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DECENNIIUM

OF THE

BATES STUDENT.

VOLUME X.



NUMBER 5.

GRADATIM.

MAY, 1882.

PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF '83,

BATES COLLEGE.

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THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. X.

MAY, 1882.

No. 5.

Bates Student.

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

JUNIOR CLASS OF BATES COLLEGE.

EDITORIAL BOARD.

C. E. SARGENT,

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EDITORIAL.

ANOTHER shock of bereavement to the literature of the English tongue in the recent death of the poet philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson. Rapidly closing is this, the first epoch of our nation's literature, and we hear it often intimated that we are on the eve of a literary revolution; that none will be found to take the places of those great masters that are rapidly passing away; that none will dare to sweep those harps that to-day hang silent over new-made graves. But it seems to us that thoughts like these are groundless. A nation's literature is that nation's thought, and to radically change a nation's literature you must as radically change its modes of thought. The hour of a youth's bereavement for his father's death is the last hour in which we should expect him to depart from the ways of that father and forsake his teachings. So a nation's mourning hour is the last in which we should expect it to depart from the thoughts, the teachings, and the methods of its great and honored dead. No, we are not on the eve of a literary revolution, but we are on the eve of intensified Emersonism, Longfellowism, and Darwinism. It is the function of transcendent genius to set the world a copy and the ability to make the copy felt and appreciated usually accompanies such genius, certainly in the case under consider-

ation. So that the world, for centuries, will continue to gaze on the copy of Emerson, and with trembling hand will seek to imitate it. A man, gentle as a child, modest as a maiden, has passed away, leaving behind him a name as grand as that of Plato. It is the great mass who fight the world's battles, tunnel her mountains, and transform the ocean into the festive halls of commerce. What, then, is the function of those quiet, sequestered, but far-famed spirits. It is the great massive iron engine that drags the long team over giddy summits, and in the sweeping grandeur of its power we fail to notice a still grander power, that which calmly sits within and moves the valves and levers that control the pulses of its mighty heart sending it as an obedient servant with thunderous tread across the longitudes. So we often gaze with pride upon the achievements of a great nation, and look with rapture on the victorious banners of returning armies. But we are liable to overlook the fact that the army, unless moved by a mighty conviction, would be as harmless as the mock drum corps of village school boys. It is here that we lose sight of the grand mission of the poet and the thinker, who, in the quiet of his home, marks out the channels for a mighty nation's thought, and amid the sweat of his toiling brain forges the irresistible thunder bolt of conviction and puts it into the hands of victorious armies. Such men are the great directing forces of the world.

The *Colby Echo* in an editorial in its last number, says: "The increased number of electives added to the Junior and Senior years must be considered a decided step of progress. While the step can but slightly strengthen our claim to the title of University, it certainly makes the difference between our own course of study and that of a fitting school more apparent."

We know not how other students of this college feel in relation to this matter, but for ourselves we most heartily concur in the sentiment of the Colby editorial. While we are proud, and we think justly so, of the high position Bates has attained, intellectually, among the colleges not only of this State but of all New England as well, yet we believe its curriculum might be improved in several ways. Not the least among these is this matter of electives. At present there is in our curriculum not one elective worthy of the name. To be sure we were told in our Sophomore year that French was elective with Calculus in the summer term. But when the summer term arrived we found that the election was entirely with the Faculty. That is, we were allowed to petition the Faculty for permission to take the French, and they, apparently without much reference to the petition, decided who could take it and who could not. The opponents of the elective system, we believe, claim that under it the harder, and on that account the more valuable, studies are always avoided, and only those chosen which are known to be easily learned. Now we think that facts will not bear out this assertion, but that it is most generally true that those studies which are of the most practical value to a student after graduation are the ones generally chosen, whether they are the most difficult or not. As for the mental discipline which they claim is to be gained by many studies, which, from their utter impracticability for after life, would never be chosen by sensible students, we think just as much can be obtained from many others of far greater practical value. We hope to see in the near future a goodly list of electives in our college course of study, for we think such a list would be for the best interests of the college and all connected with it.

All will be glad to hear that the "American College Song Book," so eagerly looked for, is about to make its appearance before the public. The book represents the talent of fifty institutions. It contains over 250 songs, among which are the best of familiar college glees, although in the main the pieces are new. "The book is a *royal octavo* volume. It is printed on heavy tinted paper with colored edges, and is bound in silk cloth with beautiful gold side-stamps." The retail price is \$2.00, but in order to obtain at once a large circulation the introductory price for a few weeks is to be \$1.30, and ten cents for postage. In a letter recently received from the publishers they wished us to express their sincere thanks to Bates, through the columns of the STUDENT, for the hearty co-operation and support it had given to the "American College Song Book." Address of publishers, Orville Brewer & Co., 441 W. Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.

We wish to say a few words concerning *The Morning Star*, a paper published at Dover, N. H., under the direction of the Free Baptists. Although this paper represents in a measure the views entertained by that denomination, still it is not sectarian. Broad, unselfish views characterized this instructive sheet. We have been pleased to note the many and varied improvements in this publication during the past year. It may claim a place among the best religious organs of the day. Its articles on science, literature, general affairs, and religion express the thoughts of many able minds. It certainly should be found in every Free Baptist home.

We were unable to obtain the addresses of several of the alumni, and so we could not inform them that we were to give the history of their class in the May number, consequently we have received no report,

and have given no Alumni History in this number.

Classes '74, '75, and '76 will be given in the June number. We hope that no one will wait to be notified but that all will send in their history *at once*.

In the next issue of the STUDENT we shall endeavor to give a complete list of the programmes for Commencement week.

LITERARY.

MIDNIGHT, JULY 2, 1881.

BY J. L. WILLIAMS.

O midnight bells! O solemn midnight bells,
Sad, sad the news your mournful music tells,
That death hath swept away our hopes so long
deferred—

The noble heart is still. A Nation's eyes are
blurred

With tears, O deep-toned, sobbing, midnight
bells,

A Nation's stricken heart with grief your
anguish swells.

Low on the white sands, sob the waves along
the shore,

His eyes so late beheld. Night drops her black
pall o'er

The earth. The waves ebb out into the bound-
less sea

As his great soul hath passed into eternity.

Dear Father, God, we weep because we do not
know,

Why, in Thy wisdom, Thou hast ordered so.

.

Who knoweth but the grand work he had
planned to do—

The conquered party strife, the union bound
anew—

Could only through a Nation's common grief be
wrought?

Then hath God given him better than he sought,
And he, with clearer eyes than ours, from his
calm height

May watch the New Day breaking while we see
but the night.

FAITH IN THE UNSEEN.

BY F. L. B., '82.

We are not yet arrived at the summit where we can overlook the universe.—*Prof. George P. Fisher in the N. A. Review.*

A life for the unseen, through the unseen is to be regarded as the only perfect life.—*Prof. Stewart.*

THE relation of mind to matter has always been a problem for scientific investigation. When it became known, even in the early dawn of civilization, that every act of nature was governed by fixed laws, and that the earth itself had been stored with everything necessary for the temporal comfort of the human race, thoughtful men began to speculate as to that force, whether intellectual or physical, by which this system had been created. Grecian philosophy devoted its best thought to the discussion. Epicurus maintained that everything had its origin in chance. Democritus considered creation as the result of a peculiar combination of atoms. Plato and Aristotle, on the other hand, saw an intelligent force behind every cause and effect and claimed that none other than a divine mind could have originated such a perfect system of natural and moral laws. During each succeeding age the philosophical loom was busy weaving theories; but none of them have brought such terror to a large part of the Christian church as that of the Materialist who claims that "all phenomena are produced by the combination of material particles acting according to general laws." It is a significant fact, however, that materialism has to-day but little support from the best schools of philosophy. Comte, who was its prominent advocate, has few or none who will admit themselves to be his disciples. Huxley and Tyndall, after pushing their investigations to the utmost limits of scientific inquiry, have been compelled to admit a Supreme First Cause.

When men became convinced that a Creator actually existed, they instinctively sought out a method of worship for this invisible divinity. Brahminism, Mohamadanism, and Christianity are but systems crystalized from more than three thousand years of worship. Simultaneous with the birth and growth of a belief in a divine Being, was a belief in the immortality of the soul; and from the little handful of men who first accepted this faith, there has arisen an army three hundred million strong, under whose mighty tread error and unbelief are crumbling into dust.

One may say what he pleases against what he may term the *folly* of such a faith, and yet, when he contemplates what that faith has done toward moulding the lives and acts of mankind, he will be compelled to admit that there is behind it all a power which he cannot understand. Take away the belief in the unseen, which now animates the universal church of God; demonstrate to the world, if you can, that a life after death is as unsubstantial as the myths of heathen philosophy, and that all the patriarchs, disciples, and martyrs fought and died for a groundless faith; do this I say and you banish from among men that mighty, unseen power which holds in check a tempest of passion and appetite.

There are hidden spiritual forces about us whose existence is as real as matter, but whose nature is not yet fully understood. Socrates believed and implicitly trusted his *δαίμωνιον* or internal voice. Martin Luther called the unseen monitor of his life "conscience," and affirmed that he dare not disobey its teachings. Scientists have indeed outlined for us the general laws by which conscience is governed, but what can they say of the spirit voices, through whose inspiration Joan of Arc conquered the enemies of France and placed Charles VII. upon the throne? How can they explain the "illumination"

of Swedenborg by which he described events taking place hundreds of miles from his own home, at the exact moment of their occurrence? We do not yet know to what heights the soul of man may rise in the interpretation of spiritual phenomena. Wrapped as we are from the cradle to the grave in the mantle of the unseen, the tendency of our faith is ever upward. We endeavor to look through the mists and catch a glimpse of that Invisible One who holds the universe in his hands, but our eyes are covered with scales which will not fall away until the time of our dissolution. Then, the faith in which fifty generations of men have found strength and peace, will become sight. Then, and not till then, will the curtain which hides us from the unseen be rent in twain, and we shall stand within the portal of "that temple not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens."

HORACE.—BOOK I., ODE IX.

BY D. C. W., '85.

See Soracte's dazzling glow,
 Standing deep in virgin snow;
 While the burdened forests stand
 Bowing to the grateful land,
 And the river's glistening band
 Is congealed.

Banish cold: and on the hearth
 Pile the logs with social mirth.
 Thaliarchus, draw thy wine,
 Hallowed by the lapse of time,
 Which in Sabine jar has lain
 Long concealed.

Trust the gods with all thy cares:
 They the storm-winds, waging wars
 With the billows, dark and cold,
 Will control, and safe withhold
 Cypress tall nor ashes old,
 To disturb.

What to-morrow's chance shall be
 Strive not ere the time to see,
 Whate'er fortune shall be thine,

Count it so much gained of Time,
 Neither youth's romantic rhyme
 Try to curb.

Ere old age comes, all too soon,
 Beat the dance to joyful tune.
 Seek the fields and gaily rove
 With soft whisperings of love,
 While the twilight stars above,
 Mark the hour.

Hear the maid's betraying laugh,
 By the wall concealed but half:
 Seize a love-pledge from her hand,
 Or her white arm's golden band:
 See her laughing, coyly stand
 In your power.

SCHILLER.

BY J. E. H., '81.

AMONG the many names that adorn the history of German literature, none receives greater homage than that of Schiller. Equally renowned as an historian, philosopher, and poet, he excelled in every species of composition, and no other writer has contributed more than he to establish a permanent literature, and mould the character of his age. A brief glance at his life and times may help us to a better appreciation of his works.

Frederic Schiller was born in Würtemberg, on the tenth day of November, 1759. Literature was at this time in its infancy, and the language had not yet acquired that permanency and definiteness of form that come only with the production of standard works. Prominent among the events of the poet's early youth, is his enrollment as a student of a school established by the Duke of Würtemberg. Here he was compelled to follow for six years a course of study wholly distasteful to him, all poetical employments being forbidden. No other event of his whole life had a greater influence upon his subsequent career. The restraint

to which he was here subjected gave rise to some of his most powerful productions. His tragedy of the "Robbers," the direct outgrowth of this virtual imprisonment, took the world by storm. Nothing of the kind had ever before been produced. It was a strong protest against oppression exercised by rulers, and its effect upon the people was incalculable.

As a dramatist, Schiller sustains nearly the same relation to German literature that Shakespeare does to our own. Each was the first of his own nation to use this form of writing with any great degree of success. Neither is distinctively national in character; both write for humanity, and their works appeal to mankind wherever found, and of whatever nationality.

As an historian, he takes a high rank among the authors of his nation, his most valuable contributions to this department of letters being a "History of the Thirty Years' War," and the "Revolt of the Netherlands." But perhaps Schiller is best known to the great mass of readers by his shorter poems and ballads. These are distinguished for vigor, depth of feeling, and beauty of form. Here his genius finds its best expression. In these spontaneous utterances he makes known to us his inmost thoughts and feelings.

An analysis of the works of Schiller shows that his genius was adapted to arrange rather than to create. He does not seek to analyze and explain the principles of human action, but takes man as he finds him and portrays with accuracy the feelings and sentiments of his heart. His characters are real and life-like, and his descriptions so vivid that we seem to be looking upon the scenes he describes.

In 1788 he became acquainted with Göthe, and the literary alliance then formed continued uninterrupted until Schiller's death in 1805. Each was the counterpart of the other. It has been said that Schiller was to Göthe what Virgil was to Ho-

mer. Göthe undoubtedly possessed the keener intellect, Schiller the deeper sensibility; Göthe was the more profound reasoner, Schiller the closer student of human nature; Göthe commanded the respect and admiration of Germany, Schiller her esteem and love.

Of Schiller's other contemporaries, the most noted were Klopstock, Kant, Wieland, Bürger, Herder, and Lessing, men whose philosophical, dramatic, and poetical works form an important part of the literature of to-day. Yet he surpassed them all. Göthe alone can fairly claim to be ranked beside him.

The results of Schiller's work can scarcely be overestimated. He found the language imperfect and changing. By his writings he helped to give it a definite form. He may be said to have founded the drama, and his works in this department, as well as in lyrical poetry, stand without an equal. He has also made many valuable contributions to philosophy and history.

But he accomplished his greatest work for Germany in giving an impulse to free thought. The people had not yet begun to think for themselves. Believing in the divine right of kings, they seemed to have no idea of injustice in their sovereign, and accepted everything from his hand without question. Schiller had experienced in his youth the injustice of his ruler, and his independent spirit revolted against every form of oppression. His whole life was a warfare against tyranny. He wrote for the purpose of inspiring in his countrymen the love of liberty and independence of thought. And his work was successful. Germany is to-day more free, more noble and intelligent for his having lived and labored for her. She honors him as her benefactor. And as long as Germany possesses a spark of national life, as long as there exists in her people a spirit of liberty, so long will she love and honor the name of Frederic Schiller.

FACTS FOR AMERICAN COLLEGE FACULTIES.

FOR the benefit of whom it may concern we wish to state a few facts relative to the human economy.

First,—An impression in order to become fixed upon the mind so as to remain more than a short time must occupy a certain length of time in the process of being formed. Any one who does not comprehend the full force of this law, we advise to go to a photographer and attempt to have his picture taken, after instructing the photographer to allow the light to fall upon the sensitive plate only the fiftieth of a second. Of course the result would be no picture, but he can sit again, and if he does not get a picture the second time he can sit again, and so on till he gets one, and by the time he gets one he will probably comprehend the law. But should he still fail to understand it he can go up on some small mountain, and, balancing his body on one heel, rapidly whirl around, and then after twelve weeks, attempt to count and describe all the objects he saw while turning.

If this experiment fails we have one more. He can perform a milder, but hardly less unreasonable experiment. He can take three or four pages of a foreign book, all covered over with words he has never seen before, and after spending two hours of study on them, lay the book aside till the following day, then spend the same time on three or four other pages, and so continue this process for four or five weeks, then turn back and hastily glance at the work of the first three days in connection with the regular work, *taking time to do so out of the specified two hours*, and on the following day as hastily glance at the work of the second three days, and so continue this process for four or five weeks longer. Then when one of the pages has been selected, on the principle of the lottery, from two hundred other pages, he can attempt

to define all its words in all their various forms, answer all possible questions concerning grammatical construction, etc., etc.

If the minuteness of this experiment should suggest that it was intended to be satirical, we shall not deny it, although we would not contend that, even in an American college, three or four pages of words which the student has actually never seen before, are ever assigned him. But that amount which he has *virtually* never seen we believe is frequently assigned him. We could truthfully say, that in rapidly turning round on the mountain we had *virtually* seen no objects, for they faded from the retina as soon as formed. So with the words. True our eyes may have rested on some of them. We may have procured their meaning for a moment simply to use them as instruments with which to make a recitation. Then they vanished, and of course sustained the same relation to our minds as if we had never seen them. The memory of a form or of a fact may be held in the mind for a few hours, by a mere effort, but when the effort ceases the form or the fact vanishes.

When an effort is necessary to retain a fact, that fact has not been digested by the mind. This principle explains why we may spend years upon a language, and then graduate from college with only half a dozen words we are able to define.

The mere ability to read a foreign page is a very different thing from such a knowledge of its words as shall render forgetting impossible, and may even establish an instinctive co-ordination between the movements of the brain and those of the articulating organs. Students seldom read a foreign language because they know the definition of the words, but because they remember the "story," and this in many cases they learn from an English version.

It is said that three or four hundred English words make up for the most part the vocabulary of daily conversation,

and if this be true of the English, most certainly is it true of the German, for that language is largely made up by compounding simple words. But putting the number at five hundred, the German language could then be mastered in fifty days at ten words a day. The history of every individual proves that the mastery of a language is only the gradual mastery of the meanings of its individual words.

There are certain verses, sayings and combination of words that we learned in our infancy, and to-day, after an elapse of years, there is no known process of human art by which they can be blotted from our minds. This is what we mean by the mastery of words. Although such a mastery of ten words a day would doubtless involve an amount of labor from which the ordinary student would shrink, yet we can afford to labor when stimulated by such a prize as would be the result of such a method.

But it may be objected that the student would not do honest work, that he could read a line or two just as well after spending ten minutes on it, as after spending two hours. But suppose the Prof., after six weeks, should chance to turn back, select a word at random, and write it on the blackboard with its letters reversed. How would the student be prepared to meet the following demand: "You may define the word I have written on the board, giving all its fine shades of meaning. Give the English word which comes nearest to a perfect synonym. Inflect the word fully without hesitation, and without a break in your language. How many times has the word occurred in our past six weeks' reading? And repeat backward the lines in which it occurred."

Of course there should be as radical a change in the method of recitation as in the lesson itself. The slightest manifestation of an effort on the part of the student to recall anything to mind, or any degree

of hesitancy should be regarded as a complete failure. If the question, however, was intended to be one which should involve the student's originality, of course this rule should not be observed.

The second fact we would mention is, that forgetting is a provision of the mind by which it is enabled to throw off indigestible facts, just as nausea is a provision by which the stomach is enabled to throw off indigestible food. Both are wise provisions, the one against bodily disease, and the other against insanity. This generation willing under the ban of an accursed educational system has the deepest cause for lifting up its heart in fervent thankfulness for the blessed boon of forgetfulness.

A young lady, personally known to the writer, recently entered Wellesley College. She was unusually brilliant—she was one of a very small number who entered without a condition. She was ambitious, and for a time bid fair to take the highest honor of her class, but she soon fell a prey to the cruel appliances of that institution of fashionable murder. Her mind became effected so that at times all the facts of her past life would suddenly leave her memory. And this was the most natural thing in the world. It was the effort of nature through this principle of mental nausea to throw off from her mind a great burden of indigestible facts. It was the vomiting of her sick and over-loaded mind in order that it might live.

When the stomach has digested a meal, that meal, of course, is no longer a burden to the stomach. So when a fact has been digested, it is no longer a burden to the mind. And as the stomach is strengthened by restricting the food and securing its thorough digestion, so the only way to strengthen the mind is by restricting the facts and securing their thorough assimilation.

We may carry our simile one step further and notice this fact. Those whose

digestion is most perfect are always those who eat most slowly, while the dyspeptic is proverbial for bolting his food. So those who can most thoroughly digest facts are those who take them in slowly. Hence the most powerful minds often appear dull, while those who cannot digest them are usually those who for four years gulp them down like a shark, and having delivered the valedictory with a sick headache go home to die of mental dyspepsia.

The third fact is, that forgetting is a wasting process as well as curative. Coughing, while it may save the lungs from consumption, also weakens them and the whole body. Nausea, while it may save the stomach from dyspepsia, also debilitates the whole system. So forgetting while it may save the mind from insanity, weakens not only the memory but the whole mind. Forgetting is a consumption of the mind. Then how wickedly unjust to crowd our minds with such an array of facts, that forgetting becomes an organic necessity.

These are radical views, but truth is always radical. We cannot expect college faculties to accept the whole truth at once, but we see no reason why they should longer persist in a practice which, viewed from the standpoint of the student, almost seems to originate in malice and a determination to defeat our own legitimate desires to know something.

S., '99.

◆◆◆

COMMUNICATION.

Editors of the Student :

It was the middle of July when we took passage on the commodious steamer Appledore, at Portsmouth, N. H., for the Isles of Shoals. Great had been our desire to visit them,—those strange lonely isles, which had inspired so much enthusiasm

and poetry from most eminent writers. Whittier, Hawthorne, and Lowell have illuminated them with the magical light of their genius; and above all the pencil of Mrs. Thaxter has portrayed their sublimity and picturesque beauty with so much, both of vigor and delicacy, that nothing is left to be desired. On this clear day there was nothing to mar the keen enjoyment of their charms. Swinging from the wharf we glided quickly past pleasant Kittery side, where the Pepperell Hotel and the stately mansion of Sir. Wm. Pepperell—hero of Lewisburg—was clearly seen, past the home of Geo. Wentworth, whose marriage with Martha Hilton, Longfellow has so pleasantly portrayed in the "Tales of a Wayside Inn." We glided on until we reached the open sea and struck out for the slowly lifting bulk of Appledore. Drawing near Appledore, the boat's shrill whistle announced the number of our passengers, and soon after we landed on the pretty floating wharf which the Leighton brothers have provided for the safety and comfort of their guests. There was a pleasant gathering upon the wharf of expectant people, and there were many affectionate greetings.

The question is often asked, Why are these lonely Isles so thronged with guests the season through? The reason of their preference to all others is not, however, for to seek. It is to be found chiefly in their climate. Seated within dim view of the main land, the summer winds from all quarters are tempered and refreshed by the broad expanse of ocean around them; the thermometer is steady; the skies are clear; the sea is blue and bright; pleasant breezes cool the blood and brace the nerves; and sleep is relaxed and soothed by the perpetual splash of a slumberous ocean. Sometimes, indeed, the tempest rises in its wrath and awakens old ocean from its repose, and then for a space the uproar of the elements are appalling; but this fierce mood is not the habitual temper of the place

during the summer months. Those who love to witness nature in her wild and angry mood should visit her here in the December storm.

None of the group are of any considerable size. The total area does not exceed six hundred acres, of which Appledore is the largest and by far the most attractive. A long volley divides it into two unequal parts. Across this the Appledore Hotel extends with its pleasant lawns in front, and before these lies an artificial lakelet formed by a dam of rocks which separates its smooth waters from the ocean billows. It is here that many a boy has learned to swim, has pulled his first oar, and "trimmed his first sheet." It is here that many a young lady has made herself accomplished in rowing, and little ones bathe to their heart's content. The entertainment of children is made a specialty here, and their comforts and pleasures are regarded almost before anything else.

In the rear are the huge kitchens and laundries which so vast an establishment requires. And just back of the north wings of the hotel stands the "Prince of Whales." A few years ago a whale was captured off the island and towed safely to the shore. The proprietors of the Appledore, after learning the *modus operandi* of cleansing the bones, prepared the huge carcass for preservation, and after arranging every bone carefully put them together just as they had been in nature, erected a suitable building with iron pillars, and swung the skeleton underneath with iron rods, hooks, and chains. To-day he is one of the curiosities of the place, and in front of the building painted in conspicuous letters, one may read his title, "The Prince of Whales."

On the rising ground, a few rods north from the hotel, stands a broad based, substantial monument to the Hon. Henry B. Leighton, who died May 18, 1865, aged 61. He received his title from having held some office in the State government of New

Hampshire. He came to the Appledore with his family and built himself a cottage, not with any idea of giving public entertainment. But the keen-scented found him out on his mimic continent, and almost before he knew it he was a "host in himself." The fact that this great establishment came from such a small beginning, is evidently one reason why it never loses its attractions. The things that grow are always much more interesting than the things that are made. With hundred of guests crowding its tables, overflowing its beds, and swarming up and down its long piazzas, the Appledore is still homelike to a degree that has no parallel among summer resorts. The genius that directed its beginning still presides over its comforts and conveniences. It is no wonder that year after year the guests of former years return to revel in this pure and silent world.

A little to the left of the hotel is the cottage of Mrs. Celia Thaxter, sister of the brothers Cedric and Oscar Leighton, who are, without doubt, the most popular landlords in New England. In front of Mrs. Thaxter's cottage is the flower garden which she has celebrated in her book.

Think not flowers are wanting on this sea-girt isle. The sun that shines upon these barren ledges and the winds that visit them, seem not only to "Touch the human countenance with a color of romance," and to make blanched cheeks ruddy once again, but to bestow upon every flower that blooms upon the Isles a color that its kindred on the main can seldom boast.

There is but one tree growing upon Appledore, an elm, covered with yellow lichen, which pierces the piazzas of the hotel, midway of its great length; but the low blueberries grow everywhere, and the spiked tendrils of the blackberry and raspberry make many a forbidding interlacement. There is something almost

pathetic in the way in which the grasses and herbage nestle among the rocks, as if they feign would clothe their jagged forms with many tinted drapery. The masses and lichens emulate their zeal. Appledore is almost as rich in them as any mountain side. And still the glory of these islands is not in anything that clothes the rocks, but in the rocks themselves. If they could be stripped bare of every scrap of green they nourish with precarious food, they would be just as grand as they are now, though far less beautiful; for their soft gray and brown wed very happily with the scanty grass and foliage, and bring forth exquisite effects of color. But who shall fitly speak or sing the wonder of these cliffs and crags, these precipices that repel the ever fresh invasion of the sea, these seams and scars, these dike and battlements, these veins of different sorts so curiously twisted, so fantastically braided by all the fairy hands that moulded all this fearful pageantry? In what a fierce, wild mood the elemental forces must have been when they did so strange a piece of work as this?

“A heap of bare and splintery crags,
Tumbled about by lightning and frost.”

Of the many dikes about the shoals, South Gorge, on Appledore, is the most wonderful. Here the trap rocks, everywhere softer than the adjoining granites, have been eaten out by the sea. It gives one a tolerable—*one might say no tolerable—idea of eternity*, to think how long the sea must have been gnawing and nibbling here to bring about the present state of things. Near by, there is a fearful precipice with a retreating base, and there being a convenient cleft you can lean over the edge and fancy yourself leaning over the prow of some ship aground upon the half-tide rocks below, or upon Noah's Ark atop of Ararat. Here, at the edge of evening, it is well to come and linger till

White Island Light flashes its red and white alternately, and you think of that sad poem, which begins

“I lit the lamps in the lighthouse tower,
For the sun drooped down and the day was
dead,
They shone like a glorious, clustered flower—
Ten golden and five red.”

Often tremendous breakers encompass the islands, when the surface of the sea is perfectly calm and the weather serene and still,—the results of great storms far out at sea. A “long swell” swings indolently, and the ponderous waves roll in, as if tired and half asleep, to burst into clouds of splendor against the cliffs. There is no sound more gentle, more slumberous, than the distant roll of these billows; it is a long and peaceful sigh, a dreamy, lulling, beautiful sound, which produces a lethean forgetfulness of care and pain, makes all earthly ill seem unreal.

It is pleasant in the long summer afternoons to set high up on the cliffs and watch the breakers gather one after another

“Cliffs of emerald topped with snow,
That lift and lift, and then let go,
A great white avalanche of thunder,”

which makes the solid earth tremble. One might believe that Neptune himself had charged upon the Isle. The southern portion of Appledore is full of interest, from the traces of vanished humanity which one beholds. Garden and cellar walls, all overgrown with shrubs, and vines, and mosses, and few graves dug, where only they could be, in swampy hollows, with the granite slabs of the island placed at head and feet,—slabs quarried for the hapless mourners by the lightning and the storm. Wild thistles spread, and tall mullen stalks stand like sentinels over the scene. Sitting among the ruins, imagination builds them up again and tries to people them with the folks who

made this wilderness once blossom with their rose of joy.

It was with reluctance and regret that we bade adieu to our gracious host and took passage on the steamer Appledore, for Portsmouth.

"Behind us lay the island that we loved."

We have not tried to analyze the fascination of this island. It would not prove an easy task. But, having enjoyed our visit so much, we resolved to tell our joys to others, if haply they may enter unto them, and perchance follow our example.

O. L. F., '83.

LOCALS.

We're '84 class young men,
We'll try no more young men
To get lessons on Sunday
For fear that on Monday
We'll hear that we'll skip them again.

A Junior's translation of *was giebt's*—
"What are you giving us."

How many Sophomores "elected" French instead of Calculus this term?

We were recently pleased to meet and form the acquaintance of Mr. Mitchell of Colby, '84.

Hinds, formerly of Bates, '83, but now of Colby, '83, has been elected one of the editors of the college annual.

Maine.—Every school in the State should be furnished with Webster's Unabridged.—N. A. LUCE, *State Supt.*

The campus now resounds with the cries of the base-ballist.—*Bates Student.*

We had reasons for believing that the crying up there would take place later.—*Bowdoin Orient.*

How about the crying on the 17th? It strikes us that it was not Colby who did it. May 24th—Our crying here has also begun. How do you like the sound of it?

THE STUDENTS' MOTHER GOOSE MELODIES.

If all this world were Latin verbs,
And all the seas were Greek,
And all the trees
Were new ideas,
Why couldn't the old world speak?
It's enough to make a man tremble and grow weak.

Isn't it about time to begin practicing for field day? Boys, get out the cannon ball and the hammer, and let's try our muscle.

Monday, May 15th, one was reminded of the first two lines of that Senior's poem, which read—"Snow, snow, beautiful snow, Be gosh, be gosh, be gosh."

We are not quite sure, but it appears from the street that one of the mathematical Prof.'s pear trees, on the side hill, is three-sixteenth of an inch out of line.

Scene in German: Prof. G. (to Mr. Z.)—"What is the connection between *Haus* and *Scheune*, meaning House and Barn?" Mr. Z. (dreamily)—"*Shed.*"

Rev. Mr. Street, of Lowell, Mass., gave a very interesting and instructive lecture before the theological students in the college lower chapel, Wednesday evening, May 10th.

Those who went to hear "Josh Whitcomb," declare that they were lame for a week after, from laughing so much, and they could prove it too, "if old Bill Jones was alive."

We hope to be able to furnish our readers with an all-night session of Congress, in our June number, from the pen of an alumnus who spent the winter in Washington.

Quite a number of Bates boys are to go to the Hotel Pemberton, Hull, Mass., to serve as waiters during the summer season. Several other colleges will be represented; among them, Dartmouth, Bowdoin, and Tufts. Geo. C. Evans, '84, is to be head waiter.

Pretty long lessons, those (in German).

The following is a revised edition of the Junior Class : Roscoe Conkling, Me Too Platt, Ingersoll, Our Town, Nunkey, Old Coco, Pop Gun, Haw Haw, Frye Says So, Let Me See, and Mike.

It is said that a Freshman, while recently loafing in the reading room, read two columns of advertisements out of the French paper, without knowing it was French. Truly, the world moves.

The Bates B. B. C. as now arranged, consists of the following players: Sanford, c.; Freeleigh, p.; Atwood, 1st b.; Tinkham, 2d b.; Bartlett, 3d b.; Merrill, s. s.; Douglass, l. f.; Whitmore, c. f.; Richards, r. f.

Isn't it most time for those lectures by Rev. G. S. Dickerman on History, to be given to the Junior Class. They do not wish to have these lectures in the same way they had them by Rev. W. H. Bowen last fall, that is, not at all.

Prof. Stanley's Saturday morning lectures to the Junior class, which have been discontinued for a few weeks, are again on the programme, and the "lazy Juniors" are no more to be disturbed from their Monday morning slumbers.

Much pleasure was felt at Bates over the result of the first game of ball between the Bowdoins and Colbys, won by the latter. We always did like those Colby fellows, and if we can't win the championship this year we hope they will.

The Freshmen recently were obliged to prepare analysis of essays on various subjects. Mr. — on being called to read his, said that his subject was a very difficult one and he was afraid he had not done it justice. It was "The Difficulties of Family Government." "Never mind," said the Prof., "You will probably understand that better some time."

We hardly dare to announce the engagement of S—, '99, for fear that it might be a mistake, but we are informed that he recently offered to give a young lady a name, which sounds as though he was rather matrimonially inclined.

F. L. Blanchard, for the past year the President of the Polymnian Society, at the expiration of his term of office, Friday evening, May 19th, delivered a very interesting lecture before the society and a few invited friends, on the subject of Dickens.

Prof. (on Pastoral Theology)—"In the case of those who have sinned away the day of grace, and have no concern." Student (who wishes to say that he has had experience with such persons)—"That's my experience." General interest in the class.

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The *Orient* thinks Colby and Bates are remarkably silent on the subject of baseball. As for us, we do not pretend to play ball much this year, though we have in the past, as Bowdoin well knows, but we think Colby spoke pretty loud at Waterville on the 17th. We heard the echo of it down here, and it made our hearts glad.

Rain prevented the appointed game with the Colbys which was to have been played at Waterville on the 20th. Though we should have been agreeably disappointed if we had won the game, yet we are sorry it could not have been played. No games have been arranged, as yet, with the Colby boys, but we hope there soon will be.

ENIGMA FOR THE SOPHS.

My first's in the future, but not in to-morrow,
 My second is in pain, but not in sorrow,
 My third is in Soph., but not in Prep.,
 My fourth in a bird you have not seen yet;
 My fifth is in Harkness, and also in Hadley,
 My sixth you say when you're feeling badly,
 My seventh is in rope-pull, but not in base-ball,
 My eighth in gymnasium, but not Parker Hall,
 My whole is something with which you are
 perfectly familiar.

The course of lectures delivered by ex-President Hill, of Harvard College, at the College Chapel, on the "Postulates of Revelation," was one of the profoundest ever delivered in this city. The closest attention was required to follow him, in many cases, even by those who had previously studied up on the question, while he was often far beyond the depth of ordinary mortals.

An alumnus returning to his *Alma Mater* would scarcely know the old reading room. New paper, new paint, new chandelier, and a new carpet—to say nothing of the improvement made in the looks of ceiling, by the addition of several coats of whitewash—have so changed its appearance that its best friend wouldn't know it. It is decidedly a move in the right direction, and we think we have a room to be proud of now.

Wednesday afternoon, May 17th, an interesting game of ball was played on the delta between the Troubadours, Capt. Hackett, and the Muldouns, Capt. Davis, resulting in a victory for the Troubadours by a score of 19 to 18. The game was between two nines from the Sophomore Class, and was played for the high stakes of a bushel of peanuts. Capt. Davis's men furnished the nuts and '84 had a jollification a few nights after. We are sorry to be obliged to chronicle that the scribe received none of the peanuts.

A chum is a very good institution sometimes, and then again sometimes he isn't.

The following incident illustrates one of the times when he isn't: One of the Freshmen, on retiring a few nights since, told his chum that he should not get up till seven o'clock the next morning. Now his chum, being of a perverse turn of mind, immediately determined that he should not lie abed till that time in the morning if he could help it. About five the next morning the chum awoke and then commenced a system of persecution calculated to wear out the patience of No. 1 and make him get up before his appointed hour. But all in vain. At last he was about giving it up in despair when a lucky thought struck him. Waiting till his chum was fast asleep he leaped from bed and set along the hands of the clock from 6.30 to 7.30 o'clock, then turning to the bed he commenced pulling the clothes from his chum, at the same time telling him to get up if he wanted to go to prayers. He lazily rolled over and glanced at the clock. His chum says that the speed in which he got out of bed, dressed, and got down to his breakfast would rival that of Maud S. When he reached the breakfast table and found himself sold a madder Freshman could not be found in this small world of ours.

Going on the principle of "better late than never," we give below the report of the Senior Exhibition, which, by right, ought to have been reported in the last number. A good number was present, and the exercises, viewed in the light of the average merit of the parts delivered, were a success. Music, as usual, was furnished by Perkins. W. H. Cogswell was the first speaker, and he delivered his part with ease and grace. The object of his effort was to prove that the spirit of national conquest has its true counterpart in individual injustice, and that he who falls before a thousand gleaming bayonets as well as he who falls before the dagger of the midnight assassin, is murder's

victim. H. S. Bullen showed that true greatness has a wider significance than that which levels mountains and marshals armies. His argument sustained well the comprehensive definition of Carlyle. Mr. Tracy's subject was "Utilitarianism." He said that a nation's greatness does not lie in its material triumphs. The greatness of our nation lies not in her railroads, her bridged chasms and mighty cities, but in the breasts of her noble, free-born citizens. J. C. Perkins very eloquently described the condition of Arabia, the birth-place of Mahomet, and how the new-born prophet aroused the people and hurled them against the Assyrians. He gave a rapid sketch of this remarkable man. F. L. Blanchard's subject was, "Faith in the Unseen." He spoke of the various doctrines held by the ancient philosophers. Of all the philosophies, that which has terrified the world the most is that of materialism; but this doctrine is inadequate to explain the known phenomena of human life. E. R. Richards spoke on the subject of "Evolution." The doctrine, he said, is founded on the known principle of development in nature. The doctrine recognizes a power higher than that bounded by the conception of man. B. W. Murch spoke on the subject of "Spain." He said, "How sad are the words, 'It might have been,' when they become the epitaph of a nation." He gave a rapid sketch of the rise and progress of Spain, and how she suddenly rose from obscurity to the front rank of nations; but to-day, she is as a gnarled and shriveled sapling to the giant oak, compared with what she might have been. J. W. Douglass' subject was "Patriotism." Love of country is not so much an attachment to a particular place as to the principle with which we have become assimilated. He considered the patriotic sentiment as an element of our nature. W. T. Skelton spoke on "Reformers." Mankind have divided them-

selves into two great classes, reformers and conservatives; the former have been the successful men, while the latter have never really commanded the world's respect. He spoke of man as a progressive being. In the successive victories of freedom, the reformer has always proceeded according to that course, which in after ages has been approved. S. A. Lowell's subject was "Possibilities." He began by relating anecdotes of Napoleon and Grant, illustrative of their all-conquering energy of character. He took a very strong ground, which, perhaps, would hardly stand the test of observation, but the power and beauty with which he presented his argument, compensated for any extravagance, and made his doctrine true for the time being. The power to make *impossibilities*, *possibilities*, is the measure of human greatness. W. S. Hoyt spoke on "Nihilism." His views were rather novel. He said: "The Nihilists, like our own fathers, seek to build up a free and noble government; they are actuated by high and holy motives. The Russians are, to-day, crushed by a despotism, the worst the sun has ever shone upon. Men are arraigned and condemned on suspicion alone. Is it any wonder that they deem any measure justifiable, even royal assassination? In Russia, open war is impossible, but they will never be satisfied till they effect their great purpose."

I love thee, Mary, and thou lovest me.
 Our mutual love is like the affinity
 That doth exist between two simple bodies,
 I am Potassium to thine Oxygen.
 Sweet, thy name is Briggs,
 And mine is Johnson. Therefore should not
 we
 Agree to form a *Johnsonate of Briggs?*
 We will. The day, the happy day is nigh.
 When Johnson shall with beautiful Briggs
 combine.—*Punch*.

PERSONALS.

Faculty.—Prof. Stanton is still busily employed in labeling and arranging the new books for the college library.

'82.—W. T. Skelton is engaged in the general work on "The Royal Path of Life," for a firm in Massachusetts."

'82.—A. Lowell is teaching at Yarmouth, Me.

'83.—A. E. Millet is teaching a term of school at Milton Mills, N. H.

'84.—James A. Meikle died at his home, Milton Mills, N. H., Sunday, May 7th. A sketch of his life will appear in our next number. The following resolutions have been adopted by the class:

Whereas, Almighty God, in His Divine providence, has seen fit to remove from this life our esteemed classmate, JAMES A. MEIKLE,

Resolved, That, while we sincerely mourn the loss of one endeared to us by the ties of friendship, we recognize in this, our affliction, the hand of a kind heavenly Father, who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the relatives and friends of our deceased classmate.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the BATES STUDENT, *Lewiston Journal*, and *Granite State News*, and also that a copy of the same be sent to the family of the deceased.

WM. D. WILSON,

W. H. DAVIS.

E. R. CHADWICK,

Bates College, May 10, 1882. Committee.

'84.—E. F. Burrill has gone to Massachusetts for a few weeks.

'84.—G. C. Evans is to be head waiter at "the Hotel Pemberton," Hull, Mass.

'85.—F. E. Parlin is absent from college, teaching a summer term of school, at North Yarmouth, Me.

'85.—C. E. Tedford is supplying the pulpit at one of the Free Baptist churches in Bath, Me.

EXCHANGES.

The last issue of the *Bowdoin Orient* tells us that the *Colby Echo* is silent on the subject of base-ball. This it does in a boastful, triumphant spirit. Quite amusing, friend *Orient!* About twenty-four hours afterwards the Colbys gave the Bowdoins a most disgraceful whipping. In the extended criticism which the *Orient* gives to our own publication we think we can detect the three following elements: malice, coarseness of nature, and superficiality. It says that the BATES STUDENT reminds it, in external appearance, of Dr. Ayer's Almanac. Now, for our own part, we should much rather our journal should remind people of Dr. Ayer's Almanac by its *outside* than to remind them of Mother Goose, by its *inside*. The editor manifests his coarseness of nature by attempting to be funny in his criticism of our editorial on Longfellow. He attempts to ridicule its opening sentence, "Longfellow is dead!" Now my little man you have much to learn, but be patient; you have evidently a long time in which to learn it. Don't you know that the sentence was not intended as a matter of news, but simply as an exclamation of sorrow? Perhaps the article deserved criticism, but it seems to us that the name of Longfellow, to a student of Bowdoin College, should be enough to secure for him a sober consideration. Bowdoin College is the last source from which we should expect a rowdyish criticism of an article on Longfellow, whatever the merit of the article. He was their most distinguished and honored alumnus. Concerning the merit of the article we would say that it has been submitted to the criticism of one of the finest scholars in New England, who pronounces it good, and all its figures and phrases appropriate. And some of those very portions which our learned (?) friend (the

Orient) attempts to ridicule, he pronounces peculiarly appropriate. Now, shall we abide by such authority or by that of a beardless boy whose father's purse may buy his brainless passage through Bowdoin College? We believe that few, at this time, would write on the subject of Longfellow without expressing some feeling, and this we did, and the following is the scholarly (?) criticism of the *Bowdoin Orient*: "Ah! we choke. We sob. We weep. We can do no more." Could such a criticism have emanated from any but a coarse mind? When friends meet around the coffin of a common sorrow are they likely to ridicule each other's manner of expressing his grief? But listen to the following, "We had thought all the poets in the country had exhausted their vocabularies on this subject, and that we would no longer be harrowed by their mournful wails." What stronger evidence could we have, not only of coarseness but of downright brutality? Longfellow has been dead two months and this little presumptuous stripling, in peevish fretfulness, complains that the country will not cease to mourn. Perhaps, my little boy, if this great nation knew that its wail disturbed you it would cease, although it is doubtful. It would probably wail on just as it has always done whenever the dark angel has laid his hand upon the eyelids of genius. Could Bowdoin College find no better specimen to edit its "Mother Goose?"

The *Sunbeam*, coming to us from Ontario Ladies' College, seems brighter than ever. It contains an article on "Music and Poetry," just what we should expect a lady's mind to dwell upon. But the manner of treating it is not at all suggestive of the so-called feminine weakness.

We have just received a copy of *Cap and Gown*, a monthly, published by the literary societies of the University of the South. It contains a well-written article, entitled "American Literature," but

its egotism is amusing. It condemns, as superficial, all American literature and especially that of New England, and suggests that the evil will be remedied when "the South comes forward and gives tone to literature as she has done to everything she has touched." It says, "She has excelled in politics and war, can she not do so in literature also?" We fancy her success in literature, relative to that of New England, will be about the same as it has been in politics and war.

COLLEGE WORLD (Selected).

Dickinson College is to have an Alumni Record.

The State University of Texas will be located at Austin.

Fifteen Lassell girls will travel in Europe this summer, at a cost of \$675 per capita.

The Garfield professorship fund for endowing a chair at Williams, has reached \$42,000.—*Argo*.

The Yale Glee Club recently gave a concert at Tremont Temple, Boston, where they met with good success.

Williams College is about to receive a gift from ex-Governor Morgan by way of a students' dormitory to cost \$100,000.

Only one Prof. of political economy in America opposes Free Trade. It is Thompson of Pennsylvania University.

President Robins, of Colby University, tendered his resignation at the close of the winter term which was accepted by the Board of Trustees at their meeting, February 14th.

On the occasion of the funeral exercises of the late Chinese professor of Harvard, no recitations were suspended. The *Herald* criticises the college authorities for their want of respect for the dead teacher.

A co-operative society has been established at Harvard for the purpose of facilitating the exchange of second-hand furniture, books, etc., and also securing other text-books at lower rates for the students connected with it.

CLIPPINGS.

Seniors in Yale are requested to take "Porter twice a week," regardless of temperance principles.—*College Argus*.

A shallow system of education tends to make original people commonplace, and commonplace people conceited.—*Ex*.

"Did you call your brother a liar?" asked the stern parent, and the culprit replied: "Well, I said he was a book agent."—*Ex*.

A dull old lady, being told that a certain lawyer was "lying at the point of death," exclaimed: "Massy sakes! won't even death stop that man's lying?"

A sentimental youth was heard to ask his lady, "Why can't I spell Cupid?" "You can, can't you?" "No, for when I get to C-u, I can't go any farther."—*Ex*.

The following inscription found in a church yard a few miles this side of Boston, is suggestive of a wrecked and shattered life: "He loved not wisely, but too Wellesley."—*Yale Record*.

"A fresh fifth grade young man,
Of no one afraid y. m.,
A rush down the stairway,
In a reckless don't care way,
Bring up on his head young man."

A punster asks: Could Socra-tes girls?
Could Bartholo-mew? Could Shake-
speare an eel? Could Shy-lock a bank safe?
Could Cata-line his trouserloons? Could
Ameri-cus? Could Living-stone a cat?—
Ex.

FLOWERS FROM THE CAMPUS.

WHEN THE TIDE COMES IN.

I.

They stood together upon the sand;
His boat was waiting beside the strand;
The sun was low in the glowing west,
And a crimson glow on the ocean's breast.
And he said, as he kissed her on brow and chin,—
"I must go, my pet;
I will draw my net,
And come back to you, lass, when the tide
comes in."

II.

Then he stepped on board, and he sailed away
O'er the blood-red waters adown the bay;
And the sun went down, and the shadows crept
Out over the sea where the breakers slept.
The waves on the shore made a noisy din;
But her heart was light,
And her eyes were bright
And she sang, "He'll come back when the tide
comes in."

III.

The storm came on when the tide was low;
And the breakers' foam was as white as snow;
The waves came thundering in to land,
With a heavy tread on the reeking sand,
And the midnight sky was as black as sin;
And her face was pale
As the fisher's sail;—
But she cried: "He'll come back when the tide
comes in."

IV.

She knelt, in the morn, when the storm was
past,
O'er a form, on the sands by the breakers cast,
And she moaned, and moaned, but no word
spoke she,
And her moans were lost in the sobbing sea,
Her cries were drowned by the breakers' din;
But her heart—it knew
That his love was true;
He had kept his word, when the tide came in.
—*Tuftonian*.

UNREST.

In pensive mood upon the shore,
Where breaks old Ocean's solemn roar,
Alone I stand.
The waves, still high from recent storm,
With cloud-crowned cliff conspire to form
A picture grand.

Wave after wave, in ceaseless flow,
The foam-capped billows come and go,
Nor rest can find.
Their hollow murmurs, as they break,
Within my soul a sadness wake
But half defined.

Clear mirrored in their seething crest,
I see portrayed my heart's unrest
With vivid power,
For, like those waves, tossed to and fro,
My heart no soothing rest may know,
Nor peaceful hour.

Oh waves, in madd'ning fury tossed;
Oh heart, bewailing hopes long lost,
By fears oppressed;
He, whom the tempests wild obey,
Who rules the hearts of men, can say,
"Peace, be at rest."

—*Bowdoin Orient*.

THE FOUR SEASONS.

"Look at the Senior, grave,
Pride of the white and blue;
Resolute, bold and brave,
Shouting for eighty-two.

"Hark! the nobby Junior comes,
Careless, happy, bright and free;
Naught cares he for all the world,
Save the class of 'eighty-three.

"Noise and canes
The Sophomore,
Beer and snab,
'Tis 'eighty-four.

"Tell me, is the thing alive!
Little Freshy? 'eighty-five?"

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- 4.15 P.M., for Portland, and Boston via boat from Portland.
- 11.05 P.M., (mixed) for Waterville, Skowhegan, and Bangor.

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- 6.30 A.M., for Brunswick, Bath, Rockland, Augusta, Portland, and Boston.
- 8.20 A.M., (mixed) for Farmington, arriving at Farmington at 1.35 P.M.
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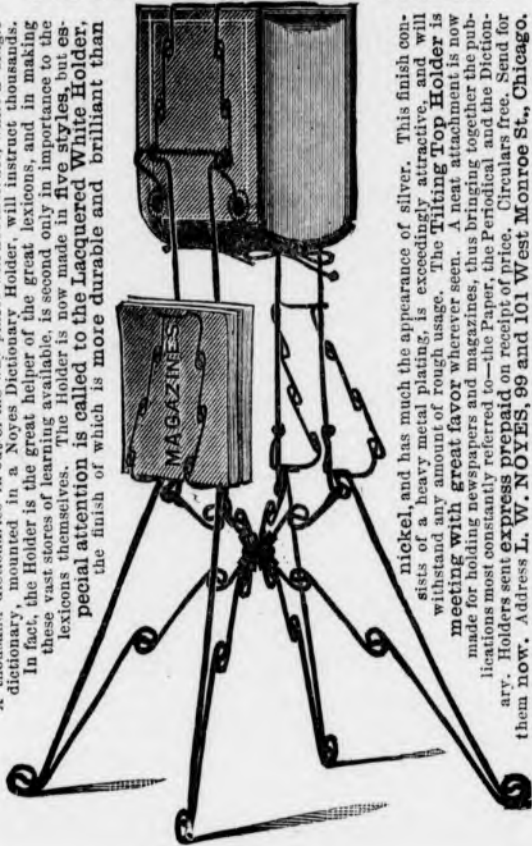
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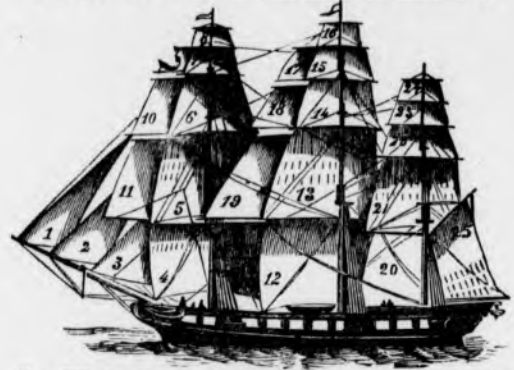
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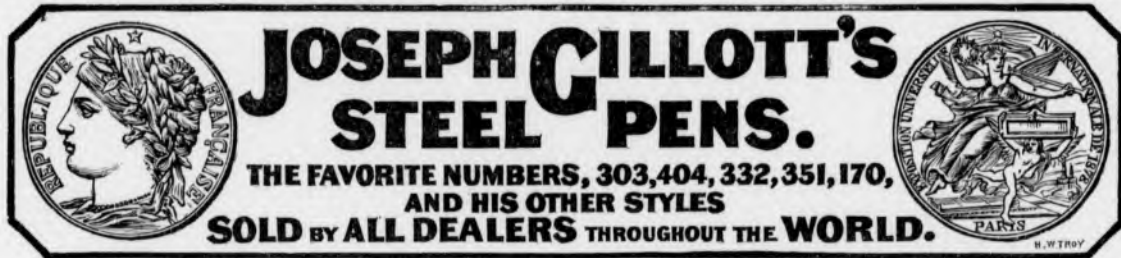
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