0	0	0	1	1	4
Pulsifer, 3b.	4	0	0	0	0	0	4
Royal, l. f.	3	0	0	0	1	0	2
Locke, 1b.	3	0	0	0	13	0	1
Total,	33	4	1	1	27	21	30

Earned runs—Bates 7. Struck out—Nickerson 12, Merrill 8. First base on balls—Bates 1, E. L. H. S. 1. Passed balls—Sandford 1, Crafts 9. Two-base hit—Flanders. Three-base hit—Cushman. Umpire—Daggett.

The game between the Bates nine and the Pine Trees at Kent's Hill resulted favorably for Bates. The excellent base running of our nine deserves special mention. The boys were very hospitably entertained by Dr. Torsey and the students, and greatly enjoyed the reception in the evening. Following is the score of the game:

BATES.							
	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Sandford, c.	6	4	2	2	8	3	3
Nickerson, 2b.	4	1	1	1	6	1	3
Thayer, 3b.	5	2	1	1	4	2	2
Woodman, p.	5	0	0	0	0	7	6
Buck, r. f.	5	0	1	1	0	0	0
Walker, 1b.	5	1	0	0	5	0	0
Call, s. s.	5	3	2	3	1	5	2
Hadley, c. f.	5	1	1	1	1	0	0
Flanders, l. f.	4	2	2	3	2	1	0
Total,	44	14	10	12	27	19	16

PINE TREES.							
	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fuller, 3b.	5	0	1	1	0	1	1
Wright, 1b.	4	1	2	2	13	0	1
R. Carver, l. f. & c.	5	2	0	0	2	0	0
Blackman, c. & l. f.	2	3	0	0	8	5	14
Whitney, c. f.	5	1	1	1	2	0	1
Jones, s. s.	5	0	1	1	0	3	1
Dunham, 2b.	4	0	1	1	0	1	3
J. Carver, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Underwood, p.	4	0	1	1	2	10	7
Total,	38	7	7	7	27	20	28

Two-base hits—Call and Flanders. Time of game—2 hours 25 minute. Umpire—Smith.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'76.—G. L. White has entered the Bates Theological School.

'81.—N. C. Hobbs is an assistant in the Lewiston High School.

'82.—F. L. Blanchard was in this city recently, attending the funeral of his father.

'82.—H. S. Bullen was married August 8th, to Ida B. Mills at Greenboro, Ind. He is at present principal of the high school at Buzzard's Bay, Mass.

'82.—I. M. Norcross is teaching Mathematics in the preparatory school, Wilbraham, Mass.

'83.—D. N. Grice has opened a law office in Richmond, Va.

'83.—C. J. Atwater is practicing law in Seymour, Conn.

'83.—E. A. Tinkham, recently admitted to the Androscoggin bar, started for the West a few days ago.

'84.—R. E. Donnell was married September 19th, to Miss Lena E. Chipman, of Lewiston.

'84.—C. S. Flanders has been elected to a professorship in Eastman Business College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

'85.—A. F. Gilbert is teaching the high school at Whitefield, N. H.

'85.—F. S. Forbes has entered Oberlin Theological Seminary.

STUDENTS.

'86.—F. W. Sandford represented the Y. M. C. A. of the college at the recent convention held in Bangor.

'86.—S. G. Bonney has begun a term of school at Leeds.

'87.—H. E. Cushman is teaching a large school at North Haven.

'87.—Miss E. G. Goodwin, of Oakland, Me., has entered the Junior class.

'87.—E. W. Whitcomb is instructing the young fishermen of Vinal Haven.

'87.—J. Sturgis is teaching in the Lewiston evening schools.

'88.—J. K. P. Rogers is teaching a grammar school at Eliot.

'88.—Miss L. A. Frost is teaching in the Lewiston schools.

'88.—G. F. Babb has begun a term of school at Bowdoinham.

'89.—H. S. Worthley is teaching the grammar school at Georgetown.

'89.—B. C. Carroll is recovering from a severe illness.

'89.—A. L. Safford is teaching a term of school at New Portland.

THEOLOGICAL.

'75.—Rev. J. M. Lowden, of Portland, is secretary of the New England Free Baptist Convention.

'85.—Rev. F. L. Hayes was recently installed as pastor of the First Free Baptist Church of Boston. Several of the alumni assisted in the installation services.

'86.—W. W. Carver is supplying at Orr's Island.

'86.—W. H. Getchell represented the Theological School at the annual meeting of the Inter-Seminary Missionary Alliance, held at Rochester, N. Y.

'88.—M. P. Tobey is teaching in Kittery, Maine.

'88.—D. M. Phillips has given up his work for the remainder of the term on account of sickness.

EXCHANGES.

In the long procession of exchanges that with solemn countenance march "slow and stately" by us are several new faces. The first that approaches us, though very peaceful in appearance, has a warlike name. It is the *Cadet*, published by the students of the Maine State College. Rejoiced to see an addition to the number of Maine's college journals, we hasten to inspect the new recruit. It presents

us with two literary articles, one setting forth the use of electricity, the other written for the press by President Fernald in answer to some of the criticisms on the college. Of course, in the publication of the first number of any paper there is so much to attend to that the editors cannot do justice to themselves or to the new enterprise. Taking this into consideration we think the *Cadet* gives promise of becoming a paper that should do credit to the institution it represents.

The next stranger is a votary of science, the *W. T. I.*, from the Worcester Technical Institute. This is decidedly a weak number and we hope is not an index of what the paper is to do. "Amateur Photography" tries to present something, we don't know what, and fails; "A Colorado Dugout" spreads over a page what might have been instructive and pleasing if presented in ten lines; while the writer of "A Memory Exercise" has tried to see how well he can write trash and has succeeded admirably.

The *Colby Echo* has discovered that the Exchange Department of college papers, as at present conducted, is nearly valueless. The ideas of the *Echo* are, as a whole, good, but to some of them we are compelled to dissent. The article in question implies that too much attention is given to general college news. This we think is a mistake. Colleges are united by a common bond of interest, and whatever affects one exerts a reflex influence upon the others. Events of importance happening in one college ought to be known in all

colleges, and can be so known only through the exchange column of the college paper. But we protest against furnishing readers nothing except what other colleges are doing in base-ball, foot-ball, cricket, etc.

When the *Echo* pleads for an extended criticism or commendation, with analysis of articles published, we cannot help thinking that those ideas are more theoretical than practicable. Few papers can afford space for more than brief criticism or passing notice of any exchange. These notices must be brief and to the point, and are valuable more for what they suggest than for what they demonstrate. An exchange may in a few words point out to another its faults, and set some of its editors to thinking of some plan of remedying them. We think, however, that too little attention is paid to the exchange column.

Among the academy papers that reach our sanctum the *Stranger* holds a prominent position. The October number is quite up to the standard. "Roman Catholicism" presents in an interesting way much valuable information on an important subject. "September" is a very good imitation of "Hiawatha."

AMONG THE POETS.

ITS YANKEE, YOU KNOW.

Oh, a long time ago, the Queen of Great B—
That's England, you know,
Old England, you know,—
Missed a cup which came out to this side of
the sea;
Though 'twas English,
Quite English, you know.

In Boston, *New England*, they've just built a
boat,
Which now we all know, is the fastest afloat.
And the cuplet's still here, on which we all
dote,
Notwithstanding
Its English, you know.

Oh, some boats can sail, and others cannot—
They 're English, you know,
Quite English, you know—
While the boats of *New England* can beat the
whole lot,
For they 're Yankee,
Not English, you know.

—*Lehigh Burr.*

SO GOES THE WORLD.

I asked a loan of fifty cents
From him the other morning;
I wore my oldest clothes that day,
All fashion's dictates scorning.
My coat was worn, in spots was torn,
My shoes indifferent matches,
My trousers bagged, and in the seat
Diversified by patches.

He bristled up in great offense
As rough as an echinus,
He hadn't any fifty cents,
His pocket-book was minus.
He'd left it home—most sad to say—
Upon his desk or table;
He'd like to lend me all he had,
But really wasn't able.

I wore my newest suit next day,
My boots were polished brightly,
My linen was immaculate,
My tie adjusted rightly.
My hat was new, and round my neck
The stiffest of fresh collars.
I borrowed of the self-same man
Fifty—not cents—but dollars.

So don't depend upon a friend,
At least in money lending,
Unless your'e very sure your clothes
Are not in need of mending,
And just be sure that he'll be poor,
If your coat is not new,
And if your boots have need of soles,
His soul is wanting, too.

—*Williams Fortnight.*

CLIPPINGS.

Two thousand molecules can sit com-
fortably on the point of a pin. Herein
the molecule differs from man.—*Ex.*

And now the college poets turn
Their muse from things divine,
To paint the emerald virtues,
Of the class of 'eighty-nine. —*Ex.*

"This world is all a fleeting show,"
said a priest to a culprit on the gallows.
"Yes," was the prompt reply, "but
if you have no objection, I'd like to
see the show a little longer." —*Ex.*

In the fall the grewsome melon
E'er it has ripened well,
Causes little children round about
To "with the angels dwell."

They were sailing on the beautiful
waters of Minnetonka, and she looked
up into his eyes and asked him to tell
her about all the different boats.
"George," she said, "what is a brig,
and a schooner, and a yacht? and oh,
George, what's that little fishing boat
out there?" "That, Angie, is a
smack." (Sweetly) "George, could
not—er—could you not give me a—er
—a fishing boat?" —*Ex.*

"Is the sense of smelling more
pleasant than the sense of tasting?"
was the subject before a debating club.
Mr. Skilton was the last to speak on
the negative, and all were anxious to
hear him, when, ringing the bell, he
ordered a glass of hot punch, and
drank it with great gusto. Then turn-
ing to his opponents, he handed the
empty glass to the leading disputant,
and exclaimed, "Now, sir, smell it!"
It is needless to add that Mr. Skilton
brought down the house and carried
the decision for the negative.—*Ex.*

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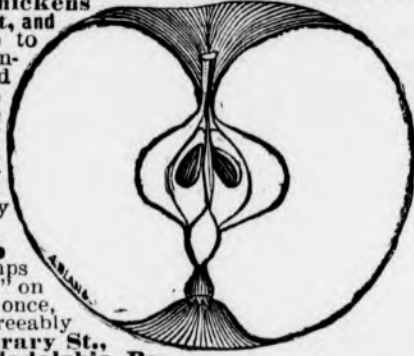
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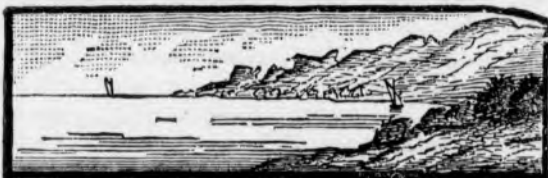
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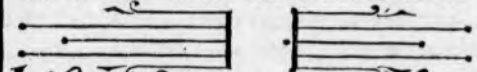
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